

## Patreon Prompts Vol. 4

### Patreon Prompt 46

Prompt: Planning to have some fun, a group of friends decide to spend the night camping and sitting around the campfire. However, things go awry as one of them begin to undergo certain changes after indulging in some marshmallows.

Freed from the torment of finals, a group of university students trekked their way out to the woods with a single goal in mind. With the tents put up and the area freed from the grasps of several ant nests, all that was left was to revel in the glow of a warm campfire. Passing around bottles of booze and snacks, the group passed the time talking about the hopes and fears that would soon be determined by their test scores.

While the others found security in one another's test woes, Connie rummaged through the food bin to find her snack food of choice. Pushing aside strange and unusual snack cakes and chips the group had picked up from a truck stop in the middle of nowhere, the diminutive woman finally found what she was looking for. Grasping the bag of marshmallows and feeling them squish between her fingers, she skipped back to the campfire to sit down and indulge in her sweet treat.

A few minutes passed as the group continued to talk amongst one another, giving Connie plenty of time to enjoy her snack. While she was happy to let the others converse as she enjoyed her much needed indulgence, something gradually drew the groups' attention towards her. It could have been the sight of her skin turning pale white or perhaps the way her hair began to drip down her back. A perfectly reasonable hypothesis was that everyone was staring at the way her body expanded with each marshmallow pushed past her lips.

The conversations reached a dead stop as everyone watched Connie's body turn to white mush as she outgrew the tents. Torn apart by her behemoth body, the tatters of her clothes sunk into the depths of her gelatinous mass. Sticky hands helped her to swipe up the last of her marshmallows and sink it past her lips. Left as a 1000-pound mass of living marshmallow, the feeling of content overtook Connie's other senses as she let her fingers massage her blobby form.

## Patreon Prompt 47

Prompt: Running low on health, Ashe manages to find a stray breather can on the ground that Roadhog dropped. Assuming she can also heal herself by huffing it, her body faces some side effects from the gas that makes her a lot like the piggish man.

Gritting her teeth as a bullet grazed her arm, Ashe ducked behind cover. While the rest of her team could keep the enemy busy, she wasn't going to be in any state to help them at this rate. Doubtful she could even make it back to base, she surveyed the area in hopes of finding something that could help her.

A gust of wind blew aside her white hair and rolled over a familiar canister towards her feet. Picking up the can, she could smell the tell-tale odor of the piggish Road Hog all over it. Recalling that it was one of the breather cans the obese man used to heal himself, she weighed her options. Feeling her body wince from her bullet wound helped along her decision process.

Putting the canister to her mouth, she took a deep breath. Forcing herself to suck up the vapors like her life depended on it did little to lessen the stench of the canister. While she felt her skin prickle and her wound begin to heal up, she knew that she was going to need a lot more. Wrapping her lips around the canister she sucked out every last ounce she could get.

Ashe was forced to drop the canister as her body began to shake. Her lithe form rapidly packed on thick, blubbery fat that tore apart her clothing. The wounds across her arms had been swallowed up by her bulky fat, the pudgy limbs flailing about as she got used to their added heft. Waddling about and cringing at the feeling of her wobbling butt cheeks and her sagging breasts, she was stopped by the loud popping noise that accompanied her belly button becoming an outie to better fit her beer keg-like belly. On par with Roadhog's girth, Ashe let out a groan. Slowly

shuffling her way back towards the base, she hoped that her added weight would be enough to block any incoming fire.

Patreon Prompt 48

Prompt: (Female to Male Slob Ball TF) <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/37636624/>

She didn't know why it was happening, but she knew by the sight and sound of her swelling body ripping apart her clothes that she was scared of it. Grasping her bulbous belly as it further tore apart her sweater left her pudgy hands too occupied to deal with the shaggy, brown beard that was encroaching around her chins. Stomping around on thick legs wobbled about her rear and helped to shake off her locks of hair until she was left with little more than a buzz cut. Ripping through the last of her sweater, it was the sight of her breasts turned into sagging pecs and the feeling of her newly gained cock dangling between her thick thighs that truly sunk in the situation she was in.

As the former woman tried to console himself on his sudden weight and gender change, a rumbling noise echoed through his guts. The noise coalesced into a squeaky fart that graced him with a rancid odor. Inhaling the noxious gas began to ease his worries, daring for him to touch and tease his growing form. Sliding against his swelling fat with a new perspective gave him the notion of how nice it felt to have so much flab surrounding him. Ripping a loud FRRRRRRRTTTT further embedded his new appreciation for his body and quickened him to his final form.

The content smile on his face sunk down his torso with the rest of his head as it was absorbed into his spherical body. Reduced to a wrecking ball sized sphere of gas and fat, he was given the perfect position to constantly gas himself with the contents of his riled up digestive system. As the slob ball waddled around in his foul air, feeling his engorged member swing about with each step, his mind shifted to spreading his revelations with the rest of the world.

With a gracious, puffed up smile showing on his bulbous body, he coiled up into a sphere and began rolling to find others to spread his condition to.

Patreon Prompt 49

Prompt: (Female to Male Fat Sumo TF and Testicle Expansion)

<https://www.furaffinity.net/view/42544835/>

Striding into the photo studio, Candace showed off her attempts to wow the crew with her platinum blonde hair, flawless, toned body, and the pair of enormous, melon-sized breasts contained by her skimpy, pink bikini. Though she put on the best smile, none of the other people seemed to pay attention to her. Confused, she simply shrugged and followed the photographer's direction to get into position. Climbing about the circular ring, she took up her best pose to show off her assets. A loud click echoed through the room.

As the shutter closed, Candace felt her body lurch forward. Overcome by erratic shivering, she could only watch as her beloved breasts began to dissolve into her torso. Grasping at her lost assets, her hands ran along the unsightly protrusion of flab that had taken over her once thin mid-section. Despite her panic at the sight of more fat packing onto her body and her hair shortening and turning a dark black, the photographer kept shooting his camera.

Lumbering about on her bulky legs, Candace was forced to stop as something tore apart her bikini bottom. Holding back her drooping pecs and sizable belly, her eyes went wide at the pair of swelling testicles dangling beneath her newly formed manhood. As Candace's balls continued to grow to outsize his lost breasts, his face's rigid edges were overcome by puffy cheeks.

Left with legs spread out to allow room for his drooping belly and bowling ball sized testicles, Candace finally recalled what the shoot was about. Puffing out his chest and tying his hair into a perfectly kept topknot, he took up a pose. Stomping into the ground to jiggle his

impressive mass, he made sure the photographer got in every detail of his refined, sumo wrestler body.

## Patreon Prompt 50

Prompt: A time traveler drops their lunch into the primordial soup at the dawn of creation, causing a butterfly effect when they return to the present day that leaves them and the rest of the world stuck as big fat blueberry human hybrids.

Careful not to step on anything resembling developing life, Vanessa set her sights on the metal cylinder that had led her to arguably the biggest mistake in human history. Slamming herself into the time machine, she set the coordinates to the present time. Her efforts were hindered by the sticky residue of the blueberry snack cake clinging to her fingers. Forcing back the image of herself dropping her food into the primordial soup, she slammed her hand against the return button to send the machine tumbling through time.

Arriving at the modern age within seconds, Vanessa realized she had landed far from her lab. Glancing through the window at the scenery of a local park, everything seemed mostly the same. That was until she noticed a multitude of sticky blue trails leading towards the parks' visitors.

Vanessa's mouth hung open in awe as she watched people waddle by her pod to the sound of liquid sloshing about in their obese forms. The clothes wrapped around their pudgy forms did little to hide the deep shades of blue across their bodies. Trickle of blueberry juice leaked from the nipples of men and women alike, a few even taking the time to sample one another's flavors as a form of greeting. Gazing at the results of her recklessness, Vanessa mindlessly stepped out of the time pod.

The moment her foot touched the ground, her body lurched forward. Her fall was broken by the swollen, juice-filled belly that had sprung up around her mid-section. Wobbling about on her still growing stomach, she watched as her clothes ripped apart under the duress of her

expanding mass. Lying on her gut with blueberry juice leaking from her plump breasts, she could only watch as a crowd of people gathered around to stare at her humiliating position.

Considering how she had made irreversible damage to the timeline, it was the least she could do to try and repent for her poor eating habits.

## Patreon Prompt 51

Prompt: A group of freshmen done with their first year of college break into one of their parents' wine cabinets to celebrate. However, the bottles of wine begin to transform the group into a bunch of drunk, bloated wine moms/cougars over the course of the party.

Not satisfied with their hordes of beer bought through the use of illegal IDs, Josh and his fellow freshman descended into his mother's wine cellar. Multiple times the extravagant woman had forbid him from partaking in her collection of wine, but her words meant nothing to him. With both his closest friends and possible girlfriends more than ready to blow off steam after surviving their freshman year of college, Josh led the way towards the wrack of silver-lined wine bottles.

Popping off the first cork to the tune of an uproarious applause, Josh began pouring out glasses of finely aged wine like it was grape juice at a kid's birthday party. Once everyone had been served, they raised their glasses to toast. Clinking their glasses together, they proceeded to chug down the wine in a way that would make a connoisseur pass out on the spot. As the last drops sprinkled down their throats, the elation they felt helped to block out the strange, prickling sensation spreading across their bodies. Enamored with a flavor, Josh and the others went back in for another serving.

Over the course of the evening Josh and his friends' conversation drastically changed from exams and past sporting events to things that better fit the plus-size dresses that seemed to appear out of thin air to replace their clothes. Swinging about their glasses with their painted nails, the college students remained blissfully unaware of the way their bellies took on fat folds and each of them developed sagging breasts that had to be salvaged by support bras. Discussing late nightstands that would be considered taboo for women of their age, a group of them took

turns admiring one another's backsides to see who was most in need of a trip to the plastic surgeon.

At the center of the gaggle of wine-soaked women, Joslynn sipped at her wine with content. Using a pudgy finger to push back her hair into a neat bun, she called together the girls to recount the tale of her saucy encounter with a pair of fraternity brothers. At the center of attention, Joslynn let a smile dare to further emphasize her crow's feet and wrinkles that came with living past the age of 40. Taking another sip of her wine, she began to tell the story in exquisite, indecent detail.

## Patreon Prompt 52

Prompt: Regretting having a heavy meal, a stripper finds herself having some gassy consequences for indulging at the strip club's bar whilst on her break. Fortunately for her, the next client seems to enjoy that sort of thing.

Even knowing what the three-bean chili would do, Crystal had fought against her better judgement and eaten an entire bowl. While the other girls stretched and slipped into outfits that would come off mere moments later, she had hoped to avoid suspicion by hiding in the back. Sitting in the break room with her hand pressed against her bloated tummy, she pondered if it was possible to stay there until the beast inside of her calmed down.

Crystal's hopes were dashed as the owner of the strip club grasped her hand and started pulling her towards the private rooms. Her various excuses that she wasn't feeling well were drowned out by the owner spouting how someone had paid top dollar for her to give him a lap dance. Stumbling into the room upon her high heels, Crystal was met by an expectant gaze of a man in a suit with a wad of cash hanging out of his pocket. Biting her lip, she stepped forward to get him his money worth.

Bumping and grinding against his lap, Crystal was thankful that the music from outside muted the noise of her digestive tract rumbling about. However, her constant jiggling shaking furthered along the building pressure inside of her gut. Her routine came to an abrupt end as she stumbled backwards and landed right on the patron's lap.

The impact let loose a minute long PPPHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTTT as the fart came slapping out of her rear. Crystal winced at the smell, only imagining the look of disgust on the man's face. Getting up in a hurry to escape her noxious air and humiliating situation, she felt a hand wrap around her wrist. Turning back, she saw a wide smile on the man's face

alongside several, hundred-dollar bills in his free hand. Crystal stared back and forth between the cash and the client. To the sound of a squeaky fart, Crystal shoved the cash into the waistline of her thong and leaned back. Letting loose a boisterous bout of flatulence directly into the client's face, she got ready to give the strangest, most lucrative lap dance of her life.

## Patreon Prompt 53

Prompt: In an effort to boost sales and take advantage of a new trend, the leader of an idol group becomes a huge slob, incorporating her gaseous releases into her music to further stand out. Surprisingly, the fans love it, but the same can't be said about her fellow members, who find the idea and the fact it's working idiotic and crazy.

As expected for paying for tickets to a VIP show, the fans were hyped up to see a private performance involving the leader of the idol group, Airy Acoustics. The chatter between the watchers turned into a unified cry of excitement as the spotlight came on to the stage. Chanting the name of Slobby Satsuka over and over again helped them to motivate the leader to waddle her way out to the stage.

Over the course of a year, the formerly named Songstress Satsuka had taken part in a radical make over to meet the growing desire for a strange trend in modern culture. Her once slender form was now enveloped by a total of over 300 pounds of flesh that tried to burst out of her costume at every opportunity. Various food smears and sweat stains did little to dissuade the way the fans looked at the way her former white top hugged her meaty breasts, and her short skirt barely concealed her chunky rear. Flourishing her greasy green hair to the crowd, Satsuka held the mic up to her mouth and began to sing.

Moving her wide hips along to the music, her vocals were interspersed with burps that had been fueled by a pre-performance feast. At peaks of the music, Satsuka would purposefully swing her backside to the audience as she unleashed a tirade of flatulence. The rude noises worked surprisingly well to emphasize parts of the song and gift her adoring fans with a taste of her fermented smell. While the crowd ate up her slobby performance, the same could not be said for the other members of Airy Acoustics.

Watching the performance on a TV backstage, the girls looked on with disgust at their leader's sloppy singing and dancing. Each crowd member that fell in love with Satsuka's gassy expulsions and jiggling blubber meant another reason for their manager to make his fateful decision. Turning away from the screen, the girls grimaced at the sight of a food cart covered in the same meals that turned their leader into what she was. Letting out simultaneous groans, the girls approached the indulgent feast to follow in their leaders' footsteps and join the trend of sloppy singers.

## Patreon Prompt 54

Prompt: Disaster strikes as a dastardly villain blasts a hole into the city's dam, water violently beginning to gush from the opening. Thankfully, the day is saved by a rather new super heroine, one whose anatomy is that of a sponge.

Grinning ear to ear and twirling his moustache, Destruction Darby held up the comically large red button in his hand and pressed it with all his might. Moments later, he was treated to the sight of the town's dam igniting into flames as a massive chunk was blown away. The fire was quickly put out by a raging torrent of lake water the dam had been holding back. Watching the flood rapidly makes its way towards the town, Darby got ready to return to his hideout to watch the chaos ensue from the safety of his favorite chair.

Just as Darby turned away from the chaos, something bright yellow could be seen in the corner of his eye. Swiveling on his boots, he watched a slender woman make the suicidal leap into the raging water. Gobbled up by the torrent, Darby was at a loss at what had possessed her to do such a thing.

Darby's confusion only grew as the downpour from the lake began to lessen in strength. As the raging river was reduced to a babbling brook, Darby watched as a gigantic mass of spongy, yellow flesh filled up the space in the dam his explosives had recently destroyed. Even from miles away he could make out the shape of the woman's behemoth, sagging breasts complete with trickles of water dripping from her nipples. Upon glancing over the woman's stadium sized belly, he quickly realized where his precious flood had disappeared to. Darby would later learn of the woman's name as the Spectacular Sponge Woman. Though for the present time, he only knew her as his most hated adversary.

## Patreon Prompt 55

Prompt: With thousands watching in anticipation, a magician performs an incredible trick where he seemingly makes a woman much fatter in the blink of an eye. During the trick however, an error occurs that reveals the truth behind the phony trick.

At the apex of his performance, Marvin the Magnificent hyped the crowd up for his grand finale. With a twirl of his cape, he once again called his beautiful assistant to the stage. The bombshell blonde came strutting out like a runway model, letting the crowd admire the glittering material of her skin-tight, black dress. With the crowd left to ogle his assistant's body, Marvin couldn't help smiling as he claimed that she would be packing on hundreds of pounds in a matter of seconds with the use of his closet of corpulency.

The audience looked on with intrigue as the assistant stepped into the wooden box large enough to fit a small car. Waving his hands about to keep the audience's attention, Marvin closed the door and began to chant. Twirling himself around the closet with made up, magic words spouting from his mouth, he finally stopped his well-rehearsed performance at his designated spot. Grasping the door handle, he slowly opened the closet to the surprised gasps of the audience.

From within the confines of the closet emerged the assistant, albeit after quite a bit of effort to squeeze her luscious love handles through the entrance. Her once svelte body had been swallowed up by a mass of no less than 1000 pounds all tightly wrapped up in a larger version of her dress. Waddling towards center stage, she let the audience ogle the heft of her bulbous breasts and gluttonous gut as she swiveled around her blonde hair against her chubby cheeks. When the crowd finally let out a collective applause, Marvin and the assistant did what came

naturally and bowed. However, the act revealed to the crowd more than just the assistant's jiggling backside.

Marvin turned towards his assistant the moment the cheers turned to audible silence. What he saw was the skinny version of his assistant nestled deep within the confines of her portly doppelganger's ass crack. Glancing at the closet of corpulency, Marvin was distraught to find that the secret compartment had failed to open properly. Rushing to separate the two assistants from one another, each tug at the smaller one's trapped form gave Marvin more time to think of a way to get around giving the audience refunds.

## 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.

Patreon Prompt 57

Prompt: (Female to Male TF) <https://www.deviantart.com/dayaman/art/AbHiJ33t-Reupload-Girl-s-Hairy-Selfie-701604918>

Thinking only of herself, Carrie shoved aside the overweight woman in front of the body length mirror in the corner of the gym. Paying little mind to the strange words coming from the fallen woman's mouth, Carrie proceeded to pull out her phone to take her usual post-workout selfies. Adorned in a cute pair of shorts and a tank top, she put on her cutest face and snapped her first picture.

Taking up another pose for a second selfie, she felt an unnatural warmth spread through her body. Putting it off as just leftover sweat from her workout, she continued to pose for the camera. When the heat became too much, she thoughtlessly tossed off her tank top to leave her chest bare. She managed to get only a single picture in of her bare breasts before they morphed into a pair of chiseled pecs.

A series of pictures recorded the rate of growth of the curly, black hair that crept down her flat chest and over her toned stomach. Flexing her arms to the camera, to show off the hairy, testosterone fueled muscles, she barely noticed the thing between her legs. Shifting her pants to adjust her manhood, she held the camera up to her face for one last pic. Her altered mind didn't seem to notice or care about the strange sight of her feminine face placed atop the body of a hairy, muscular man. The only thing she could think of was how perfect her body was.

## Patreon Prompt 58

Prompt: Sent on an investigation within a fat villainess's lair, a detective finds herself captured in and brought in for interrogation. Refusing to reveal her intentions, the detective finds herself having to put her endurance training to the test.

It started out a simple infiltration job to get dirt on the CEO of a rival company. What Helen didn't count on was a misplaced hand against a bookshelf sending her into the midst of a group of burly guards in matching, outfits colored in obnoxious shades of gold. A mere hours later, she found herself strapped to a table in an unknown location with the sound of something heavy echoing against the bright white walls.

Tilting up her head, Helen was greeted by the wide visage of Goldie, the CEO she had been paid to investigate. Her near 1000 pound, chunky body was contained by a white suit with her glimmering gold hair hanging off of her broad shoulders. A bright, gold-colored tie was wedged between her medicine-ball sized breasts, her bosom copying the outline of her butt cheeks wrapped up by her white pants. Looming over Helen, she gave a wide smile to show off the shimmering gold along her teeth.

"Well, aren't you the great detective?" Goldie asked, patting her pudgy palm against Helen's face. "I've never even heard of you, and you've already deduced my evil plans for world domination."

"Your what?"

Goldie laughed. "Don't play dumb, especially after I've gone through the trouble of transporting you to my secret lair in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle. I'm sure your people are already on their way in a vain attempt to foil me."

"I literally have no idea what you're talking about."

“No matter,” Goldie said, swiveling her body around to have her backside hang over Helen’s head. “I have ways of making you talk.”

Before Helenn could attempt to convince the villainess of her ignorance, her world became enshrouded in pillowy ass fat. What little breathe Helen could draw from a momentary reprieve was pushed back out as Goldie leap up to slam her belly against her scrawny form. Feeling the obese woman crawl around her body, she managed to see Goldie’s sadistic smile again just before her head was squashed between her meaty breasts.

“You’ll talk,” Goldie said, sitting up to slam her gut down on Helen’s face. “They all do. Eventually.”

## Patreon Prompt 59

Prompt: Life as a superhero has its ups and downs, as the Spectacular Sponge Woman comes across a supersized, sweaty villain that leaves her bloated in a quite peculiar way.

Following the calls over the police radio, the Spectacular Sponge Woman arrived at the scene of the chaos. Upon seeing her spongy, yellow skin, bystanders and cops alike shared a moment of hope that she would be able to end the chaos. Sponge Woman shared the exact same expression of hope, even as she came face to face with the person responsible for the trouble.

To say the woman was large was an understatement. Her bountiful rolls of cellulite-speckled flab were more than enough to call her supersized. However, her true girth came in the form of a persistent barrier of three-foot thick perspiration surrounding her body. Anyone who came dangerously close to the obese woman was flung back by her stench and tendrils of her sweat. The woman's face was twisted into anger at the mere idea that anyone would attempt to stop her one woman riot.

Just before the Sweaty SSBBW could add another victim to her tally, Sponge Woman leapt into action. Grabbing hold of one of the villainess's tendrils, she held on tight as she was pulled into the mass of perspiration and fat. The sweaty woman pressed Sponge Woman deep within her fat rolls in an attempt to drown her. However, this had all been part of Sponge Woman's plan.

Activating her powers, Sponge Woman began to absorb the barrier of perspiration into her body. As the villainess flailed her arms and cried out in anger as each droplet of sweat was taken away, Sponge Woman's lithe body began swelled up to enormous proportions. Exhausting herself with wild movements and efforts to out sweat the hero left the villainess panting for air. With an earth-shaking thud, the villainess plopped to the ground from heat-exhaustion.

The crowd cheered as they ran forward to congratulate Sponge Woman on another job well-done. A collective sound of disgust was forced out of the onlookers when they got within a few feet of the bloated, elephant-sized mass that was their savior. At the epicenter of the sweaty mass, Sponge Woman could only gasp as sweat beaded down her immobile form. It was times like this that she had to reassure herself that being a hero wasn't always a glamorous profession.

## Patreon Prompt 60

Prompt: At a work cocktail party, a group of coworkers decide to play a drink on their boss by slipping pickle juice into her martini. What they don't realize is that a combination of rotten luck and an even more rotten pickle will lead to her getting a little too into her drink.

A few words with the bartender made all the sweeter with a handful of dollar bills set their plan in motion. Watching from the other side of the bar, the office workers watched the waiter carry the tainted martini over to their boss. The stern woman looked uptight even with her slender body adorned in a black cocktail dress. Taking a break from fixing her glasses and scolding another worker for their reports being late, she thoughtlessly accepted the martini from the waiter and took a drink.

The anticipation building in her pranksters died a painful death as they watched her sip away at her drink without breaking pace of her one woman tirade. Their collective disappointment lasted up until they noticed an unsightly bulge in the boss's dress. Soon, the bulge was joined by dozens of smaller versions that popped up along her skin. Continuing to gawk at her and the green color taking over her body, they heard her shrill voice go down in tone to match that of a man.

Her body becoming more oblong and her hair falling out turned out to be just shocking enough for her conversation companion to stay silent as she continued to change. The bulbous protrusions that went along her swelling body gradually tore apart her dress. A rough texture seeped over her soft skin and even took away her hair to leave her bald up top. As she continued to change into a living pickle person, one last burst of changes left her completely nude.

Unaware of what he had become, their boss continued to belittle their coworker all while a pickle-shaped dick hung between his legs. His sagging pecs and bulbous body did little to take

away from his task. Turning to call out to the waiter for another drink, the pickle boss just missed the pranksters slipping out the door before anyone could connect them to the monstrosity they had created.