

Patreon Prompts Vol. 16

Patreon Prompt 326

Prompt: Fed up with a sorority sister's boyfriend trashing up their house, a young witch decides to transform him into a more suitable form to better fit the group and take care of his mess.

It had taken quite some time, but the sorority had finally convinced Paula that her boyfriend, Travis had to go. After seeing the mess of trash he left behind after the party the previous night, even she could no longer be ignorant to his problems. Approaching the slothful man, the girls called him in an attempt to make him leave. His response was a rude gesture made with his hands and mouth that got the leader of the group, Bina to decide that now was a wonderful time to put into practice the things she had learned in her witchcraft studies course.

A snap of Bina's fingers was all it took to make Travis's clothes disappear. Another flick of the wrist began to mold his tough muscles into a daintier, female figure complete with breasts and curvy butt. Left in awe at his elongated hair and soft lips, Travis let out a series of insults with his more feminine voice. Bina ignored his calls in favor of continuing her work.

With a clap of the witch's hands, Travis's torso widened out. Toppling back and forth to remain standing slapped his boobs up against his new, trash-bin shaped body. This new shape was only completed once his mouth became disfigured to become the lid of the trash can. Too busy fumbling around with his new body to notice the greenish gray color covering his body, he only stopped his pleads for mercy once Bina gave him a single order.

“EAT!”

Upon hearing the command, Travis fell onto his knees. Opening up his mouth wide, he showed no hesitation as he ate up every last bit of the mountains of trash that he had been building up. Though the method was far from orthodox, the rest of the sorority girls had to admit

that it was efficient. Even Paula was impressed that the witch managed to finally make her boyfriend into something useful.

Patreon Prompt 327

Prompt: Midna, having made wolf link so fat he can't even move his legs, teases and mocks the fat blob.

With both Hyrule and the Twilight realm saved from Ganondorf's clutches, the recently restored Princess Midna pondered how best to celebrate her return to the throne. The answer became obvious when Link managed to enter the realm again. Though it was a miracle that he had managed to restore the mirror, it came at a cost. No sooner did he step inside of the realm did he morph into his wolf form. Seizing the opportunity, Midna invited the tarnished hero to live at her palace until they could come up with a way to change him back.

While the princess pretended to search for a cure, she made sure that her precious pet was being well cared for. All throughout the day food would be brought to him, with his canine instincts pushing him to eat anything that was put in front of his face. From time to time Midna would come in to personally hand out these feedings, both to make sure Link was eating enough as well as to check on the progress of her ultimate goal.

After about a month, the formerly courageous hero had been reduced to a massive blob of blubber covered in fur. Despite his massive size, Link was more than content to continue devouring anything that was brought to him. His pudgy legs had long ago lost the ability to move his enormous mass of over 1000 pounds, not that he had any reason to leave the comfort of the stack of pillows piled beneath him. The only time he was willing to look away from his food bowl was to excitedly look over at Midna whenever she decided to visit.

"Well, aren't you a good boy," Midna said, smirking at the sight of Link's tail rapidly wagging against his thick butt cheeks. "So content and plump, I could just eat you up," she added, placing her hand on his belly to rub it. "Shame that it looks like your hero days are behind

you. No one expects a fat blob like yourself to do anything other than eat and sleep all day anyway.” Grabbing a handful of his belly fat, Midna pressed her head up against Link. “Then again, that’s of no concern to you. After all, your only job now is to be my cute, plump pet.”

Patreon Prompt 328

Prompt: (Female Age Progression and Male TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/38279959/>

Diana couldn't help but let out a chuckle as she beheld the gift given to her by her boyfriend for her 19th birthday. The title of "Old Queen" written in fancy letters on the bottle of mouthwash, was more than enough to classify it as a gag gift. Laughing alongside her boyfriend, she hastily hurried to the bathroom to see what it was like. Closing the door behind her and swishing the gargle around in her mouth, she almost immediately spit it back out to get rid of the taste of cheap wine.

Just as Diana was about to head back into her bedroom, she spotted something in the nearby mirror. Taking a step closer, she watched in terror as tanned, wrinkly skin began to cover up her youthful face. Curly, grey hair and heavy layers of make up further tainted her visage while keeping her attention away from her modified facial features. The aged up skin spread down her body, replacing her dress with a skimpy set of underwear across her saggy ass and a girdle around her waist. Watching her breasts droop downwards against her chubby belly, she hazarded to poke them with her elongated, painted nails. This prod was more than enough to let her know that she wasn't dealing with just aged up, feminine breasts.

Diana's attention became immediately drawn towards a growing lump emerging from where her womanhood used to be. The growth slid out from the confines of her underwear to show off its withered skin as it continued to stretch out. Reaching a sizable eight inches in length, the cock lost some of its glory as it hung down to rest up against her pair of sagging testicles.

"Hey babe, are you okay in there?"

The sound of Diane's boyfriend triggered something in his head. Following some unfamiliar instincts, the aged up queen grabbed a bottle of blue pills that mysteriously appeared on the counter and began counting them out. Settling on the appropriate number of pills to keep his cock nice and hard throughout the evening, he got ready to test it out on his hunky boyfriend. After all, he couldn't think of a better way to celebrate turning the ripe, old age of 69.

Patreon Prompt 329

Prompt: Skipping over reading his contract, a man unwittingly volunteers to work as a female relief station for a company.

When Chris saw the amount of money being offered for the job, his brain skipped over the rest of the position's description in favor of running towards the hiring office. Speeding through signing the legal papers, he remained blissfully unaware of the warnings being given to him as he fantasized about what he would spend the money on. His daydreaming was only stopped as the hiring manager handed him a vial of pink liquid and asked him to drink. Thinking it was a kind of cocktail to celebrate his new career, he happily popped off the cork and downed the entire thing.

Chris managed to just barely hand the empty vial back before his body was stricken by a shivering sensation. The tremors took the form of a pair of heavy breasts popping through his shirt to go alongside the sizable rear ripping through his pants and underwear. Watching his hair elongate into long, strawberry pink strands and feeling his lips pucker up, he avoided looking at his new womanhood in favor of staring at his fingers with the expectations of growing long nails. The truth turned out to be much stranger.

As much as Chris tried to lift up his arms, they remained steadfast in sticking to his sides. The more he struggled, the more he heard a squeaky, rubbery sound. This became the least of his worries as his legs sunk into his body to disappear along with his arms. Falling to the ground with a thud, he continued to lose the ability to move as his flesh was replaced with plastic and rubber. He managed to glance over at the metal handles forming on his butt cheeks and shoulders moments before his head was forced to face forward. A single glance was allowed at the massive, pink opening forming where his nipples were before he was blinded by his own hair. Left to

wordlessly moan from his permanently opened, O-shaped mouth, there was little he could do as he was carried out of the office and into the company break room to be placed on pedestal.

Through Chris's confusion, everything became suddenly clear as he felt something push itself into his mouth. From there, he instinctively activated a vibration function to get the fleshy stick to cum in a matter of seconds. He barely had a moment to recover from his first blowjob before another customer came up from behind to use his plastic womanhood. While still finishing off his latest client, another pair came forward to stick their dicks into his nipple holes. Lost in the chaos of the impromptu gang bang, Chris had to admit that the life of a living relief station was still not the most degrading job he'd done for the company. At least they tipped him well.

Patreon Prompt 330

Prompt: After being snatched by a pair of wall masters, wolf link is force fed until he is a wobbling sphere of lard.

The exploration of the dungeon went bad in an instant as Link and Midna were attacked by a group of wall masters. Stuck in his wolf form, there was little Link could do to stop the disembodied hands from snatching him up. Lifting him into the air and pulling him through a secret passageway, he only had a glimpse of Midna struggling to fight off her own assailants before he was carried off into another chamber.

Kept aloft in the room by the hands, Link could only growl and bark at the creatures. This inadvertently left his mouth wide open for the wall masters to shove handfuls of food into his waiting maw. Pushing everything from fresh fruit to cooked meat down the helpless hero's throat, the creatures relentlessly continued to stuff him as if he were their personal plaything.

Hours upon hours of force feeding made the once slim wolf pack on pounds at an astounding rate. More and more wall masters were forced to come to his aid just to keep his bulging belly afloat. Though Link struggled to fight back at first, that energy began to dissipate as he grew larger and larger. Even as his captors gave up on restraining him to place his thick rear down on the ground, he showed no reason to want to escape.

Eagerly eating up whatever the wall masters brought him, Link continued to fatten up into an enormous blob of green and grey fur. The lard-laden figure could do little more than wobble about as he chewed on his food, his blubbery limbs lazily resting on the floor. Completely focused on eating and letting his tail sway against his fat ass cheeks, he didn't seem to notice the wall masters begin to dwindle until no more were left.

Having fought through a horde of the creatures by herself, Midna finally managed to make her way into Link's chamber. Her righteous rage took on a more bewildered look as she beheld the immobile sphere made up of thousands of pounds of hairy flesh. Floating her way over to Link and pressing her hand against his enormous gut, her mind began to race to try and figure out if it was even possible to get him out of the dungeon.

Patreon Prompt 331

Prompt: (Claire (Resident Evil) Male TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/49660096/>

Hissing from the leftover bite of the infected, Claire forced her way into a nearby room and blocked the door. Paying little mind to how closely the place resembled a dressing room with its various mirrors and pieces of wardrobe, she instead chose to focus on the glowing pink residue on her wound. Unsure of what exactly the TG-virus was going to do to her, she began to reach for her communicator in order to call for help.

Claire found it near impossible to pull anything out of her pockets as her waist began to tighten up with newfound muscles. More bulking up forced her to remove her jacket before it was torn to pieces, letting her see the thick pelt of body hair lining her flat, chiseled pecs that peeked out from her tank top. Ignoring the hairs sticking out from between her toned arms and the strands clinging to her exposed mid-section and legs, she instead chose to focus on a tightness in her pants. Daring to undo her zipper and reach past her underwear, she was left astounded as she held in her hands her newly grown penis.

At a loss of words for why in the world someone would develop a virus like this, Claire was broken out of her trance by a tingling sensation along her face. Rushing over to one of the mirrors, she watched as she developed more angular cheek bones and a rigid chin. These facial features paled in comparison to the way the color around her eyes and lips changed into a bright pink to mimic heavily layered make up.

The longer Claire stared at his reflection, the more he was reminded of how good he looked. Discarding his unfashionable clothing, he instead picked out a set of short shorts to tightly squeeze his girthy bulge and a pair of knee high boots to help him stride down the runway. Finishing his ensemble with a glittery pink jacket, he waved about his similarly painted,

elongated nails to marvel at his beauty. He was sure this outfit would be more than enough to beat out his competitor Jill to become the Queen of Drag.

Patreon Prompt 332

Prompt: Crona (Soul Eater,) is cursed to glutton himself whenever he's embarrassed. He winds up as an embarrassed, barely mobile blob.

Coming back from a successful mission, Maka and the others were in the mood to celebrate. This took the form of going out to a local buffet to recover their energy from the hard fought battle. As reluctant as they were to join after surviving a direct attack from the enemy, Crona took a bit of convincing to join them. Though the rest of the group tried to dissuade the weapon meister's fears, opinions swiftly changed not long after they sat down to eat.

It started off with a slight bump of a drink that spilled soda across Crona's black gown. Though their typical reaction would be to run away and hide, they instead made a mad dash towards the food area. Scarfing down enough food to swell up their gut, Crona tried to return to the table only to be stopped by the awestruck gaze of the other customers. Face going red with embarrassment, they turned back to continue eating to fulfill their accursed appetite.

Crona became stuck in a loop of eating, being embarrassed by their own lack of manners, and then repeating ad nauseum. Their humiliation became even greater with each pound of flesh that ripped through their gown to be exposed to all that passed by. More and more people gathered around just to watch the meister devour everything in their path, developed a meaty, drooping chest and thick ass cheeks in the process.

By the time Crona had eaten up the last bit of food, they had been changed into a nearly immobile blob of bare flesh. As much as they tried to reach their blubbery limbs out for more food, their thick legs pinned beneath their gigantic gut kept them firmly in place. With no where to run and nothing to stuff their face, Crona was forced to merely sit there as a bright shade of red covered their face to contrast against their purple hair. A medical report after the incident

would reveal that this had all been caused by a curse left behind by the enemy. While the curse could be easily removed, not so simple would be the long road towards bringing Crona back to their original weight.

Patreon Prompt 333

Prompt: (Female Cock TF) <https://twitter.com/Revengean/status/1620072136357601280/photo/3>

As much as Winifred wanted to study for finals in peace, her fellow senior Varu wasn't making it easy. Varu had found out about Winifred's active sex life and was more than willing to use it as a basis to toss insults to make herself feel superior. While Winifred was more than capable of defending her freedom to be with whoever she wanted, it was upon Varu making an offhand comment about spouting out cum from all the guys she'd been with that Winifred decided a more drastic solution would be necessary.

A wave of Winifred's fingers was all it took for the curse to find its mark. Varu's childish name calling became interrupted by a series of hacking coughs. Though the popular girls entourage tried to help, they were pushed back as something flung past her lips. They were only given a moment to recognize the sticky substance as semen before their attention was drawn to a more bizarre sight.

Varu's breasts and butt rapidly swelled up into massive spheres to rip apart her uniform and send her toppling to the ground. Sucking up most of her mass in the process, her curves began to merge together to make everything below her shoulders into a pair of beanbag-char sized orbs. Varu got a better perspective on her transformed state as her neck stretched out several feet to tower above her original body. Coughing out more cum as she tried to call for help, her words became further muffled by her cheeks filling up to make her head resemble the very thing she had accused Winifred of enjoying too much of.

Winifred couldn't help but laugh as the living cock uselessly flailed her arms around. In a matter of seconds a massive puddle of the sticky residue had surrounded the person-sized dick to splash with each wobble of her swollen testicles. Watching the other students run off to call for

help, Winifred calmly sat back down in her seat to continue studying for her next test in relative peace.

Patreon Prompt 334

Prompt: A couple are on a hike when the city girl, Jenifer complains about being tired and wanting a break. Her boyfriend Damien agrees and turns her into a hammock to sleep on.

Though Jenifer was the one to suggest pulling her boyfriend Damien away from his basement of strange books and artifacts, her willingness to enjoy the great outdoors lessened with each passing hour spent in nature. Only halfway through the hiking trip, Jenifer was gasping for breath as she poured water over her sweat drenched body. Despite being adorned in a blue robe and having a shaggy, grey beard typical of a wizard, Damien seemed to be quite pleased with their progress. Whether this was because he was genuinely enjoying himself or he was just putting on a show to torment her, Jenifer relented in admitting they needed a break.

Finding a shady spot by a collection of trees, the couple unpacked their supplies for a break. Though they had plenty of snacks and drinks, the hammock Jenifer was supposed to bring along had been forgotten back at home. Desperate for some way to ease her weary bones, she asked Damien to use some of his magic to make up for the loss hammock. Despite warning her of the exact nature of the spell, she didn't seem to care. With a shrug, he uttered the magical incantation and shot a bolt of energy towards her.

Within seconds, Jenifer's flesh and bones were replaced with soft fabric. Flattening out to be no more than a few inches thick, her limp body became trivial to carry around as Damien got her into position. Tying her arms and legs around two trees like pieces of rope, he very carefully climbed atop her body. Any concerns he had were dismissed as he heard her loudly snoring below her. Placing his hat on his chest, he dozed off to sleep, letting the gentle sways of the living hammock put him at ease.

Patreon Prompt 335

Prompt: In the hopes of gaining a fraction of Melony's skills, a young man buys a set of specially designed Pokeballs. Though he does manage to mimic some of the gym leader's qualities, his new form leaves him as little more than a mascot to attract challengers.

The bravado Victor had felt for aiming to be a Pokémon champion had begun to wane. Countless losses had left the young man desperate for some way to get a leg up on the competition. He found his answer in the form of a man dressed in black robes that offered to sell pokeballs that would give anyone the skills to match any of the regions' gym leaders. Without a second thought, Victor slammed his money down on the counter and eagerly accepted the pair of blue and white balls that were reminiscent of the ones used by the icy gym leader, Melony.

No sooner did Victor get his hands on the balls did they mysteriously vanish into thin air. Left more than a little confused, his mind turned to other matters as a pair of orbs began to swell up along his chest. The view of his developing bosom became partially obscured by his hair extending past his hips and turning a stark shade of white. Pushing aside the long locks with his blue painted nails, she once more tried to focus on the engorging orbs and the prominent nipples that showed through his shirt. Upon his top being torn apart by the growing spheres and his chubby belly, he finally learned the location of his lost pokeballs.

Each shake of his body left the balls attached to his chest to jiggle wildly. Though they mimicked the blue and white design of the ones he had purchased mere seconds beforehand, his plump nipples had taken the place of the front facing button. More than a little curious, he dared to reach out and flick his chest to confirm if they were real.

No sooner did Victor touch his breasts that a surge of energy coursed through his body. His leftover clothes were reshaped into a set of blue stockings, white boots, and a fluffy, white

collar. Melony's trademark white hat appeared atop his head, remaining balanced even as his head began to swell up. With his entire skull also changing to resemble the balls hanging from his chest, any panic he felt was washed away by his cartoony eyes and the wide grin plastered on his face.

Rubbing her palms across her smooth face, Victor the ball gal began to run out into the street. Jiggling around his assets with reckless glee, she began to call out to all trainers to come visit the Circhester gym. Anyone that accepted her offer would receive a chance to challenge the actual Melony, with the reward of getting to grope her breasts should they succeed.

Patreon Prompt 336

Prompt: A wizard named Damien get annoyed when his girlfriend, Jenifer asks for him to carry her down a hiking trail. He obliges by turning her into a toe ring.

“Jenifer, we’ve been over this,” Damien said, the wizard straining to carry the various pieces of equipment that had been shoved onto his body. “There’s no way I can carry you back.”

“But I’m tired,” Jenifer whined, rubbing her sore feet. “Can’t you do some magic thing to bring me back? I don’t feel like walking that trail again.”

This argument had gone on long enough for the various moral codes of Damien’s teachings to fall to the wayside. Incapable of holding himself back any longer, he relented in freeing up one of his hands to cast a quick and dirty spell. The result was a beam of magic shooting from his fingertip to strike Jenifer and begin changing her body.

Slowly making his way over to Jenifer’s shrinking form, Damien was impressed with how well his spell craft was working. The woman’s body wrapped itself into the shape of a ring just as her flesh and bone was replaced with bronze. Unable to do much but wriggle herself around to show off the remnants of her body designed into the metal material; it was an easy task for him to slip her onto his toe. Retrieving the rest of their supplies, he put a smile on his bearded face as he began the trek back through the woods, finding strange delight in the constant vibrations that ran through his foot.

Patreon Prompt 337

Prompt: (Femboy TF and Muscle Girl TF) <https://www.deviantart.com/lewdjacket/art/Butterfly-Effect-925088290>

“I’m so lucky to have you,” Butch said, as his girlfriend, Evra glided her slender fingers across his muscular arms as they walked through the mall.

“Oh, darling you’re so good to me,” she replied, puckering her lips as she pressed her buxom breasts against his chiseled pecs. “Let’s go to that shop over there. They have the absolutely cutest bras. Besides, it shouldn’t be too crowded with everyone watching those scientists mess with that time thingy.”

As the couple enjoyed each other’s company, they failed to recognize the wave of purple energy coming towards them was a time ripple. When the force hit, their bodies began to change to better fit a new timeline. For Evra, this meant replacing her dress with a tight shirt and pants that properly showed off a toned, hourglass figure that looked like it had been chiseled out of stone thanks to the bulky muscles that had appeared along her once dainty form. Butch went through an ever more bizarre style change as he became adorned in a blue crop top that showed off the bra accessory clinging to his flat chest. His outfit became even more bizarre as the skirt wrapped around his skinny waist left open a sizable hole in the front to show off the bulge in his underwear and the pair of basketball-sized testicles held together by what could only be described as a ball bra. Despite the fact that Evra now loomed over him with her added height, Butch showed no fear in clinging to her and placing a kiss with his blue painted lips on her rugged chin.

“Wait, were we talking about something?” Evra asked, running her fingers through her newly crew cut hair.

“That my big, handsome heroine was going to take me shopping for new ball bras today,”
Butch replied, waving about his long hair.

With a shrug, Evra fell into the same trap as always. After all, it was only right for a muscular female like herself to take care of a precious, beautiful boy like him. That’s the way it had always been throughout recorded history and she wasn’t about to break tradition now.

Patreon Prompt 338

Prompt: Crona (Soul Eater,) finds themselves trapped inside of an abandoned amusement park. The park's cursed rides and haunted games slowly fatten the terrified meister to the point that they can barely walk.

The job went bad the moment Crona had stepped past the gates. The others had warned the purple haired meister of the dangers, bringing up how a witch controlled the amusement park through the use of strange magic. Whether it was just to prove a point or because Ragnarok gave them a harsh shove, Crona was trapped inside. The only option of escape was to play along with the witch's tour to show off every aspect of the unusual attractions.

Crona's first stop came in the form of a food stand where they were forced to wolf down a sizable serving of hotdogs and soda. Wandering onto a merry go round with their stuffed belly pushing the limits of their black gown, they were subjected to further torment as each jolt of the horse came with a device shoving handfuls of sugar cubes down their throat. This pattern of rides and attractions meant to stuff the meister silly continued throughout the park, making it certain that Crona would be molded to the witch's liking.

Waddling their way off of the spinning tea cup ride, Crona had to stop to wipe the lingering droplets of chocolate sauce clinging to their pudgy face. The gown keeping their obese body covered up had long been torn apart after the combination of an inundation of funnel cakes and a trip on a ferris wheel that only moved when Crona took a bite of massive ball of cotton candy. This meant that in addition to their bulbous gut, their sagging chest and pair of enormous butt cheeks were left bare as they continued to wander the park. Huffing and puffing as they waddled from one attraction to another, Crona could only hope that their teammates would save them before they became a completely immobile blob.

Patreon Prompt 339

Prompt: A massive, red dragon enjoys an indulgent meal brought by mortal worshipers after reaching immobility.

The once mighty Themberchaud used to spend his days flying over the countryside, demanding gifts from the mortals below. His task was a simple one thanks to his nature as a massive, red dragon that could burn a village to the ground without a second thought. However, his plans became somewhat distorted as a group of cultists came to his cave one day bearing gifts. Upon hearing the mortals say that they wished to worship his glory, the dragon saw little reason at the time to turn down such a generous offer.

The offerings started off small, with the usual fare of a cow or cart full of fruit to keep Themberchaud well fed on a regular basis. Over time the worshippers increased the size of these daily feedings, sometimes coming as often as three times a day. Not one to turn down free food, the dragon would eagerly accept anything and everything given to him to shove down his maw. It was because of his own obsession with gluttony and vanity for hearing praise for his abilities that left him completely unaware of what was happening to him until it was too late.

One year had passed since the worshippers had introduced themselves to Themberchaud and during that time he had yet to see a reason to leave his lair. For the past few months, he had been content to merely stretch out on his hoard of treasure as his followers gave him more food to keep his chunky body happy. His massive belly and chubby limbs made it near impossible for his comparatively tiny wings to even attempt carrying him into the air. Lazily holding open his mouth to receive his next meal, he paid little mind to the fact that his immobile, obese body couldn't even fit outside of his cave anymore. He was more than content to waste away in his

cave, unwittingly having fallen into the villages' plan to keep him from terrorizing the countryside anymore.

Patreon Prompt 340

Prompt: (Ashley (Resident Evil) Fat Male TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/51623632/>

Escaping from the clutches of the Los Illuminados and having the Las Plagas removed from her body, Ashley was more than ready to go home. All that remained was for her to make a trip to a local BOW research facility to make sure any nasty side effects were taken care of. While she did manage to get through with a clean bill of health, an accident in the facility led to her being exposed to something called the TG virus.

Ashley tried to play it off as no big deal, the description of the virus's effects sounding nowhere near as bad as her last infection. However, her ignorance could only go so far as over the coming weeks her body began to change. This started off small, with bits of black body hair starting to appear around her figure. The unsightly strands came with extra pockets of chub that seemed to focus on giving her a prominent beer belly and a thick rear. Most of these unsightly features could be chalked up as a regular occurrence, but not even she could deny the more unique features of her transformation.

Despite the added heft being added to her chest, her breasts lost their shapeliness in favor of resembling a man's pair of pudgy pecs. These more masculine features extended towards a deepening voice to go along with her more rigid facial features and thicker arms. This all came to a head one day when out from beneath her skirt popped a girthy manhood alongside a set of swinging testicles. While Leon and the rest of her security team were understandably freaked out, she didn't seem to mind.

Now going by just Ash, the president's new son was more than happy to flaunt his chubbier features and hairy limbs everywhere he went. Still assigned to protect him, Leon would have to follow him around town to buy whatever clothing options best showed off his body. On

more than one occasion, this led to Leon being the target of Ash's private shows, where the chubby man was more than happy to reveal his body's musk and plump features. Despite the odd appearance, there was only so long Leon could go before Ash's requests for "overtime" finally wore him down.

Patreon Prompt 341

Prompt: A couple winds up eating expired Easter candy the girlfriend bought on clearance. A chocolate bunny turns the girlfriend into a chubby and horny rabbit man, while chocolate eggs bloat the boyfriend into a gigantic, fat hen.

The day after Easter had passed, Frieda and Sunny were busy helping themselves to a basket of clearance candy. Frieda had been able to find sweet treats at a killer price, making her ignore the strange person selling them to her. Similarly smitten by the sweets, Sunny picked his way through the basket until he found a chocolate egg. Upon Frieda picking out a chocolate bunny to sink her teeth into, the pair indulged in their candy. As delectable as the taste was, it didn't take long for them to find out the side effects.

Gobbling up the last of her candy, Frieda became obsessed with scratching at her skin. The reason became apparent as her fingers were dragged through a hide of grey fur that rapidly spread across her body. As the hairs covered up each inch of her flesh, her once skinny figure became overburdened with chub. The extra weight helped to turn her breasts into a pair of sagging man pecs and gifted her with a drooping gut that partially obscured her rigid, recently grown manhood. Feeling her belly slide against her cock, she chewed on her lips with her buckteeth as her cotton tail wiggled against her plump butt cheeks. Whiskers and long ears standing on end, she was given a distraction from her new status as a bunny man by a loud clucking noise nearby.

Sunny's transformation started off with his lips forming into a prominent beak to create the chicken noises. White feathers spread out from his new mouth, bringing with it extra layers of blubber to make him better resemble the rabbit man's figure. Differences between the two were made apparent thanks to the set of massive breasts that formed on his chest and the talon

like feet he used to scratch at the ground. Shaking around his hefty hindquarters, he flapped about his wing-like arms as if in search of something.

Though Frieda couldn't tell what Sunny was trying to say thanks to his constant clucking, she got her answer when he accidentally fell backwards. Planting his plump rear on the ground, Sunny tried again and again to reach past his belly to reach his newly formed womanhood. Glancing at his pussy and feeling her member throb with excitement, Frieda bared her buckteeth in a wide smile as she waddled towards him, eager to get the most out of their recent purchase.

Patreon Prompt 342

Prompt: (Claire and Ada (Resident Evil) Cock TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/41814797/>

It was a cruel twist of fate that Ada and Claire would run into each other at the Umbrella facility. Though Claire had never met Ada in person, Leon had told her enough about the woman in the red dress to know that she was trouble. Pulling her gun out from the pocket of her red jacket, she hastily ordered Ada to drop the vial of the CTF virus in her hand. When the woman in red started to run, Claire took her chance and fired a shot.

The bullet flew straight through the vial, releasing a splash of green liquid across both of them. Coming to the realization of their fate, Ada and Claire looked towards one another for an answer. Though their first instinct was to argue with one another over who was at fault, their ability to speak became hindered as the effects of the virus took hold.

Just as they were about to reach for each other's throats, their arms were sunken into their torso to provide sustenance for the rest of their bodies' changes. The two women became separated from one another by sets of enormous, swollen testicles emerging from the places their genitals used to be. Stomping around on sets of enlarged feet swung about their enormous balls to give the pair one last bizarre sight before their eyes were forced close.

Their heads began to morph as their necks stretched out several feet from their body. What remained of their faces became shades of bright pink before being smoothed over. When their makeover was complete, their heads had become the perfect tips to finish up their transformation into enormous, bipedal penises. Only able to moan and eject cum along the floor, the two women began to wander the hallways in search of more people to infect.

Patreon Prompt 343

Prompt: Male into Marina from Splatoon

Mark was more than a little excited to come home from work to see the package on his doorstep. Long nights of sifting through websites and beating out scalpers had led him to finding something he had sought after for a long time. Bringing the box over to his room, he was excited to finally set his eyes upon his very own Marina amiibo. That made it all the more heart breaking when he opened up the package only to find an empty stand. Unable to contain his disappointment, he reached his hand inside to see if maybe the rest of the figure had broken off somewhere.

Mark was pushed back by a spark of green energy arcing from the stand to hit his finger. Stumbling away from the box clutching his hand, he wondered if this was all part of some sick joke. Looking down to see if there was any lingering damage, he paused as he got a look at the neon green coloring adorning the tips of his fingers and nails. He got a closer look at the bright hues as something replaced his hair and swung in front of his face. Grasping at the object and holding it up to his eyes, he saw a collection of suckers along it that helped him to correctly identify the growth as a collection of tentacles.

Flicking the tendrils away from his face, he attempted to march back towards the box to find out what was going on, only to be stopped by the sound of his shoes being torn apart. Keeping his tentacle hair in place with one hand, he tried to reach down to recover what was left of his footwear, only for them to reform into a pair of leather, black boots and green stockings that reached up to his calves. His pants followed a similar method of destruction and recreation, giving him just a moment to see that his genitals had been replaced with a womanhood before they were covered up by a pair of black leather short shorts. The hem of his shirt pulled up to

leave his midriff bare as it formed into a tight fitting, black leather jacket, complete with an oversized zipper that came down just enough to show the cleavage of his newly formed breasts.

The panic in the former man's head came to a stop as she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Noticing her sharp fangs and the dark coloring around her eyes, she hesitantly stepped closer towards her reflection. Finding strange glee in her new form, she took up Marina's pose to fully cement her identity as the very same octoling from the game.

Patreon Prompt 344

Prompt: A dumb Harengon (anthro rabbit) adventure is completely oblivious to his party fattening him up and treating him like a pet.

Belio's humble life amongst his fellow Harengon had left him to yearn for adventure. When he reached adulthood, he left his fellow race of anthro bunny people to join up with the nearest adventurer's guild. In no time at all he joined up with a party and went about all sorts of quests for fame and fortune. Blinded by his own yearning for excitement, he failed to notice what his comrades were doing to him.

Their obsession had begun one night when they were feasting at an inn. Despite his small size, Belio was able to wolf down a massive amount of food. As he sat at the table, rubbing his stuffed, furry belly beneath his tunic, the others felt something in their bodies awaken. This feeling came back every time he overindulged, leading them to subtly encourage his more gluttonous tendencies. More and more often, the group would celebrate each successful job with a feast. As much as Belio insisted that the others eat their fill as well, they insisted that he had more than earned the larger portions. His complaints shrank in contrast to the way his body grew, making it hard for him to both resist their offerings and eventually go out on missions.

One year after Belio had initially set out on adventures, he had completely lost his wanderlust. Any desire to go out on quests had been replaced with a lethargy that came with his barely mobile, pudgy body. Waddling his way throughout the group's mansion with his cottontail shaking in rhythm with his thick butt cheeks, the only thing on his mind was getting to his next meal. By now the group had made their intentions obvious, a main factor being the way they eagerly dove into his belly rolls during his meals to smother their face between his sagging man

boobs. Having lost any desire to venture out ever again, Belio was more than content to live out his days as the group's plump pet.

Patreon Prompt 345

Prompt: (Samus (Metroid) Weight Gain) <https://www.deviantart.com/gabbadraws/art/Samass-954366674>

It was with a begrudging sigh that Samus awoke from her slumber. Her hesitancy came from the sweet dream she had that was like a flash back. She dreamed of the times when she was able to effortlessly run across dangerous planets and infiltrate research facilities through the use of her varia suit and athletic body. As perilous as these missions were, they were the lifeblood that had given her life meaning.

Samus's lingering thoughts about her old self inevitably drifted back to the fateful event several days prior. During another raid on a space pirate facility, one of the vile fiends had managed to get a lucky shot on her. While she shrugged it off as merely a scratch, that became harder to ignore as the days went on and the true ramifications were made clear.

Pressing the button near her cot, Samus turned on the showerhead placed above her. The sprinkles of water cascaded down her chubby cheeks on the way to trickle down her multiple rows of chins. From there the droplets would splash across her heaving bosom to be lost within the folds of her massive belly. With a flick of her blonde ponytail, she freed her hair from her back flab, allowing the water to flow downwards to sprinkle across her wide rear taking up the majority of her bedding.

Wobbling her body around to clean where she needed to, Samus had to admit that the unusual set up was doing the job. Her obese form had long lost the ability to move of its own free will, keeping her stuck in her room with the Galactic Federation soldiers having to come in to regularly meet her needs. As much as she appreciated the help, it couldn't do much to stop her from sinking into a depression about her early retirement.

Patreon Prompt 346

Prompt: Male into female humanoid basketball.

“I’m the magic basketball fairy!” claimed the talking basketball with cartoony eyes as Benjamin looked at it. “Merely speak your basketball-related wish and it shall be granted.”

Having struggled to get on his college team for the longest time, Benjamin went along with the odd situation and spoke his wish. Upon hearing his request, the fairy stuck out her tongue to let a spark of energy hit his body. Feeling the magic course through his veins, he watched in anticipation to see what kind of shape he would take to make him the perfect addition to the team.

Benjamin’s optimism came to a screeching halt as he watched his skin become a dull orange color that was separated by white lines. The change to his body was more than just color as every inch of him was covered in miniscule bumps. Sliding his hand across the harsh texture, he instantly recognized it as the same material used in basketballs. Though he wanted to ask the fairy what exactly she was thinking, he was stopped by a softer voice leaving his throat to go along with his other changes.

Though he lost the definition in his muscles, they were made up for a set of breasts pushing out his top. Swinging back his elongated hair to gaze at the basketball-sized boobs had the unintended effect of wobbling about his equally prominent bubble butt within the confines of his short shorts. Through this constant jiggling, he was able to discern that the changes had affected his groin as well to complete his transformation into a humanoid basketball girl.

“That should do it,” the fairy proudly proclaimed. “Now you’ll be a shoe in for the girls’ basketball team. Or at the very least, their new mascot.”

Patreon Prompt 347

Prompt: After a long adventure, an adventuring party returns with a large feast for their pet, a anthro bunny man named Belio, pushing him ever nearer to immobility.

Surviving yet another perilous quest, a group of adventurers collected their reward and got ready for the usual celebration. Spreading through the town, each of them were tasked with procuring large amounts of food for an impromptu feast. Everything from fresh produce to pieces of smoked meats, and even devilishly indulgent sweets were acquired with no price being too high. While they did eat a nibble here or there, they made sure to save the majority of their supplies for the one waiting for them back at their mansion.

Hauling their food into the dining room, they woke their pet with the chime of a bell. Hearing the sound associated with his indulgent meals, Belio flickered his long, white ears and whiskers as he awoke from his slumber. Removing the blankets covering his obese, fuzzy body, the rabbit man took on the herculean task of waddling himself over to the table. A few of his fellow party members came to his aid, partially to quicken his pace but also to get a front row seat of his flab rolls jiggle with each step. Finally reaching his spot at the table, Belio planted his gigantic rear on the ground that made the entire room shake. Wobbling his ass cheeks back and forth to make himself comfortable, he leaned back to let the party participate in their favorite activity.

With their precious, plump pet in place, the adventurers took turns climbing up his body to feed him. The rabbit man took every piece of food without hesitation, putting his buck teeth to work rapidly devouring every last morsel. A few misplaced crumbs and stains managed to slip out of his lips to tumble down his chins, but they were thankfully saved by landing atop his pair

of drooping pecs. Those fortunate enough to retrieve the misplaced food were given the enviable position of getting to squeeze his moobs and feel first hand the results of their stuffing efforts.

As Belio continued his binge eating, the party's mage cast a spell to check on his progress. The wizard nodded in content as he recorded a staggering weight of 1345 pounds. Announcing the new milestone to the group, everyone, including Belio, cried out in celebration. This only strengthened the group's resolve to continue taking on hard quests, motivated by the goal of turning the bunny man into a completely immobile blob that they could spoil absolutely rotten.

Patreon Prompt 348

Prompt: Tired of his mother complaining to him about what constantly playing video games will do to him, a young man makes an offhand comment that leads to her giving a more direct warning of his possible future.

Off of college for the summer and with plenty of free time, Randall was all set to play the new video game, Wishing Ring. His enjoyment was short lived as his mother came into his room to scold him about the usual. She complained about him wasting his days away at his computer screen, trying to warn him that he needed to get out there before he damaged his body. Shirking it all off as just a nuisance, Randall mindlessly tapped through the various text boxes informing him of the effects of the game's wishing ring item. Without thinking of the consequences he blurted out, "If you're so eager to show me why this is bad for me, why don't you prove it?"

Randall turned around, fully expecting to see a very angry mother ready to kick him out of the house. Instead, what he saw was her staring with her mouth agape as her body began to shake. Just as he considered getting up to call an ambulance, he was stopped by the sight of her brown hair shortening up to her chin and turning the same tinge of black as his own. The follicles were pushed aside from a combination of a pair of glasses and a more prominent chin. Randall only had a moment to recognize his own facial features before hers was covered up by a set of chubby cheeks and rows of chins to go with a thick neck.

The changes moved past his mother's head to broaden her shoulders and turn her bosom into a set of sagging man pecs. Her drooping moobs and prominent beer belly were kept partially hidden by the appearance of an extra-large t-shirt bearing the same game company logo Randall was wearing. Familiar with the set of jeans stretched across his mother's widened hips and

chunky rear, he was still at a loss at the fact that he was staring at what appeared to be a fatter, older version of himself.

“Woah, is that Wishing Ring?” his mother asked, speaking in a much huskier and deeper version of his voice. “Can I have a turn?”

With a cautious nod, Randall willingly handed over the controller. Watching his transformed mother pick up right where he had left off with no interruptions, he excused himself from the room. More than a little shaken, he grabbed a set of tennis shoes and set off for a run around the block to start his exercise routine.

Patreon Prompt 349

Prompt: The mayor of New Donk City, Pauline, takes on the form of the origin for her city's name to protect it from an invading army of Kremlings.

They came without warning from a far off island, leaving the citizens of New Donk City in a panic. These hideous creatures resembled bipedal crocodiles, called themselves Kremlings as they fought tooth and claw for dominance. Fearful that it would only be a matter of time before the horde took over her city, Pauline made a fateful decision. Opening up the safe in her office, she beheld the golden banana that had been passed down to her with the instructions that it would help her in her time of need. Hearing the creatures knocking at her front door, she tossed caution to the wind and gobbled up the entire banana.

No sooner did Pauline finish off her meal did she feel something was off. The changes started with a thick pelt of brown fur spreading across her skin to leave only her face, hands, feet, and chest bare. The various hairs clung to her body even as her once slim figure began to bulge with added muscles. Her beloved red dress was no match for her bulkier form, being torn asunder in a matter of seconds to make way for her hulking figure. Staggering around her office in an attempt to figure out what was happening, she got her answer as she glanced at herself in the mirror.

Driven by a strange series of instincts, Pauline approached her reflection with her long, muscle-bound arms pounding against the ground with each step. Dragging her knuckles along the ground allowed her to take in the sight of her bent over posture and tight pecs. Leaning back to look at her protruding forehead and widened mouth, she scratched at her head to try and figure out what was going on. The position had the unintended side effect of letting her see the

enormous manhood hanging in-between her legs that swayed about in rhythm with the red tie around her neck baring the letter “PK”.

The newly created Pauly Kong didn't have much time to come to grips with his new self before he heard the front door get knocked down. Beating his chest in a righteous fury, he ran out of his office to meet the Kremlings head on. Effortlessly beating them back with swings of her powerful arms, he put on a wide grin. Uncaring of the cost to his body, he was more than ready to reclaim his city.

Patreon Prompt 350

Prompt: (Samus (Metroid) Bellsprout/Succ plant TF) <https://www.deviantart.com/tail-blazer/art/Samus-Bellsprout-TF-854393370>

Following a call from the Galactic Federation, Samus perused the collection of strange items that had been recovered from a long forgotten set of ruins. Though there were a plethora of strange relics at her disposal, the one that got her attention was a ball with a red top and a white button. Pressing the silver button in the center created a flash of light that momentarily blinded her.

When Samus regained her vision, it was to see the small creature perched in the palm of her hand. A first glance made it appear no more than a potted plant. As she looked over its pair of leaves to stare at its bell shaped top. Perhaps sensing her gaze, the plant began to move the opening to its bulb as it stared at her with its beady, black eyes. Crying out the name “Bellsprout” the creature made Samus regret leaving her varia suit behind as it shot a cloud of pink mist into her face.

Dropping the plant to the floor allowed the creature to uproot itself and run amok the ship. In the meantime, Samus was busy dealing with the strange sensation going through her entire body. This culminated in the loss of her feet as her lower body became encased by a brown pot similar to the one she had found the creature in. Struggling to escape the pile of soil around her waist became more difficult as her arms disappeared to be replaced with a pair of thick leaves.

Just as the bounty hunter was about to cry out for help, a strange buzzing noise in her head removed her ability to speak. Tilting her head down, she watched as the majority of her mass was redirected to overly engorge her chest into a pair of udder-sized boobs that pushed her

suit to its limits. The appearance of the oversized mammaries was met with a dull gaze moments before her eyes changed to mimic the creature's own. The change in view came alongside a shapeshift of her entire skull to create a bell shape that ended in an opening made up of her plumped up, thick lips.

While half of the nearby soldiers ran off to catch the creature, the rest of the group approached Samus. As they tried to help her, she returned by hopping herself towards them. Sensing the lust behind their bodies, she let her tongue drag across her hungry mouth at the thought of sucking on the bulges in their pants. Sending the group running down the hall, Samus the succ plant gave chase, her ponytail the only thing resembling her former self flapping with each eager hop.