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Name: Albright Tsunse

Age: Late 30s

Sex: Male

Species: Dusk Mane Solgaleo (Solgaleo/Necrozma Fusion)

Appearance: Albright's formerly white Solgaleo fur is slightly greyed out, making him look a little dimmer than the usual member of his species, though his fur gains a strengthening golden hue the more light he absorbs. He wears a partial visor made of Necrozma crystal that can be removed, with additional crystals going out of his body and framing his physique. Most noticeably he has an extra pair of arms coming out of his back that once belonged to the Necrozma that tried to possess him. He possesses a masculine dad-bod figure which grows as he absorbs light, growing wider and taller over time but becomes fatter once he reaches his limit and his body is overloaded from energy.

Personality: Albright is stoic and easy-going, however the events of his former possession has left him a bit rattled at times, which is why he's always grateful for his friends who helped pull him out of the darkness to beat Necrozma and take his body back. He is fiercely loyal, but in his relaxed state he can be a bit of a goofball when he doesn't need to be so serious. He does sometimes suffer nightmares from remembering when his body was stolen from him, which causes him to seek his friends out for comfort. He finds the constant passive light absorption mostly a bother, but he can be a little power mad when absorbing too much at once. The growth can feel incredibly pleasurable, especially when he's absorbing a lot of energy at once and growing rapidly.

OC Theme: Albright is a Solgaleo who once was possessed by a Necrozma hungry for light, but through will and determination Albright won the battle of the mind and purged the Necrozma's mind from his body. This resulted in him

permanently fusing with the Necrozma's body, resulting in him becoming a Dusk Mane Solgaleo. While physically no different aside from the inclusion of the Necrozma components, Albright now passively absorbs light of any kind into his body, steadily going from dim grey to a shining gold. The consequence of this passive absorption is that his body steadily grows to contain it all, his muscles getting larger to a point before he starts developing a belly to contain all the excess light. At very high levels his body will begin to inflate, becoming incredibly fat and immobile until he is able to let off energy and shrink back down.

Traits:

- *Passively absorbs all light into his body
- *Grows from absorbing light
- *Becomes radiant when absorbing enough light
- *Becomes more muscular first, but then fatter as his body struggles to contain all the built up energy
- *Can release built up light as pure energy, allowing him to shrink back down. This light might accidentally result in other people growing if they absorb it

Optional:

- *Growth can be purely muscle, or fat

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Name: Angus MacCallum

Age: Late 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Moose

Occupation: Office worker

Appearance: Angus is a stocky lad of slightly above-average height for a moose, with solid arm and leg muscles, but with something of a belly to go with it. Whether at work or casually, he is never without a kilt (worn with underwear) for the freedom of it, and so it's easier to remove when he ripens. He possesses greyish-brown fur, which gets darker around his chest and middle. He possesses large antlers typical of a moose.

Personality: Stoic and a little sour, Angus is a moose of few words as he prefers not to let too many people get close, as he finds his "condition" to be extremely embarrassing. He has somehow kept it under wraps mostly, but he is the sort of who gets very touchy and bashful if anyone ever catches him while he's inflating. Truth be told he's frightened that people will think his inflation to be incredibly weird, and is a bit desperate for someone who is understanding that he doesn't really have a choice about it. Deeper still, a part of him he doesn't want to acknowledge lusts for someone who is interested in being intimate with him during his ripening, providing attention and comfort to his tender body.

OC Theme: Angus, through undisclosed events in his past, has become an annual permaberry. This results in sporadic blueberry inflations that seem to happen at random, with varying degrees of inflation and volume of juice he produces. Sometimes a beer keg gut, but usually around the spring/summer

season the inflations can be so aggressive he becomes completely spherical. The ripening is always heralded by a sudden feeling of fullness, eventually becoming discomfort as he starts to visibly swell. His fur becomes blue faster on more aggressive ripenings compared to the lighter ones, where only the affected area turns blue. Aggressive ripenings can include blueberries growing from the tips of his antlers.

Traits:

*Annual Permaberry, inflating at random

*Smells faintly of blueberries

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Name: Arcene, God of Plates

Age: Infinite

Sex: Male (sometimes)

Species: Arceus

Occupation: God of a Horny Universe

Appearance: Arcene has no defined proportions, though when not in use of his Plates he is short for his appearance, bearing muscles making him wider than he is tall, with large, padded pecs that make it difficult for him to see directly under him; their nipples are golden. He has a thinner waist that goes into broader hips, with a golden speedo carrying his jet black cock, and black and white balls. Gold is spun and around the joints of his shoulders and legs, stretching out into golden constructs shaped like wings with emeralds on the tips of those wings. He wears elaborate-if-slutty jewellery, and has little need for clothing beyond his speedo and a breechcloth.

Personality: Arcene is an aloof god, keeping an eye over the world from his base above the Spear Pillar. But, unlike most Arceus, he does visit the mortal world frequently, having ensured that the mortals aren't even bothered or perplexed by his appearances. He is fully aware what kind of world he's the god of, and he's not in anyways ashamed for it. He also knows that the world's denizens are "like that", and won't always concede to their demands, but will amuse himself when he can. He likes to spend his time reading, going to the gym, tending to his plants, and has recently discovered video games as well. For a god he's kinda more of a guy than anything, just do not challenge him or you will be reminded that he is far more powerful than he shows.

OC Theme: An Arceus whose Plates are kink-based, changing his appearance based on the Plates he uses. He becomes obese with his Flab Plate, or becomes taller and even more muscularly balanced with his Bara Plate. He can also “bless” others by wielding his Plates and using Judgement on them.

Traits:

- *His Plates are all fetish-themed
- *Appearance changes with what Plate is being used
- *Can affect others using his Judgment power, influenced by a Plate
- *Using Judgement without a Plate always results in a shortstack physique
- *His Legendary Plate gives him a truly god-like form and power

Optional:

- *What his default appearance looks like

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Name: Asmodeus

Age: ???

Sex: Male

Species: HT-Greninja (HypnoToxic-Greninja)

Appearance: Standing at over 10 feet tall, Asmodeus is a Greninja that is very bottom heavy, with wide hips and a massive rear, supported by incredibly thick legs, especially the thighs. Asmodeus possesses much darker colouration than other Greninja, and his skin is constantly coated in poisonous sweat that gives his body an oily sheen, not unlike body oil. He possesses a hypnotic spiral pattern across his butt cheeks, which induces hypnotic effect alongside the cloud of poison vapour always surrounding him. The oily sheen seems to amplify the hypnotic effect of his butt pattern. Asmodeus has a plump middle, with a stretchy, almost rubbery torso that can allow him to devour prey even larger than himself. Unlike other Greninja his tongue stays inside his body, as it's used exclusively for wrapping and pulling in victims to be devoured. He possesses a thick throat pouch that can be inflated to large sizes, allowing him to unleash his mind-weakening croak with a vast area of effect. Asmodeus possesses cross-shaped pupils, and the only clothing he might wear is a thong with a pouch straining to cover his bountiful loins.

Personality: Asmodeus is a silent predator, rarely uttering a word as he uses the lascivious swaying of his hips and rump to hypnotize people into becoming his willing prey. There is no doubt he enjoys the body worship, and will sometimes croak happily if his latest puppet is especially good at worshipping his size. At the end of the day though he is still a predator, and his goal in the end is to devour his worshippers. When not hunting, Asmodeus is a lazy creature, preferring to lounge about until someone wanders into his figurative web. He enjoys making music with his croaking.

Reason for Variation: Asmodeus gave up the reclusive stealthy ways of his kind as a Frogadier, preferring to directly hunt his prey. This, in conjunction with the more toxic environment he chose to live in, gave rise to his unique subspecies.

OC Theme: When Asmodeus sways and jiggles his enormous rear, the jostling of his cheeks in conjunction with the unique pattern on it induces a hypnotic effect on those staring at it. This hypnotic effect induces an overriding need and desire to worship Asmodeus' enormity, licking and rubbing at his massive rump and hips, as well as his body. This includes rimming the Greninja's hole. The culmination of the hypnosis can result in the victim wilfully feeding themselves to Asmodeus, where he devours them or they allow themselves to be anally vored. The poison coating him at all times enhances the need to worship him, making it a type of neurotoxin that chips away all self-preservation, with their mind being filled with only Asmodeus. The poison may have a fattening effect, in order to make his meals even more filling.

Traits:

- *Fairy/Poison Type
- *Hypnotic butt pattern
- *Hypnotic poison
- *Vocal croaking that can weaken willpower
- *Very flexible and stretchy

Optional:

- *Fattening poison
- *Vore (Oral and/or Anal)

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Name: Azclappius

Age: Don't worry about it

Sex: Male

Species: Demon Spirit

Occupation: Tormenting Mortals

Appearance: Built like a ball on top of a larger ball, Azclappius' skin is bright red and he's got a short stubby horn, and one broken one. He has a wide razor-toothed smile and is never seen without his cigar stub hanging from his mouth. His body is incredibly round, with big squishy moobs and a gut that hangs to his knees. He has tiny little bat wings that, despite everything, can actually keep him afloat. Azclappius' legs are cone-shaped, jutting off his rotund body and ending in a pair of plump feet. He has an absolutely massive ass. His clothing choices can only be described as sleazy, wearing as little as a ratty pair of underwear and a singlet, or a suit whose style can only be described as "Used Car Salesman".

Personality: A nasty Beetlejuice type, Azclappius likes to bully the mortals for shits and giggles mostly, for no other reason than having a bit' o' fun. There's no particular rhyme or reason to it, he'll just pick someone on a whim and make their life hell for no other reason than because he can. He won't hesitate to humiliate people in public while acting as clothing, including methods such as causing someone's cock to grow right in the middle of public.

OC Theme: Azclappius is an extreme omnivore who applies role-reversal to clothing TF shenanigans, where he eats objects of clothing and turns into what

he eats. When the unknowing victim puts them on he's able to influence them toward vice, such as gluttony. Once someone realizes what he's doing them he goes all in, summoning ghost hands to make the situation worse, like stuffing his victim with even more food. He also possesses an infectious gassy quality, causing whomever is blasted by his gas to start belching and/or farting too, swelling up as more and more gas builds up inside them, stretching out their belly and/or butt.

Traits:

- *Eats anything
- *Can transform
- *Becomes cursed clothing to mess with morties
- *Can summon ghost hands to help him out with tormenting morties

Optional:

- *Infectious gas

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Name: Bailey

Age: Late-20s

Sex: Male

Species: G-Incineroar (Gymrat-Incineroar)

Appearance: Bailey is a muscular Incineroar, with a broad chest and athletic legs. He lacks the flame belt his main species is known for, having gained the fighting type from obsessively working out. He is also bulkier and taller than traditional Incineroar, and seems to have a black pattern around his waist not unlike a Machoke's power belt. He wears a backwards-facing cap with a single long bang poking out the hole with his hair in a sleek ponytail down the back. The tips of his hair are dyed blonde.

Personality: Bailey is a massive bully, always picking on people smaller than him and even trying to have a go at people bigger than him. An absolute jerk who performs small acts of cruelty for no other reason than being a dick. This is coupled with a mild narcissistic streak that has him absolutely self-absorbed in himself and his body. This results in him quite often being the victim of some kind of revenge scheme, usually of the fattening or inflation variety. Sometimes his downfalls are completely self-inflicted, but he never learns from his mistakes or reflects upon his actions, so the idea there are consequences for his actions never finds purchase in his brain.

Reason for Variation: His genuinely cruel and bullying persona as a Torracat plus his constantly desire to work out and be stronger caused him to lose all fiery traits in exchange for the fighting type.

OC Theme: A jock and a bully who is a magnet for all kinds of fattening and inflating mishaps that ruin his muscular body, leaving him humiliated but he never learns from them.

Traits:

*Dark/Fighting Type

*Muscular

*Always bounces back from fattening/inflation scenarios.

*Is an absolute magnet for getting his just desserts

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Name: Bellybutton Lint

Age: Early 30s

Sex: Male

Species: Rat

Occupation: Supervillain

Appearance: Obscenely pear-shaped, BL has a small tubby torso balanced on a prodigiously massive lower half, with a rotund belly as big as car counterbalanced by a massive mono-rump of equal scale. His fat and stubby legs jut off his rotund mono-body, barely keeping the underside of his gut and rump a mere few inches off the ground at all times. A noticeable feature is his enormous bellybutton from which a strange black goop leaks out of at all times. His villainous costume consists of a tight-fitting shirt and a pair of enormous underwear that conform tightly to his spherical lower half. He also wears a mask made out of a cardboard box.

Personality: Egotistical, belligerent, and stupid, Bellybutton Lint is a low-IQ supervillain who would be more dangerous if his sparse few brain cells weren't made out of cheese. He goes for low value targets as if they would bring him all the riches in the world, and he's not someone worth taking seriously in the slightest. His idiocy is as much a strength as it is a weakness as many heroes underestimate him, resulting in a larger than average toll of fattened superheroes as they get blindsided by his Bellybutton Ball attack. He is easily lured by cheese.

OC Theme: Bellybutton Lint is a pathetic supervillain with immense power for humiliation, as his bellybutton produces copious amounts of goop he can grab and throw at people as his "Bellybutton Ball" attack. The goop spreads across

their body, creating a rubbery suit that dissolves clothing. Once on the goop turns into a fat suit, steadily weighing down the victim with increasing weight and encumbrance. The suit can be torn off eventually, but left on too long and it'll peel off naturally in a thin layer, the suit's weight becoming actual fat. Using multiple instances of Bellybutton Ball at one time equates to greater encumbrance and a heavier suit and harder to remove suit, with hammer space properties as the eventual weight gain completely exceeds the suit's appearance. This will usually mean once they're done cooking, the blubber will tear through the dried out layer.

Traits:

- *Pear-shaped supervillain
- *Generates a goop that causes nullifying suits when they hit someone
- *Suits grow in size and weight, slowing the victim down with the excess size as it resembles a fat suit
- *After a set duration the suit weight becomes actual fat, the suit peeling off in a thin layer

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Name: B'rak

Age: Late 40s

Sex: Male

Species: Orc Werebear

Occupation: Travelling Cook

Appearance: B'rak is an enormous orange-brown orc, standing at over 10 feet tall with a heavysset muscular build, with an absolute keg of a belly. He has round doughy ass cheeks that lead into thick legs and large feet. His hands up to his mid forearm are completely covered in a grey-brown fur, with claws on his fingertips. The same applies to his feet, with bearish fur going all the way up to his mid-calf. This same fur lingers past that, coating his body in thick tufts. He has an impressive amount of fur on his plump chest and boulder-like belly. Above his fat rump he has an adorable little bear tail, with his ears also being a mix of bear and orc. B'rak's face is very round, with a fat lower jaw with a prominent chin bump, and his jaw line is very thick with large tusks jutting out of his lower jaw. He has long-flowing greying hair that run down to his shoulders, which he bundles up when cooking.

B'rak wears a specially designed chest harness that grips his anatomy tightly, and can be used to connect him up to his travelling cart. He also wears a kilt with no underwear, so his large cock and balls can be easily seen at times.

Personality: B'rak is a friendly teddy bear, warmly greeting you if you ever cross his path. He'll happily share his meals with you, if you don't mind the potential for leaving the meeting a different species. He can be pretty horny, so it's not unusual for him to hit you up for a quickie, if you've got the time. B'rak's got a fat ass and he knows how to use it, as the bears do. He can be

fairly brutal to those who threaten him, turning into a full bear to maul them, though this happens very rarely as his imposing size makes it difficult to want to threaten him. B'rak can't stand to be yelled at, shutting down instantly due to the fact his parents used to shout at him all the time when he was younger, which forces him to reveal a vastly softer and gentler side until he recovers from the trauma shock.

History: B'rak came from an abusive household, which affected him so much he ran away from home, seeking refuge and strength in the wild. His pursuit led him to becoming a werebear, which he deemed an animal form big and strong enough to protect him and his gentle heart.

OC Theme: B'rak is a large orc who uses odd plants in his cooking, as well as having a carelessness that causes him to drizzle precum onto his food, or to sometimes use his cum to enhance the "flavour". These fluids sometimes have the unintended (or sometimes intended) effect of turning anyone who eats those foods into an orc, werebear, or both. His laissez-faire attitude to ingredients has left a small army of TFs behind him, all of varying degrees of horniness.

Traits:

- *Partial werebear that can turn into a full bear
- *Is a great cook
- *Precum and cum can turn people into orcs and/or werebears
- *Tends to TF people with odd ingredient usage
- *Very horny

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Name: Bulk

Age: ???

Sex: Male

Species: R-Feraligatr (Regressed-Feraligatr)

Appearance: Bulk looks like what you would get if you crossed a Feraligatr with an ancient crocodile and steroid abuse, possessing an enormously muscular body with a thick padded belly and more caveman/dinosaur-like stance. He looks incredibly thick, and is incredibly thick as his head is much smaller than his oversized body. His torso is impressively wide, matched by the thickness of his drum-like abdomen and short but powerful legs. He truly looks like the Missing Link between Past Paradox Pokemon and the Present. His impressive genitals just hang freely, the tip of his cock usually brushing the ground.

Personality: There is very little going on in Bulk's head. The only Attacks he seems to know are "Eat", "Sleep", "Fuck", and "Strong", and he uses them quite well. If he has any inner depths, he certainly is incredibly skilled at hiding them.

Reason for Variation: Isolation, as well as living in an extremely dangerous area in unity with only needing to fulfil his most carnal desires resulted in an evolution that further dropped Bulk's already low intelligence while massively increasing his size.

OC Theme: Bulk is an over-muscled Feraligatr with a more prehistoric looking appearance, rendering him closer to a kaiju than his fellow Feraligatr. He is very hungry, aggressive, and will fuck anything that moves.

Traits:

- *Water/Fighting Type
- *Incredibly strong
- *Insanely resilient to damage
- *Can move for exceptionally long times

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Name: Chuck Helioux

Age: Late 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Gorilla/Rubbertoy Hybrid (87.5% Organic / 12.5% Rubber)

Occupation: Streamer

Appearance: Chuck possesses a typical muscular physique, nothing too much out of the ordinary besides that he looks pretty good, especially with his very plump butt that hangs slightly over his booty shorts. His body hair is a very nice bright orange while his chest is a creamy colour, like a creamsicle. His fur and body have a minor sheen to them, and sometimes he can get a little creaky.

Personality: Chuck's a bit of a dudebro, and absolutely loves being the center of attention for his streams. He takes on any kind of inflation challenge from his watchers, and he means any kind. But this inflationist lifestyle goes on into his daily life, as he deeply enjoys inflating himself, usually larger than he does on his streams. Even when slightly bored he might take a hand pump to himself and just idly works out pumping himself up. Chuck has a bit of a dirty side to him as well, enjoying the belching and farting that comes along with swelling himself up with air. He also additionally enjoys inflating himself with water to relish in the feeling of sloshing about.

OC Theme: Chuck is an inflationist, making use of his rubbery genetics to inflate himself with gas or water. He has a variety of tools from hand pumps to compressors for pumping himself up, as well as hoses for connecting to various taps. He can connect hoses to his navel to inflate himself from there too. He enjoys also being gassy, his organic side having him belch and fart to release excess gas.

Traits:

- *Inflatable gorilla
- *Very stretchy
- *Can inflate himself from his navel

Optional:

- *Enjoys belching and farting

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Name: Cole Wilde

Age: Early 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Ferret

Occupation: Pop Star

Appearance: Cole is skinny, wearing skinny jeans that hang low enough to show off his boxer shorts. He is all white, with long wavy bangs that tips dyed blue. He's got a dreamy, handsome face with bright blue eyes you can get lost in, with a band-shaped gold earring running partly around the top of his right ear, with a feel thin gold rings on the lobe of his left ear.

Personality: Cole has the voice and the soul of an angel, being a pretty sweet and chill guy, albeit a little enigmatic. His singing is able to charm countless people, and he deeply enjoys what he does. But what Cole enjoys the most is eating, for he has an insanely voracious and damn near insatiable appetite that can have him gluttonously indulging on enough food for twenty people. He doesn't even address how or why he's back to normal the next day, it's just something that happens.

OC Theme: Cole Wilde is a very skinny pop star with a secret gluttonous habit, eating tonnes of food after a show until he's a big fat blob. But he also has a curious case of negative continuity, so no matter how large he gets he's back to normal the next time you see him. Nobody knows how it happens, it just does.

Traits:

- *Extremely gluttonous pop star
- *Can eat enormous quantities of food and enormous portions too
- *Negative continuity makes him skinny with every appearance

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Name: Craven Miles

Age: Late 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Arctic fox

Occupation: Supervillain(?)

Appearance: Craven is a lanky and sorta tall arctic fox, with a permanently focused look in his eyes. The most notable features of him is there's a hole in his left ear, and a Power Glove-like device he always wears on his left hand. He tends to wear a one-piece latex bodysuit underneath a heavily padded lab coat, to give him a sort of "mad scientist" techno look.

Personality: A bit demented and with a bit of a short fuse, it's kinda hard to understand what it is Craven wants in life, especially with how much he rambles. He may have a total small guy syndrome, so it is fitting that he invented a device that lets him remedy that by exchanging sizes. He seems to do so on a whim, using it in malicious ways which gives him supervillain status, but he never steals anything except size. He doesn't even bother with buildings he swaps sizes with. Maybe he just wants people to finally see him?

OC Theme: A supervillain fox wielding a device he created using the meteorite that tore the hole in his ear that either lets him swap size with something, or to copy the size instead. The size swap can be done with anything, be it people, objects, or even buildings, exchanging sizes with each other.

Traits:

*His Size Swapper Gauntlet can exchange the sizes of himself and anything he points it at

*His Size Swapper Gauntlet can temporarily store a single-use copy of the size of anything

*Can use the copy on himself to match that size

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Name: Cwtch, God of the Many

Age: Ageless

Sex: Undefined

Species: Variable

Occupation: God of Prey Animals

Appearance: Cwtch has no defined appearance, though allegedly his true form is that of a spindly jackalope with sapphire fur that have silvery spirals working through them, and he has fluffy fur as white as snow on his chest and neck. Every time his shell perishes he instantly comes back in a new form, which is always a prey species.

Personality: Cwtch is the embodiment of all prey animals, and thus has great care and compassion for them. As such he frequently sacrifices his own body so that his worshippers may live... a lot. Cwtch is actually kind of a freak and it is his godly obsession to be devoured countless times, knowing he will always come back in a new form basically instantly. It's suggested it's his immortality that lets him be so into being devoured, oftentimes gushing up how amazing their neck muscles felt squeezing him down to the stomach or how delightful it is to be digested. He can get so worked up he even forces himself on people, not taking no for an answer as he has forced many beings to become unwilling preys to his sick games. He sometimes even multiply just to get even more of himself inside someone.

When he's doing his duties in his temple he's a lot more restrained, though he only chooses to be there once in a full moon so he can focus on his sick passions.

OC Theme: An immortal god with a fetish for being prey, drawing pleasure from being devoured and digested. Infinitely reincarnates into new prey bodies as he pleases.

Traits:

- *A divine, immortal being
- *Can revive instantly in a new body
- *Can spread his consciousness and will across multiple bodies at once
- *Very nutritious

Optional:

- *Very fattening/protein-rich for WG/Muscle Growth

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Name: Damien Knight

Age: Mid 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Midday / Midnight Lycanroc

Occupation: Intern

Appearance: Damien in his Midday form possesses a trim twink/femboy figure, with slightly more pronounced hips and a padded rear. A defining trait is that he possesses one long forelock on his head, despite having no Dusk Lycanroc heritage. He typically keeps his neck stones chiselled down to a flat edge, to avoid causing damage to people or objects around him. Quite commonly he wears tight clothing that shows off his figure, though is also remarkably flexible and stretchy. His tail is usually kept short and tied into a bun so it stops getting in the way.

When night comes, Damien transforms into his Midnight Form through a graphic sequence. His body over a period of a few minutes grow taller by several feet, gaining thick slabs of muscle all over his body, which his chest walking the line between pectoral muscles and moobs. He gains a large gut, giving him a powerful-if-soft looking muscle gut build. His junk likewise gets much larger, growing to almost a foot while soft, with his enlarged balls stretch out whatever underwear he's wearing at the time of the transformation. During the change his neck spikes twist around, turning into a stone collar around his bloated neck.

Personality: Damien feels almost like a teenager, possessing a defiant nature though typically he's quite reserved when left alone. He feels his dual-nature as both Midday and Midnight Lycanrocs is a total burden to him, and he'd

rather not go through some crappy transformation every night and every morning while he sleeps. His confrontational nature when dealing with people is definitely because of his transformation, though he wouldn't be the first to admit he's doing it to protect himself from the judgment of others.

In his Midnight Form, sometimes referred to as "Knight", he loses a lot of his reservedness and confrontational nature in exchange for being what could be colourfully described as a "big fat party animal". If Damien is the perpetual moody teenager, Knight would be his inner frat boy as he loves to eat, drink, party, and fuck. He's not afraid to get his hog into any willing ass he finds, and is all around a total perv and a bit of a lech. He kind of gives a good reason as to why Damien is ashamed of this other side of him.

OC Theme: A Lycanroc who is in Midday Form during the day, but turns into a larger, bulkier Midnight Form at night. A bit like night and day as Damien is more reserved, though prone to sarcasm in his Midday Form. While in his Midnight Form he is raunchier, more unrestricted, and definitely far hornier.

Traits:

*Is a twink/femboy in Midday Form

*Becomes a thick musclehub in Midnight Form

*Supposedly Sun and Moon Stones allow him to change forms at will, regardless of time of day

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Name: Dominic & Dominique Ainsley

Age: Mid 30s

Sex: Male / Male

Species: Were-Orthrus

Occupation: Life Coach

Appearance: Before he became a Were-Orthrus, Dominic had dark brown skin and a muscular build. After his transformation his fur retains its brown colour, though with ash grey fur mixed into it. The most noticeable part is his two heads, with his original mind becoming the right head that retained his original name, while the left was born from all his repressed traits and was christened Dominique. Dominic retains the darker brown fur, and is still trying to grow out the “hair” part of it so it can be styled. Dominique has more ash brown fur. His body became far more muscular upon the first change, but due to Dominique’s influence his furry bod now retains a permanent muscle gut physique that’s impossible to remove. Both heads retain a single blue eye from the original form, with Dominic’s right eye is blue, while Dominique’s left eye also is. Their opposing eyes have become golden.

Personality: Before he became a Were-Orthrus, Dominic was the original mind that was a pretty typical life coach, focusing on health and wellbeing for himself and his clients. But when he was infected and transformed, Dominic’s were-condition split part of his personality in two, creating Dominique. Dominic is focused on maintaining good health and fitness, with a mild obsession for building muscle. Dominique is a lazy glutton that’s easily pacified with a tablet, but he tends to try and have his way by eating as much as he can, when he can. This puts them at odds for the overall goal of their shared body, but Dominic retained his original focus and thus can more easily overcome

Dominique's laziness. Despite being two heads they are still referred by a singular he/him, as the two together make up the original Dominic.

OC Theme: A two-headed werewolf with conflicting personalities constantly striving to drag their body to their desired outcome. Despite being two heads they are simply different parts of their original personality, and together they both make up one singular mind and person.

Traits:

*Two-heads

*Dominic is obsessed with body building

*Dominique is obsessed with being a lazy glutton

Optional:

*Two of other body parts

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Name: Drei (the First)

Age: Unknown

Sex: Male

Species: Hoopa Unbound (Ascended)

Occupation: Demiurge

Appearance: Drei's skin is marble white, with golden tattoos lining his form. His once-purple hair has turned black, with only the tips remaining purple and there is also some gold meshed among it. Most noticeably Drei is incredibly big (over 30 feet tall) and also massively obese, especially with his tremendous tank of a gut that squishes against his broad hips and hangs heavily down the front. The ring on his chest just above his moobs has been fused with the golden brace normally found around Arceus' middle. Despite being made of solid gold it bends and moves like it is part of Drei's skin, and is the source of his godlike power. He only has one set of very fat arms, and very short and tubby legs. Drei wears a pair of loose djinn pants as clothing, but no matter what part of his butt crack is always showing over the back of it. His tail is very short and very thick.

Personality: Drei is egotistical to the nth degree, always grandstanding about how amazing and powerful he is, despite the fact that the bulk of his power is stolen. He possesses a phenomenal ability to not hear anything he doesn't like, and has no conception of taking "no" for an answer. Drei however is very receptive to praise and adulation, as befitting a demiurge like him where his power and status are venerated. He picks and chooses whomever receives his favour purely on whim, much to their annoyance as he reshapes them into his oversized image. When not receiving all the praise he feels he deserves Drei slacks about in his pocket dimension temple, eating countless, gluttonous

feasts as he lazes about, using portals to watch the Material World like it was a TV show.

OC Theme: A Hoopa Unbound that stole the ring of Arceus, gaining godlike power at the cost of the overwhelming power altering his body, growing in size and becoming extremely fat from overload. He acts as a trickster deity, but also has an ego the size of a planet that compels him to reshape Arceus' "defective" creations into a more perfect form, being that of his image. So he uses his many hands to grow out those he gives his "favour" too, growing them in size while making them muscular and/or fatter.

Traits:

- *Permanently obese while he holds onto his stolen power
- *Godlike power
- *Reality warper
- *Can generate endless copies of his hands
- *Whatever part of the body these hands touch/rub can begin to grow until the hand releases it

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Name: Emilio Chisko (AKA The Masked Sumoh)

Age: Late 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Donkey

Occupation: Librarian / Superhero

Appearance: Emilio looks pretty unremarkable, in part due to his need to be unremarkable in order to maintain his secret identity. Typical greyish body hair and a pretty average body type to go with it. He wears glasses, though he didn't use to and he doesn't actually need them, because they're fake. He dresses in the white button up shirt profile of boring AF, just to be even more unremarkable. Given that his super persona happens to weigh about fifteen of him begs the question why this is even needed, but just go with it.

As the Masked Sumoh Emilio weighs a metric tonne, sporting enormous height and a belly that reaches past his knees, with soft clappy moobs. His face isn't changed much, though his cheeks get fatter and he's sporting a fat double chin that shortens his muzzle. Emilio wears a special eye mask with white eye covers that let him see perfectly and are oddly expressive as well, in order to maintain his secret identity. He wears the magical mawashi over a pair of ultra-stretchy luchador pants, and heavy wrestling boots to protect his feet. The power of the mawashi also styles his messy hair into a sumo top knot.

Personality: Emilio was actually something of an excitable goofy guy, but when he found the magic mawashi that all changed. In order to keep his identity a secret he became more aloof and stoic, talking and emoting less even though there really isn't even a need to. You see, Emilio is a giant dork and thinks this sort of stuff is needed as a crime fighter, even though no one would even think he could magically become a giant sumo just like that. Really, he could

continue being himself and that would probably draw less attention than him trying to Clark Kent himself.

As the Masked Sumoh Emilio becomes more bombastic and loud, sporting countless one liners no matter how lame or out of place they are. He also has a habit of shouting out his attack names like “Belly Bomb” and “Sumo Stomp”. His natural dorkishness truly shines as he uses his girth to fight crime, as does his natural courage and sense of justice.

History: Emilio was pretty normal until he found the magic mawashi bundled in a pile of other old stuff bundled in an antique chest he won for cheap at an auction. When he tried it on as a goof he was at first horrified as he rapidly gained weight and height, nearly busting through his attic from the sudden amount of weight he gained. But after the shock wore off and he realized it was reversible, he decided he would find a good use for this new power, after he had a little fun figuring out his new fat body. But after spotting one of his old comics, he knew his destiny lay in fighting crime on the streets as a masked vigilante.

OC Theme: An unassuming donkey librarian who uses a magic mawashi to transform into a one tonne crime fighting sumo, maintaining a night and day persona as a librarian and a superhero.

Traits:

- *Has a magic mawashi that turns him into an enormous sumo
- *Is highly durable while transformed, able to shrug off a lot of attacks with his blubber of steel
- *Surprisingly acrobatic and able to be speedy when he needs to be
- *Uses his weight for a lot of his attacks, like body slams and belly bombs

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Name: Entity V-8686 (The Doppelgainer)

Age: Unknown

Sex: Unknown

Species: "Doppelgainer"

Appearance: Entity V-8686's true form has never been observed. Its only known appearance(s) is being a perfect replica of the first person it senses.

Personality: Entity V-8686 seems completely driven by a desire to physically touch and interact with the individual whose appearance it is copying. It possesses all memories and desires of the original, but possesses a more "liberated" version of the original's personality. The "Doppelgainer" desires nothing more than to make physical contact with the original and begin to grow them per the original's deepest desires. Entity V-8686's end goal is to use its mass conversation abilities to become one with the host as they become one with the universe, subsuming all into their form and bringing it to total darkness. This appears to be a bid to bring back the nostalgia of the void universe from whence it came, as well as a desire to "birth" a new god.

History: An entity existing in a void dimension with many others of its kind. A dimensional rift caused it to disappear from the void and enter in the known universe. Due to an inability to return home, it chooses to recreate its home in this new universe using a suitable host.

OC Theme: A clingy doppelganger who desires to make the original body grow using energy transference, where it can convert heat and matter into body mass. It desires to merge with the original and bring about total darkness as the combined body subsumes the entire universe into itself. It likewise desires to turn this host body into a "god", in whichever way that could mean.

Traits:

- *Copies the appearance, memory, personality, and desires of others
- *Can convert energy into matter
- *Can grow anything it is making physical contact with, including itself
- *Can convert matter and energy endlessly into body mass, allowing for infinite growth
- *Can merge into biological matter
- *Can allegedly “ascend” its host into a “god”

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Name: Firecracker

Age: ???

Sex: Male

Species: S-Charizard (Slob-Charizard)

Appearance: Firecracker would, at rough estimate, be between 15 and 20 feet tall, possessing monstrous height and monstrous width. He is a massive mound of barely mobile lard with a gut that makes up 2/3 of his height, with his chest and grossly fat neck making up the rest of it. His neck is immensely swollen and bogged down by fat, running all the way up into a massive blobby chin. On the rear end his rump is equally as big as his middle, taking up almost all the space on behind, with the root of his sausage-like tail that ends in a green flame. Firecracker's scales are black with a purple/green flame patterns appearing on his lower body. The Charizard's legs, like the rest of him, are grotesquely swollen with fat and his fat-laden feet are barely visible with the calve-fat hanging over it. Despite his gargantuan size, Firecracker's wings are still proportional to a normal-sized Charizard. Firecracker possesses a vacant look on his face most of the time, until he gains focus on something he desires to eat. His body is also perpetually caked in sweat and quite often scraps and smears of food.

Personality: Firecracker is a disgusting slob, desiring little more to sit around and eat and eat and eat as much as can, preferably while moving as little as possible. He very much enjoys greasy food; the greasier the better and especially with as much sauce as possible. Beans are also a big favourite, especially for what it does for his internal plumbing. Firecracker doesn't care for how disgusting he is; he in fact relishes it as his diet typically results in an endless amount of cacophonous internal rumbling and gurgling from all the gas building up inside him. His sense of humour is equally as revolting as he is as he derives a lot of pleasure from the intensity and stench of gas that erupts out of his mouth and body on a regular basis. The stinkier the better and anyone who

bothers him will typically end up either buried under his massive ass, getting hotboxed by his farts for hours on end, or brought to his mouth so he can belch his victims into stinky balloons he lets fly.

Reason for Variation: Firecracker was so beyond disgusting and gassy as a Charameleon that he evolved into this completely unique form.

OC Theme: Firecracker's body produces an obscene amount of gas, which is typically vented either by belching or farting. However, there is a special tube connected from his gastrointestinal tract to his tail that allows excess gas in his body to vent out on the tip, which accounts for its unusual colour. His oral fire attacks also share the green colouration as he enhances it with the gas, but he can likewise fart streams of gas that he ignites with his tail flame for an intense backwards blast. He may, on occasion, fart fire.

Traits:

- *Fire/Poison Type
- *Is enormous
- *Extremely gassy
- *Can use gas to improve fire attacks

Optional:

- *Vore

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Name: Gage the Cataclysmic

Age: Unknown

Sex: Male

Species: Red Dragon

Appearance: Gage is an enormous dragon decked in dark crimson scales, with creamy white belly scute plating that can spread if the flesh below stretches. He keeps himself sleek and sturdy, presenting a handsome figure he obsesses over constantly. He has black, curved horns curling out of his head with jewels adorning them. Most notably he has a thick golden bracelet adorned in jewels on his right wrist that he cannot take off due to being cursed (from having stolen it). Gage typically decks himself out in the finest clothing he can get, in order to flaunt off his wealth and refinement, while also wearing whatever jewellery that'll fit him.

Personality: Gage is a self-entitled, greedy dragon with delusions of grandeur and a fixation on appearing debonair and refined, but suffers from a volatile temper. Prone to extreme rage he becomes a fire-breathing monster at even the littlest thing. He lives in strict denial of how his cursed bracelet makes him swell up, getting angrier from the idea that his perfect, refined appearance could be in anyways swollen and/or flabby. His greed has him taking treasure from anywhere he can, and is usually stolen from people and even other dragons. His pride and ego and greed leads him to be easily swayed by offerings of treasure, and sometimes offerings of food too.

OC Theme: A greedy dragon who dresses himself in gold and finery to hide his incredible temper. His cursed bracelet causes him to start swelling up the angrier he gets, his body looking bloated and obese as his body keeps swelling until his limbs sink into his creaking body. When enraged enough he can even

burst into a comical cloud of scale confetti, leaving him at his original size but KOed for a few hours.

Traits:

*Incredible temper

*Cursed bracelet causes him to swell up the longer he rages and the angrier he gets

*Non-fatal popping

Optional:

*Feral or Anthro

*The cursed bracelet once belonged to a water dragon, and in response to being stolen it keeps his stomach permanently full of water. Gage's rage causes his fire to rage, evaporating the water into steam that swells him up as the bracelet keeps filling him with more water

*Regenerates after being popped instead of being fine afterwards

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18+

Name: Gas Bag

Age: Late 80s

Sex: Male

Species: Dragunk (Dragon/Skunk Hybrid)

Occupation: Splendidworld Mascot & Primary Greeter

Appearance: Despite what the worn out wooden cut-outs of him may make you think, Gas Bag isn't the cuddliest mascot in the world. Ten feet tall and hopelessly overweight, he is coated in lavender fur with creamy white scales with a lot of tattoos. He has a sour look on his muzzle, and dresses in old, worn out cartoony overalls that's missing a button, so his belly fat sags out of the broken side. The one good strap digs into his pudge, with a noticeable plumbers crack visible on the other side indicating a big fat hairy ass. He's got thick patches of hair on his chest, and in his pits and ass. He also has an enormous doughnut-hole ass.

Personality: Years of being the ageless magical mascot for the craptastic Splendidworld has somewhat taken its toll on Gas Bag, and though he tries to remain chipper and energetic for the crowds, he just doesn't have the patience much anymore. He does his job as best as he tries to, and doesn't take kindly to the litany of jerks who tend to come by the park to rag on it. Yeah it's a shithole, but only *HE* gets to say that. He's not afraid to bend over and let people have a blast of magic ass gas to teach them a lesson they won't forget. But if he catches a whiff of an adult guest with a thing for mascots, he won't hesitate to lead'em round to the Tunnel of Non-Descript Affection so he can let them have at his "Tunnel of Very-Descript Affection".

OC Theme: A mascot for a crapsack fun park that's seen better days, and is part magical dragon who can fart magical gas. His guts are always rumbling and gurgling from the gas, as well as the diet of junk food he eats as Splendidworld's mascot and primary greeter. His magical fart gas has all kinds of magical effects, and he uses it on those who cause trouble in the park, or anyone he finds annoying. He may also accidentally belch the stuff at times. The gas has the power to make the victim gain weight, turn rubbery, inflate, or even transform into something else.

Traits:

*Magical fart gas with transformative properties

*Is a dirty mascot who might bang any guest who shows interest

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Name: Gavin

Age: Mid 50s

Sex: Male

Species: Wombat

Appearance: Fat and very bottom heavy, Gavin's a friendly fellow with a cork hat and a very round face with a fat, pronounced chin. He has a big muzzle and a noticeably big nose. Gavin has no neck, so his fat face merges into his shoulders and back and chest. The weight increases the further down it goes, where he has very short legs jutting out of his massive belly and rump. He wears a red flannel shirt with straining buttons and a pair of heavy duty jeans specially designed for his robust figure. He's always carrying a big heavy clay jar under his right arm.

Personality: A friendly bushwhacker who enjoys a soft embrace and likes good eating. More than happy to share his magic tucker jar with everyone, but always warns people not to bite off more than they can chew.

OC Theme: A big friendly fellow who offers his magic tucker jar to people, granting them all the food they could ask for. But remember to keep it reasonable, as everything the jar gives you you'll feel compelled to eat.

Traits:

*Big and friendly and huggable

*Has a magic jar that provides food that you must consume if you ask for it

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Name: Goolix

Age: Irrelevant

Sex: None

Species: Latex Creature

Appearance: Somewhat resembles a barely modelled 3D model, or possibly Flubber. Has a featureless head, but can make some simple facial features as necessary.

Personality: Goolix doesn't seem to have will of its own unless instructed to, and typically exists as an extension of whomever creates it.

OC Theme: Is a living voodoo doll, and once it finds a piece of its target like hair or a finger nail it will transform into a perfect replica of them. Once done anything Goolix does to themselves is replicated on whomever it is linked with.

Traits:

*Living latex

*Living voodoo doll

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Name: Gordon Devereaux

Age: Early 60s

Sex: Male

Species: Catfish / Pelican Eel Hybrid

Occupation: Retired

Appearance: A stout gentleman, and though tall, he feels short due to how wide he also is. Despite this he is always handsomely dressed, enjoying old timey Southern clothing and enjoys a round straw beach hat on the hotter days. He has a mouth as wide as his body, and when he releases it fully his maw gets even bigger than his entire round diameter. Gordon has pupil-less yellow eyes, and his thick whiskers are usually very well kept, if you would please ignore the one with the most unsightly hook in it. Bit of an accident and he will not have you mentioning it.

Personality: Gordon is the spitting image of a Southern Gentleman, both polite and sophisticated while able to produce some of the most off the cuff metaphors you have ever heard. He has that Southern way of talking, the kind where you meander a little, and use words in a more old-fashioned drawl, if you would pardon his silver tongue. It is hard to tell if Gordon is ever really embarrassed or ashamed of his ravenous hunger, though he does beg your pardon at his unsightly state as he devours a whole ox whole.

OC Theme: A southern dandy catfish / gulper eel hybrid with an air of sophistication and a merciless gluttony.

Traits:

- *An expansive and flexible stomach
- *Able to stretch his mouth until it's wider than his entire body
- *Glutton

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Name: Graff

Age: 256

Sex: Male

Species: Gargoyle

Occupation: Witch / Alchemist

Appearance: In his Flesh Form, Graff resembles a mix between what you think a living gargoyle would look like, and a kobold. He is very lanky, possessing murky green/brown scales usually covered by his padded leather gear and hat, which his horns poke through. He has large leathery wings for flight and has a pair of alchemy goggles that remain strapped to his forehead when not in use.

In his Stone Form, Graff's height doubles, and he becomes very muscular with an enormous spherical belly. His skin is made of polished stone in this form, though he still possesses a craggy appearance befitting being a stone gargoyle. Most interestingly is that he has a specially designed gaping navel where a tap can be inserted. In this form his eyes are completely yellow and they glow.

Personality: Inquisitive if a little shy, Graff is a curious and entrepreneurial person, knowing exactly what he and his products are worth. He doesn't always do well around people, but he won't resort to using his stone form to deal with problems unless he needs too. If you catch him in his element he will talk your ear off, and probably be a bit excited that anyone shares even 1% of his interest in rare ingredients and potion making. He is physically incapable of flirting or showing affection without his face going red and he'll bashfully look at the floor while doing so. His stony form doesn't really change much of who he is, though he finds he can be more assertive with the added power. He doesn't usually use magic on people, but may find himself "accidentally" hexing a bully or a rude customer.

OC Theme: Graff is a gargoyle witch capable of casting magic in his Flesh Gargoyle Form, while he becomes incredibly strong, durable, and magic resistant in his Stone Gargoyle Form. He uses his large gut as a cauldron in his stony form, eating ingredients and using magical flames in order to heat them up inside his body. His insides slosh about during this procedure, and he can put a tap inside his stony bellybutton in order to drain potions out into flasks and other containers. He needs to make sure he completely taps out, or he suffers lingering potion effects once he changes back.

Traits:

- *Gargoyle witch who can swap between a flesh and stone form
- *Uses magic mostly in flesh form
- *Incredibly strong and sturdy in stone form
- *Mixes potions using his stone form's belly

Optional:

- *Could adopt a partial stone form where he only transforms his belly into stone to use as a cauldron

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Name: Hank

Age: Late 50s

Sex: Male

Species: M-Emboar (Musky-Emboar)

Appearance: Hank possesses impressive musculature combined with a rotund middle, giving him an almost spherical shape supported by his bulky, muscular legs. Unlike other Emboar Hank's body fur is an orange-brown with hints of blue and green that completely covers his torso, with none of the flames the main species is known for. Instead he possesses large swathes of black body hair, especially around his sizeable chest that his nipples barely poke through. There are likewise large patches on his round belly, at his groin, and in his arm pits and ass crack. He constantly wears a mawashi that bulges with his pubic fat and average length but very girthy cock, and comparatively large balls. He also possesses a thick beard. His body is constantly glistening with sweat, and clouds of musk vapour hang around him, with the clouds getting thicker the closer to his body hair they are.

Personality: A nice bloke but also a pretty filthy old man at the same time. He will not hesitate to point out your boner once you catch a whiff of his dense musk. Hank will absolutely goad you into taking a sniff by raising an arm to show off his smelly pits, and will give you five minutes if you let him have some fun too. He fully comprehends his power and does not hesitate to throw his ample weight around, pinning younger folks between his belly and a wall, or letting them have a sampling of his earthy ass crack.

Reason for Variation: Hank's turning to sumo as a Pignite as well as his fondness for using saunas in lieu of showers created this dense, musky Emboar variant.

OC Theme: Hank is a very musky, very round Emboar subspecies with thick black body hair and an overpowering amount of musk. Fat stubby cock and big balls. Is also a "dirty" sumo, whatever that means.

Traits:

*Fire/Ground Type

*Very hairy

*Very musky

Optional:

*Enormous nipples

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Name: Huski Ronso

Age: Early 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Ronso

Appearance: Has grey-dark blue fur, with thicker patches of hair around his shoulders and a little bit of a treasure trail. He's muscular with a little bit of body fat and a little navel that easily pops out when he swells up. His horn has a rounded tip due to fears of popping himself. He wears short shorts, and a thong.

Personality: Maybe a little cautious, and as much as he works out he can never escape the fat life as his mutated Lancet gene ensures he gets to steal all of the calories from his targets alongside HP/MP. It's not that he hates it per se, but he kinda wishes he would stop getting Fiend abilities that make him as big as Mount Gagazet.

OC Theme: Huski is a Ronso born with a rare gene that made his Lancet ability "quirky", so no matter what skill he seems to acquire from Fiends it always results in him swelling up or getting fatter. Draining energy via Lancet causes him to get fatter regardless of what he learns.

Traits:

*Lancet usage makes him fatter; the bigger the target the fatter he gets

*All skills he learns makes him inflate or get fatter in various ways

Optional:

*The odd Fiend skill can make him muscular, but it never lasts

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Name: Ignacio the Monster Layer

Age: Over 300

Sex: Male

Species: Unicorn

Occupation: Farmer (former Monster Layer)

Appearance: Ignacio has a broad dad bod, with arm and leg muscles tempered by farm work, though softened by hearty eating. He has a big squishy chest and a broad beer belly that strains at the straps of his work overalls, which is likewise pulled by his big fat round butt. His body fur is pure white, with a rainbow mane rolling down his head. A foot-long horn juts out of his forehead, with his mane parting between it. He has a thicker patch of fur over his lip where he grew a moustache, but it's the same colour as the rest of him so you can't really tell. The front of his overalls bulges out from his large cock and balls. During sex an intricate heart-shaped womb tattoo will appear around his pelvis, glowing pink as it releases his sexual energy.

Personality: Dour and sour, Ignacio is unicorn beaten down by the fact his curse is practically unbreakable, thus leaving him unable to enjoy sex as he once used too. He is never shy about his displeasure, and will tell you exactly what he's thinking in a cutting and/or sarcastic way, mostly to get you to leave him alone. He understands full well the issues of his curse, which is why he chooses to live in solitude, quietly farming and desperately hoping his legend will finally disappear so people will stop bothering him whenever there's a monster in need of laying. He's very particular about that term, insisting he's never slain anything when it's much easier to take someone to bed and show them the best time of their life. However when he's bottoming he tends to be

a bit bored, especially if you're bad at sex; his is a hole well-travelled and he expects a bit more than a slap on the ass and being called seven different variations of "slut".

Admittedly he does have a soft spot deep down, and begrudgingly helps under threats of being annoyed or when, maybe, what you're asking of him is a good cause... maybe. Likewise he has a weakness for the mewling of those who have sampled his magic dick, and as much as he wants to cut them off from the poison sometimes he gives in and lets them have a second go around, usually when he needs wide-scale terraforming of his farm

OC Theme: A unicorn whose sexual passion is so extreme it was bursting out of him at the seams before he was cursed with a magic sigil on his pelvis. Now whenever he has sex his raw sexual energy is forcefully converted into size, causing whomever he is topping to grow non-stop until he finally pulls out and/or finishes. This growth lingers for some time but eventually wears off, though once they do they're usually much larger than they were before he fucked them. He is a master of foreplay, and his cursed dick can fit into any hole, no matter how virginal it may be. It will never hurt, because the raw passion flowing through it fills his partner with pure, unrelenting ecstasy that grows and grows and grows until its bursting out of their body and making them grow.

Traits:

*Cursed with a magic sigil that makes whomever he's topping to start growing while he's inside them

*Amazing at foreplay

*The growth is temporary, but leaves the bottom larger than when they started after they shrink back down

*The sex is so mind-blowingly good those he tops usually come back begging for another ride

*Is so done with everything and yet he keeps getting pulled back in

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Name: Kieran Ransom

Age: Mid 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Polar Bear

Occupation: Script Editor

Appearance: A polar bear with a sweet face but a fat body, his squishy white fur is always poking out of his ill-fitting clothing as he has a habit of constantly going up sizes due to his inability to say no to food. He may not always have a defined size because he tends to gain lots of weight in short periods of time.

Personality: A very sweet man, but can be a bit stubborn and assertive. However, he is pathologically unable to refuse food when offered to him and will eat every last morsel offered to him, which is the reason why he has trouble losing weight. He has an unusual palette so he doesn't dislike any types of food, able to treat them all equally based on taste and texture.

OC Theme: A polar bear who gains a lot of weight because he can't refuse food, and he knows a lot of bakers and cooks who take advantage of this in order to have an unbiased taste tester. Can gain crazy amounts of weight.

Traits:

- *Cannot refuse food
- *Can eat incredible amounts of food in one sitting
- *Sluggish metabolism and is prone to gaining weight.

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Name: Klaus Hogwell

Age: Past 40

Sex: Male

Species: Fox

Occupation: Fortune Teller

Appearance: Klaus is an obese fox wearing a pinstripe suit that clings to his body, with the buttons of his dress shirt straining like a dam against a flood of belly fat. His shiny black shoes look a bit strained, as if they're completely full of his plump feet. Klaus has really fat facial cheeks, and several chins which seems to enhance his broad and tricky grin. He has very pudgy hands that are surprisingly dextrous despite their girth.

Personality: Tricky? Nah squire, Klaus is just a fox with a penchant for fortune telling with his rather unusual tarot deck. He'll always have a friendly smile on his fat face as he'll lure you in with his tasty food and offers you a free fortune. It's not malice per se, for Klaus seems to possess the ability to see the timelines where his visitors are utter fatsos, so his gift is for changing the path and leading them towards a fate where they will be much happier... and heftier.

OC Theme: A fox fortune teller who uses a specialized tarot deck that tells you rather gluttonous fortunes, ranging from gluttony to immense weight as the tarot tells his client's soon-to-be enormous fortune. He is also a very talented cook, specializing in stews, casseroles, and soups that he always has cooking away to lure people into his tent. He can see into timelines where you get fat, and cunningly guides them onto that path with the manipulations of his tarot deck.

Traits:

- *A good cook
- *Fattening fortune telling
- *Can see the timelines where people get fat
- *His special tarot deck can manipulate fate towards those timelines

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Name: Llanocor

Age: Unknown

Sex: Unknown (Presumably Male)

Species: Deoxys (Obese Form)

Appearance: Llanocor's appearance is a hybrid of the Normal and Defence Forms of Deoxys, presenting with a thick body and trunkish legs while still having very fat arms and something of an individual head. Uniquely they have two points at the top of their head resembling a Snorlax's ears, and possess a wide mouth for them to devour everything in sight. The Deoxys jewel that makes up its core is barely visible between its immense moobs. Llanocor's belly is jiggling constantly unless it uses its psychic abilities to stop it. Where a Deoxys is red, Llanocor is more of a dark blue-purple colour, perhaps a holdover from the Snorlax genes it possesses.

Personality: Deoxys is first and foremost an alien, so it doesn't always understand the finer complexities of terrestrial life, such as the fact that weighing over a tonne isn't normal. Or that it may not be the best thing that it sheds a virus that causes everyone around them to become 600 pounds heavier either. Llanocor is fine with using its psychic powers to move around and collect food, allowing it to rub its belly while using telekinesis to feed itself. It's happy to share its food at times, but if it fears running out it may get a bit more protective of its supply, belly bumping people away from its grub.

Reason for Variation: When Llanocor was still a space virus it had its genetic material crossed with PokeRUS carrying Snorlax DNA. Both viruses merged together with the Snorlax's genetics, eventually forming into the gemstone that became its Deoxys body.

OC Theme: Llanocor is a morbidly obese and gluttonous Deoxyx with an infectious trait, constantly shedding a mutated variant of PokeRUS from its sweat that causes anyone who contracts it to become obese and extremely hungry. The duration of the infection is unknown but anyone who recovers from it remains extremely fat with enhanced hunger and gluttony.

Traits:

- *Deoxyx with a singular form and a mouth
- *Extremely fat and gluttonous
- *Can infect others with PokeRUS that causes obesity and gluttony

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Name: Long & Yang Ryuuge

Age: 112 / 112

Sex: Male / Male

Species: Dragons

Appearance: Long is a white dragon with a chubby, potbellied appearance and a black jewel just above his chest. Yang is a black dragon with a sleek, muscular appearance that has his white jewel where his bellybutton would be. Long gains more muscle as he consumes magic, and Yang gets fatter the more he consumes magic.

Personality: Long & Yang both share a greedy personality, and they love bullying those who use magic as they drain them of their energy. The two can be competitive with each other, resulting in mutual backstabbing at times so they can get their greedy mitts on more magic so one can outsize the other. It's hard to tell if the twins get on well or not, but they seem more than happy to work together when a big energy source is on the table.

OC Theme: Long and Yang are twin dragons born with mystical gems in their bodies. These gems allow them to absorb magic, with the consumption affecting each differently. Long gains muscle from the magic he absorbs, and Yang gets fatter the more magic he absorbs. Aside from the gems on their torsos they also have gems in the backs of their throat, allowing them to physically devour magic. They possess limitless growth potential and their bodies adapt to the continuous growth, preventing over-encumbrance.

Traits:

*Magic Absorbers

- *Long gains muscle
- *Yang gains fat
- *Can control their ability to absorb magic
- *Limitless growth

Optional:

- *Their growth can be limited (they burst)

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Name: Luka Thorpe

Age: Mid 30s

Sex: Male

Species: Werewolf

Occupation: Greaser

Appearance: Luka is tall, at least 6'6 even before his heavy boots. He has light brown skin and a thick mane of black hair that goes down to around his shoulders. He has a constant 5 o'clock shadow on his face. Luka is muscular but has a very pronounced gut, always pushing up whatever shirt he's wearing. It has a noticeable treasure trail running up from his groin to past his navel. Luka typically wears a torn shirt with the sleeves missing, as well as a sleeveless black leather biker jacket with a white fur collar. His jeans are well-used with tears all over, including a large one on the left knee, and there is a belt hanging loosely from the waist. He has leather boots (formerly steel capped) with holes in the front.

As a werewolf Luka has double in height, growing much more muscular with his gut getting even bigger and round, interfering with his groin and widening his stance. His fur is ashen grey with patches of black and brown, with his belly being a lighter shade of grey. When he transforms via his gut becoming "The Golden Ratio", his fur gains a golden colouration to it, and he maintains an unusual golden aura around himself.

Personality: Been a punk all of his life and into his adulthood, Luka doesn't see any reason to fit into society with how much of an outcast he is, and that's not even including the fact that he's a werewolf. He just has his motorbike (altered to account for his transformation), and the road. Luka typically doesn't want to stick around places too long, especially when it's almost a full moon. He does love to eat, but knows he has to be careful with his intake to avoid his gut

becoming “The Golden Ratio” and triggering a transformation in a place he might regret it happening.

As a werewolf Luka retains a good deal of control, but that runs in conflict with his animal instincts, especially the ones involving food. He knows full well he can maintain this form forever if he continues eating, and the prospect of being a big monster nobody would ever mess with becomes more tempting every day.

OC Theme: Luka is a greaser with a unique trait, as his ability to transform into a werewolf is also tied to his BMI and not just the moon. When his body weight reaches a certain point, his gut becomes a perfect sphere (the Golden Ratio) that can trigger his transformation, regardless of the time of day. Once transformed he can keep the form by constantly eating, as his werewolf form consumes large amounts of calories. He typically loses 100 pounds after transforming back to human.

Traits:

*BMI Werewolf

*At a certain weight his body becomes perfectly spherical, somehow triggering a moon-based transformation into a werewolf

*Loses weight while transformed and will transform back to human after the next moon has set

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Name: Lunord “Lumie” Anderson

Age: Late 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Wolf

Occupation: College Student

Appearance: Lumie has an average build, with the fur on his back and sides being dark green, with a creamy colour on his chest fluff. His left ear tip has a slight bend in it, so half the ear flops forward. But what makes him remarkable is that his butt is really big, easily enough to hang over a normal chair or to fill up a couch. It has silvery patterns running along it, including a full ring going around the outer parts of the cheeks. These silvery patterns glow in the dark, and they always glow on a full moon where his butt triples in size. Lumie tends to wear hoodies and t-shirts, and the biggest pants he can find to contain his voluminous rear, though its enormity always pokes out the top.

Personality: Lumie was a normal guy, and he still wants to be normal, especially since he found out he was a moon demigod on his 25th birthday where his ass exploded out of his pants. He finds being so abnormally endowed really embarrassing; more in a sense of it could get bigger at any time and expose him again, like when it grows during the full moon. Lumie is pretty bashful when it comes to people worshipping his rump, its divinity causing lunacy of worship. Thank god he’s a bottom but he could stand to have a little less aftercare when it comes to his rear, even though he does at least enjoy the attention, just a little. He also secretly wishes his junk could get a little bit of the moon magic, just to have something to show for it.

OC Theme: A wolf with an enormous rear, blessed to be a moon demigod and worshipped. His butt grows during the full moon period, becoming at least three times bigger. It also grows when worshipped or even just given a lot of attention, embarrassing a guy who really wishes he could just be normal. His rump on a full moon causes butt lunacy, making people near him go crazy for his ass.

Traits:

- *Enormous ass
- *Ass grows during the full moon
- *Silver markings glow in the dark
- *Worship makes his ass grow larger
- *During a full moon his rump induces lunacy, making people go crazy for worshipping his ass

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Name: Luxenberg

Age: As old as Wonderland

Sex: Male

Species: Cheshire Cat / White Rabbit Hybrid

Occupation: Crafter of the Drink Me / Eat Me Consumables

Appearance: Luxenberg is shaped like a wide egg, starting off wide at his chest and getting wider around his middle and curving off round the underside. Starting from his ears they are somewhat asymmetrical, with one being longer than the other, with both standing upright and ending in a cat ear point. His pupils and irises are of different sizes too, fluctuating with his mood in both size and colour. Hauntingly he has a pair of rabbit front teeth, framed by some sharp canine teeth as well. They get even more pronounced when he smiles, though when he's being goofy they all become square. His whiskers are long but bent and twisty, and react to his mood.

Luxenberg possesses two sets of arms, with a larger, burlier set coming out of his shoulders like normal arms, but with a smaller set coming out from his lower torso. There are claws on only some of his fingers, and never always the same ones. His legs are thick and stumpy, ending with big heavy feet. When his hands detach from his body, the corresponding arms vanish completely. He has a long fluffy tail that ends with a big poofy tip.

Personality: Like all good residents of Wonderland Luxenberg is on the crazy side, and is more unhinged than a broken door. He seems to tick tock between a sense of urgency, and feeling like he has all the time in the world. This can cause hasty, impulsive actions or the most patient plot twists you have ever seen, based on his metronomic mood. He will talk your ears off about the most nonsensical things too, like the fact that an overweight 30-something dreamt him up. Silly things like that.

His pride and joy and the only time he seems fully together and on time is when he's producing the never-ending supply of Drink Me and Eat Me products to Wonderland. Always making sure they are where they need to be and sometimes when they shouldn't be but aren't you glad they are? He tends to tweak the recipe from time to time, finding helpful "volunteers" who might be able to try out his more "exotic" types whether they want to or not. He's more than happy to pin them down with his hands and stuffing them full of Drink Me and Eat Me just to see what happens next.

OC Theme: A Cheshire Cat / White Rabbit hybrid that produces the unusual size-altering consumables of Wonderland. He also grows the unusual mushrooms that affect size, typically using them in his creation. He's quite mad. He can also detach his hands from his body and move them about like ghost hands.

Traits:

- *Brews the Drink Me potions that make you shrink
- *Bakes the Eat Me biscuits that make you grow
- *Variants of these items can cause muscle growth or weight gain depending on mood, and excess
- *Grows size-altering mushrooms
- *Can detach his hands and use them independent of his body
- *Prehensile tail and ears

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Name: Midas

Age: 432

Sex: Male

Species: Fairy / Variable

Occupation: Fairy Barafather

Appearance: Midas is big; ludicrously big. He is the biggest fairy you will ever meet, with enormous pectorals and a hyper cock that barely fits into his shiny thong. Size aside, his nature as a Fairy Barafather causes him to never have a defined appearance, as he naturally assumes the form of whatever the twink he's blessing finds most attractive. His thong and extreme size do not tend to change, nor does his hair style as he possesses messy hair that covers his eyes.

Personality: Flamboyant-yet-fatherly, Midas is the fairy who comes to despairing twinks who fear they will never be big to make all their size wishes come true. Of course, Midas is somewhat like a large dog, so he doesn't always realize he's throwing his weight around and has sometimes lost his client underneath his bulk. But once he's got their attention, you will never find a more sweet and caring giant as he listens to your woes. And he will happily make you the giant you desire, though he does want to make sure you're absolutely certain as you can't walk back a wish once he's granted it. And with a Biggity, Broadity, BOOM! he waves his tiny 8 inch wand and away you grow. He also likes hugs and displays of physical affection, though he can also be pretty slutty when it comes to clients who are into that sort of thing. He is also totally blasé whenever his hyper cock and balls accidentally spring free of his thong. Casual muscular nudity isn't really a thing he worries about.

OC Theme: Midas is a fairy that can appear and disappear at will, and possesses a natural glamour that allows him to appear in a form you will find the most attractive. He is drawn to the woes of those who truly wish to be big but have trouble doing so, and will gladly grant their heart's desires. And while he possesses general wish granting magic, typically his focus is on size, size, and more size. He can make you as big as you want and then some, so long as you know what it is you really want.

Traits:

- *Grants heartfelt wishes for growth
- *Magical powers (through his wand)
- *Teleportation
- *Has limitless ability to make his bara child as big as they desire.

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Name: Montague Solidor

Age: Mid 50s

Sex: Male

Species: Anteater

Occupation: Chocolatier / Alchemist

Appearance: Montague has something of a long nose to look down, being an anteater with a perpetually neutral expression and a pair of half-moon spectacles perched on the bridge of his nose. They match well with his milky white, foggy eyes, like two moons staring back at you. His hair is gelled flat into a short, smart style that meshes nicely with his pleasant dark purple suit with gold trimming. His large tail fans out behind him, though it tends to get tied up when he's working in his lab. A noticeable feature, which many will pick up, are that the last joints of all his fingers are made of stainless steel, with retractable claws used to delicately move his fine chocolates. They tend to be noticeable when he cleans them by dipping them into a bowl of ethanol concentrate before handling his wares.

Personality: An utmost professional, Montague takes his work very seriously, finding there is nothing to joke about in the world of chocolate and alchemy. The moment you enter his boutique it's like he knows everything about you, and will primly take you to exactly display he knows you wish to go. He seems to have a mysterious look when doing so, but that could very well be acting and expert intuition. There is no fooling an anteater like him, despite the inherently fetishistic nature of his specialty chocolates, he seems more focused on fulfilling his customer's fantasies than the kinkiness of it all. Truly a professional to be admired.

OC Theme: An anteater who runs an elite chocolate boutique that offers rich and delicious premium chocolate, or more “specialty” sorts of chocolates with cores made from his various potions. He has chocolates for all occasions, including weight gain, muscle growth, height increase, or TF. His Calorie Caramels are to die for, as are his Rabbit Royales. He also makes specialty requests for those with the cash to ask for them.

Traits:

- *Makes incredibly high quality (and expensive) chocolate
- *Is an alchemist capable of producing a wide range of tonics and elixirs
- *Is a professional who enjoys a customer satisfied with his wares

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Name: Pike Ruther

Age: Late 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Tiger Shark / Pufferfish Hybrid (75% Shark / 25% Pufferfish)

Appearance: Has orange scales with black stripes like a tiger, with him being mostly orange and white with some black markings around his eyes. Pike has a hyper-muscular body, boasting incredible size and girth with some surprisingly squishy muscles. He regularly supports a wide upper body as well as a hefty lower body, with a trim waistline. This is all a ruse though, as he's self-inflated himself to achieve this size when, in fact, he is a pretty scrawny guy comparatively, presenting a normal athletic build. He likes to wear a loose singlet that shows off his chest and stretchy workout shorts.

Personality: Pike's ego is as overinflated as his body is, and takes every opportunity to show off his gargantuan bod to anyone within eyesight of him. He loves working out, but is easily threatened by competition that may cause him to inflate himself more so he can keep up with them. When deflated he seems more natural, if a bit insecure about himself which is why he draws confidence from being big and swollen. Past the ego he's actually a great guy, though he may turn on you if you trigger his size queen nature.

OC Theme: Pike is able to make use of his pufferfish genetics to blow himself up with water or air, and can even do a toon-like blowing on his thumb to achieve it. He can breathe in phenomenal amounts of air or use a gas cylinder + hose to achieve his monumental size, and can go even bigger beyond that but he does have his limits and can inevitably burst (but will recover). He becomes more hyper-muscled using air, and his muscles can become squeaky when inflated too much. They are also very squishy unless he flexes them. When he uses water or some other liquid he becomes more of a powerlifter

physique as the weight of the liquid causes build-up in his belly, and overdoing it on the mass will result in an overblown body with jiggly limbs and an enormous middle. Using fluids with sugar/high protein content isn't ideal for this as his body will absorb and convert it all to fat.

Traits:

- *Can inflate muscles with air or liquid
- *Can self-inflate himself, but it's less efficient than using an outside source
- *Can recover/regenerate from popping

Optional:

- *Can have his body self-inflate uncontrollably as a natural defence mechanism (e.g. being startled or stressed)

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Name: Roland the Colossal

Age: Over 200

Sex: Male

Species: Oni Boartaur

Occupation: Marauder

Appearance: A hulking beast 15 feet tall, Roland's torso is packed with muscles, especially his large chest, shoulders, and biceps. In his older age he's got a soft belly. His face possesses boar-like qualities with a flatter, upturned nose and elongated ears with tufts of hair on them. He has large tusks jutting out of his thick lower jaw, with a golden brace on his right tusk. He also has large horns coming out of his head, with one of them partially broken off from combat years ago. Roland's skin is red, with his back and sides covered in golden boar hair, with slight traces of brown. The front of his torso is bare of thicker hair, but he has finer body hair with a large bush on his chest.

Roland's lower body is even thicker and more muscular than his torso, possessing 4 powerful legs all ending in hooves larger than dinner plates. Aside from the heavy armour he wears in combat, for more casual he typically wears loose fabric designed to carry and cover up his enormous genitals. It typically loops through his boar tail and almost fully covers his large ass hole and most of his balls, while holding his cock like a sling.

Personality: A marauder in a sense, Roland is a long distance traveller, staking temporary territories and challenging anyone who crosses his arbitrary lines to combat. Failing to beat him either results in you being killed and/or eaten, or taken as a concubine until he moves on or gets bored. When he's being more personable he is very knowledgeable about history, especially war history, and

he also likes to get drunk as often as possible. He tends to ping pong between being a loving drunk and an angry one. He doesn't see much sense in bathing beyond a quick dip. He also has a mean back quick with his hind hooves.

OC Theme: An oni / boar centaur with a beastly size and personality.

Traits:

*Enormous

*Large

*Good hugs

*Musky

*Really endowed

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Name: Roman & Bellicose 'Bel' Wray

Age: Early 40s / Mid 30s

Sex: Male / Male

Species: Tyrannosaurus Rex / Kangaroo

Occupations: Masseuse

Appearance: Roman Wray is a muscular and fit T-Rex with blackened scales around his sides, back, arms, and legs, with red and blue patterning all along those areas. The parts that aren't those colours are red in colour, most notably on his torso. He has soft abs, with a little bit of pudge but not a lot. He also sports small feathers along the top of his head, resembling short hair. Roman usually wears a tight singlet with some side boob of his generous pecs poking out, as well as sporty shorts.

Bellicose Wray has an hourglass shape, with a large upper body and thick legs and feet, but a very trim waist, with visible and rock hard abs. His fur is sandy red with a white belly, and he has brown patches on the tips of his long ears. He always wears a pair of loose, airy yoga pants with a sash tied around his waist, but never a top of any kind, except a white crop top. He has several earrings in both ears.

Personality: Both of them are very professional and mindful masseuses, keeping a careful eye on their clients and making sure they don't do more than they can handle. When alone together or not working, they're very affectionate with each other, gently rubbing one another down and kissing each other gently while uttering pet names for one another.

Of the two, Roman has a softer personality, generally providing more attentive care to his clients as he works them over slowly, and gently. He knows exactly where to focus his large hands on his client to reshape them in a way he knows

they want. When it comes to Bellicose he's a complete kitten, easily falling for the roo as he rubs his husband over and whispering sweet words to him. Roman is also the more physically affectionate when it comes to kissing, and tends to surprise Bellicose often with quick pecks here and there.

Bellicose is a rougher masseuse, putting all his strength and weight onto his clients as he makes sure to work every kink out, bones and all. He tends to get pretty aggressive to the point of even using his large feet to work out any problems. When it comes to Roman he can't help but get handsy with his husband, adoring his big ol' rex as much as he possibly can.

OC Theme: Married partners who are masseuses or rather "mass-seuses" of a more physical kind. Roman specializes in general massage, but also uses a litany of special ointments and lotions that help reshape his clients who request his "special" massages. The special makeup of his equipment can cause varying effects in his clients, including growing and/or shrinking (parts of) the body, gaining or losing weight, or even changing species as he accounts for his client's needs. A session with him can leave you a changed and far happier person as he helps bring out your truer self.

Bellicose uses more aggressive massage style for his general massages, but he gets far more physical for his special massages where he can stretch, flatten, and blow people up. His special massages uses copious amounts of toon physics to work out all the kinks in his client's body, which despite ending up two-dimensional at times, every person who's had that massage ends up feeling great afterwards. At least, after he's used the hand pump to blow you back into shape.

Traits:

- *Married masseuses
- *Very affectionate towards each other, physically and emotionally
- *Roman works on resizing bodies with very sensual massages and lotions
- *Bellicose uses toon physics to twist, turn, flatten, and ball up clients

Optional:

*They can be sexual with their clients

*Open marriage

*Bellicose can perform temporary underwear TFs on his client for their
“comfort”

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Name: Salazar Guin

Age: In his 1600s

Sex: Male

Species: (Ancient Vampire) Kirin

Appearance: Tall, imposing, and darkly attractive, as a Kirin Salazar resembles a combination of dragon and horse, leaning more towards the draconic than the equine due to his age. Salazar rarely ever wears a shirt, preferring to show off his rock-hard torso muscles with a pair of suspenders clinging to them. Over the top of that he wears a heavy military jacket hanging from his shoulders, which is faded from the years of wearing it. His suspenders are attached to a pair of thick pants with a heavy leather belt and belt buckle. His shoes are thick boots made of leather with holes in the front to allow his toe claws to poke through. Salazar's lips are lined with triangular jagged scales, which lock together when his jaws are closed. He possesses thick fangs for draining blood. His eyes are blackened with red pupils, which are usually obscured by his ancient tri-corner hat that has his kirin horn poking through it to keep it in place. When Salazar wishes to fly his jacket transforms into enormous dragon wings. While using his glamour Salazar looks like a dusty old horse, his draconic elements not present.

Personality: Ancient and measured, Salazar is never in a rush for his seduction, leading his potential marks along as he steadily drowns them in the charm of his deep, smouldering voice. Salazar possesses a deep, overriding affection for whomever he goes after, his affection turning to passion and then hunger. He loves all his "mates" he has acquired equally, keeping them as a monstrous collection he will love and feed on. His greatest passion is for corruption and darkness, so he will seek those out wherever they may be.

OC Theme: Salazar is an ancient vampire, powerful beyond measure and preferring the ecstasy of corruption and depravity. He specializes in hypnosis and hypnotic suggestion, luring those with the seed of depravity into the depths from which they can never return. Salazar likes to go after the young, whose blood is fresh and their souls ripe for corruption. His eyes glow brighter when he's entrancing people. Once he's taken them body and soul he usually transfigures his victims into a monstrous form so that they may match their newly darkened soul.

Traits:

- *Ancient Vampire
- *Possesses vampiric powers (hypnosis, transformation, pyrokinesis)
- *Drinks blood
- *Has a corrupted hookah he smokes from that once belonged to an angel
- *The hookah produces corrupting smoke

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Name: Skrelep

Age: Late 20s

Sex: Male

Species: Opossum

Occupation: Witch Doctor

Appearance: Skrelep's grey fur has patches of green in it from moss growing through it. He wears a skull mask fully covering his head, with some additional feathers acting as an ornate headdress. Skrelep possesses a lanky, agile physique with not much noticeable muscle. Aside from his skull mask he wears very little, typically some gold jewellery and bangles with his only clothing being a tattered grey loin cloth that doesn't cover much. Skrelep possesses a long cock, and a very low hanging sack with a golden band around the top of his balls. On business he wields a wooden staff with a golden skull and feathers on top.

Personality: Actually kinda an ordinary guy, though he is incredibly blasé about having his long cock swinging about. Quite professional when it comes to his business, and also pretty no-nonsense when it comes to messing about with the dark forces he handles on a daily basis.

OC Theme: Skrelep is a naturist witch doctor whose primary purpose is crafting fertility potions (you'll cum lakes), but he also makes potions of all kinds, and can cast voodoo hexes. Amongst these he can create voodoo dolls and communicate with Loa spirits for aid. The anatomically correct voodoo dolls he crafts are sometimes uses for sexual relief, or to rile someone up. He does

sometimes play dead when threatened, but he gets a massive boner while doing so.

Traits:

- *Witch Doctor

- *Voodoo Magician

- *Long cock and saggy balls

- *Can use his staff as a blowpipe with poisoned darts

Optional:

- *Can have a skull head instead of a mask

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Name: Snapdragon

Age: Early-50s

Sex: Male

Species: S-Blastoise (Snapper-Blastoise)

Appearance: As tall as he is round, Snapdragon has short stubby legs with an enormous and heavy belly that reaches to the ground. He has a thick swathe of wiry hair from the bottom of his gut all the way up to his plump moobs. His jaws are sharp and jagged, able to stretch very wide. Snapdragon's skin is dark blue with streaks of dark green leading into his brown and dark green shell. The two holes that would normally carry the water cannons are lined with sharp teeth, with whip-like tongues able to extend out of them. His tail is barely visible anymore, buried in the depths of his fat ass. If he wears anything, at best it's a speedo pulled so thin you can't even see it through his fat folds or ass crack, with the only fabric visible cupping his plump fupa and chubby cock.

Personality: Snapdragon has only one focus in life, and that's eating and eating and eating to make himself fatter than ever. He'll eat everything in a fridge and the fridge itself if it would mean adding an extra inch to his waistline. Snapdragon is quite fond of fondling himself, playing with his chest, belly, and love handles both out of sheer enjoyment of his size, but also to appear alluring to anyone who might be into that. He wants everyone to adore his size to the point of body worship, and he won't hesitate to use his weight on people. Anyone he particularly likes a lot he'll happily devour as a means to make sure they're with him forever.

Reason for Variation: Snapdragon started off taking bets for eating anything when he was a Squirtle, which extended into being a Wartortle. His extreme

omnivore status caused him to become a Blastoise that can eat anything and anyone.

OC Theme: A Blastoise who evolved to eat anything he could, able to derive nutrients from anything. He can eat crazy amounts of food or objects, and has zero issues with eating people as well; anything to increase the fat on his belly.

Traits:

*Water/Dragon

*Extreme omnivore who can eat anything

*Eats people (out of hunger and/or love)

*Obsessed with increasing his body fat

*Tongue whips can be used to grab things, or to draw things into the shell stomach to be digested

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Name: Stuffle (Stu + Truffle)

Age: Unknown

Gender: They/Them

Species: Ghost Tanuki/Pig Gestalt

Appearance: Stuffle has the appearance of a large cartoon ghost, the kind that resembles a shaped sheet. His appearance could be more pig-like, or more tanuki-like depending on which way you're looking at them. They tend to have either an amorphous lower half, usually when being intangible. If they take physical form more often than not they will form legs so they can move about without attracting suspicion. Despite being a ghost they typically don't have a lot of defining features beyond their fused nature, but for being a trickster a lack of notice is usually a good thing. They also have a sedge hat they can use to better hide their identity. Physically Stuffle appears very big and soft, kind of like a living stuffed bear with large arms and hands, as well as big legs and round feet. Most noticeably, their tanuki tail curls like a pig's tail. They have tanuki paw pads on their hands, which they use to channel their special hexes.

Personality: Stuffle is a gestalt ghost born from the permanent merger of the tanuki ghost Stu, and the pig ghost Truffle. Their personality is derived from their base components, who co-exist but may "take the wheel" depending on situation. To break it down:

Stu would be considered the more moderated part of the gestalt, possessing greater control of their emotions and logic to help keep Truffle in check. It's not that he has a great sense of justice per se, but he can't abide by bullying and that's when the trickster part of his tanuki nature comes into play and he lets go of his moderation. Stu is typically the one with greater influence over the gestalt than Truffle, which is why Stuffle isn't wont to pick on mortals who don't deserve it... sometimes.

Truffle is definitely lazier than Stu, and is much more impulsive, so he's usually leading the charge on the mischief and tricks their gestalt gets up too. He also loves egging Stu on, trying to get the tanuki to cut loose more and have fun with the mortals.

Stuffle, despite the unequal control, does seem to possess their own personality born of the two, gaining traits that neither of them have due to being greater than the sum of their parts. One could argue Stuffle is their own person, with Stu and Truffle acting as shoulder angels for the gestalt. Stuffle possesses an incredible self-love for their own existence, born out of the mutual affection both ghosts shared for each other before they decided to fuse together. They also sometimes like to play pranks of their own accord, without influence from their components.

OC Theme: Stuffle is a ghost with a unique power to leave a hexed paw print mark on someone when they give a playful slap to that area by. It hurts as much as a playful slap would, making it a bit innocuous that anything as happened when Stuffle disappears from view after the fact. The paw print mark will be of some particular animal, with its hex lying dormant until it gets discovered by the victim. When they do notice it, they immediately begin transforming into a big fat animal based on the paw print, so a bear paw print would have the victim turn into a big fat bear. It's a relatively fast procedure, with the weight continuously piling on even after the animal TF has finished. It seems the bigger the paw print, the fatter the victim get. Stu originally possessed this TF power, but it was only with Truffle did the victim also get fat.

From Truffle Stuffle gains the ability to turn into a ghostly gas, invading a victim's body from the mouth or ass without them noticing anything. This intrusion causes the victim's body to bloat with gas, which is likewise unnoticeable to the victim. What is noticeable is the constant belching and farting they're doing, which makes for a good distraction as they continue to fill up with Stuffle's gas. They won't deflate until Stuffle leaves their body, which isn't until their victim is good and humiliated.

Traits:

*A fusion of two ghosts

*Intangibility

*Typical ghostly powers

*Can leave hexed paw print markings on people that TFs them into big fat animals when noticed

Optional:

*Can invade mortal bodies as ghostly gas that makes the victim bloat up and continuously fart and belch.

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Name: Tartarus, God of the Underworld

Age: Ageless

Sex: Male / Male / Male

Species: Cerberus

Occupation: Keeper of the Underworld

Appearance: Tartarus' fur is mostly black, with highlights of blue running through their front and along their backs. Each of their faces are lined with markings of this blue, and their eyes and inner mouths likewise glow with this colour. The center head (Voreios) wears a stylish headdress as the main head of the god, while the left head (Anatoli) wears a blindfold as he is in charge of judgement, and the right head (Dysi) kinda goes with the flow of what he wears. Each head has trace amounts of fat on them (from Dysi's binge eating), which go down into a thick shoulder line. They possess very thick and flabby arms with enormous, plush moobs. This, of course, pales in comparison to their stomach that's 10 stories tall. The upper part of their torso is like a pea on a pumpkin as their gut glows faintly with a greenish light, indicating the high density of the Underworld resting within them. Their legs are conical in shape, ending in tired and plump feet that can barely waddle them about when they wish to move without floating.

Personality: Voreios, being the leader head finds he has to be the most no-nonsense, and frequently has to keep Anatoli and Dysi in line and focused on the job. He's the one who adamantly refuses to let the living into the Underworld, knowing that the living do not belong there and people should just "Shut up and accept that your loved ones die already". He's the one who leaves the body the least, knowing his maw is the only one of the three that will allow a mortal body to enter the Underworld. Voreios is also the one who grumbles the most about Tartarus' ruined figure, and he gets pretty annoyed

when any mass death happens as the influx of souls is just going to make them even larger.

Anatoli is more docile, choosing to limit his words as he should not have bias when it comes to his job. As the one who judges souls he's the one in charge of deciding where in the Underworld a soul ends up, but also decides if a soul is fit for reincarnation. He is more relaxed in his rules though, when compared to Voreios anyways. Because his job is fairly easy and undemanding he's become a bit of a slacker, but falls in line when chided by Voreios. He knows he doesn't really need his blindfold, but he wears it because he sincerely believes it makes him look wiser and more mystical.

Dysi is the titular fun one, mostly because his job is the upkeep of the Underworld so he spends a lot of time in spirit form having fun in the Underworld City. Because of this he tends to act as a guide for those venturing into the Underworld, helping them out as neutrally as he can, though he pushes the scale in the hero's favour often. He also has a habit of eating a lot, filling their mutual stomach with so much food Tartarus as a whole has become a very lardy god, even ignoring their soul-filled belly. He's also the only one who knows that souls that eventually fade away add to Tartarus' body fat, but he keeps that to himself.

All three heads have a habit of referring to each other by their given names, but they collectively refer to their body as their given name Tartarus, just to make it easier on those addressing them.

OC Theme: A three-headed god whose job it is to contain the entire Underworld inside their belly, at a "bigger on the inside" ratio. As such they possesses a phenomenally massive gut that makes up almost their body, and it's still growing as the volume of mortals living and dying increase.

Traits:

- *Houses the Underworld inside their stomach

- *Grows as souls fly into their belly

- *Can allow the living in via swallowing them or widening their navel, but this is rare

*Each head can “leave” the body as a spirit, making their head go dormant as they pursue their goals. They usually do this so they can rest in the Underworld.

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Name: [Unnamed Wisp Magician]

Age: Your choice

Sex: Your choice

Species: Your choice

Appearance: Your choice

Personality: Your choice beyond they enjoy creating wisps in order to apply various effects on their victim's bodies.

OC Theme: The Wisp Magician is able to create magical wisps of various colours and sizes, and they can send them at people. Wherever the person is hit by that area becomes afflicted by the wisp's power, based on colour. A green wisp causes WG, a red one muscle growth, a blue one blueberry growth, etc. The larger the side the more powerful the effect and the more area it affects.

Traits:

*Can create wisps that can blow up victims based on colour and where they are hit

*Red = Muscle Growth

*Orange = Weight Gain

*Yellow = Air Inflation

*Green = Slime Inflation

*Blue = Blueberry Inflation

*Violet = Water Inflation [Back to Top](#)

Name: Weiss

Age: Classified

Sex: Male

Species: E-Inteleon (Eis-Inteleon)

Occupation: Infiltrator

Appearance: Weiss doesn't appear too different from base Inteleon, though his colours tend to be much more faded out. He is skinny and lanky, but it feels kind of wrong for him. His eyes are piercing blue, and can be pretty unnerving if you pay attention to him. However his colours fade away completely once he enters his Liquid Form, becoming completely see-through as styled water. This is where he reveals that his body is much more malleable and adjustable than it originally appeared. Weiss' typical clothing involves a full body latex bodysuit, which conforms to his shape while being malleable enough for his Liquid Form.

Personality: Direct. To the point. Competent. Weiss spares the small talk when he needs to and remains frighteningly focused on his goals. If he had any dreams in life then he either keeps them as well-guarded secret, or killed them long ago. He always maintains to his mission parameters, however, if he is granted license to "freestyle" he will naturally be as sadistic as he can about thing, using his Liquid Form to torment people for his own amusement.

Reason for Variation: Weiss was created for experimentation in genetic modifications with Ditto parents. He retained the Sobble trait of turning invisible when wet, and this trait was enhanced and trained until Weiss evolved into an Inteleon, where he gained the ability to swap between a liquid and solid form.

OC Theme: An Intelion subspecies that gained the ability to alternate between solid and liquid states. He is an infiltrator who uses his Liquid Form for this task, but it can likewise be used for hiding and he can enter and control bodies while in this state.

Traits:

- *Water/Ice
- *Can be solid or liquid at will
- *Can move and alter shape in liquid state
- *Can also change small parts of themselves into liquid i.e. hands
- *Can enter bodies of living creatures to control them

Optional:

- *Sadistic

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Name: Zaxxion Deep

Age: Several thousand

Sex: None (can swing either way though)

Species: Living Dungeon

Occupation: Dungeon

Appearance: Zaxxion at base level is technically a pile of stones surrounding its crystalline Dungeon Core; a large orb that allows for Zaxxion's interior to become much larger than their exterior. However, Zaxxion can terraform any surrounding landscape to add to their body and make them look as if the dungeon is just naturally there. So while their animal-themed head remains above ground, technically hidden beneath the ground is an enormous figure some would call obese, with a defined, anthro-shape. If Zaxxion were to pull themselves from the ground, you would find their large figure to be indistinguishable from a person, albeit a person made from stone, sand, soil, and other natural materials.

Internally Zaxxion is a typical dungeon with ancient floors and many traps. They also come with treasure rooms, a cafeteria for their inhabitants to each, and a sizeable sleeping quarter in their rear.

Personality: Zaxxion is tired; dead tired. They are so over Adventurers and wannabe heroes crawling inside their mouths and causing all kind of mayhem on their inside. All they really want these days is to settle down somewhere nice, and just observe all the Monsters living inside them. The day to day is far more relaxing than having to move about and finding new Monsters to convince to stay inside its roomy rear. This lazy attitude might be why Zaxxion's morphology has taken on such a large shape, causing its dungeon to become bigger as well. They tend to vent a lot to their inhabitants as well.

OC Theme: A living dungeon who is tired of adventurers plundering its insides and slaying all of its inhabitants. Frequently moves around to find new places to settle in, earning it the title of the “Teleporting Dungeon”. Zaxxion is a very tubby dungeon, filled with treasure that can also speak through various stone statues inside its dungeon. However it can only speak a language Monsters can understand.

Traits:

- *Living Dungeon
- *Exterior body made from natural materials shaped into an anthro body
- *Head design changes after each moving, maintains an animal motif
- *Houses a large number of Monsters

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