

## Patreon Prompts Vol. 14

### Patreon Prompt 276

Prompt: (Male to Female Slob TF) <https://www.deviantart.com/leyers/art/Network-Downgrade-894339633>

Terry stood there, awestruck as he flipped through channel after channel on his new television. The crisp viewing experience had come with a complimentary assortment of hundreds of channels and streaming services. At a loss of where to even begin, Terry's fingers continued to press buttons until he landed on something called "Trash TV". More than a little curious, he settled onto his couch and began to watch a near endless onslaught of low budget reality shows.

As low bar as the entertainment was, it was still more than enough to keep Terry entertained. He rarely left his spot on the couch, only tearing his gaze away from the worst humanity could muster to use the bathroom or get food. It was this trance-like state the channel put him in that allowed him to remain blissfully ignorant to what was happening to his body.

Despite making numerous trips to the kitchen for snacks, he never seemed to run out of food. This never ending supply of junk food rapidly swelled his scrawny form up with hundreds of pounds of doughy flesh. His expanding belly and buttocks strained his clothes as they spread further across the couch cushions. Annoyed by the constant tearing and not caring if anyone would see him, he tossed off the ragged clothes to leave himself completely nude. To celebrate his newly acquired freedom, he lazily ran his plump fingers across his chest, unaware of the plump set of feminine breasts he had developed.

Hours passed and Terry still kept his gaze on Trash TV rather than his every changing form. To go along with his meaty bosom, his genitals were replaced with a vagina that was completely hidden by his hanging gut. The newly deemed Trish was further differentiated from

her original self with a long, greasy locks of black hair going down her back fat and a set of gold, hoop ear rings that hung from her ears. Brushing crumbs off of the heart-shaped tattoo on her shoulder that bared her nickname, Trash Bag, she decided to stop snacking in favor of moving onto other bad habits.

Popping open a bottle of beer, she chugged it down in a matter of seconds. Letting out a bellowing BWOOOOOOOORRP from her red painted lips, she tossed the bottle away and lit up a cigarette. The foul vapors as she let out a puff of smoke were soon overridden by a horrendous fart spurting out from her thick rear. Leaning over to the side to release more gas, she snickered to herself with pride at her own disgusting nature. Hoping the neighbors would hear her various expulsions, she sat her fat ass back down on the couch to watch a Cooking War marathon and eagerly await the pizza delivery boy.

## Patreon Prompt 277

Prompt: A girl gets turned into her boyfriend's wetsuit.

“Are you sure about this?” Jacque asked as he looked over the surface of the water.

“For the hundredth time, yes,” Constance replied, pulling out the sheet of paper. “This should be a lot cheaper than having to spring for diving gear. Now hold up the incantation in so we can get started.”

Knowing it was futile to argue with his spell crazy girlfriend, Jacques did as he was told and help the scroll aloft. Constance showed no remorse as she spoke the words aloud and the spell began to take effect. Her already trim body further shrunk down to be no thicker than a few inches. Flesh and bones were replaced with black rubber covered in stripes of her favorite shade of purple. Pleased with her progress so far, she managed to put on a smile just before her face sunk into the mass of black fabric and fell to the ground.

Even having been told that no harm would come to Constance while the spell was active, Jacques was still very gentle with the living wetsuit as he put her on. The tight was fit, but everything felt snug by the time he managed to wriggle himself inside and pull up the zipper on the back. As he gathered up the rest of his swimming gear, he couldn't help noticing how Constance constantly shivered from her own excitement. Getting a little anxious upon feeling her body squeeze against his groin area, Jacques hurriedly put on his mask and snorkel before diving in to explore coral reef below them.

## Patreon Prompt 278

Prompt: In the endeavor of passing time at the mall, a group of women decide to have some fun by shoving one of their friends into plus-sized male clothing. The fun lasts until she changes to better match her new outfit and the other girls follow the same fate.

Arms burdened with tons of clothes, Pam and her friends made their way into the department store's changing rooms. Sifting through the plus-sized bundles of fabric, they took their time coming up with the best outfit to keep them entertained. Going through men's shirts and pants that would fit better on a cow than a human person, they finally made their decision. All that was left was to choose which of the women would be the unlucky model for these oversized clothes.

A losing streak in a game of rock, paper, scissors sent Pam into the changing room with the group's selected outfit. After a few minutes of struggling and angry muttering, she opened up the door once more. Shuffling her feet with the hem of her tan pants around her ankles, she held out her arms to properly show off the XXXL, black dress shirt hanging off of her body. Letting the others have their laugh at her pouty face and ridiculous appearance, she was about to ask if she could change only to stop as she heard a man's husky voice leave her lips.

Pam continued to let out a string of masculine yelps as her once slim body fattened up to fill up the oversized clothing. A bulging belly appeared to test the limits of the dress shirt's buttons, with a set of sagging man pecs forcing the top few to loosen up to avoid popping off. The tan slacks were strained against Pam's widening rear, allowing her to feel the crotch area squeeze around a set of male genitalia that had taken the place of womanhood. Seeing her long locks of hair shrivel up into a buzz cut, she jiggled about her multiple chins as she called out for her friends to get the clothes off of her.

Springing to action, the other girls tried their best to rip apart the clothing. However, they were stopped as the other outfits they had brought floated into the air and flew towards them. One by one the other woman were forced into the oversized clothes. Pam's cries for help soon fell silent as he watched his friends meet a similar fate.

Each girl ballooned up to be no less than 800 pounds of blubbery fat. Their voices changed in tone in time with the creation of the bulges in their tight pants and the sagging of her pecs against their enormous bellies. Left staring at their thick forms and masculine faces, they remained silent as they tried to come up with a plan. Without much else to go on, the group of obese men waddled their way out of the changing area to pay for the clothes and decide on what to do over an impromptu feast at the food court.

## Patreon Prompt 279

Prompt: While battling a cronomancer, an adventurer's past is changed, reducing him to a helpless fat ass.

Hoping to gain glory and gold in battle, Richmond twirled his moustache as he stepped out into the arena. Upon seeing the wimpy, young woman dressed in raggedy robes standing at the opposite end of the stadium, he was more than certain of himself that he would come out the victor. Too busy readying his spear and waving to the crowd, he nearly missed the announcement that he was fighting a cronomancer. Shrugging it off as just another term for a spellcaster, he stared down his opponent and charged forward once the starting bell rang.

Richmond's first stab missed by a wide mile as the woman twirled over to the side. Before he could attack again, she slapped the flat of her palm against his back. Swiping his spear made her back off, but it didn't stop a tingling sensation from emanating from where she had touched his armor. Just as he prepared to charge once more, he shuddered as it felt as if something had crawled inside of his brain.

Clutching his forehead, he closed his eyes and watched as moments of his life flashed before his eyes, only to be replaced with incorrect information. Times spent gathering lumber in the woods near his childhood home were replaced with lazy afternoons gorging himself on wild berries. Various adventuring quests were swapped out for hundreds of different inn and eatery visits to sample different cuisine. Demonstrations of valor to impress women were replaced with eating and drinking contests to fill up his pouch alongside his ever growing belly.

When Richmond finally did open his eyes again, it was just in time to witness his precious armor be burst apart by his fattening body. Watching the last of chest plate bound away from his drooping pecs and doughy gut, he clenched his pudgy fingers around his spear. Though

he tried to attack the cronomancer, his bulky legs did little to accommodate for his widened hips and fat ass. Exhausted from the mere act of running for a few seconds, Richmond collapsed to the ground to rest his enormous body.

The fallen hero made for a perfect pedestal for the cronomancer to address the crowd. Climbing atop his blubbery belly, she raised her arms up to bask in the praise of the audience. Upon hearing the announcer call her name, the woman straddled herself upon Richmond's body. Using his moobs as a pillow, she nestled up next to his face to pinch his chubby cheeks and say, "Good game."

Patreon Prompt 280

Prompt: (Bowser and Peach (Mario) Body Swap TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/7329373/>

The mighty King Koopa, Bowser stomped his heavy feet into the ground as he switched his view between his minion, Kamek and the nude figure of a recently captured Princess Peach. Becoming impatient, the scaly brute got the spellcaster moving faster with a roar from his mighty maw of teeth. Hurried along by his master, Kamek handed over a yellow potion to his master before climbing a ladder to force feed the recently stripped princess a red potion. Grinning to himself as he thought about the after effects of the love potions Kamek was giving out, Bowser chugged down the potion before he could hear the spellcaster muttering doubts about which of the colored elixirs were meant for.

Bowser only realized something was off as he watched Peach's formerly trim figure begin to bloat with added bulk. The added heft gave her a sizable gut lined with a thick hide and sets of claws along her fingers and toes. Though the rest of her continued to grow, her breasts disappeared in the process along with the rest of her feminine curves. Upon seeing her hair change into a bright red, a pair of sharp horns emerge from her scalp, and a green turtle shell begin to form on her back, Bowser turned towards Kamek in search of answers.

The monstrous king didn't have a chance to scold the spellcaster before he was forced to deal with the rapid loss of his body's girth. His hard scales were replaced with soft, pale flesh, getting rid of his shell and horns in the process. Momentarily blinded by his hair as it grew out and took on a golden blonde hue, he pushed the strands away to see that he had grown a sizable pair of breasts to go with his curvy rear. All too familiar with the proportions of this form, he gritted his teeth and looked up in search of Kamek once more.



Bowser let out a feminine yelp as his eyes beheld the former princess using her meaty claws to rapidly stroke her newly grown, red cock. Seeing Peach stick her tongue out past her rows of teeth, he traced her eyes to see that she was masturbating to the sight of his newly formed vagina. Placing his hands over his body in an attempt to cover himself up, Bowser turned to a very stunned Kamek and barked out for him to reverse the effects of his mistake. As the spellcaster hurried to find an antidote, Bowser merely stood there and looked over his former princess, actually contemplating whether or not to give in to the urges surging through his new body.

Patreon Prompt 281

Prompt: (Female to Male T-Rex TF and IQ Loss) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/49980627/>

The museum's new dinosaur exhibit came with a plethora of features to entice people to come in and learn about the long forgotten giants. Working animatronics and stellar documentaries were enough to garner attention for most people, but for Rena her interest was a bit simpler. Upon entering the museum, she had made a beeline towards the cafeteria to sample what they claimed was authentic, Paleo-era cuisine. Though she was suspicious that it was all just a means to offload huge chunks of cooked meat with a cartoonishly large bone sticking out of them, it nonetheless got her to order one for herself just to try it.

Sinking her teeth into the juicy meat rewarded Rena's taste buds with a plethora of unbelievable flavors. Bite after bite she rejoiced in the indulgent meal as she was determined to finish off every chunk. Making her way down to the bone, she went so far as to allow her teeth to slide across the surface in the hopes of scraping off any leftover meat. What was supposed to be a soft gnaw escalated into a fearsome bite that split the bone in half.

Rena reeled back from the sudden destruction of the bone and slid her fingers along her mouth to see if she had damaged anything. She only had a few moments to inspect the sharp fangs that had grown over her teeth before her hands were pushed away by a scaly muzzle emerging from the front of her face. Letting out a huff from her newly formed nostrils, she let out a series of confused growls as her glasses barely managed to stay balanced atop her snout.

Rena's once small body erupted with hundreds of pounds of bulky scales as her head pressed up against the ceiling. Further damage was done to the eating area as she developed a long tail to swipe away at the nearby tables and shoo away any onlookers. Three-toed claws took the place of her feet to both scratch up the tiled floor and better match the thick, bent legs that

strained the limits of her jeans. Though her pink shirt managed to stay intact through her changes, it was a silver lining to the loss of her breasts. She tried to rip off the tight fabric clinging to her thick torso, but that was deemed useless as they were reduced to a pair of stubby limbs with small claws that desperately tried to grasp at her body.

As Rena's body finished up her physical changes, the panic in her mind started to be overtaken by a hazy mist. Going along with her T-Rex like physique, her brain began to shrink down to the size of a peanut. Her fear was replaced with her base instincts, with her lost brain matter being transferred into a sizable lump that hung between her legs. Shuffling around and jostling about his manhood within the confines of his overburdened jeans, the male T-Rex turned his glazed over eyes to the food area. Smacking his massive jaws in anticipation, he stomped his way over to the vast collection of tainted meat to fuel his search for a mate.

## Patreon Prompt 282

Prompt: Angel Dust, in an effort to break his unhealthier habits- takes up binge eating, and accidentally eats himself into a barely mobile, grease soaked blob with arteries clogged by all the fatty foods he has been eating.

Partially to keep his mind off of his inability to take drugs and to get Charlie off his back, Angel Dust had decided to swap over to a different kind of vice. Happy to see him behaving, Charlie didn't think much of the constant orders for greasy, fast food the white furred demon kept ordering to his room. While the rest of the staff at the hotel was quick to point out the side effects, she was determined to do whatever it takes to keep Angel Dust out of trouble.

Day in and day out Angel Dust would remain in his room, devouring any morsel of food Charlie was able to bring him. Very little physical activity was done during this time, save for waddling around his room to use the bathroom or collect his latest meal. Though clothing orders were occasionally mixed in with his usual food deliveries, they eventually stopped as he hit a point of no return where he doubted he would ever leave the confines of his room.

Months of binge eating had left Angel as massive blob consisting of over 1000 pounds of blubbery, white furred covered flesh. When his pudgy fingers weren't busy shoveling food into his mouth, he used two of his four arms to pick away at the leftover crumbs and stains that littered the expanse of his drooping man boobs. These various spills cascaded down his body to further stain the mattress and pool around the set of meaty ass cheeks that hung over the sides of his king-sized bed.

During one of her routine food deliveries, Charlie took a moment to gawk at what her reckless plan had done to her guest. Though she had thought of bringing up Angel Dust's weight problem multiple times, each attempt was undone with a toothy grin from the obese demon.

Putting on a shaky smile, Charlie would always give in to Angel Dust's orders to further fatten himself up with every growing order of food to keep him as an overweight grease ball for the foreseeable future.

## Patreon Prompt 283

Prompt: A young woman's career working on a farm hits a snag when her new boss says she isn't fit to take on the arduous tasks of running a farm. Undeterred, she willingly agrees to down a mystery bottle of booze to turn her into bulky, boar man.

In an instant Hilda's dream had been taken away from her. When asked why she couldn't take the farm job, the owner plainly stated that her skinny body wasn't fit for the arduous labor needed for the position. Getting down on her knees, Hilda begged for something, anything to make her fit for the job. While she had expected the usual advice of protein shakes and exercise, she wasn't expecting the farmer to hand her a jug of moonshine. All it took was a hasty explanation that the booze would make her more suited for the job to get her to chug the liquor down without a second thought.

Hilda's grasp on the empty jug was weakened by a fuzzy sensation spreading through her body. The container was left to roll across the ground as she was forced to deal with the extra fat layering itself onto her hands and limbs. More blubber began to encase her formerly skinny body, making her weight soar to be over 500 pounds. Too busy contending with her belly ripping through her shirt and her extra chins, she failed to notice the other changes coming alongside her added girth.

A hide of black fur began to cover her skin, reaching from her pair of floppy ears, all the way down to her cloven feet. Clasping with her hoof-like fingers, she reached towards her thick rear to pull away the remnants of her pants and give her newly formed, curly tail a chance to wave around. Letting out a squeal as she watched her face form a full on pig snout and tusks, she turned towards the farmer for an answer. His only response was that she wasn't done yet.

As Hilda pondered what the farmer meant, her eyes drifted towards her chest. Though they were much larger than before, they lacked much in the way of shapeliness. Hoisting up the thick pecs with her hooves, she realized that they more resembled a pair of sagging man boobs. This discovery went along with the sensation of something thick and hard swinging between her legs.

Still coming to grips with his new identity as an obese pig man, Hilda scrambled to catch the set of work clothes the farmer threw him. Congratulating the dumbfounded Hilda on his new job, the farmer said to meet him out back for his first task. Stretching a wide grin on his pudgy face, Hilda scrambled to squeeze into his overalls so that he could get to work right away.

## Patreon Prompt 284

Prompt: A guy named Pan wakes up to find that he has become a sexy Satyr.

As Pan opened his eyes, the throbbing sensation in his forehead reminded him of how much he had drunk the night before. Feeling a searing pain as he turned his face towards a ray of sunlight, he quickly rolled away to try to ease his hangover. Struggling to get to his feet, he felt like something was off with his lower half as he made his way towards the bathroom.

While Pan's movements were slow, the long trek down the hall gave him a chance to try to recall what had happened the night before. Though his memory was hazy, he could remember that the party had been an invitation from a couple of women with leaf-like hair. As the night went on, they kept whispering into his ear how he was supposed to be the reincarnation of a long lost forest spirit. Their gentle words and never ending booze kept him at the party for the entire evening, leaving him unable to remember how he even got home. However, that was the least of his worries as he stepped up to bathroom sink to splash water into his face.

Shaking off some of his morning grogginess he finally noticed that his ears had gained a set of points that matched well with his set of curved horns and the goatee of brown fur around his chin. Taking a step back from the mirror, he ignored the clack of something below him as he took a gander at his swollen biceps and pecs. Continuing to examine his six-pack abs inevitably led his attention towards the pelt of brown fur that covered everything from the waist down. Though his cloven feet and short tail should have sufficed, the sight of his girthy cock hanging between his legs was more than enough to shake off the remnants of his hangover.

The buzz of Pan's cell phone got him to awkwardly clop his way back into his bedroom. Picking up his phone, he saw a long list of messages from what he had to assume were the women he had met prior. Though their methods differed, each of them had put out a call for him



to pay them a visit, each one longing to feel the special touch of being with a Satyr. Not one to let an opportunity go to waste, Pan sat down on his bed and tapped his hooves against the floor as he accepted each one of the woman's invitations for more magic fueled entertainment.

## Patreon Prompt 285

Prompt: Angel Dust is kidnapped by one of his competitors in the porn industry, they fatten him up into a helpless, horribly unhealthy grease ball hoping to ruin his career. His career thrives.

Being at the top of the porn industry in hell, the white furred Angel Dust was used to having people jealous of his success. He had dealt with his fair share of people trying to take him down in the past, but none had been as strange as his current kidnapper. Tied to a chair by rope, any attempts for Angel to make his escape were foiled upon a large tube being forced down his throat. With his plethora of insults muffled by the nozzle, Angel could only sit there as his rival shot an evil grin at him as he flipped a switch.

Angel nearly suffocated as the first load of liquid came splurging down his throat. Forced to either drink or drown, he opened his mouth wide to take in the torrent of mystery goo pouring into him. A few seconds of this feeding were enough to strain the ropes binding Angel to his chair as he developed a sizable potbelly. This little bit of added pudgy was merely the beginning.

Flipping the switch once more, the rival demon chuckled as a waterfall of fattening liquid forced itself down Angel's throat. Angel's trim body was lost under hundreds of pounds of blubber that showed no signs of slowing down. His plethora of flab came crashing to the ground as his chair splintered underneath the brunt of his widened backside. Though his meaty man boobs and love handles managed to burst apart what remained of his restraints, Angel still sat like an immobile blob as the last few drops of the liquid pumped into his plumped up face.

Removing the tube from Angel's mouth, his rival was more than eager to throw out as many insults about the porn star's weight that he could muster. Rolling Angel out onto the street, the rival slammed the door on him, certain that he had ruined his career. Unfortunately for him, Angel wasn't one to give up so easily.

Mere weeks after the incident with the feeding tube, Angel was once more making the rounds in the sex industry. He had learned how to use his added heft to good use, attracting as sizable group of clientele that appreciated his hefty form. Watching as Angel's popularity rose alongside his weight, his rival was left to consider if he too should follow the same fate.

Patreon Prompt 286

Prompt: (Female to Strongfat Male TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/50070012/>

Dionna still didn't quite understand how the pump and spandex her friend had gifted her was supposed to help her ease her stress. More than a little skeptical, she still squeezed herself into the tight-fitting outfit in preparation for the device known as the "Inner Pleasure Plumper." Her worries were not eased as she followed the instructions to clasp the business end of the tube against her womanhood. Figuring she at least had to try it once, she took a deep breath and pushed down on the plunger to send a puff of air inside of her.

This moment of courage rewarded Dionna with a surge of pleasure throughout her entire body. Gritting her teeth from the wealth of euphoria spreading across her skin, she showed little hesitation in pressing down on the pump once more. Over and over again she used the plunger to experience rising levels of pleasure, remaining blissfully ignorant to what this was all doing to her body.

Her once slim arms began to bulk up with toned muscles, contrasting with the swelling belly pushing the limits of her spandex. Similar waves of pleasures cascading through her chest helped to replace her modest bosom with a pair of toned pecs that ever so gradually swallowed up the material binding them. Grasping at her morphed chest with her thick fingers, she pushed down on the pump once more. Upon feeling her ass cheeks plop out of her outfit to be wobbled about by her bulky legs, she couldn't stop herself from letting out a deep, masculine moan.

These heavy grunts became more frequent as she developed a prominent jaw that became covered in a thick beard. Looking past her added facial hair and prominent gut, she managed to watch as the pump brought out a sizable bulge from within the confines of her thick thighs.

Allowing one hand to slide across his newly grown cock, Dionna's mind could only focus on the pleasure his newly grown genitalia would bring.

Popping off the nozzle, Dionna began to shuffle his way through his room. He only managed to catch a glimpse of himself in the mirror in passing, but that was enough to give him a good view of his DILF like body. Managing to squeeze his wide hips into the bathroom, he jostled around the tight spandex still clinging to his form in order to give his throbbing cock the attention it needed.

Patreon Prompt 287

Prompt: After body swapping and fattening Leela's body, Amy somehow swaps bodies with Linda van Schoonhoven and fattens her up.

“And that's the latest update on the upcoming season of Everybody Loves Hypnotoad,” Linda said, waving about her neck-length, blonde hair as she stared into the camera. “Our next story covers the wild events that transpired at a local eatery right here in New New York.”

Shifting to the side, Linda gestured towards a screen. The image showed Leela, her white crop top covered in multiple stains as it tried to contain her numerous fat rolls. Ripping through her top with the help of her massive mammaries, the one-eyed space captain showed little restraint as she continued to stuff her face. Whipping around her ponytail of purple hair as she dunked her head into a bowl of melted cheese, she showed little shame in giving the camera a good view of her over 800 pound butt cheeks as she made a complete pig of herself.

“The disgraced captain known as Turanga Leela,” Linda began, “stated upon finishing her indulgent meal that her gluttonous gorging was brought upon by her friend Amy possessing her body at the time through a mad scientist's machine. This woman's mad ravings landed her in police custody where she is currently behind bars until she is deemed un-insane and capable of talking about something other than this supposed friend possessing other-“

Linda's bright smile slacked as something shot across the room into her chest. Ignoring the looks of her co-host Morbo and the crew, she made a beeline towards the crafts table. Pushed forward by another woman's voice, she began stuffing everything in front of her into her face. Developing a sizable potbelly as she finished off the entire catering area, she rushed straight out the door. Bringing her newest body out onto the streets, Amy steered her unwilling passenger towards the nearest source of food to continue indulging her insatiable appetite.

Patreon Prompt 288

Prompt: (Mai Shiranui (KOF) Male Goblin TF) <https://www.pixiv.net/en/artworks/103229630>

In the interest of improving her fighting ability, Mai had traveled to an eerie forest to participate in a tournament. She knew something was off when she entered the fighting area and realized she was the only human there. Surrounded by all manners of ghosts, goblins, and supernatural creatures, she nonetheless prepared herself for a fight against the red, winged gargoyle demon the leapt out to be her opponent.

Mai's years of training did little to prepare her for the demon's tricks. Each attack she launched was easily dodged, the creature letting out a cackle with each miss. Even tossing her fans did little to help Mai with the fight, judging that her opponent was merely playing with her based on how the other monsters were laughing. Nearly dodging away from a ball of fire erupting from the demon's mouth, Mai ended up losing track of it. Using this moment of distraction to its benefit, the demon popped out of a bush with the intention of bringing the contest to an end.

A beam of energy shot out from the demon's finger and struck Mai in the back. A yellow aura surrounded Mai's body, making her shudder in its wake. She let out a gasp as she watched her once legendary set of breasts dissolve into a pair of flat, green-colored pecs. So busy grabbing at her lost bosom with her clawed fingers, she failed to notice her diminishing height until she was no more than three feet tall. Her shorter status kept her low enough to allow the tip of her newly grown cock to graze against the ground.

Giving up on all notions of fighting, Mai pulled out a hand mirror to better inspect her transformed self. Only allowing the reflection to linger for a moment on her flaccid dick and sagging testicles, she raised it up to examine every inch of her green face. Bringing the mirror up

to her face, she got a good look at the yellow eyes, pointed ears, and rows of sharp teeth that marked her as no longer human. Mai's new status as a well-endowed, male goblin was more than enough to send the other monsters into fits of laughter at the sight of their newest plaything's embarrassment.



## Patreon Prompt 289

Prompt: Lusamine heads to the Galar region in search of an elusive Ultra Beast. When she finally discovers the Pokémon, she tosses out a damaged Beast Ball and accidentally turns into a Ball Gal.

Going across continents under the guise of mere research had brought Lusamine to this moment. Standing before the Ultra Wormhole as an Ultra Beast slithered its way out, she barely flinched even as her long, blonde hair billowed in the wind. Keeping her green eyes focused on the creature she was absolutely obsessed with, she reached into the pocket of her white dress to pull out a device known as a Beast Ball. Determined to make the Ultra Beast her own, she tossed the ball at the creature without noticing the various scuffs it had accrued during her transit into the Galar Region.

The Beast Ball harmlessly bounced off of the creature's head to fly back towards Lusamine. As the ball drew closer, it opened up by itself to let out a crackle of energy. Seeing that her own invention was about to swallow her up, Lusamine braced herself. Reeling back as the ball hit her chest, she prepared herself to experience the capture process first hand.

Exploding into a shower of lights, the ball covered Lusamine in its essence. A pattern of dark blue crossed with light blue stripes spread across the entirety of her skin. Still gawking at her drastic makeover, she stumbled forward as her hair became rigid gold that curved around the back. These changes were considered secondary as she watched her breasts rapidly begin to swell. Bursting out the top of her dress, her engorged bosom swayed about to show off their spherical shape and her puffed up nipples.

The sight of golden curves forming on the edges of her breasts to flank white painted areolae became obscured as her head began to change. Her cranium started to balloon up,

becoming just as round as her modified teats. Though she had every reason to be concerned, her growing head came with a growing sense of merriment. This unbridled joy was shown off in the form of a painted on smile and a pair of wide, cartoony eyes that had taken the place of her facial features.

Coming to a semi-stable state, the Ball Gal formerly known as Lusamine began to prance about the field. She showed little shame in jumping around to show off her engorged bosom, very eager to put on a performance for the Ultra Beast. Deeming Lusamine as little more than a distraction at this point, the Pokémon flew off towards the horizon, leaving the Ball Gal to wonder through the Galar region in the hopes of letting everyone see her enormous features.

## Patreon Prompt 290

Prompt: Having been stuck in the ring of gluttony for the last year due to a massive snowstorm, Angel Dust finally returns to the hotel. Much to everyone's shock, Angel has eaten himself into a wheezing, barely mobile slobby blob.

When Charlie first heard of Angel Dust's return to the hotel, she had done everything in her power to get the place ready for the porn star's arrival. A freak snowstorm had left Angel stuck in the ring of gluttony for a full year. With most communications blocked out by the extreme weather, most of the other residents of the hotel had given up hope on ever seeing him again. Having been the first to receive the news of his return, Charlie was more than eager to step outside the front doors to welcome him with open arms.

Charlie's friendly smile faltered upon seeing the mass of wheezing, grease-slicked white fur waddling its way towards her. The four arms and toothy grim made it seem like the demon was Angel Dust, but she just couldn't believe it. His formerly trim form had been buried underneath hundreds of pounds of blubber that could barely be held up by his bulky legs. Lost in watching his sagging man boobs shake with each heavy stomp, Charlie just stood there as she was bumped aside by his massive gut.

Reeling from the impact, Charlie tried to give chase to figure out what had happened. Her curiosity was rewarded with a rancid fart slapping its way out from betwixt Angel's doughy ass cheeks. Coughing on the noxious fumes, she turned back to watch him balance his wide backside a top two stools at the bar. Taking a mug of beer, he easily downed it in a few gulps to help relieve his exhaustion and fuel a loud BWOOOOOOOOOORRRP echoing from his plump face.

As the night went on, Angel would tell the tale how he had become a figure head of the circle of gluttony. Through his constant gassy expulsions, Charlie was able to piece together his

tale of eating contests and showing off his slobby self for his growing crowd of admirers in the circle of gluttony. Though his gassy, obese body was a far cry from his former self, it was clear that he was in no hurry to go back to his old ways.

## Patreon Prompt 291

Prompt: Dave wishes his roommate Pan, a satyr would stop bringing strange women to the apartment. He wakes up the next day as a sexy woman.

Dave knew something was off as he rolled out of bed and stumbled into the apartment's living room. Waiting for him on the couch was his roommate Pan, a man who had just recently been turned into a satyr. The presence of Pan's horns, cloven feet, and furry lower half had only slowed him down for a day before he was out using his features to attract women. The combination of Pan's muscles and ability to play the flute had been more than enough to allow him the ability to bring in new partners every night. It was this very issue that had led to him and Dave having an argument about the various women Pan brought it. Upon wishing out loud that Pan would stop bringing in strangers, Dave's memory of the rest of the evening went blank.

Seeing an apologetic look on Pan's face, Dave opened his mouth to ask what was going on, only to stop upon hearing a feminine voice. The sound got him to move his dainty fingers across his body to explore the various changes that had been made the previous evening. A set of boxer shorts hung off of the sides of his curvy rear and allowed him to press his hand against his groin to feel his newly formed womanhood. Pulling his hands up, his fingers dwindled on the set of prominent breasts hanging from his bare chest. Giving his tits a tweak to confirm they were real, he moved his attention upward to feel his softer facial features and wind a finger through his long, silky smooth, blonde hair.

"Sorry," Pan said, getting Dave to stop examining her body. "I kind of got carried away with one of my flute spells last night. It'll take me a while to figure out how to reverse your condition. Anyway I can make it up to you in the meantime?"

Davi thought for a moment, sliding her pink nails across her puffy lips. “I want you to buy me lunch at the café around the corner.”

“Anything else?”

After a momentary pause, Davi replied. “I want to wear a dress. A pretty one. Did any of your dates leave one behind?”

Pan smiled, getting up from the couch and gesturing for Davi to follow him. “Right this way.”

Patreon Prompt 292

Prompt: (Trans Female Breast, Ball, and Lip Expansion)

<https://www.furaffinity.net/view/50251570/>

With the prices of medical services skyrocketing, Ashy had to make some hard decisions when it came to her HRT meds. Though the name brand products were a little out of her budget, a suitable replacement came by at a much lower price. As she loaded up her latest dose, she couldn't help feeling like something was off. Thinking it was just her usual jitters of having to self-administer the injection, she braced herself as inserted the needle into her waist and pushed down on the plunger.

Ashy had just enough time to put away the syringe before she felt that something was off. A tightness in her chest brought her attention to the way her breasts were starting to enlarge at a rapid rate. The gasp that escaped her mouth at the discovery also let her feel the added plumpness around her lips. Unsure of whether to focus on her puffy mouth or engorging tits, a third option was given to her in the form of an enlarging bulge in her sweatpants.

The reason for the uncomfortable feeling in her pants was made clear as a pair of overly swollen testicles ripped through the fabric. Swaying about the engorging orbs to get a better look at the bulging veins that appeared on their surface, her view became partially obscured as her chest surged in weight. The added mass of her breasts forced them to slip out from beneath her sweater, showing off similar veins along them and her widening nipples.

Ashy had only a moment to notice her areolae take on a bright shade of purple before her vision was obscured by her plump, purple lips. Though she could no longer get a good look at them, she could certainly feel her testicles as they grew large enough to force her down to the ground. Any attempts to stand were made futile by the presence of her equally heavy mammaries

sagging down to balance against her balls. Feeling more veins begin to bulge across her enlarged assets and a strange purple goo begin to leak from her nipples, she tried to call out for help. All that came out was a series of muffled moans, her attempts to curse out the state of the medical economy foiled by her purple, puffed up lips.



## Patreon Prompt 293

Prompt: A few insults thrown at a girl in need of transport leads to a guy being transformed into a pretty, pink car made for both comfort and pleasure.

“Lot a good that’s going to do you, hot stuff,” Hector chuckled, walking towards the woman as she tried to pour gas into her broken down old car. “Better to let it rot on the side of the road.”

With a huff, the woman turned towards him with anger in her eyes. “First off, my name is Fiora. Second, what else am I supposed to do?”

“I could give you a ride,” Hector replied, thrusting his hips forward as he grabbed his crotch.

Though his words were vulgar, Fiora decided to take him up on his offer. Using his constant laughter at his own jokes for an opening, she rushed forward to shove a mouthful of gas down his throat. Backing away before she could get drenched in his spittle, she merely smiled in the wake of his insults. His barrage of foul language fixed itself upon his words being replaced with loud HONKS to match the rest of his body’s changes.

Hector was forced down to the ground as his hands and feet were replaced with wheels. He continued to let out a string of panicked honks as his body stretched out and became covered in shimmering, pink metal. As his organs were replaced with an engine and other machinery, his face widened out until the only part of him that looked remotely human were a pair of cartoony eyes where the headlights would be. Upon becoming a near perfect replica of a four-car sedan, there was little Hector could do as Fiora stepped forward to examine him.

Getting down on the ground, Fiora reached out to examine the living car’s underbelly. Seeing a large, swollen gas tank, she hazarded to give it a slight tickle. The act brought out a

series of high pitched honks that sounded similar to the moans a woman would make upon having her breasts fondled. Content with her new ride, Fiora climbed into the driver's seat and turned on the ignition. Feeling the pleasurable vibrations overtaking Hector's body, she sped off down the road to give her new car a proper test drive.

Patreon Prompt 294

Prompt: Moxxie (Helluva Boss) is convinced by Millie to try out food play. After a few months, Moxxie is a completely immobile, wheezing blob who Millie dotes on hand and foot.

While Moxxie and Millie were in no short of supply for passion when it came to the bedroom, that didn't stop the imp couple from wanting to experiment. Having seen multiple other demons indulging in the practice in the ring of gluttony, Millie had tried to get Moxxie to try out food play. Though it took quite a bit of convincing, Moxxie eventually relented and agreed to become Millie's feedee.

The first session was a small one, with Millie stuffing her husband with a box of doughnuts. Just as his potbelly looked about ready to burst, that had been the sign for the two of them to have at it. Given just how pleasurable copulating with the overstuffed male imp felt, there was little doubt in their minds that they wanted to continue. However, there was also nothing in the way to tell them when to stop.

Moxxie's feeding sessions became more frequent as he and Millie became more obsessed with the unequitable pleasure. As to be expected with this constant stuffing, Moxxie's weight started to grow out of control. Despite this, he and Millie would frequently miss out on work just for the sake of reveling in his indulgence within the comfort of their own bedroom. Spiraling into this world of unbridled indulgence, it only took a matter of months for Moxxie to become nearly unrecognizable from his old self.

The formerly short imp was now a massive blob of red skin that took up the majority of the bed that he and Millie used to share. Blubber encasing his infrequently used arms and legs made it so that moving even an inch from the imprint his meaty rear and plump tail had made in

the mattress a Herculean effort. Though his massive form came with many disadvantages, his pair of sagging pecs provided ample sitting room for Millie as she continued to stuff his face.

Wiping the crumbs from his plump cheeks and momentarily tangling her fingers in his white hair, Millie gave Moxxie a kiss to his multiple chins before she descended onto the floor. Turning back to see her pudgy pet swallow the last helping of his latest meal, she surveyed the massive gut that had been the results of their desires. Though the sagging belly prevented her from seeing it, she was certain that her husband was quaking from the need to satisfy his rigid member. Already securing a girthy strap-on around her waist, Millie sauntered forward to give his deep belly button the usual treatment needed to fill the room with his euphoric moans.

## Patreon Prompt 295

Prompt: Girl wishes her more popular friends wanted to hang out with her. Next thing she knows she is a jock and they both have a big crush on her.

The promise that Gina would remain friends with Lindsey and Jennifer forever was proven a shaky one once they entered college. Soon after enrolling, the group split apart as Lindsey and Jennifer were accepted into the most popular sorority on campus. Though Gina tried to reconnect with them multiple times, each attempt had her unassuming fashion and figure completely ignored in favor of her old friend's new sorority sisters.

Desperate not to lose her friends, Gina had sought out a strange woman at a little shop downtown. Upon hearing the college girl's woes, the shop keep sold her an amulet said to grant whatever body she desired. So obsessed with reclaiming her former friends, Gina accepted the jewelry without hesitation. Dashing across campus and watching as her friends enjoyed a peaceful day near the football field, Gina put on the amulet and made her wish to be given an appearance Lindsey and Jennifer would find irresistible.

A bright glimmer from the amulet momentarily blinded Gina's vision. When she regained her eyesight, it was to see that her clothes had been replaced with a football jersey and a matching pair of pants. Though the clothing hung off of her stringy body at first, that all changed as she began to develop bugling muscles and a few extra feet in height. In exchange for the more intimidating build, she lost her breasts along with her long hair in favor of a sharp buzz cut.

Gina's cry for help stopped mid-sentence as she heard a masculine grunt leave her lips. The deeper voice came alongside the emergence of a set of cock and ball that filled up Gina's pants with its sizable bulge. Grasping his manhood with his hand, Gina's mind began to be filled with memories that weren't his own. His old life became overwritten by these flashes of

someone else's. By the time Gina's transformation was complete, all that remained was Gian, the star quarterback of the football team.

Wondering what he was doing standing behind the bleachers, Gian walked out on the field in order to get to practice. He was stopped as a pair of women ran up to him and leaned against his shoulders. Introducing themselves as Lindsey and Jennifer, they asked the jock if he wanted to grab a lunch with them somewhere. Not one to pass up an opportunity to be around a pair of attractive women, Gian walked away from the field with his arms wrapped around his new girlfriends.

## Patreon Prompt 296

Prompt: A boy makes a poorly worded Christmas wish and turns everyone (him included) into Santa.

Parking his sleigh in a crooked position, Santa Claus barged his way into his house at the north pole. Though the elves and Mrs. Claus were there to congratulate him on another successful night of delivering presents, he kept his bespectacled eyes focused on his comfortable recliner in front of the TV. Figuring that the rest of crew was ignorant of the chaos across the world, he sat down in his chair and began to flip through the channels.

Each press of the button showed off the same news report. A strange occurrence was being spread across the world by a gust of glittering magic. Whenever this stray wind hit someone, they would develop a sizable belly that jiggled like jello along with a fluffy, white beard to go with their red robes and pointed hats. Though these changes should have freaked them out, each of the victims bore rosy, red cheeks as they let out cheerful cacophonies of “HO HO HO!”

Hearing the gasps of his workers come out as they watched the reporter on TV go through the same transformation, Santa slouched in his seat and rested his chin in his hand. He thought back to a few hours beforehand when during a routine gift delivery a young boy had spotted him in the act. In exchange for keeping his secret, Santa had promised the boy any wish he desired. When he had first heard the request to give Santa more helpers, the pure innocence was enough to make St. Nick overlook the implications. Forced to watch the Santa plague spread across the world, he called out to the elves to prepare him a plate of cookies alongside a tall glass of milk that was over eighty percent hard liquor.

## Patreon Prompt 297

Prompt: A guy finds himself turning into a female ogre ala Shrek and Fiona after getting lost in a swamp. Once transformed, she starts acting like Shrek at the beginning of the first movie with all the gross stuff like bathing in mud and burping to make a fire.

The life of a surveyor wasn't a glamorous one. Chris was very aware of this fact as he very carefully tiptoed through a swamp that had seemingly appeared overnight. Though his years at the job had given him a knack for traversing unsteady footing, he couldn't help feeling a presence in the back of his mind that kept trying to get him to leave. Giving just a little too much attention to this thought led to his foot being caught on a root to send him tumbling into the murky mire below.

Splashing into the dirty water, Chris rose back up with his entire body covered in mud. Spitting out a mouthful of dirt, he barely noticed the change of tone in his voice as he focused solely on trying to clean himself off. As he continued to wipe the muck away, his eyes bore witness to a sheen of green gradually making its way across his skin. Once the creeping color made its way to his mid-section, the hard abs he had gained over the course of his career were replaced with a chubby, green gut. A similar phenomenon occurred with his backside as it developed a pair of plump butt cheeks that tore asunder his pants and underwear. Shivering at the sensation of his bare lower half, he was left completely unprepared as his top clothing was burst off by the emergence of a new pair of hefty, green boobs hanging from his chest.

As Chris reached out to give his new tits a squeeze, a single pinch of his green fingers against his nipples sent a spark through his mind. As if being driven by instinct, he purposefully started to spread the dirt across his green skin. Sliding his palms across his head made sure the grime was intermixed with his long strands of red hair and completely encased the pair of



trumpet-like ears sticking out of the sides of his skull. Moving across his bosom and belly, he reached down to thoroughly scrub his newly formed womanhood.

Nearly finished with her daily bath in the swamp, Chriona capped it off with a bubbling fart erupting from her thick backside. In addition to ensuring that the female ogre was surrounded by her own, pungent musk, the flatulence summoned forth a group of dead fish to float up to the service for easy pickings. Gathering up her lunch for the day, the ogre climbed her way out of the muck to dry herself off and grasp as the dirty, green dress that had been left out for her.

After squeezing her body into her well-worn gown, Chriona made her way through the trees to return to her makeshift hut in the depths of the swamp. Smirking at herself as she admired the signs she had made telling people to stay away, she kicked open the front door of her home and headed inside. Dumping her fish onto a table, she lit a match and approached the fire place. Beating against her stomach, she managed to summon up a sizable burp that spread the flames across the hearth. Grinning from ear to ear as she watched her pot begin to boil, she turned her attention back towards the fish to begin preparing herself for a peaceful dining experience in the privacy of her own swamp.

## Patreon Prompt 298

Prompt: A femboy working at a fast food joint gets addicted to the greasy food they serve, and quickly becomes a hopelessly out of shape fatty bursting from his uniform.

Though Mason's gentle cheek bones and elegant body made him a shoe in for a future career in modeling, the young man had to look elsewhere to afford his weekly rent. Landing a job with a greasy fast food place called Glutton Burger, he nonetheless took on the task with a positive attitude. Able to effortlessly charm customers and coworkers alike, it came as no surprise when he earned the admiration of the various managers.

Mason's relationship with his fellow employees was exemplified with how many times they offered him free meals. At first he tried to politely decline; fearing what the unhealthy food would do to his waistline. However, there was only so long he could go before a combination of their generosity and his strict budget forced him to occasionally nibble at the meals. Unfortunately these small indulgences rapidly swelled into a full on addiction.

Without a second thought Mason began to accept whatever food his coworkers offered to him. Any orders that had to be thrown out were instead given to him to be properly disposed of by his hungry mouth. These constant feedings of greasy food inevitably changed his once slender appearance to turn him into a far cry from his former self.

The chubby belly that had taken over Mason's once rock hard abs would be the main culprit behind many of his uniforms ripping at the seams. On more than one occasion, his sagging man boobs popped apart the buttons of his shirt to show off their cleavage to any customers that glanced over at him. Each step of his bulky legs threatened to tear asunder the seat of his pants to reveal the set of overburdened boxers that were tightly wound around her meaty butt cheeks.

Despite his sudden increase in weight, Mason was still the center of attention from his coworkers and customers. Even as his extra blubber turned him into a wheezing mess not even halfway through his shift, his looks alone were more than enough to garner sympathy. Reduced to a shadow of his former self, he still managed to show off an enticing smile that was emphasized by his multiple chins and chubby, cherubic cheeks. This all came to a head when he gladly accepted his new position as Glutton Burger's head promoter, where his irresistibly flabby face would be seen by many far and wide as the main draw to indulge in the greasy burgers.

Patreon Prompt 299

Prompt: (Female to Male Face TG TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/45481347/>

“Testosterone Face Toner” was plastered all across the container of face cream, making Charlotte wonder how she had accidentally picked it up. The unassuming bottle certainly had the same extreme price tag as her usual cosmetics, leading her to believe it was just as potent. Curious to test out the new product, she twisted off the cap and began to apply the cream to her face.

Finished rubbing the cream into her face, Charlotte stared at her reflection to try and detect any differences. Though she didn't notice anything at first, she got her first big clue as her vision became obscured by her locks of hair beginning to fall out in front of her face. Already freaking out at the loss of her luscious follicles, the emergence of her more prominent nose and rugged chin took a moment for her to register. Not content with just taking away the strands from her scalp, the cream also removed her eyebrows to make way for her jutting forehead that appeared to shape her face into a permanent scowl.

Terrified by the masculine shout that left her lips, Charlotte stepped back from her reflection to get a better look at herself. Everything from the waist up had changed into the figure of a hulking behemoth, complete with bulging biceps and a pair of hardened pecs that were a far cry from her luscious breasts. With only her lower half intact with her curvy bottom and pink pajama pants, she shuffled into her bedroom to see if you could find anything to cover up her body long enough to get a return on the cream.

## Patreon Prompt 300

Prompt: Cowboy named Damien transforms an under-performing farm hand into a horse trailer.

“Drake, I’m really sorry,” Damien said, tipping his unusual hat, a combination between a cowboy hat brim and a wizard cap’s tip, towards the lackluster farmhand, “but you know how things are done at Fantasy Farms. I’m going to have to punish you again for not meeting deadlines.”

“Hit me! I can handle it,” Drake replied, the young man puffing out his chest. “What’ll it be this time? A satyr? A centaur? Or a full on horse?”

“Sorry, but you’ve proven time and time again that you’re not cut out for any of that kind of labor.” Reaching into his pocket, Damien pulled out a gun with a wand sticking out of the barrel. “I got something else in mind for you. Something not even you can screw up.”

With the pull of a trigger, a blast of magic struck the over confident farm hand. His smug smile disappeared as his flesh and bone was swapped out for aluminum. Forced down onto his new wheels, his body stretched outwards and sideways into massive proportions. Walking around Drake as the last of the spell finished up, Damien had to admit that the farm hand made for a pretty decent horse trailer. Hoping that this would finally be Drake’s chance at redemption, Damien hoisted up his belt and sauntered off to start loading the first load of unicorns into Drake’s interior.