

## Patreon Prompts Vol. 20

### Patreon Prompt 426

Prompt: In the future, the government has taken to use rapid weight gain as a way to both punish and reform criminals. We see one such case with a car jacker who is fattened until she could never hope to fit in a car again (but she's just perfect for a government-mandated scooter).

“This is inhumane!” Jenean shouted as she was pushed into the processing chamber of the prison in only her birthday suit. “All I did was jack a few cars. That’s no reason that you have to turn me into one of those lard balls. Can’t I just do some community service?”

Jenean got her answer as a cloud of pink gas pumped into the room. Her attempt at escaping by scratching at the sealed door was stopped as her fingers plumped up to resemble overstuffed sausages. Looking away from her fattening arms brought her attention to her equally thick legs that were barely able to keep her double wide rear and enormous hips standing. Feeling herself begin to wobble under the duress of her belly fattening up into a wrecking ball of flab rolls, she made one last ditch effort to escape by charging towards the door.

Managing to waddle her way to the door, Jenean only succeeded in using the meat sacks that were now her engorged breasts as makeshift air bags. Falling back onto her fat ass, she tried and failed to get on her feet. Firmly stuck lying on the floor, she managed to see a large set of metallic hands emerge from the ceiling to pick her up. Unable to see much thanks to her chubby cheeks, thick neck, and multiple chins, she let out a yelp as the robotic limbs placed her down into a strange chair.

Wobbling around in the metallic seat, Jenean tired herself out after only a few seconds. As she breathed heavily to regain her pitiful stamina, the chair began to roll forward on its own accord. The door on the opposite side of the room opened up to allow the obese woman to enter

with the aid of her government mandated scooter. Waiting for her on the other side was a group of women as big as she was or larger, forced to move about in similar chairs.

“Hello inmate P-425,” the voice in her chair said as she rolled past her fellow prisoners.

“And welcome to your first day of rehabilitation.”

Patreon Prompt 427

Prompt: Fubuki is curious as to how her sister's okay with becoming the Titanic Tornado.

Tatsumaki is surprisingly nonchalant as she sips on a large milkshake.

Upon hearing the news, Fubuki made a mad dash through the city to try and find her sister, Tatsumaki. While there was no sign of the psychic herself, there were plenty of newspapers, broadcasts, and peeks at people's phone screens to see what had become of the formerly diminutive woman. Managing to track her sister down to a restaurant, Fubuki braced herself for the worst and stepped inside.

No amount of preparation could have lessened the immense shock Fubuki felt upon seeing her sister sitting at the counter. Tatsumaki was held aloft by two stools, one for each of her massive, meaty ass cheeks. Eagerly slurping up a milkshake, she pressed her doughy gut up against the counter and inadvertently made her black gown emphasize her numerous flab rolls. Wiping her pudgy face clean of drops and letting a few sprinkle across her melon-like breasts, she eventually spotted her awestruck sister and called her over with a wave of her pudgy hand.

Fubuki wasted little time asking dozens of questions to figure out how her sister had gotten so fat. Continuing to casually sip her milkshake, Tatsumaki explained that it was the result of a run in with a living blob creature. Forced against the wall, she had willingly absorbed its mass into her own body. While Fubuki was horrified by the tale, Tatsumaki merely shrugged. Tapping her fingers against her love handles, the obese woman went on to describe the various advantages of becoming the Titanic Tornado.

Seeing that Fubuki wasn't convinced that this was nothing more than an excuse to increase her bust size, Tatsumaki invited her to sit down next to her. Putting her husky voice to good use, she called out to the waiter for an order of a dozen more milkshakes. Eleven were for

herself, while the remaining one was to start her sister down the path of discovering how wonderful having a plump, pudgy figure was.

Patreon Prompt 428

Prompt: Pearl (Steven Universe) eats a tainted burger and milkshake and becomes an obese slob who can't stop eating and drinking.

After weeks of enduring ceaseless begging from Steven and Amethyst, Pearl had relented in letting them take her to a place known as Glutton Burger. As she watched the rest of the Crystal Gems enjoy the unhealthy meal, she merely sat there in patience. This plan worked up until she saw the worried look on Steven's face as he held up a burger. Not wanting to bring the entire group down, she figured going against her standards and taking a small nibble couldn't hurt.

Taking the smallest bite imaginable was all it took to set off a switch inside of Pearl. Shoving the burger past her lips, she lunged across the table to grab the rest of their food. Chugging down the sodas and stuffing her face full of fries, she didn't stop until the entire table was cleared. Stuck with a noticeable potbelly, she paused for a moment to lick her fingers clean.

The smell of more greasy food coming from behind the register had Pearl dashing off. In her haste, she seemed to not notice the rippling fart that left her rear to engulf the gems in the noxious fumes. Looking past teary eyes, Steven watched as the formerly dignified gem began to make her way through the restaurant's entire supplies. Each bite was punctuated with either another horrible fart or an echoing belch that splattered grease across her growing form.

When the very last burger had been devoured, Pearl came crashing down in the middle of the kitchen floor. The entire building shook as she landed, the foundation trembling from the mass of blubbery, white flesh she had become. Sliding her pudgy fingers through her fat folds and engorged breasts, she showed little restraint in letting out more gas to revel in her slobby makeover. While the rest of the gems were understandably horrified, Amethyst was more than

eager to sit atop her companion's gut, making her own fun by pushing down to release a loud  
PHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT from the obese gem's chunky rear.

Patreon Prompt 429

Prompt: (Peach (Mario) Fat Witch TF) <https://www.deviantart.com/transformacorp/art/Peach-but-she-s-now-a-big-ol-witch-987220586>

In the wake of yet another rescue from Bowser's clutches, Princess Peach had decided to help herself to some of his treasure as a form of repayment. While there were all sorts of coins and jewels to be found as she sorted through the collection in her bedroom, what stood out to her was a peculiar crown bearing a striking resemblance to her own. The only difference was the wide-brimmed, black witch's hat that the crown was attached to. Curious, she carefully balanced the strange hat on her head, making sure to carefully tuck her blonde hair into it to get the full effect.

Still tidying up the hat in front of her mirror, Peach was pushed back as her fingers began to fatten up. A husky gasp left her lips as she watched her arms, not only go through a similar weight gain, but gain a dingy, dark green hue. As the fat and discoloring reached her torso, her pink dress was replaced with a dark black gown that matched the color of her hat. This new attire was pushed to its limits as her belly grew to be five times her original size to better support her engorged, sagging breasts.

Wincing at the feeling of her skirt sliding across her chunky rear, Peach waddled about on her bright red shoes to get a better look at herself in the mirror. Staring at the plump cheeks and thick neck of her face, she barely noticed her plump green lips and the way her nose grew out and tilted upwards. This bemoaning of her new status as a witch was put on hold as her modified nose picked up an aroma coming from the kitchen. Wadding as fast as her thick thighs would carry her, she pushed her wide hips through the narrow doorway to bury her depression with a binge eating session.

## Patreon Prompt 430

Prompt: An encounter with an odd, slime-spitting Grimm has left Emerald with an embarrassing potbelly full of hot, fizzy goo. With each green-tinted belch or fart, the slime gets hotter and fizzier, making a beleaguered Emerald dazed and extremely sweaty.

The job couldn't have gone worse. The green haired, Emerald had been so confident in her abilities to take down the Grimm lurking in the nearby forest. This overconfidence continued even as she beheld the green, slime-spitting creature that was supposed to be her target. While she was able to quickly dispatch the monster with a spray of bullets and slashes of the blade, it wasn't without obtaining a parting gift in the form of a blob of goo getting shot into her mouth.

As she trudged her way out of the forest, Emerald was forced to deal with her swelling potbelly. The sizable bulge pushed the limits of her clothes to ensure she could hear the slime inside sloshing around. Even worse was the warm feeling it spread through her body, making her dazed and covered in sweat after only a few minutes of walking.

Stopping to wipe her forehead clean, Emerald shuddered as a bubbling sensation coming from the goo in her gut. The building pressure finally released itself in the form of a loud belch that came with a cloud of green cloud seeping out of her mouth. Feeling another gas bubble starting to build, she tried to cut it off by covering her mouth. This only made it worse as the pressure released in the form of a reverberating BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP from her rear. Surrounded in the noxious fumes of green gas that billowed out from her backside, she let out an exasperated sigh as she continued to shuffle down the path. Continuing to uncontrollably belch and fart to surround her sweaty self in a green fog, she just hoped that the veil would be enough to cover up her humiliating appearance once she returned.



## Patreon Prompt 431

Prompt: The dragon population of a fantasy world is in steep decline due to over-hunting. To combat this, a dragon elder transmutes one of the huntresses responsible into an obese dragoness ready to be bred.

The centuries long hunt for dragons had come to an end thanks to a treaty between them and the humanoid races. However, this still left a sizable problem in the form of the near extinction of the population of the scaly giants thanks to overhunting. As the dragon elder was trying to figure out how best to deal with their dwindling numbers, a human woman arrived at his lair to offer a solution. Claiming that she was one of the huntresses responsible for a vast majority of the dragons' slaughter, she volunteered herself to be the help to undo the damage. While the elder was sure to explain what the process would entail, she remained steadfast in going forward. Realizing that there was no going back, the huntress held her arms aloft as the elder cast his spell.

The toned, muscular form that the woman had sculpted over the course of many successful hunts was undone by layers of blubbery, red-scaled flesh encasing her form. To go with her carriage-sized gut and breasts as large as cows, her body went through a massive growth spurt. Standing at a staggering, twenty feet in height as she stood upon her thick legs, she dug her talons into the dirt as her long, reptilian tail slid across her enormous ass cheeks.

As the former huntress carefully tapped at her draconic muzzle and horns with her claws, her attention was drawn outside the cave by a series of roars. Waddling her way outside, she let out a gasp at the group of male dragons waiting for her. More than willing to stay true to her word, she unfurled her wing and let a bellowing mating call emanate from her thick throat. As

the dragons gathered around her with the sizable protrusions between her legs, she freely offered up her undercarriage to begin the process of breeding a new generation of the legendary beasts.

## Patreon Prompt 432

Prompt: MC agrees to help his favorite Club President, Monika, decorate the Literature Club for the holidays. He tries to not get distracted by her newly plumped up body (thanks to Nats' holiday goodies) peeking out of her clothes (and end it with her falling off a desk and landing butt-first on his face).

For the literature club's first ever Thanksgiving party, Monika wanted to go all out. In addition to planning out festivities and picking out appropriate books, she emphasized getting the food just right. While everyone did their best to make something for the feast leading up to the party, Natsuki ended up excelling when it came to presenting fantastic baked goods like pies and cupcakes. While this was great for everyone, it also had an unfortunate side effect on Monika.

On the day of the party, Monika was busying herself with hanging up mock autumn leaves and posters of cartoon turkeys. She had to constantly stop what she was doing to pull down her shirt to hide the pudgy tummy she had been given after one too many helpings of sweet potatoes. More time was wasted adjusting her top to prevent her engorged bosoms from popping out after they had been fattened up by a basket of muffins.

It was during Monika's effort to free up the wedgie stuck between her apple pie enhanced, chubby butt cheeks that the MC got a little distracted. Too busy trying to hold back his burgeoning desires for the plump president, he failed to get out of the way in time as she tripped and fell onto him. With the MC's face buried beneath her backside, Monika took her time getting up. This was both to wait for her chub to stop shaking and to let the moment of intimacy last as long as possible.

## Patreon Prompt 433

Prompt: Trapped in a room at the hotel, with a broken heater and a large supply of unhealthy food, Charlie spends her days transforming into a sweat mess, complete with a plump, pear-shaped figure, and a major gas problem.

Charlie had thought she had gotten used to Alastor's games. That was until she found herself trapped inside of a room with the door locked and the heater set to the maximum. Further torment was given to her in the form of shutting off the water to the shower and sink to let her stew in her own sweat. Her only solace was a constantly resupplying delivery of junk food and soda that appeared through a slot in the room. Unfortunately, she realized too late that this was all part of Alastor's main goal.

Over the course of several weeks, Charlie could only lounge about the room and wait for someone to rescue her. Spending that time eating through the never ending supply of unhealthy supplies, she took notice of the way it was affecting her body. This became more apparent as she was forced to get rid of her clothes, both to better cool herself off and to accommodate the extra pounds forming around her body. However, the change in wardrobe couldn't prevent one of her larger problems.

Standing in front of her mirror, grimacing at the sight of her chunky, pale, pear-shaped flesh, she shuddered as she heard a familiar groan in her gut. Try as she might to hold the pressure in, it all fell apart as a loud BRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPP came slapping out of her fat ass. The flatulence mixed in with the odor of her unwashed, sweaty flesh to further stink up her unusual prison cell. Forced to endure another bombardment of farts bursting out of her rear, her only hope was that eventually Alastor would grow bored of her slobby form enough to let her escape while she could still fit her wide hips through the door.

## Patreon Prompt 434

Prompt: After a few months of ruin exploration, the Link and Zelda of the BOTW/TOTK era create a working Twilight mirror. Their excitement to meet the legendary Twilight Princess Midna in her true form quickly turns to confusion as they find that, by using dark magic to create light world recipes, she's eaten herself into a slobby, mangy haired blob.

Driven by ancient texts describing the strange sights of the Twilight realm, Link and Zelda had managed to reassemble the legendary mirror said to allow passage between the two kingdoms. Setting the last piece of glass into place, Zelda stepped back to stand alongside Link as an image started to form on the other end. Seeing the shadow particles and unusual structures on the other side, the pair waited until the view showed off the entrance to the castle before stepping through. This was done in the hopes of meeting with the realm's ruler in the hopes of finding assistance in rebuilding Hyrule in Calamity Ganon's wake. That plan fell apart as they entered the throne room to find the infamous Twilight Princess.

Seated upon a couch-sized throne that kept her massive, black and white ass aloft, the Twilight princess paid little attention to the new arrivals in favor of chowing down on a platter of food. The various crumbs that tumbled down the obese woman's chins either got wedged between her meaty mammaries or into the tangles of mangy, orange hair that lined the belly button of a gut larger than a Hinox's. Flinging back her greasy, unkempt orange locks with a loud belch, she finally spotted the pair staring in awe at her. Waving around her blubbery arm and showing off the coarse strands sticking from her armpits, she introduced herself as Princess Midna.

Approaching the ruler, Link and Zelda tried to remain polite even as their noses caught a whiff of Midna's horrendous odor. When asked how she got like this, the Twilight princess

waved her plump fingers around to summon a platter of food with her dark magic. Upon hearing the explanation that the ruler had gotten fat from studying the food from Hyrule, Zelda jumped at the opportunity to start negotiations for the realms to help one another. While Midna was eager to agree, discussions would have to wait as a rumbling fart burst out of her rear to force the visitors from Hyrule to take shelter from the noxious fumes.

## Patreon Prompt 435

Prompt: In the locker room, a young, self-disciplined swimmer finds an unfamiliar trophy from an eating contest. As she ‘remembers’ how it was the beginning of her stuffing fetish, she turns into a plump slob whose belly is almost spherical after eating too many burritos before the race.

As the head of the university swimming team, Trina wasn't a stranger to people being jealous of her talents. Typically she was able to handle the whispered gossip and harmless pranks, but this one left her in a state of confused shock. Sitting in her locker above her collection of blue, one-piece swimsuits similar to the one she was wearing was a trophy. The sculpture depicted an overweight woman devouring a plate of hotdogs with reckless abandon. Reading off the title “World Class Eating Champ” her attempts to figure out the purpose of the trophy by sliding her finger across the plaque was interrupted by a spark shooting into her finger.

Stumbling back from her locker, Trina paused as she felt something jostle around her mid-section. Turning her gaze downwards, she was horrified to discover her once slim waist was rapidly swelling up. The material of her suit grew taut around the sizable orb, somehow managing to remain intact as it grew to resemble a perfectly spherical globe. With the upcoming race mere moments away, she frantically pushed into her belly to try and bring it back down.

Trina's efforts were stopped as a gas bubble was forced up her throat. In a haze from the belch, she accidentally pushed down on her gut again to emit a rumbling PHHHRRRRRTTTTT from her rear. In the wake of the fumes, a memory planted itself into her mind of herself stuffing her face full of bean burritos a mere hour beforehand. Passing off the strange occurrence as just another facet of her stuffing fetish, she began to shuffle her way towards the pool. Uncaring of the constant gas blasting out of both of her ends, she continued to march towards the most humiliating race of her life, drunk on the feeling of getting to rub her massive, stuffed gut.

Patreon Prompt 436

Prompt: Millie gets hypnotized turning her into a country trucker girl with a giant belly, and big butt and lots of gas.

One too many close calls of being discovered by humans on missions had led Millie to seek out a better way to disguise herself. What she settled on was an unassuming trucker hat that was said to hold the power to allow a person to channel the previous owner's appearance. With a shrug, she placed the blue and red cap on her head after puncturing it with her horns to see if it worked.

The imp's curiosity was rewarded with a hypnotic shiver going through her body that began to fatten it up with multiple layers of blubber. One of the more prominent features became her gut; its enormous, wrecking ball-like girth only managed to be held up a few inches from the floor thanks to her thickened up legs. Her tits were given a chance to show off their plump nipples as they burst through her top, only to be covered up again by a raggedy, white shirt that gave an unflattering impression of their heft. A similar change in wardrobe gifted her with a pair of jean shorts that allowed her tail to swing back and forth across her enormous, elephantine rear.

Waddling her way through her bedroom, Millie had to take a few steps back to appreciate her exaggerated, pear-shaped figure. Driven by this new essence inside of her, she gave her belly a harsh smack to get the bubbles inside brewing. This culminated in a prolonged BRRRRRAAAAAAPPPPPP that left her room smelling like a gas station bathroom. While her new form enjoyed this stench and the other was completely disgusted, they both shared the morbid curiosity of seeing how Moxie would react when he returned to see their slobby, trucker girl body.



Patreon Prompt 437

Prompt: (Peach (Mario) Fat Male Hippo/Hoppo TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/54551267/>

Staring at the strange, purple wonder seed, Peach clutched the skirt of her pink dress to deal with an ominous feeling making a shudder go down her spine. Her hesitation was overwritten by the reminder that Mario and the others were doing their part in the fight against Bowser. Strengthening her resolve to uphold the duties that came with the crown balanced upon her head of golden, blonde hair, she reached out and grabbed the seed.

Upon touching the seed, Peach's fears were realized as her glove was torn apart as her hand rapidly swelled. Fat began to form all across her body, eventually tearing through her dress with her globular gut and double wide rear. Turning back to her hand she was further terrified by the purple coloring that appeared on her blubbery arms as her fingers merged into three, white ivory toes. She only realized what she was truly becoming as her mouth grew wide to allow a pair of enormous molars to hang out.

Panic setting in as Peach further changed into a spherical Hoppo, she could do little to prevent her bloated form from falling over. The impact sent a ripple through her body, nearly knocking off the crown carefully placed between her rounded ears. Tremors going through her sagging pecs eventually reached down to a bulge hidden between her thickened thighs. Overtaken by new desires, she began to grind against the ground and press into her flab in an effort to provide pleasure to her new, girthy manhood.

Patreon Prompt 438

Prompt: Ermes Costello gets manipulated by an enemy stand user after reading a strange children's book on animals, turning her into a fat gassy cow.

Breaking down the door with a swift kick of her stand, Ermes scanned the prison library for any sign of the stand user. While she couldn't find the enemy, her gaze did drift towards a lone book sitting on a table. Looking very out of place, the children's picture book baring the title "Ermes the Gassy Cow". As revolting as the illustration on the cover was, there was something about it that made her open it up to the first page.

The book started off by simply describing the cow. As Ermes read about the bovine's black and white fur and tail, she failed to notice how her own body took on the splotchy complexion and extra appendage. Turning to the page describing the enormous amount of food the cow ate led to her clothes ripping down the center to give her bulged out belly room to breathe. A brief mention was made of the cattle's ability to create milk, giving her a sizable boost to her breasts to get rid of the rest of her top and developing a large, pink under beneath her belly to push apart the seams of her pants.

Turning to the last few pages that went into great details about the cow's flatulence, Ermes finally became aware of her changes as she saw her fingers harden into-hoof like digits. In the process of stomping her cloven feet along the ground and jiggling her chubby rear, her bovine ears picked up the sound of something rumbling inside of her gut. Unable to stop herself, she let out a loud MOO as a fart came blasting out of her rear to fling around her tail. Crumpling to the floor as her ass continued to let loose a barrage of BRRAAAAAAPPPSSSS she tilted her head up to see the enemy stand user standing nearby. The former author, couldn't help herself

from smiling ear to ear at the creation of her character through the use of her stand “Bring Me to Life.”

## Patreon Prompt 439

Prompt: Power Girl, blown up to obesity as a result of a strange Kryptonite, utilizes her new weight in battle to great effect.

The last time anyone saw Power Girl's normal body was mere moments before she was struck by a stray chunk of new Kryptonite in the midst of a fight. While the villain was quickly apprehended shortly afterwards, her fellow heroes were quick to notice how much her gut pushed out the limits of her white super suit. Passing it off as just a temporary side effect, the heroine tried to keep her hopes high even as she tugged the fabric from out between her butt cheeks and bosom.

In the coming weeks, Power Girl's condition became worse as she was overtaken by an unnatural hunger. At all hours of the day she could be found stuffing her face to give her body more fuel to further fatten herself up. Ripping through one suit after another, eventually she was forced to waddle around everywhere she went with her flabby body on full display. While this should have been the end of her career as a hero, her determination led her to find a new way to use her bulky form.

Power Girl announced her return to work by flying, belly first into a giant crab monster. The monster's hard shell proved no match for the sheer force of her over 1000 pound body ramming into it like a high speed wrecking ball. Floating her blobby body over the carcass of the dead crab, she licked her lips across her plump face as she contemplated taking one of the legs home to eat. First, she would need to descend to the ground to allow everyone to take pictures of the enormous body she had become quite fond of.

## Patreon Prompt 440

Prompt: An anthro cat finds a puppet of an anthro raven at an antique shop, and tries it out, only for it to swap places with him, and buys him.

Between the dusty vases and long out of fashion curtains, Jace had to be careful not to let his tail of black fur swing recklessly at the risk of knocking something over in the antiques shop. The cat man's careful trek eventually led him to an ancient shelf that housed a variety of different puppets. While they all had their own appeal, what caught the attention of his green eyes was one that bared the resemblance of a raven man. Curiosity helping him to ignore the signs advising not to touch anything, he placed his paws on the puppet in an attempt to control it.

Jace only managed to get a few swings in before his limbs stopped listening to him. Strings rose up across his skin just as his fur and flesh turned into varnished, black painted wood. A jolt in his stiff limb forced him to drop the puppet, with another shift of his leg making him drop to the floor. Stuck lying limp on the ground, he could only stare upwards to see the ceiling grow higher as his body shrunk down to the size of the puppet he had been playing with mere moments beforehand.

The view of the cat man's painted, green eyes was blocked by a strangely familiar raven man standing over him. Smiling with a wide grin on his beak, the raven picked up Jace's body and carried it through the shop. Roughly placing the newly made puppet onto the counter, the raven cawed, "how much for this piece of junk?"

## Patreon Prompt 441

Prompt: Yor, having gained a great deal of weight from too much of Loid's cooking, proves she's still a capable, and still freakishly strong, assassin while out on a mission. Have her take out foes with her girth: belly blocks, ass slams, thigh crushes, suffocation between her giant boobs.

In spite of her recent body issues, Yor was dead set on completing her latest assassination mission. The drastic change had come as a side effect of both overindulging herself on Loid's cooking. While she was appreciative for each and every delectable bite, it was hard to deny that it was causing issues. However, that didn't mean she was going to abandon her duties as the Thorn Princess.

Crashing the doors to the hotel room of her latest target, Yor tried to look intimidating even as her enormous, barrel-like belly swung about within the confines of her undersized, black dress. The guards that came to stop her were momentarily stopped by their eyes wandering towards her pudgy face and plump bosom. Seeing the way she had to use her thick fingers to free the skirt from betwixt her meaty rear, the guards were quick to laugh it off as some kind of prank.

Any levity to the situation came to a drastic halt as Yor charged forward, using her bulk to bowl over the men. Easily blocking a blow with her belly's heft, she sent him flying back with a slam of her wide hips. An attack from the front was easily thwarted by her strangely dexterous movement, allowing her to take him out by smothering his face with her breasts before moving onto her next enemy.

With only her target left and her daggers lost amidst the battle, Yor decided to get creative. Running at full speed to leapt into the air to bring her ass slamming down on his face. Though he tried to escape, he was quickly pinned down again with a bounce of her buttocks.

Slipping him in-between her thighs, she proceeded to put her thick thighs to work in crushing his skull. Judging by the discoloration on his face, she was certain that she would be able to finish up the job with plenty of time to rush home to enjoy another one of Loid's delicious dinners.

## Patreon Prompt 442

Prompt: The audio logs of a scientist who ran a month long trial of a low-volume, high-calorie ration meant to end world hunger, using herself as the test subject. By the final log she is too fat and gassy to get a coherent sentence out.

### Entry 1

“Week one of testing the experimental, high-calorie rations. Results so far have been promising with minimal UUURRRP side effects. There has been an issue with indigestion and BWOOOORRRPP moderate weight gain, but it is negligible. For the sake of ending world hunger, I’m more than capable of living with an extra bit of chub around my-  
PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTT.”

### Entry 2

“Week two of BWOOOOORRRPPP testing and the side effects have gotten much worse. I’ve easily doubled in UUUUUUUURRRP size. Clothes have been ripping off of my blubbery form over and over BWOOOORRRP again. The other day I mistook a large tear for another-  
BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPP PPPP

“-flatulence outburst. I will continue the experiment in the hopes of discovering a way of negating the downsides of the rations.”

### Entry 3

“The initial experiment has been a complete-“  
PHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTT



“-disaster. Despite going over UUUURRRP 800 pounds and releasing gas at all hours of the  
BWOOOORRRPPP day, I can’t stop myself from shoving the rations down my throat. I’ll add  
UUUURRRP more notes later after I eat more of the-“

BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP

Entry 4

“Ex-UUUUURRRPP-periment continues. Me over-“

BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP

“-1500 Pounds. Must keep BWOOOORRRPP getting fatter and-“

PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT.

Data Entries End

Patreon Prompt 443

Prompt: (Lois Lane (DC) Butt Expansion and Farting)

<https://www.deviantart.com/gussiekins/art/Lois-Lane-Brap-976998253>

The seemingly simple job of reviewing a new seafood restaurant in Metropolis revealed its true colors once Lois made her way back to her apartment. No sooner did she stumble through the door did her ears pick up the unsettling rumbling noise coming from her gut. Clutching her stomach, she staggered her way over to the kitchen to lean over the counter. Able to work through the intense pressure with the thought of putting out a properly negative review of the eatery's shrimp in the next edition of the Daily Planet, she waited for the moment that the bubbles inside of her gut were let loose.

A miniscule amount of pressure was relieved as a squeaky fart forced its way out of Lois's rear. Eager to get rid of any other gas bubbles lurking in her belly, she proceeded to freely let the gas flow out. Enduring through the ensuing fumes, she tried to focus on how to put together her review in the hopes of distracting her mind. Eventually, something else came along to distract her from the rancid farts.

Noticing that she was further away from the counter, Lois tilted her head down to see that something had lifted up her shirt to leave her mid-section exposed. She let out a gasp as she discovered that her belly had bloated up to resemble that of a woman pregnant with twins. The protrusion was deemed relatively small in the wake of gazing upon the numerous layers of fat that had encroached on her lower body to stretch out her pants with her massive hips. However, her thickened thighs were absolutely puny compared to the massive, meaty mounds that were now her butt cheeks.

Before Lois could touch her expanded derriere to check if it was real, she was forced back onto the counter by a horrendous BLAAAARPPPPPFRRRTTTT erupting from her colon. Barely able to stand under the duress of the added weight and noxious fumes, she pressed her body closer to the counter. This inadvertently shoved distended gut against the marble to further irritate her digestion and let loose a thunderous BRRRAAAAAPPPP from her quivering buttocks.

“W-what’s happening to me? Aa-aah fuck!” she shouted, finding herself on the verge of passing out as her behemoth backside let loose with another foul cloud of gas to ensure she would never eat at the restaurant again.

## Patreon Prompt 444

Prompt: Every day, a secret admirer delivers a tiny jar of honey to Gardenia's gym, which she always graciously accepts. She realizes that the giver has been addicting her only when she suddenly receives a massive storage tank of honey and can't stop overstuffing herself with it.

Gardenia was usually content to enjoy the small snacks she managed to gather from Eterna Forest whenever she went out to train her Pokémon. That all changed when small jars of honey started appearing at the gym that were addressed to her. Each of the tiny samples of nectar was declared to be from a secret admirer of the redheaded, adventurous gym leader. Not wanting a person's generosity to go to waste, she saw little harm in indulging in the sweet treat every now and then.

The true nature of the honey's influence wasn't felt until several weeks later. By then, Gardenia had developed a sort of addiction to the sweet stuff that had her guzzling the entire container down within seconds of seeing them get placed on her doorstep. The resulting constant potbelly and added chub around her body was enough to make the gym trainers concerned, but not enough to convince Gardenia to stop.

Things took a turn for the worse when the tiny jars of honey started to be replaced with massive jugs that seemed to increase in size with each passing day. As her servings of sweetness enlarged, so did Gardenia's body to keep pace with her powerful hunger. Upon receiving her latest fix for her addiction, she would haul it over to her private room to continue the process of making herself into a living honeypot.

Stripping off her clothes to avoid getting them sticky, Gardenia would lift the jug to her face and began to pour it down her throat. The honey droplets chugged their way down her chins to make her engorged breasts glisten before caressing the enormous gut she had developed to

facilitate these massive feastings. She didn't seem to care about the fact that the nectar was making her thick rear stick to her bedding as she continued to guzzle her honey. As long as she had the gift from her unseen admirer, she was content to let herself get lost in her sticky paradise of golden colored gluttony.

## Patreon Prompt 445

Prompt: Jolyne Kujo gets put in an exceptional solitary confinement room, a trash-filled one fitted with ratty couch and tv. The room turns her into an evil strongfat boy, rewriting "her" memories to be a slobby, hardened criminal that used his giant, gassy ass to get whatever he wanted by force.

Jolyne Kujo wasn't a stranger to the strange punishments of Green Dolphin prison. However, she was confused when she pushed into what was supposed to be a solitary confinement room and almost immediately stumbled over one of the bags of trash strewn about the floor. Peeking around the room and seeing similar piles of refuse surrounding a ratty couch and barely working TV, she began to wonder if this was just a repurposed recreation room that the jail had left to rot.

More than willing to deal with the awful odor in order to relax away from her much smaller cell, Jolyne took a seat on the couch and began to flip through channels on the TV. As she mindlessly skimmed through different channels, she failed to notice her toned body began to slowly pack on pounds with each passing second. Her exposed midriff allowed her belly to bulge out freely for a few moments before its strange mix of muscles and fat snapped apart the fabric keeping her top and pants connected. Gradually her butt cheeks spread out along the couch to engulf the cushions and leave very little room for her to wobble around. Between her thickening limbs and increasing number of chins, she still remained blissfully ignorant of her changes, owing to the room's former owner taking over her mind.

Even as Jolyne's engorging chest lost its shapeliness to resemble two sacks of drooping meat, she was content to scratch her plump fingers through her shortened up, green and yellow hair. Pushing a thumb along the stubble around her chin, she casually leaned back to spread out

her legs and form more rips in her pants. Letting out a yawn that showed off her husky, masculine voice, she reached down to grab at the sizable bulge between her legs.

Jolyne's fate was sealed the moment his ears picked up the rumbling noise in his gut. Without hesitating, the obese man let the gas freely pour out with a loud BRRRAAAAAAAPP that gave the room a fresh layer of rancid fumes. Inhaling the flatulence and letting it back out in the form of a loud belch, he settled back in to wait for his opportunity to wreak havoc on the prison once more. He just needed a bit more time to build up gas so that he could use his bulk and odor to force the other inmates to do his bidding.

## Patreon Prompt 446

Prompt: An anthro fox paladin exploring a dungeon triggers a trap and is turned into a hand puppet.

Vulpa the righteous didn't hesitate for a moment when she heard of the mad magician's maze that had claimed many adventurers before her. Owing to her years as a paladin and the shining armor around her furry orange body, she was able to avoid a majority of the traps in her way. Cutting down trips wires with her swords while keeping her bushy tail away from sensors, she was certain that she would succeed in taking down the mad magician's schemes. That was until one of her paws stepped onto a pressure plate to deliver a puff of strange smoke to her snout.

Overtaken by intense shivers, Vulpa was forced to drop her precious weapons as her body fell to the ground. Her landing wasn't with a clang but with a soft thud thanks to her armor and flesh being replaced with felt. Though she shouldn't see what was going on as she lost the ability to move, she could certainly feel the lack of legs below her waist. Curious and terrified as to why she had a hole in the bottom of her softer body, she was unable to let out a proper scream as someone came along and pushed their hand into her opening.

Carried through the dark corridors of the dungeons, Vulpa was originally brought out onto a small stage. Hoisted up into the center spotlight, her captor began to wriggle her arms and move her mouth to practice a play. Through her sewn eyes, she was horrified to see that her co-stars were other adventurers that had been turned into hand puppets like herself. At the end of the performance, she and the rest of the adventurers were forced to bow all for the sake of delighting the mad magician's twisted sense of humor.



Patreon Prompt 447

Prompt: (Zatanna (DC) Fat Male TF) <https://www.deviantart.com/tofubara/art/TG-Sketch-commission-609163838>

Between going on missions to save the world with the Justice League, Zatanna had been tasked with going through confiscated magic items. Sifting through broken trap boxes and hats that poured out floods of bunnies, she couldn't stop a bored yawn from leaving her lips. Her interest was piqued as she came upon a wand with a strange aura around it. Curious as to the device's effects, she gave it an experimental flick.

One of the stars that sparked out of the tip of the wand ended up hitting Zatanna. She understood the gravity of the situation as her button down, white shirt swelled up to allow her bulging gut to sink between her legs. Her chest went through a similar growth spurt to stretch out her black coat but lost its shapeliness to resemble a pair of sagging man pecs. Upon feeling the bulge between her legs as her unitard tightened around her meaty ass cheeks, she immediately rushed over to a mirror to see the full extent of the damage.

The reflection revealed a thick, bushy beard covering up her chins to make up for the shortened follicles on her head. More of the coarse strands could be seen along her legs as her tights were ripped asunder by her fattened up legs. Letting out a husky sigh as she felt her manhood jiggle within the confines of its fabric prison, she began the arduous process of recalling the spell needed to reverse this.

## Patreon Prompt 448

Prompt: Skyla starts dating Elesa, and then discovers Elesa is cheating on her. Skyla decides to teach Elesa a lesson, by spoon-feeding the restrained model extremely spicy Tamato Berry hot sauce to her gastric limit while cheekily teasing her unladylike steamy blasts.

What was supposed to be a romantic date night between Skyla and Elesa took on a more sinister tone thanks to the specter of betrayal hanging over the event. A few days prior, the flying type gym leader had heard her girlfriend on the phone talking to another woman in a loving way. Convinced that she was being cheated on, Skyla intended to take the initiative to get back at the model by ruining her figure.

Skyla showed off her true colors as soon as Elesa sat down. Quickly tying restrains around the model's wrists, Skyla let out a maniacal laugh as she brought out a specially made pot of Tomato Berry soup. Before Elesa could have a chance to ask what was going on, Skyla was quick to shut her up by shoving the first spoonful of the spicy concoction into her mouth.

To Skyla's delight, halfway through the force feeding she could see the model's formerly flat stomach bulge out to stretch the limits of her dress. Keeping one hand free to continue pouring soup down Elesa's throat, Skyla further teased her by sinking her fingers into the swelling potbelly. The constant feeding and fondling inevitably led to gas pouring out from both of Elesa's ends. Working through the onslaught of burps and farts, Skyla was determined to ruin her ex-girlfriend's figure at all costs.

Skyla's revenge was put on hold as she heard a knock at the door. Leaving Elesa gagged with a mouthful of soup, she peeked her head out to find a bouquet of flowers with a letter. Looking over the message, she was distraught to find a loving note addressed to her from Elesa that matched the words she had overheard from the phone conversation. Turning back around

expecting to see wrath in her girlfriend's eyes, she instead saw a strange look of wanting from  
Elesa as she let out a particularly rancid BRRRAAAAAAAPP PPPP. Watching Elesa spit out the  
spoon with a powerful belch, Skyla went back to the dining table to continue indulging the  
model's burgeoning new desires.

## Patreon Prompt 449

Prompt: A decade of working at a cubicle has turned a once fit, spry girl into a morbidly obese, glasses-wearing office woman. Her reflection about how she got to this point is swiftly interrupted by her office chair giving out underneath her.

Owing to her high position amongst the rest of her coworkers, Eleanor was granted an extra hour to eat lunch. While she used to enjoy this time to relax and enjoy her meals, it had quickly become a daily session of regret. With her computer screen turned off to give her weary eyes a rest, she was able to see what her many years of work in the company had done to her once spry and athletic figure.

A glance at her reflection led to Eleanor dropping her fork into one of the three bowls of mac and cheese she had brought for lunch. The dropped utensil sent a glob of cheese out to tarnish the blazer that only barely hung around her chunky torso. In the process of wiping away the stain, she had to be careful to avoid touching the buttons for fear of unleashing her head-sized breasts from their tight bindings.

Managing to wipe away the mess, Eleanor let another sigh leave her plump lips. Her multiple chins and blubbery limbs had all been a result of over indulging in company parties. Efforts to repay the kindness had led to a pair of wide-rimmed glasses for her screen burned eyes to make sure she could see every last detail of her obese form. In particular, the massive globe of a gut that had people constantly joking that she was mere days away from going on maternity leave.

Letting out one last sigh, Eleanor attempted to lean forward to grab her utensil only to pause as he heard a loud creak. Her initial fears that it was her skirt getting torn apart by her double-wide hips were instead able to focus on her meaty rear as more cracks began to echo

through the cubicle. In the blink of an eye, the chair holding up her massive form finally broke to send her plummeting to the floor. Lying on the ground, feeling her uniform get torn apart by the wild jiggling of her body, she could only wait there in the hopes that her coworkers would stop gawking long enough to help her back to her feet.

## Patreon Prompt 450

Prompt: BBW Empress in a fantasy setting has major morning gas.

The evening prior, Empress Egra had been delighted to play host to a variety of representatives from various races inhabiting her kingdom in a grand feast. The elves provided fresh greens to go along with the orcs' smoked meats. Dwarven ales accompanied the fairies' offerings of delectable sweets. Even one of the dragons had come by to partake in the festivities and bring a pot of their special, spiced stew. All throughout the land people would speak of the night of merriment and unity between the people. While the empress shared this sentiment, she also had the misfortune of dealing with the aftermath of the various dishes.

Creaking open her eyes as the midday sun peeked through her window to exacerbate her hangover, Egra flung off her blankets and rolled out of bed. Typically the ruler was able to properly emphasize the chub around her body with elegant dresses. However, she was unable to do so with her thin nightgown showing off her heaving chest and clinging to her flab rolls. Groggily scratching at her meaty rear, she hoisted herself up off the mattress and waddled her way over to her dressing mirror. Standing before her reflection, she let out a sigh as she placed a hand on her barrel-like belly to feel that it was still full from the previous night.

The Empress's prodding of her gut brought her attention to an unsettling stir in her lower body. Feeling the pressure build and build, she clenched her teeth as she tried to hold it back. Unfortunately she was unable to prevent the torrent of gas that came spewing out of her rear with a loud BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP. No sooner did the fart peter off did another one burst out to start fluttering the hem of her gown once more with a PHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTT. Forced to endure the side effects of sampling so many different

cuisines, the most she could do was wait until she had pushed out the last cloud of flatulence before summoning her servants to prepare a much needed bath.