

Lochana's Literature Writing Prompt Requests

Writing Prompt 515

Prompt: A horny bimbo annoys the librarian by asking for catalogs of sex toys. When she gets the item, she turns into a blow up doll, one which the librarian pops and tosses in the trash.

It had taken quite some time, but enough use of her skillful pestering finally gave Tiffany the directions she needed. Making her way between the shelves, a gasp left her painted lips as she spotted the bright pink spine of the book. Pushing back her flowing locks of blonde hair for a good look, she eagerly pushed through the pages of the sex toy catalog with the intention of picking out the perfect one to use for herself. She paused for a moment as she reached a page depicting the image of a blow up doll. The ridiculous appearance made a laugh leave her lips as she reached out to turn the page. However, she was stopped as her fingers molded together, and her skin began to be replaced with plastic.

Dropping the book from her useless hands, she watched as the material spread to the rest of her body. As the transformation reached her chest, it tore apart her top in an effort to swell her breasts to mimic a set of overinflated beach balls. A similar growth for her backside left her with a definitive bubble butt alongside ripping apart her pants to show off a manmade hole that had taken the place of her womanhood. Her calls for help were silenced as her lips were forced into a permanent kissy face that jostled about with her rubber hair. No longer able to support herself with just the air inside of her body, she fell to the ground to have her painted eyes blankly stare towards the ceiling.

Tiffany's view was blocked as the librarian loomed over her. Reaching for the valve on the woman's belly button, the librarian pulled it out to release the air inside of her body. As

Tiffany's form became flat, the librarian picked her up and folded her into a neat bundle. With the wad of plastic in hand, the librarian began to make her way to the store room, planning to keep the living sex doll on hand for whenever she was needed.

Writing Prompt 516

Prompt: A man accidentally destroys a book about how cows reproduce and is transformed into a heavily pregnant and fat anthro cow woman with milk leaking from her boobs and udder.

Garth could only watch as the milk from his spilled carton spread across the page to distort the illustration of a cow about to give birth to a calf. Springing into action he began to furiously wipe his shirt across the page. All of his efforts seemed for naught as the milk continued to spread out to destroy the book. Taking a momentary break, he was surprised to see an additional sprinkle go across the page. It didn't take him long to locate the source.

Pulling his shirt back down, he could only watch as his chest continued to enlarge the pair of heavy breasts leaking milk through the fabric. Eventually his pair of tits managed to work alongside his thickening torso to break through his top to splatter their liquid across the thin layer of black and white fur that coated his body. Stumbling away from the table on his cloven feet, he winced at the feeling of his lanky tail swinging against his plump backside. Reaching out with his hoof-like fingers to graze his flattened ears and cow-like muzzle, he was instead forced to pay attention to the lump of pink flesh pushing out from his undercarriage to form an udder that obscured his newly grown womanhood.

Garth's vision of her leaking teats was obscured as her belly bulged outward. Glancing back over at the destroyed book and seeing a similar shape, she prodded his gut and felt the baby calf kick back. A low moo escaped her lips as she was forced down to the ground on her knees. Moving back and forth between her breasts and udder, she attempted to push out as much milk as possible. She was going to need the practice for when she would eventually give birth.

Writing Prompt 517

Prompt: Feeling pity for a dim college girl's futile attempt at studying for a big test, a ton of the library's magical books collectively feed themselves into the girl's head. It goes horribly right, changing the girl into a MODOK-like being.

Aura couldn't help feeling like this had all been part of a sick joke on her. She had come to the library with the hopes of finding something or someone who could help her cram for the big test the next day. What she got in response was a haul of study guides that might have well been a slap to the face. Low on options, she cracked open the first book and tried to focus on the words in front of her.

Her reading speed became progressively faster as she went through page after page. Effortlessly finishing off the first book, she moved on to a second and a third. Breaking out into a whirlwind of speed reading, she could feel the wealth of knowledge being pumped into her. The drastic increase to her intellect was deemed more than enough to make up for what was going on with her body.

Each finished book added an extra bit of girth to her cranium. Completing a few volumes allowed her head to outsize the entirety of her body. Overshadowing her torso, the wealth of knowledge made itself known through the pumping veins spread along her scalp. The heavy load of her bulging brain came with the loss of her hair to allow its full glory to be revealed as it continued to grow.

With her head reaching the size of car, Aura momentarily put a stop to her studying. Rather than completely avoid further increasing her intellect, she instead put her big brain to use as she used her new found telekinesis to keep her enormous mind upright. Gathering up every book she could see before her, she continued to allow her head to swell alongside her IQ. She

had long ago given up on passing the test. After all, such a trivial examination of her intelligence would only be an insult to her godlike powers.

Writing Prompt 518

Prompt: A woman borrows a cookbook from the library and with each passing day she owns it, she begins to gain weight. When it comes time to return it, she's already become a barely mobile blob and barely misses the due date because of it and becomes stuck with the weight.

Melinda was smitten with the beaten up cook book the moment she laid her eyes on it. Hastily checking it out from the library, she rushed home and immediately set to work on whipping up the recipe for peanut butter cookies. Her reward was a rush of sugar that pushed her towards wiping out the entire batch.

Each day Melinda would cook up something new from the book. No matter if it was a small pastry or a hearty meal fit for a feast, each creation was just as heavenly delectable as the last. She became obsessed with the contents of the book. Every time she opened it up she would find a new recipe to entertain her mind and taste buds. It was because of this fascination that she realized too late that she had gone past the due date.

Hoping that the librarian wouldn't be too mad, Melinda rushed to find something to wear. Her frantic search led to her being forced to venture out in an apron that only just barely fit over the sizable belly she had gained over the course of her indulgent cooking. As she stomped her way down the sidewalk, she tried to ignore the many people she passed that wordlessly gawked at her jiggling pair of massive ass cheeks. The fabric of her sole article of clothing struggled to contain her hefty bosom. Thankful that that drooping gut sunk between her thick thighs obscured her nether region, she managed to arrive at her destination.

Shoving her wide hips through the entrance to the library, Melinda shuffled her way over to the front desk. Wiping the sweat from her multiple chins and chubby cheeks, she apologized profusely as she placed the book on the counter. Pushing the cook book back to Melinda, the

librarian told her to keep it. When asked why, the librarian replied with a comment that she could tell how much the chef enjoyed trying out the different recipes. Squeezing the book up against her chest, Melinda thanked the librarian before swiveling herself around to waddle her way back home to continue indulging in her curiosity and appetite.

Writing Prompt 519

Prompt: Woman comes to library to get book about chicken farming, as she wants to become chicken farmer. While reading it, she turns into plump pregnant (eggant?) anthro Ayam Cemani (breed of chicken from Indonesia), with proud motherly instinct of laying eggs pretty much non-stop.

At first Kaylee had been drawn to the library in the hopes of finding a book to help her in her studies to become a chicken farmer. While she did gain quite a bit of info about her future career aspects, her studies came to a stop when she arrived at a page detailing a particular type of chicken. An Ayam Cemani was a breed from Indonesia covered in black feathers. Finding a strange fascination with the creature, she couldn't stop herself from reaching out to touch the illustration.

A spark leapt out of the page to strike Kaylee's finger. Reeling back, she looked towards the digit to see it morph into a black, bird-like claw. Her shoes tore asunder to reveal similar looking talons on her feet that preceded a thick plume of black feathers that spread across her body. The sheer heat from the added thickness had her using her new claws to tear apart her clothes. Ripping the fabric to shreds, she was left to gawk at the plump body that had been thrust upon her by the transformation. Waving about her blubbery limbs and shaking her tail feathers against her wide derriere, she let out a series of distressed clucks from her newly formed beak.

Kaylee's focus was shattered as she felt an unusual sensation in her lower body. Letting out more chicken-like clucks, she squatted down on the ground. Tracing her claws against her spherical belly, she could feel a series of bumps inside rolling around. The identity of the objects was soon made clear as her cloaca opened up to release an egg on to the ground.

The first release was followed by a dozen more, each one bringing with it a strange sense of euphoria as Kaylee laid each one. Pausing for a moment to look over her pile of eggs, she gently rubbed her still swollen stomach. Feeling the need to release once more, she found another comfortable spot on the floor to continue indulging in her new body's strange desires.

Writing Prompt 520

Prompt: Female Odysseus gets turned into a fat gassy anthro pig by Circe by eating her cooking due to her magic. As Circe enjoys pampering her with food and love.

Tired and more than a little taken back by their sudden change in gender thanks to a curse, the newly named Odyssia harbored her ship on the island of Aeaea for some much needed rest. Circe, the enchantress that dwelled there was more than willing to accept the crew as her guests. Though her initial intention was to make them face a fate of restocking her supply of bacon and ham, that all changed as she became smitten by Odyssia. Glancing over at the soft features and luxurious hair the epic hero had gained from her change in form, the enchantress decided to get her entertainment in a much different way.

Odyssia saw little harm in accepting constant servings of wine from Circe. The liquor kept her mind numb to the fact that her body was fattening up with each passing day. Clothes became an after thought as she waddled about the island in the nude, further fattening up her belly with food given to her by the enchantress. As mesmerizing as it was to watch the gluttonous hero's heaving breasts and thick ass cheeks wobble about, Circe couldn't help feeling like she could further mold her pet to her liking.

Coming along with her ravenous appetite, Odyssia began to develop piggish features. A flattened snout helped her to sniff out the wonderful odors that heralded another meal being delivered to her hungry maw. A pair of floppy ears were keen to listen for the enchantress's call for a new course, making her use her cloven feet to run as fast as her thick thighs would allow. Though it pleased Circe to watch Odyssia's curly tail jiggle about as she stuffed her face with hoof-like fingers, she grew worried that the former heroine would become wise to her changes. However, that was something that could be easily fixed.

Between Odysia's pig-like grunting and oinks, she would let out thunderous burps that clouded her mind with the after taste of her meals. A constant deluge of farts sputtering out of the pig woman's rear further enshrouded her in the fumes to keep her thoughts focused on her own indulgences. The disgusting bombardment of gas from both of Odysia's ends eventually became another feature of her transformed body. Judging by the way she eagerly snorted up her own stench, Odysia had gained the same appreciation for her sloppy body as Circe.

Circe's playtime with her pet, sloppy pig woman lasted for a little over a year. Things came to a screeching halt during one of the many feasts when Circe's father, Helios made his appearance. Scolding his daughter to change Odysia back, she relented and promised to undo her curse. AFTER her precious piggy had finished her meal of course.

Writing Prompt 521

Prompt: A young goth woman reads the Cask of Amontillado and transforms into an overweight, drunk version of Fortunato in his jester costume.

Given the opportunity to pick out any book from the library, Fiona fell back on one of her old favorites. Fitting with her jet black hair and dark clothing, her personal choice in literature matched the rest of her gothic persona. Using her black painted finger nails to browse through the pages, she stopped to look through the classic tale of a Cask of Amontillado. Reading about how the foolish Fortunato stumbled into his doom, she began to wonder how someone could be so stupid to run into an obvious trap all for the sake of booze.

As Fiona continued to read, a dryness afflicting her throat made her reach for a bottle of water in her bag. Taking a swig from the container, she tasted something akin to a rich, red wine going down her throat. Putting it off as just a special flavor of water, she continued to drink from the bottle. By the time the bottle was transformed into a golden chalice with an endless reserve of wine, she was already too far gone to notice it or what was happening to her body.

Her dark colored outfit was replaced with that of a jester's outfit. The costume consisted of bright yellows and deep reds in a checkerboard pattern. Bells were attached to her sleeves and feet to jingle at the slightest movement. Taking a deep swig from her chalice once more, she didn't seem to notice the star shaped hat that appeared on her head or the more extreme changes to her figure.

The oversized costume was quickly filled out by her barrel-like belly and sagging chest. It was through the thickening of her rear and the emergence of a sizable bulge around her groin that she filled up her pantaloons with her mass. Taking a moment to wipe the wine from her

chins and feel the bristly hairs making up her beard, Lord Fionato finally took notice of the sound of sliding stone.

Taking another swig of wine, Lord Fionato stared drunkenly at a solid wall of bricks blocking off the corridor. Drunkenly stumbling about the reading area, he discovered that he had become completely sealed in. Rather than be worried, he merely put the cup to his lips once more to continue enjoying a liquor that any man would be willing to die for.

Writing Prompt 522

Prompt: A young woman unleashes the spirit of an Egyptian Queen with huge floppy junk from a book. Becoming possessed by the entity, the woman becomes a vessel for her and the Queen to have some fun.

Being lost in a library didn't much phase Veronica due to her obsession with the book in her hands. Always having an interest in ancient Egyptian history, it was obvious why the tome would demand her complete attention. The pages described the life of a quite unusual Egyptian Queen named Vaheeda. Though she had been far from the standard body type in the day, she still managed to rule her kingdom with her beauty and intellect to get what she wanted. As Veronica read about the mysterious disappearance of the queen, she happened upon an image of a eye that seemed to pop out of the page. Curious, she swept her hand against it and felt a chill enter her body.

"After so many years," a voice echoed in Veronica's head, "I can finally feel the pleasures of the flesh again."

As the entity continued to pulse through Veronica's body, her figure began to change. Her already sizable breasts jumped up several sizes to tear apart her top. An equally enormous set of butt cheeks swelled up to remove her skirt and panties. With nothing in its way, a sizable cock and balls emerged from above her womanhood to swing about in the air. Staring down at the rigid member, she could feel what the queen wanted.

Though the ancient ruler did not force her to act, it was through Veronica's own desires that she moved to grasp her cock. Vigorously stroking the shaft with both hands, she jostled her hefty curves as she gave herself fully to the sensations of pleasure. Euphoric moans began to leave her lips, carrying both the voice of her and the long lost Vaheeda. By the time she released

her load onto the floor, the orgasm cemented their future of doing everything in their power to gain the wealth, fame, and pleasure that the queen was accustomed to.

Writing Prompt 523

Prompt: Lochana's version of Arabian Nights has a new story not found in any other edition. A thief transforming into a fat tiger (or tigress) and being included in the Sultan's palace, which is full of transformed and brainwashed criminals.

“While most other sultans would have the man’s arm chopped off, the sultan of the city of Bengal had a much more creative way of preventing further misdeeds. Not even letting the thief finish off his explanation that the lamp contained a magic genie, the guards shoved a strange fruit down his throat. Any further attempts to speak instead came out as growls that passed by the man’s growing fangs. As his body became covered in orange fur and black stripes, that was the signal for the guards to bring him down into the dungeon.”

“Tossed onto the cold stone floor, he picked himself up and saw his reflection in the water. There, he saw a beast that resembled half-man and half-tiger. The transformation had left him with an intimidating figure of thick muscles and sharp claws that got rid of the tattered remains of his clothes. Waving about his lanky tail as he stood on his bent legs to admire his sizable manhood, he reached out to touch the whiskers on his muzzle only to be stopped as he heard something from nearby.”

“Waiting for him there were more tiger people. The males were just as bulky and brawny as him, but a glance revealed that they bared no ill will towards him. Each of the tigresses had equally large muscles that came with their luscious curves. As the rest of the group descended on the thief, they whispered into his ear the various pleasure that these bodies provided. Grasping what little remained of his pants, the tigers and tigresses got ready to show him exactly what the sultan’s reformation plan entailed.”

Letting out a content sigh, Scheherazde closed the book and turned her attention back towards King Shahryar. “However, we will have to wait until tomorrow evening to read the rest.”

“Come on, just a little more,” the King pleaded. “I’m so close, in more ways than one,” he added, gesturing towards his groin.

“Now, now, no need to rush things,” she replied, making her way to her bed chamber for another peaceful night of sleep. “You have to give me time to make sure the story will make you purr.”

Writing Prompt 524

Prompt: A male wolf anthro gets sucked into Little Red Riding Hood and becomes a female in the lead role. Things take a (sexy) turn when she comes across the wolf in the book.

Grasping the book with his claws, a wolf man covered in grey fur by the name of Arnold sniffed at it with his muzzle to try and discern its secrets. Though many people had heard the tale of Little Red Riding Hood, he couldn't recall ever seeing a version so risqué. Sure enough, pawing through the pages made his bushy tail stand on end as he looked over the erotic images within. Tongue lolling out of his mouth as he began to pant, he leaned in in closer to the illustration of the heroine until some force pulled him inside.

In the blink of an eye Arnold was transported into a sprawling forest populated by thick trees and chirping birds. Off in the distance he could see a quaint cottage with smoke billowing from the top. Making his way over to the door to see who was inside, he was stopped by something he saw in one of the windows.

Though no one was on the other side of the glass, the reflection revealed that Arnold had gone through a drastic transformation. His plain clothes had been replaced with a leather outfit that emphasized his sizable, feminine breasts and curvy hips. Pulling back the red hood of the cloak resting upon his shoulders, he admired the softer look in his eyes. Just as he pressed his slender fingers against his groin to feel his new womanhood, he heard a gruff voice from behind him.

“Hey there,” greeted a shirtless wolf man, his black fur covering his muscular figure.

“Guessing you got sucked in too?”

Arnold nodded his head, both to agree and gawk at the sizable bulge in the man's pants.

“Same,” the wolf man said. “I used to be called Vanessa. Now I go by Victor. Or you could just call me sexy beast if you’re up for re-enacting some scenes.”

Seeing the way the wolf man licked his lips, Arnold eagerly took his hand to follow him inside the cottage to get a better feel for his new role.

Writing Prompt 525

Prompt: Upon reading a story in his grimoire, Stolas considers what he would wish for, and decides he would just want Octavia to be happy. Next morning, he wakes to find himself and Stella to have become nigh-immobile slobs practically unable to leave the house, with Stella being friendly and enjoying her gluttony, and Octavia being happy that her parents are on good terms and with her, despite their now slovenly nature.

It wasn't uncommon for Stolas to wake up in the morning with a hangover. The feathery owl demon went through the same routine of drinking and stumbling about his library every time he got into a fight with his wife, Stella. This inebriated state left him to peruse through his grimoire to find an out of place human story about a fisherman finding a happy life through simple things. The tale instilled in Stolas a similar desire for a more pleasant household regardless of the cost. At the time, he had assumed the glowing pages were just something he had imagined in his drunkenness. However, he was inclined to believe that it was something more as he rolled out of bed.

The room shook as Stolas stomped onto the floor on his bulky legs. In the process of wobbling about his sizable gut covered in his black plumage, he released a prolonged fart that ruffled his tail feathers as the gas jiggled his thick ass cheeks. A rumbling going through his sagging man boobs heralded a guttural belch from his beak that reeked of booze. Concerned if his magic had changed anything else overnight, he struggled to wrap a robe around his obese body before heading out of the hall.

Waddling after a trail of licked clean platters and leftover food stains led Stolas to the kitchen. Waiting for him there was a massive blob of white feathers that smelled just as bad, if not worse, than he did. Pushing himself through the noxious gas that erupted from orb's meaty

hindquarters, he took notice of the pair of hefty breasts sticking out from between a familiar robe. Gazing up at plumped up version of Stella's face, it wasn't her degraded state that made him confused, but the sight of beak in the shape of a smile.

Graciously accepting a platter of food from a servant, Stella uncharacteristically patted him on the head and gave him a wad of cash pulled from betwixt her cleavage. Finishing off her meal with a guttural burp, she did the unthinkable and greeted Stolas with a cheerful grin. Weathering through a prolonged PHHHHRRRTTTT from his wife, he was met by a surprisingly cheerful Octavia running up to give her father a hug. Though the young demon had not gone through a physical transformation, she had acquired the same jolly mood as her formerly bitchy mother. Still a little confused about the situation, Stolas nonetheless put his blubbery arms to good use to give his daughter a hug to revel in their new life as peaceful slobs.