

BLOODBORNE: "IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST"

By Z.O.B. Industries

Warning: Contains cannibalism and bursting. Abandon morals, all ye Hunters who enter here.



"Ah, good Hunter... You've returned."

The gangly, slender woman rose from the old cobblestones, distant violin dirges echoing in her mind. Her simple hunting garb, so accustomed to the bloody streets of Yharnam, hung in tatters around her. As her vision cleared, the shock and pain of a sudden death vanishing from her mind, the new Hunter looked around.

There was... a house. Tall and sturdy, made mostly of stone. It looked almost like a church. And gardens, full of beautiful white lilies, all around her. But instead of the peace and tranquility one found in such a place, the Hunter felt a great sadness. There was misery here, and history.

If only she could figure out how she'd come here...

The blood. The battle. Ah, yes.

The Hunt continues.

The Doll stood where she always stood, watching the Hunter rise. Hands clasped together, head bowed, she regarded the Hunter from under her lace bonnet. Nothing but a simulacrum, the Doll had all the same become the Hunter's only friend in the waking nightmare of the Hunt.

But something was different, this time. Endless repetitions of the same cycle of death and reincarnation, the horror of it all, had changed something inside the Doll. In the infinite depths of time between the Hunter's last departure and her return, the Doll had explored deep in the workshop... and found something. A special gift.

The Hunter shivered, pulling her leather coat tight around her body. She stepped forward without a word, her eyes glimmering with Insight. The Doll held up a hand, each finger segmented and hinged, each fingertip made from porcelain.

“Wait... Before you go back. Take this.”

She presented the Hunter with a vial of blood—strange, thick, greasy blood which swirled and churned inside its container. The Hunter cocked her head, pale face inspecting the new item. Every tool in the Workshop was tailor-made, but this... seemed especially strange to her. She had never seen such blood, before.

“May you find its worth,” said the Doll, nodding at the headstones, “in the waking world.”

A fit of coughing erupted from the Workshop overhead, and the Doll and Hunter exchanged glances. Old Gerhman, the wheelchair-bound Hunter, was still nearby... still watching both of them through his rheumy, old eyes. It would not be sensible for them to speak here, when his prying ears might catch their words. The Hunter did not trust Gerhman... and for good reason. She knew what lay beneath the Cathedral District, in that secret Workshop, which looked so much like this one. She knew the old man had secrets.

Well, so be it. She had a secret of her own, now. Something hidden from him.

She bowed to the Doll in a simple gesture, then moved to the headstones in the garden, their unholy essence humming with the energy of forgotten gods. She knelt by one of the headstones—the one that would bring her to the next set of horrors, the next vicious battle. Always onward and upward, the Hunter climbed, towards glory.

As she disappeared in a wash of white light, the Doll felt a smile creeping across her face for the first time.

Time to drift off again... until next time.



Blood flowed in thick, spattering rivulets across the cobblestones, clotting and drying in the gutter. The Hunt was on in earnest, tonight! And what a glorious hunt it was.

Booted feet moved across the lane, footsteps passing under ancient gothic architecture. The blood moon hung heavy in the sky, a testament to the depth of ugliness and cruelty the Hunter had sunk to. The end was very close, now.

Fear the old blood.

What did those words mean? She had turned them over in her mind ever since the fight with Vicar Amelia, since the hundred deaths and gasps of life had brought her back here to die, over and over again. She'd seen a vision one night, after touching the skull of a long-dead beast. The truth was at her fingertips... but the viciousness of the Hunt was so seductive, so exciting, that the words she'd heard were almost forgotten. She no longer remembered why she'd come to Yharnam... something to do with an affliction. Something called Paleblood.

It didn't matter. Tonight, the hunt was on... and the Hunter was born anew.

Lifting the Doll's vial of blood to her lips, the Hunter drank deeply, draining the flask. She hurled it away, and it shattered on the cobblestones. Drawing her saw-cleaver, a toothy monstrosity of a weapon, she advanced into the core of the city, eager to test the effects of her new potion.

Suddenly, she doubled over, her body wracked with pain. Not the pain of injury, which she was intimately familiar with. No, this was a new pain. Something she hadn't experienced since awakening for the first time, after the first death, when her induction into the Hunt began.

Hunger...

It lived within her, gnawing her like a parasite. What had been inside that blood? What horrible entities now swirled, unbidden, in her veins? Gritting her teeth and brushing aside her dark hair, the pale and gaunt Hunter donned her tricorne hat, with its shredded edges. She flicked her saw-cleaver, extending it into a long chopping blade rather than a slicing tool. And she moved through the city with new purpose, climbing wrought-iron ladders and moving through secret byways. She was suddenly keenly aware of what she wanted... Not blood, no. Not anymore.

Flesh.

The hunger screamed for it, demanded it. Slipping through the sewers and scurrying along alleyways, she came upon an Ogre, an enormous and terrible beast made from a twisted mockery of a man. It was lumpy, muscled and huge, with a heavy brick in its hand. Wrapped in bandages, the poor sod might have been a victim of the beast-scurge... or maybe he was simply deformed, born this way. Either way, the Hunter didn't care.

Pity had left her heart, a long time ago.

Side-stepping easily around his clumsy swings, she flung out her blade, catching him in the shins. But he didn't seem to feel much pain. Whirling, he raised his brick to bash her skull...

And she caught him in the eye with a silvered bullet, from her ornamental pistol.

Gagging, the Ogre dropped to one knee, his simple child-speech babbling and whimpering. She took the advantage and thrust out her hand—her fingers lengthened into claws, plunged deep into his chest, worming between his ribcage—she sought his heart, and gripped it.

Ripped it out.

The Ogre fell dead to the ground, its blood flowing in foul streams. Raising the still-beating heart to her mouth, disgusted with herself but unable to resist, the Hunter took a bite. The flesh was succulent and hot between her teeth, the blood warm and gushing.

Yes...

This is it. This is what Gascoigne felt, when he killed and devoured the first time.

This is how it feels to be a monster.

Elated, she kept biting, chewing and ripping at the raw flesh. Soon the heart was gone, and the Hunter's stomach was loaded with meat, but she wasn't satisfied. Sheathing her weapon, she drew a handkerchief from her pocket, stuffing it down her collar like some sort of macabre napkin. And then she knelt over the corpse...

And started to eat the *rest* of him.



"Ah, good Hunter. It warms my heart, to see you again..."

The Doll bowed low as her charge emerged from the mist once more, back from a fresh Hunt. No death this time, but triumph—returning willingly, through one of the many spirit lanterns across Yharnam. And sure enough, something was different this time.

The Hunter was... overfed.

Her belly bulged under the many leather buckles and straps of her tight-fitting armor; her coat was swelled with the bulk of the flesh she'd devoured, her body wider and softer. Her step was more deliberate, and heavier. Her voice, when she whispered to the Doll to channel her blood-echoes into more power, was huskier and deeper. The voice of a beast.

But the Doll did not mind. All of this was just part of the plan... no, not a plan. An insult. A mockery to Gerhman, and all his schemes. His bloodlust had finally found the perfect pupil, and the Doll's distant sadness had finally found an outlet.

Because the Glutton's Blood she had given the Hunter was no mere cocktail, no tonic for the sick and dying. It was a powerful mixture, distilled from the gizzards of greedy Blood Ticks at Cainhurst—and the most unwelcome and sanguine Kin. It was foulness, anathema... but it was working.

When the Hunter finished turning the echoes of her enemies' blood into new strength, she stepped away from the Doll with bigger hips, sturdier arms, and a heavy paunch that swayed and wobbled under her clothes like a gelatinous sack. The Hunter and the Doll shared a glance, mutual understanding passing between them. What was happening to the Hunter was horrible... but it was also useful. Greater size, for a sacrifice in speed. Heavier blows, at a cost to her keen wits and intelligence.

The Hunter was growing fat off her victims, off the very beasts who had once eaten her alive. It was oddly poetic, in a strange way.

But the Hunter had never been much of a poet.

Watching her pupil waddle away, heavy body thudding across the garden to the headstones, the Doll giggled. It was the first time she'd laughed in... many, many years. The Hunter's Dream was not a place for laughter. It was a place for solemnity, for sacred meditation. For weeping, and secret horrors.

By the time Gerhman finally came down to see what she was giggling about, the Hunter had gone. The stooped, craven old man with his ragged broad hat and peg-leg looked up at the Doll, eyes inscrutable... but hateful. Full of old, rotten love and cloying affection, all smothered with the resentment of an elderly Hunter who had survived the nightmare of his destroyed world... at a terrible cost.

"It's not going to work," he whispered, around the bandages marring his face. "Others have tried using the Glutton's Blood... and it always fails. In their arrogance and greed, they tried to devour the world. You know this. I gave you *her* memories for a reason."

The Doll looked away. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Master. I am a simple doll... sworn to help the dear Hunter."

"Yes, of course you are." He watched her, hands in his lap. "But you are... losing your way, my dear. Perhaps you need a new body, under that dress. Something more befitting your *treatment* of our friend, the Hunter."

And from beneath his ratty coat, he produced a set of tools.



Such bliss. The Hunter had never known anything like it.

Each street, district and wrought-iron fence in Yharnam, she knew like the back of her hand. Each Byzantine archway and secret lantern-lit passage was hers, and now she used them to brutal effect, slaying enemies with impunity. And eating... always eating. Not a single corpse was left behind—not one Beast-Man, nor Bloody Crow, nor even the putrid Drowned Men of the sewers escaped her gobbling mouth and smacking lips. Pound after pound of raw and rotten flesh passed her lips, and each mouthful was sweeter and more pungent than the last.

Gnawing, chewing, swallowing. The Hunter gulped, gorged herself on every fallen foe until she was so swollen she could hardly waddle. And then returning... going back to the Hunter's Dream to turn her stolen blood-echoes, the crimson ghosts of her dead enemies, into new bulk. New mass, to become a horrid monster herself. A creature to be feared.

The peasants and witch-burners never ran from her, never turned back. But they knew what was happening. She could see it in their eyes: her curse was upon them, and they attacked, but they knew what would happen.

They remembered, from the last time she'd devoured them alive. And she took a sick pleasure in cutting them down once again. She reminded them of whose increasingly wide rump sat on top of the food chain... whose chubby fingers and bloated, bloodstained lips were worthy of the title of Hunter.

"BreeEEUch."

Wiping her gore-smeared mouth, she returned to the Hunter's Dream for a fresh infusion of Vitality and Strength into her increasingly morbid and ponderous frame. Nearly three hundred pounds of unholy flab, she breathed heavily as she heaved herself up the misty lane into the Doll's embrace once again.

But the Doll had changed. Where before she had been petite and demure, now she was a crude mockery of the Hunter. Her porcelain fingers had been pried apart, widened and stuck back on, their white surface cracked and worn. The body under her dress was larger, more turgid, the body of a mother who'd had too many children... or perhaps just a very greedy little girl, who'd grown up a fat and dowdy woman.

"Greetings... *huff*... good Hunter," groaned the Doll, her face re-cast in a new and wider mold. Her rosy cheeks were expanded, and her glass eyes were deeper-set and lazier. "What is it... you... desire?"

The Hunter looked up at the Workshop. *So... This is how it must be.*

The old man was up to his tricks... trying to sway the Hunter from her path, remind her of her ugliness. But she didn't care. She was a goddess now, a bloody and filthy queen of the Hunt, and she would not stop eating until the whole world was in her belly. She would glut herself on the cosmos, swell gross and distorted with the meat of elder-gods and outsiders from beyond the wall of sleep.

She placed one hand on the Doll's cheek, caressing it. She was too out of breath and exhausted to speak, but the words were on the tip of her tongue. *Not long now. Not long until we end this terrible Hunt. And it will be so easy...*

I will just eat my way to freedom.

Yet... did she really want the Hunt to end? The heaviness in her guts and the loaded, meaty mass of her intestines churned and swirled with the flesh of the dead. She *loved* it, loved the weight and the heft of her new body as she hauled it to and fro, the sickening crack of bones when she chopped into her foes. She was drunk on the blood of the Hunt, a glutton through and through. She had earned this. Maybe she didn't want the Hunt to end, after all... Maybe she wanted to simply eat and eat, forever.

She opened her mouth to wretchedly rasp a request for channeled Blood Echoes, but what came out was a monstrous belch.

"BwuAARRRpp!"

And then an accompanying dirge from her rear, as the meat inside her broke down into a reeking cloud of gas.

Fwrrrrtppfff.

If the Doll noticed this fresh indignity, she didn't register it. Her eyes were distant and cold... stupefied, by her own new bulk. Whatever captured spirit held her together was spread thin across her new body, barely self-aware.

"Forgive me... *huff*, I must have... drifted off... What was it you wanted, again?"

Gehrman watched the two of them from the window of the Workshop, bitterness coursing through his veins.

It won't work. The Glutton's Blood is a mere trick, born of desperation. My love tried it, once upon a time... she grew, oh how Maria grew, colossal and revolting. But it didn't help us. We wound up trapped back in the same nightmare.

By the Old Gods... Fear the Glutton's Blood, Laurence.

Fear it.

The Hunter heaved herself down the lane to the headstones again, carrying a Saw Spear this time. She had learned the choicest lumps of meat must be sawed clean off the bone, and the bigger the saw, the better.

As she disappeared, Gehrman clenched the armrest of his wheelchair, enraged.

My darling... You distorted yourself once, to try and save us.

Why must you blaspheme us again?

In the garden, the Doll stood fat and stupid, waiting for her beloved Hunter to return. But her joints creaked under her new weight, and at last she sat down... and went to sleep. She couldn't stay focused for very long, these days.

Staying animated and alive was, frankly, very exhausting. And she was *quite* a large girl.



Food. So much... So much FOOD!

The Hunter's greed had gone past mere peasants and Ogres, now. She waddled off to Hemwick Charnel Lane and devoured witches by the dozen there, cooking them in their own ovens. She jiggled her way to Old Yharnam and gobbled up the beasts dwelling there, becoming their boogeyman. She wheezed and quivered her way to the end of every secret path and stabbed, chopped and shot her way through its inhabitants. She was a terror, a great and swollen thing. She was *godlike*.

And in her arrogance and gluttony, she indeed fed upon gods. The Celestial Emissary of the upper Cathedral Ward fell to her, and she loved the taste of its rubbery, alien flesh on her tongue. Tangy, herbal and slightly hallucinogenic, like a magic mushroom made of meat. She killed and cooked the capering Darkbeast Paarl, finding his dry skin on old bones to be much like beef-jerky. After learning to squeeze her growing obesity over narrow ledges, she finally huffed and puffed her way to Martyr Logarius and killed him, too.

The old saint was no good for eating, long dead and frozen... but his wheel, the mighty wheel of Logarius, now *that* was a weapon for a Hunter.

She used it for a plate, while devouring her unsanitary and taboo feasts.

By the time she reached Micolash, the Host of the Nightmare, she was a nightmare herself. Over six hundred pounds of creaking, overfed pale meat, the Hunter could barely squeeze her body into the eldritch devices that ferried her up and down Mergo's Loft. No longer caring about who Mergo was, or who Micolash had once been before his arcane knowledge caught up with him, she slew the hybrid dwellers of the Nightmare until she waddled her way into Micolash's secret lair itself.

There, she found a serious challenge: Stairs.

Micolash and his maze of hallways nearly defeated her. Staggering up and down the steps inside, soaked in sweat, her immense body bulging and overheating inside her burst and expanded Hunter garb, the Hunter had to lean against walls and catch her breath over and over. Her heart, its arteries clogged by almost pure animal fats taken from spider-wolves and skittering insects of Rom, nearly gave out on its own. The pounding of it grew louder and louder in her ears...

But so did her hunger. And in the end, her hunger won.

Micolash's mockery assailed her as she chased him, jiggling past mirrors that reminded her of her own unpleasant bulk. The cage-headed warlock cackled and jeered from the shadows at her.

"Ah-hah-ha, how amusing! A sow, is still a sow... Even in a dream! *Awoooo!*"

She ignored his jibes and his deluded, insane laughter. His dusty college robes flapped around corners just ahead of her as she struggled to chase him... then finally, he dropped down a ledge below a shadowed library nook, waiting to ambush her. At last, she had him.

"*Kosm...* Or as some might say, *fat-arse!* Hahaha, ahaha—URK!"

Instead of killing him normally, the Hunter simply belly-flopped from the ledge, and her obese body did all the work for her. Micolash was slain, his eldritch body splashed to the four winds, and the Hunter was left to struggle to her feet in the wake of her victory. Which took... Quite a while. She had to rock back and forth like a huge flabby turtle, except instead of being stuck on her back, she was stuck on her belly. Eventually sheer momentum tipped her back onto her fine leather boots, and she gasped and groaned her way to the next Lantern.

She was delighted with her victory, but there was one creature she was hungry for, above all else... One feast she had left to devour, before ascending the Loft to see whatever lay there.

The biggest prize of them all, the repast to end all repasts.

Ebrietas, Daughter of the Cosmos.



The Doll blinked, struggling to rise through the haze of idiocy her new size had bestowed on her. An arcane construct, she was now barely functional in the face of the materials Gehrman had filled her with—wet cement, heavy brown earth, and other substances now packed her hollow body, leaking from cracks in her frame. Although no blood coursed through her, she was nevertheless massively obese.

“You must admit,” hissed Gehrman as he tightened one of her clockwork gears, “you have done a great folly.”

Huff... wheeze... The Doll swayed, struggling to remain standing. Nearly spherical, she was now a sad imitation of her former self, which was itself an imitation of a long-dead Hunter. But Gehrman was not finished with her yet.

“Ah... Here comes your little friend. My, how she’s grown...”

This was an understatement. The good Hunter had blossomed into an absolute horror during her time away, the Glutton’s Blood bulking her into a true battleship of a woman. A walking obscenity. Rolls and aprons of flesh bulged through her outfit, bursting its seams, destroying its smooth and fashionable exterior.

Only her coat was largely unchanged, but this was essentially a small cape to her now, the sleeves long since exploded to allow dangling “wings” of fat to flow through. And all of it white, pallid and sunless: the Hunter’s long night had not once allowed her the luxury of sun, and blue veins showed through the flab here and there. Her tight leather collar, which went up to her nose, was now stretched by two massive lily-white jowls which flowed over its top. Her neck-fat spilled from the back of the collar, and her pants were destroyed, vast thighs quaking and slapping against each other in an arresting display of grotesquerie.

“Ah... dear... Hunter.” The Doll’s voice, deeper and slower, was like a gramophone slowed down to a near-standstill. “What... is... it...” *Huff, gasp, wheeze.* “You... de...sire?”

Yes, that’s it, thought Gehrman, wheeling away from the two of them as his mad brain roiled with hate. *If you are to be pigs, then pigs you shall be. Fools, both of you! You’ll soon see... The Dream never ends. Not even if you gobble it up.*

The Doll struggled to raise her newly heavy arms. “Stand close and... shut...” *Huff, hufffff.* “Your eyes...”

The Hunter, repeating old rhythms, tried to kneel. The seat of her vastly overburdened leather pants exploded, revealing a cleft of buttock-flesh so deep and dark she could have hidden an entire Trick Weapon in there. Blood had stained what remained of her clothes, and Gehrman could almost *hear* her heart struggling to keep up inside her body, fighting to push vitality through the insanely large blob she'd become.

Fools... You will not defy me. Sooner or later one of you will break... and I will have my Hunt just as I always wanted it... Perfect in every way... Eternal.

But, yet... the Hunter did not fall. Belching and drooling, flatulence fluttering from her greasy rump, she remained determined to eat more. Squeezing herself into the Workshop and fashioning electric Gems into her saw, she heaved herself out again, flabby body leaving bloodstains and grease-marks on the doorframe.

And off she went, to hunt some *truly* big game.

The Doll turned to Gehrman, and smiled. "She is... very... pretty, don't you... *Urrrf*, agree, dear Gehrman?"

Revolted, the old hunter clenched his fists. "You have shamed my line. Shamed *all* hunters. Is this what you wanted, creature? It wasn't enough that you'll never be *her*, never be Maria—you wish me humiliated!" A coughing fit befell him. "You've turned her... into... a *parody!*"

The Doll smiled... and shut her eyes, deactivating again.

Better a parody, she thought, than a nightmare.



Getting to the Daughter's chamber of woe proved challenging. The Hunter was so absurdly obese that even walking proved difficult, and she had to squeeze through several window frames and descend a secret elevator to reach Ebrietas. *Damn these Yharnam architects*, she thought dully, around the noise of the fiery greed in her belly. *Why couldn't they make wider doors?*

But eventually, she made it. Knocking aside monsters with her belly, smashing them into the wall with the blunt mass of her rump and crushing them, she descended the elevator down into the final chamber. Stepping on tiny, singing cosmic abominations and crushing them

like grapes with her weight—nearly eight hundred pounds, now, but somehow still mobile, still pulsing with animal needs and desires—she jiggled into the domain of Ebrietas.

The Daughter of the Cosmos, in her secret hideaway behind Amelia’s sanctum, was astounded to see the filthy mass of stinking fat approaching her. A twisting and alien thing, Ebrietas was beyond the understanding of mortal men, a child of the distant stars, who lived in a sacred pool beyond the Cathedral walls. But even she, with her infinite knowledge and wisdom gleaned from a thousand dimensions, could barely comprehend the smelly, fat blob of flesh that approached her.

The battle was long, and brutal. The Hunter was slow, and incredibly clumsy after clogging her every vein with the fat and meat of her prey, but she was impossibly strong and cruel in her attacks. Bolt energy crackled and arced from her weapon, cutting away at Ebrietas, and the great tentacled beast found herself retreating from the fat little human.

How was this possible? How had any mortal being become so flatulent, so gassy, so... *monstrous*?

It was absurd, insane—this mortal was an abomination! Her fatness nearly bent space and time around her, threatening to join her with the Elder Gods. Ebrietas fought back, with tentacle and sorcery, struggling to keep this obscene sphere of meat from conquering her. She was a princess of a distant galaxy, an augur of the insane and the mad, a worshipped being on ten thousand lightless worlds—

BRffrrr...bRRRAPPT!

That smell! *By the Old Gods, that SMELL!*

Ebrietas felt it on every plane of her existence—and there were quite a few. The cloud of noxious, meat-reeking gas choked her, nearly suffocated her. She retreated under the assault on her senses, lashing out with tentacles, occasionally flying at the Hunter on batlike wings—but the resilient, slobbering mess was so heavy she couldn’t even be knocked over. She was like a dense neutron star, her flesh so tightly packed in the wreckage of her outfit that not even an Elder Goddess could push her around.

At last, Ebrietas was on her last legs... so to speak. She crawled on the ground, squealing and gurgling, hissing at the unspeakable thing that had filled her sanctum with foul gas and loud, ear-shattering belches. And then the human performed a fresh act of blasphemy...

Too fat and heavy to keep running after Ebrietas, the Hunter raised her hands. She had been working to increase her Arcane skill, to delve into knowledge man was never meant to know. She’d eaten things that had crossed the walls of insanity to get to Yharnam, and she *knew* things now, terrible flavors from beyond time. She used *A Call Beyond*, murmuring secret words and sending an explosion of tiny stars streaking towards Ebrietas.

Because it would have been too much *work* to chase her down. And the Hunter's new body reviled exercise.

As the arcane magicks hammered into her, destroying her, Ebrietas could only feel disbelief... and shame. To be defeated by the most obese human in existence... Kos, her sister, had been right to curse this world.

For the creatures here, in Yharnam, were truly monsters.

Once Ebrietas was fallen, the Hunter switched her Saw Spear to its extended mode. She plunged the metal deep in the alien horror's hide... and pulled out flesh covered in strange runes and parasites, glowing and sickly. She took a bite.

Knowledge. Absolute, orgasmic knowledge. Her Insight became vast and unknowable. She needed more—so much MORE!

Throwing down the Saw Spear, the Hunter dove headfirst into the corpse, burrowing into it like a corpulent grub.

"Mmmf.. GULP slurp chomp gllp!"

BRRELLGCH.

At long last, the Hunter had found a meal large and *strange* enough to satisfy her.



Back in the Hunter's Dream, the Doll was inactive at last. She had simply been modified too many times—now she lay in repose beside her lantern, too fat to move. Gehrman sat next to her, patting her enormous thigh.

"It's better this way... You'll understand."

In a nearby bird-bath, the ghostly Messengers all turned towards the headstones at once. Bumbling and whispering, the tiny creatures glanced at each other... and all vanished beneath the gray waters of the bath, taking their trinkets with them. They sensed something approaching... something foul. And they didn't want to be around, when it arrived.

With a rush of light and fog, the Hunter appeared. Gehrman was startled—not just by her appearance, but by her *size*.

The Hunter was completely immobile.

Swollen with alien meat gobbled from a form too inscrutable to understand, she was a titanic sphere, settling into an egg-shaped oval of pale flabbiness. Her face, stuck in rolls upon rolls of veiny meat, was distorted beyond recognition. Her delicate features were gone, buried in jowls and chins and the fat of her own forehead. Her body was so packed with devoured flesh she was actually on the verge of exploding: blue glowing energy ran through her, threatening to burst her wide open. She was a bomb of overstuffed gluttony, waiting to go off.

Gehrman chuckled, lifted his cane... and prodded one of her enormous, titanic breasts, its nipple easy the size of a dinner plate, surrounded by a dark areola and crisscrossing capillaries. "Well? Are you satisfied, you great, big, ugly disappointment—"

POP.

With a final, cosmos-rattling belch, the Hunter exploded. Distant shockwaves rattled the corners of the Nightmare. Messengers on the very border of the dream turned, curious, as chunks of flesh rained down seemingly everywhere... a few of them covered with bloodtinged, wet leather.

The Hunt had ended. For now.



"Ah, good Hunter... You've returned."

A skinny, pale woman rose from her prone position on the cobblestones. Unfamiliar clothes covered her: a tricorn hat, a long dark coat. A humanoid doll with segmented fingers and a distant smile, as slender as she was, watched her from nearby among the lily garden.

The Hunter rose, her memories returning to her from beyond vast gulfs. Gluttony... eating endlessly... and then another death. Now, another life. Just as always.

"Good Hunter, something about you soothes me... Here. Take this. A token, from a friend."

Taking the vial of Glutton's Blood from the doll, the hunter turned it over in her gloved palm. It was greasy, sluicing back and forth under the glass. Memories rose in her, unbidden: memories of greed and hunger. And sinful, sensual delights.

The good Hunter, flicking the cork from the end of the vial, guzzled it down in a single draught. And once again, the hunger grew inside her... Excitement filled her every inch as a familiar, ravenous, nearly sexual greed filled her again.

There was a godly feast awaiting her, tonight.

