

## Patreon Prompts Vol. 3

### Patreon Prompt 31

Prompt: In a last ditch effort to stop a giant monster rampage, a scientist mixes her DNA with the monster's, swelling into a three-headed kaiju. Each head takes on a different personality, but unfortunately none seem particularly interested in saving the city.

Running down the abandoned city streets, Dr. Teld clutched the silver briefcase close to his chest. Amidst the destruction left behind by the giant, radioactive beast, a lone woman stood with her lab coat flowing in the wind. Turning towards Dr. Teld, the woman graciously accepted the briefcase and pulled out a syringe filled with the same glowing green substance that filled the monster's veins.

"There has to be another way," Dr. Teld said as the woman prepared the needle.

"Unfortunately, there isn't," she replied, plunging the syringe into her arm and pressing down on the plunger.

Before Dr. Teld's eyes, the once dainty woman began to rapidly swell with bulk and scales. Ripping her clothes asunder, her growing form sent Dr. Teld running for safety. Taking cover behind a building he watched as her spherical belly glowed bright yellow to contrast against the dark green scales that covered her arms and legs. With a deafening roar, she stretched out her mighty claws and stomped about on her car-sized feet. Looming over a nearby building, her head split into three, serpent-like necks that ended in jutting fangs just below sets of glowing yellow eyes.

"You...can come out...doctor," growled one of the heads.

Elated to hear the woman's voice emanate from the monster's terrifying visage, Dr. Teld ran back out with the excitement of a child on Christmas morning. "It worked! It worked!"

“Yes, now I just have to find the beast so we can kill it before-“

“Now hold on one minute,” interrupted her right head. “We’re not fighting anything until we get something to eat. This big belly is going to need food and your scientist friend better deliver the goods otherwise he’ll be on the menu.”

“I disagree,” the left hand piped up. “I don’t see any use in senseless violence. What we need to do is find the beast to ensure we make the best of this opportunity to study its mating habits. Among other things,” it shamelessly added.

As the three heads bickered back and forth, Dr. Teld let out a sigh. Finding a piece of rubble that looked close enough to a chair, he sat down to watch the ensuing battle between the former scientist’s three minds. He was going to be there a while the monster decided its purpose in life, whether that be to defend the city, devour all its food, or flood the world with more monsters like herself.

## Patreon Prompt 32

Prompt: MC decides to get some revenge on Monika. So he messes with her coding to make her unable to do anything to the rest of the girls.

Figuring out what was going in in the Literature Club from Natsuki's hints, you figured out Monika's plans to be the only woman you could love. The answer seemed simple, get her out of the picture before she could mess with the game's coding to ruin the other girls' lives. However, you couldn't bring yourself to get rid of her. Despite Monika's intentions, she was still the president of the club and you couldn't ignore how close you had grown to her. Wracking your brain for a solution, the idea you came up with was a strange, yet unique answer to the problem.

A night spent tweaking the game's coding had you shaking as you approached the entrance to the Literature Club the next day. In the midst of the complicated series of commands needed to bring your plan to fruition, so many variables could have been miscalculated. Memories, genetic codes, and the world itself had been altered in a single night, making it all the more difficult for you as you slid open the club room door and stepped inside.

Taking a deep breath, you opened your eyes to see the usual club members participating in an unusual activity. At the center of the room was Monika, dressed in her usual uniform with her red hair still neatly tied up. However, her usual appearance was offset by the extra 1000 pounds or so of flab that you had meticulously layered onto her body to take away her ability to scheme and plot. Biting your lip as you glanced over her bulbous belly and heavy breasts trying to break free from her undersized blazer, it took the sight of the other club members to assure you everything was right.

Yuri was sitting on the floor with her back to Monika's belly, nestling deep within the president's belly button and fat folds as she lost herself in her reading. Sayori was busy using Monika's ample backside to organize the club's book collection, occasionally asking the president if there were any books she wanted to read. Upon receiving permission from Monika, Sayori would hand off several books over to Natsuki to climb up the rows of back fat to reach Monika's face. Between opening a book for Monika to continue reading and shoving another cupcake past the president's plump lips, she looked down to shoot you a grateful smile. Copying the expression, you closed the door behind you and got ready to meet the demands of the docile pile of fat in charge of the club.

### Patreon Prompt 33

Prompt: Tired of being a weakling, a waifish witch at the gym switches a bodybuilder's sports drink with a head swap potion to take their body. Unfortunately, the bodybuilder's sweaty, overweight friend drinks it instead.

Moving about the various exercise equipment and bodybuilders was an easy task for sickly pale Estelle. For most, they would expect the twig of a woman to be there to start an inspirational journey of self-improvement. However, that was the furthest thing from what the witchy woman had in mind.

Swinging about her curtain of long, black hair, Estelle quickly grabbed an unattended sports drink bottle and poured in her special brew. Putting the bottle back where she found it, she scurried over to the other side of the room and waited. Her patience was rewarded with the sight of a well-built, fitness trainer named Aaliyah. Wearing only a tank top and a set of short shorts showed off her six pack abs and toned muscles that would soon belong to Estelle the moment her she drank down the tainted brew.

So focused on watching the supposedly doomed trainer, Estelle was caught off guard by something large waddling into view. Leaning back in her seat gave her a good look of an obese man with curly brown hair and his prominent beer belly. The white t-shirt stretched across his chubby torso was drenched in sweat and did little to support his pair of drooping man boobs. Waddling up to Aaliyah, he yanked his sweatpants up several inches in a vain attempt to cover up his exposed butt crack and keep his wobbling butt cheeks in check.

“Great job out there today, Tanner,” Aaliyah said, handing him the tainted sports drink. “If you keep this up, we’ll have you under 500 pounds in no time.”

“I appreciate the effort,” Tanner replied, guzzling down the drink in a matter of seconds, “but I’m already exhausted after five minutes. Not to mention that elliptical session has my underwear really squeezing my-“

With a loud pop, Estelle’s head was transported atop Tanner’s body in the blink of an eye. As she got a handle on her situation, she got to feel every pound of sweaty flesh weighing her down. Stomping about her bulky legs let her feel the uniquely awful sensation of the wedgie digging itself deep within her hairy butt crack. She stopped her panicked waddling as she felt her newly stolen manhood squeezed within the confines of her tight underwear. As she and the rest of the gym understandably freaked out at the sight of her tiny head balanced atop the overweight man’s body, Tanner couldn’t help smiling at finally having the skinny body he had always wanted.

## Patreon Prompt 34

Prompt: Rodger has been working on a few very interesting potions that he wants to try out on his wife to fulfill her fantasy. Annie is all for it and drinks all the potions, turning her into the biggest blueberry girl.

In a cozy cottage on the edge of town, an ecstatic mage named Rodger sprinted his way towards the front door with a bag of recently bought good in tow. Waiting for him was the familiar mess of spell scrolls, ancient relics, and potion ingredients. Standing over a work table with her eyes trained on a magic dagger, Annie's magic chants and intricate spell weaving left her unaware as he snuck up behind her. Letting out a yelp as Rodger poked her in the shoulder, any anger she could summon towards him vanished upon seeing the collection of bottles in his hands that contained a much sought after blue substance.

Pausing only to give her loving husband a kiss, Annie accepted the first bottle and chugged down its contents. The last few drops slid down her throat just as her stomach began to swell into a spherical orb. Holding onto her growing potbelly, Annie smiled as she watched a splotch of dark blue spread from her nose to cover her entire body. Walking around with her rounded gut and relishing in the sloshing noises it emitted made the mage a little too eager to indulge in her husband's recent gains.

Snatching up the rest of the bottles, Annie threw caution to the wind as she upended them all into her mouth. Realizing too late what was happening, Rodger tried to make her stop only to watch her entire body swell at an alarming rate. Breaking free of her clothing, her growing body began to engulf everything around it as it filled with juice. As she became larger and her arms began to sink into her mass, trickles of blue began to pour from her exposed breasts and nether region.

Over the creak of the cottage's walls and the euphoric moans of his wife, Rodger made a mad dash for the door. He managed to escape the cottage just as Annie burst it apart. Left to watch his wife swell to twice the size of their home, he took little notice of the other villagers gathering to gaze at the unusual sight. Looking past the destruction in her wake, Rodger at least took solace in the content smile on his blueberry of a wife's plumped up face.



## Patreon Prompt 35

Prompt: A woman purchases a Transforma-Cola from a mysterious new vending machine in her office, chugging the whole can. Every belch causes a new, different transformation, but she's trapped in an inconvenient state when she runs out of gas.

“Apparently there was a mix up between the office and a gene splicing facility,” Ted explained, sipping his coffee as he gestured towards the humming vending machine baring the words “Transforma-Cola” in obnoxiously bright green and purple. “Boss said they should be coming back Monday to pick it up.”

“Guess I'd better make the most of it then,” Donna said, sliding a dollar into the machine to receive a can of the transformative cola. “Not every day you get to see different versions of yourself,” she said with a smile before chugging the soda in a matters of seconds.

Donna tossed aside the can and licked away the leftover drops. True to what the two of them had heard on the news, a rumbling sensation echoed through Donna's body. While Ted was understandably worried, Donna held no such reservations as she pounded her chest to let out loud belch.

As the last of the burp petered out, the young office worker gained both sagging breasts and a bubble butt as she changed to resemble the trashy cougar MILFs from that show that was a constant conversation around the water cooler. Donna only had a few moments to enjoy her plump lips before another belch parted them and covered every inch of her skin with glittering, green dragon scales. Flittering about her leathery wings and whipping about her snake-like tail, Donna managed to show off her dragon fangs in a wide smile before she was interrupted by another burp. The once imposing Donna dragon shrunk down to the size of Ted's foot to go along with the cute appearance of her fluffy, white ears and cotton tail.

“And you don’t regret this?” Ted asked, watching bunny Donna hop around the room only for her to enlarge into a muscle-bound, Amazonian woman through the help of another gas expulsion.

“Not at all,” she replied, flexing with her bodybuilder like muscles. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to get back to work and show off my BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPP!”

Rolling forward under the influence of her spherical, pumpkin-like body, Donna found herself lodge in the break room doorway. Try as she might to let out another burp to free herself, it appeared as if her body had run out of gas. Peeking over her shoulder to see Ted shaking his head at her bright orange skin and bloated mass, she swallowed her pride. “Hey...do you have a dollar I can borrow? I’ll pay you back.”

## Patreon Prompt 36

Prompt: (Female Anthro Sylveon to Fat Hippo TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/27764095/>

Eri felt like she had stepped into a new world as she wondered about the odd shop. As a shiny Sylveon woman, she was used to standing out with her flowing blue ribbons and long ears, but it was a decidedly different flavor than the novelty shirts that surrounded her on all sides. Feeling guilty the longer she wandered the clothes racks and attracted the attention of the staff, she threw caution to the wind and grabbed the first t-shirt she could find.

Slipping on the shirt in the dressing room, Eri felt an immediate sense of regret at the word “EAT” printed down the center of the black fabric in bold white letters. Tugging at the oversized garment in a vain attempt to get it to look good, she was forced to stop as a shiver made her fur stand on end. As she looked about the stall to see if there had been a draft somewhere, she instead felt a sweltering heat begin to fill the small area. As she continued to search, the only place she failed to check was her swelling belly and changing form.

Eri’s shuffle in the cramped space became more difficult as her body became enveloped in multiple layers of fat. The growing mass kept her white and blue color scheme, at the cost of replacing her fur with a thick hide that jostled with each step. Her fattening body would have been a concern, had she not been so preoccupied with the sweat that dribbled down her face to further distract from her other changes.

Sliding her pudgy mitts against her scalp let her pudgy fingers brush against a pair of circular ears. The act only delayed a line of sweat beads from trickling from her extended hippo snout and further staining her overburdened t-shirt. Exhausted from the mere effort of stomping around the booth, Eri slammed her massive rear down on the floor. Letting herself catch her

breath and belch out an unruly gas bubble from her wide maw, she passed the time wondering how long it would take to waddle down to the food court.

## Patreon Prompt 37

Prompt: Poking fun at an obese woman who crossed her path, a woman's luck is turned around when it's revealed that the obese woman is actually a witch. Deciding to teach the rude woman a lesson, the witch transfers her weight onto the other woman's body with a magic kiss.

“Hey don’t walk away from me, you obese land whale,” Larissa said, using the slight nudge against her hips as an excuse to participate in her favorite hobby. “You think you have the authority to waddle about however you please just because your ass takes up the entire sidewalk? Or perhaps you feel like showing off to everyone how those sacks of meat you call breasts bounce against your garbage disposal stomach. That beer keg gut of yours must be good for something other than making a glutton yourself. Not to mention your fat lips and-“

Larissa was given an up close look of the fat woman’s lips as she was pressed up against the wall by the woman’s pudgy hands. Stunned by the how fast the woman moved for her size, she did little as the woman leaned in close to whisper a series of strange words into her ear. Still trying to figure out what she had heard, Larissa was caught off guard as the woman locked their lips together in a deep kiss.

Struggling to understand the variety of sensations as the fat woman pressed her mass against her, Larissa almost didn’t notice the feeling of something being passed between their lips. The kiss became harder to maintain as the woman was pushed further back by Larissa’s expanding stomach and breasts. Watching her once lithe form continue to plump up, Larissa struggled against her captor’s grip. Ripping through her clothing with her added 500 pounds of weight, Larissa was finally released from the embrace to let her meaty rear plop onto the ground. More than a little distraught at her new body, Larissa tilted up her multiple chins to see a skinny version of the same woman standing above her.

“You seemed so enamored with my body, I’d thought I give you a chance to try it yourself,” the woman said, flaunting her new, super model-like visage. “No need to thank me. All part of being a witch that graduated at the head of her class with a major in transmutation.”

## Patreon Prompt 38

Prompt: Life as a delivery girl has its fair share of odd encounters, but tonight was completely different for one worker as she finds herself at the front door of a web-famous SSBBW model. Picking up on the swooning and staring, the large woman thinks of a way to get some free grub by offering the delivery girl a chance to get sat on.

Grasping onto her brightly colored visor as she attempted to get comfortable on a stranger's couch, Dominique still struggled to understand if this was all real. Sitting before her on the table was an extraordinarily large stack of pizzas loaded down with almost every topping on the menu. When she first arrived at the quaint apartment, she had expected to be met by a group of frat boys ready to give her a payment and a series of unwanted advances as a tip. Instead, she was met by a woman she had seen countless times through the lens of a web cam.

Hearing a pair of heavy feet approaching, Dominique turned her head to see the woman that had gained notoriety on the internet with the name Giganta Gorgeous. Giganta's plump, 800-pound body was wrapped in a see-through, pink negligee that had been bought through the generous donations of her watchers. Tracing her eyes over how the outfit showed off the SSBBW model's curves and wondering if this was where her last paycheck went, Dominique was silenced by Giganta as she stopped with her belly mere inches from her face.

Leaning forward to have her breasts practically smother the delivery girl's face, Giganta pushed back her flowing, black hair. "Are you ready for your payment?"

"Y-yes," Dominique stammered out, more than willing to get yelled at by her boss in exchange for this once in a lifetime opportunity.

Smiling as the words left the petite girl's mouth, Giganta slowly swiveled herself around until her chunky rear was in front of Dominique's face. Giganta lowered herself down at a

gradual pace, letting Dominique feel every pound of her luscious body as it was placed upon her lap. Nestled into a comfortable position, Giganta began rocking herself back and forth to allow one of her most devoted fans the honor of being her seat. As she sat, smothering her face between Giganta's back flab and feeling her legs go numb from the immense weight, Dominique couldn't have been more grateful that Giganta had "accidentally" lost her wallet.



## Patreon Prompt 39

Prompt: Two stoner girlfriends decide to try a new way of getting high, one that involves huffing the "gas" of someone who's already high. Little do they know that one of them would enjoy this method a lot more than any other.

"I'm still not doing it," Jenny said, the skinny college student brushing aside her red hair to glare at her girlfriend.

In response, Michelle took deep hit of her joint and let the smoke roll across her University of Colorado hoodie. The fumes momentarily encompassed her heavy belly, a result of multiple munchie sessions. Taking another drag of her joint, Michelle pushed back her black hair as she heaved her wide derriere off the couch. "You do it and I'll buy you as many snacks you want."

"Promise not to scarf them all down yourself?"

"I promise I'll try."

"Ugh, fine," Jenny relented, crawling onto the couch and laying down on her back. "This better be worth it. Do you really have to sit on my--"

Jenny's question was answered immediately as Michelle came crashing down on her face with her doughy rear. "Have to, only way to make sure all the gas gets into your lungs."

Pounding against her belly, Michelle pushed down the weed circulating through her body. Her efforts brought forth a prolonged BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP that blasted down Jenny's body. As the fart petered out, Jenny's body began to relax. Able to feel the slow rise and fall of her girlfriend's chest, Michelle continued her gaseous assault to ensure an optimum, flatulence fueled hot box.

As the last of the gas sputtered out, Michelle finally saw fit to lift herself off of the couch. Looking down on her girlfriend, she saw a pair of reddened eyes and a blissful smile. Squatting down and getting a whiff of the lingering cloud of marijuana scented farts, she heard her girlfriend speak.

“Give me another,” Jenny said, Michelle more than willing to fulfill her request.

## Patreon Prompt 40

Prompt: Taking on a new training regimen, a roller derby player puts on a ton of weight and utilizes her new size by throwing her weight around, literally.

Rolling on their skates towards the arena, The Divas of Destruction began to discuss what they would do with one of their teammates missing. The blunter members of the group were happy to voice that they might do better without Skinny Sandy getting in their way. However, their jeers and insults came to an abrupt stop as they reached the entrance to the arena and saw their teammate waiting for them.

Over the course of several months, Sandy had made it her goal to get rid of her scrawny body in favor of one bulging with fat and muscles. The results spoke for themselves as she flexed her bulky arms, threatening to burst her black leotard apart with her boulder-like gut and massive backside. Pushing strands of her brown hair back into her pink helmet, she skated over to the rest of the girls to loom over them with her form. Showing them a sly grin, she gestured for them to follow her.

At the ring of the bell, Sandy took the initiative of rolling out the gates. Skating around the arena like a bus without brakes, she effortlessly slammed her opponents against the wall. While their hulking teammate took care of their opponents, the other girls focused on keeping their Jammer at a steady pace to score as many points as possible. Seeing the point counter grow to a satisfying amount over the course of several jams, Sandy decided it was time to make her move.

Turning on her heels, she came charging at her teammates like a raging bull. Focusing her attention on the two that had thrown so many insults at her, she managed to catch both of them with her bulging belly to send them flying through the air. The last blocker on her team

stood in awestruck silence, leaving her undefended from Sandy's terrifying butt bounce. Turning on her heels, the Jammer tried her best to get out of the way. Her efforts were futile the moment she felt Sandy's breasts engulf her head and send her crashing into the wall.

A whistle from the referee ended the senseless violence. As Sandy was escorted off the field and read the various reasons she would be getting kicked out of the league, she couldn't help smiling at her long awaited revenge. She wouldn't be able to play roller derby anymore, but she had other things on her mind. With her old job coming to an exciting climax, she was more than ready to see how she fared in the world of women's sumo wrestling.

## Patreon Prompt 41

Prompt: Not happy with her breast size, a woman learns of a secret underground breast enhancement operation led by a well-endowed BBW. The large woman's breast milk has some sort of magical property that can cause breast growth in others.

Through various sites on the black web and rumors at shady bars, Donna found herself being escorted down a set of stairs by a muscle bound man that acted as both a bouncer and a receptionist. Reaching the dimly lit room, she was surprised to find a cozy sitting area, complete with a white shag rug and soft music emanating from a radio. Just as she was about to sit down in the overly large reclining chair, the bouncer grabbed her shoulder and told her to wait for the doctor to arrive.

Donna didn't have to wait long before she heard someone larger than the bouncer coming down the stairs. Each press of the person's cankles against the stairs made it clear that they were well over the 1000-pound mark. The girth of the person's belly was adorned by a frilly, pink apron that was tightly wound around their hips. Donna was left speechless at the sight of the pair of massive, sagging breasts hanging atop the woman's belly. Staring at the medicine ball-like mammaries, Donna reached towards her own flat chest to remind herself why she was going through with this in the first place.

Finally reaching the bottom step, the woman flung back her brown curls to show off her cherubic cheeks and warm smile. "Well aren't you cute?" she asked, running her hand through Donna's hair. "Shame about your chest. Don't worry, Momma is going to take good care of you."

Momma effortlessly lifted Donna off of her feet and carried her towards the chair. Plopping down her wide rear, Momma ensured her patient was comfortably positioned atop her

lap before she undid the clasps from around her apron. Nothing left to hold them back, her breasts were free to smother Donna's face. Shuffling back and forth, Momma managed to push one of her plump nipples into Donna's mouth.

Massaging her breasts, Momma let loose a flood of milk into Donna's mouth. Forced to either drink or drown, Donna latched onto the nipple and suckled like a new born baby. Finishing off the first teat, Donna was quickly switched over to the next. Just as Donna was about to burst from the excess of creamy milk, Momma pulled her breasts away with a loud pop.

Lost in her liquid feast, Donna had failed to notice that it wasn't just Momma's weight that had been pushing down on her. Sifting through the remnants of her burst open top, Donna groped and squeezed the luscious pair of F-cup breasts that were now hers. Handing off a hefty sum of money to Momma, Donna made her way up the stairs, groping her new set of tits with appreciative fingers.

"Another satisfied customer," Momma commented as she stowed the wad of cash into her pocket with several dozen others.

## Patreon Prompt 42

Prompt: A knight escapes a dragon's den with sacks of treasure and a beautiful, but irritating princess in tow, though he lost his steed in the process. Unaware of the treasures' enchantments, the Princess's constant complaints of tired feet and having to carry heavy gold are answered by magic when she's transformed into a fat, smelly horse.

Fame, glory, treasure, and the company of a fair maiden should have been more than enough to make up for the loss of Sir Edward's steed. However, he had begun to curse the cowardly horse more the further he had to trek away from the dragon's lair. The sacks of treasure upon his back were an easy task for his strength, but not even the patience of a saint could handle Princess Murla.

"Move it, you idiotic oaf," Princess Murla commanded with a swift kick to Sir Edward's behind. "The air around here is absolutely horrid for my hair," she said, waving about her golden curls. "Not to mention, I expect you to wash out the stains from my skirt. You're going to have to work extra hard to get dragon blood out of pink fabric."

Sir Edward let out a sigh. "With all due respect your highness, I'm going as fast as I can. Without my horse, I have to carry back the family treasure myself. Perhaps if you carried one of the sacks, we could--"

Another kick to his back sent Sir Edward falling into the dirt road. Picking himself up, he watched Princess Murla rip open a sack and start throwing out the precious jewels and treasures.

"You honestly would risk your princess's life for these ancient things?" she asked, carelessly tossing about family heirlooms like yesterday's rubbish. "They don't even do anything. Just look at this golden horseshoe. My father probably bought it of some filthy merchant for no more than a few silver--"

Princess Murla's tirade was interrupted by a neigh emanating from her mouth and the sound of her dress ripping apart. Forced onto her hands and feet by an unknown force, her body fattened up to five times her old size. Her elongating face swiveling about at the sight of her hands and feet turning to hardened hooves, her panicked cries only came out as more neighs.

Approaching the equine princess, Sir Edward had to cover his nose from the horrific fart that burst from the princess's fat ass to wave about her long, blonde tail. Powering through the awful stench, Sir Edward looked upon her corrupted form with a sinister smile. Much to the former princess's protests, Sir Edward began weighing her down with the rest of the treasure. Climbing atop her broad back and grasping her golden curls as makeshift reins, he gave her a quick smack to the rear to get her obese form galloping down the road.



## Patreon Prompt 43

Prompt: (Female All the Way Through Mouth Farting)

<https://twitter.com/OddTenn/status/1400498755753873415?s=19>

Donna shuddered as she recognized the blonde bangs and brown roots of the woman stomping up to the counter. Hoping to avoid making too much of a scene, she passed off the register to her coworker and met the infamous Karla near the soda machine. “Hello miss,” she said, copying to the letter everything she had read in her employee handbook. “Is there anything I can-“

“Shut it!” Karla shouted, her face going red with fury and something else. “After I specifically told you to make me a dairy-free milkshake, you give me a cup of nothing, but dairy.”

Donna took a deep breath, catching a whiff of something foul against her tongue. “I assure you, the milkshake you were given was 100% made of almond milk,” she lied, not willing to give into Karla’s ridiculous demands. “If you are not satisfied with our service, you can direct your attention to our customer service line at 1-800-“

Karla reached out to grab Donna by her head and slam her face against the jeans tightly wrapped around her backside. “Does this taste like a dairy-free milkshake to you?!”

With a grunt, Karla unleashed a torrent of flatulence that parted Donna’s lips and flew down the underpaid, fast food worker’s throat. At first Donna struggled to break free from Karla’s grasp, the pink-painted nail of her tormentor doing an amazing job of keeping her at ground zero of the constant gas bombardment. However, Donna’s hands gradually moved towards her own backside as she realized what Karla’s gas was doing to her body.

Clenching her butt cheeks helped to delay the release for a few more moments, but in the end Donna was left helpless to stop the coming storm. The same gas that had been filling her mouth seconds earlier came bursting out of her own rear, refined by the combination of two digestive tracts. Each horrific PHHHRRRRRTTT and BLBRLRRRT that shook out of Donna's rear cleared out more of the restaurant, mercifully limiting the amount of people watching her humiliation.

As the last of Karla's gas spurting out, she let an exhausted Donna slump to the ground. "May that serve as a lesson to you on how to properly treat a customer," she said, walking out of the building just as a final, squeaky fart burst forth from the violated and fragrant Donna.

Patreon Prompt 44

Prompt: (Female Burping and Belly Expansion)

<https://www.deviantart.com/smappansfw/art/Coffee-Stroll-881342416>

Between wearing out her new pair of designer glasses, several people complimenting her hijab, and finding a new coffee place, Layla couldn't have been more content with her morning. Popping off the top of her cup, she let the dreamy smell of fresh coffee waft up her nose. In such a good mood, she let the barista pick the brew, but she had little reason to believe it could be anything less than exceptional. Putting the cup to her lips and taking a sip, her suspicions were confirmed.

Continuing to stroll down the sidewalk, Layla greeted everyone she met between sips of coffee. The peaceful morning was somewhat disturbed by a rumbling in her stomach, but she put it off as just mild indigestion. As the first burp rolled up her stomach and parted her lips, she easily stifled it. Dealing with the series of belches as they came, Layla didn't let her little gas problem get in the way of her good mood.

Too preoccupied with enjoying the sunny weather and drinking her coffee, Layla was ignorant of the way her belly began to expand. Several helpings of coffee slipped her spherical belly out from beneath her shirt to show off her belly button to everyone that passed by. As her gut grew, its swelling mass gifted her with a better view of the sidewalk as she was lifted higher and higher.

It was around the point that her belly reached the size of a small car that Layla had to give up on stopping her burps. Various BWOOOOOORRRRRRPPPPs and UUUURRRRRPs freely let loose from her lips, her only form of trying to keep it at bay was massaging her bloated tummy. Still on a bit of a high from the morning's events, she paid little mind to the numerous

people she walked by awestruck by her immense growth. Even as her spherical stomach lifted her head above two-story buildings and her burps echoed down the street, all Layla could dwell on was the incredible taste of her coffee on this perfect morning.

## Patreon Prompt 45

Prompt: As the long awaited sequel to a Hollywood blockbuster releases, a woman who does online movie reviews finds herself having to take the last open seat in the back of the theater. Little does she know that this luxurious seat was specifically designed for one rather large and common movie-goer.

On the eve of Psycho Screamer 7's release, Bella was one of the lucky few to be invited to a critic's screening. Not that she really cared, she was only going to fulfill her duty as an online reviewer. Already contemplating how to handle the influx of hate mail she was going to receive regardless if she praised or damned the cheesy horror flick, her current attention turned towards finding a seat in the overcrowded theater. For what was supposed to be an exclusive event, it felt as if the entire town had been invited in early.

Bella's salvation came in the form of a seat in the back of the theater that everyone seemed to be ignoring. A tiny reservation sign sat in the middle of the lush, red cushions, looking even smaller considering the chair was wide enough to comfortably seat four people. Sure the bottom was a little dented, but Bella couldn't think of a better place to comfortably watch the movie.

Knocking away the sign, she let herself stretch out on the cushions. As the movie started to roll, she was already thinking up a dozen ways to excuse her intrusion. The easiest thing to do would be to tell the rightful owners of the chair about her job, a promise of getting a chance to tour the office being a surefire way to smooth things over.

Over the sound of a maniac screaming as he hacked up promiscuous teens on the screen, Bella heard something big making its way towards her. Under the red light of a vicious gore scene, her eyes went wide at the sight of a man no less than 1000 pounds waddling towards her.

Various snacks and drinks held between his pudgy arms partially obscured his t-shirt covered in various comic book heroes, their faces stretched out by the sheer girth of his belly rolls. Too busy gawking at the man's awe-inspiring set of man boob's, Bella was too late to call out a warning to him as he turned his elephantine backside towards her.

Bella's scream of terror went alongside the woman on the screen, both helpless as their attackers came down on them. Squished between the chair and the pair of doughy ass cheeks wrapped in overly tight sweatpants, Bella's constant struggling and squirming did little to move the fat man from his seat.

"Everything to your like Ellis?" an usher asked.

"Absolutely, excellent job as always" the man replied, wobbling his body back and forth, unwittingly sinking Bella deeper between his ass cheeks. "How long is the movie supposed to be?"

"Two and half hours."

"Awesome," Ellis replied, leaning back and sipping from one of his many sodas, blissfully ignorant of his seat's extra cushioning.