

## Ko-fi Prompt Vol. 1

### Ko-fi Prompt 1 (Writing Prompt 511)

Prompt: Midnight's quirk backfiring and causing all who smell her mist too TF into something weird, including herself, in which she becomes an idiotic hypercocked bimbo.

What started out as a simple job to take out a group of bank robbers became anything, but normal after Midnight was hit with a strange dart. As the heroine attempted to spread her mist to put the criminals to sleep, their bodies began to morph and change. Anyone that inhaled Midnight's vapors had the displeasure of transforming into a number of different forms, ranging from monstrous, mythological creatures to living plants with spherical heads and heavy breasts. Midnight herself would have been more distressed about what her quirk was doing to people if she wasn't falling victim to it herself.

Midnight's already risqué outfit lost most of its ability to cover her up as her breasts grew into a pair of massive spheres that rivaled a pair of overripe watermelon. The lower part of her outfit was torn asunder as her butt cheeks surged to match the lofty proportions of her breasts. Though she had all the reason needed to freak out, her attempts to yell out in shock were hindered by her lips plumping up into a persistent, pouty look and a series of urges flooding into her mind to drain her of her intellect.

By the time her hair turned into a shimmering blonde color, any hint of worry in Midnight's mind had disappeared. What was left was a person only concerned with her own pleasure that led her to squeeze and grope her curves. This self-stimulation eventually focused on her crotch area to pay service to the foot long, girthy cock that sprouted out to go along with the swollen testicles that bounced up against her dripping womanhood.

Shuffling her way through the streets with her main priority being taking care of her needs, Midnight finally found someone who could help her. Locking her sights on a man with the lower half of a horse and the upper torso of an anthro pig, Midnight sauntered over and pressed her bosom against his back. The act settled down the transformed creature's mind and put him in the right mood to satisfy the bimbofied, futa Midnight's depraved desires.

Ko-fi Prompt 2 (Writing Prompt 512)

Prompt: Aizawa drinks something unknowingly that was Midnight's which causes him to TF into a fat humanoid cow person.

A long night of grading papers had left Aizawa more sleep-deprived than usual. Stumbling his way into the staff break room, he opened up the fridge in the hopes of finding something to quench his parched throat. His eyes immediately locked on to a seemingly normal bottle of milk. Looking over the note attached to the container, it appeared as if it was a special concoction created by the support class specifically for Midnight. Not knowing or caring what the milk was supposed to do, Aizawa popped open the top and guzzled it all down in a matter of seconds.

The moment he placed the empty bottle on the counter, he felt a series of rumblings sensations begin to spread through his body. These tremors came with a plethora of thick fat that spread itself across his body. A combination of his bulging gut and doughy butt cheeks proved more than enough to rip apart his clothes. Anything left behind was swiftly removed as he developed a pair of heavy breasts along his chest.

Before Aizawa could have a chance to examine his newly acquired bosom and fat, his attention was drawn to the sizable lump that began to emerge from between his barrel-like gut and groin. The emergence of the pink bulge distracted him from the creation of his new tail, the flattening of his ears, and the pair of nubby horns that appeared atop his head. Letting out a snort that tickled the silver ring attached to his nostrils, he reached down to inspect the four protrusions that had appeared across the pink mass to finish creating his udder.

A small tweak to his teats was enough to force a pleasurable moo from Aizawa's lips. Stricken by euphoric shivers, he brought his fat ass down to the ground as he began to freely

squeeze on his teats and nipples. This constant attention brought forth a deluge of creamy milk that spread across the floor. Waving about his tail in ecstasy with each release, Aizawa let out a cacophony of moos as he continued to milk himself.

Standing outside the hall and staring at the cow man, Midnight couldn't believe her eyes. Managing to look away from Aizawa's look of ecstasy, she noticed the empty bottle nearby baring her message. Forcing herself to turn away from the strange sight, she started to run towards the support class to hopefully find a cure for a problem she partially caused.

### Ko-fi Prompt 3 (Writing Prompt 513)

Prompt: Mei (from Overwatch) is exploring an abandoned ecopoint, when she messes with an old experimental chamber, it turns her into a simple minded full feral pig.

Not wanting to leave all of the science team's work to waste, Mei had gone out on an expedition towards one of the many ecopoints in Antarctica. The lab was in shambles as to be expected, but a quick flip of the switch was enough to get everything back online. Though the facility had been abandoned many years ago due to lack of funding, Mei's bespectacled eyes still looked on in wonder as she marveled at all of their in-progress experiments.

Mei's search eventually led towards a large, cylindrical tube hooked up to a monstrosity of a computer. More than a little curious, she approached the device to try and figure out what it was for. Slipping inside the tube to try and discern its purpose, she let out a scream as the door closed behind her. Banging on the tube to try and escape she heard the machine whir to life. As the machine announced the commencement of the Pig Gene Splice sequence, a pink gas began to fill the chamber to hasten Mei's need to escape.

Mei's constant pounding against the door was stopped as she heard something clack against the glass. Looking towards her gloved hands, she watched in terror as the fabric burst apart to make way for a set of cloven hooves. Though she tried to scream in terror, what came out instead was a pig-like squeal that was emphasized by her newly acquired snout. Flapping around the pink ears sticking out of her brown hair, she came stumbling to the ground as her cloven feet could no longer hold her up.

Picking herself up off the ground on all fours, Mei tried to calm herself down. Despite the feeling of her body gaining hundreds of pounds of pudgy, pink flesh, there was a strange, serene grace taking over her mind. Most of her knowledge and memories began to leak out, making her

unaware of the fact that her thick figure was bursting through her clothes to leave her completely nude.

As the machine powered down, the chamber door finally opened up. Tapping her hooves against the ground, Mei wandered back into the lab with her curly tail jiggling against her plump rear. Tilting her thick neck upwards, she put her nose to work trying to find something to fill her enormous belly, nearly knocking her glasses off of her snout in the process. Picking up a stash of snacks that the staff had left behind, the simple-minded pig let out a collection of oinks as she made her way towards her next meal.

#### Ko-fi Prompt 4 (Writing Prompt 514)

Prompt: Aizawa mistakenly eats a test strip of gum made by the support class in hopes of helping heroes stay full on the job. Unfortunately it results in Aizawa being permaberried into a fat gassy blueberry.

Running on fumes and only halfway through the school day, Aizawa stumbled his way into the staff break room. Grumbling to himself as he discovered that they were completely out of coffee, he whipped around his black hair as he searched for anything to get him through the rest of his classes. His prayers were answered in the form of a box from the support students. Opening it up, he found a stash of experimental gum that claimed it that it would have the ability to keep a hero full on the job. More interested in the sugar rather than the meal aspect, Aizawa unwrapped one of the sticks and stuck it in his mouth.

As Aizawa proceeded to chew on the gum, his mouth became filled with the rich taste of blueberries. The sweet juices that poured down his throat proved to be just the thing to perk him up. The only downside appeared to be the occasional burps that left his throat. He only realized that something was off once he felt his mid-section start to swell up.

The sight of his belly bloating up into a sizable sphere accidentally sent the gum tumbling into Aizawa's stomach. In a matter of seconds the growing lump ripped through his clothing to reveal the dark blue skin underneath. As his stomach continued to swell, it began to shape his entire body into a rounded sphere that grew to the size of a car. Watching as his arms and legs get swallowed up by the mass, Aizawa tried to call out for help.

Aizawa's pleas for assistance were drowned out by berry-scented belches that continuously left his lips. Silenced under the bombardment of burps, his attempts to wobble his massive body through the door only succeeded in forcing out rippling farts that carried the same

odor of fruit. His continued attempts to force himself out of the room only succeeded in gushing out torrents of blueberry juice from his plumped up nipples. Left with a growing puddle of sweet liquid pooling around his body and gas spewing from both ends, Aizawa at least took solace in the knowledge that he wouldn't have to teach classes for a while.



## Ko-fi Prompt 5 (Writing Prompt 526)

Prompt: Aizawa is perma-tf'd into a pool toy, to add insult to injury he has a permanent smile plastered on his plastic, rubbery skin. The UA staff don't seem to mind.

On paper it was a tragedy. One of the most skillful heroes and teachers at UA had gotten on the business end of a villain known as the Rubberizer. Though the criminal was captured in the chaos, the cost was Aizawa being permanently transformed into a ridiculous shape. There was very little help of changing him back, but his fellow staff members didn't seem to take his condition with the same level of seriousness.

Seeing the smile plastered across Aizawa's rubbery face, not a single of the other teachers could stop themselves from falling into a giggling fit. The laughter would try to get him to reprimand them, but all that would come out was a series of squeaking noises as he was forced to blindly stare at them with his painted on eyes. Attempts to escape the ridicule weren't any more successful, especially since his arms and legs had been pinned to his sides in the process of filling him up with air and replacing his skin with rubber. Stuck in a pose reminiscent of a seal lifting up its tail as it laid on the ground, Aizawa was at the mercy of his supposed "friends" whenever it came time to bring him out and about.

Back and forth Aizawa was passed around as the staff members enjoyed their time off at the pool. Whether that was Present Mic tossing him back and forth with Cementoss or Midnight lounging on his back to get a sun tan, each use brought him ever closer to wanting someone to "accidentally" pop him. Forced to act as a seat for the principal as the animal man sipped away at a cocktail, Aizawa could only hope that the villain's other victims weren't going through such drastic forms of torture.

## Ko-fi Prompt 6

Prompt: Cheryl (from Pokemon) gets addicted to some strange berries. She ends up having an overstuffed gassy belly, burping and farting uncontrollably, much to her embarrassment.

Cheryl had found them in the deepest part of the forest, hanging from the limbs of a bush that could easily be missed. Holding the thick, green fruit between her fingers, her mouth began to water at the thought of sinking her teeth in. Waving about her long ponytail of braided, green hair, she thanked her fortune for the generous gift and took a bite.

A tantalizing juice filled Cheryl's mouth, pushing her to go in for another serving. One after another, she ate her way through the collection of strange fruit. Though this started off as merely a taste test, somewhere along the way it had turned into an addiction. Even as the taste grew stale on her tongue, her body pushed her towards finishing off every last piece. Despite seeing the grave consequences of the binge feast first hand, she couldn't stop herself from further giving in to her desires.

As the final piece of fruit was placed into Cheryl's mouth, a few drops managed to leave her lips and spill across her clothes. The loose drips were stopped by the prominent, swollen sphere that took up most of her dress's fabric. At the very peak of the enormous globe could be seen her belly button pushing through a hole that ripped open further with each passing second. Forced to the ground by the weight of her massive gut, she moaned in agony as she tried to deal with the overwhelming feeling of fullness.

Sliding her fingers across the wrecking ball-sized belly, brought about an unruly groan from Cheryl's guts. The sound continued to build until a gas bubble rolled up her throat and released in the form of a belch. Reeling from a stench similar to rotten fruit, the sudden shift sent

another series of rumbles through her stomach. This time the gas sunk deeper down her intestines until it burst out with a loud BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPP and a similarly awful odor.

What followed was a torturous existence of Cheryl uncontrollably releasing gas from both ends. Each BWOOOOORRRRRRPPP echoing from her lips made her retaste the meal that had cursed her with the swollen belly gradually ripping through her top. Each blast of flatulence from her rear served to further enshroud her in the awful stench and flutter the hem of her skirt. Stuck nursing her overly gassy gut, the lack of people around did not stop a shade of red from spreading across her face as she tried to weather the humiliation of her constant barrage of burps and farts.

## Ko-fi Prompt 7

Prompt: Trapped in the haunted Old Chateau by a storm, Cynthia and Cheryl try to calm their fears of rumored ghosts with a tiny sip from a bottle of wine they found. They get so drunk, flirtatiously competing to see who can hold more cursed wine in their slowly bloating gassy bellies.

Drenched from their run through the forest in the pouring rain, two women barged their way into the Old Chateau. Over and over again Cheryl apologized for getting them lost, whipping around her braid of green hair to try and get the moisture out. Fitting of her status, Cynthia calmly explained to the young woman that it was no problem at all. Despite being forced to wring water out of her long locks of blonde hair, the champion was still thankful for what her tour guide was able to show her.

Making the point that they should wait out the storm, Cynthia gestured to Cheryl to follow her deeper into the mansion. They eventually arrived at a quiet lounge nestled in the center of the building. Despite the dust clinging to the shelves and walls, someone had gone to the trouble of lighting a set of lanterns to illuminate the room. The soft light brought attention to a bottle of wine placed on the table. Picking up the liquor, Cynthia suggested passing the time with a few drinks. Though she brought up the rumors she had heard over the years of strange things happening in the house, Cheryl was convinced by her companion to pull out a pair of glasses and help themselves.

Clinking their glasses together, the women sipped at the wine to savor its refined taste. While this was an excellent way to enjoy the flavor, they ended up drinking through their helpings much faster than they expected. Still wanting to try more, they thought little of pouring themselves another serving of wine. They repeated this motion over and over, not once bothering

to look inside the bottle to see that no matter how much they drank it would always refill on its own.

By the fifth round of drinks, their bodies had begun to stretch to make way for the inundation of alcohol. This started off with a pair of cute potbellies pushing out of their mid-sections that swelled with each swig of wine. Cynthia's gut was the first to peek out from beneath her top to hang over her waistline. Cheryl wasn't too far behind, the soft fabric of her green skirt ripping slightly to make way for her belly. Despite each of them carrying around massive, barrel-sized spheres that sloshed with gallons of alcohol, their drunken minds were preoccupied with something else.

Sitting themselves on the ground to avoid carrying around their enormous guts, the women took turns passing the bottle between each other. Upon chugging down a mouthful of booze, each of them would reply with a loud belch. Laughing at the various BWOOOORRPPPs and UUUUUURPPPPs that they made echo through the room, they made an impromptu contest to see who could produce the strongest burp. Giggling like idiots as they continued to drink and expel gas bubbles, they paid little mind to their sorry states. As the night went on, they would help each other out by pressing their hands against their bellies to push out more burps and enjoy each other's bodies. When they awoke in the morning, they would be faced with legendarily bad hangovers. For now though, they were content to enjoy each other's company and bellies under the influence of the deliciously cursed wine.

## Ko-fi Prompt 8

Prompt: After asking the way to the Old Chateau during a trip to Sinnoh, a clueless Elesa is now being treated to a lavish feast by a naughty young (ghost) host. His charm seals the option of declining, no matter what Elesa says or how badly she is full, burpy, flatulent and embarrassed.

Always in the search for inspiration in her fashion career, the electrifying gym leader, Elesa had followed a series of directions to arrive at a building known as the Old Chateau. Unsure of what she would find inside, she tried to look her very best with her yellow dress, short blonde hair, and specially designed headphones. Her appearance was suitably shocking to the handsome young man that greeted her after she knocked on the door.

Entertaining the model with admiration for her work and his own charm, the man introduced himself as the host of the manor. Leading her into the main lounge, he sat her down on to a comfortable chair. Though Elesa tried to ask about the history of the chateau to figure out who was behind the impressive architecture, she was interrupted by him offering up a plate of small sandwiches. Any concerns about what extra snacking would do to her figure were dismissed by the expectant look in his strange, smokey purple eyes, convincing her that a little taste wouldn't hurt.

That one bite turned into many as the host continued to bring in more snacks and drinks to offer up to Elesa. Between each serving she attempted to politely decline the offers, but every time he managed to get her to open her mouth wide to receive her next serving. As the constant feeding continued, her pleas for him to stop began to be interrupted by wayward belches leaving her lips. While she was thoroughly embarrassed by both the outbursts and the way her belly was beginning to poke out, her host insisted on continuing to serve her.

An unnatural growth overtook Elesa's body to make way for the constant deluge of food and drinks. Her formerly slim form was lost behind layers of fat that formed into a prominent gut and thick love handles. The once modest dress became even more risqué as her breasts engorged to match the rest of her body. Stuck to her chair thanks to the presence of her wider ass cheeks, the super model tried again and again to speak up against the host's offers.

Reaching the very peak of her limits, Elesa was horrified to hear a gurgling noise from her stomach. Though she tried to warn the host, her words were once more garbled up by a boisterous belch leaving her lips. Paying no mind to the worried look on her plump face, the host pressed into her gut as he shoved another pastry into her mouth. The result was a loud BRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP echoing from her rear. Left thoroughly embarrassed by the proceeding puffs of gas that came after the massive fart, she remained silent as the host continued to feed her. Trying his best to make her eat through her own fullness and repeated, gassy outbursts, the host thought to himself that this was the most fun he had experienced over the past 200 years.

## Ko-fi Prompt 9

Prompt: Everything seems to be going fine at a UA festival until some of the robots on school ground glitch and mistake Aizawa for one of the balloons they're inflating, turning him into an uberred blimp.

Tired of the constant noise that permeated the campus, Aizawa managed to sneak off to a quiet area. His already tired eyes were made somehow even more exhausted from the constant hustle and bustle of the school festival. While he was happy to see his students enjoying themselves, he would have liked nothing more than to get away from it all.

Moments before Aizawa tried to drift off into a nap, he heard something wheel its way towards him. Preparing himself for an attack, he instead saw a group of robots from the support class approach. The machines passed by the hero without any acknowledgement to obtain the tanks of helium behind him. Figuring that the robots were just doing their job of preparing for the big balloon show, he left them to their work and started to walk away.

Aizawa came to halt as he felt something get shoved into his backside. Looking over his shoulder, he saw the hose that connected him to one of the helium tanks. Before he could scold the faulty machines for mistaking him for a balloon, one of them turned the valve on full blast to begin pumping him full of air. Though he tried to run forward to stop the helium, he was stopped by the bulge in his belly lifting him into the air.

Rising higher with each passing second, Aizawa was only able to flail about as his body inflated into a massive sphere. He was stopped from drifting off into the air thanks to a number of the machines reaching out with their hands to grasp his swollen belly and literal bubble butt. Restrained by his captors, he could only watch as his arms and legs were forced to spread out in



the wake of the extra air. Feeling his face and cheeks plump up, any attempts to scold the machines for their stupidity only came out as high pitched squeaks from his mouth.

Tying a rope around one of Aizawa's legs, the machines let go of him to let him fly up. Left to hover above the school ground, he managed to twirl his massive, parade balloon-like body around to glance at the ground below. Though it was hard to make out, he could see a few of his students laughing and pointing at what they thought was just a very accurate balloon. As much as he dreaded the aftermath of this little incident, at the very least he was somewhere that no one could bother him.

## Ko-fi Prompt 10

Prompt: As the new champion of a grand eating competition, Gym Leader Sabrina is questioned why she decided to enter this. Suffering from severe fullness and gassiness, Sabrina explains that she was destined to do this no matter what because she had a vision that this would happen.

The Grand Eating Competition ended with the ring of the bell. While each of the competitors had done their best to eat the equivalent of a Snorlax's daily intake of food, one by one they had fallen. The victor was the singular person to survive the feast, while simultaneously being the most unexpected. Sheepishly making his way over to the competitor's table, a man tried to suppress the fear of the rumors swirling around the winner as he made his way towards Sabrina.

As to be expected, the psychic gym leader's long locks of greenish black hair hung down her back to allow her to gaze upon the crowd. The formerly intimidating aura that surrounded her was slightly offset by the various crumbs clinging to her face and purple top. Daring to look away from her, the interviewer was able to see the results of her eating via the massive potbelly stretching out the black material around her waist. Brought to his senses by an ominous gurgling noise, he put his mind back on task.

"Excuse me, Ms. Sabrina," he began, "I want to first of all congratulate you on your victory."

"Thank BWOOOOOOOORRRRRPPPP you," Sabrina belched as she rubbed her overstuffed stomach.

"What made you want to compete in this contest? It's pretty far off from your typical duties."

“I saw it in a UUUURRRPP vision,” she replied. “It was fate that I would BOOOOOUUUURRRPPP compete and achieve victory. On a related note, I must advise for you to UUURRRP step back.”

The gurgling noise emanating from Sabrina’s body made the reporter stay behind out of morbid curiosity. Disregarding the gym leader’s warning let him watch as she scrunched up her reddening face as the pressure built. The gas finally purged itself from Sabrina’s system in the form of a loud BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP that echoed through the stadium.

Watching the reporter stagger backwards in the wake of her fart bomb, Sabrina merely continued to massage her stomach to push out any lingering gas and wait for her trophy to arrive.

## Ko-fi Prompt 11

Prompt: Nagito (Danganronpa) unthoughtfully gives Mahiru a sip of his favorite anti-energy drink Blue Ram. The drink quickly turns her into an intoxicated addict, trying to seduce him with her sizable sloshy potbelly full of gas-inducing liquid to get more and more drinks.

With Monokuma subdued, the students were free to wonder around the paradise that was Jabberwock Island in peace. While most of them were more than willing to take to the tropical paradise, there was one woman who wasn't willing to give in to relaxation so easily. Put on edge by their current condition, Mahiru had put her eye for photography to work in search of a way off of the island.

It was during the red headed girl's frantic searching that she happened to run into Nagito. Noticing the tired look in her eyes, the white haired young man decided to try to be friendly by offering her a drink. Though Mahirus was initially skeptical about the anti-energy drink, Blue Ram, her thirst pushed her to try out at least a sip. Tongue tingling from the surprisingly delicious flavor, she ended up chugging the thing down in a matter of seconds. Wiping her face clean of leftover drops and pushing out a small burp, she thanked Nagito for the drink before continuing her search.

While Mahiru was at first determined in her escape, it eventually began to wane as she drank more and more of the Blue Rams offered by Nagito. The anti-energy drink was supposed to be a way to get her to calm down, but instead the beverage had an adverse effect on her body. Despite this, she was still eager to guzzle the drink down at all hours of the day to appease her addiction.

The end result of Nagito's act of generosity was that the ultimate photographer had to lug a belly filled to burst with Blue Ram everywhere she went. Between the sounds of her sloshing

gut, anyone that came by her was subjected to a bombardment of gas from both of her ends. Burps rippled out of her mouth, reeking of whatever flavor of Blue Ram she had chugged down recently. Less pleasant were the constant, rumbling farts that erupted from her backside as she struggled to deal with her upset digestive system. While these unsightly smells, sounds, and appearance were obvious to most of the other students, Mahiru was left in a constant state of intoxication that pushed her to find more of her precious beverage.

Cornering Nagito at the super market, Mahiru sauntered her way over to push him against the wall with her prominent potbelly. Between an onslaught of berry scented burps, she managed to put out a poor attempt to convince him to help her find more Blue Rams. Unable to say no from the combination of the need to help his friend and escape her lingering fart cloud, Nagito agreed to her plan. Rewarding him with a kiss and a belch, she began to lead him out of the store, leaving behind a rippling BRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPP that made sure he knew what he was in for.

## Ko-fi Prompt 12

Prompt: Aizawa is accidentally tf'd into a beach bimbo, with Midnight becoming his bikini.

The summer beach retreat was supposed to be a chance for the students and teachers of UA Academy to relax. However, the same could not be said for Aizawa and Midnight as they spotted one of the workers of the resort with a nervous look on her face. Wanting to help the young woman, Midnight dragged Aizawa over to see if they could help. Before Aizawa could voice his complaints or the resort worker could call out a warning, a beam of light shot out of her finger tips to hit Aizawa square in the chest.

Freed from Midnight's grasp by the shot, Aizawa reached for where the girl's quirk had hit him, only for his hands to be pushed away by his newly grown pair of melon-like breasts ripping through his shirt. Prodding at his exposed nipples with his long, pink nails forced a series of feminine, air headed laughs to begin to leave his plumped up, pink lips. Losing himself to a giggling fit, Aizawa let his fingers roam across his body to touch his slender mid-section, press his softer facial features, and twirl through his long, blonde hair. Through his gain of a pair of butt cheeks as equally buxom as his tits ripping through his pants and underwear, Aizawa revealed that his manhood had been swapped out for a vagina.

Watching the bimbofied Aizawa carelessly squeeze her body, Midnight demanded that the woman do something. In a panic, the worker used her quirk again without thinking. This time the shot hit Midnight to begin folding her into a thin piece of fabric. Transformed into a black swimsuit that was little more than a few strings, Midnight flew through the air to try to contain Aizawa's features. Seeing the way the skimpy suit only enhanced the bimbo's hourglass figure, the resort worker ran off. After all, it was going to be a simple matter of pinning the transformed teacher incident on the person known as, Beachside Body Builder.

### Ko-fi Prompt 13

Prompt: A female villain's half-baked plan to shrink Mt. Lady back to human size somehow turns her from a 67-foot-tall giantess into a 20-foot-tall potbellied shortstack. Mt. Lady barely keeps her cool, at least until she notices that her belly and butt slowly continues to expand.

Heavy foot falls followed the female villain as she ran through the street. Daring to look over her shoulder, she could see the intimidating, 67-foot tall figure that was Mt. Lady. While most saw her long blonde hair and skintight suit as beautiful, the villainess saw it as a personal slight against her and her quirk. Summoning up her courage, she turned on her heels to make a stand against the heroine. Activating her quirk, the villain known as Fun Sized shot out a beam of energy at Mt. Lady.

As the quirk hit its mark, the once intimidating heroine began to stumble. Rocking back and forth to maintain balance, she came to a halt as she noticed that she was beginning to shrink. Lower and lower she went, going past 60 feet, down to 50, and then 40. Going right past 30 on her way to a comparatively small for her 20 feet in height, she could feel her body start to stabilize. However, any relief she felt was offset as she watched her flat-midsection bulge outwards.

Grasping at her prominent potbelly, Mt Lady let out a cry of horror as she realized where all of her displaced mass was going. She was proven only partly right as her arms were slowly pushed aside by her chest going up several cup sizes. At risk of falling over again, her body found balance by forcing onto her a set of enormous butt cheeks that were each large enough to smother a car.

Though Mt. Lady was still a giant by all rights, it was if someone had taken her entire body and smooshed her down into this overly voluptuous form. As she dealt with the paradox of

being changed into a giant shortstack, she turned her attention towards Fun-Size. The villainess sped off moments before Mt. Lady once more started to chase after her. Losing all sense of bravery as the heroine sprinted forward with her belly, breasts, and butt wildly jiggling around, Fun-Size tried to think of a way to reverse her quirk before she fell victim to Mt. Lady's wrath.



## Ko-fi Prompt 14

Prompt: Trainer Wii Fit (Girl) meets the golden boombox which turns her into a twerking addicted girl with a big booty.

The Wii Fit trainer was puzzled as she walked in to the yoga studio that day. In place of the usual stereo that accompanied her routines was a golden boombox that demanded her attention. Comparing the flashy device to the blue tank top and black yoga pants adorning her slim form, she wondered how such a bizarre thing ended up there. More than a little curious, she made sure her grey hair was neatly tied into a ponytail before hitting the play button on the boombox.

A deep, booming noise began to fill the room as a hip hop song emanated from the boombox. As the music drifted into Wii Fit Trainer's ears, she felt something take hold of her mind. Her foot started to tap, and hips began to gyrate completely out of her own control. For a moment her eyes blankly stared off into the distance as she tried to comprehend what was happening. That all changed the moment that bass dropped.

Completely giving herself to the music, Wii Fit Trainer began to wildly shake her body up and down. With each gyration, her formerly toned backside began to swell with added weight. Going past the parameters of a bubble butt, her ass cheeks continued to grow and strain the fabric of her pants. As the meaty orbs burst through the fabric to freely wobble about, their freedom lasted up until her altered state gave her a gift.

The remnants of Wii Fit Trainer's pants were reshaped into a set of booty shorts that showed off copious amounts of the underside of her bean bag chair-sized butt cheeks. Though her torso was given a similarly skimpy, blue tube top to emphasize her cleavage, her breasts had no hope of competing with her massive rear. Grinning from ear to ear as she clapped her ass

cheeks together to beat of the rhythm, she pulled the scrunchie out of her hair to let her locks freely hang down to be flailed about by her backside.

By the time the song wrapped up, Wii Fit Trainer had become a completely different person. Sauntering over to a full-length mirror, she turned around to appreciate her sizable ass cheeks. Giving her ass a smack to revel in the feeling of it jiggling around was more than to convince her to show her fellow students this new kind of full body work out. Making her way back to the boombox, she hit the play button once more give herself to the music through a session of wild twerking.

## Ko-fi Prompt 15

Prompt: Tsuyu, kidnapped and fed a lot of unknown chemical-infused liquor, is now rescued by her friends Mina and Kyoka. Their escape plan goes awry when a drunken Tsuyu becomes unable to hold in the addictive hypnotic gas steadily brewing in her booze-filled potbelly any longer.

Leading the charge into the criminal's headquarters, Kyoka and Mina kept their eyes opened for signs of their lost, former classmate. Arriving at a set of double-wide metal doors, Kyoka used the plugs dangling from her ears to listen into the next room. Hearing a series of strange sounding croaks, she turned to give a thumbs up to Mina. Taking the lead, the pink girl created a splash of acid to smother across the metals to open it up. Stepping inside, the pair of women were shocked to see the sorry state of Tsuyu.

Though Tsuyu had still maintained her long green hair over the course of her captivity, it was obvious that her captors had put her through an ordeal. Her formerly trim body was now disturbed by a massive, globular orb bulged out from her mid-section that stretched the very limits of her skin-tight, green suit. Mindlessly rubbing her fingers along the taut gut, she looked to be in a daze as her long, frog-like tongue slipped out of her mouth to drip saliva onto her belly button. Noticing the drunken look in her eyes clued the duo in that she had been forced to drink from the many kegs of liquor that were scattered throughout the room.

In a rush to rescue their friend, they each grabbed one of Tsuyu's limbs to get her into a standing position. Slowly waddling the frog girl forward, Mina and Kyoka used all of their strength to fight against Tsuyu's lethargy. In the end, the frog girl's mass came out on top to send her slamming to the ground once more. The impact unleashed a bombardment of gas from each end of the drunken woman that filled the room with its awful stench.

As Mina and Kyoka were forced to inhale the fumes, their mouths hung open in a similarly inebriated state. Turning their blank gazes towards the remaining kegs, they rushed over to begin drinking. Gradually developing massive potbellies of their own, they added to the odor in the room through a series of burps and farts leaving their bodies. Forced to crawl along the floor with her gut dragging along the ground the entire way, Tsuyu pushed forward to join her friends in their drunken, booze-induced stupor.

## Ko-fi Prompt 16

Prompt: Kagome and Sango (both distressed, gassy, sweaty and a bit intoxicated) converse as they're in staggered retreat from a demon-possessed swamp after getting tricked to drink plenty of contaminated water. They begin to find each other's taut, gurgling potbellies oddly seductive.

In a haste to escape the gathering of demons as fast as possible, Sango and Kagome left their clothes behind as they darted out of the hot spring. They had been lured into the forest with rumors from an old woman that claimed the hidden water was supposed to revitalize the spirit. At the time, they had thought little when the same woman appeared to offer them a set of drinks. Unfortunately, they had already guzzled down the abundance of the tainted swamp water before they realized that the woman was a demon in disguise.

Sango and Kagome's escapes were hindered by the side effects of their drinking session. Their typically lithe forms were forced to a crawl as they lugged around the massive potbellies that sloshed around with each step. Looking like a pair of women about ready to give birth to triplets, their bodies became slick with sweat as their drunken state forced them to stumble down the path.

Unable to hear the demons any longer, Sango and Kagome sat down at the base of a tree to catch their breath. As they ran their fingers across their stuffed stomach, they incidentally pushed out a series of unruly burps from their lips. Though the smell was awful, the feeling of relief that spread through their bodies with each release convinced them to continue groping their guts. It was upon a collection of bubbles leaving their backsides in the form of a set of reverberating farts that the two women turned their blurry gaze towards one another.

Despite the smell of their gas and heft of their bellies, the two women saw something in each other. No longer held back by their inhibition, they collided with one another to grope at

their bodies. Locking their lips together to share burps as their farts billowed out to enshroud them in a toxic cloud, they were left in ignorant bliss of the old woman demon lurking nearby, taking joy in yet again seeing the results of her special brew on humans.

## Ko-fi Prompt 17

Prompt: Thanks to a generous gift of drug-laced food from anonymous 'fans,' Rainbow Mika ends up entering the ring with a plumper physique and an overstuffed belly. Her clouded mind is too overloaded with the sense of utter fullness to notice that her attire is ripping apart in public.

Making sure her blonde pigtails were in place, her blue eye mask was secure, and her skintight leotard was snug, R. Mika was just about ready to make her entrance for the big match. The only thing standing in her way was a basket of fruit that one of her fans had left outside of her dressing room door. Grateful for the present, she picked up a peach from the collection to get an extra snack in before she headed out to the ring.

Driven by some unknown force, Mika ended up cleaning out the entire basket. Wiping her face clean with the back of her hand, she assumed it was just a side effect of her pre-match excitement. Heading out the door, she began to make her way towards the ring. With each step, she subconsciously felt the fruit inside of her belly jostling around. Overtaken by a feeling of being pleasantly full, she failed to notice what was happening to her body thanks to the drugs someone had put in her gift.

The changes started with the young wrestler's backside as the already prominent posterior took on the heft of hundreds of extra pounds on each cheek. Every stomp of her bulkier legs sent ripples up her body to shake around her tits as they engorged to match a pair of watermelons. Still mindlessly rubbing her hand long the folds of her enormous, barrel-like gut, she remained unaware of her new weight class as she stepped out into the arena and put a smile on her pudgy face.

For the crowd, R. Mika's obese body was seen as nothing more than her latest gimmick. Flabby body shaking from the reaction of her fans, she prepared herself for her grand entrance.

Running forward like a stampeding elephant, she heaved her massive form into the air to jump into the center of the ring.

R. Mika stuck the landing, but the impact spelled the end for her skintight outfit. Unable to contain her girth, her leotard snapped apart to send pieces of fabric flying across the arena. No longer restrained by her costume, her body was free to jiggle around its engorged assets in full view of the crowd. Scrunching up her chins to finally take notice of her sizable breasts and belly, R. Mika clutched her stomach. Looking over her shoulder to see her double-wide rear continue to wobble back and forth, she made a mental note to no longer accept food from strangers.



## Ko-fi Prompt 18

Prompt: Genderbent/Male Dawn (Pokemon) Into Dusk Ball Gal.

Don was beside himself with frustration as he headed into the nearby forest. For the hundredth time he had been mistaken for another Pokémon trainer named Dawn. Sure they had the same dark blue hair that they preferred to let hang past their shoulder. There was also the matter of them having similar fashion senses with red scarves, black tops, and white beanies with pink pokeballs printed on them. Unfortunately, the minor differences of the bit of stubble around his chin and his choice to wear pink shorts instead of a skirt still had people mistaking him for the young female trainer.

Mind set on finding a way to make him stand out from his female doppelganger, the young man kept his eyes open in search of a rare Pokémon to add to his team. What he found instead was a lone Dusk Ball lying beneath the shade of a tree. Curious if someone had left it behind, Don approached to look over the strange eye pattern on the center button. Wondering if this would be his chance to find the unique Pokémon he was looking for, he picked up the ball and pressed the release mechanism to see what was inside.

While Don did get the ball to open, what came out wasn't a Pokémon, but a crackle of black lightning that struck his body. Dropping the ball and backing away, he looked to where he had been hit and watched as his once modest outfit became more risqué thanks to the sizable bulge that appeared in his shorts. Before he could have a chance to further examine his added girth, his black top was ripped asunder by a pair of massive orbs appearing on his chest. At first it appeared as if he had grown a pair of breasts, but the reality was all the stranger thanks to the spheres' resemblance to the black and green pattern of the ball he had previously touched.

While Don curiously poked at his orange nipples sticking out of where the buttons would be, his attention was drawn towards his head as it also changed to mimic the appearance and shape of a Dusk Ball. Becoming twice the volume of the beachball-sized globes hanging from his chest, his face was distorted to make way for a wide smile that looked printed onto the rounded surface. The fear going through his mind was repressed by his unblinking, cartoony eyes that mimicked the similarly cheerful mood that took over him.

Seemingly unphased by his sudden transformation into a ball gal, Don turned around to begin making his way back to town. Along the way, he made sure to practice how to properly jiggle his assets around to garner the attention of anyone that passed. Driven by a dire need to sell people on Dusk Balls, Don was at least going to make sure that no one would mistake him for Dawn ever again.

## Ko-fi Prompt 19

Prompt: Exploring a food-themed TV dungeon with Yukiko, Chie thinks that it wouldn't hurt to have a snack out of Yukiko's sight. A binge eating ensues, after which an exhausted Chie finds that she is unable to expel the rapidly building-up gas without Yukiko stroking her stuffed belly.

The plan Chie and Yukiko had made for the day had been to do some training inside of the TV World to make sure they were in shape. They had chosen an area that looked akin to a massive buffet that catered to numerous different cuisines. While the girls were able to ignore the offerings at first in favor of taking down one shadow after another, it was only a matter of time before Chie spotted a serving area with steak. Worried about what Yukiko would think, she sneakily tried to help herself to a bit of meat, with a promise to only take a tiny nibble.

Chie's small snack ended up being a dire mistake. Whenever Yukiko wasn't looking, she would stuff whatever was nearby into her mouth in an attempt to experience more of the wonderful flavor of the meat. Though she realized what her constant binging was doing, it was if her body was moving on its own to scarf down whatever it could. Her situation grew even worse as a battle left her separated from Yukiko, leaving her alone with the massive amount of food and her insatiable hunger.

When Yukiko managed to make her way back to Chie, she couldn't help letting out a gasp. The formerly trim Chie had been forced down to the ground thanks to the sizable belly that stretched the limits of her green jacket. Slowly approaching the overstuffed gut, Yukiko looked up to see a look of dire regret in Chie's eyes. As much as Yukiko wanted to scold her friend for giving into her hunger so easily, that was put aside in favor of helping Chie ease her burden.

Getting down on her knees, Yukiko placed her hand on Chie's bean bag chair-sized gut and began to rub. Though the relaxed breaths that left Chie's mouth were reassuring Yukiko that

the message was working, they weren't the only things that came out. It started with a small belch that Yukiko easily ignored. However, the gassy expulsions grew larger in length and power as she continued to rub the overstuffed belly. Enduring a particularly loud BWOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRPPP erupting from Chie's mouth, Yukiko had to admit that the smell clinging to her friend's breath was absolutely intoxicating.

Ko-fi Prompt 20

Prompt: Mirko and Aizawa accidentally get fused together to become a 4 boob'd, 2 dicked, big lipped 'goth' bimbo obsessed with fighting everybody in their strange new way.

The dastardly criminal known as the Fuser was at the end of his ropes as he took a wrong turn and ran into a dead end alley. Daring to look over his shoulder, he spotted the heroes that were hot on his trail. At the forefront was the muscular Mirko, her bunny ears flopping around and her face in a grin as she got ready to pounce on him. Behind the rabbit hero stood the more subdued Aizawa, preparing his binding cloth to restrain the Fuser as soon as his quirk was erased. Seeing both heroes come charging towards him, the Fuser was forced to let go of the two capsules he had recently created in the hopes of doing something to subdue the heroes.

A cloud of smoke billowed out from the containers to envelop Aizawa and Mirko. The misty haze was a mix of pink and black to coincide with the essence of the goth and bimbo the Fuser had extracted earlier that evening. Just as he was about to use this distraction to make his escape, he couldn't help but stare as his latest creation stumbled out.

The humanoid was a strange combination of various parts, most evident with having Mirko's legs and Aizawa stubble along their chin. Though it was impressive seeing the mix of black and blonde strands that were mixed in with their hair and stretched along Mirko's rabbit ears, the true wonder came in the form of the extra additions. An extremely short skirt colored a pinkish purple did little to obscure the pair of girthy cocks hanging between the merged being's legs. Further up the toned torso could be seen a pink crop top with a skull pattern doing its very best to hold back the four, sizable breasts that jostled with each step.

Unable to take his eyes off of the practically nude, bimbo goth girl, the Fuser just stood there as his creation embraced him. Pushing him up close to their breasts, Aizirko let the villain

feel their cocks throbbing against his thighs. Leaning close to the Fuser's ear, they spoke in a monotone voice emanating from their puffy, black painted lips. "Like, do you want to fuck and then go to prison? It would be a real drag to let you go before putting these things to the test or whatever."

## Ko-fi Prompt 21

Prompt: Sabrina takes a dare from a shady trainer to prove that she can stay sober no matter how much booze she drinks as she is a psychic with a keen mind. She is now a giggling mess with a keg-sized belly, constantly farting, dizzily dancing and humiliating herself in front of many.

All across Kanto and beyond, Sabrina was known as being a terrifying gym leader. While she appreciated the respect that came along with her reputation, she grew tired of being an outcast. In an effort to remedy this issue, she left the gym after work one day to visit one of the local bars. While most of the patrons were wary of her upon seeing her long green hair and red outfit, there was a single person willing to accept her.

Waving Sabrina over to the counter, Okos, a man in a black robe with an eye symbol on his forehead, invited her to sit next to him for a drink. Accepting the offer, Sabrina sat down to nurse a mug of beer. No sooner had she finished the drink did Okos slide over another one. Seeing the way people were watching her, she chugged down the beer without a second thought. While this did result in a loud belch, the cheers she received from the other patrons were more than enough to convince her to keep going through a third and then a fourth.

Over the course of the evening, Sabrina helped herself to every drink that was placed in front of her. While most of these came from the robed man, other people began to slide over all kinds of booze for her to chug. Far past the point where she could say no, she guzzled every last drop. It was because of this state of inebriation that she was left blissfully aware of her swelling belly.

Having long ago lost count of how much she had drunk, Sabrina was pulled away from her seat as someone started to play a song on the jukebox. Getting up from the counter, she

began to stagger across the floor in an effort to dance to the beat. Each wayward movement sloshed around her prominent, keg-sized gut for all to see.

Sabrina's display came to a momentary stop as her constant jiggling made a squeaky fart leave her rear. Losing herself to a bout of laughter from the release, she proceeded to keep dancing in spite of the shameful display. As she continued to rock her gut back and forth, more of her gas came billowing out to delight the people in the bar and her own, uninhibited mind. The following morning would bring tons of regret as she saw her little dance on the news. However, at that moment her reddened face was one of glee as she let herself enjoy being a gassy, sloshing drunkard.



## Ko-fi Prompt 22

Prompt: A lady puts on a sexy swimsuit to a fireworks celebration...and that swimsuit turns her into PART of the celebration in the form of a big bootied bomb gal.

Olivia had never been the best when it came to fireworks. However, she still found it necessary to join her friends for the beachside fireworks show. While the rest of them were busy preparing their blankets on the sand, she snuck off to a nearby changing booth. Clutched tightly in her hands was a black, two-piece swimsuit that promised to give her the confidence she needed to get past her reservations. Not sure how a skimpy outfit would do the trick, but unwilling to be left out yet again, she slipped on the swimsuit.

As she begrudgingly left the safety of the changing booth to make her way back towards her group, Olivia felt that something was off. Her intuition was proved correct as her once flat backside began to rapidly swell with added girth. Easily tripling the size of her waistline in the process, her butt cheeks sent shivers of pleasure through her body with each step. This feeling of exhilaration was what led to her ignoring the other features on her swimsuit such as the clock strapped to the lower half and the timer keeping her top tied together.

Olivia's friends certainly noticed the long, white rope that stuck out from the back of her swimsuit. Reaching the peak of her excitement triggered her tail-like fuse to light itself. At the same time, the various timers along her body began to count down. While her friends called out various warnings, Olivia was too enamored with her feelings of euphoria to care. Turning over her shoulder, she smiled at her friends just as the various counters on her reached zero.

A loud BOOM echoed through the area to herald an explosion of lights that reflected off of the ocean waves. Mesmerized by the sight, Olivia's friends only came back to their senses once they heard a weary moan. Running up to where she had been standing moments before,

they spotted scorch marks along the sand. Finding her covered from head to toe in ash, they put out the lingering flames dancing on her singed hair. Still showing off her pleased grin, Olivia gave her ass a swift smack to restart the timer and send her friend running back to their spots to watch her show.

## Ko-fi Prompt 23

Prompt: Annoyed that Aizawa won't go shopping with her, Midnight sprays him with an odd perfume too turn him into a shopping obsessed hyper MILF, who is more concerned about shopping for her class than whatever Midnight had in mind.

Midnight had expected the answer. Multiple times, the R-rated hero had attempted to make her fellow teacher, Aizawa join her on a trip to the mall to do some clothes shopping. Just like before, the weary hero with stubble around his chin was quick to refuse. However, the difference this time was that halfway through his insistence that he didn't like even going to the mall, he was interrupted by Midnight spritzing him with a bottle of pink perfume.

Aizawa's attempt to ask why Midnight has sprayed him with the pink mist was stopped mid-sentence by his voice raising a few octaves to sound definitively feminine. His body began to change to match his new voice first by widening out his hips and giving him a pair of breasts that were each larger than his head. Once more, he tried to ask Midnight why through his plumped up, pink lips, but she merely grinned as his transformation continued.

Aizawa's view of his elongated, pink nails was blocked by his newly blonde hair extending out to hang in front of his face. As he pushed aside the locks to feel the wrinkles and crow's feet hidden by thick layers of makeup, he witnessed his outfit tear apart to become a pink sweater and black yoga pants that proudly showed off his hourglass figure. Stumbling about on his high heeled shoes, the person he once was became overwritten by a new identity.

Pushing her lips into the shape of a pleased smile, the newly created Aiza grasped Midnight's arm to lead her to the mall. While Midnight had hoped this would be the shopping trip she hoped for, that dream was dashed upon being handed a shopping bag to hold. Intending to give each and every one of her students a new wardrobe to let them shine, Aiza pushed along

her begrudging shopping attendant. Forced to carry around stacks of clothes, Midnight was left to wonder how long until the transformation would revert.

## Ko-fi Prompt 24

Prompt: Mario falls down a mysterious pipe while on vacation, and when he pops back up, he finds out he's been changed into a busty and voluptuous Piranha Plant.

After running himself ragged, breaking bricks with his bare hands and stomping on Goombas, Mario was more than ready to relax and unwind on his beach vacation. The mustachioed hero clad in blue overalls stopped his journey towards his long needed break when he saw a strange, pink pipe with a black and white eye hanging above the entrance. Under the assumption that it was a shortcut, he jumped inside to pass through.

As Mario continued to slide through the passageway, he had the feeling that something was off. While he couldn't see anything, he could certainly feel something cause his clothes begin to tear apart. Similar to a mushroom, he could feel himself taller, however there was also the sense that he was gaining something else in the process. Under the duress of his moustache falling off and his head being reshaped, he hurried towards the light at the end of the pipe to make his exit.

Popping out of the pipe, Mario was relieved to see the white sands and blue water of the beach. Stepping out onto the shoreline, he stopped as he noticed his skin was now a bright, green color. The shade was spread out along his modified figure, bringing special attention to his melon-like breasts and equally sizable buttocks. Titling his head down to see his new womanhood, he began to run as fast as possible towards the shore. Upon reaching the water's edge, he leaned over to see the reflection of a piranha plant head with red skin and blue spots staring back at him.

Mario's gaze at her luscious curves and sharp teeth was interrupted by the sound of something splashing towards her. Tilting up her head, the piranha plant woman looked to see

creatures similar to herself approaching, each with their own patterns. Turning away from the orange and brown one tightly pressing her chest against one with green and blue, Mario met face to face with a plant woman sporting a pink and white coloring. Rather than question when or how the rest of her group would turn back to normal, Mario merely embraced the transformed Princess Peach to start their vacation off with a bang.

## Ko-fi Prompt 25

Prompt: A frightened civilian mistakes Aizawa for a villain and uses their quirk to immobilize him, causing him to inflate into a gassy balloon, with them only realizing their mistake afterwards.

More than a little paranoid thanks to the constant sighting of villains in the city, Melly kept her eyes shifting back and forth as she walked back home from her evening work shift. Her heart skipped a beat as she heard someone coming up from behind her. With each thud of the footsteps, her mind brought up a countless number of unsavory scenarios. Unsure if she would be able to run away in time, she resorted to a drastic measure.

Turning on her heels, Melly let out a yelp as she unleashed a blast of energy created by her quirk. When she finally hazarded to open up her eyes, it was to see the awestruck face, black stubble covered face of Aizawa, also known as the hero Eraser Head. Before he could explain that he was just going to ask her some questions about the recent incidents, his lips were forced open by a deep belch.

Aizawa's rude expulsion preluded his formerly flat mid-section rapidly swelling up. More gas escaped his body in the form of squeaky farts erupting out of his widening rear. Constantly leaking out gas from both ends did little to slow down his growing body, leading to his swelling form ripping straight through his clothes.

Left as a massive, fleshy sphere of gas, Aizawa was lifted up off the ground. Thinking quickly, Melly used her scarf to tie around one of his legs to keep him secured to a nearby light pole. While the hero was prevented from floating off, the makeshift anchor ensured anyone that passed by could get a good look at his bloated, car-sized form. Wincing as the hero let out a

deluge of BRRRRRAAAAAPPPPs from his rear and BWOOOOOOORRRRRRPPPs from his mouth, Melly wondered how far a self-defense claim would go to protect her.