

Rachel Winthrop was a hunter.

And a damned good one, based on her trophy room.

She certainly looked the part, with her rippling abs showing on her dark brown skin. Even her short white hair served to show in some way what a hunter she was.

She was sitting in her den, touching up some of the photos of her most recent hunt, of a large male African Lion.

She was no piss baby millionaire dentist, having to be coddled and led to a beast by hired guides, and using the most sophisticated firearm available to do the work for her.

No, she was not afraid to stick her mug right into danger, and rip danger's throat out.

Not that she literally did that this hunt, mind you, but she did have only her fathers bowie knife to bring the beast down.

She finished touching up the photo and uploaded it to her social media account.

“Another beast brought down by yours truly! Surely your pathetic life can’t compare.”

The posts were all inundated with replies, most of them from her usual simps.

Greasy man babies either told her to get back in the kitchen, or to proclaim that they would be able to “treat her right.”

Pathetic. If her simps weren’t funding all of the hunts she got to go on, she would shrink back to obscurity.

Still, the luxurious lodge she called home was worth having to show a little skin and set up a website where she showed off a lot of skin.

One comment did stick out from the rest.

“This ain’t right. How would you like to be hunted for sport?”

Animal rights activists always made her roll her eyes. No matter how many times she proclaimed how she was doing her hunts ethically, the squeamish public would always cry foul eventually.

It was exhausting, and this person, CadreMadre89, was the latest in a long line of animal lovers that got under Rachel’s skin.

“Why are you offering?” She replied. She knew feeding the trolls was a bad idea, but she was sick of it.

“Sure, maybe it will do you good to see things from your prey’s point of view.”

Oh this was getting rich. Some keyboard warrior thought she could step into her jungle and get away with it?

“Name a time and place.”

“Central park, next year.”

Oh great, an American.

Whatever, she would show up and trounce this loser. Maybe on live television too.

A year came and went, and a crowd of people were waiting at central park in manhattan.

There was a film crew setting up a tent, even tickets were being sold.

The only thing missing was the main contestant.

No one had seen Rachel since the challenge had been issued, as she had stopped all social media posts.

Most assumed she was trying to up her training, so that she could humiliate her opponent even more.

Finally, a white hummer pulled in front of the event.

The crowds whooped and hollered, and cameras were rolled into place.

Stepping out, was....

Well, certainly a *version* of Rachel Winthrop.

A thick multi-tiered belly drooped out, followed by hammy thighs.

It stopped for a moment, almost like it was waiting for something.

Then a voice rang out in a familiar South African accent.

“Bloody American car companies! They make them so small!”

Dressed in a skin tight mockery of her usual savannah gear, Rachel Winthrop had undergone an extremely rapid change.

She had to be at least in the mid 300's, if not higher.

The reason for this change was simple. Rachel Winthrop had a sweet tooth.

A very big one.

The day after the challenge was issued, a pie showed up to her door.

She didn't see who left it, but it was there, and perfect.

She almost threw it away, but something about the smell made her just want to devour it,

So she did, ending that day in a blueberry filled stupor, laying in front of her fridge, the whole pie in her stuffed gut.

Next day came two pies. And the day after that doubled again.

She should have thrown them out.

She *really* should have thrown them out.

But she couldn't. There was something about them that made them addictive, so much so that even when the effects of eating all these pies became apparent, she couldn't bring herself to stop.

Which led to the obese Rachel standing before the crowd today. She did look slightly embarrassed, but pressed onwards anyway.

"Where... where is my opponent?"

"M'right here darling!"

Rachel slowly shifted her bulk to turn towards the cheery sounding southern voice.

Standing with one leg up on a rock was a woman in khaki similar to her own, with long red hair beneath a wide brimmed cowboy hat, a freckled face that showed a prominent tooth gap as she smiled.

"I knew my ma's pies were pretty darn good, but you musta really enjoyed them, I never seen

such a big'un!"

Rachel let those words wash over her.

"You...you sent me those?"

The woman shrugged.

"What, you never use bait before on a hunt? Not like I forced em down ur throat or sumthin."

Rachel just turned away.

"Whatever, I could be a thousand pounds and still not be caught by the likes of you!"

"Wanna wait another year? I bet we could make that happen."

"Enough!"

Rachel approached the gates of central park. She knew she had a five minute head start.

The woman walked up next to her.

"I'm Mary by the way, pleased to meet ya."

Rachel just scoffed.

She took off into the forest...

Or at least tried to.

She only was able to jog a short while before she had to stop and wheeze. She waddled as fast as her hammy thighs could take her.

"Just have to... get far... enough... away..."

Just then she felt a tap on her shoulder.

"Well, that's that darlin."

She turned and saw the infuriatingly cheery looking Mary.

"What.. but.. I had five minutes..."

“And those minutes passed, and see how far you got.”

Rachel looked back and saw the entrance to the park. She was barely a few hundred yards away.

Mary leaned into her ear and whispered “I reckon you’ll think twice before hunting any cute animals from here on out, now wont’cha?”

Rachel merely whimpered at how humiliated she felt.

Hopefully Mary had brought pies with her as a consolation prize.”