

Bounty Prompt Requests Vol. 3

Writing Prompt 661

Prompt: Tio (Monster Musume) having a romantic evening, utterly smothering her date with affection before gently dominating him in bed.

With numerous successful missions as a M.O.N. member, Tioshina the ogre had built up a sizable amount of vacation days. Wondering on how best to use her extra time, the tall woman was advised to give the Interspecies Dating program a try. Though it took a few tries to find the right human, she eventually found someone who was a perfect fit for her needs.

Tossing a man half her size onto the heart-shaped bed, Tio made a show of stripping her clothes away to reveal her full form. With the removal of her set of lacy, pink panties and matching brassiere, the entirety of the blonde-haired ogre's tanned skin was on display. Giggling as she compared the singular, black horn on her head to something similarly hard between his legs, she decided to draw from her monstrous heritage to take the next step.

Pulling herself down onto the bed, the ogre started off by smothering her date's face between her tits. Feeling something bump up against her butt and feeling him tremble in her finger tips, she set him free with an adoring kiss to the forehead. Raising herself back up, she took a few moments to settle herself into the proper position. With her womanhood rubbing up against his cock, she took a moment just to glance at his face. Enamored with pleading, almost pathetic expression, she let out another giggle as she let him slide inside of her.

With the human completely pinned to the bed, Tio was more than happy to take the lead. Each thrust managed to bring a moan out of the ogre's partner to motivate her to keep going. As her pace became faster, the force she was exerting started to make the room shake. Too busy with

the overwhelming sense of pleasure she was sharing with the human, she barely noticed how the bed was creaking in protest. The only time she was forced to acknowledge that she might be going too hard was when the mattress broke upon her and her date reaching their climax.

Collapsing onto the ruined bed, Tio shuffled her way over to the human. Though he had been exhausted from being her plaything, he still managed to graciously accept the affectionate kiss she left on his cheek. Cuddling up to her human, the ogre considered extending her vacation in order to further explore the perks of the Interspecies Dating program.

Writing Prompt 662

Prompt: A girl clocks in for a shift at Femboy Hooters, which turns her into a fat cocked femboy with bigger boobs than she originally had, waiting on tables and doing other waiter stuff.

Rushing through the back door of the restaurant, Kelly managed to punch in just before she was late again. With little time to get ready if she wanted to avoid a write up, she scrambled to get into uniform. Slipping into a loose-fitting shirt and pair of pink hot pants, she made sure everything was in place. Standing in front of a mirror she chugged down a glass of a creamy pink liquid to finish the necessary preparations for her shift.

Kelly's short cut hair extended past her shoulders as the strands became silkier and smoother. The muscle definition around her limbs disappeared to make her arms and legs much daintier. Amidst her chest receiving a tiny bump and her butt becoming curvier, she prepared herself for the most drastic part of her changes.

Right on cue, Kelly's hot pants grew tight as something took the place of her womanhood. Thanks to the skimpy attire, very little was left to the imagination about the sizable bulge pushing against the fabric. The presence of the fat cock might have clashed against the softer features of her face, but she understood this was exactly what her clientele wanted.

Putting a smile on his face, "Keith" sauntered his way out onto the floor. With notepad in hand, he made sure to make flirtatious winks at the patrons as he recorded their orders. His earlier stress was dissipated by the usual awestruck stares his body brought. More than a few glances were made in the midst of people questioning either their sexuality or boldness to ask him out on a date. Letting out a soft giggle, he continued his diligent work as one of the star servers of Femboy Hooters.

Writing Prompt 663

Prompt: (Borderlands) Mad Moxxi tries out a cocktail recipe that makes her breasts grow at an alarming rate until they're resting atop her counter; the size of bean bag chairs and leaking milk. She then makes an offer to the patrons of the bar that breast milk milkshakes are on the house.

On one of the slower evenings at Moxxi's bar, she was busy going through a book of cocktails one of the vault hunters had given her. Though all of the recipes seemed to be bizarre, there was one in particular that caught her interest. Expertly mixing up the drink, she poured herself a small shot glass of the creamy, white liquid. Downing the cocktail in a single go, she ensured her white face paint and red lipstick weren't smeared as she mulled over the flavor on her tongue.

Before the bartender could consult the book to make sure she made the recipe correctly, she was overtaken by a series of tremors going through her body strong enough to knock off her purple top hat. As the tingling sensation focused on her chest, the bosom that had been a major part of her gaining popularity began to tingle. The sensation culminated in her tits beginning to swell up before her very eyes.

As Moxxi's fingers drifted closer to get a better idea of her enhanced bosom, her hands were pushed away as her corset burst open. Feeling the weight of her rapidly swelling boobs strain her back, she made a split-second decision to slam the engorging pair onto the counter. While this did prevent her from being stuck to the ground, it also let the patrons get a full view as each of her tits grew to the size of a bean bag chair.

Left stunned by her drastic makeover, Moxxi looked across the expanse of her titanic tits to find a solution. Her mind became more focused as she noticed the white droplets beginning to

leak from her plumped up nipples. Curiosity getting the better of her, she pushed down on her bosom to spurt out a stream of milk. Coming down from a wave of pleasure brought about by the release, she looked between the puddle she had left on the floor and the customers staring at her in awe.

“Come here, sugar,” Moxxi said as she gestured for a man to come closer. Giving her breasts another squeeze, she managed to extend her arm just enough to catch some of the stream into a glass. Holding up the drink, she offered it to the patron. “First one’s free,” she said, calling upon the business savviness she had learned from her third husband to make the most out of her little mishap.

Writing Prompt 664

Prompt: It seemed unlikely, at the time, but Stocking's big eater tendencies paired well into her hulking path as a fitness influencer for the God Influenstagram Contest.

Though Stocking had gotten an early lead in the Influenstagram contest, her advantage was becoming smaller with each passing day. With Scanty, Kneesocks, and, worst of all, Panty getting more likes, the purple haired, goth angel knew that she had to make a change. Just posting pictures of herself chowing down on sweets while wearing cute outfits had lost its appeal. She would have to do something more drastic.

Stocking's descent into popularity fueled madness was found in the form of a special protein shake. Meeting her requirement for both sweet taste and uniqueness, she began to use it more and more in her posts. To better sell her enjoyment, she moved away from her casual pictures to more active ones of pushing her body to its physical limits. While this did give a boost to her likes, she still needed to push herself further.

Light exercise was abandoned for extreme sessions of running, lifting, and pulling things far larger than herself. When she wasn't tugging full airplanes with her arms, she was chugging down gallons of protein shakes in order to give her body the fuel it desired. Though this did result in getting the attention she wanted, it came at the cost of distorting her figure into something much less dainty and significantly more buff.

Backstage of the finale show of the Influenstagram contest, Stocking was spending her time flexing the massive biceps of her imposing, eight foot form in front of a mirror. A blue cocktail dress that used to elegantly hang off her shoulders now looked like it was moments from being ripped asunder by her bulged out chest and wide torso. Stomping around on her hulking

legs, she grinned as she caught a glimpse of herself adorned with a green, spiked crown. Assured that her mass of muscles would claim victory for her, she stepped out onto the stage to claim her prize.

Writing Prompt 665

Prompt: Ada Wong and Ashley (Resident Evil) get infected by a virus that devolves and transforms them into fat smelly monkey girls.

It was already bad enough that Ada had keep her eyes peeled for any stray BOWs in the facility. Added difficulty was provided for the red dress adorned lady in the form of a young blonde woman named Ashley. Reminding herself to ensure Leon paid her double for the extra service, she failed to notice the one zombie until it was right next to her protection target.

Hearing Ashley's shrill cry, Ada unholstered her gun and took a shot. The bullet managed to put down the zombie with a blow to the head. Unfortunately, the shot managed to keep going and hit a canister laying on the table. The pair of women realized their mistake the moment they got an unfortunate mouthful of the strange gas that leaked out.

Despite her hands becoming burlier, Ada was forced to drop her gun as she stumbled through the lab. Finding her own problems balancing on her hand-like feet, Ashley still managed to let out a panicked scream as she'd body began to fatten up and be covered in a thick pelt of blonde fur. Ada's own layers of black hairs were put on full display as her flabby body managed to tear through her dress. Forces down onto her knuckles she shared in Ashley's panic as they both developed a pair of lanky tails above their chunky backsides.

Staring at each other's drooping chests, the lingering gas began to degrade at the pair's minds to rid them of their fears and higher intelligence. Even as the contagion dissipated, the two monkey women were still able to leave a powerful odor in the form of the musk emanating from their bodies as they unashamedly scratched themselves. Approaching one another, they took

turns grooming through each other's fur, finding simplistic joy in their impromptu grooming session.

Ada and Ashley regained a semblance of intelligence as the lab door opened up. Though at first Leon drew his weapon on the apes, he paused as he noticed the torn clothes on the ground. As he tried to recognize them through their simian faces, he became the target of their attention as they latched onto him. Under the duress of their tight hugs and wild odors, he slowly trudged through the lab in hopes of finding a way to cure the obese monkey women.

Writing Prompt 666

Prompt: A horny witch performs a ritual to summon the embodiment of Lust but accidentally summons the fat slob that is the Gluttony demon. However, he grants the witch greater pleasure than Lust ever could by imbuing her with a fat fetish and feeding her into an overstuffed, oversensitive blob.

“God dammit!” Azeka the witch shouted as she stomped around the cabin. “I wanted a smoking hot succubus of lust, not a living sack of lard,” she continued, gesturing toward the blob of red flesh before her.

“Chill out lady,” Gorthor the Gluttony demon said, using one pudgy hand to scratch at his horns while the other grabbed at his meaty man boobs. “Not my fault that you cast the wrong spell.” Reaching within the folds of his belly fat, he extracted out a fully formed, delicious smelling pie. “You might as well make the most of it. Being a glutton has its own pleasures.”

Hoping to cover up her anger about wasting perfectly good ritual ingredients, Azeka relented in taking a bite. Even if the pastry had some of the demon’s sweat clinging to it, the witch couldn’t deny the delicious taste. Giving into a sudden bout of hunger, she ended up eating up the entire pie. While this did distort her once flat mid-section into a pronounced potbelly, the afterglow of the meal made her more than willing to accept Gorthor’s next offering of food.

With the Gluttony demon able to summon an infinite amount of different dishes, Azeka was free to fully give in to her new form of pleasure. It didn’t take long for her feeding to make her body rip through her robes with encroaching fat. While her belly took on the bulk of the extra mass to accommodate the massive meal, her breast and buttocks weren’t left far behind. Eating

more and more from the demon's fat folds, her rows of chins jiggled in ecstasy as she realized the true gift that had been bestowed upon her.

Though Azeka's feast had made her into an over 1000 pound, immobile blob of lard, Gorthor was eager to help her continue her journey. This mostly came in the form of stuffing her face, but he also made good use of his tail to caress her bountiful blubber. Moaning from a combination of delicious food and the added sensitivity granted to her fattened form, the witch found her eventual release as entire, rolled up pizza was shoved down her gullet. Basking in the pleasure of her powerful gluttony, problems such as cleaning the sauces stains from her body or how she would even fit back out the door was something she and her new partner could deal with much later.

Writing Prompt 667

Prompt: It's Michiru's first time experiencing mating season as a Beastman. Thus, her first time transforming into a bimbo to deal with her animalistic urges.

Michiru had been warned about mating season in Anima City. Having spent a few years as a tanuki woman, she figured that it could be taken care of as usual with her staying home and relieving her urges. What the young woman failed to account for was the built up pheromones that drifted through the city thanks to the multitude of Beastmen all going into heat at the same time.

Try as Michiru might to take care of it in the usual way, her body still yearned for a partner to mate with. Not helping matters were the frequent pictures Nazuna was sending her of how she had adorned her body in various clothes and made alterations to it to make her irresistible. Unable to take the pressure of her desires and her friend's provocations, the tanuki let her instincts take full control.

Michiru's body grew an extra foot in height to better highlight the blonde streaks going through her blue hair to contrast it against her brown fur. Her ears twitched as her modest chest swelled into a pair of E-cup breasts that jiggled with each step she took. She chewed on her lip as her hips grew to match her tits; her bubble butt adding to her pleasure as her bushy tail swung against it.

Clothing herself in a bright pink outfit that showed off her curves, she awkwardly sauntered her way to the door on a pair of high heeled shoes. With a finger on her bright pink lips, she headed out into the city to see if she could find a proper mate. Failing that, she would be

more than happy to share her newfound freedom with Nazuna in an effort to appease both of their libidos.

Writing Prompt 668

Prompt: Morrigan is turned into a shortstack nerd girl, receiving a wedgie that pulls her underwear over her head.

Having brought the mortal man into her chambers, Morrigan the succubus went about her usual routine. Stripping away her clothes, the green haired woman made her way over to her partner for the evening. "Let me know your deepest desires," she whispered into his ear as her hands caressed his chin. "Don't hold back."

With a nervous gulp, the man let his innermost desires flow into Morrigan. Feeling his fantasies course through her veins, she allowed them to reshape her form. Things started out as she suspected with her bust and butt getting an impressive boost. However, her confidence took a significant turn as she began to shrink and a pair of buck teeth, lined with braces emerged from her lips.

As the succubus was brought down to a mere two feet in height, her nude body was adorned with a pair of drab sweatpants and a t-shirt about an obscure horror movie she suddenly had encyclopedic knowledge of. Adjusting the pair of wide rimmed glasses on her freckled nose, she moved aside her unkempt hair to try and see why her partner had chosen this form for her.

Upon Morrigan realizing that he was no longer sitting on the bed, she felt him looming over her short body. Before the nerdy succubus could turn around, the human grabbed the pair of underwear sticking out from her pants. Yanking her small form upwards by the undergarment made her let out a frantic lisp. Forced to endure the humiliation of her wedgie sinking into her butt crack, she was forced to deal with the strange sense she felt from being bullied.

Writing Prompt 669

Prompt: Stark and Fern (Frieren) become a married couple and let themselves go, absolutely loving it.

With their journey with Frieren coming to an end, Stark and Fern had sought out to find how to continue their life. Though marriage between the two young adults was obvious, they were less certain with what to do about the vast riches they had acquired. What Stark had initially suggested was meant to be a joke. However, the more the pair thought about it, the more the idea blossomed into an overpowering obsession.

Making good use of their wealth, Stark and Fern began to indulge themselves in whatever food they could find. While this wasn't out of the norm for them, the sheer volume of meals they enjoyed per day mixed with their inactivity meant their bodies began to drastically change. Rather than bemoan what their gluttonous behavior was doing, they found a strange thrill in getting to carelessly enjoy every bite of food and extra pound that was given to them.

On the night of the couple's third wedding anniversary, Stark was burdened with the challenge of fitting himself through the cabin doors. Even after getting the entrance had been doubled in size, his hips pressed against the threshold as he waddled through. Bumping the doors closed with his elephantine rear, he let his blubber-laden limbs drop the supplies from town into random corner. With heavy breaths from his plump lips, he proceeded to strip himself of the cloak that kept his 800-pound belly at bay. No longer burdened with clothing, the red-haired man was free to both scratch at his sagging man boobs and reach a pudgy hand out towards one of the many pastry stashes throughout the cabin that had been created by Fern's collection of food creation spells.

Before Stark could take a bite of a doughnut, it was floated out of his hands and towards the bed in the center of the cabin. Taking up one of the king-sized mattresses on the floor, Fern waved around her plump fingers to bring the pastry to her mouth. Sinking her teeth into the sweet, she allowed the crumbs to tumble down her rows of chins, past her watermelon-sized breasts, and inevitably get stuck in the folds of her belly fat.

Shuffling over to his purple-haired wife, Stark's grumpiness about missing out on the meal was remedied as she flew another pastry into his waiting maw. Eagerly munching away on the sweet, he waited a moment for the equally obese Fern to shuffle her behemoth butt cheeks over. Climbing onto the makeshift bedding, he made sure to cuddle up as close to her as possible. Reveling in the feeling of pressing their fat forms against one another, Fern called upon more of her magic to summon extra food to keep the two of them in gluttonous, marital bliss.

Writing Prompt 670

Prompt: An elf sorceress finds mysterious necklace which turns her into a dumb horny dorse. She becomes a mount for a rat woman.

Easily knocking aside the rat woman with low level spell, Sifka the elf sorceress proudly strode through the corridor, her emerald cape and robes like a shimmering beacon in the dark passageway. Thinking of herself as the epitome of sorceresses, she ignored the pleas from her fallen foe to stop. More interested in the glimmer of the gems adorning the necklace, the chestnut-haired elf slipped it around her neck to properly gloat over the rat woman about the vast difference in their skills.

Sifka could only get a few laughs out before she was silenced by her neck becoming longer and thicker. She was forced to drop her staff from a combination of her torso ripping through her clothes with its newfound bulk and her hands changing into hooves. As her cloven feet forced her down on all fours, her attempts to command the rat woman to help her were distorted by her face stretching out to resemble a horse and her mouth forming into the perfect o-shape to let her elongated tongue stick out.

The once noble's elf meager attempt to ask for help was halted as a wave of pleasure spread out from her engorged breasts and into her brain. Heavy pants left her distorted mouth as her puffed up vagina and anus twitched between her pair of plump butt cheeks. Newly grown testicles jostling as her throbbing, two-foot cock dripped cum onto her underbelly, her new goal became finding someone or something to sate her lust. Before she could come towards the rat woman for assistance again, she was momentarily sated as a vibrating wand was shoved deep into her ass.

“Well shit,” Ralla the rat woman said as she pushed another vibrator into Sifka’s vagina to keep the beast content. “Guess I should put you with the rest of my party until the Cleric shows up. Dammed cursed treasure.”

Subdued by the toys shoved into her orifices, Sifka didn’t flinch as the rat woman leapt onto her back. Acting as a bizarre steed, the formerly noble elf clopped though the corridor under her rider’s direction. Upon reaching the innermost chamber and seeing a half dozen horny horses like herself; she couldn’t stop her cock from leaking a puddle onto the floor. Nearly throwing Ralla off in the process, Sifka rushed forward in order to meet with her fellow dorses and indulge in her overactive libido.

Writing Prompt 671

Prompt: A thief in a supermall attempts to steal from a perfume store. One of the bottles spills and turns him into a female skunk girl.

Having already busted through a jewelry store and tech shop in the mall, Kim didn't see any reason to stop himself from going a little further. Slipping into a perfume shop, he kept his eyes peeled for the perfect bottle to take. Though there were plenty of candidates, he inevitably set his gaze on the glass display in the center. Being entranced by "Pele Kuns" bottle design and the sign saying that it was still in development, helped him with his decision to pry open the case and take it for himself.

Curiosity getting the better of the thief, he gave a little spritz of the bottle. Whatever heavenly aroma he had pictured in his head was instead overtaken by a powerful, rancid odor that singed his nostrils. Unable to keep himself steady in the wake of the cloud, he ended up tripping over a shelf and smashing the bottle open.

Engulfed by the overpowering aroma, Kim's teary eyes couldn't see what was happening to him. However, he could certainly feel the hundreds of prickling sensations as his skin grew a layer of bright, purple fur. As his eyesight started to return, he managed to see the white patch on his chest whose purpose seemed to be highlighting the voluptuous pair of breasts he was growing. Tracing his hands over his curvy hips and reaching his shapely bottom, he was given a clue of his current status thanks to the bushy tail on his lower back.

Just as one hand was about to explore her new womanhood, Kim was stopped as her new tail raised itself up and sprayed out a cloud of gas. The smell was the very same that had changed her into the skunk woman she was now. Rather than revulsion, she found the odor to be

absolutely heavenly as her button nose deeply inhaled her own aroma. Becoming obsessed with huffing her own fumes and feeling up her body, the skunk woman would remain in the perfume store until the following morning where she would give the security team quite the morning greeting.

Writing Prompt 672

Prompt: Tomoko Kuroki (Watamote) turns into a stinky, hairy slob over the course of college.

She's now constantly dripping with sweat, her clothes are covered in stains, and she loves it!

When Tomoko went to college, the notion of getting a degree was a secondary goal to her expanding her very small circle of friends. While in class her usual social anxiety kept her speaking more than a few words to strangers, her time away from home did allow her to freely spend more time on her computer. It was through her constant access to the internet that she fell into a crowd of people that were more than eager to become friends with her and share their special interests. Though at first she was a bit hesitant of the lifestyle they suggested, it didn't take long for her to see the benefits of being a complete shut-in.

Over the course of the next few years, Tomoko gradually shifted all of her college classes to be online only. This allowed her the privilege of rolling out of her bed as the midday sun crept through her curtained windows of her one-person dorm room. Swinging her hairy legs over the side of her bed, she shamelessly scratched her bushy arm pit hairs as she let out a yawn that reeked of morning breath. Shaking off some of her grogginess by leaning to the side to let out a rumbling BRRRRAAAAAPP, she took a moment to revel in her own stench before shuffling over to her desk.

Taking her spot on her chair covered in various stains of sweat, food, and miscellaneous fluids, Tomoko chugged down an energy drink as she got to work on the day's assignments. In no time at all, she was able to rush through typing out her reports, while chowing down on a breakfast of reheated sausage pizza. The only thing that would stop her pace was the occasional

belch or fart that came bursting out to add to the body odor she had refined after multiple days without bathing.

With a flick of her grease-soaked, black hair, Tomoko made a few more strokes on her keyboard to finish her work. The task's completion came just moments before her friends sent her a link to a new comic made by her favorite doujin artist. Grinning with excitement, she peeled off her sweat-stained clothes for her reward. Despite still being as skinny as a twig, the patches of body hair along her chest, back, and mid-section gave her a savage allure that only she and her companions could understand. Clicking through the erotic images with one hand, she used the other to grab one of her well-used vibrators and plunge it through her thicket of pubic hairs in order to participate in her favorite hobby.

Writing Prompt 673

Prompt: A goblin woman comes up with an insane scheme to get the local dragon's gold: sleeping with him. She substantially fattens herself up to the proper size in order to get both the gold and a new partner in the dragon.

“I’m back, sexy!”

With an annoyed snarl, Ogram unfurled himself from his mound of treasure. Typically, the sight of the 20-foot dragon's bronze scaled body and fearsome wingspan would have been enough to dissuade any unwanted guests. Unfortunately, not even his pair of horns or a glare of his angry yellow eyes would be enough to shoo away the pest that had been bothering him for so long. Ready to send the unwanted guest away with a plume of fire, he turned around only to be frozen by the sight waiting for him at the mouth of his cave.

When Ogram had first met Noxi, she was a typical goblin in terms of being half as tall as most humanoids. While she was still baring her toothy grin and wild, dark green hair, her lime-green flesh had become much more bountiful. Watching her waddle further into his lair, Ogram had to guess that her blob-like figure weighed no less than 1000 pounds. Rather than try and figure out how much food the goblin had to eat to achieve this size, his eyes focused more on her meaty breasts and the chunky pair of ass cheeks that gave some credence to her attempts at seduction.

Seeing the gleam in Ogram's eyes, Noxi held up her flabby arms to allow him to take full reign of her body. Sitting himself down on his pile of gold, the dragon hovered the gluttonous goblin over this nether region. They both shuddered in anticipation as more and more of her was

slid down the length of his shaft. Upon hitting the base and still feeling room inside of Noxi to move, the dragon let his full fury show.

Held tight by the claws of her partner, Noxi got the privilege of having her bountiful blubber shook around as she became the dragon's sex toy. Though she tried to count up the treasure through the ordeal, it was hard to keep her mind straight through the waves of pleasure. Her cry of euphoria as her entire body quivered from her orgasm was swallowed up by the mighty roar of her partner as he filled her with his seed.

Still remaining atop the dragon's throbbing cock, Noxi let herself bask in her own genius and ecstasy. Sure it had cost her the lithe figure that had been key to many past quests, but she considered this new form a complete success. Feeling Ogram's snout nuzzle up against her back flab in preparation for a second round, she grinned at the thought of becoming his most prized treasure.

Writing Prompt 674

Prompt: (Male to Futa Vivian (Paper Mario) TF)

<https://x.com/GorInvisibLewd/status/1793132821000978867>

Upon entering his apartment, Danny heard a strange series of giggles coming from his bedroom. Assuming it was just his girlfriend planning another sexy evening, he wasted little time stripping himself as he made his way to the bedroom. Kicking off his underwear to leave himself fully exposed, he ran into the room thinking he was ready for anything.

Danny's enthusiasm faltered as his eyes got a look at the woman adorned in the red and white striped hat. Her long, pink hair and shadowy visage helped him to recognize her as Vivian, a well-known fictional crush he had. While he was willing to believe his girlfriend was still behind this, he wondered why she had chosen to give her new form such prominent breasts and buttocks. Urged onwards by a wave of the shadow siren's gloved hands, he was able to get a good look at the fat cock between her legs just before she pulled him into a hug.

As Vivian used her big lips to plant a sloppy kiss on Danny's face, a pulse of energy coursed through his body. Throughout the make out session, his hair started to grow out and become pinker to coincide with his skin taking on the similarly shadow-like consistency. Though he started to be pushed away as he developed a sizable pair of breasts of his own, he willingly stayed in place as the kiss gifted him with an equally luscious ass.

When Danny was finally released from the shadow siren's grasp, it was a loud popping noise made by his own pair of plump lips. The momentary pause gave him a moment to look down and admire the features that had been granted to him by the moment of passion. Grasping

at his newly engorged, foot-long dick between her hands, Vivian welcomed her other self to an evening that neither of them would ever forget.

Writing Prompt 675

Prompt: A ditzy fairy desperate to become tall by any means consults a dryad who gives her a “fruit of embiggening.” The fruit grant’s the fairy’s wish by inflating her into an exercise ball-sized blueberry.

"Here we are," Puldar the Dryad said, plucking the small blueberry from the branches on his head. "This is known as a fruit of embiggening. It may have what you seek. However, I must advise caution. Eating too much at once could have disastrous-"

Puldar's explanation was cut short as Tonya the fairy snatched berry right out of his fingers. Giving into her impulsive and ditzy nature, the two-inch-tall woman set to work devouring the fruit in record time. Any sense of danger brought about by the Dryad's repeated pleas for her to stop was easily ignored thanks to the sweet taste that lingered on her tongue even after she ate the last bite.

The tiny woman’s brazen act was immediately punished as her leafy dress was torn asunder by her rapidly expanding form. As she continued to grow into a massive sphere, everything from her skin to her formerly golden locks turned into a deep blue. If there was any doubt about what was happening to her, it was confirmed from the sweet trickles that leaked from her plumped up cheeks, bloated breasts, and the stream coming from her nether region.

Stopping at the size of a medicine ball, Tonya’s only form of movement were her sunken-in limbs. Barely hoisting herself off the ground with her tiny, translucent wings, she managed to rotate herself to face the Dryad. Working through the juice leaking from her lips and her head sinking further into her blueberry form, she managed to blurt out, “it’s a good start, but can I get even bigger?”

Writing Prompt 676

Prompt: BBW with milky teats dominates the reader. With focus on breast smothering and breastfeeding.

When you received the invitation, you were a bit hesitant to accept it. The main reason was that it seemed too good to be true. Over the course of the date, your worries dissipated as you began to learn more about Natasha. Though you had initially been drawn in by her heavysset body's luscious breasts, she completely entranced you with her soft words and promises of what she would like to do with you.

The evening's events culminated in this moment. Standing in the middle of Natasha's bedroom, you strip off your clothes under her guidance. As you remove the last few layers, you hear her let out a pleased giggle from her perch on the edge of the bed. When you turn to face her, she explains that she was merely thinking how cute you look. Urged on by a gentle wave of her pudgy hands, you step forward to let her chubby arms embrace you and take control.

Laying you a cross when thick thighs and pressing you against her belly folds, Natasha makes sure you're comfortable. However, you find it hard to remain composed as she pulls away her top to leave her heavy breasts completely exposed. The impression only lasts for a few moments though as she leans forward to completely smother your face with her breasts.

Your initial instinct to struggle is calmed down by Natasha's whispers that everything is alright. Following her command, you open your mouth and move your lips to one of her plump teats. Latching on and taking a few sips, you begin to question what you're doing. That is until you get to experience the delicious taste of milk dripping onto your tongue.

As you continue to suckle, Natasha reaches out to gently caress your head. Like a doting mother, she keeps you comfortable as she shifts back and forth between her breasts to keep the both of you satisfied. So lost in the feeding session you almost don't notice when she starts to slide her palm along your upper thigh. Reaching your groin, she pauses; giving you plenty of time to drink your fill before she gives you a more direct form of pleasure.

Writing Prompt 677

Prompt: A drunk woman passes out in a witch's garden while walking home. The witch is furious to find her there and casts a fusion spell on her and a nearby slug, turning her into a boob slug.

Ever since moving into a college town, Jezebel had to adapt to a new kind of pest inhabiting her gardens. Rather than pesky mice or free loading birds, her vegetation was constantly plagued by being turned into makeshift bedding. Looking down and staring at the young woman snuggling up to a group of cabbages and lazily sipping away the last few drops of booze, Jezebel wondered about the best way to get the drunk off of her property.

Rather than take the sensible route of calling the police, the witch's eyes drifted towards a lone slug creeping along the ground. Grinning a wicked smile, she pointed one hand towards the creature and another at her unwanted company. Casting her magic, she shuddered in anticipation of seeing the woman beg to be changed back from a disgusting, slimy slug.

In the midst of Jezebel's cackling, a few errant twitches of her fingers managed to disrupt the spell. She didn't notice the error at first as the college girl's arms sunk into her torso and her legs fused into a tail. Her realization came as, rather than swallowing up their owner, the young woman's clothes were torn apart as her body stretched out. Puzzled at the sudden tripling of the woman's length, the witch was left off guard as she spotted the irregularity her spell had created.

Letting out a yawn, the college girl shifted her body back and forth in order to shimmy her way through the garden. She only managed to get few inches before she was stopped by a moan leaving her lips. Hoisting herself up, she allowed the multiple rows of melon-sized breasts along her entire torso and belly to jiggle around. Though sliding then across the ground gifted her with more pleasure, she desperately sought out extra hands to take care of her.

Too busy trying to figure out how to fix the mess, Jezebel could do little as the boob slug woman squirmed towards her. The witch came back to her senses as her entire body was wrapped up and compressed between the multiple rows of tits. Forced to hear her victim moaning right next to her ear, she began to shuffle her way inside to take care of this mess.

Writing Prompt 678

Prompt: A woman with very large package is having issues as she passes attractive women and her dick extends its way between her breasts. She ducks into an alley and deals with the erect penis by sucking on the tip and massaging the sides with her breasts till she explodes in her mouth and collapses to the ground in a post orgasm bliss.

“Dammit,” Anita said, the businesswoman finding her usual evening stroll after a long Friday at work harder than expected. Thanks to a big football game going on in the city, the streets were flooded with young college girls that were more than eager to show off their bodies. Eyes passing over their curves for even a moment were enough to make her body shudder in response. Though she tried to keep herself calm, each new flicker of hair or jiggle of a bosom drove her closer to her breaking point.

Feeling her top starting to come undone, the businesswoman made the decision to duck into a nearby alley. Making sure that no one was around, she put down her briefcase and began to undo her buttons. Without her shirt or pants in the way, the full length of her over three-foot cock was free to flop out. Grasping the throbbing member between her palms and feeling it shudder in response, she realized that there was only one surefire way to take care of it.

Pressing her manhood up against her torso, Anita pressed her breasts around it to envelop its girth. Moving her tits up and down she could feel the waves of pleasure that spread across her form. Seeing the droplets of precum start to form at the tip, she realized that she didn’t have anything to contain the mess. Even worse, she was finding it hard to hold back her moans as her pleasure increased. Without many other options, she decided on an unorthodox solution.

Shimmying her cock higher up, the formerly professional looking woman leaned her head forward to swallow up what she could of the cock. As she got her first taste of the cum that dribbled out, any regret she had for the depraved action was overtaken by the pleasure she felt. Going faster with her rubbing, she vigorously swept her tongue along her lower head in a frantic display of depravity. Her reward for giving into her baser desires was a powerful orgasm that gifted her with a load of her delicious semen filling up her mouth.

Slumping against a wall as she sat down in the alley, Anita took a few tries to swallow up her liquid feast. Taking deep breaths to try and recover, she heard a second pair of grunts coming from further down the alley. Spotting one of the college women in the same position as her, dripping cock and all, she hazarded a nervous smile. Mirroring the expression, the young woman called out an offer to join her for some drinks. With a shrug, Anita accepted the invitation, figuring that she could use the stress relief after her long work week.

Writing Prompt 679

Prompt: Lucy (Zenless Zone Zero) comes upon an odd can of nitro fuel that seems to be part wine cooler. When she's finished sampling the drink, she's an out of shape, aged up MILF who doesn't have long to think about this before her maternal instincts kick in.

With an annoyed huff, Lucy stomped her way over to the collection of Nitro Fuel canisters that had been carelessly left out. Grumbling to herself about Bernice's insistence on coming up with new flavors, she kept pushing the bottles aside in an effort to clean up the area. She paused as her hand grasped onto a Nitro Fuel drink that seemed to be mixed with a wine cooler. Taking a small whiff and finding the aroma strangely tantalizing, she decided to give it a taste test.

What was supposed to be a small sip turned into a full chugging session as something possessed Lucy to down the entire canister. Dropping the empty bottle to the ground, she wiped her lips clean. Before she could begrudgingly accept that Bernice had created something so delicious through her mess, she was stopped by a strange tingling sensation spreading through her body. The feeling culminated in her flat mid-section bulging onto into an unsightly potbelly that hung past her waistline.

The reignited anger in the blonde woman's eyes was hindered somewhat as her breasts and buttocks went through a similar growth spurt. Even as her enhanced curves drooped and her limbs were packed on with extra chub, the boost in size brought with it a strange boost in confidence. Streaks of grey peeking through her locks of blonde hair were shown off as the strands broke free of her scrunchie to drape across her bosom. Using her longer nails to tame her locks, she pouted her puffier lips as she tried to make sense of what had happened to her.

Lucy's concern about the wrinkles around her eyes were undone by an explosion in the distance. New maternal instincts kicked in to bring back her former anger at Bernice. Putting her hands on her wide hips, she began to strut her way over to the source of the noise. After all, she was certain that a stern, motherly touch would be just what she needed to properly lead the Sons of Calydon.

Writing Prompt 680

Prompt: A lifeguard uses an outdoor shower to remove the sweat from a long day of no activity.

Though the girl who forgot to lock the door thinks this is a flirting attempt and capitalizes.

An accidentally unlocked door to the outside showers is what lead to the fateful meeting between the two women. Winona was a blonde haired, buxom lifeguard who spent the most of her day lounging in her chair and pretending to pay attention. In contrast, Sam was a mousy woman with a slim body and curly, brown hair who had for the longest time gazed at Winona behind the cover of a thick book and glasses. As they stared at each other's nude forms in the shower, neither knew how to proceed at first. While Winona wanted to apologize for intruding, she didn't get a chance. Moving under the assumption that the lifeguard had purposefully entered the shower, Sam stepped forward and kissed her longtime crush.

Rather than push Sam away, the lifeguard replied by embracing the smaller woman. Pressing Sam closer to her body, the blonde shared in the passion as the heat of the moment took over their minds and bodies. When the two eventually parted from one another, Sam was left a nervous wreck who was only now realizing what she had done. Unaffected by the same nervous shudders, Winona decided to give her impromptu partner a reward.

Sliding down Sam's torso, leaving kisses along the way, Winona eventually made her way down to the brunette's womanhood. Grasping onto Sam's hips, she leaned in to begin sucking and dragging her tongue across the labia. Motivated by the cute moans she heard echoing from above, she continued her task as she felt her partner's body tremble with pleasure. It was only once she felt Sam's hips buck and a loud cry of euphoria echo through the small space that the lifeguard finally brought herself back up.

Finally able to properly introduce themselves to one another, Sam hazarded to ask if Winona would like to continue. The brunette was momentarily disheartened as she watched her crush walk back over to the door. Making sure the lock was tight to avoid any other intrusions, Winona flung herself back into the arms of the brunette woman to continue a session of post-shift pleasure.

Writing Prompt 681

Prompt: A boring man with a boring life receives a colorful package with a hat in it. Putting it on turns him into a busty, hyper-sized balloon clown, ready to spread joy in such a grey world.

Dreading his Monday morning commute, Davis took a step out of his front door. In his groggy state he nearly tripped over the multi-colored box on his doorstep. Curious enough to risk running late, he opened up the lid to see what was inside. His reward was a flamboyant top hat that leapt out to place itself on his head.

Before Davis could attempt to remove the hat, his hands were pushed back as his hair became bright red and curly. The change in color matched the bright hue of the round rubber nose that appeared on his face. The bright red contrasted against the bright white that spread across his skin from the top of his head to the tips of his toes as they were encased by a pair of big red shoes.

Left stunned by the drastic makeover, Davis was in no condition to handle the sight of a pair of bulbous breasts growing on his chest. Wildly bouncy orbs came in to play as his buttocks swelled in order to make a poor attempt at filling up the pair of oversized, polka dot pants that had replaced his dull slacks. With each set of overinflated assets making him teeter back and forth, he waved about his gloved fingers while his mind tried in vain to fight off an intense urge to be silly.

Coat swapped out for a pair of bright red overall straps that barely covered up his new tits, Davis attempted to adjust them to better cover himself up. A loud SQUEAK came as she accidentally squeezed one of his breasts, bringing with it a high-pitched feminine giggle.

Continuing to grope at the beachball-sized boobs filled him with more mirth at the cost of

eroding away his old identity. Giggles from her lips and constants squeaks from her balloon-like bosom heralded the arrival of the newly created clown, Dapper Dally; a devoted clone on a quest to spread joy throughout the boring, grey office her former self used to inhabit.

Writing Prompt 682

Prompt: Caught by a new life fiber ploy, Ryuko Makoi slowly morphs into obese, feeble princess in a pretty dress. Will she continue on her mission or will she lose her way to the pleasures of her new body?

Drawn in by an invitation covered in far too much glitter and lace, Ryuko tightly gripped her scissor blade in preparation for beating up whoever had sent the paragraphs of complicated words. Whatever the Princess Club had in store, she was certain that they wouldn't put up much of a fight. Ignoring Senketsu's warnings, she proceeded through the set of curtains, unaware of the unusual thread that slipped itself into her body.

Ryuko's feet nearly stumbled as her shoes gained high heels. The adjustment in footwear came alongside Senketsu's body becoming a shade of bright pink as it became larger and frillier. Though Ryuko was used to wearing embarrassing outfits, the oversized gown that practically swallowed up her body brought a different kind of shame. That made it a blessing and a curse as her mind started to alter in the wake of a golden strand popping out from her head of black hair.

The once loose-fitting dress became tighter as Ryuko's body began to plump up. A blubbery belly created from countless feasts pushed up against the front of her gown. A pair of head sized breasts more than capable of attracting potential suitors filled out her top and made an uncharacteristically demure moan leave her plump, pink painted lips. With her rear swelling up into something capable of fully filling out her overly frilly gown, the newly blonde Ryuko couldn't help herself from enjoying the way the fabric caressed her royal curves.

Distracted by her own regality, Princess Ryuko didn't notice that she had sauntered into a lounge. Waiting for her there were similarly refined ladies with luscious bodies and extravagant

dressess. Looking around the room, she saw the gathering of women entertaining themselves with cups of fine tea, entranced conversations, and more than a few "accidental" bumps and pinches of each other's curves. Seeing a tiara laying before an empty chair at the table, Ryuko strolled forward. Taking her seat and putting on the crown, she hoisted up her teacup to enjoy her initiation into the Princess Club.

Writing Prompt 683

Prompt: Before you go to bed with her, your wife Milky (Interspecies Reviewers) asks you to milk her so she can have a good night's sleep.

You considered yourself the luckiest person in the world the day that Milky proposed to you. There were the obvious questions that came to mind, such as if the minotaur succu-girl was merely being paid by one of your friends to mess with you. However, as the days turned to weeks and you learned of her true intentions, you realized that your feelings were true. This culminated in getting to know the minotaur more intimately than any of her clients ever did.

Stepping into your bedroom, you see Milky sitting on the edge of the mattress. Catching your eye with a flicker of her ears, she greets you with a smile to coincide with a jiggle of the bell around her neck and the pair of enormous, udder-sized breasts being barely held back by her blue bikini. Undoing her top, the full mass of her mammaries freely shake around as if inviting you to join them. After all, it isn't her set of horns or tail that made her so popular at the brothel. It's the sight of white droplets seeping out from her plump teats.

Joining Milky on the bed, you get right behind her while being mindful not to pinch her tail. Reaching around her torso, you manage to get a gentle, yet firm grasp on her mammaries. Gently massing her breasts, she feels her begin to shudder as the pressure building up inside of her begins to rise. Double checking that the necessary buckets are waiting on the floor, you wait until she gives you the sign to move on to the next step.

Your pull brings forth a downpour of milk and a soft MOO from Milky's lips. Moments after you hear the clank of the droplets hitting the bottom of the bucket, you give her bosom another squeeze to continue the milking session. With each release, you hear her cry out in a mix

of MOOs and moans; each tinted with undeniable ecstasy. Despite both of you having worn the rings around your fingers for a few years now, neither of you have grown tired of these nightly milking sessions. Nor what usually follows the tight, passionate embrace.

Writing Prompt 684

Prompt: Marcille & Falin (Dungeon Meshi) journey forth into an enchanted sumo dungeon where everything they encounter are either sumo-ified monsters or sumo-related as they slowly, but surely, get bigger and fatter as they transform into SSBBW Sumo Giantesses.

Low on cash and team members, Falin and Marcille had decided to try their luck on a newly discovered dungeon. With the elf taking the lead to blast away any monsters, her tall-man companion came up behind, ready to banish any evil spirits or heal up her partner. However, any anxiety they felt about the place was replaced with confusion as they spotted the massive, obese statues that flanked the doorway, each one clad in a strange type of garb that resembled skimpy undergarments. Unable to read "Lair of the Sumo Titans" engraved into the entrance in an unusual language, the pair proceeded inside.

It didn't take long for the duo to run into their first group of monsters. However, the creatures' rounded shapes, blubbery bodies, and unusual fighting style were easily dispatched by a few spells from Marcille. The strangeness continued as each chest they ran into was filled with an odd stew rather than gold or weapons. Though they were cautious, they couldn't stop themselves from giving in to the heavenly aroma and sampling the brew every chance they got.

As Marcille and Falin delve deeper into the dungeon, the enchantment made its mark as their bodies began to swell. Every enemy felled or bowl of chanko stew they downed added further height and bulk to them. This did lead to their clothes tearing apart and having to squeeze their heft through some of the smaller passages, but at the time all they could seem to focus on was getting to the heart of the structure to find whatever the grand prize was.

When the pair did reach the main chamber, they were completely unrecognizable from their former selves. If it weren't for Maricille's ears or Falin's blue hat and closed eyes, it would be hard for even their closest companions to identify their massive forms of muscle and fat. Each stomp of their thick legs sent ripples through their bulbous gut to jiggle around their enormous tits. As they got closer to a ring in the center of the room, they had to reach back with their pudgy fingers to adjust the mawashis they had been forced to wear to replace their discarded clothing.

Moments after Marcille and Falin entered the circle, a spark spread throughout their gigantic forms. Waddling their way to opposite sides of the rings, they squatted low enough to leave their double-wide rears mere inches from the ground. Staring each other's gigantic, sumo bodies down, they were overtaken with a burning desire to see how was best. Spurred forward by the ring of a mysterious bell, the women slammed their bulks against one another to see who would become the Yokozuna of the dungeon.

Writing Prompt 685

Prompt: An accident in a Team Aqua lab causes Shelly to be fused with Pokémon DNA. Over the course of a few months she transforms into an especially massive Wailord, with traits such as her eyes and hair remaining to show she was once the svelte Team Aqua admin.

Team Aqua's attempt to create an artificial blue orb had been less than successful to say the least. When Shelly had heard that someone had made the idiotic idea to use Wailord DNA, she arrived at the lab just in time to see the object pulsing with unstable energy. Shoving aside the other grunts, the admin managed to make herself the only one who was caught up in the blast. Though at first the only consequence appeared to be messing up her blue and black hair, the true effects weren't felt until several days later.

Things started off small with Shelly feeling a bit more peckish than usual. Some extra snacks kept her hunger at bay, but she eventually moved on to swallowing up full meals like they were nothing. As she continued to eat at all hours of the day, the team found it impossible to ignore how fast her body was starting to plump up. Though the admin herself didn't think much of her weight problem at first, she was forced to pay attention once her skin started to turn a deep blue.

Any chance to deny what was happening to the once svelte woman diminished once Shelly's arms and legs were replaced with fins. Even more so when her fattened up form became even larger and more cylindrical. With her mobility degrading with each passing day, she and the rest of the team were forced to deal with her strange affliction before her growing body took down the entire base.

Shelly the Wailord now spent most of her days with her enormous mass taking up the pool the team used to store their submarine in. Bobbing up and down, the only sign that she was still herself was the hair hanging over her bulbous head and the look of embarrassment in her eyes that showed whenever she was scrubbed down. Though her wide mouth helped her to eat as much as she needed, it unfortunately left her white cheeks exposed to let everyone see the flush of red that occasionally showed up. Despite the loss of her dignity, she was thankful that Archie and the others were willing to take care of her. Especially when she was allowed to freely swim through Hoenn's waters to give her finned tail some exercise while she awaited a cure for her condition.

Writing Prompt 686

Prompt: Miyabi and Yixuan enter the hollow from a distress call asking for rescue and unknowingly get hit with some transformative gas and both be turned into roaches. Slowly they try to fight against it but the transformative wave feels too good, and they willingly join the hive of roaches to be broodmothers.

Low on staff, Miyabi had to rush into the Hollow with only the help of a last-minute ally. Following the lead of the Thiren's pointed black ears, Yixuan let her long, white hair flow behind her as she ran at full speed. Arriving at the source of the distress call, neither woman could tell where the civilians were. However, their search did reveal canisters of a strange, green miasma. Unfortunately, their discovery came too late to avoid getting infected.

Both women crumpled to the ground as their bodies were overcome with powerful tremors. Miyabi's ears were pushed back as she developed a pair of fuzzy, brown antennas to match the ones parting through Yixuan's hair. Watching each other grow extra sets of arms, they desperately wanted to call out to one another. Unfortunately, their words became a chittering mess as their mouth distorted into clicking mandibles.

The pair's clothing began to tear as their bodies bulked up in size. As the fabric tore away, it revealed the hard, brown exoskeleton that covered up most of their soft flesh. As the chitinous material took over each of their limbs and they resembled less of their former selves, there was an intense panic in their eyes as they realized they were turning into some types of cockroach creatures. This look of pure fear lasted up until their eyes became glossy black and their new instincts took over.

Twitching their antennae, the recently turned roach women brought their attention to the gathering of fellow victims crawling along the nearby wall. Making use of their hind legs, they leapt into the air and allowed their wings to carry them over to their new homes. Creeping along the surface under the guide of the throbbing sensation in their abdomens, they sought out suitable mates to help them birth the first of many clutches of eggs.

Writing Prompt 687

Prompt: Power (Chainsawman) buys a jeweled buttplug from an antique shop and discovers that it makes her butt bigger when something slaps it. After slapping her own ass enough times as a test, it weighs her down enough to make her succumb to a session of euphoric butt bouncing.

Forever cursed for her interest in shiny by things, Power didn't realize what the "artifact" was until she purchased it and brought it home. The term buttplug left her scratching her head of long pink hair as she looked over the silver, conical object. Pinching at her horns, she focused her yellow eyes on the red jeweled bottom of the toy that had drawn her attention in the first place. Unwilling to admit defeat by returning to the store, the fiend decided to make the most of her purchase.

Gritting her fanged teeth, Power slid the well-lubed plug into her anus. Taking in the entire toy, she was only able to breathe easy once she felt the jeweled bottom press against her rim. At first, she didn't quite see the appeal of having a random object shoved inside of her. Recalling what she read online, she attempted to see if anything would change by giving her ass a slap.

The sudden smack made the fiend hiss as a wave of pleasure spread out from her backside. Any enjoyment she could gain from the stimulation was overtaken by concern as she watched her butt double in size. Hitting her butt cheeks again sent out another wave of energy from the jewel to further thicken up her ass. Finally ready to admit that something was wrong, she started to shuffle out of her room to search for help.

Before Power could reach the door, a sudden misstep caused her poorly maintained balance to falter. Slamming her buttocks to the floor brought another growth spurt as an

overwhelming helping of pleasure. Unable to stop a moan from leaving her lips, she proceeded to purposefully wobble her butt up and down. Letting the plug wreak havoc on her proportions and libido, she continued her session self-indulgent bouncing; assuming that Aki or Denji would be around to clean up her mess later.

Writing Prompt 688

Prompt: (Loona (Helluva Boss) Head Expansion) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/48452961/>

“Enhance your body’s sexiest organ,” the bottle proclaimed via a label printed on its side. Loona the hellhound was well aware of the questionable nature of Wally Wackford’s products. However, boredom did a lot to get her to look at the vigor in a more favorable light. With a shrug, she popped off the top and guzzled the drink down her maw while glossing over the side effects warning printed diminutively on the glass.

Putting the empty bottle aside, Loona looked over her body to see if there were any changes. Much to her dismay, her top remained in place as her breasts kept their same size and her tail failed to rise in response to her butt swelling up. Pulling away her shorts and underwear, her red eyes tried to see if there were any changes to her womanhood. This unfortunately left her to almost stumble over as her head started to pulsate with a strange presence.

Reaching for her scalp, the hellhound let out a yelp as she felt her head rapidly engorge. The drastic change in size scattered her locks of grey hair and stretched her ears further and further away from her face. As she tried to hold onto her swelling cranium her mind raced to find a way to call for help. That was until her enhanced brain decided to focus its energy into something more self-indulgent.

A wave of lust got Loona to take one hand away from her growing head. Rubbing her fingers along her exposed womanhood, she was unable to prevent it from leaking across the floor as she freely howled out in pleasure. Given more than enough stimulation through the enhanced nervous system granted by her engorged, couch-sized brain, she gave in to a near non-stop masturbation session.

Writing Prompt 689

Prompt: Lucy installs a new two-in-one, subdermal coolant and shock absorption system without reading how it works. As the flowing gel fills up the tubes of the system, her body expands and starts to sag, turning her into something between living waterbed and barely mobile SSBBW.

Though the pack was a little unwieldy, the promised upgrade would be just what Lucy needed to make the most out of her skills. Rather than waste time with taking constant ice baths, the new upgrade was supposed to give her subdermal coolant to keep her body from getting too hot. The added promise of an added shock absorption system was promising, although she didn't see any major signs of the supposed upgrade. Rather than give the new chrome a field run, she elected to use it in the safety of her apartment to see what the big deal was.

Clicking the switch, Lucy's multi-colored hair shivered as the coolant began pumping into her body. Getting over the initial chill, she had to admit that it was impressive technology. However, that didn't prevent her from wincing as she felt her clothes grow tight around her body. Wondering if maybe a loose wire had slipped somewhere, she looked across her form to see what the problem was.

Lucy's eyes went wide as she watched her clothes get torn apart by the layers of fat that quickly encased her body. Moments after ripping through her pants, her chunky thighs and double wide rear sent her crashing to the ground. Though her blubbery legs tried to get her back up, she was thoroughly pinned to the ground by her belly as it grew to over 800 pounds. With her rows of chins resting against her sagging, beachball-sized breasts, she could only fidget with her plump fingers as she put out a call to David to help her. She wasn't about to spend the rest of her life as a living waterbed.

Writing Prompt 690

Prompt: A farmhand eats a magic apple that changes him into a horse. He is completely overwhelmed by how much his cock and balls are growing and cums hard as the transformation hits its peak.

Having grown rebellious of his magically inclined boss, Mr. Mystero, Tony the farmhand decided he had had enough. Plucking a shimmering green apple from one of the trees he had been working on, he lifted it to his mouth and took a bite while disregarding the lengthy riddle engraved into a nearby sign. His act of defiance rewarded him with a sweet taste that made him grin at the idea of the old man stomping his feet in frustration.

Tony's moment of triumph was shattered as he was forced to drop the remains of the apple as his fingers were replaced with hooves. As his feet went through a similar transformation, he was forced down onto all four of his legs as he started to bulk up. A thin layer of brown fur spreading across his skin led to an attempt for him to let out a call for help. Instead, his elongating face could only let out a panicked neigh.

Fear was replaced with another feeling as Tony's lower body began to alter. With his equine rump bursting through his shorts, his swelling horse cock and balls were free to swing about. Body shaking as he grew a black mane to match his tail, he gritted his teeth as a wealth of new sensations flooded his enhanced genitals. As the last of his humanity was dissolved away, he reared back his head and whinnied as he spilled his seed across the ground.

"Dammit, not again," old man Mystero commented as he watched the transformed farmhand trot off in search of a mare. "Guess I should actually put up a warning about the side effects instead of cryptic riddles next time."