“I… really hate… this map…”

Coldwind Farm was not a place that any of its current occupants had ever called home. Not the former track star, huffing and puffing at the head of the pack, the meaty Korean woman waddling behind her, or the over-inflated country musician turned pop star struggling to catch her third wind.

But of the four members of their surviving party, none hated the map more than the last. The one who’d been dead weight since even before they’d started running. The one who was slowing them down and would likely be the one to get them all killed.

Jane Romero was a lot of things. A talented singer, a gifted songwriter, and a force to be reckoned with when she was angry. But “light on her feet” was not a phrase that anyone would ever use to describe her, even *before* this sick little addition to the game had been put into place.

The Entity and its desire to feed on the hope of the Survivors had been well documented in the Tomes—they’d all read from them. It was the only thing to do around the campfire. But this new twist, this new transformation, was something else entirely. Taking its survivors and its killers and… twisting them, turning them into parodies of themselves that lumbered awkwardly throughout the little specks of reality that it had claimed for itself…

There just wasn’t any sense in it.

“I… I need to… sit down…”

Regardless of the whys, the four-woman party was far more concerned with the hows. As in, how they were going to escape another match when they were probably lugging a near half-ton of extra weight between them. And Jane was easily the largest obstacle towards their party escaping this farm alive.

“Thomas—” Yun-Jin hissed in her heavy Korean accent, “—Fatty wants to take a break.”

“Why you gotta be so mean?” Kate managed between heavy breaths, “We’re *all* carrying extra weight here.”

“Some more than others.” Jane huffed haggardly, arching her back and wiping the sweat from her forehead with one sausage link arm, “Just… just five minutes…”

“We don’t *have* five minutes.” Yun-Jin turned, stomach sloshing beneath her coat, “In five minutes, we’ll all be *axed.* Is that what you want? Just so you can catch your breath?”

“No… no, of course not.”

“Good. Then get up and start moving. We have to reach the next generator.”

The group moved as best they could, but it was slow going with Jane in tow. The corpulent convoy of super-sized survivors traveled single-file with varying degrees of stealth, the Huntress had been on their tail since the beginning of the match and showed no signs of slowing down despite her own strange shift in size. Occasionally they could hear her heavy footsteps pounding against the earth in the distance, the echoes of her lullaby hanging faintly in the air at every wrong turn. There was a mad glee in her voice as she called out to them, taunting them…

They were all going to die if they didn’t move faster.

“Meg, we… we can’t keep going like this…” Kate whined, “We’ve only got one generator and—”

“And we’re not gonna make it to the next one at this rate if you guys *keep talking*.” Meg Thomas, former track star and current ringleader of their little group, sighed heavily as she looked back at the waddling procession behind her. “Keep your voices *down*.”

Among their group, Meg had been doing this the longest. Maybe that was the reason why she had been spared (comparatively, at least) the burden of too much extra weight. Her sharp features had softened slightly as her figure grew more bottom-heavy, with a squishy tum that bulged against her track top and a hefty ass that swelled and bobbed behind her every step. But she was still the lightest one here. Her experience in this twisted game that the Entity played with them all was the only thing keeping her so calm, despite having almost doubled in size; she’d gone from track star to couch potato, and she was still the one most dedicated to making it out of this as quickly as possible. No surprise that she had only been sacrificed once in this little marathon run of humiliation and torture…

“I agree—shut up, Romero. You wanna die? Keep talking like that.” Yun-Jin snapped, hefting her own considerable bulk forward as best she could, “Hang back and keep her distracted—no way she’s going to be able to lift you and put you on one of those hooks anyway…”

The Korean woman had been the second to join their party, and in the many rounds since then she had more than doubled in size. She was far from the largest of them, but a few mistakes in games previous had lead to her outweighing Meg considerably after they had all been summoned from the campfire this time. She carried most of her weight in her thick thighs and a bulbous belly that swayed heavily with every step. But despite her girth, she was still one of the quicker ones here.

“I… I’m with Jane…” Kate’s marshmallowy shape wobbled with her ponderous and ungainly gait, “She’s… after so many rounds she’s *got* to be at least… well… Jane’s size by now.”

And then there was Kate Denson. The former pop star who’d turned to country music when her career took a nosedive. Who would have thought that such a skinny little thing could pack on so much weight? But pack on weight she had, until she was nearly as wide as she was tall. Her once toned arms were now thick and flabby, hanging down at her sides like two massive hams; while her legs had swollen to twice their size, chubby thighs rubbery with cellulite wobbling beneath a too-tight pair of blue jean cutoffs. She was the most consistently caught among their crew, but at least she had made it out of a round without being sacrificed…

Unlike poor Jane.

“Very funny, *puta*.”Jane snapped, her thick accent coming out even heavier when she was angry, “You think I don’t know what you’re saying about me?”

The most unlucky in their troupe, Jane Romero getting consistently downed and eventually sacrificed, over and over to an amused and engorged Entity, had easily suffered the most. After countless rounds and losing each one, she had become the largest of the four survivors; massive from head to toe, with thick rolls of fat spilling out from every inch of her ripped, torn, and dirty clothing. Her biceps were like pillowcases as they pumped helplessly at her struggling steps, huge and bloated thighs scraping against one another beneath demolished dress pants, belly hanging down low, touching her knees she waddled along. Sweat poured down her face and body, making her glisten in the moonlight. Too big to move quickly, too slow to outrun the Huntress…

She was a sitting duck.

“I know what you’re saying.” Jane continued, “You think I’m gonna get us all killed. That I’m slowing you down. That this is all my fault…”

“It doesn’t matter what we think, Jane. Just keep moving. We can talk about this later—if we make it out of here alive.”

Meg sighed, looking back at the ever-growing gap between them and the generator with the best coverage. This was easily the longest it had taken them to make any headway; if any of them got sacrificed again, there’s no telling how big they’d be by the time they gathered ‘round the campfire again…

“Voices down—there’s the generator…”

The ones inside of the barn weren’t exactly the best choice under normal circumstance. But given that the sacrifices had a similar effect on their pursuer as it did on them for being caught and hoisted away, Meg liked her party’s odds. Leading the rotund combination of Jane and Kate, as well as the no longer merely plump Yun-Jin, around the guardrails meant putting more space that the Huntress herself couldn’t simply vault over…

The four of them shuffled and waddled their way into the generator room, Meg’s plan quickly going to pot when the Huntress decided that playing by the new rules meant breaking them.

*“MMMM-MMMMMHMMMM”*

They heard her coming before they saw her—a loud, crashing commotion that sounded like a rhino trying to gallop through molasses was somehow deafened by her otherworldly humming. The ground shook as she drew nearer, and Meg could see Kate and Jane both bracing themselves against one of the support beams in fear. Even Yun-Jin had stopped moving, standing stock still as the large mass of woman rounded the corner…

And then she was there.

“Oh my god…”

The Huntress had been toying with them since the beginning of their twisted, tubby marathon, appearing and disappearing like a wraith in the fog before hocking a hatchet at them and hauling them onto one of the many hooks located around the map. They could hear her sometimes beforehand, singing that horrible lullaby and laughing to herself as she circled them like vultures. But they had yet to see what the last round’s total team sacrifice had done to her… not until now.

“G-Guys…”

The Huntress was *enormous*. Easily twice the size of any of them, with muscles rippling beneath layers of thick fat that jiggled and swayed with every step. Her arms were like tree trunks, bound together by taut skin stretched over bulging veins; while her legs looked more akin to two massive truck tires than anything else. But it was her stomach that really caught everyone’s attention…

It hung down low, so large and bloated that it brushed against her lap with every lumbering step she took forward. It was a miracle that she could even move under all that weight, let alone be so agile in spite of it all…

“She’s reaching for her—"

But agile she was. And quick too—quicker than any of them could hope to be at their current size. Before anyone could react, she had already reached behind her back with one hamhock arm, fat palms gripping against her supply of throwing axes…

*“Huuhhhhh—ha!”*

“GET DOWN!”

An axe head lodged itself in the side of the barn just over Kate Denson’s head, eliciting frightened screams from all four of the survivors as the Huntress lumbered forward still.

Their unknown, unnamed assailant had ballooned to rival Jane in size, if not overtaking her, in an unfair combination of both muscle and fat. After each round’s successful sacrifice of a survivor, she would grow more and more, until now she stood before them—a massive mound of flesh that wobbled and sloshed with every step, arms like tree trunks hanging down at her sides. Her breathing was heavy and labored, each exhalation sending ripples through the vast expanse of skin that made up her belly-centric expanse. Nevertheless, she smiled at them, face bulging at all angles against her rabbit mask, double chin resting on the shelf of her chest as her huge arm came to rest at her rippling side.

But it wasn’t just her size or her that struck terror into the hearts of those who beheld her… or the fact that she seemed to *enjoy* this new form. The fact that she relished in the power it gave her over those who were now weaker and slower than before wasn’t nearly as troubling as the fact that *it didn’t seem to slow her down.*

The four women scattered as the Huntress came lumbering towards them after her axe, each one going their own separate way in an attempt to lose themselves in the sprawling farmstead maze. But there was no escape for any of them; no matter how fast they ran or how hard they tried to hide…

The Huntress was always one step behind. And she was always hungry for more.

And if she could just separate this herd of piglets, she could lead them all to the slaughter eventually…