

Patreon Prompts Vol. 2

Patreon Prompt 16

Prompt: An obese couple's day at the beach is ruined after another couple accidentally spill the obese couple's drinks all over the towels they were lounging on. As punishment, the obese couple decide to use the other couple as replacement towels.

Grant and Jennifer never truly understood fear until their beach ball went careening across the white sands to spill over a pair of fruity cocktails. The couple stood in silence as they watched the owners of the drinks heave themselves off of their soaked towels. Waddling towards Grant and Jennifer, the obese man and woman couldn't have been any less than 800 pounds each.

“What the hell was that about?” the woman asked, the fury in her eyes sending tremors through her multiple chins to further torment her overexerted bikini.

“We were just-“

“Just thought it be fun to ruin our day at the beach?” the obese man asked, bumping into Grant with his wide hips to send him flying to the ground.

“It was an accident,” Jennifer replied, helping Grant get back on his feet. “We’ll pay for a new towel.”

“I have a better idea,” the fat woman announced, sharing a wicked grin with her husband.

With surprising speed, the couple picked up Grant and Jennifer to trap them within their blubbery arms. Carrying them back over to their spot, the couple kicked away their besmirched towels. Dropping the scrawny pair onto the sand, the obese duo came tumbling down on top of them. Despite his constant wriggling, Grant turned out to be an excellent cushion to rest the man's luscious moobs upon as he spread himself out. The woman found a bit more difficulty

getting Jennifer to stay in place, but a quick slam of her stomach had her acting like a proper beach towel.

“Guess we have to start over on the tan,” the man announced, giving Grant a momentary reprieve as he retrieved a pair of soda cans from the cooler.

“I’ll keep count this time,” the woman replied, chugging down the can and letting drops seep down her chest to encompass Jennifer. “Just remind me to swap out our ‘towels’ when we need to turn over.”

Patreon Prompt 17

Prompt: Arriving in town, a slobby and obese plague doctor swears that her farts are able to cure the sick. One sick peasant woman finds out the hard way that it's actually true.

Tilting up her head, Genora brought her attention to the sound of heavy knocks against her door. Too weak to get out of bed, she simply called for whoever it was to come in. Hoping it was another member of the village coming to bring her food or medicine, she was caught completely off guard by the noxious odor that seeped into her nose. Lifting up her head again, she saw an enormous mass of black leather squeeze itself through the doorway. As soon as she recognized the beak-like, black mask on the figure's face and its enormous belly, a moment of realization struck her mind.

"No! Get away!" Genora shouted, unable to move with her emaciated limbs. "You may have the others convinced, but I'm not going to be fooled by your witchcraft."

"I do apologize," the plague doctor said as she waddled towards the bed. "The village has already paid me in advance and I'm not one to leave a job unfinished."

Swiveling herself around, the plague doctor lifted up the hem of her robe to unveil her meaty rear. Jumping back, she landed her derriere atop Genora. Too weak to even try to free herself from between the dark depths of the doctor's butt crack, Genora could do little as she heard an ominous rumble from above. Grunting through her mask, the doctor unleashed a torrent of her farts directly into Genora's face. The flatulence pushed itself down Genora's nose and mouth, ensuring it filled her lungs to capacity. Only once her anus had sputtered out the last of her gas did the doctor see fit to heave her massive form off of the peasant girl.

Rolling out of her defiled bed, Genora's shock was gradually taken over by anger. Jumping to her feet, she pointed to the doctor to unleash a string of curses. She was stopped by the realization that the pain and weakness that had been plaguing her had vanished.

"Please sit back down," the doctor said as she fixed her robes. "I need to do an examination to make sure my treatment worked."

Begrudgingly nodding her head, Genora sat back down on her bed. Forcing herself through the lingering gas cloud, she obediently sat still so the gassy doctor could finish her work in peace.

Patreon Prompt 18

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/chubnbass/art/Preq-Stuffed-In-871478605>

The halls of Hyrule castle echoed with heavy stomps that seemed on par with the divine beasts. New to the royal guard, a young man tightened his grip around his spear and got ready to do battle with whatever creature was making the ominous racket. Nearly jumping at the touch of his commanding officer, he was ordered to stand down. Just as he was about to ask how the guards could remain calm, the thunderous foot falls made their way around the corner.

Adorned with a blue tunic and grey sweatpants, the once mighty champion of Hyrule waddled his way down the corridor. The undersized outfit hid little of Link's gargantuan gut, letting it jostle about as he waddled down the corridor. Drawn to the sight of the hefty hero's jiggling, barrel-sized man boobs, the rookie was left in awe of how the princess's royal knight had gained such an immense amount of weight. As Link waddled past the guard with mere inches to spare, the guard got his answer.

Nestled between Link's massive buttocks was the comparatively diminutive Zelda. Despite the abundant flesh surrounding her, the look on her face was one of sheer bliss. As the odd pair shuffled further away, the officer leaned into the rookie's ear to tell him of the nonstop feeding sessions Zelda had put Link through on a daily basis. As the captain described the immense amount of food Zelda shoved down Link's throat with each meal, the rookie watched Link bring his heavy form to a sudden stop.

"I know, I know," Zelda said, nuzzling her back against Link's. "I'll get back to my studies in a bit. Just give me one more lap around the castle."

Letting a sigh pass from his plump lips, Link ensured the princess was properly enveloped by his ass cheeks before continuing to partake in one of the princess's favorite ways of enjoying his beautiful, blubbery body.

Patreon Prompt 19

Prompt: <https://www.deviantart.com/idle-minded/art/Mother-Nyx-871139426>

Rising from the River Styx after another failed escape attempt, Zagreus was immediately met by the stern face of Megara. Explaining that Nyx wanted to meet with him in the lounge, she gestured for him to follow. Shaking the leftover blood from his hair, Zagreus complied in order to discover what had happened to his foster mother. Nyx had seemingly vanished several weeks prior without a trace. Whenever Zagreus tried to ask the other servants of the house where she was, they were either as clueless as he was or would try to change the subject. Walking past the threshold into the lounge, he was ready to get some answers.

Zagreus stood as still as a statue as Megara stepped aside to allow him to get a full view of Nyx sitting at one of the lounge's tables. She was seated upon two barstools, but even that didn't seem like enough support for the sheer size of her backside as it sucked up the fabric of her dress between her butt cheeks. Hearing Megara clear her throat, Nyx shuffled her hefty form about to face the awestruck Zagreus. Whipping away her flowing hair to be caught by her back fat showed off the sheer girth of her flabby belly. Eyes drawn to the way her heavy breasts threatened to slip out of her gown with each slight movement, Zagreus was left completely open as Meg gave him a push to send him stumbling right into Nyx's waiting, pudgy arms.

"I am so sorry for disappearing my child," Nyx said, embracing Zagreus and pressing him up against her obese form. "Meg told me of your...preferences. I know I'm not your Mother, but I can still be your "Mommy" if that is what you wish."

Straining his body in a futile attempt to escape from Nyx's flab, Zagreus turned to Meg for help. Seeing a smile on Meg's face spelled out everything he needed to know. Just as his

head was smothered between Nyx's breasts, he could hear the rare sound of Meg's laughter echoing throughout the lounge.

Patreon Prompt 20

Prompt: Wanting to better relations with the human species, a chubby giantess offers free rides to traveling villagers in her belly button.

With both her and her horses thoroughly exhausted, the traveling merchant took a seat on the conveniently placed bench along the road. While the horses spread out on the grass to rest and relax, the merchant woman unfurled her map to check her progress. Calculating the position of the sun and observing the various hills dotting the landscape, she let out a groan at the realization she still had a way to go before she reached the remote, mountain town. Taking a swig from her water skin, she contemplated spending the night on the bench to have enough energy to continue her trek the next day.

The merchant nearly choked on her water as she heard something nearly as big as the mountains coming towards her. Seeing the spooked expressions on her horses, she reached for her dagger. Hoping that she could at least put up a fight before meeting her end, she set her sights on the imposing figure as it rounded a hill.

Upon seeing the vague shape of woman on the giant creature, the merchant loosened her grip on her weapon. The giantess towered over the landscape at about 50 feet in height, her mighty footsteps sending miniature earthquakes as she strode down the road. Thousands upon thousands of pounds of fat were hoisted upon the woman's figure, giving her a prominent apple shape as her fat shook about.

As the giantess drew closer, the merchant's eyes were drawn to her sizable belly button. Nestled in the deep crevasse was a group of people, lounging about in her fat folds as they were carried along the road. So stunned by the odd sight, it took a moment for the merchant to

understand the booming voice above asking if she wanted a lift to town. Glancing up at the giant woman and her exhausted horses, the merchant shouted out a yes.

As the merchant was picked up to be carefully placed inside the giantess' belly button, she watched as her carriage and horses were daintily picked up between the woman's fingers. With everything secured, the giantess resumed her travel down the road. In mere hours they would arrive at the village, where the merchant would have wares to sell in exchange for a story or two of how they came to such a strange agreement.

Patreon Prompt 21

Prompt: Pulling out one of the oldest tricks in the book, a cheeky woman pretends to drown at a pool to get a free kiss from the hot female lifeguard. Unfortunately for her, she's instead rescued by a rather dimwitted and obese lifeguard, who puts a little too much power into her CPR.

Arms squirming and water splashing like a raging river, Lucie was impressed with her own performance. As soon as she saw a flash of red leap into the pool, she closed her eyes and pretended to be as limp as a corpse. Hoisted out of the water and splayed out onto the ground, she was sure to keep her body still in order to accept her prize. Feeling a set of heavy breasts slide against her chest, she mentally prepared herself for the soft lips of her beloved Aaliyah to grace her.

Lucie realized something was wrong as she felt a heavy weight against her face and body. Daring to peek open her eyes, she was met, not by the sultry body of her crush, but a behemoth of a woman that easily outweighed Aaliyah five times over. Trapped beneath the massive woman, Lucie could only lay there and squirm as she was given a mouthful of air.

The situation became remarkably worse as Lucie felt her belly begin to swell with the influx of air being forced down her throat. Each breath from the hefty woman quickened her growth. Her body stretched the confines of her swimsuit as she took on a spherical shape, bloating up to outsize her supposed savior at a rapid pace. As Lucie reached the size of a small car, she was finally released from the obese woman's grasp as she began to drift into the air.

Rising higher and higher, Lucie could only wriggle her useless fingers and toes as everyone watched her swollen body float about like a balloon. Just as she was about to go above the three-story diving platform, a line of rope attached to a life preserver was lassoed around her.

As she was dragged back towards the ground, she managed to swivel her body around to see Aaliyah pulling her on the other side of the rope.

“Karly, what did I tell you?” Aaliyah asked, keeping one eye on Lucie as she glanced over at the obese lifeguard.

“Sorry, me panicked,” the obese woman replied. “Me still try to control breath strength.”

“That’s not an excuse to completely disregard proper CPR procedure,” Aaliyah replied, keeping a tight grip on Lucie’s bloated belly to keep her at ground level. “You have to perform 30 chest compressions BEFORE you do only two rescue breaths. Understand?”

Karly stood at attention and saluted. “Yes mam.”

“Good. Now help me get this girl inside so we can deflate her. After that we’ll go over basic training again.”

“Yes mam,” Karly replied, grabbing the other side of Lucie to guide her escort inside for the alone time she had so desperately wanted with Aaliyah.

Patreon Prompt 22

Prompt: Reaching her destination in Japan, a fat American exchange student already finds herself in trouble as she gets stuck in the entrance way of her new roommate's apartment.

Full of wonder and a little too much sugar, Wendy found herself shaking as she made her way towards her apartment. She had spent most of her high school years idolizing Japanese culture. Spending countless nights reading manga and watching anime, it was a forgone conclusion when she was offered a chance to study abroad in Japan. Very little if any of her thoughts focused on her education, her mind was set on experiencing the shops, the monuments, and, most important to her, the food.

Making her way down the tight corridor, Wendy let her bright pink-dyed bangs bounce against her plump cheeks. A XXXL t-shirt bearing the name of her favorite anime was squeezed around her torso, leaving not so modest bulges of her breasts and belly. A skirt she had chosen merely on how much it resembled a Japanese school uniform crept ever deeper between her wide butt cheeks as she waddled down the hall. Hoping that her roommate would be able to show her the best place to grab a bite to eat, she wasted little time as she banged her meaty fist against her door.

Opening up the door was a Japanese woman named Kimiko that seemed like a tiny sapling of a woman compared to Wendy. Mouth agape at her overweight roommate, she merely stood there as Wendy stepped forward.

“Arigato new roomie!” Wendy announced, gently pushing Kimiko forward with her belly. “We’re going to be such good frie-“

Wendy’s body lurched forward, but remained between the door’s thresholds. Try as she might, she couldn’t seem to pull her wide hips free from the undersized door. Finally coming to

her senses to realize Wendy's predicament, Kimiko grabbed hold of her gut and began to pull. Through their combined efforts, Wendy's body began to slide out of the doorway. With one final push, Wendy was freed from the door and sent belly flopping right on top of Kimiko.

“G-gomen nasai,” Wendy said, feeling Kimiko struggle beneath her. “Um...up for some food? My treat.”

Patreon Prompt 23

Prompt: Two massive SSBBWs playfully squish and tease their much skinnier coworker when all they go out for drinks. Little do they know she's totally into it.

With a shaky hand, the meek minded and small-bodied Melva reached for her drink. The bar was a far cry from the drab grey walls and soulless cubicles she was used to. However, she had been pulled away from her usual schedule of heading straight home by two of her coworkers. While she had put down many invitations in the past, there was quite a big difference between then and now.

Between sipping her drink, Melva occasionally glanced at her coworkers and their larger than life assets. Both of them were supported by a pair of barstools, the only thing keeping their hefty forms from crashing down to the ground. Their similarly sized, barrel-like bellies and F-cup breasts made the pair of them seem like identical twins. The main thing setting them apart was the long black curls that caressed Cheryl's chubby cheeks and the long, brunette ponytail that slide across Dana's back flab.

Trying her best to keep her cool, Melva nearly jumped out of her seat as she felt the two ladies placed their pudgy hands on her back. "I-is something wrong?" she asked, unwilling to look up from her drink.

"Don't think we haven't noticed," Cheryl whispered into her ear as she pressed her love handles into the diminutive woman.

"N-noticed what?"

"The way you stare at us," Dana answered, her breasts close to breaking out of her dress shirt as they swung into Melva's face. "You know it's not polite to stare at us."

"B-but I don't--"

Melva was silenced as the pair of them came crashing together to envelop her between their flab.

“Enjoy the first-hand look at the bodies you find so appealing,” Cheryl commented, letting out a chuckle that coincided with Dana’s own.

Any attempt to break free from the fatty embrace fell to the wayside as Melva was wedged deeper between the obese office workers. Hidden from the view of her coworkers she let a smile spread across her face as she got to feel their flesh against her bodies. When the pair of ladies decided it was time to part, so to would it be the chance for Melva to reveal the secret admirer that had been sending them flowers over the past month.

Patreon Prompt 24

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

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

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

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

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

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

Patreon Prompt 25

Prompt: Chi Chi makes a wish on Shenron to be more like Goku. What she didn't realize is how that would change her appetite.

It started out with an innocuous wish that on one could object to. Tired of being left behind while the Z fighters were training and fighting to protect the Earth, Chi Chi approached the mighty dragon, Shenron. Lifting her head high and putting her hands on her hips, she looked up at him and said, "I wish to be more like Goku!"

A few days after the wish was granted, the effects were plain to see. However, rather than joining the others in their daily training regimens, Chi Chi had secluded herself to her home. In a drastic change of pace, Goku was the one running around the kitchen as he attempted to cook dozens of meals. As much as he wanted to taste one of his creations, he was aware of the scolding he would receive if he didn't deliver on time. Peeking his head out of the kitchen, Goku still found it hard to believe that the woman sitting at the table was his wife.

With a feast spread out before her large enough to feed a group of eight, Chi Chi plowed through each dish as if she hadn't eaten anything in months. Her black bangs bounced against her chubby cheeks as she opened her mouth wide to swallow up the pork held by her pudgy hand. Gravy from a helping of mashed potatoes dripped down her chins to further besmirch the plus-size, purple dress trying to keep her hefty breasts and bulging belly at bay. Reaching across the table to snatch up a platter of fried chicken gave the two chairs beneath her wide rear a moment's respite before she came slamming back down.

Taking a moment to marvel at Chi Chi growing every closer to outsizing the Ox King, Goku realized what his diet could do to someone lacking his Saiyan metabolism. The few attempts to get Chi Chi to burn off the fat with training sessions were put down by calls for more

food. Giving a side eye towards Goku as she reached the end of her feast, Chi Chi wordlessly commanded him back to the kitchen to continue her descent into complete gluttony.

Patreon Prompt 26

Prompt: A female director casts her actor ex-bf in her film. His role is getting sat on by an SSBBW, totally because it's "symbolic" and not for her own amusement at all (or so she says).

Bree Tolstoy was many things, the most prominent being a highly acclaimed director and Tony's ex-girlfriend. When Tony heard she was holding open auditions for her next film, it was only by the multiple pleas from his agent did he even consider going to the auditions. While he was expecting to receive only insults and slaps to the face when he arrived, he was caught completely off guard when she gave him the lead role after only a single line reading session.

On the day of the first shoot, Tony strolled onto the set in only a red, satin bathrobe. Making his way towards the scene made to look like a honey moon suite, he was instructed to remove his robe and sit on the bed. Showing more than a little of his swollen ego as he waited for his co-star to arrive, his smile faltered as he noticed the distant rumblings of something approaching him and the malicious smile on Bree's face.

Tony was let in awe as he watched a woman that couldn't have been any less than 1000-pounds waddle towards him. Each step shook about the plethora of flab and blubber encasing her nearly spherical form and threatened to knock over the filming equipment. As the woman climbed onto the stage and removed her gown, she took a moment to fix her curly brown hair and make sure her monstrous tits were in the perfect position.

“Aaaaaaannnnnd action!”

Bree's commands got the camera rolling and the overweight actress turning her massive backside towards Tony. Showing amazing athletics for her size, the woman leapt backwards onto the bed to smother Tony beneath her girth. With the cameras still filming, she proceeded to sink him deeper between her ass cheeks at the risk of breaking the king-sized bed below. Bree had

assured Tony multiple times the artistic integrity of the scene, showing the world how crushing the weight of love could be. In truth, Bree found herself licking her lips as she reveled in the scenario she had wanted to place her egotistical ex in since the day they first met.

Patreon Prompt 27

Prompt: Out on a mission, two female agents must set up camp temporarily for the night. Two problems present themselves however, as there's only one sleeping bag, and one of the agents is a large and abrasive gasbag.

Their first mission was a simple one, but the rookie agents couldn't afford to make any mistakes. Making camp a few miles away from the enemy encampment, Shinoa pulled out her sleeping bag and laid it across the forest floor. Using her lithe body to easily slip inside the bag, she attempted to close her eyes to ensure she would have the energy needed to accomplish the mission the following night. Her attempt was foiled as she heard her partner step up to her.

"I forgot my sleeping bag," Piera said, scratching her potbelly through her skintight, black jumpsuit.

"Then just lay down on the grass," Shinoa said turning away from her. "Put that fat ass of yours to good use for something other than stinking up the base's restrooms."

"Give me yours."

"No."

"Then let's share yours."

"Hell no!"

"Come on, we're a team. We both need a good night's rest."

"And as a team, I can't reward you for bad behavior. Perhaps if you had a single brain cell rather than four extra stomachs, a cow like you would--"

Shinoa was left silent as Piera took the initiative and began wriggling inside of the bag. Through the constant shifting and pushing of their bodies, they managed to both fit inside with

very little room to spare. Lodged between Piera's back flab, Shinoa frantically wriggled about in an attempt to free herself.

The constant shaking called forth a sputtering fart from Piera's rear that enshrouded to the two of them. Unable to hide her laughter at the sound of her partner's coughing, Piera let loose several more bouts of flatulence to create a sweltering dutch oven inside of the sleeping bag. Surrounded by the noxious air, Shinoa's body mercifully made her fall unconscious.

"Should've just given it to me," Piera commented to Shinoa's limp body before drifting off to sleep.

Patreon Prompt 28

Prompt: Papi is feeling very hot, so Suu decides to give her a very big drink of nice cold water.

While Kimihito and the others were busy getting the picnic set up, Papi took advantage of the bright sunny day to spread out her blue wings and soar across the sky. Down below, Suu the slime kept her eyes glued on the harpy as she effortlessly glided on the wind. Clapping her hands together to make a loud smacking noise with her gelatinous body seemed to be enough to encourage Papi to continue her one-woman air show.

Eventually landing back on the ground, Papi showed off a wide grin as she approached Suu. As the harpy drew closer, a look of concern formed on Suu's face as she noticed how sweaty and tired her friend appeared to be. Recalling how Kimihito had told her it was important to stay hydrated, Suu started to drag over the water coolers they had brought out to the park.

Papi walked up to Suu just in time to watch the slime pop off the lids of the coolers and dip her tentacles inside. Before she had a chance to ask what she was doing, Papi got a mouthful of Suu's tentacle shoved down her throat. Water began to gush into her body, cooling her off at the cost of filling her petite body at a rapid pace. While worrying at first, Papi couldn't help herself from laughing as her body became larger and more spherical.

Finally taking notice of what was going on, Kimihito and the others rushed over. They reached the pair just as Suu emptied out the last of the water into Papi's body. The harpy had become a massive, car-sized orb that sloshed about at the slightest provocation. Despite the constant chatter between the group to find a solution on how to get her back to normal, Papi was just happy her friend was there to help cool her down.

Patreon Prompt 29

Prompt: Perplexed by the fetish phenomenon known as "squashing", a talk show hostess does a segment where she gets sat on by a popular internet SSBBW model. She originally goes through with it thinking it would attract more viewers as some kind of shock/gross-out content, but she ends up taking a huge liking towards it

“Welcome back to Talking with Tamara,” Tamara said to her audience and millions of viewers at home. “Before the break, we spoke a little bit with Ms. Lethargy Liz about her clientele and the twisted things she’s done for them over the internet.”

“Not really what I’d call twisted,” Lethargy Liz spoke up, shuffling about in the two chairs holding her massive form as she adjusted the skin-tight, leather dress adorning her 800-pound self. “My viewers and partners just have specific scenarios they want that I’m more than happy to fulfill for them.”

“You’ve said that multiple times,” Tamara said, leaning forward in her seat to lock eyes with the blonde haired SSBBW, “but most people don’t have a thing for getting squashed underneath a mountain of fat.”

“Well, there’s enough for me to make a steady living off of it at least.”

“Which is why you’re going to demonstrate your so called ‘skills’ on me.”

The audience gasped alongside Lethargy Liz raising her eyebrow at Tamara. “A twig like you? Are you serious?”

“Absolutely,” she replied as the crew spread out a yoga mat across the stage. “If the audience and I are going to have any understanding of your sick pleasure, we want an upfront view of it.” Kicking off her shoes, Tamara strode out to the center of the mat and laid down. “Do your worst.”

“Your funeral,” Lethargy Liz replied, heaving herself out of the chair and waddling across the mat.

Before the many eyes of the audience and viewers, Lethargy Liz came crashing down on the talk show hostess’s face. Several moments after Tamara was smothered beneath the meaty backside, the crowd’s cheers and her struggling began to waiver. Noticing that she wasn’t moving, the crew rushed out to move Lethargy Liz off of the hostess. Upon prying the pudgy flesh from Tamara’s body, everyone stared in shock at the flushed expression of euphoria on her face. Moments before the live feed got cut, the world got to see Tamara’s awakening to her own sick, twisted desires.

Patreon Prompt 30

Prompt: After Princess Peach stresses out, Daisy decides to make it so the only thing she needs to worry about is when is her next meal.

Following Peach's recipe to the letter, Daisy took a step back to admire the towering, white frosting covered cake before her. Carefully picking up her creation, she walked through the halls of the castle towards the lower levels. She had grown quite accustomed to the various corridors of the palace during her month-long stay. It was supposed to be a single girl's night to help Peach unwind after being rescued from Bowser. However, everything changed when Daisy carelessly suggested a life change that would rid Peach of most of her stress.

Descending the stairs into the lowest part of the castle, Daisy found Peach in the same spot she had left her a week prior. Aside from the long, golden blonde locks and shimmering crown, the massive mountain of blubber resembled nothing of the former princess. Various food stains and smears adorned her upper body, the remnants of the countless meals that the Toads and Daisy fed her day in and day out. Despite her inability to move her over 1000-pound form, the expression on Peach's face was one of simplistic bliss.

Upon seeing Daisy carry in the cake, Peach dismissed the gaggle of Toads cleaning her flesh to make room for her best friend and caretaker. Keeping the cake balanced in one hand, Daisy managed to climb up Peach's various fat folds to reach her upper body. Sitting down on Peach's sizable bosom, she got to work shoving the slices of cake into the eager princess's mouth. As Daisy reached the end of the platter and let Peach lick the rest of the frosting from the platter, she took solace in knowing that her friend was finally living a life free from stress and filled with delicious food.