

Patreon Prompts Volume 1

Patreon Prompt 1

Prompt: Mina Ashido transfers to slob university and receives a personal tutoring session from Momo Yayorozu.

For someone who lived out their life with bright pink skin, a pair of horns emerged from her fluffy hair, and black sclera, it was a strange feeling for Mina Ashido not to be the oddest looking person in the room. Her short time as a transfer student at Slob University had shown her a new way of life that she was still struggling to adjust to. In need of help to avoid failing she had called upon an old friend from her UA days and one of the star students of the university.

Momo Yayorozu stood at the front of the empty classroom writing down the school's principles. During her time at Slob University, her unique quirk had made adopting the school's regulations and rules as easy as breathing. She weighed in at a little over 400 pounds, her belly flab left to peek between the buttons of her blouse. Her overly engorged breasts acted as a makeshift shelf for the variety of crumbs and sauce stains leftover from her second lunch. Munching on a leftover biscuit from between her boobs, she waved about the hem of her skirt against her pudgy rear as she moved across the room. Tapping her pudgy finger against the board, she turned towards Mina, her greasy strands of black hair bouncing against her chubby cheeks.

"Well, did you finish your food?" Momo asked.

"Y-yeah," Mina replied, rubbing her hand against her swollen belly.

"Then show me what you can do."

Mina grimaced as she shook about her food baby. Moments later a small burp pierced her lips that received a dismissive shake from Momo. Pressing her finger into her gut, Mina tried to

make up for her pathetic belch by opening up her colon. The result was a small, squeaky fart that barely lifted the hem of her skirt.

“Is that really all you can do?” Momo asked, approaching her troubled friend.

“Sorry, but I’ve only just started.”

Pressing her gut against Mina’s desk, Momo practically pressed her face into hers. “Let me try giving you an example of what the University considers the basics for their students.”

Opening her mouth wide, Momo released a gnarly burp that blew back Mina’s hair. Still reeling from the overpowering smell and ears still ringing from the sound, Mina watched as Momo turned around and lifted up her rear. Letting out a primal grunt, Momo pushed out a prolonged fart that fluttered her skirt and filled the room with a noxious odor.

“As you can see by the demonstration, you still have a ways to go.” Reaching between her breasts, Momo pulled out a leftover chunk of greasy chicken and offered it to Mina. “Better eat up. We have a lot of work to do if you want to get your grades up.”

Patreon Prompt 2

Prompt: Satsuki visits Honnouji's farming club, gets tricked into sampling their famous milk products and gets changed into an anthro cow.

The rumors swirling around the livestock club made Satsuki want to decline their invitation, but as the student council president she was obliged to pay them a visit. Upon entering the club's barn, she was greeted with friendly smiles in opposition to her stern grimace. Unfazed by her cold stare, the members were quick to offer her a bottle of their famous milk to show how their progress. Graciously accepting the bottle, Satsuki put it to her lips and drank.

As the drops poured down her throat, her fingers went numb. Watching the bottle roll out of her hand and smash against the ground, she saw her fingers harden into hoof-like digits. She witnessed the same changes as her feet burst out of her shoes as they became cloven hooves. Swinging about her bovine tail and wiggling her flattened ears she turned back to the club members to see sinister looks plastered on their faces.

Fumbling with her hooved fingers to try and draw her sword, she stared past her developing cow muzzle to see her body grow. Her uniform was burst apart by a combination of her layer of fat around her belly and her bosom receiving a noticeable jump in size. Grimacing at the feeling of her tail swinging against her fattened up rear, her worry only grew as she watched another lump emerge from below her stomach.

An orb of bright pink flesh peeked its way out beneath her stomach to show off four, plump teats hanging off of it. Giving her new udder a small tweak produced a stream of milk that sent a mix of shame and pleasure through her body. Unable to control herself, she broke out into a series of loud moos as she attempted to milk her swollen udder and breasts. Watching the student council president debase herself to satisfy her new body, the livestock club members

rolled out a milking machine. Their plan to overthrow the student council and take over the academy was close to becoming reality.

Patreon Prompt 3

Prompt: After awaking from a hangover, a large SSBBW rolls off the couch to discover that she had fallen asleep on top of her equally drunken roommate. In her groggy stupor, she attempts to resuscitate her through mouth-to-mouth CPR, albeit, CPR that involves a lot of burps.

It took multiple factors to wake Donna from her peaceful, hangover induced slumber. The noon sun peeked through the blinds to shine upon her thousands of pounds of flab peeking through her beer-soaked shirt and short shorts. An uneasy rumbling in her keg-sized stomach was brought on by the gallons upon gallons of alcohol that she had chugged the night before. However, what finally got to life up her chubby face from the couch was a strange sensation of something vibrating against her groin.

Groggily lifting herself up, Donna pushed aside her long, messed up hair to see what was causing the admittedly pleasant sensation. Heaving her body off the couch, her sleepiness was shaken off in an instant as she realized that she had been laying on top of her roommate, Nina. Staying as still as a statue, Donna looked down at her twig of a roommate with a growing realization that she had been smothering her with her fat all night long.

Moving faster than her body had any right to, Donna bent down over her motionless roommate to look for signs of life. For lack of any other ideas in her panicked state, she put her open mouth to Nina's lips in an attempt to resuscitate her. Sucking in air to give Nina a breath of life, Donna was interrupted by a gas bubble rolling up her throat. Too late to move away, Donna let a boisterous belch come bursting out into Nina's mouth, instantly opening up her eyes.

"What UUURRP happened?" Nina asked, spewing back some of Donna's burp.

"Oh my god I'm so sorry! We got drunk last night and the couch was the only place we could find and you know I roll around a lot in my sleep and-"

Nina held up a hand as she clutched her forehead. “Whatever, just...can you get me an aspirin? My head is killing me.”

“Y-yeah,” Donna replied, waddling off towards the medicine cabinet, thankful she would have time to come up with a proper explanation for their compromised sleeping position.

Patreon Prompt 4

Prompt: A clown duo that is well known and hired often for their "Fart Balloon" party trick, although the "balloon" is getting a little sick of the act.

Before a captivated audience, with white makeup on her face, clad in baggy overalls and big shoes, and a red ball on her nose, Seline sat before down on a bench. Her short stature and thin body owed to her clown name Twig, a title that had spread far and wide through the entertainment world. While her reputation gave her and her partner plenty of work, she couldn't help feeling a sense of overwhelming dread behind her painted on smile.

Twig's worries came to the forefront as her partner, Trunk waddled her way towards hers. The woman painted in similar makeup with undersized overalls squeezing her hefty form, played up her exaggerated walking as she stepped ever closer to the discarded banana peel on the floor. Slipping on the banana, Trunk flung herself into the air with incredible expertise and came tumbling down to squash Twig and the bench simultaneously.

Stumbling to her feet to the sound of uproarious laughter, Trunk stepped to the side to show off her partner. Twig's skinny forms was flattened out like a pancake, her body spread out across the remains of the bench. As the audience giggled as her eyes surveyed her sorry state, Trunk got ready for the finale of their big act by pulling an oversized hose out of her sleeve.

Attaching one end of the hose to Twig's mouth and the other to her rear, Trunk scrunched up her face. Entire body trembling and her red face showing through her makeup, Trunk let out a long fart that blew into Twig's flattened form. In a matter of seconds Twig regained her old shape, but that didn't last for long. As the flatulence continued, Twig's body ballooned out into a massive sphere that stretched out her baggy clothes and lifted her above the crowd. With the taste of rancid air on her tongue and an audience laughing as more farts were pumped into her

body, Twig took the time to contemplate her place in life. Feeling a puff of gas vibrate across her tongue, she considered if the money was worth being Trunk's personal hot air balloon.

Patreon Prompt 5

Prompt: A prissy rich lady gets an unexpected surprise as her regular masseuse is substituted with a rather obese woman without her knowledge, and is about to find out about this masseuse's peculiar massaging techniques.

After a long day of going over her rising stock prices and her plethora of lucrative business deals, Karina was ready to indulge in her favorite form of relaxation. Slipping out of her bathrobe, she rested her lithe form along a series of cushions on the floor. Calling for the masseuse to come in, she put a pair of headphones on, closed her eyes, and got ready for an afternoon of complete bliss.

A strong vibration rocked Karina about on her cushion, but she just shrugged it off as some construction work being done in another part of the mansion. She only realized something was off as she felt a pair of meaty hands lather her back with oil. Opening up her eyes and taking off her headphones she turned her head and was awestruck by the enormous obese woman with blonde hair tied in a bun standing over her.

“Who are you? Where is Ronaldo?”

“My name is Holina. Ronaldo said your body wasn’t getting the proper treatment,” she replied. “Do not worry. I know how to make you feel better.”

Karina’s attempt to protest was silenced as Holina stepped on her with all of her weight. Stopping only once she had stomped across the expanse of Karina’s back, she stepped off for a moment only to come slamming down belly first. Squashing Karina beneath her obese form, Holina rocked back and forth. Swallowed up by the crushing weight, Karina’s constant attempts to either break free or curse out the unusual massage amounted to nothing. When Holina finally decided to take a break, Karina took a deep breath of fresh air.

“What in the hell do you think you’re doing?” Karina shouted, pointing at her. “You could have killed me. I am going to have your head for this.”

“Do you feel better?” Holina asked.

Karina opened her mouth to complain further, only to feel a strange sense of ease in place of the discomfort in the back she had been feeling for days. Remaining silent, she placed her head down on the cushions. “You may proceed,” she said, wincing as she heard Holina stomp towards her to continue the massage.

Patreon Prompt 6

Prompt: Running late to class, a stressed college student takes the subway for the first time.

Unfortunately for her, the National Co-ed Sumo Wrestling Team follow in right behind her.

Sprinting through the subway station at breakneck speed, Emilia kept glancing at her watch. While she had been punctual to get to every track meet and training session, her academic standing at her University wasn't getting off on the best footing with her being late on the first day. With her scholarship on the line and fear for her future on the mind, she only allowed herself to relax once she slipped inside of the subway car, just before it left the station.

Taking a seat for well-deserved break, Emilia was relieved that she was going to make it to class in time. The subway came to a gradual stop a few minutes later. A quick glance at the clock let her breathe easy knowing she had plenty of time left. However, something felt off as the doors slid open and she heard numerous, heavy footsteps approaching her.

Emilia sat in utter shock as a stampede of men and woman, each no less than 500 pounds waddled their way into the subway car. What was once a spacious area, became a cramped prison of men and women attempting to find someplace to sit their wide rears. In the midst of the chaos, Emilia was left immobilized as a man and woman sat beside her. Crushed between the woman's numerous belly rolls and the man's sizable man boobs, she almost didn't hear him trying to get her attention.

"Excuse me," he said, poking her on the shoulder, "is that your bag?"

"Y-yeah," Emilia replied, struggling to breath as she was squished between the two of them.

“Oh, so you go to the same school as us,” the woman added. “We’re from the sumo wrestling team. Just got out of our morning practice. Thank god we were able to make it to the subway in time.”

“S-same,” Emilia replied, her mind going back into panic state as the subway train sped off and she contemplated how she was going to free herself from the mass of blubber when her stop came.

Patreon Prompt 7

Prompt: A new update to the game has turned D.Va into a giant gassy slob, and the enemy team can't help but laugh at her new form. Enraged, D.Va takes it out on them by performing her ultimate- without the help of her mech.

It only took a few hours after the latest patch drop for people to discover there had been a major change to D.Va to better fit her gamer girl persona. While she still stomped around the map in her mech, there had been a noticeable loss of speed alongside a green miasma that permeated the cracks of the suit. A single glance inside of the cockpit made the other players take a second look to confirm that the obese woman with cheese dust layered on her fat lips piloting the mech was still the same character.

While most people were left in confusion, a single Sombra player on the enemy team made it her mission to milk the situation for all its worth. Every time the D.Va released an errant fart or burp, she was sure to flood the chat with insults and nasty remarks. More than once she compared the gassy gamer's belly to a human garbage disposal, adding on top of the numerous comparisons between her fat ass and Roadhog's. That's what made the end of the match all the more humiliating.

Still in awe of what happened, the Sombra player could only watch as the play of the game was replayed in front of her. Her team was mere seconds away from snatching up victory when the D.Va player came charging at the control point with her ultimate fully charged. Pressing the button, the mech popped open the hatch to send the slobby girl rocketing into the air. Plummeting back down, she called out her catch phrase, "NERF THIS!" as her backside came plummeting down on the point accompanied with a prolonged fart.

Anyone that wasn't immediately killed by the impact was left to deal with the lingering toxic gas cloud. Watching her life tick away, the Sombra player's last bit of health was knocked off by the D.Va player bumping into her with her own gluttonous gut. While the Sombra player spent the post-match screen coming up with a multitude of excuses as to why she lost, her teammates began to discuss among themselves who would be switching over to be a D.Va main.

Patreon Prompt 8

Prompt: Wanting to better herself in order to protect and help Princess Zelda, Impa sets off to gain some guidance from the Great Fairies. However, Impa's sassy attitude and lack of rupees leads one of the Great Fairies to teach her a lesson for her rudeness.

The soft knock against the side of her bulb drew the Great Fairy of Kakariko Village from her slumber. Springing forth from her flower, the gigantic fairy appeared before the young woman with white hair and bearing the Sheikah eye on her forehead. Introducing herself as Impa, she explained that she had come to the Great Fairy seeking aid in fighting back Calamity Ganon. More than happy to oblige, the Great Fairy held out her hand and asked for the usual sum of rupees for her services.

Impa glared back at the Great Fairy, offering only comments of the gigantic woman's greediness instead of any compensation. Taken aback that someone had the nerve to insult her, the Great Fairy barely acknowledged Impa's repeat requests to provide assistance without anything in return. Letting out an annoyed huff, the Great Fairy finally relented and decided on the best way to share her power with her rude patron.

Blocking Impa's escape with her hands, the Great Fairy lowered her head down to smother her with a kiss. The moment her lips left Impa, the white haired girl's slender form began to swell up. Belly growing to the size of an Octorok, Impa found herself being lifted up off the ground by the magic coursing through her body. Her clothes were torn apart by her swelling body, leaving nothing in the way for her spherical form to become as large as the Great Fairy herself.

Just as Impa's balloon-like body was about to reach past the treetops, the Great Fairy reached out and grabbed her. Pulling her back down to face level, the Great Fairy kissed her on

her puffed-up cheeks to stop her growth. Releasing Impa, the Great Fairy chuckled as she watched her bound around the forest, her useless squirming sending her rotund form spinning about. Happy with the new addition to her domain, the Great Fairy contemplated when would be the best time to send someone to Hyrule Castle to collect her necessary rupees to both aid their cause and return Impa to normal.

Patreon Prompt 9

Prompt: After a long Christmas party, a large obese man and his skinny girlfriend have a little foreplay fun with a spare mistletoe.

Several days after their Christmas party, Joel and Kia were still picking up from the aftermath. The mess wasn't out of the ordinary for them, but the thing that slowed them down the most was that they were a bit too keen to use the winter weather as an excuse to cuddle up to one another. While Kia didn't offer much with her skinny body, Joel more than made up for it with 500 pounds of fat that were shown off well by his tight shirts and pajama pants as he waddled about their living room.

Pushing aside a pile of leftover gift wrapping, Joel's eye lit up at the sight of a discarded mistletoe. Calling over Kia, he held it over his head and gave a knowing nod. Without any hesitation, Kia embraced what she could of his hefty form and locked her lips with his. Pulling away, they had inadvertently kicked up their own libidos alongside giving Joel an interesting idea.

With mistletoe still in hand, Joel lowered it down to hang above his chest. Quickly catching on, Kia pressed his moobs together to give her plenty of room to cover them with her kisses. Making sure every inch of his pecs were given attention, Kia guided Joel's hand down to hover above the peak of his belly. Lifting up his shirt, she pressed her face against his gut to shower it with a barrage of adoring kisses.

Unable to take the brunt of his girlfriend's loving assault, Joel accidentally dropped the mistletoe. Bending over to search for the lost set of berries and leaves, he paused as she felt Kia grope his backside with one hand. Looking over his shoulder, he watched her hold the mistletoe above his rear just before diving down to peck at his butt cheeks with numerous kisses. As Kia

came back from her exploration of his massive backside, she shared a smile with him. Standing back up, Joel took her hand in his and led her to the bedroom to once again put off cleaning up the house in favor of something much more entertaining.

Patreon Prompt 10

Prompt: A thief's attempt to steal from an obese and gassy rich lady goes awry as the SSBBW unknowingly sits on her. In order to not blow her cover, she's forced to endure the woman's weight and gas.

Valerie thought it was going to be the easiest jog in her career as a thief. Break into the home of a world-renowned eating champion and steal from her mass collection of priceless awards and trophies. The bag that clung to her sides jingled against her as she ran down the hall, hearing the huffs and grunts of her target stomping ever closer to her. Reaching the lavish living room, her idea to make a break through the windows were thwarted by the sheer speed at which the heavyset woman was approaching.

Close to panicking, Valerie's eyes were drawn to the plush couch in the center of the room. Leaping into actions, she slipped in-between the cushions as deep as she could. Completely undetectable in her makeshift hiding place, all she had to do was wait for her target to leave and she would be free to make her escape.

Even with her limited visibility, Valerie still got a good glimpse of her target as she waddled into the room. Feeling comfortable in the supposed privacy of her own house, her bare, 700 pounds of flesh were free to jostle about without the restraints of clothing. A glimmer of steel brought Valerie's attention to the massive pot of clutched in the woman's meaty hands. By the time she smelled the distinct aroma of chili, it was already too late.

The woman practically slammed down on the cushions of the couch, smothering Valerie beneath her massive ass. Pinned between the couch and the glacier of fat, Valerie found herself surrounded by darkness and feeling every pound pressed down on her. Between the muffled

noise of frantic eating above, the desperate thief became aware of a groaning noise emanating from the woman's gut.

The first fart came out small, giving Valerie a preview of the hell she had just jumped into. Blissfully unaware of the intruder's presence, the obese woman began to stink up the cushions with a bombardment of chili-fueled flatulence. Subjected to a maelstrom of burning winds scented with the inside of the woman's colon, Valerie's attempt to remain quiet through the ordeal was made all the easier as she passed out from the smell. Left unconscious beneath the gassy woman, Valerie would wake up just in time for the eating champions morning meal of breakfast burritos overstuffed with beans.

Patreon Prompt 11

Prompt: Jeremy finds an old chocolate covered bunny from the previous Easter and consumes it. Soon he shrinks down and becomes an inanimate thicc cream filled chocolate bunny.

What started out as a routine, end of summer cleaning became a treasure hunt as Jeremy popped open the closet. Waiting for him inside was a chocolate Easter bunny that had somehow managed to survive being eaten like its comrades. It's long, solitary life would come to an end as Jeremy picked it up and unwrapped the foil. The strange coloring of the bunny's candy eyes and its uniquely, plump and curvy figure did little to dissuade Jeremy from digging into it to reward himself for his hard work.

As the last of the chocolate bunny tumbled down into his stomach, Jeremy felt something was off. His suspicions were confirmed as his skin turned a dark brown and drifted a strong, chocolatey aroma into his button nose. Before he could get a chance to examine his changed skin, his attention was brought to the pair of buxom breasts and shapely rear that were thrust into his body. Mere moments after seeing his belly surge forward to match his grown assets, his ears stretched out to mimic the bunny he had so mercilessly devoured.

Jeremy's situation worsened considerably as his arms were pulled away from his enlarged buck teeth and forced against his side. Despite various attempts, his body remained motionless as it shrunk down to no more than a foot in height. Rocking his changed form back and forth, he had to pause as he noticed trails of cream leak out of his prodigious breasts and nether region.

Turning the corner in search of her husband, Ashley nearly stepped on the strangely voluptuous, plump, chocolate bunny. Lifting it off the ground, she examined the oddly familiar facial features alongside the cream dripping from the candy's nipples and vagina. Giving the

bunny's breasts an experimental lick, she found the taste enjoyable. Taking another drop from the candy's vagina, she heard a somewhat familiar moan echo from its mouth. Pulling it away and seeing the candy eyes blink to convey its distress, she rushed over to her phone with Jeremy in hand to see if there was a cure for eating cursed, expired chocolate.

Patreon Prompt 12

Prompt: R. Mika's new training regimen has left her absolutely obese, but has only enhanced her fighting capabilities. Interested by how this is possible, Sakura asks her for a demonstration of her new power, pushing forward her unwilling friend, Ibuki.

Even recognizing the blue outfit and blonde pigtails of their friend, Ibuki and Sakura found it hard to believe that the woman waddling towards them was R. Mika. Several months of a radical training regimen had left the wrestler toting hundreds of pounds of extra weight that shook with each stomp of her thick legs. Her outfit looked practically painted onto her, the fabric struggling to keep her flabby gut and swaying breasts in control. Swaying her hips back and forth, R. Mika gave her bare, bubble butt a slap in an attempt to stop the mounds of meat from shaking.

While Sakura was more than impressed by the drastic change, Ibuki did little to hide her distaste for what had become of her friend. More than a few pokes at R. Mika's weight and jabs at her inability to fight in her state slowly grew animosity between the two of them. As their frustration with one another reached their climax, a claim from Ibuki that she could easily defeat the fatty fighter sealed her fate.

Using Sakura as an impromptu judge, the two women got into fighting positions. On Sakura's signal, R. Mika came barreling at Ibuki with incredible speed. Frozen in sheer awe, Ibuki caught R. Mika's outstretched, blubbery arm with her face. Slamming into the ground, Ibuki's attempt to get back up was halted as she watched R. Mika turn to present her elephantine rear.

Leaping backwards into the air, R. Mika came at her with her signature Flying Peach attack. R. Mika body came slamming down on the helpless ninja, burying her between the deep

valley of her butt cheeks. Struggling to free herself from the confines of R. Mika's rear, Ibuki reached out an arm to surrender and ask for help. As Sakura rushed over to pull Ibuki out, R. Mika showed off a sly grin thinking of how easy it would be to convince them to join her in her special training with E. Honda.

Patreon Prompt 13

Prompt: <https://sta.sh/03ch9jdgl2m> (Himiko Toga from MHA Slob)

What should have been a momentous occasion to celebrate their senior year brought an unprecedented amount of stress to Ochaco. After years of being tormented and attacked by the malicious Himiko Toga, her class was able to catch her using a special formula developed by the support program. While getting her in custody solved one problem, it also brought up dozens of others that required around the clock surveillance and attention. Taking one last breath of fresh air, Ochaco stepped into the room designated as Himiko's makeshift prison cell.

As she suspected, Ochaco was greeted with a toothy grin that stretched out over Himiko's pudgy cheeks, heavy jowls, and numerous chins. Her enormous, over 1000-pound body of flab was covered by a blue hospital gown that did little to hide her sheer girth. Taking one step towards the motionless blob, Ochaco winced at the lingering smell of one of the many gas expulsions Himiko's sloppy form released day in and day out. Trying her best to ignore the teasing laughter, she tried to go through the blonde-haired villain's check up and get out as fast as possible.

Lifting up Himiko's blubbery arm and getting a whiff of her unwashed flesh, Ochaco was thrown back as the mound of flesh started to move. Stumbling back to avoid getting engulfed by Himiko, she watched as the villainess heaved her body into a standing position. Lost in the bizarre sight of the glacier of flab moving around, she realized too late that Himiko was turning herself around to point her bare, enormous ass in her direction.

A maelstrom of gas came blasting out of Himiko's rear with a loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTTT. Caught in the awful stench, Ochaco was too distracted to get out of the way as Himiko came slamming down on her. Buried beneath the mound of gassy

flesh, Ocho was forced to listen to Himiko's relentless laughter and gas until the next person arrived to take her shift.

Patreon Prompt 14

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/superspoe/art/CM-Panty-Playtime-791785879>

It should have been the perfect plan. Scanty had come up to the blonde-haired, bimbo angel, Panty with a challenge. If the angel could best the demon in an eating contest, she would promise to be her slave for all eternity. Too preoccupied with her smug satisfaction, Panty failed to hear the same would happen to her if she should lose. When Scanty walked away from the encounter, she was so sure that she had finally cornered the angel. The same feeling of confidence was long gone as the demon looked down at the skimpy bra and loincloth adorning her body.

“Where the fuck are you slave? Your master is hungry.”

Begrudgingly answering the call, Scanty picked up a platter of hot wings and entered the room. She found Panty just where she left her, sprawled out on the couch with her entire body taking up the cushions. The doughy, 500 pound belly she had used to win the eating contest had yet to dissipate, but she seemed unaffected by the drastic weight gain. After winning the challenge and learning just how many people were interested in her massive form, Panty had gotten into the habit of wearing only a bra and loincloth to ensure anyone she met would be able to see her multiple fat rolls, melon-like breasts, and pillowy butt cheeks.

Grimacing as she recalled the orgy from the previous night, Scanty walked up and left the platter next to Panty before turning to make her leave. The air was choked out of her as she was pulled back by the leash around her neck. Landing within the confines of Panty’s belly folds, she looked up to see a smug look on the angel’s face.

“And just where the hell do you think you’re going, slave?” she asked. “Did you forget that you have to feed your master? Or do I need to remind you that the contract we signed makes you fulfill my every wish?”

Scanty bit her lip, wishing she could shove a gun right into Panty’s gluttonous maw. “No, my master,” she said through gritted teeth.

“Good,” Panty said, releasing Scanty from her grasp. “Now get to work slave. Your sister challenged me to another food contest and I don’t intend to give up my champion status anytime soon.”

Patreon Prompt 15

Prompt: Reports of a cupid angel with magical arrows that are capable of transforming the people they shoot into their special one's most secret desires spread throughout town. A woman who was struck by one of these arrows has several questions for her girlfriend about why she's now an obese slob.

If the rumors were true, Sasha was determined to find out for herself. The energetic brown-haired, tomboy dragged along her reluctant girlfriend Hannah through the woods, paying little mind to the constant pleas to stop. Her girlfriend had always been shy when it came to discussing what she really wanted from their relationship, but thanks to a rumor going around town, that little problem was going to be solved soon.

The couple stopped as they reached an open clearing and found the mystical creature hovering several feet off the ground. It resembled a plump baby, with a white sash around its waist and a pair of angelic wings on its back. Bouncing around its golden, curly hair it took notice of its onlookers. Knocking a heart shaped arrow into its bow, it took aim at Sasha. Without a hint of fear, Sasha stepped forwards, held her arms aloft, and got ready to receive the cupid's power.

The arrow hit its mark dead center in Sasha's chest. Rather pierce her flesh, the arrow melded with her body and covered it in a pink aura. She began to shake, the magic getting ready to change her to meet Hannah's deepest desires. Turning towards her girlfriend, Sasha shot her a wide grin that lasted up until she felt a layer of fat get added to her skinny neck.

Turning back towards herself to watch similar growths occurring with the rest of her body, Sasha recoiled from a low, growling noise emanating from her swelling stomach. Clutching a meaty palm against her engorged breasts forced a boisterous belch from her plump

lips that shook her multiple chins. Amidst the sound of her clothing ripping apart was the sound of a pungent fart spilling out from her pudgy ass to grace the clearing with its awful stench.

Several hundred pounds heavier and gassier, Sasha turned towards the cupid for an explanation only to see that the mythical creature was gone. Turning towards Hannah, she saw the sheepish woman taking refuge behind a tree. Waddling up towards her, she pinned Hannah against the tree with her belly. As she attempted to ask her girlfriend why and how she found this sloppy form attractive, a series of loose burps and farts interrupted her. Watching the way Hannah inhaled her foul stench and groped her fat rolls, Sasha began to contemplate everything she used to know about her girlfriend.