

## Writing Prompt Requests: Picture This Volume 2

### Writing Prompt Exercise 123

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/beltpop/art/The-Elevator-Incident-747614463>

About to fall asleep standing up from her day working the cafeteria of her office, Adeline barely recognized the woman in the blue sweater running towards the elevator. Hearing her cry out to hold the door, Adeline pressed the open just before it was about to close. The woman in blue crashed into the wall and pleaded for Adeline to shut the door behind her. Just as the elevator began to descend, Adeline saw a group of people in lab coats running down the hall, calling for the woman to return to the lab.

As the elevator began to rise, Adeline turned her attention towards the odd woman to see her baggy sweater and sweatpants tighten around her form. Moments later, large rips formed in the woman's clothing as her body began to balloon up into a large sphere. Both she and Adeline began to panic, Adeline scraping at the walls for some kind of escape while the woman could only wobble about as her body ripped off the rest of her clothing.

Eventually, the woman grew into a naked orb of flesh that took up the entirety of the elevator. Adeline was squished against one of the wall by the woman's wide rear, using what freedom she had to climb up and keep her head high enough to breath. Thankfully, the woman finally, stopped growing, but it proved only a momentary reprieve. A robotic voice came over the speaker to announce "WEIGHT LIMIT EXCEEDED" just before they felt the elevator suddenly, drop. Plummeting several stories in just a few seconds, the two were protected from serious injury by the woman's sheer girth. Left in the depths of the building, they could only wait, as they hoped someone would come rescue them soon.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 124

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/saburox/art/Gobby-776860808>

After a solid week of hearing earthshattering punk rock blast from the apartment one door down from him, Neil had had enough. He didn't care if it was midnight or that he was in his pajamas, he was determined to make whoever was causing the noise to stop. Stomping towards the door he banged his fist as loud as he could against it. He had never met the person who owned the apartment, but he could guess at what they were like. Coming up with a slew of insults to hurl their way, Neil watched as the door flung open.

Neil's anger subsided as it was replaced by confusion. From inside the noisy apartment stepped a strange woman that was no bigger than 3 feet tall. Her skin was a dull, green and her ears were elongated into points that reached over her dark blue hair. A black shirt with a skull on it was stretched over her overburdened breasts and the presence of spherical belly almost as big as she was, did the job of covering up her lower half. Neil could only stare in silence at his first time meeting a goblin.

"Can I help you?" the goblin woman said, slamming her own fist against the door.

Neil shook his head back and forth to try and come up with coherent thoughts. "Um, could you please turn the music down?"

Pulling her hand away from the door, she lifted it up under her belly for support while, the other leaned on the door frame. "Dammit, the landlord told me this place was soundproof. Sorry dude, the newborns have been keeping me up all night with their kicking and I needed something to help pass the time. I'll turn it down."

“Thank you good night,” Neil said, turning on his heels and walking away as fast as possible.

“Night,” he heard from behind, followed by a closing door and muffled punk rock.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 125

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/sonier103/art/Comm-Snakefood-2-528566724>

One by one, the buttons on Louie's shirt popped off and flew to the opposite end of the room, making way for his stuffed gut. A tear in his pants followed suit, the result of having been fed past his limit. Using his pudgy hand to rub his exposed belly, he wanted nothing more than to stop eating and lay down. But she wasn't going to let him rest so easily.

A long green tail coiled around his feet as its tip held aloft a bowl of ice cream. From behind, he felt a pair of hands grasp his shoulders and felt something flicker against his ear. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see a pair of yellow irises belonging to a woman of seductive beauty. Reaching forward, the snake woman dug a spoon into the ice cream bowl and shoveled into his mouth. As he swallowed, she used her free hand to grope his stomach, reveling in how fat he had become.

"So plump and succulent," she hissed, letting her tongue brush against his cheek. "You look so delicious I could eat you right up."

Louie swallowed the mouthful of ice cream and took a deep breath. "Y-you don't really mean that do you?"

"Of course not," she answered, simultaneously, shoving more ice cream into his mouth as her fingers stroked his chin. "It would be a waste to let such a perfect partner go to waste. No, I intend to fill you until you're about to burst. Then we'll get to the real fun."

## Writing Prompt Exercise 126

Prompt: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/25072966/>

Competitive as the muscle-bound Ingrid was, all it took was one glance at the poster's one-million-dollar prize to get her attention. Sure, her fit, toned, and trim body was nowhere near the right shape for a sumo competition, but that wasn't enough to turn her away. With thoughts of victory in her head, she began to do what she did best and train.

The unorthodox method kept her constant bench pressing and workout routine, but with the added benefit of down as much fattening food as she could. She kept her muscles as a result, but it wasn't long before they were buried underneath hundreds of pounds of fat. Each week, she seemed to rip a new pair of shorts or tank top with each training session, pushing her on to grow more.

The day of the competition, Ingrid waddled her way towards the ring, demanding the attention of all onlookers. With only a loose, white shirt and traditional sumo loincloth there was nothing hiding her meticulously, sculpted body. She had grown large enough to take up the entire width of a double door, with her equally large gut pushing away anyone in front of her. Stomping into the ring, she took a moment to flex her thick arms and shake her muscular chub to the audience. Planting her feet firmly, onto the floor she stared down her opponent who was easily, several hundred pounds smaller than her. As the bell rang out, Ingrid showed off a smirk and charged forth to victory.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 127

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/magicstraw/art/Makoto-and-Sae-Nijjima-776738657>

It had all started when her sister found her phone and took a glance at her messages between her and the rest of the Phantom Thieves. Makoto begged and pleaded for Sae to understand, going so far as to explain every last detail of her time in mementos and other palaces. Unconvinced, Sae demanded to be shown what she meant. Unable to argue, Makoto brought her into the palace of a corrupt chef, hoping that it would be somewhat safe enough to show Sae how it worked and sate her curiosity. Never could she had predicted what kind of world awaited them inside.

With a plate of overstuffed hotdogs in hand, Sae slowly, walked between the tables of the illusionary restaurant. She had put on at least 200 pounds of extra weight, her belly and butt knocking aside tables and chairs with each step. The entire time, her eyes were glazed over with a foggy haze as a voice told her to obey their every command. Stopping dead still she waited for the corrupt chef to give her an order. For the 176<sup>th</sup> time, she heard the command to feed her sister.

Picking up a hotdog, Sae force-fed it into Makoto's mouth. Makoto could no longer be classified as the little sister, the near endless stuffing having turned her into a 800-pound ball of fat. Underneath her numerous fat rolls, her legs were stuck in a spread out position preventing her from moving even an inch. Her pudgy hands and thick arms could only produce weak waves, leaving her completely, helpless.

"Please...I'm stuffed," Makoto pleaded, hoping the words would finally, get through the hypnotism.

“Nonsense,” Sae replied, shoving another hotdog into Makoto’s mouth.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 128

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/franktonius/art/Party-Full-793141962>

Standing with mouths agape, the townspeople couldn't fathom what they were seeing with their own eyes. Coming down the road was the familiar face of the elf, with her pointed ears, long grey dual-ponytails, and hood. Accompanying her, was the endowed bosom of the sorceress, the spell caster's tight corset further emphasizing her assets. Finishing the trio were the wide, muscular legs of the amazon with a small thong barely, keeping her decent. While these were familiar sights in the village, no one could say they had ever seen them all on the same person.

As the woman approached the entrance to the village, each step of her bulky legs sent her hair and breasts jiggling up and down. Stopping just a few feet away from the gathered crowd allowed them to see the thin seams on her neck and waist, as if someone had sown the three women together. By the time someone got the nerve to speak, all they could ask was where the rest of her party was.

"Where's my party?" the elf head asked back, putting her hand on her uneven hips. "I never travel with a party, you know that. Anyway, does anyone know where I can sell this?"

The woman held aloft a strange statue made up of differently, colored metals. One glance was all it took for the wiser people in the group to recognize it as a cursed item. Before they could have a chance to warn the transformed elf woman, she was already stomping her way into town ready to collect her reward.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 129

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/lepapestmort/art/Nobody-knows-614208405>

Sitting in his new girlfriend Liana's living room, Ethan patiently, waited for her to speak. Despite having been only seeing each other for a month, he had already grown quite fond of her. She was like the perfect partner for him and her lithe form was a sight to behold in her near translucent, peach colored dress. For a time, he thought she felt the same way about him, but he started to doubt that when she asked him to come over to talk about something.

That was the plan, but Liana did very little talking after she sat him down on the couch. She continuously, paced around the room fidgeting with her fingers and biting her lip. A few times, she opened her mouth to speak, but would soon return to being mute when she glanced at his face. Her path of anxiety led her in front of a window letting in the bright, mid-day sun. While she closed her eyes to try and bring up an ounce of courage, Ethan got a good look at her form through her dress.

The light showed off her curves and thin waist as he suspected, but there was something else. Between her legs, he saw something hanging low enough to reach her knees. It took him a moment, but he soon realized the shape as something he had seen on a daily basis on his own body. Biting his own lip, he pondered the discovery, Liana's expression showing that she still hadn't noticed that her secret had been revealed.

Eventually, Ethan got up from his spot on the couch and walked towards her. Taking her twitching hands into his to keep her steady, he gave her a light kiss on the cheek. He let her know that whatever it was she wanted to say, he still wanted to be with her. No matter what, he couldn't recall ever meeting someone like her and wouldn't want to give her up for anything.

Wiping away a tear and expressing a small smile, Liana took his hand and led him into her bedroom to bare all of her secrets.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 130

Prompt: <http://www.furaffinity.net/view/29317427/>

All throughout the kingdom the tale of Duchess Katrina was well known. Once, a scrawny cat woman that made her living on scraps and whatever she could snatch from others' pockets. That all changed after she got a job on a merchant vessel and came back with a haul of treasure. While her fellow sailors spent their earnings on drink and pleasure, Katrina fought against her base instincts and used the money to turn a profit.

In a short time, she had garnered herself a fortune that well overshadowed her original horde and for the first time garnered her respect from the upper class. With a steadily, growing fortune and reputation, she finally, partook in some finer indulgences. She bought the best food, sampled fine wines and other alcohols, and treated herself to fancy dresses to both better fit in with society and accommodate her growing body.

Three years after her sea voyage, Katrina was appointed the title of Duchess after becoming close friends with the queen. When she wasn't expertly allocating funds to expand her fortune, she would be hosting parties for both entertainment and increasing her social circle. She wouldn't be hard to make out in the crowd, with her frilly dresses emphasizing her large bosom, wide rear, and sizable belly. Her large appearance came with a friendly, attitude that made all that came to visit feel honored to be in her presence.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 131

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/hypnagogum/art/Electronics-enabling-exhibitionism-630490182>

Through the lens of a webcam set up on a laptop on the floor, hundreds of gathering viewers came to see the view of Ryouna's bedroom. For a few minutes, the chat waited anxiously, for the show to begin, some already bombarding the donation box in hopes of getting her to appear. After much waiting and begging for her, she finally, graced them with her presence.

Ryouna slowly, waddled into view carrying all 637 pounds of her fat contained by just a thin white bra and matching pair of panties. Getting down on her knees, she let her belly take up the entirety of the camera's view before scooting back. Cupping her breasts in her hands, she jiggled them up and down as an intro for the show. Garnering everyone's attention, her hands moved to grope and press into her stomach rolls, the act of massaging them having become as natural as breathing. To coincide with her pleasurable groping, her eyes caught the growing number of viewers alongside her donations to go even further.

Not one to let down her audience, she unclasped the back of her bra and let her tits plop out onto her belly. Standing up for a moment, she squeezed and pulled her panties down her thick thighs and kicked them off to the side of the room. Turning around, she mooned the camera and gave her fat ass a hearty slap to really get her viewers going. Getting back into her kneeling position, she continued to fondle her beloved fat, ready to proceed to go on with her one-woman show.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 132

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/theamericandream/art/OverWeight-Sow-Hero-Ashe-786511026>

It started out as a job so simple Ashe and Bob took it on their own. All they had to do was hijack the train with the help of a few explosives and boot everyone off the train that wasn't worth a damn. The plan went off without a hitch, but they soon realized their folly as they opened up the luggage cars just to find stores of cooked meat stored in metal troughs. More than a little annoyed, Ashe helped herself to a sausage to try and calm herself down.

That one bite, was enough to overtake the outlaw's self-control as she dove into the nearest trough face first. Devouring more sausages alongside burgers, steaks, pork chops, and various other meats. As she ate, her body began to fatten up with flab that quickly, burst apart her clothing. Crawling like a pig to the next trough, she lifted her rear up and let out a rippling fart with a horrendous smell to match. Reaching the next horde of meat, she let out a burp to free up more room in her stomach and dove in again.

From the sidelines, Bob could only watch as his leader stuffed herself like a pig, freely, burping and farting up a storm. As he took a step forward to try and pry the trough from her hands, he got a pudgy slap to the face. Ashe belched at him to drag over the other troughs, punctuating with another fart. Unable to disagree, Bob obediently, aided Ashe in becoming a complete slob that would be an easy target when the authorities finally, arrived.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 133

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/blueberry-shortcake/art/One-last-Valentine-s-Tharja-787875198>

Like she did every day, Robin set up a seat next to the mess hall to get some light reading done and be seen among the troops. It was a relaxing activity, letting her both entertain her intellectual need and get her closer to the people under her command. One of which, was trying a very unusual method to get her attention.

Sitting just a few feet away was the shepherds' premier dark magic user Tharja, a rare sight to see her out in such a busy area. Surrounding her were a dozen empty jars that once contained cookies meant to be the dessert for the evening. However, she had "appropriated" the stores to spend three hours straight stuffing one cookie after another into her mouth. Leaning over a bloated gut, she did her best to seductively, shove the cookie past her lips. Leaning back, she let one hand rub her distended stomach while, the other reached for another cookie.

"I love it when she plays hard to get," Tharja said to herself, between bites of her next cookie. "I read that diary page, I know this turns you on."

Unfortunately for Tharja, the act went unnoticed by her object of affection. The bookish tactician was too engrossed in her book to even acknowledge the overstuffed spell caster. As Tharja reached out for another cookie and ripped apart the fabric around her belly button, a young, female soldier hiding next to a tent licked her lips. The unnamed woman clenched her fingers at the display, considering her lost diary page a gift from the gods.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 134

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/lordaltros/art/Empress-Jasmine-788999110>

When Aladdin came to the palace with the strange bottle of liquid salvaged from ancient ruins, Jasmine thought little of it. To her, it was just a sweet smelling lotion that gave her skin a pleasant tingling sensation and filled her with a sense of power. Day in and day out, she'd lather herself in the mystifying liquid, either unaware or uncaring of what it was doing to her.

Overtime, her soft skin gave way to shimmering, green scales that she found mesmerizing to just stare at. Her appetite grew to that of five men, swallowing whole meals and fattening her up hundreds of pounds. The final sign of something was wrong, was the morning that she woke up with a long, serpentine tail in place of her legs and a cobra hood having grown over her scalp.

Attempts were made by Aladdin and the sultan to talk some sense into her, but it was no use. Whatever had changed her physically, had also done things to her mind. More than just food, she grew hungry for power. She forcefully, took the throne with little opposition. Still fond for the man that made her who she was, she appointed Aladdin as her vizier to take care of the kingdom while she spent her days lounging in the throne room. There she would stuff herself with the finest food, hear praise from her fearful subjects, and marvel at the beautiful empress lamia she had become.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 135

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/remramwaluigi/art/COMM-Hex-Together-741203749>

“Sis I’m home!” Charlotte the hex maniac announced, dragging a milk jug almost as tall as she was into her small home. “I have a new batch of milk I want you to try out for me.”

“I’d be happy too.”

Waiting for her in the living room, she found her twin sister Victoria more or less the same as she left her. They used to be nearly, indistinguishable from one another with their looks and choice of fashion, but that was no longer the case. After testing hundreds of different milk mixtures, Victoria had fattened up into an 800-poundball of fat that was barely, contained by her dress. She still a meek hex maniac inside, although most of her shyness had been replaced with a unnatural addiction to Miltank milk.

Climbing up on a stool, Charlotte hoisted the jug up for Victoria to grab. Grasping the jug, Victoria proceeded to chug its contents, not stopping until it was completely, drained.

“So how is it?” Charlotte asked, taking back the empty jug.

“I think it needs to be a little sweeter,” she replied, wiping her face clean. “Would that be too much trouble?”

“Not at all,” she answered, already heading out the door. “I’ll make some adjustments and be back with another batch in a bit. Don’t go anywhere.”

“You know I won’t.”

Writing Prompt Exercise 136

Prompt: <http://www.furaffinity.net/view/27621358/>

The guests of the outdoor café stopped what they were doing as soon as they saw her approaching. While people who have gone through the gene splicing weren't too uncommon, Wren stood out from even the strangest specimens. As the rest kept their gazes focused on the unbelievable creature lumbering between the tables, a lone woman with a brown ponytail stood to greet Wren with a friendly, smile.

Wren mirrored the expression by parting her thick lips to show off her whale-like teeth in a smile that stretched her leathery blue skin. A sun dress that could act as a king-sized bed's quilt, did the job of covering up her soft, white underbelly while giving ample mobility for her thick, reptilian tail and bulky legs. Very delicately, pulling a chair towards the table with her clawed fingers, she took a seat across from her friend.

"How does it feel?" the woman asked, craning her neck to speak to the 15-foot behemoth of a woman.

"A little awkward, but it's everything I'd ever dreamed it would be."

"I still can't believe you did it out of the blue like this," her friend said, offering her a cup of coffee.

"I know if I waited any longer, the price of both whale and t-rex genes would be out of my budget," Wren replied, carefully, tipping the cup to her mouth and draining it in one sip. "It was either now or never. I just hope darling and the kids will like it as much as I do."

"They will love it. You look absolutely, fabulous dear."

“Oh, you’re too kind,” Wren said, clanking her cup against her friend’s to toast the beginning of her new life.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 137

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/anastimafilia/art/CMSN-Yokow-792304731>

Out on a scavenging mission, Yoko happened upon an abandoned beastmen building. Walking past many vacant test tubes and dusty equipment, she walked deeper inside until she reached the main research lab. Sifting through files and machines that did who knows what, the rifle on her back bumped into an overhead shelf. She threw up her arms to defend herself from the avalanche of junk and felt a sharp, jabbing pain. Looking at the site of the injury, she saw a needle sunk deep into her arm, filling her veins with an unknown substance.

She swatted the syringe away, but it was already too late. Starting from where the needle sunk in, her body began to plump up. In no time at all, her entire body grew out into a much chubbier version of herself, with her pants and top straining to keep it all contained. As she poked and prodded her cushy belly and felt her thighs chafe against one another with each step, she felt an odd sensation from around her breasts. Pressing her hand into the engorged mounds, released a stream of milk.

Letting go of her breasts didn't stop the flow as it pooled around her feet. Sloshing through the puddle she saw her doughy face reflected in it. The mirrored view gave her chance to watch a pair of nubby horns pierce her red hair, her ears become floppy and cow-like, and her nose and mouth morph into a pink cow muzzle. She didn't have long to dread her new features before something began to grow from beneath her belly.

An udder fit to burst with milk plopped between her thighs, complete with four plump nipples. Without even touching them, they began to pour more milk onto the floor. In vain, she tried to stop the flow by pressing her fingers against her various teats. The act only increased the

out pour of milk and gave her an odd sense of pleasure. Face going red from the fact she was getting turned on by the odd act, she slowly, waddled her way through the lab in hopes of finding something to change her back.

## Writing Prompt Exercise 138

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/derpaggedon/art/Pwuff-the-magic-dragon-690966984>

Earning a mix of concerned and disgusted gazes from her coworkers, Steamy awkwardly, made her way back to her desk. It wasn't strange for people to give her odd looks. Being a dragon woman, she had gotten used to people staring at her horns and scaly, white tail. However, few had ever seen what happens to a dragon woman when they ingested a few dozen burritos over a single lunch period.

Steamy's once loose fitting white dress shirt only had only the center two buttons fastened to make way for an expanded pair of cleavage and a bloated gut. Sweat beaded down her skin creating dark stains around her armpits. Every few steps released a small toot from her butt, making her tail twitch and her face go redder with embarrassment.

The dragon girl wheezed from exhaustion from both her rising temperature and lugging around her stomach. Opening her mouth to speak, she instead let out a small burp that made her hastily, clamp her hand against her lips. "I'm \*HUFF\* s-so s-sor \*nggggh\* sorry..." she trailed off, her indigestion forcing her to grunt as another fart squeaked out. Returning to the safety of her cubicle, she sat down in her chair and kept her head tilted down. "Why can't I just UURRP enjoy things like a normal girl," she said to herself as she massaged her belly to quicken her body's recovery.