

Dungeons and Deviants Writing Prompt Requests 2nd Edition

Writing Prompt 335

Prompt: A fat, gassy female Firbolg cleric accidentally sits on her travel partner, a female Aasimar rogue's face, and farts up a storm, inflating her companion from her gas.

Eje awoke to the noise of something big and gassy stumbling around her campsite. With a groan, the Aasimar woman turned over to acknowledge the fat, female Firbolg with her hands clutched around her chubby mid-section. The golden skinned woman felt little pity for her traveling partner. She had warned Qisatra that it was unwise to drink the mysterious potion and yet she had still guzzled it down without a second thought. Content to let Qisatra's suffering act as its own lesson, Eje brushed aside her silver hair and closed her eyes to go back to sleep.

A moment later, Eje found her head engulfed by Qisatra's thick, grey furred rear. Unable to lift the bulky Firbolg off of her, Eje could only squirm as she heard a series of unruly groans growing louder with each passing second. Opening her mouth to call out for help sealed her fate.

Qisatra's discomfort found relief in the form of a torrent of awful flatulence spewing from her rear and directly into Eje's mouth. While the Firbolg woman was happy to finally rid herself of the pressure, Eje's fears worsened alongside her svelte body inflating at a rapid pace. As the last of Qisatra's gas burst from her colon, she was flung off of her companion. Turning back around, Qisatra's eyes went wide at the floating sphere Eje had become. Grimacing at the rancid smell peeking out from between Eje's lips, Qisatra hurried to try and remember a spell to undo her mistake.

Writing Prompt 336

Prompt: Female adventure finds a chest designed bra on a dead skeleton called "The Bra of Holding". While worn causes her breast to grow as she deposits items into her cleavage like a normal bag of holding.

While the rest of the party was apprehensive of the bra worn by the skeleton mixed in with the treasure hoard, the same reservations could not be said for their barbarian, Keira. Yanking the lingerie that resembled a pair of treasure chests, the simpleton warrior had just enough sense to ask the wizard to identify it before putting it on. Her patience only lasted after the spell was cast and the words "Bras of Holding" parted the caster's lips.

Wasting little time, Keira tore off her armor and put eh bra around her chest. Gathering up a handful of gold, she proceeded to shove it between her cleavage. True to the wizard's description, her breasts jumped up a cup-size to accommodate the extra storage space. With a greedy gleam in her eye, Keira set to work storing away the treasure hoard.

In silence the part watched their barbarian stuff the entire trove of treasure between her breasts. Reaching the size of a pair of cow udders did little to dissuade her from fitting a box of jewels between her tits. Even with her breasts becoming larger than her body, her incredible strength mixed with the magic power of the bra had her effortlessly skipping around the room to shove in the rest of their riches. As Keira was busy shoving the last chest between her gigantic, carriage-sized tits, the party got to work trying to think of how they would be able to fit her outside of the door.

Writing Prompt 337

Prompt: An apprentice alchemist drinks a potion that was intended to save the goblins from extinction. It quickly transforms her into a constantly pregnant goblin broodmother.

While many years had passed since the humans and goblins had made peace, the scars of their battles still wore deep. The goblin people had never fully recovered from the bloodshed, leaving them with a deficit in fertile females. Faced with the guilt of causing an entire species to go extinct the humans sought out a famous alchemist named Roelle. However, while they were more than willing to give her materials and funding, she was at a loss when it came to test subjects.

Holding the beaker of bubbling, green liquid between her fingers, Roelle kept questioning if she had somehow messed up her formula. Steadfast in her beliefs of her own abilities and her desire to save the goblins, she tilted the bottle up to her mouth. Chugging down the vile potion as fast as possible, she placed it on her work bench and waited.

She watched as a light shade of green spread across her fingertip and up her arms to reach her elongating ears. Her body began to shrink, the mass moving towards her chest and rear to bring her down to less than three feet in height. Sliding out of her clothing, she looked past her crooked green nose to watch her belly bulge out into a tight green sphere. Running her fingers along the protrusion, she felt the kick of numerous offspring dwelling inside of her. They would be her first litter of goblin children, marking her as the first artificially created broodmother that would save their race and cement the unity between them and the humans.

Writing Prompt 338

Prompt: A gnome girl and a goblin girl compete to see who can get the bigger cum filled belly.

“Let’s say...10 gold,” Jisz suggested, the goblin girl running her green fingers through her short black hair.

“Make it 15 and we have a real contest,” Jelhani said, the short gnome girl said, whipping around her long brown hair to show off her pointed ears and playful smile.

Shaking their hands in agreement, the diminutive duo threw off their cloaks and made their way into the room. Waiting for them there were a bevy of male clients, each one larger than them by several feet. Holding up their hands, the two of them waved off their first partners and led them towards the twin beds in the room.

For the next few hours, Jisz and Jelhani rotated out clients with each release of their seed. Each partner left behind a surplus of cum that meant a sizable paycheck and a noticeable bulge to their once taut stomachs. Several clients in, the pair of them began to resemble a set of overblown balloons with the way their stomachs stretched to accommodate the deluge of semen filling their wombs. Despite the pleasure, their minds were still focused on besting one another to see who could grow the largest.

Through a symphony of moans from their clients, Jisz and Jelhani were left with cum-filled stomachs that easily outsized their bodies three times over. Carefully rolling about their swollen bellies, the two of them tried in vain to figure out who had won. Grinding their teeth at the realization that they were the same size, their heads turned towards the sole client who had spent the entire session just watching the contest unfold. Climbing out of bed and waddling towards the sheepish elf man, Jisz and Jelhani were determined to claim him as their own and win the bet.

Writing Prompt 339

Prompt: A unicorn traveling through the woods finds an injured adventurer on the side of the road and decides to heal them with magic. The result turns the human into an anthro unicorn girl with HUGE curves.

The peaceful night air was disturbed by the sound of horrible coughing and the sound of hooves clopping against the forest floor. A bright sheen of white fur stood out from the darkness, beckoning the injured adventurer to call out to the majestic unicorn for help. Eyes locked on the creature's silver horn, he plead for help, willing to do anything to save his life. The unicorn stood in silence for several moments, leaving the helpless man to wonder if it even understood him. With a whinny, the creature's horn lit up with a bright light and it placed it against the man's wounds.

The fatal injuries were sewn up by a layer of thin, silver hair that spread across the adventurer's skin. His body shivered as his rugged jawline extended out into a horse muzzle to match the creature before him. As the magic reached his chest, a pair of luscious breasts burst forth from his tunic. A pair of juicy butt cheeks soon followed, ripping apart his pants to allow his horsetail to freely sway against his wide rear.

As the rest of his transformation gradually came to an end, the adventurer stood upon his hooved feet and felt that he had lost something in exchange for his new life. Momentarily sliding his fingers against his newly formed vagina, he tilted his head towards the unicorn for answers. The creature merely tipped its horn against the adventurer's own. Starting to trot into the deep forest, the unicorn beckoned for him to follow. Unable to deny the creature that had saved his life, the adventurer maneuvered his overly plump, hourglass body to follow it towards his new life among the trees.

Writing Prompt 340

Prompt: The Dwarf caravans in the deep forest are being raided, until one group finds the culprit is a massive fat bear anthro who hungers for all the beer, meat and food that they carry.

Torch light flicking against the trees of the dark forest, the patrol of dwarves followed the trail meandering between the underbrush. Their journey had brought them past the various abandoned caravans, each one completely devoid of their cargo. While none of the drivers or passengers had been hurt, the attacks had to be stopped. What worried the seasoned warriors was the sheer size of the claw marks on the carts, making it clear that whatever was behind the attacks dwelled in the realm of the beasts.

Following a set of large footprints in the dirt, the group finally found themselves standing before the mouth of a cave. Carefully stepping inside, they became aware of a series of low growls mixed with the sound of teeth ripping into meat over and over again. Reaching the very back of the cave, the source of the both the noise and their troubles became clear.

A mass of matted, black fur that towered over the dwarves five times over sat with its massive backside to them. Upon hearing the clatter of the men's boots against the cave floor, the beast dropped the package of stolen ham from its paws and turned to face them. The sight of its sagging, black furred breasts against its bulging stomach did little to detract from fearsome visage of its fangs sticking out of its muzzle. Craning its neck up, the bear let out a roar that shook the cave walls alongside the men's very souls.

Dropping their weapons, the once brave dwarves hightailed it out of the cave without looking back. With a snicker, the bear woman got to work gathering up the abandoned gear. The fear and loathing she had when a wayward druid spell went wrong, had vanished completely from the sheer enjoyment she was having being the apex predator of the forest.

Writing Prompt 341

Prompt: "Gain weight while visiting the elven kingdom? Don't be ridiculous, they're all as thin as reeds; they probably eat nothing but lettuce and lentils for every meal, for all I know!"

Griselda couldn't help regretting her own words as she looked at the way her tunic clung tightly to her doughy gut. Fishing her plump hand between her heavy breasts, she managed to pull out several leftover crumbs from the dozens of different berry pies that had been given to her for breakfast. Sliding a pair of tight, leather pants over her chunky legs and double wide rear, she left her tent to continue her duties as an ambassador for the nearby human settlement.

Reaching the main meeting room, the sight of Thessalia, the royal family's personal chef filled her with dread. Taking her seat upon the two stools at the table, she chewed on her lip as the excitable elf pushed a platter of fried potatoes covered in honey in front of her. Glancing at the elf and seeing the expectant smile on her face, Griselda worked on the meal as the meeting went on.

While it was an honor to be included in these meetings, Griselda knew it had come at a high price. Thessalia had been her ticket to the inner workings of the royal family, at the cost of being her personal guinea pig for her plethora of new and exciting recipes. As she sucked leftover drops of honey off her fingers and watched the empty plate be replaced with a dish of recently baked cupcakes, Griselda tried to think how big she would get before the treaty would be signed.

Writing Prompt 342

Prompt: A group of slobby fat Slime Queens possess a group of female assassins and turn them into balls of slobs.

In the blink of an eye, the women of the assassin's guild fates were sealed. Globbs of lime green slime slowly surrounded them, with many more clinging to the cave ceiling above. As they backed up to one another with their blades drawn, their elven leader, Erai spent her time desperately looking for an escape route.

Erai turned her head at the screams of two of her assassins. Their cries were soon muffled by the deluge of slime that poured down their throats and swelled their bellies. As the first two victims' skin became as translucent and green as the creatures, a torrent of putrid gasses permeated from their mouth and rears. One after the other, the women were drowned by the swarm of slime to become similar piles of gassy sludge.

Perhaps as a sick joke, Erai found herself as the last one. Surrounded on all sides by the gaseous blobs that used to be her comrades, she knew what she had to do. Dropping her weapons to the ground, she held her arms aloft and stepped before the bright pink slime that led the group of monsters. Opening her mouth, Erai allowed the creature to take residence inside of her body. Growing to a blobby sphere that dwarfed her companions sevenfold, she recoiled at the putrid vapors that sprung from her slimy, pink form. It was the end of her days as an adventurer, but the beginning of her time as a queen slime.

Writing Prompt 343

Prompt: An adventurous, female half Orc monk fresh out of the monastery finds a “Staff of Wisdom”, but the more she uses it the older she gets, until she’s soon mistaken for an old, retired adventurer.

Fresh out of the monastery and mind brimming with wanderlust, Vanida couldn’t believe her luck. The elders had told the grey skinned half-orc about the many magical objects she would find adventuring, but none more so than the Staff of Wisdom she found at the bottom of the chest. Blinded by her own ambitions to get a head start on her adventuring career, she failed to notice the strange symbols along the pole. Grasping the weapon between her palms, she took off running through the dungeon to show it off to her fellow guild members.

Vanida’s initial excitement gradually lessened with each step she took out of the dungeon as the staff began to drain her youth. Her short black hair became a veil of wispy white that reached almost down to her feet. Wrinkles formed along her face to match the extra sag of her chest and belly as they took on the weight of a slowed down metabolism. Despite all this, Vanida didn’t fully realize what was happening to her until it was too late.

Walking out into the bright day, her tired eyes winced at the sunlight. Filled with a new wisdom to coincide with her aged form, she spoke a few words to dispel the curse. While it didn’t return her to normal, it stopped her accelerated aging. Letting out an aggravated huff, Vanida used the pole as a makeshift walking stick to shuffle towards the monastery to see if she could find a way to reverse the effects among her fellow elders.

Writing Prompt 344

Prompt: A fairy turns a Halfling into the very fat queen of the frogs.

Peeking her head out from between a flower patch, Primrose the fairy looked at the sight before her with disdain. She was back again, a female Halfling with short blonde hair and a wicked smile on her face. The three-foot woman was busy tormenting a group of frogs, constantly throwing out insults like tiny and pipsqueak. From a mere glance, Primrose could tell that her motivations were purely to displace her own hatred for the people that insulted her short stature. Despite this, Primrose could not in good consciousness allow the torment of innocent creatures any longer. Holding a finger out towards the Halfling, Primrose let the magic flow from her hand and strike the Halfling on the back.

The Halfling woman stumbled about the shallow pond as the magic took hold of her body. A call to try to find the perpetrator turned into a bellowing croak that swelled her throat alongside the bulge of fat that emerged from her belly. Her already small size continued to diminish as most of her weight was pushed towards her bottom half to create a distinct bell shape. Slipping out of her clothing, the Halfling look on in abject horror as webbing appeared between her fingers and toes and a dark green coloring covered her body. Her croaks for help fell on deaf ears, leaving her helpless as she completed her transformation into an obese frog woman.

As the other frogs leapt around the confused frog Halfling, Primrose began to worry what would happen to her. Left with little options, the Halfling bowed her head down and made a series of pleas in the frogs' language. After several stressful moments for both Primrose and the Halfling, a series of croaks from the frogs called out for their new member to follow them towards the high court. Primrose had to hold back a chuckle as she heard whispers of turning the awkwardly jumping Halfling into their new queen.

Writing Prompt 345

Prompt: The aptly named dwarven town of Gaslight is a technological wonder among the underground species. However, a curious Drow discovers the sordid secret behind the town's lights and heating: captured goblin and draconic women, fattened immobile (and slobby), and kept on special, perpetual gas-inducing diet.

The secrets of the underground city of Gaslight were numerous, none more so than the true source of the natural gas that kept the lights on. Spurred by her own curiosity, a purple skinned Drown named Yasris had snuck her way into the depths of the cavern to uncover the truth. Easily picking a series of locked doors, she couldn't stop a grin from spreading across her face as she pushed into the final chamber.

Yasris's thrill of discovery was blown away by a gust of foul air filling her nose and mouth. Wincing at the rancid odor, her teary eyes stared in horror at the dozens, in not hundreds, of unfortunate creatures hung up by metal restraints. Forcing herself to get a better look, she focused on a pair of green and scaly orbs pressed up against one another. Hoses were shoved into the goblin and draconic women's mouth, continuing to swell their expanded bodies. Another nozzle was shoved into their backside to collect the deluge of flatulence that burst forth without any sign of restraint.

“And just what do you think you're doing here, lass?”

Yasris turned around to be met with a dwarf with a grey beard and a bottle in his hand. “You shouldn't be here,” he said, closing the door behind him, “but if you insist, I'd be more than willing to give you an in-depth tour of our facilities. Hell, I might even let you become a full-time employee. You look like you've got the right body for the job.”

Writing Prompt 346

Prompt: Traveling through the bog, a party encounters their first enemy, an obese and gassy swamp hag. Being a little too headstrong, the party's warrior, a female triton, rushes in and ends up getting transformed into a pair of panties by the hag's magic.

Stepping ahead of the party, Iryn let the few rays that peeked through the swamp's dense tree top shine against her blue scales. "Come out and show yourself, vile hag," she said, her ear fins flapping about as she brandished her spear. "Our group has come to dispose of your croney ass before you attack anymore villagers."

From within the hut, a pudgy woman with swamp moss for hair leered towards the party. "First off, I'm only 32," she replied, brushing aside her hair to show her sickly grey skin. "Second, those villagers were overhunting the local wildlife and trespassing on my property. If they want, I can meet with the village leaders to write up a contract to properly--"

"Enough of your talk," the hotheaded triton said. "Pray to whatever god you worship. It won't save you from my wrath."

"I'm more of a self-help kind of person actually," the swamp hag replied, a wicked grin on her face. "Let me show you what I can do."

A bolt of green energy shot off from the hag's fingertips to envelop Iryn. Dropping her spear to the ground, her body twisted and turned as it took on a new shape. Before the frightened eyes of her party, Iryn fell to the ground as a pair of panties bearing the same pattern as her scales. Paralyzed with fear, her fellow party members could only watch as the hag picked her up and slid her up her chunky legs.

"A little tight," the hag said, letting the fabric sink into her waistline, "but it'll do."

Just as the party members got ready to charge, an ominous groan emanated from the hag's stomach. Moments later, a sputtering fart burst forth from her colon to further Iryn's torment and chase off the party with its stench. Cackling to herself as she watched the adventurers run off, the hag waddled back to her shed to let out the maelstrom of gas building inside of her.

Writing Prompt 347

Prompt: A stable hand is called to tend to a female centaur from a passing herd. Being heavily pregnant, the centaur is far gassier, smellier, and milkier than any horse she's dealt with before.

Growing up in the farthest reaches of the kingdom, Maldra had only heard legends of the mighty centaurs. Her experience with horses made her the closest thing to an expert, but that did little for her confidence as she approached the stable. Unsure of what exactly to expect, she took a deep breath and stepped inside.

Slipping inside the stable, she found the usual aroma of straw and dirt mixed with a pungent odor. Splaying out in the center of the stable was a female centaur, lacking the nimble form the farm girl had heard in passing. A pair of udder-like breasts hung from her chest, a constant deluge of milk pouring from her plump nipples. Her teats rested upon an enormous, spherical belly that kept the centaur from moving more than a few feet on her own. Daring to step closer, Maldra winced as a fart lifted up the centaur's tail to bathe the area in its awful stench. Powering through the gas cloud gave the farm girl a glance at the centaur's face.

"I'm so BWOOOORRP sorry," the centaur said, massaging her taut belly. "My digestion starts to go bad whenever the little ones start to move."

Reminded of the fact that she was dealing with an expectant mother, Maldra powered through the smell to put on a wide smile. Rolling up her sleeves, she got to work making the preparations needed for the delivery.

Writing Prompt 348

Prompt: A novice spellcaster accidentally summons two tricky elementals, one air and another water. Both proceed to inflate the student and her mentor, a female Tiefling, into big bloated balloons.

Perhaps it was the pressure of her exams that weighed so heavily on the young woman's shoulders. It could have been a twitch of her fingers, as her body shook under the bespectacled gaze of her mentor, a red-skinned Tiefling woman with silver hair tied up in a ponytail. Regardless of why or how it happened, the magic flowing from nervous spellcaster's fingers took on its own form as she attempted to summon a pair of elementals. She only understood the severity of her blunder as she watched the summoning circles appear beneath her mentor and herself.

The magic inside of the young woman brought forth a surge of water that rapidly filled her lithe form. A combination of her clothes ripping apart and the sloshing of her belly as it swelled did a decent job of hiding her squeaks of terror. Pinned to the ground by her own, spherical body, her arms and legs were swallowed up by her form. Unable to do much besides wriggle about and feel the gallons of water within, she could only watch her mentor change alongside her.

Like her student, the Tiefling quickly lost her busty figure under the influence of the air elemental. However, as the red-skinned woman grew to match her student in size, her body rose from off the ground. Her tattered clothing fell off of her form, giving her the unflattering appearance of an overblown red balloon as she bumped against the ceiling.

"Well, this is unfortunate," the Tiefling commented, a hint of helium giving a higher pitch to her voice.

“I’m so sorry,” the student replied, her voice hindered by her husky form. “Just give me another chance and I’m sure I can pass next time.”

“Oh there’s no need. You’ve passed with flying colors,” she replied, seeing the student’s face twist to comprehend what she was hearing. “With this much raw, magical power, I intend to recommend you for the advanced classes. After I deflate of course.”

Writing Prompt 349

Prompt: A female human adventurer stops at a dwarf tavern and tries out their newest dwarf ale. Unaware that the ale is tainted, it initially caused her burp, it soon transforms her into a rowdy, fat dwarf woman, where she wakes up after the drinking to find she now works at the tavern as the new barmaid.

The Beer Belly Tavern seemed like the perfect place for Eimil to rest after her long journey. She was welcomed with open arms by the owner of the establishment, a gruff Dwarf woman who's bulging belly constantly shook from her own laughter. Unable to deny the warm hospitality, Eimil took her up on an offer to drink the night away with her special brand of ale.

Only two mugs in, Eimil lost all sense of self-control. By the third, she was completely oblivious to the various changes occurring to her body. Each sip took away more of her height to gradually bring her down to a head smaller than the tavern's owner. In exchange for her stature and muscles, she was gifted a bulging belly like the owner and stocky limbs that would have been the envy of any Dwarven maid. Raising a mug above her head, she allowed the ale to seep between her sagging breasts and chunky butt cheeks. Stumbling about with her belly bumping into tables, she resembled nothing of her former self.

By the end of the night, Eimil was sprawled across one of the tables sound asleep. Approaching the passed out adventurer, the owner picked up her chubby body between her arms and carried her off to the back room. It had been a while since the tavern had last gotten a new serving wench and she was sure Eimil's sizable tab would keep her employed for quite a while.

Writing Prompt 350

Prompt: A dragon has been plundering nearby towns and kidnapping princesses, as dragons do. Now it has started hoarding food alongside gold, and the princesses have got fatter and slobbier from the spoils.

Cathar the Bright used to revel in the fear and respect demanded by a dragon. His shimmering, golden wings, long tail, and ferocious jaws gave him the ability to pillage the continent in search of treasure to further expand his hoar. On a whim, Cathar had decided to mimic his ancestors and obtain a number of princesses to add to his collection. Never had he felt a deeper sense of regret.

Landing at the mouth of his cave, Cathar grimaced at the feeling of the bundles of food held within his claws. Entering his abode, he found his captive princesses just where he left them. Each one had given up their ruse of delicateness and manners in favor of showing off their true spoiled sides. Awful odors and rude remarks were a constant companion to the blobs of flesh the young women had become. All of them had surpassed the 800-pound mark, letting their obese forms waste the day away resting their chunky rears upon the treasure Cathar held so dear.

Upon seeing the dragon carry in their newest supply of food, the princesses hastened his movement with a cacophony of burps and farts erupting from their blobby bodies. Cathar's nostrils burned from the combined stench, still not used to the unrestrained gas that emanated from his captives at all hours of the day. Dropping off the princesses' meals, he was utterly disgusted as their gluttony took hold and they devoured it all without a second thought. Making his way back to the entrance of the cave to make another food run, he kept his eyes peeled for one of the kingdoms' messengers to come by and take away his unwanted guests.

Writing Prompt 351

Prompt: A Tiefling discovers that magical side effects to her pregnancy include an exaggerated hourglass figure and growing a huge cock and balls.

Grasping the fertility idol between her palms, Tostra wondered why her client wanted it so bad. Scratching her horns, she let her red fingers slide against the figure's exaggerated sexual organs. A shiver went through her fleshy tail as her head was filled with a bevy of unsightly imagery. Just about ready to leave the safety of her inn room and get back on the road towards her employer, she failed to notice the magical sigil on the idol's backside until it started to glow.

Tostra was sent stumbling forward as her belly swelled up to match the size and shape of a woman pregnant with triplets. The baby bump was soon accompanied with a pair of heavy breasts and a shapely rear that were sure to attract a bevy of new bedding partners. So preoccupied with her sudden increase in curvature, she let out a squeaks as she felt something sliding up against her undercarriage.

Leaning forward to peek past her belly and breasts, Tostra tried to keep herself calm as she watched a girthy cock inch ever further out from her body. Stopping with the shaft bouncing against her gut, each slight movement shook about her newly grown pair of swollen testicles against her womanhood. Taking her spot back in bed, Tostra tightly grasped the idol between her hands as she desperately searched for some way to rid herself of her unwanted gifts.

Writing Prompt 352

Prompt: A female pureblood yuan-ti finds an ancient relic of chaos, it enhances her reptilian powers but at the cost of turning her into a big fat naga queen who starts laying eggs to repopulate the dungeon she just cleared.

Szorta swung her curved blade with the fury she had harbored all her life. Wiping the blood of the fallen creature off her sword, she sheathed it away and approached the altar. Climbing the steps, she grasped her people's sacred cup between her hands. In the reflection of the golden cup, she could see her humanoid form and cursed that the only sign of her people's heritage were the scales on her hands and her slit-like nostrils. Opening up her waterskin, she filled the cup and held it up to her lips. Making a short prayer to her people's deity, Szorta tilted the chalice to her lips and drank.

She managed to place the cup on the altar just before she felt her legs began to tremble. Slinking to the ground, she watched her lithe body swell with fat. As she bulked up to mimic a plump snake, she reveled in the sight of her emerald scales covering every inch of her skin. Her legs began to fuse together as her scales spread down them, stretching them out until they were a singular serpentine tail.

Grabbing the altar with her plump fingers, Szorta pulled herself up to try and gain control of her new form. After several attempts, she managed to figure out how to slither her naga body around the floor with some expertise. Running her hand along her swollen belly, she could feel the clutch of eggs contained within. With a content smile, she made her way towards the shrine's abandoned throne room, ready to begin her life as a naga queen by birthing a new generation of loyal subjects.

Writing Prompt 353

Prompt: A slobby, ssbbw size witch fighting through a dungeon for a reward of food.

Hearing the door slam open, the gruff orc leader grasped his war hammer and tilted it above his head, ready to attack. Realizing that standing before him was a shaking goblin, he lowered his weapon and approached him. “Report. Where is the rest of your team?”

“U-utterly destroyed,” the goblin replied. “Most of them were taken out by an initial cast of stinking cloud. The rest...got caught in the explosion of a fireball. I only barely managed to escape. I could hear her stomping after me though. It’s only a matter of time until she gets here.”

“This doesn’t make any sense,” the orc leader said. “How could some obese slob so easily defeat us? What is she even here for? The other teams reported that she completely passed over the treasure room, so why is she so hell bent on invading us?”

“I don’t know sir, but I think it would be best to escape before-“

Before the orc’s eyes, he watched the goblin disappear in a poof of smoke to be replaced with a bunny rabbit. Looking for the source of the polymorph spell, the orc grimaced at the smell worse than his own body odor belonging to their attacker. She towered over his bulky form by several feet, the sheer girth of her fatty form making it all the more astounding she had been able to squeeze her way into the dungeon. Taking a moment to adjust her brimmed hat, the witchy woman held aloft her wand and pointed it towards the orc.

“Tell me where it BWOOOOOORRRP is or you’ll end up like your friends,” she said.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” the orc said, dropping his weapon and backing up to the wall. “Just take what you want and go.”

Shuddering as the witch waddled forward, he kept his eyes trained on her wobbling rear and jiggling gut as she made her way towards the dungeon’s food reserves. With a few magic

words, she cast Tenser's Floating Disk and began loading up the crates and barrels on top of it. A flick of her fingers sent the disk hovering behind her as she made her way out of the room. Leaving behind a foul cloud of flatulence to torment the terrified orc, the witch helped herself to a water skin of spiced wine to celebrate another successful raid.

Writing Prompt 354

Prompt: A group of women get ambushed by a group of male Orcs and they use their magic to turn the women into Dorses for mounts for the Orcs' army.

“Zahrbub now!”

Before the women had a chance to grab their weapons, the Orc dressed in spellcaster robes waved about his hands and made his incantation. The women let out a collective cry as their bodies twisted and turned under the spell's magic. Forced down on all fours by their widening bodies, they watched as their feet turned to hooves. Their faces stretched out to match a horses', albeit with plump lips that kept their mouths in a permanent O-shape. Their breasts and butt swelled with additional fat to have them match their wide torsos. The fear that lingered in their eyes was replaced with pleasure, as they shivered under the effects of the girthy cocks that grew from their undercarriage to bounce against their stomachs. As the group of transformed women took turn sniffing each other's puckered up butt cheeks and leaking womanhoods, the group of Orcs turned to Zahrbub.

“What happened?” the Orc leader asked. “You make horses not weird penis ones.”

“Me sorry,” Zahrbub replied. “Me still learning.”

“It okay,” the leader replied, patting him on the back. “We try and fix when we get back to camp.”

Wrangling up the misshapen women, the Orcs got back on the road with their twisted steeds in tow.

Writing Prompt 355

Prompt: A female adventurer gets polymorphed into a cow. When she returns to normal she ends up keeping the milky udder and a good amount of the weight.

With the raiders driven off, the party's attention turned towards the bovine creature mulling about the battlefield. Sheepishly making her way through the crowd, the group's wizard spilled a storm of apologies towards the scared and confused animal. Holding up her hand, the wizard spoke the words to counteract the spell and aimed her bolt of energy towards the accidental recipient of her Polymorph spell.

The transformed woman's bovine muzzle gave way to more normal human features. Whipping about her regrown, golden blonde hair, the noble cleric tried to regain her dignity as she heaved herself into a standing position. Letting out a sigh of relief at the loss of her tail and cloven hooves, she was already contemplating the best method to assure the wizard that all was forgiven.

The cleric's saintly demeanor disappeared as the spell stopped halfway through. Flicking her cow ears, she looked down to see that her belly still held most of her bovine weight to match with her wide rear. Grasping her heavy breasts, she let out a frightened squeal as milk leaked from her nipples. Watching the white droplets drip further down her fat rolls, her last bit of patience was broken at the sight of her protruding, bulbous, pink udder adding its own milk to the puddle spreading near her feet.

Letting out an animalistic snort, the cleric threw away everything she was taught at the monastery as she charged towards the wizard. Running harder than the time the group encountered a hive of bee women, the wizard tried to put as much distance between herself and her furious teammate as possible. Giving chase to the duo, the rest of the party followed the trail

of spilled milk in hopes they could calm the cleric down before they would have to waste their only Resurrection scroll.