

Animal House 2 Writing Prompt Compilation

Writing Prompt 463

Prompt: A girl is infused with Honey Badger DNA, while it does result in her being extremely durable and resilient, when the girl starts to get fat she doesn't seem to care and continues to grow.

By all measures the experiment was a complete success. The subject known as Mellie had been infused with Honey Badger DNA with the hopes of drastically increasing her endurance. At first this only resulted in her body being covered in black and white fur to go with her snout and claws. However, it soon became apparent that the thick hide provided ample cushioning from a plethora of weapons. This moment of triumph was undermined as the scientists realized the harsh side effects of the procedure.

Mellie's appetite skyrocketed with each passing day after the infusion. Not content with her own supply of food, she regularly broke out of her enclosure to raid the break room for any snacks. Though the team attempted to stop her at first, they were reminded of her durability several times over as she effortlessly plowed through their defenses to satisfy her appetite. Unable to prevent her from feeding, the scientists were left with no choice.

Lounging about on a couch in her enclosure, Mellie dug her pudgy paw into a bag of honey barbeque chips to further add bulk to her massive gut. Any crumbs that escaped her massive of massive fangs found respite in her pair of fur-covered sagging breasts. Rolling over to the side, she scratched along the length of her tail and across her wide, fuzzy rear. Forced to watch the display over the camera feed, the scientists were already planning out a hopefully less disastrous infusion for their next human animal hybrid.

Writing Prompt 464

Prompt: An encounter with a cat shadow goes weird when a spell it uses causes Morgana to get turned into a human, while the rest of the Phantom Thieves are turned into cat-like beings just like Morgana's usual Metaverse form.

Eager to prove himself as a valuable member of the team, Morgana leapt out towards the cat shaped shadow with his blade drawn. Despite the cat's diminutive appearance, his sword managed to find its mark to bring the shadow to its end. Flickering his tails and twitching his ears in triumph, his moment of victory was sullied by a fog of black energy sweeping over him.

As Morgana coughed out the corruptive air, he noticed that he was changing. His height shot up to a full six feet, aided by his human-like legs. Paws turning to fingers and fur being replaced with human skin, his initial fear was replaced with glee at the thought of getting to join the rest of the Phantom Thieves as a fellow human. Sweeping back his head of short black hair, the smile on his face faded upon seeing the rest of his crew.

The fog drifted down the corridor to reveal the rest of the Phantom Thieves had gone through transformations of their own. All of them stood at about two feet tall, the extra few inches made up by the pointed ears sticking out of their masks. Though their thief outfits had maintained through the transformation, there was still enough exposed skin to show of that they had all grown thin layers of fur. Blinking their wide eyes in confusion, they let their paws slide against their large heads to understand what had happened to them.

While the others whipped around their tails in frenzies as they tried to figure things out, Ann stumbled her way towards Morgana. Ann was absolutely hysteric; her blonde pigtails bouncing alongside her tail and ears her paws pounded on Morgana's knees begging for him to find a way to change her back. Holding back a giggle at the ridiculous cat girl's display, he

promised the group he would find a way to change them back. AFTER he enjoyed his position as the tallest member of the group for a little longer.

Writing Prompt 465

Prompt: Using her work-issued horns to transform into a cowgirl, a barista uses her off-shift hours to indulge her friend's espresso ice cream fix. The barista's udderly expansive breasts are living ice cream machines.

It had been plaguing her ever since her friends learned that she had gotten a job at Dairy Empress. Though Bonnie denied them each time they asked, the time had finally come where she had given into their requests. Summoning them to her home after hours, she gathered the two excited women in her living room and asked them to sit. Unable to stop herself from smiling in the wake of their eager expressions, Bonnie donned a set of plastic cow horns on her head and let herself change into her work uniform.

The horns on her head became very real as a pair of floppy cow ears took over her regular ones. Gaining a set of hooves for feet and a long tail, she showed off the black and white pattern through her hair as she leaned back on the couch. The position allowed her friends to watch as her relatively small chest swelled before their eyes. Easily ripping through Bonnie's shirt, the massive mammaries were left to hang against her lap and show off their plump nipples. As her friends continued to gawk at her massive, udder-like tits, their eyes immediately focused on her teats and the droplets coming forth from them.

Knowing what they wanted next, Bonnie gestured them forward. Without a hint of hesitation, the two women ran forward to wrap their lips around her nipples. Their reward was mouthfuls of delicious, coffee flavored ice cream that came pouring out of Bonnie's engorged boobs. As her friends continued to suckle, Bonnie couldn't help herself from brushing her fingers through their hair. While the act was pleasurable, she hoped her boss wouldn't be too harsh on her for giving out free samples outside of work hours.

Writing Prompt 466

Prompt: A gym junkie girl makes fun of a plus sized girl and labels her disgusting. The girl ends up becoming a slobby and gassy slug girl obsessed with eating.

“...and on top of all that sweaty mound of flesh, you’re about as slow as a slug.

Seriously, what made you think you could just waddle into this party and-“

Molly turned to silence Gina with a glare. Fed up with being ridiculed for her body, the witch went against all of her better judgement to cast a curse on the muscular gym junkie.

Unable to stop a maniacal cackle from leaving her lips, Molly intended to give Gina a proper form of punishment through a crackle of green energy emerging from her fingertips.

The scream that came from Gina’s mouth turned into a deep belch to go along with her protruding belly and additional chins. As the burp petered out, a fart rippled out from her rear to bubble up the slime encasing her fattening rear. Stuck in a cycle of releasing gas from both ends, she didn’t have a chance to remove her clothing before her slimy mass burst out of them.

Slumping to the floor, she swung her thick neck back to see her legs fuse together into a singular plump tail. Sliding her pudgy fingers along the length of her slime-coated forehead, she let out a mix of a yell and a burp as she felt a pair of antennae emerge to complete her transformation into a slug girl.

Gina’s look of absolute terror washed away as her yellow eyes locked onto the food table. Dragging her bloated form across the rug and leaving behind a trail of slime and gas, she made a beeline for a plate of sandwiches. Showing little remorse, she slammed her face into the platter as she began sucking up anything that met her lips. Any partygoers who dared to try to assist her were pushed back by the gas that erupted from both of her ends and her sludge spewing pores.

Enjoying the sight of absolute humiliation, Molly resolved to leave the girl to her fate until she had either learned her lesson or cleaned out the entire house of food.

Writing Prompt 467

Prompt: A couple are having dinner together and the boyfriend has made dessert for his girlfriend. He is unaware of her nut allergy though, which causes her to turn into a fat anthro squirrel.

“What did you say?” Scarlet asked, her mouth hanging open and giving an unflattering picture of the half-eaten pie in her mouth.

“I said, I add a few pecans in with the peaches to make the pie extra tasty,” Chase replied, feeling quite proud of himself.

A nervous gasp accidentally sent the rest of the pie tumbling down Scarlet’s throat. Getting up from the table she grasped at her neck. “This is bad. This is very bad!”

“What are you allergic to nuts or something?”

“No. Whenever I eat nuts I-“

Scarlet’s words were overridden by a chittering noise as her body began to quiver. Chase reached out to help, only to leap back as her clothes were ripped apart by her swelling mass. Her flesh wasn’t left bare for long; a thin layer of chestnut brown fur covering every inch of her skin. Shaking about her fur-riddled stomach, she grasped at her rounded ears and chubby cheeks with her paws. Turning away in a vain attempt to try and hide her buck teeth gave Chase a good look at the bushy tail hanging above her wobbling ass cheeks.

As Scarlet’s transformation completed and Chase was left to stare at the plump squirrel woman in the middle of his dining room, he took a deep breath and approached her. “How about I get us some coffee?” he asked, placing a hand on her shoulder, and trying to ease her with a smile.

Scarlet swiveled her eyes back and forth as her paws bumped against her heaving, fuzzy breasts. "...okay. Can I have another slice of pie with it? It was pretty good."

Writing Prompt 468

Prompt: A kitsune becomes furious at a social media influencer breaking the snout off her offering statue. The influencer is turned into a fox as punishment, who is quickly taken to serve the kitsune.

Camera at the ready, Vivian trounced around the Japanese shrine without a hint of care or respect. Climbing over various statues and artifacts for the sake of getting the perfect picture was the only thought that hung in her mind. Upon seeing a fox shaped offering statue underneath a wooden hut, she thought it would be perfect for when she posted the pictures online for her followers. Getting into place and holding onto the statue's snout, her picture coincided with her fingers snapping off the bronze fox's nose.

Dropping the broken piece to the ground, Vivian shrugged her shoulders and began to scroll through her phone to look over her pictures. Her progress was hindered as her fingers shrunk into a pair of paws and were covered in black fur up to her wrists. Forced to drop her phone, she scrambled to pick it up only to feel her legs begin to morph. Stuck on all four limbs, she could only squirm as the rest of her body was covered in orange fur and her appendages morphed into digitigrade legs. Waving about her fluffy tail, she opened her mouth to call for help, only for an animalistic cry to come rolling past her fangs and snout.

Flickering her pointed ears as she heard something, she quickly turned around and was left in awe at the woman before her. Adorned in a priestess robe and baring nine, fluffy tails reminiscent of Vivian's own, the woman picked up the stunned fox to get a good look at her. Baring a wide grin and ears standing on end as she looked over her newest fox servant, the kitsune whisked Vivian away to begin paying the shrine back for the damages she had accrued.

Writing Prompt 469

Prompt: Some therapist asks their patient their favorite animal as a thought exercise. The patient's mind is indecisive, which affects their body by shifting into a platypus.

“Now picture in your mind the animal that brings you the most happiness,” Dr. Ornitho explained.

Ana winced as she squirmed in her seat. “Mmm, a beaver. No, no, a duck. But then beavers are so fluffy. Then again, ducks have such cute bills.”

“You must not let your mind wander. It can cause erratic fluctuations in your-“

Dr. Ornitho was left flabbergasted as the young woman that was her patient began to twist in shape. Shrinking down to about the size of a pillow, her body was covered in a thick hide of brown fur. Despite her developing fins and claws, she looked absolutely at peace as she breathed through her newly acquired duck bill. Remembering her own advice to make the best of a bad situation, Dr. Ornitho allowed Ana to remain blissfully ignorant of her new identity until after their session was over.

Writing Prompt 470

Prompt: At the request of a local museum, a timid history major recovers a strange tiger statue.

Said statue turns her into a tall, powerful, curvy (but still timid) anthro tiger.

Sifting through old dusty artifacts wasn't the most glamorous of jobs for Peter and Iris. Knowing that they were doing grunt work didn't sit well with him, but he knew it wouldn't help to make a scene in front of Iris. She was always so skittish and meek that even raising his voice in front of her to point out that they hadn't been given any real work would make her cower in the break room.

He was just about to give up and call off the search when Iris stepped out from behind some boxes holding the tiger statue they had been looking for. Upon getting a closer look at the idol, Peter was curious about the true purpose of it. As Iris pondered that perhaps it was for worshipping a type of deity, Peter seemed to be the only one to notice the statue's eyes glow.

Iris's explanation was interrupted by a low growl that came along with black-striped, orange fur covering her body. Peter got a good look at her fuzzy form as her once small frame was covered in thick muscles that tore her clothes asunder. Raising up to a lofty eight feet in height, she stomped her paws into the ground as her lanky tail swept across her tight buttocks. Placing her claws across her impressive, furred bosom, Iris took another step toward Peter.

Unable to take his eyes off of her large fangs and red eyes, he was certain he was about to be her dinner. Just as the tiger woman's mouth gotten within a few inches of his face, he nearly fell to the ground as she groveled before him. Tears rolling down her snout, Iris begged for Peter to do something to avoid their boss finding out. Breathing a sigh of relief that she was still the same old Iris, he gave her rounded ears a scratch in an attempt to calm her down.

Writing Prompt 471

Prompt: Some ladies are having a girl's night out when they get hit on by a hyena woman, despite initial doubts the hyena's humongous member convinces them otherwise.

Ladies' night had been a complete bust. As the three women lazily let their gaze wander across the dance floor, they all let out groans as they realized that there wasn't a single datable guy there. Just about ready to chug down the rest of their drinks and head out the door to salvage their Saturday night, they were stopped as someone stepped up to their table.

The woman wore a skimpy tank top that showed off both her busty chest and her yellow fur speckled with black dots. It only took one glance at the tail hanging out the tight jean shorts hugging the woman's curvy backside to realize she was the aftermath of a genetic cocktail. Looking over the hyena woman's clawed fingers and mane of black hair, the trio of women all at once let their eyes focus on the toothy grin on the woman's snout.

"Hey there," the hyena woman said, leaning against the table to show off her cleavage. "The name's Dinae. What say we go back to my place for a little fun?"

Just as the group of girls were about to reject the offer, Dinae leaned back and placed her hand against the sizable bulge in the front of her shorts. All at once, the trio recalled the special feature of hyena females' genitalia. Quickly gathering up their things, they hastily followed after the hyena woman for a night to remember.

Writing Prompt 472

Prompt: A desperate farmer turns herself into a very obese and gassy pig in order to win the blue ribbon at the country fair.

With the prized pig competition mere hours away, Sue was grinding her teeth in frustration. While she was proud of her herd of pigs, she could tell from a single glance that they were far from winning the blue ribbon. With the thought of Dominique lording over her for another year, she did the only sensible thing and pulled out an amulet she had bought from a crazy old lady on the side of the road. Keeping the image of the perfect pig in her head, she held the amulet aloft to stare at the black and white eye in the center.

Sue's grip on the amulet waivered as her fingers changed into a pair of hooves to go along with the ones that had taken over her toes. Forced down on all fours by a surge of weight packing onto her body, she let out a squeal as she felt a curly tail sprout above her plumping rear. Stomping around her legs helped to free her from the remains of her clothes, left her swollen belly to drag against the mud.

As she flickered her floppy ears and swung about her thick neck, she was stopped as she heard a rumbling from her stomach. Letting a collection of curious oinks, she discovered what the cause of the sound was as a rippling fart came bursting out of her rear to wiggle her tail. As her snout took a deep whiff of her flatulence, the part of her that clung to being human began to waiver. Feeling her mind grow dimmer with each spout of gas, she let out a series of grunts as she trudged her way into the pen.

Easily pushing aside the smaller pigs, Sue shoved herself through towards the feeding trough. Diving her head in to fill her ravenous belly, she freely let out a barrage of farts without a hint of decency. Watching the slobby sow devour the trough in record time, the judges nodded

their heads and wrote down high scores on their clipboards. Hopefully for Sue, she would come back to her senses to relish in her hard earned victory.

Writing Prompt 473

Prompt: A prideful female CEO insists she knows how to properly operate the new machine her company has made. She gets sucked into it and transformed into a gassy slobby donkey girl making a literal ass of herself on live tv.

“What did you say?” Quina asked, the prideful CEO asked, unfearful to show her anger in front of the cameras.

“The machine is still in the testing phase,” the female researcher replied. “It would be very dangerous to test the inner animal revealer without proper-“

Shoving the researcher aside, Quina stepped up to the machine and hit the big power on button. As the device whirred to life, she unflinchingly placed her hand on the recognition panel to allow her inner self to be read. Too busy giving the cameras a wide grin to be posted across the cover of business magazines, she didn't notice a tube stretch out of the machine until it sucked her up inside.

The camera's continued to roll as the woman was forced inside the metal box. Her various cries for help became interspersed with loud breys and more than a few rude expulsions. Left to stare at one another to see who would help her first, the group jumped back as the machine opened up and spit up Quina.

Stumbling to her feet atop her cloven hooves, Quina tried to stand only to be brought back down by her enormous belly covered in a thin layer of grey fur. Trying to lift her gut up with her hoof-like digits didn't stop her dump truck of an ass from bringing her back down and swinging about her tail with a burst of flatulence. Left sprawled out on the floor with her snout mere inches away from her fatty breasts, she tilted up her head to stare into the lenses of the camera. Though she tried to push them away with insults, all that came out of her mouth were a

series of HEE HAWs and gassy burps. Waving about her long ears as the camera people recorded every detail of her slobby, donkey woman body, she knew it was going to be a long time before she changed back, but even longer to rebuild her reputation.

Writing Prompt 474

Prompt: A woman works at the zoo but keeps forgetting to bring food to the peacock. As revenge he knocks her into his water bowl, causing her to transform into a plump anthro peahen, much to his liking.

What started out a summer job became an absolute drag for Chrissy. Putting in the smallest amount of effort to not get fired, the college student once more did a half-assed job of cleaning up the peacock enclosure. Her lazy attitude left her blissfully unaware of the peacock's food dish yet again. More than a little annoyed at her constant negligence, the peacock decided to take matters into his own talons.

Waiting until the perfect moment, the peacock charged forward into Chrissy's backside. She fell head first into his filthy water bowl, getting more than a little of the nasty mix into her mouth. Picking herself up, she began to run towards the peacock with the intent to strangle it only for her to stumble on her own two feet.

Looking back at what might have caused her fall, she got her answer in the form of the pair of talons sticking out of her boots. Gazing at her transformed feet ceased as she watched her skinny body pack on hundreds of pounds within a matter of seconds. Her pudgy form became encased in layers of white feathers, even going so far as to morph her arms and fingers into a pair of wings. Letting out a cacophony of squawks, she managed to get herself standing just in time for her clothes to be torn asunder by her sagging teats and the set of tail feathers hanging over her pudgy backside.

Waddling her body around, she turned back to see the peacock casually stroll up to her. Though she attempted to yell at it, the only thing that came from her recently acquired beak were more squawks. Running as fast as her thickened form would allow, she tried to catch the peacock

to either punish it or force it to change her back. Watching her move at a speed more suited to a casual stroll through the park, the peacock let out a laugh as he enjoyed some well-deserved revenge.

Writing Prompt 475

Prompt: Science goes too far when an environmentalist accidentally mutates herself and her research assistants into large bee queen hybrids in an effort to help boost the bee population.

Alarms blared throughout the lab, making it clear that Antonia and her lab assistants had made a crucial error. The red lights shined against the vat of experimental royal jelly, highlighting the way it furiously bubbled in its container. The volatile mixture was supposed to be the solution to the dwindling bee population. As the container burst forward to swallow up the research team in its fluids, Antonia was certain all she had done was gift her team a strange and unusual death.

As the jelly passed by them, Antonia and the other women were relieved to find themselves sticky, yet unharmed. That was until they grew extra appendages, and their limbs became covered in hard, black chitin. Too busy staring at their three-digited hands, it took them all a few moments to notice the sets of translucent wings that emerged from their backs. Waving about their new antennas, they blinked at one another with their glossy, black eyes as they wondered what was happening to them. Thinking back on her research, Antonia let out a gasp as she knew that they were far from finished.

Antonia's realization came alongside her lower half bloating up into a massive abdomen. Forced to the ground by the car-sized growth, she could only sit there with her legs splayed out as she watched the other women go through similar mutations. The hard exoskeleton around her torsos became tighter as the rest of their bodies swelled with added heft to make it mildly less undersized in comparison to their abdomens. Once more Antonia's assumptions about their new forms were confirmed mere moments later.

The group of women let out a cacophony of buzzing noises and moans as their lower halves began to vibrate. Letting out a gasp of her own, Antonia managed to turn her bloated torso to the side to see a clutch of eggs push their way out of her abdomen. Judging by the size of their bloated bodies, it would be quite a while before they were finished creating their new hive. At the very least, she took solace in the fact that their work wouldn't go to waste. That is, if they could find anyone willing to buy bee woman honey.

Writing Prompt 476

Prompt: A girl comes across what's she thinks is weed at her summer job on a farm and decides to steal some. She smokes it, and ends up becoming an obese, horny horse-man.

Carina didn't have to look far for the culprit, the trail made clear by the fallen leaves leading towards the back of the barn. As she suspected, she turned the corner to see Erina sitting on the ground with a lighter in one hand and a hastily rolled up joint in the other. Noticing the red look in her eyes and the smoke on her breath, Carina asked the farm hand what she was thinking. Before Erina could give a response, her words were overridden by a deep neigh.

The joint in Erina's hand dropped as her fingers turned into hoof-like digits to go with the set that had burst out of her shoes. Packing on hundreds of pounds in mere moments revealed that her skin had been covered in a thin layer of brown fur. Lazily swinging her tail against her plump posterior, Erina didn't seem to mind the fact that her face was stretching out to become more horse-like. However, her altered state of mind wasn't enough to make her ignore her more drastic change.

Leaning her nose up against her sagging chest, Erina searched for the source of a prickling sensation underneath her barrel-like belly. She got her answer as a rigid, girthy horse cock poked out from beneath her gut. Holding onto the barn for balance, Erina managed to stand up and feel the full length of his manhood jiggle between his legs. Smacking his lips and twisting his fingers through his mane of black hair, he tried to hold back the urges flooding his body from his pair of swollen testicles. For lack of a better solution, he turned towards Carina.

Looking over the sorry state of her transformed work hand, Carina should have had every right to leave him where he was. Then again, she couldn't stop letting her gaze linger on his pudgy body and especially his sizable cock. Clicking her tongue in a similar way to dealing with

horses did the job of getting Erina's attention. Waving the horny horse man forward, she directed him towards the farm house. Changing him back could wait, for now Carina wanted to enjoy the full effects of her family's special horse grass.

Writing Prompt 477

Prompt: A farting contest between two sisters gets interesting when one, tired of losing, shows off her new skunk tail.

“I don’t know why you even bother,” Daphne said, slapping her palm against her large gut. “I’ve been kicking your ass ever since we were little kids. What makes you think your scrawny ass gives you any chance of beating me in a fart contest? In your dreams, twig. Come on, you’re my sister. Don’t make me think I’m related to an idiot.”

Meagan merely smirked as she grasped the edges of her hat. “Oh I intend to win today. With a little help from science.”

Daphne’s guttural chuckle lasted until Meagan tossed away the hat to reveal a pair of black furred ears atop her head. Seeing the ears twitch directed the larger woman’s gaze down the skinny’s woman’s body to take a second look at the coat wrapped around Meagan’s waist. Untying the knot let the jacket fall to the ground and revealed the bushy, black and white skunk tail hanging over Meagan’s butt.

Too awestruck that her sister would actually use a gene cocktail to get a leg up on their competitions, Daphne just stood there as Meagan turned herself around and pressed her tail up against her face. Letting out a series of grunts, Meagan put her new genes to work as she let loose a prolonged PHHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT from her rear. The smell matched the fart’s strength ten times over, forcing Daphne to fall to the ground in a daze. Though she tried to cough out the noxious fumes, her suffering did not earn mercy from the person she had tormented for so long.

“Don’t give out on me yet,” Meagan said, slamming her butt down on Daphne’s face just as another BRRRAAAAPPPPP came slapping out of her rear. “I still have plenty of gas in the tank and I intend to use it.”

Writing Prompt 478

Prompt: Elizabeth from Bioshock Infinite uses a strange version of the Murder of Crows vigor which causes her to become a lustful busty crow harpy.

Just before her strength gave out, Elizabeth yanked the bottle out from the tear just as it was about to close. Wiping the blood from her nose with her handkerchief, she looked over her bottle to try and see if it could finally free her from her tower. Her hopes diminished as she noticed the eccentric nature of the vigor. The container resembled that of Murder of Crows, however she did not recall seeing any kind that bared such large, human breasts on the bottle. Curiosity pushing past her caution, she untwisted the top and guzzled down the drink.

Elizabeth's grip on the bottle became nonexistent as her finger merged together to accommodate her feathered arms. Flapping about the black feathers spread along her limbs, she let out a screech as a similar avian transformation caused her skirt to be ripped apart by her new talons. Stomping around on her clawed feet let her feel the feathers that had replaced her hair break out of her ponytail. Looking over her monstrous state, her already panicked mind was not ready for the grand finale.

Amidst the sight of her skin turning a milky blue, her modest chest began to vibrate. Before her wings to reach out to inspect the strange phenomenon, they were pushed back as her breasts surged with weight to destroy what remained of her clothing. As her tits reached the size of a pair of watermelons, her taloned feet kicked in to keep her stable. Left to stumble about with her monstrous, jiggling jugs, she breathed a small sigh of release as her transformation into a crow harpy seemed to have stabilized.

Looking over her enormous chest and feathered limbs, her gaze drifted its way over to the nearby window. Climbing up on top of a chair, she closed her eyes and took a leap. Her arms

moved on their own to keep her in the air, the wings proving more than capable of lifting up both her and her sizable breasts. Though her maneuverability left much to be desired, it was something she was sure she could improve with practice. When the time was right, her new body would be her ticket to escaping her tower and exploring the world below.