

2021 Patreon Prompt Poll Compilation

(A) Writing Prompt 341

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

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

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

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

(B) Patreon Prompt 24

Prompt: A rather petite woman takes on a restaurant's eating challenge, which is so tough the restaurant claims it'll "make a man out of you." She crushes the record, turning into a massive, bloated male in the process.

When the dainty woman named Hisaki entered the shop and declared her order, the staff took it as a joke. Shaking about her long black hair, she once again stated her intention to take on the legendary, Soba Stud Challenge. Taking her spot in the center of the restaurant, Hisaki watched the staff painstakingly load her table with 100 bowls of noodles. With half the staff already preparing to dispose of the challenger's leftovers, the owner stepped out to ring a gong to begin the girl's gauntlet.

Hisaki attacked the noodles like a rabid beast, not once touching her pair of chopsticks. One after another the bowls were emptied out and carelessly tossed to the ground. While most of the staff stood in awe of the sight before them, the owner sat in the corner, biting his nails. No one had managed to beat his challenge, using it as nothing more than a gimmick to bring in more customers. His soba wasn't meant to be eaten in such large quantities, his heart skipping a beat as he watched the effects of his secret ingredient begin to affect Hisaki.

The young woman's flat stomach bulged outwards to accommodate the immense amount of food. As her shirt rose higher up her swelling stomach, strands of unruly black hair crept around her deepening belly button and crept towards her chest and groin. Weight being layered onto her breasts increased their size, at the cost of taking their form to make them resemble a pair of drooping man pecs. Pausing to readjust her shirt with her plump fingers, she wiped stray drops of broth from the whiskers that dotted her upper lip and multiple chins. The chair supporting her

massive weight creaked and groaned as she leaned her meaty rear to the side to scratch at the unsightly bulge in her overburdened sweatpants.

Picking up the final bowl, Hisaki brought it to his lips and sucked down the last of the broth. Letting the emptied bowl roll across the floor to join its fallen brethren, he lazily scratched at the hairs of his bloated belly. Opening his mouth wide, he let loose a loud belch that echoed through the restaurant. Turning towards the awestruck staff, he waved them over to request a dessert order to celebrate his hard earned victory.

(C) Writing Prompt 359

Prompt: (Fat Mirko (MHA))

<https://www.deviantart.com/users/outgoing?https://twitter.com/piffledoodle/status/1363903884096249857>

When she was offered an endorsement deal from Big Bad Burger, Mirko couldn't find many reason to turn them down. In exchange for doing some advertisements and photo shoots, the rabbit hero would be given a sizable paycheck and as much free food as she could want. Once the papers were signed and she was given an upfront payment of money and samples, her fate was already sealed.

On the day of the photo shoot, Mirko sat in the green room surrounded by dozens of bags of greasy burgers. The gluttonous meal was considered a small snack for her, countless binging sessions having replaced her tight, six-pack abs with a bulging beer gut that drooped below her waist. Sinking her teeth into a triple bacon cheeseburger sent grease dripping down her chins to soak the skimpy, black and red bra that kept her meaty mammaries in check. Upon hearing someone call her to come to the stage, she flicked her cotton tail and pulled the fabric of her black shorts out from between her deep ass crack.

Waddling her way to the photo stage, she either didn't notice or didn't care about the strange glances she got from the crew. Taking her spot in front of the Big Bad Burger logo, she placed a branded hat upon her head between her floppy ears and took up a peace-sign pose. Just before the they took a shot, she grabbed one last burger and shoved it in her mouth. Smiling through her mouth of greasy meat, she was already thinking how much more delicious food she would be getting afterwards to feed her growing body and addiction.

(D) Writing Prompt 369

Prompt: (Angie and Tenko (Danganronpa) Weight Gain) www.deviantart.com/roundersoft...

Tired of the constant back and forth between Angie and Tenko, Himiko devised a way to get them to stop fighting over her. The diminutive witch offhandedly mentioned one day how much she enjoyed fat people. Faking an adoration for all things chubby and plump, she knew her plan had worked once she saw her two friends quickly making their way to the dining hall. Content that she had cleverly put an end to the bickering, the ramifications of her plan were only felt several weeks and several hundred pounds later.

Crawling on all fours throughout the school, Tenko kept Himiko perfectly balanced atop her pillowy rear as she made her way towards the dining hall. Retaining some of the muscle beneath her thick thighs helped with the trek, but did little to stop her belly from peeking out from her top to drag against the floor. Nudging open the dining room hall with her face, Tenko made a beeline for a box of doughnuts that had been left on the ground for her.

Tenko diving head first into the box of pastries left Himiko completely defenseless as something came running at her. The impact was cushioned by an abundance of tanned, doughy flesh that enveloped Himiko upon contact. Embracing Himiko in a blubbery hug, Angie tested Tenko's might by climbing onto her back. Bringing Himiko in close to bury her in her cleavage, the painter nuzzled her chubby cheek against her head for her usual morning routine.

Having grown used to the plump pair's attention, Himiko let herself relax. At first, her friend's pudgy appearance and strange ways of showing affection were a burden. However, her tune quickly changed as soon the first time she got to experience the heavenly feeling of their flab against her body. Nuzzling up to Angie's belly and getting comfortable upon Tenko's back fat, any sense of remorse for what she had done to them was long gone.

(E) Writing Prompt 371

Prompt: (Korra and Asami (Avatar) Weight Gain and Slug TF)

<https://www.deviantart.com/platinumwaves/art/Korra-Asami-Slug-Action-741214597>

Hopelessly lost in a spirit world swamp, Korra and Asami kept a tight grip on one another as they trekked through the underbrush. A wayward root catching their feet sent them rolling down a hill with their black hair whipping about as they fell. Their landing was simultaneously soft and unpleasant, the murky swamp water cushioning them and splurging down their throats.

As the two of them attempted to stand up, they fell right back down as their legs gave out. The source was made clear by the sight of their lower halves merging into squishy gelatinous forms that resembled slug tails. The slimy texture continued to creep up their bodies, fattening them up and bursting them out of their clothes. Their plump figures became marred with black bumps that contrasted against their green skin and continued on to cover their thick arms

As the slime overcame their faces and changed their hair into slimy tendrils, they looked at one another for a solution. Rather than revulsion at the obese, slimy, slug creatures they had become, there was a certain spark in their eyes. Wriggling up to one another, they wrapped their arms around each other's torsos and pressed their plump lips together. Their days of humanity over, they were ready to live out the rest of their lives as a pair of slug woman that only ever needed the feeling of each other's plush, slimy bodies for comfort.

(F) Writing Prompt 394

Prompt: Bayonetta and Jeanne run into a succubus that claims to help them out, but actually curses them into SSBBWs who have a hard-on for getting fatter. The succubus helps them out by letting them indulge in the sins of gluttony and lust.

Seeing it with his own eyes did little to prove to Luca that it was real. The once slim and voluptuous Bayonetta and Jeanne had become almost unrecognizable from their old selves. Turning his gaze towards the woman with red skin, horns, and chubby belly that had turned the witches into their sorry states, Luca held tight the gun he had bought from Rodin and barged into the room.

Luca's valiant entrance was lessened somewhat by the sound of a euphoric moan echoing through the room. The source came from the two piles of flesh that took up the space of a pair of mini vans. Following the strands of black and white hair led Luca to look upon the plumped-up faces of the witches slathered in a variety of stains. Both opened their mouths wide to accept their servings of two-foot-long sandwiches. Sinking their teeth in sent various drops of sauce to flow down their obese forms and seep between their many fat folds. As they swallowed their mouthfuls of food, their fat quivered with euphoric bliss usually reserved for the bedroom.

Turning around with the emptied platter, the succubus paused as she locked eyes with Luca. Staring at him like a deer the headlights, Luca strengthened his resolve and aimed his gun at her. Moments before he pulled the trigger, two fists made out of hair appeared out of nowhere to slam him to the ground. Reeling from the attack, Luca looked up to try and find out why he had been struck down by the women he intended to save.

"Of course, just as we're getting to the good part," Jeanne said, sweeping a stray lettuce leaf off her plump breasts as she stared daggers at Luca.

“Sorry dear,” Bayonetta mused, wobbling along her doughy rear to shuffle towards Luca. “You seem to have interrupted an in-progress contract with our special guest. In exchange for feeding off of our lust and gluttony, she gives us a chance to experience a new form of pleasure.”

Snapping her pudgy fingers, her wicked weave gently picked him up and put him on his feet.

“Since you’re here, why don’t you help out our guest? Be a good boy and I might even let you play along,” she added, licking her lips at the thought of her coming meals and orgasms.

(G) Patreon Prompt 56

Prompt: (Jasmine (Aladdin) Fat Cow TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/20669950/>

Upon hearing of the strange epidemic taking over the people of Agrabah, Jasmine was steadfast in going to see if she could somehow help them. Losing track of her escort of guards, she became drawn to a small hut down a back alley where she heard a series of moans and moos. Daring to peek her head in, she saw a gaggle of women afflicted by the magical plague. Lingering in the doorway to stare at the odd display sealed the princess's fate.

A single sneeze from the infected sent Jasmine stumbling forward under the effects of the disease. Her svelte form became enveloped in a plush layer of fat that gifted her with a drooping belly, luscious breasts, and wide hips that easily ripped asunder her outfit. Wandering around the room atop the recently gained hooves on her feet, she felt her tail whip around her pudgy rear to brush them against its puff of black hair. Flicking her pointed ears, her hoof-like hands grasped at her changing form in an attempt to console herself. The last vestiges of her humanity went away as she touched the nipples of the bulbous, pink udder hanging beneath her stomach.

Jasmine's self-examination was cut short as the other cowgirls approached her. Each one turned their attention to a different part of her body to ensure she was welcomed into the herd. While one of them locked their lips around her breasts to suckle the milk from within, another worked on milking her udder to fill a pot for later use. The various hooved hands brought Jasmine into a state of unrivaled euphoria, making her very accepting as the final girl got down on her knees to give attention to her needy holes. Feeling the cowgirl's tongue slide against her womanhood and her hand sink into the depths of her anus, Jasmine let herself give into the otherworldly pleasure that had overtaken her people.

(H) Writing Prompt 400

Prompt: A woman gets an Alraune addicted to fattening sweets, causing the latter to gain weight rapidly all while developing flowery, slobby habits, such as sweating sugary nectar and releasing sweet-smelling gas.

Pushing herself and her overstuffed backpack of sweets through the underbrush, Mila arrived at the clearing she had discovered a few months prior. Her eyes still glimmered with wonder as she beheld the enormous, pink bulb attached to the side of an ancient tree. Dropping off her bag of goodies, Mila proceeded to slide her hand along the outer petals to get the being inside of the plant to stir.

The bulb's petals opened up to reveal a woman of green skin and leaf-like hair. When Mila had first encountered the Alraune, she was the epitome of a slender beauty. However, the plant woman's body had become encased in a thick layer of fat around her body. Upon meeting eyes with one another, the Alraune opened up her mouth and pointed towards Mila's backpack.

As Mila did her due diligence to feed her leafy girlfriend, she occasionally stopped to lick up the drops of nectar that trickled across the Alraune's skin. Between putting food into the plant woman's mouth and massaging her bulging belly, Mila heard a familiar rumbling noise that heralded a loud PHHHHRRRRRTTTT. The bout of flatulence was as if Mila had walked into a field of flowers with her mouth wide open. Giving the Alraune another helping of junk food to keep her fat, gassy, and happy, she took another whiff of the magnificent plant woman's irresistible scent that she had grown addicted to.

(I) Writing Prompt 407

Prompt: A trio of girls enter the woods and stumble upon a temple which contains an ancient fruit orchard within. They decide to gorge themselves on the fruits only to have their bodies expand and become like the fruits they eat, now living their lives as the caretakers of the orchard.

In an effort to find a place to rest and sate their curiosity, three women walked through the remnants of the ancient stone gate to enter the shrine. Upon seeing the trees bearing a variety of different fruits, their hungry stomachs made them overlook the oddity of the situation. Each of them grasped their fruit of choice and took a bite. The moment they sunk their teeth in and were treated to the sweet juices within, their fates were sealed.

Continuing to indulge in the forbidden fruit began to alter their bodies in minds. The first girl took on the image of a blue sphere, the sweet smell from her leaking nipples replacing her original name with Blueberry to better match her assigned fruit spirit. Upon her ass breaking free from her shorts to mirror that of her indulgence, the woman now known as Pear swayed about her wide, light green colored hips as she plucked another fruit from the tree. Strawberry finished off her meal around the time her red, swollen bosom threatened to send her toppling towards the ground. Swaying about her leaf-like hair at her transformed companions, Strawberry did not see them as anything else than her fellow guardians.

Having stripped the trees clean of their fruit, the group of women waddled their way towards the entrance of the shrine. Despite their expanded forms and trails of juice leaking from their bodies, they had a duty to uphold. Taking up position near the entrance, they prepared to crush any trespassers who would dare come to steal their precious fruit. Glancing over their shoulders and watching the trees already heavy with a new batch of produce, they licked their lips in anticipation of their eventual rewards.

(J) Patreon Prompt 63

Prompt: (Immobile BBWs and BHMs)

<https://mobile.twitter.com/donutmcbronut/status/1386897267911766020>

Face tentacles wriggling with joy, Mintok the Mind Flayer happily made his way towards the inner depths of his keep. Protected by a plethora of deadly traps and a small army of well-trained kobolds, his treasure horde comprised of the usual gold and jewels, alongside Mintok's fallen adversaries. While the other dungeons keepers' methods involved sending hordes of minions at adventurers until finally confronting them in person, Mintok prided himself on being able to discern any invader's inner desires to turn against them. Pushing open the double doors to look upon his latest acquisitions, he still had trouble believing how he had procured his group of immobile adventurers.

Sauntering between the heaps of treasure, Mintok watched as his loyal kobolds ran about to keep his captive's content in their immobility. Activities ranging from washing their various fat folds and bringing a near constant supply of food were done with utmost care. After all, obese blobs of flesh or not, these were once the finest group of adventurers in the land. Aside from their skills and thirst for adventure, Mintok had figured out fairly easy that they all shared a commonality in their ultimate goals of wasting away their days eating and drinking themselves into these sorry states of hedonism.

The largest woman in the room sat in the center, a former soldier woman who had easily given into her cravings for meat to fatten herself up to her carriage-like size. Not far from the flabby fighter was an orb the size of a beer keg, the male halfling's once dexterous movements having degraded from his weakness for bacon and eggs. The dwarven female who had once boasted about slamming her hammer against Mintok's face was busy drinking up the torrent of ale being

poured down her throat to further plump up her pear-like figure. Looking at the sizable set of sagging man boobs hanging from the elven bard's obese form, Mintok couldn't help a chuckle from escaping his face tentacles as the kobolds washed away the remnants of wine from his pecs.

Leaving the others to their feeding and washing, Mintok stepped up to the mass of purple flesh that was the group's sorceress. The drow woman had put up an admirable fight, being the last of the group to fall victim to the allure of Mintok's cooking. That made it all the more pleasing to the Mind Flayer the moment he had watched her burst apart the seams of her robes in an effort to devour the cakes and various sweets that had been offered to her. As much as he wanted to watch her gobble down a platoon's worth of pies, the ring of the alarm bell made him hurry to the front gates to add another set of adventurers to his collection.

(K) Writing Prompt 413

Prompt: A wood nymph and a human woman fell in love and got married in the forest and live there. After years of marriage, the nymph becomes extremely clingy and overprotective of her wife, to the point of fattening her up to an immobile 1300 pounds, all to keep her safe and in her arms forever.

It all seemed like a fairy tale at first. Weeks spent wooing Allium the wood nymph finally led to the fateful day when Zoey pulled out a ring and asked the fated question. The woman with purple floral hair and bark-colored skin graciously accepted the offer and happily embraced her newly made wife. A small ceremony among the woodland creatures cemented their marriage that would assuredly lead to a long, loving life together. However, Zoey's passion for the nymph kept her blind to Allium's desire to never let her beloved out of her sight, even it that meant making her incapable of moving on her own.

A small cottage in deep in the woods housed the couple, albeit with Zoey taking up most of the space with her over 1300 pound mass of flesh. The sizable girth had been gradually built up by Allium feeding her wife day in and day out with as fattening of meals as she could scavenge. What worry Zoey could summon as her waistline expanded to such massive proportions were always shot down by Allium being ever so kind in offering up a glass of sweet nectar to keep her wife content and hungry for more.

Carrying over a platter of fruits for Zoey's third breakfast, Allium's corrupted love let her admire her wife's body for more than keeping her in place. Whenever the air grew cold, the nymph would take comfort between the folds of Zoey's belly fat. The pair of boulder-like breasts provided ample support for the nymph for both feeding and keeping her comfortable as she caressed Zoey's multiple chins. Leaving her wife to her post-meal nap, the nymph slid down her

back rolls and bounced off her behemoth backside. Gently groping the doughy ass cheeks, the nymph smiled with the knowledge that it would be hers and hers alone for the rest of her days.

(L) Patreon Prompt 81

Prompt: A fitness instructor with a dark secret gets her dates muddled up and accidentally takes on a private lesson with a client she has the hots for on the night of a full moon. Mid-yoga session, she blimps up into a gassy 600 pound wereslob and ends up infecting her client with the curse.

“I-it’s a full moon tonight?” Laney asked, staring wide-eyed at the pale sphere that could be seen through the nearby window.

“Er, yeah,” Evan replied, finding it hard to answer with his back arched up and Laney’s slender hands around his chiseled torso. “Is that impor-“

A loud belch echoing from Laney’s mouth stopped any further questions. Though Laney attempted to run from Evan, she was stopped as massive amounts of blubber appeared around her body to send her tumbling to the ground. As she continued to grow, her clothes tore apart to the noise of more gassy expulsions leaving her mouth and rear. Reaching past 600 pounds in weight, her body finally stopped growing to give her a chance to stand up and turn towards Evan to show a malevolent grin on her plump face.

Before Evan could get a chance to run away, Laney charged towards him. Pinning him beneath her gut, she dragged her chins against his face until her lips met his. The kiss was something the two of them had always openly flirted with during their training sessions, but as Laney sent a burp down his throat, his only thought was trying to get away from her pudgy clutches.

As Evan inhaled the aftermath of a particularly nasty fart, his fear and worry slipped away to be replaced with a growing admiration to match his growing waistline. Ripping through his clothes with his bundles of fat, he quickly swelled to match Laney in weight and smell with the various burps and farts that escaped his slobby form. Using his newfound weight to roll Laney

over, Evan shared with her one of his own burps to kick off a night of strange desire fueled by the wereslob curse.

(M) Patreon Prompt 88

Prompt: A prissy sorority girl mixes beer and a new protein powder on a dare at a party, causing her to swell with a mix of muscle and fat. She quickly becomes the fratty, belching, biceps and beer-gut life of the party.

Carissa had come to college with the aspects of becoming just as popular and beloved as she was in high school. Reality came by to slap her in the face as she visited multiple frat parties only to be ignored. Her good looks and charms could do little to compete with the fraternities' obsession with seeing who could drink the most, flex their muscles the longest, and burp the loudest. A smart woman would take this as a sign to look elsewhere. Unfortunately for Carissa, her stubbornness tended to override her common sense.

On yet another failed attempt to integrate with the hard partying frat boys, she was dared to try out a can of beer mixed with what was assumed to be experimental protein powder taken from the nearby lab. Seeing it as her perfect in with the group, she thought little of attempting to chug down the brew. Holding back her gag reflex at the awful taste, she used the cheers of the frat boys as a motivator to keep her going.

The first can of tainted beer brought with it a surge in growth to the lithe Carissa. While she remained blissfully unaware of her changes as she poured herself another glass of the protein powder, the other partygoers definitely took notice of her muscles pumping up to enormous proportions. Her arms and legs did the job of ripping apart her dress, with a strange mix of muscles and fat taking care of the rest of her clothes. By the fifth beer, a drastic increase in height had her head scraping against the ceiling to loom above the stunned frat boys. Several more beers bloated out her stomach into one lined with muscles that would have easily held a beer keg on its own.

Finishing her final beer, Carissa celebrated her victory by crushing the can against her tight pectorals. Holding onto her gluttonous gut, she showed little restraint as she let out a loud BWOOOOOOOOOORRRRP to echo through the frat house. Hearing the cheers of the fellow frat members, she began shuffling her way towards the nearest keg to continue feeding her bulky, burpy, beer loving body.

(N) Patreon Prompt 89

Prompt: Joker wishes for someone else takes over his role as the leader of the Phantom Thieves. He gets his wish as he's changed into a big booty pudgy slob boy while Makoto takes over his spot.

Slumping back in his seat at Big Bang Burger, Joker couldn't help wondering if he was cut out to lead the Phantom Thieves anymore. Their latest trip to Mementos had been successful, but it still left him weary and covered in numerous bruises. Clutching the star-shaped amulet he had taken from a defeated shadow, he momentarily wished that he could pass his job off to someone else and just relax.

Joker got to see the amulet twinkle in his fingers a moment before it became obstructed by his hands plumping up to match his thickening arms. Following the trail of encroaching fat up to his chest, he watched his shirt nearly burst apart under the stress of his sagging pecs. Just as his shirt was about to tear apart, it was replaced by a much larger one in the blink of an eye that did a serviceable job of stretching over his 500 pound gut. Scrunching up his chins to gaze upon his sudden weight gain sent a loud belch up his throat that reeked of a Big Bang Burger binging session he did not recall. Wobbling about his obese form sent out a reverberating fart from his massive ass to further stink up the booth that had the displeasure of having his body squeezed inside of it.

"There you are," Makoto said, she and the other Phantom Thieves running over to Joker as they heard several more bouts of flatulence.

The various questions Joker had about what was going on were put on hold as he watched his friends carry over trays piled high with greasy food. Graciously accepting the unhealthy meals, he threw caution to the wind and began stuffing his face. Through his cacophony of chewing and

gassy expulsions, he could hear Makoto planning out their next heist. Joker found himself more interested in the food before him. After all, Makoto was the leader of the Phantom Thieves. He was nothing more than their personal, pet slob.

(O) Patreon Prompt 97

Prompt: Feeder demoness possesses a fitness coach and instead of slimming down her clients leads a trail of bloated fitness failures in her wake.

A typical Tuesday evening at the gym usually involved Trianna doing her job as a coach to motivate others to strive for their idealized body. However, the past few months had seen her work out routine go through a drastic makeover. The exercise equipment had been put aside in favor of soft chairs and tv screens. Healthy snacks and water bottles had been swapped out for bottles of soda and enormous hordes of junk food. While it was obvious that something was wrong, Trianna's clients couldn't help returning each week in spite of their worsening conditions.

Making her rounds through the room, Trianna made sure to encourage her students to keep up their slothful behaviors. Stopping by the television screen, she took strange pleasure in picking crumbs out from between the sagging pecs of a man who could once sprint a mile without breaking a sweat. Meandering over to the snack area, she was more than happy to help a pair of women open up a soda bottle to satiate the thirst of their beer keg-like bellies. Giving a husband and wife couple meaty slaps to their chunky rears, Trianna excused herself from the hedonistic event for a trip to the bathroom.

Stepping before the mirror, Trianna momentarily dropped her disguise. Crimson red covered her skin, reaching from the base of her spaded tail to the pair of pointed horns on top of her head. Grabbing hold of her muffintop, she could feel her demonic powers swell from the overwhelming indulgence of her clients. Feeling her belly bump up with another layer of flab, the demoness inhabiting the fitness instructor's body reveled in the fact that soon all of humanity would become an endless supply for her gluttonous powers.