

Wobble Girls

A pen-and-paper role-playing game

By Zach (a.k.a. Zeerol)

(For those who like their girls as big, bloated, bouncy blimps)



Reacquainted, by Woot



Frida Mofette (from Wakfu), by Anonymous on BBW-Chan

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In this pen-and-paper role-playing game, you get to play as BBWs. The theme of this system is the weight gain of female player characters (also called PCs) and their adventures as a group (hereafter known as a Bloat). There's no concrete setting, as it has been left to the Girth Master (or GM) running the game. As such, the bestiary has a wide variety of entries and suggestions in order to cover most bases.

But how do you play the game? It's simple. All you need is a single twenty-sided die (also called a d20). To succeed at a task requiring a die roll, you have to roll a number equal to or smaller than your PC's relevant Attribute (Att). If your PC succeeds by hitting the Att number or up to two less, it's a regular success. If they hit three less or further, it's a resounding success and the rewards are substantially better. Failing by one digit higher than the Att or more is just a failure.

To resist an opponent's rolling attempt, you roll the same Att. Whoever rolls lower succeeds. However, if the opponent fails their roll, there is no need to resist.

Any tools a character has can make a task easier by adding anywhere from +1 to +4 to an Attribute. Fencing pliers can add +2 to a character's Dexterity for any roll that involves cutting barbed wire or pulling nails, for example. Bonuses are cumulative; if a character's Trait also applies to a task, then the tool's bonus is added to the Trait's.

Sometimes you have to take turns, mainly if it involves multiple characters in some kind of contest. A turn is five seconds in the game universe. A character can move and perform one action within a turn. If they choose to run, they cannot perform any other action that turn. Actions that require physical exertion (attacking an enemy, climbing, etc.) take one full turn to perform and sometimes even more! If no movement is going to occur, then a character can perform an action that anyone would consider effortless as well as one that requires exertion. One step above the turn is the cycle. One cycle is completed once every character in the scene completes their turn — showing that five seconds have passed and everyone has done something within that span of time. Some abilities require a certain number of cycles to pass before they can be used again, while others only require a certain number of turns.

Sometimes you may have to roll a d10, a d5 or a d4. For a d10, roll a d20 and divide the result in half. For a d5, roll a d20 and divide the result by four. For a d4, roll a d20 and divide the result by five. No matter what, you always round *down* to the nearest whole number if you get a fraction. If a number appears in front, that number shows how many of that dice have to be rolled, i.e., 3d20 = three twenty-sided dice, and 2d5 = two five-sided dice.

Now, let's get to...

Character Creation!

First, your PC needs a name. After that, you have to decide on how they look and so on, so forth. Skin, hair, eyes, the coloration doesn't have to match anything currently found in humanity, but it shouldn't clash with the GM's setting. Figuring out what they like to eat is important. Once this has been decided, you can get to her four basic Attributes, or Atts.

Dexterity: this dictates stealthiness, sleight of hand, driving vehicles, agility, coordination and who does what first.

Empathy: this dictates negotiations, social connections, emotionality, self-expression, morality and general social skills.

Intellect: this dictates learning, foresight, self-control, knowledge use, memory and perception.

Physique: this dictates prowess, resilience, breast milk production, health, endurance and physical strength.

You have thirty-two points to allocate between Atts, with the point total in an Att being its number. No less than five points and no more than twelve points can be placed in an Att.

Your PC has a number of Hit Points equal to Physique + Size Total + 1. We'll get to Size Total later, but a thin character has a

Size Total of 0. Your PC's Speed is her walking speed in feet per second, which is calculated as her Physique - 3. Once a turn, she can move up to quintuple (five times) her Speed in feet. For every 2 Size Points she has, her Speed is reduced by 1, to a minimum of 1 foot per second, with running speed correspondingly reduced.

Running can be done for a maximum number of cycles equal to half the runner's Physique and effectively triples her Speed. Running, as such, lets her cover triple the distance she would otherwise cover by walking. After running, she has to rest for a number of cycles equal to the number she ran for; if she ran for two cycles, she has to rest for two cycles after, as an example.

Your PC gets eight Traits; each Att automatically gains one Trait, but the remaining four are distributed. An Att can have up to three Traits total starting off, and it's perfectly fine if an Att only has two Traits or just one. Traits can be actual skills, physical descriptors, personality quirks, or something else related to that Att. If the Trait matches a particular task being rolled for, it increases the relevant Att by 2. Three Traits must be designated Talented Traits by placing a (T) after them. If the Talented Trait applies to a roll, it increases its associated Att by 3. One other Trait must be designated a Specialty Trait by placing an (S) after it. If the Specialty Trait applies to a roll, it increases its associated Att by 4!

Now, onto...

Traits!

As has been mentioned, each Att gets a Trait. Four other Traits are also granted for the player to distribute within set limits. Traits can be actual skills, physical descriptors, personality quirks, or something else related to her associated Att. There's a lot of potential here, with seemingly negative Traits being just as useful as positive ones.

A Trait doesn't have to be just one word, it can be up to four to form a phrase of sorts. "Tough as Hell", "Keen Hearing", or "Drug Dealer by Night" being a few examples.

Skills are simultaneously the most specific and the vaguest to use as Traits.

"Ornithology" might seem like a good choice for a brainy character, but there's no such thing as an out-and-out ornithologist. If someone studies birds they're studying a very specific taxonomic grouping, such as owls or terns. Something like "Volunteer Firefighter" could be used, assuming both player and GM understand the specifics. For the sake of regional distinction, a PC could go with something like "Frog Catcher" or "Shellfish Farmer".

Descriptors are probably the easiest. Being able to describe a character's personality, body, whatever, that can be surprisingly easy to do. A girl could be quite "Fond of Buzzwords", or maybe she's got "Wide Hips", or perhaps she's "Narrow-minded"

to a fault. There are countless faces out there on countless bodies and a variety of peculiar advantages inherent to each. Maybe a girl with oddly long limbs has the Trait "Long Limbs" because it gives her a decided edge over her peers.

Negative Traits might seem useless, but they could confer a decided advantage under specific circumstances. A PC could have "Angry Eyebrows" as a Physique Trait, which could scare off would-be perverts. Mayhaps her "Avowed Anarchist" Empathy Trait puts the rabid statist approaching her at a disadvantage?

In fact, some Traits could actually hinder a character in a certain situation. While providing a challenge to PCs, this fact of life could also act in their favor if an NPC tried to oppose them. The Trait system can't account for every little aspect of a character's existence. In some cases, a roll made to use a particular Trait could backfire to varying degrees. In difficult situations, its bonus could be reduced by 1 or even 2! For Talented and Specialty Traits, such a reduction is bad enough, but regular Traits can be effectively negated. This rule exists to avoid senseless methods of conflict resolution. It's also realistic in that somebody might try their preferred method of handling an issue, only to find it failing for once in their life.

Now, onto...

Gaining Weight!

In *Wobble Girls*, gaining weight is the big thing for the players. The act of growing into a cute skin-blimp brings with it both blessings and curses. Yes, the PCs might find themselves getting stuck in doorways, enduring ridicule, and fending off predators, but at the same time they gain some strange gifts tied to her growth. Breast milk can be sprayed in geminal geysers to bludgeon foes or released in a steady flow to feed friends. A huge butt can be danced about to attract mates or cause a localized earthquake.

At first, a PC is assumed to start with a thin body. But when they fatten up, certain body regions will increase in size before others. Growth can either affect random Regions (by rolling a d20) or it can be left to the player to decide for their PC. Regardless of the choice, the player chooses one Preferred Region from the three different Regions for their PC; this Region will be the part of the PC's body that will grow first.

Chest and Arms dictates growth on the head, neck, chest, breasts and arms. Belly and Sides dictates growth on the abdomen, flanks, lower back and waist. Legs and Butt dictates growth on the buttocks, hips, crotch and feet.

If a player wants to roll for random Size Point distribution, all they have to do is roll a d20. Their Preferred Region lands

on any roll from 1 to 5. Chest and Arms lands on any roll from 6 to 10. Belly and Sides lands on any roll from 11 to 15. Legs and Butt lands on any roll from 16 to 20.

But how large do the PCs and other BBWs grow? Well, that's where things get a little bizarre. For that, we use anthropic units. Those are units of measurement based on body parts - in this case, the character's head. Ideally, the human body is eight heads tall. Reality dictates otherwise, of course, with the average person being only seven and a half heads tall. For *Wobble Girls* we'll go with seven and a half heads.

Fattening up will cause a Region to grow to a multiple of the PC's head size. While they start at 0 — normal size for a thin person — fattening up will cause growth. The first growth spurt will cause that Region to grow a few inches larger than that person's head. Legs and Butt, for example, will cause each thigh and buttock to grow a bit bigger than their owner's head, with calves a bit smaller. Belly and Flanks follow the same route with a round belly and somewhat smaller love handles, while Chest and Arms cause either breast to become slightly larger than their owner's head, arms developing just a bit of jiggle. The *exact* details are up to the player, of course, with cankles, extra chins and the rest being left to their discretion.

Growth occurs in increments. After growing a few inches larger than the size of the PC's head, a Region will grow to

twice the size of the PC's head in the next increment. After that the Region will grow to thrice the size of her head. Eventually the Region will become four times the size of her head. The biggest beauties reach the peak of their growth, with each Region growing to quintuple the size of her head. Each Region can vary by three or four inches, should the player decide to describe their character's growth more precisely.

Each increment is measured as 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Not only are these multipliers of our anthropic unit, but they are Size Points. Each Region can reach a maximum Region Size of 5; adding all three Region Sizes together gives the Size Total.

Growing into a BBW takes food and drink. A sumptuous wedding cake might earn a PC 1 Size Point, whereas a full banquet or a lava-roasted auroch could grant 20 Size Points. In some cases, the PC doesn't willingly eat. Maybe aliens are fattening her up for the cooking pot or she's absorbing magical energy without realizing it. Size Points should be decided between the player and GM, as not every PC will have the same metabolism.

Size Total goes towards many things. Hit Points is just one thing; the bigger the beauty, the tougher she is. It also slows the PC down with lots of girth. The bigger she is, the more likely she is to attract predators hoping for a feast in less civilized areas. This is referred to as the

Predation Factor. To find out whether or not a predator is close by, use the Size Total of the largest PC as her Predation Factor (to a minimum of 2). The GM rolls a d20; if the result is equal to or lower than her Predation Factor, than a predator is in the area and looking for a meal. If the result is a higher number, the area is devoid of such danger.

Of course, the predators don't have to be fought or fled. The characters can always find a way to befriend would-be predators, unless they're mindless, such as drug addicts or football fanatics or oozes or robots or zombies...

If the character has to lose weight for some reason, the process in game terms is simple. It takes 2d20 days minus the character's Physique to lose 1 Size Point from whatever Region is being exercised. If losing weight isn't an option, the character can opt to suck her weight in to appear slimmer. Doing so only lasts a number of cycles equal to half her Physique, after which she'll have to exhale and let her curves fly out explosively; anyone within Close range is automatically floored unless they're aware of the character's efforts to remain slim. Ranges are covered in the Combat section.

A character's Preferred Region can play into another aspect of growth, should the GM allow it. While the other Regions have a maximum Region Size of 5, a Preferred Region can have a maximum Region Size of 6, symbolizing the

character's particular specialty. This rule is *entirely optional*. Such a huge body region on an average-height woman can be over *eight feet* in diameter, which complicates things *a lot*.

In *Wobble Girls*, BBWs don't just have fat, they have legit *blubber* as well. The blubber forms the hypodermis and is quite dense, composed mostly of lipids and vasculature that helps the BBW handle extreme temperatures. It also aids in keeping the skin smooth by being supported by a latticework of collagen, thus averting the crisis of excessive cellulite dimples and folds. It aids in buoyancy and in the case of BBWs is able to retain the gaseous by-products of digestion for specific Powers and to tide them over between meals. Those gases also lighten their step somewhat, alleviating the burden on their bodies.

The combination of fat and blubber protects BBWs from injury to some extent, even if it weighs them down a bit more than they want. Size Points grant additional HP for that reason. As an alternative to gaining HP, a PC could roll a d4 for each Size Point she gains, using the result of the roll as the total HP gained for that Size Point. Such an option is excellent for games that see a ton of combat in between bouts of gluttony. That option might only apply to a PC's Preferred Region, or it could apply to all Regions equally. Another option is to let a PC roll a d5 upon gaining 5 Size Points in a Region and using the result of the roll to

dictate how many HP she gains to her total HP with that fifth Size Point.



Cake Shop, by SaburoX



2B, by Bamboo-Ale

Now, onto...

Combat!

Uh oh! Someone's attacking the PC and they have to defend! Who does what first? Characters act in order of highest Dexterity to lowest. Those with equal Dexterity roll, with the lowest roller going before the others. Generally speaking, PCs should go before NPCs. The situation is also vital; surprising an enemy automatically lets you go first, as does preparing for an ambush.

Then comes whacking the enemy upside the head, kicking them in the butt, whatever. To strike, the attacker rolls their Physique after applying whatever Traits apply. Blocking requires the same roll and on a success cancels half the damage that would have been done, down to a minimum of 0. To dodge, the defender does the same, only with Dexterity instead of Physique. If the blocker/dodger succeeds on their roll, they can opt to shove their attacker using their Physique, with a success seeing the shoved target floored. Ultimately, whoever rolls lowest succeeds; if both sides roll the same number, they reroll for a different result. If the attack is successful, it does Hit Point damage. An unarmed strike does damage equal to half the attacker's Physique, to a minimum of 1. Any Traits that specify a particular kind of unarmed attack also grant its specified attack one additional point of damage.

Grappling involves the same roll as attacking, with the defender having to roll Physique. If the attacker is successful, they can deal their unarmed damage per cycle beginning their next turn, so long as they can maintain the hold each cycle. If they want to, the attacker can then blast their opponent with a fancy wrestling move, such as a scoop slam or a gorilla press. Doing so involves another attack roll to succeed. If they succeed, they deal damage equal to their unarmed strike + d5 and leave the defender floored, with a resounding success also resulting in the defender being stunned for 2 + d10 cycles. On each cycle, the defender can roll Physique (as well as using the appropriate Traits) to shake off the attacker. If successful, the attacker is knocked off and has to wait until their next turn before trying to grapple again. If an attacker tries to perform a fancy wrestling move on a BBW after successfully grappling her, the attacker suffers a -1 penalty on the roll for every 3 Size Points the BBW possesses.

Characters with a Size Total can opt to crush their enemy instead of striking or grappling; the defender's Physique is reduced by the attacker's Size Total before they roll their Physique to defend against the crush. Failure to shake off the attacker means the defender suffers damage equal to half the attacker's Size Total (minimum 2) per cycle. On each of their turns, the defender can try to roll their reduced Physique plus the appropriate Traits to shake off the attacker. If successful, the

attacker is rolled off and is considered floored.

Throwing things is also a valid method of attack and requires a Dexterity roll to succeed. Most objects being thrown usually aren't meant to be used as missiles, so they have far less range than one expects. Actual missile weapons have unique ranges, which will be covered later. A Trait that involves throwing also increases the range of a projectile by one increment; if the Trait involves hitting harder with a projectile, then it adds an additional 1 damage — 2 damage if the Trait is a Specialty. Blocking and dodging are done as usual and the Hit Point damage inflicted depends upon what is being thrown.

Combat is nonlethal, taking the form of catfights, food fights, and the like. Hit Points measure how much abuse the character can take before they give up and stagger away. The damage incurred is both emotional and physical; the average young woman is far from violent and definitely not used to being assaulted in any fashion. Even professional soldiers end up mentally beaten!

Characters heal 1 + d4 Hit Points for every three days they rest. A visit to the doctor will heal a number of Hit Points equal to the character's Physique. A character with the appropriate Traits and equipment for healing can heal a number of Hit Points equal to their Intellect. This can only be done once every five days.

If a character is stunned, they cannot do anything for as long as they are stunned. An immobilized character cannot move, but can speak and sense their surroundings. A dazed character can toddle about at half their speed but otherwise cannot act. Being floored requires one full cycle to get back up for characters without Size Points.

Wobble Girls also depends upon the fact that the PCs are *not* fighting to the death. The Bloat will most likely get into a scuffle with clumsy hammer fists, downward slaps, hair-pulling, and maybe back kicks or knee jabs for those more martially inclined PCs.

For the sake of simplicity, someone using a weapon adds that weapon's damage bonus to their unarmed strike damage to decide how much damage they actually do. For example, a rock adds 2 damage and someone can punch for 3, so if they use the rock, they'll do 5 damage with each swing. On a resounding success, a weapon either dazes or stuns for a number of cycles equal to the damage dealt, with the specifics given in their entry. Reach matters; you can swing a rock to whack somebody, but if they've got a stick, you'll have to get past that just to get close enough with the rock! Elevation should always be taken into consideration; a character with the right Power or weapon can attack from high above, using gravity to increase its range.

For weapons that are meant to be thrown or launch projectiles, a unique gradient is applied for the distance they can attack from. Powers also use this gradient, but those will be covered in their own section. There are five increments to the gradient. The descriptions in the range increment chart are meant to act more as a rough guidelines, more than anything, depending upon what kind of story the GM is running. What might count as Far range for one battle might be Medium in another, as the opposing parties might be armed differently or otherwise subjected to specific circumstances giving them an advantage or disadvantage.

Close range is the realm of the fistfight, two kids wrestling in the schoolyard, a bunch of thugs knife-fighting or a peasant levy going toe-to-toe using machetes or two-handed farming implements. In a closet, in an alleyway, or a water closet. In terms of absolute distance, a maximum of ten feet.

Short range is the realm of food fights, warrior duels involving javelins, frat brawls and the like. A classroom, a hallway, a living room or a combat ring. Several tens of feet, hardly ever more.

Medium range is where large-scale all-or-nothing brawls and typical soldier ambushes find their place. An auditorium, a busted-up building, a major corridor or a construction site. One hundred feet, give or take twenty closer or further.

Long range is the realm of sharpshooters, heavy hitters and Heraclean effort. At most a few hundred feet, sports fields, the neighborhood cul-de-sac, a minor battlefield. Crude indirect fire is commonly used here, with lobbed rocks and maybe a few lobbed pieces of junk.

Far range is artillery fire, the biggest, fattest BBWs pumping out their most devastating Powers. Hundreds of feet, major battlefields, city blocks, entire forests and grasslands, typically over-the-top kinda distances.

The majority of improvised weapons being thrown fall within Short range. If a weapon has a given range, it can also be used to attack at all lesser ranges possible — unless the weapon's size makes closer attacks impossible. If a weapon is used to attack at a further range than otherwise possible, each additional range increment causes the attack roll to suffer a -1 penalty.

Axe:

One of the oldest tools to find use as a weapon, the axe nowadays comes in a wide variety of shapes and sizes, from the little hatchet to the five-foot battle axe. Where a hatchet only adds 1 damage, the largest battle axes add 3 damage. However, hatchets, tomahawks and other one-handed axes that are light enough can be thrown with an effective range of Short, whereas larger axes require both hands to use and can't be thrown. An ancient evolution of the axe is the khopesh; it's effectively a sickle sword of

sorts, its straight length quickly snapping into an elongated curve, with only the outer edge sharpened. The inner curve of a khopesh can be used to hook an opponent's weapon (or limb); one-handed versions add 2 damage and two-handed versions add 3. On a resounding success with any kind of axe, the target is stunned. The francisca is the famous throwing axe of the Franks; the head of the axe was distinctly arched and about six inches from edge to the haft opening, while the haft itself was at most a foot and a half long. Typically only one was carried by a Frankish soldier into battle and was thrown before closing into sword-swinging distance. A francisca adds 2 damage and stuns on a resounding success; they were commonly employed to destroy shields on impact, and it also bounced about erratically on impact with the ground or when glancing off a shield.

Blowgun:

Used by a multitude of cultures, blowguns come in a wide variety of lengths and materials. For *Wobble Girls*, only a few sizes will be covered and they'll share a few features. All with have a mouthpiece attached, which forms a better seal and improves the range and power of the shot. They also fire a variety of projectiles — darts one foot or longer add 1 damage, darts with rifling along their length are expensive but give the user a +2 bonus to the attack roll, and darts shorter than a foot don't add damage. All darts can be coated with a poison of some sort, which can complicate matters for the target.

Blowguns are typically three to six feet long and are made to withstand hard impacts; they can be used as a two-handed bludgeon or as a spear when a blade is attached to one end. Typical blowguns have a range of Medium. Blowguns longer than six feet can be used as two-handed bludgeons too, but they're typically given a sharpened tip for stabbing with — they have a range of Long and in the largest models a range of Far. Some blowguns are small and modified to blast only a powder at a target, so their range is Short.

Chakram:

A flat ring made of steel or bronze, anywhere from five inches to a foot in diameter. The outer edge is sharpened; to use a chakram, the wielder has to twirl it around their index finger to build up momentum, before launching it at their foe. With a range of Medium, a chakram adds 2 damage and on a resounding success leaves the target dazed.

Club:

A non-metal bludgeoning implement, anywhere from a foot long to three feet. A club adds 1 damage if swung one-handed and adds 2 damage if swung in a two-handed grip. A resounding success floors the target and stuns them. Clubs are more often than not flammable, unless they're carved from some exotic hardwood or made from an animal's leg bone. Some clubs are designed to be thrown; universally one-handed, they include the rungu and knobkerrie. Throwing clubs have a range of Medium; on a resounding

success, the target is floored and stunned. Throwing clubs are slightly more expensive than regular clubs and are oftentimes owned as symbols of prestige.

Composite Bow:

Some bows are made from a combination of materials laminated and glued together, making them much more expensive than most other kinds of bow. Animal horn is typically used to form the belly of the bow, with wood on the outer side and sinew on top of the wood, running its length. Animal-derived glue is used to connect everything together, and it takes months of seasoning before the composite bow can be used; the strongest bows had to sit for anywhere from one to two years! The tips of composite bows are typically recurved — that is to say, they bend away from the wielder when held at the ready. Composite bows take a wide variety of shapes and sizes, but all of them pack a punch compared to their length. Manchu bows launched long, heavy arrows, while Korean ones launched light arrows in rapid barrages. Moisture can easily wreck any sort of bow, and with composite bows the threat can be warded off with a leather covering sealed with varnish, or decorated with stylish filigree and embroidery that serves the same purpose. Asymmetrical bows were commonly used by archers on horseback. A composite bow designed to launch a lot of light arrows in barrages adds 1 damage and dazes on a resounding success. A composite bow designed to launch an accurate, heavy shot adds 2 damage and stuns on a resounding success.

Regardless of how they're use, composite bows all have a range of Long.

Crossbow:

Superior to regular bows in various circumstances, crossbows come in a variety of sizes and have a variety of ways to draw the bowstring back for reloading. Pistol and child crossbows have a range of Long, while larger ones meant for use by soldiers and police have a range of Far. Damage is decided by their size, rather than the user's unarmed damage; small crossbows do 4 damage, while larger ones do 5. There's a wide variety of mechanisms used to draw back the crossbow cord, so the number of cycles required to do so can vary widely. The most complex mechanisms are used for the hardest-hitting crossbows, such as cranequins, so they can take up to ten cycles to attach, draw the string back and then disengage to use the crossbow. The pushbow, on the other hand, is an ancient and straightforward weapon; it has integral ratchets, with a central beam bearing pawls and the trigger-latch. A BBW can easily use her girth to push down on the extended pushbow, sliding the central beam back into the weapon, catching the string and trigger-latch on the ratchets — it takes three cycles at most, when loading a bolt is included.

Dart:

A wooden shaft between three inches and two feet long, with stabilizing fins on the rear and a sharp tip on the front. Examples include the Irish skæn, the

Japanese uchi-ne and the Roman plumbata. Some (such as the plumbata) have a weight along their length to improve their impact; this makes them especially suited for lobbing. A dart has a range of Medium. It adds 1 damage; on a resounding success, the target is dazed. Some designs have a cord attached to the butt; in some cases, a flattened strap takes the place of both the cord and stabilizing fins. Regardless, holding a dart by its cord or strap and throwing it increases its range to Long.

Flatbow:

The most primitive kind of bow, the flatbow is as its name suggests, a short, flat piece of wood with a rectangular cross-section that tapers toward either end. The grip is narrower than the rest of the length and doesn't bend. A flatbow as used by a tribesman has a range of Medium and adds 2 damage. A resounding success stuns the target. Flatbows made by modern day enthusiasts have a range of Long, but are otherwise identical.

Garden Hoe:

Sometimes you only have what's at hand. For some retail workers it's something out of the lawn-and-garden department. Only usable with two hands, the typical garden hoe adds 2 damage and can be used to hook limbs and enemy weapons. It can also be used to shove enemies away; on a resounding success the target is floored.

Jawbone:

A jawbone used in combat is actually the left or right side of an ungulate's mandible, gripped by its diastema (the gap between its incisors and premolars), the jawbone's sharpened hinge-end used to hurt the enemy. The jawbone of a giraffe, horse, or similarly-sized animal adds 1 damage and can only be used with one hand. A larger jawbone (such as that of a prehistoric beast) adds 2 damage and can be swung with two hands. On a resounding success the target is dazed. They can also be thrown, with both sizes having a range of Short.

Knife:

For the sake of brevity, all knives are considered here. Doesn't matter if it's a stab or a slash, each attack with a knife adds 1 damage, as a knife can only be used with one hand. A resounding success leaves the target stunned, due to the horror of *being fucking stabbed what the fuck is wrong with you*. Knives can also be thrown; they have a range of Short.

Longbow:

An immense bow carved from a single piece of yew or a similar hardwood, at least as tall as its wielder when finished. It has a range of Far and adds 2 damage. A resounding success sees the target stunned. Longbows are mostly used in massed formations, the archers relying upon distance and sheer volume of fire over anything resembling accuracy.

Mace:

A metal, stone or ceramic bludgeoning implement, either purpose-made or improvised, such as crowbars, lead pipes and sturdy floor lamps. One-handed maces add 2 damage, two-handed maces add 3. Regardless of size, a good mace is able to deal damage through armor — sometimes metal flanges break the armor, other times it's just sheer concussive force. As such, maces grant a +1 bonus on rolls made to damage armored targets. On a resounding success, the target is stunned. Some one-handed maces are balanced for throwing; they have a range of Short and are slightly more expensive than a normal one-handed mace, but are otherwise identical.

Machete:

A utilitarian blade, devoid of a sharp point and designed for chopping through vegetation. It can only be used with one hand and adds 2 damage. Most cultures have their own version, though the most common is a rectangular blade eighteen inches long, its tip curved and blunt. Machetes are typically mass-produced and therefore much cheaper than swords and other custom-made personal arms. In Nepal, the kukri is an exception to the usual machete rules — it has a sharp point at the end of its bent-forward blade, allowing the wielder to stab with a swing. On a resounding success with any machete, the target is dazed.

Rock:

A rock as big as a fist, grasped and swung to attack. If thrown, it has a range of Short. Either way, it adds 2 damage. On a resounding success, it stuns the target. Rocks that are large enough to be swung two-handed add 4 damage and have a range of Close, but they're easy as fuck to see coming and very tiring to swing.

Sling:

A length of braided leather or cloth, with a pouch at the middle and a finger-loop at either end. Ammunition consists of a bullet being placed in the pouch before the sling is spun to launch the ammunition. A rock or clay bullet has a range of Long and adds 2 damage, while a lead bullet increases the range to Far. On a resounding success, the target is dazed. If the user's skilled enough, a loaded sling can be used as a flail up close, though the damage doesn't change. Heavy slings are two-handed affairs meant to be swung around for indirect fire; they launch much larger ammo, have a range of Long and deal 3 damage on a successful hit, with a resounding success causing the target to be stunned and floored.

Shield:

Most people would probably be surprised to learn that pre-gunpowder warfare relied upon shields for personal defense, with body armor acting as backup protection, at best. Shields come in all shapes and sizes, as well as a wide variety of materials. For the sake of simplicity, shields will be broken down into three varieties. Small

shields allow the user to protect their torso; strapped to the arm, bashing a foe adds 1 damage and dazes them on a resounding success. Medium shields such as the Zulu isihlangu protect the face, torso and upper thighs easily; they add 2 damage and on a resounding success daze. Large shields such as the Roman scutum and tribal bark shields protect even more of the body. Large shields add 3 damage; a resounding success on bashing with a large shield causes the target to be dazed, if not floored instead. A shield grants a particular bonus to the user's rolls made to block attacks and completely negate the damage that would have otherwise been suffered — small shields give +1, medium shields give +2, and large shields give +3. Obviously shields can't protect against everything, with bullets, intense heat and various Powers going right through them. Also, the user suffers a penalty to their rolls made to dodge attacks with a shield — -1 for small shields, -2 for medium shields, and -3 for large shields.

Shovel:

The bane of undead throughout time, a shovel can be swung with either one hand or two. In one hand, it adds 2 damage. In both hands, it adds 3 damage. A resounding success stuns the target.

Spear:

Some spears are only a yard long, not including the metal blade on the end; acting as a peasant's short sword, they can be thrown with a range of Short. Regardless of whether it's thrown or

thrust, it adds 2 damage and dazes on a resounding success. Larger two-handed behemoths, such as the Greek dory, cannot be thrown, but they add 3 damage and stun on a resounding success. Long spears cannot be used within Close range, but are effective at Short range, given their length. A "typical" spear has a length of five feet, must be used two-handed and cannot be thrown; such a spear adds 2 damage and stuns on a resounding success. If a spear has only a sharpened wooden tip, its damage is reduced by 1.

Staff Sling:

Also called a fustibale, a staff sling consists of a wooden pole anywhere from three to five feet long, with a sling on one end. The sling is loaded, with one end secured to the end of the staff, the free end of the sling looped above the secured end. Swung overhand, the staff sends the sling's load up until the looped end comes free, sending the load arcing through the air as a projectile. Some versions have a forked end so the sling simply hangs between. Perfect for siege efforts and sheer distance, a staff sling has a range of Long and adds 3 damage. On a resounding success, the target is floored and stunned. The staff can be used as a two-handed club, too. Staff slings can also throw darts of other projectiles, if the user so desires.

Stick:

A stick of hardwood found on the ground, roughly the length of someone's arm, from shoulder to middle fingertip. Regardless if it's swung with one hand or both, it adds 1

damage. If thrown, it has a range of Short. A resounding success dazes the target. The tip can be sharpened for stabbing with, though a stab attack only adds 1 damage and breaks if the stab fails. Regardless, once a stick has taken d4 impacts from any kind of combat use, it *will* break and become useless for combat. Specifically-crafted throwing sticks are an altogether different beast; used by hunter-gatherers as projectile weapons, they're used for starting fires, digging, walking support, combat, and hunting. A throwing stick has a range of Long and won't break from being used in a fight, but it still acts like a stick in terms of damage potential.

Sword:

Of course, swords. So many varieties, shapes, sizes, far too much to cover here. One-handed versions add 2 damage, two-handed versions add 3. On a resounding success, the target is stunned. Unlike axes, however, swords are much better balanced and deal damage outside of a narrow point of impact. Katanas are used with a slicing motion. Zweihänders can only be used two-handed, are superb at going through polearm shafts, and have superior range to most other swords, but require quick reflexes and great strength against anyone trying to get real up close. The Roman gladius has a blade that be anywhere from eighteen to twenty-seven inches long; superb at both stabbing and cutting, it was a weapon designed for in-your-face massed battles alongside equally-armed allies. Rapiers can be used to cut and slash with, but they're optimized for thrusting

above all. The length of the blade and the manner in which it's used is what's truly important.

Some individual weapons develop a unique history and possibly supernatural capabilities over years — possibly decades — of use. Truly legendary weapons have been passed down over *centuries*, oftentimes becoming lost in the sands of time as conflicts of all stripes arise. Many know the story of Excalibur and of the Lance of Longinus, and of Heracles' Club and of the infamous Hookman's Hook. Some are revered as national treasures, while others are reviled as evil incarnate.

Conspiracy theorists fucking cum gallons of honeyed jizz over ancient relics and shit being used by governments to safeguard their successes. A world superpower using an ancient weapon as a sort of “guaranteed success charm” is a rather insipid and overly simplistic way of explaining how global politics work, but tinfoil hatters aren't exactly known for their firm grasp of reality, so...

Legendary weapons are priceless, completely one of a kind. The damage they do to their wielder's foes is beyond compare, usually defeating a chosen target in one strike. The utility of such weapons outside of combat is also noteworthy. A holy spear stabbed into the ground releases potable water for a village. An axe blessed by the fæ cuts through any lumber in one stroke. The possibilities are endless!

An entire story can revolve around such a weapon. It may be sought after by governments agents, scholars, amazon warrioresses, or even stranger entities. The fate of nations may rest upon possessing such a weapon, or it could be that *destroying* the weapon in a specific manner is required. And what's more hilarious than a bloat of BBWs accidentally ending up in possession of such a weapon? They're not warriors... right?

Regardless, legendary weapons could easily lead to great feasts for the PCs to stumble into as they try to figure out what to do with the weird weapon they've found themselves stuck with. Could be one of the PCs is destined to wield it against a foe — with bad luck, it'll end up being the least violent and most rational BBW. Regardless, no one would expect a fat girl to be the bearer. If it's small enough, she could hide it under her belly, between her buttocks or in her cleavage.

The GM might treat a legendary weapon as a McGuffin, but using the weapon might not be the climax of the story. Could be that using the weapon simply leads to the next part of the story, rather than the end of it. A sword that cuts the air open, revealing a portal to a beautiful new world. A mace that sunders social hierarchies, inducing anarchy and swathes of violence.



Revenge: Revenge of the Revengening,
by Woot

Now, onto...

Full Sized Rules!

A character that gains 5 or more Size Points is something normal folks would laugh at, if not for the fact that such girth can easily bring disaster to those who mock its owner.

That is to say, if she can reach them first.

Once a PC gains 5 Size Points, running becomes impossible. Doesn't matter if her friends built a little ramp to charge down, it ain't gonna happen. The best she can do is waddle along with much huffing and puffing, huge hips swaying to and fro.

In fact, such huffing and puffing comes with a price: a PC with 5 or more Size Points can only waddle a short distance before being winded. In game terms, she can waddle for a number of cycles equal to half her Physique, but then she has to stop and rest for a number of cycles equal to those she spent waddling. Certain Powers can get around this mobility issue, but those'll be covered later.

Lord help the local civilization if she falls over! With a Size Total of 6 or more, should a PC fail a roll to resist falling over, she'll fall without harm to herself. However, the resulting cycle-long earthquake will floor everyone and everything within Short range of her. Anyone expecting the impact can make a Dexterity roll with resist the quake's effect. The quake can start a chain

reaction if there are any other BBWs within range that each possess at least 6 Size Points. Getting up takes a number of cycles equal to the PC's Preferred Region.

Fitting through doorways and into booths is possible, but the PC's bulk will ooze out through any open spaces available. The process of squeezing through or into a tight space takes one cycle for each Size Point the PC has in excess of 5. In relation to fitting between things, hiding stops being as easy as it used to be. Any roll made to hide behind something that isn't as broad as a PC with at least 5 Size Points suffers a -1 penalty to the relevant Att for every 2 Size Points in excess of 5.

Also, trying to throw a punch or land a kick is impossible when a pair of boobs are swaying like mercury-filled beach balls between the combatants. Crazy, ain't it? Attempts to land an unarmed strike (excepting Powers such as Slam) suffer a -1 penalty for every Size Point beyond 5 (to a minimum Physique roll of 2), though blocking an attack gains an equivalent bonus. However, at 5 Size Points and more, she can use her Preferred Region as an unarmed strike without the aforementioned penalty, doing damage equal to 1 + her Preferred Region.

The stormy cloud that is excess body mass does have a silver lining. A PC can choose up to three Powers in their repertoire (this includes the Basic Powers); for each Size Point they have in excess of 5, one of those three Powers gains a single bonus of some

sort. It might be +1 range increment for that Power's effect. It could be +1 point of damage dealt. It could be a Speed increase by one multiple for mobility-enhancing Powers. Or it's -1 cycle of preparation time? Only the three Powers chosen by the PC can be modified, but each bonus can apply to something different for those Powers. Generally speaking, if the Power's innate capabilities go up in increments or multiples, the player should go by those increments or multiples.

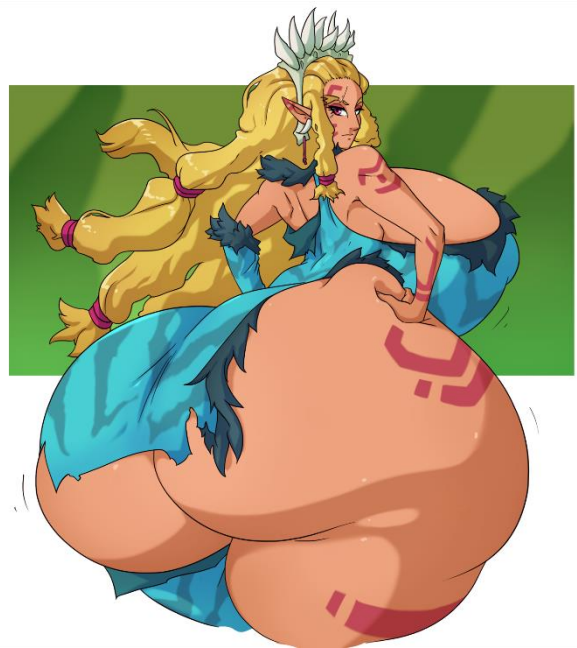
Increasing in girth also brings another benefit, in that BBWs usually refine their non-supernatural abilities to compensate for their limited mobility. For every 5 Size Points she has, a PC can gain an additional Trait that she can place in any Att — assuming she's putting forth the effort needed to refine that Att in some manner. If she doesn't feel like gaining a new Trait, she can instead upgrade an already existing regular Trait to a Talented Trait. If she doesn't feel like doing that either, she can instead opt to upgrade one of her Talented Traits to a Specialty Trait. She can forgo gaining a new Trait or upgrading one altogether, opting instead to increase any Att by 1. Once the decision is made, however, it cannot be undone, even if she loses Size Points and regains them!

Increasing Atts does not require gaining weight alone. Instead, a PC can choose to put in clear effort — this can be a whole saga for the PC, with overcoming a major hurdle involving the Att to be improved.

It can also come about as a reward for the Bloat's success in some great effort!



Maddison Ellison, by SpiralingStaircase



Feral Elf, by SpiralingStaircase

Now, onto...

Assorted Physiological Things!

The average human can carry their own body weight for short periods of time. To keep things simple, a character in *Wobble Girls* can carry a number of objects equal to their Physique, assuming each object is capable of being carried. For those players obsessed with various forms of min-maxing and other stupid bits of rules-lawyering: no, your PC *cannot* carry seven motorcycles because she has a Physique of 7. Being willfully obtuse won't fix your inability to be funny or clever. Use your fucking head. For those GMs that *do* worry about weights and measurements, they can opt to say a PC can carry five pounds for each point of Physique they possess.

If a PC has a backpack, a tumpline or some other method of containing things she wants to carry, that changes things a bit. Another way is to have a wheeled carrier of some sort that can be pulled or pushed along. Besides taking a load off the PC's back, it could also act as a seat or a workbench in a pinch! Such a tool's object capacity would have to be decided between the player and the GM, but 2 or 3 objects would be a good average.

Then there's climate. The bigger a girl gets, the harder it is to stay cool but the easier it is to stay warm. No human can survive for more than ten minutes (or 120 cycles) at any temperature above 90°F in humidity of 50% or more, with a

maximum possible limit of 140°F in humid air. If a person's core body temperature drops below 70°F, they will rapidly die from hypothermia.

If the local temperature is hot enough, a BBW will find herself flagging. For every 3 Size Points she has, a BBW suffers a -1 penalty to all Physique rolls in any heat greater than room temperature (which is generally agreed to range between 59°F to 77°F). If she has to roll to activate any BBW Powers in hot temperatures, she suffers a flat -2 penalty on the roll. Combat becomes incredibly taxing in such heat, though how the GM goes about enforcing that can go a number of ways. The PCs could be forced to make a Physique roll at the beginning of combat to avoid being dazed for 1 cycle — or maybe Intellect, as it could be more a matter of will! If it gets hot enough, than even skinny enemies will be hard-pressed to keep fighting.

Colder temperatures, on the other hand, provide a subtle benefit for BBWs. For every 3 Size Points she has, a BBW gains a +1 bonus to all Physique rolls in any temperature lower than room temperature. She won't have to wear as many layers, though it would be wise for her to wear a water-resistant layer on the outside of her insulating layers!

Physique rolls in temperature extremes would most likely be made to resist becoming dazed by exhaustion or getting

sick. Water is a different story from air, as it's a much better heat sink.

Holding one's breath is rather useful in some situations. The average person can hold their breath for anywhere between thirty and ninety seconds. In game terms, that's anywhere from 6 to 18 cycles. If the GM wants to calculate how long a specific human character can hold their breath for, they can just multiple said character's Physique by 1.5 to find their lung capacity in cycles.

Some people practice breath-holding for various reasons, and some such individuals have pushed it to amazing limits. Without the aid of oxygen tanks and hyperventilating beforehand, such practitioners of apnea can hold their breath for up to ten minutes, or 120 cycles. Such individuals are rare, but their knowledge is out there for others to practice the craft on their own.

BBWs, however, can store oxygen in their blubber, for the sake of giving them yet another advantage in *Wobble Girls*. Their blubber's capacity is limited, but it's there. Without Size Points, a BBW-to-be has the same lung capacity as anyone else with her background. However, as soon as she starts getting fat, that changes. A BBW can hold her breath for a number of cycles equal to twice her Physique, the result then multiplied by her Size Total.

Swimming alters a fair bit of things. A human's swimming Speed is at most equal

to half of their walking Speed. Granted, currents can change that either way, but by and large people aren't exactly hydrodynamic. BBWs are even less hydrodynamic, given their immense curves and undulating fatness.

Given their expansive forms, however, BBWs can more easily catch currents than thinner people, so they have an easier time of going with the flow. Given their superior oxygen storage and hypothermia resistance, BBWs trying to escape foes could potentially take to waterways as a viable escape route — or a battlefield, should they be preparing for a super-duper dramatic and plot-decisive fight. Most people don't think in terms of up or down when it comes to fighting, so attacks that can come from nearly any direction are hard for them to defend against.

There's also water pressure and light to worry about. The photic zone is where sunlight exists in the water; its depth can extend down anywhere from a few inches in eutrophic waters to about 650 feet in the open ocean. Any deeper and humans can't see shit without artificial lighting. Most people never dive any deeper than twenty feet while holding their breath, and diving deeper than sixty feet tends to be unpleasant even for experienced freedivers, as without swimming aids they can suffer from the excessive water pressure and other maladies. BBWs are most likely the exception, given their majestic bulk and beauty dominating over rationality and common knowledge!

Now, onto...

Foodstuffs!

While the GM and players can discuss how many Size Points a meal could confer, it's generally a good idea to take certain things into consideration.

The big thing is quantity. How much food and/or drink does the Bloat have access to? Obviously more is better, but actually being able to eat it without any sort of repercussions is ideal. If even one PC is able to consume an entire buffet, the number of Size Points she gains will give her a major advantage over the other PCs as well as the vast majority of NPCs.

Another factor is nutritional value. A gallon of milk is going to be more fattening than a gallon of water. A large part of gaining weight is being sedentary but the PCs won't be jogging while they eat, so that part is covered. For the sake of simplicity (and ignoring the harsh medical facts of reality), anything that's fried or otherwise fatty will be a vital source of Size Points. Carbohydrates (bread and pasta) are also a superb source, with protein coming in last. However, combining these things can seriously amplify their nutritional value, with marbled meat from a hog being much more potent than a lean bit of chicken. Don't be afraid to introduce fantastical foodstuffs, either!

Example foodstuffs have been detailed in this section, each with its own origin and

Size Point specifics. To gain Size Points from these things, a PC has to glut themselves in one go — no eating a bacon burger one day and eating a bowl of pottage four days later!



Marcie, by Woot



Dairy Rescue, by Woot

Breast Milk:

In the GM's setting, it may very well be that women provide most of the world's dairy, if not all of it.

Breast milk in *Wobble Girls* can be made into whatever dairy product is needed at the time. But trying to calculate how much milk a BBW can produce daily can be difficult. The easy way is to simply take a BBW's Chest and Arms and cube it — multiply her Chest and Arms by itself and then multiply the result by the BBW's Chest and Arms for the amount of milk she can contain and produce every twenty-four hours.

The more difficult way is to use advanced math. Figure out the diameter of one of the BBW's breasts, assume it's a sphere. If you use the head-height ratio that was given for Size Points, you should be able to figure out the proportions, given the BBW's height in inches. From there, divide the diameter in inches by half to get the radius, then subtract 3 to account for mammary gland tissue, fat, so on and so forth. The following equation is used to find the boob's milk volume in cubic inches: $(4/3)(\pi)((\text{radius} - 3)^3)$.

Divide the result by 231 to get gallons and then round down to the nearest whole number. That's only for one boob, so doubling the end result will get you the BBW's daily amount of milk. A BBW produces a minimum of two gallons a day.

While *Wobble Girls* is meant to be light on the "crunch" (numbers and rules), giving the GM and players options is always nice.

Producing butter is done by churning it. Butter is simply the milk's fat and is usually made from the cream that settles on top. Some people salt their butter, others prefer it sweet. Regardless, a block of butter nearly a foot to a side will cause a woman to gain 1 Size Point.

Cheeses of all sorts can also be made and oftentimes are, because they can be stored easily and last a long time in the right conditions. The milk is allowed to sour, then the enzyme rennet is added, which separates the curds and whey. The protein casein coagulates, producing cheese. Now a gel, the proto-cheese has to be drained and further refined into actual cheese using salt. There are a ton of ways to produce cheese, but ultimately it's up to the PCs and the resources at their disposal if they're the cheese makers. A wheel of cheese a foot in diameter and three inches thick adds 1 Size Point.

Breast milk itself can be extremely fattening, but the excess of resources is spread over vast volumes of liquid. Ingesting four gallons results in 1 Size Point. Trying to ingest more than that within twenty-four hours forces the imbibitor to make a Physique roll; if she fails, she groans in pain as her gut struggles to digest, forcing her to lie down for 2 + d5 hours and do nothing but nap and digest.

Bacon Burger:

A bacon burger is truly a work of gluttony, a stereotypically American meal if there ever was one. There are many variations on the recipe and ingredients, but there's a set standard that all variations are ultimately derived from.

The bun used can be a Kaiser roll, a pretzel roll, whatever. Between the two slices are set two beef patties, and between those are laid four slabs of bacon set crosswise.

Cooked to however the diner desires, all of that meat is topped by a few leaves of lettuce and slathered with barbeque sauce and whatever spices are desired.

Dog burgers are a staple of poverty-stricken regimes. Usually made from specially bred canines, the ground meat is simply mixed with dog bacon and sandwiched between two flaps of unleavened bread, topped with gravy, sauerkraut or shavings made from some sort of root vegetable. Those not used to eating such meat must make a Physique roll; success sees them ingest it (and future dog meat dishes) with no ill effect, whereas failure sees them nauseated for 2d10 cycles and unable to eat any more of such fare for the rest of the day.

A regular bacon burger as served by a fast food joint is pretty hefty on its own, but it takes six such burgers to grant 1 Size Point. Family recipes (such as the pulled pork version) are considerably more generous; a character gains a Size Point after only eating three such sandwiches!

Durian:

A fruit almost the size of a man's head, the durian is considered a delicacy across all of Southeast Asia and is priced as such in their markets. It produces a strong odor that varies from cultivar to cultivar. Some have compared it to sewage, others to almonds, and yet others to turpentine. Smelled long before seen, a durian's carapace is a dark green array of spikes, formidably thick and tough.

Busting through the rind reveals five off-white cells, each one containing a pulp with a color that varies from cultivar to cultivar — anywhere between ivory and yellow. The taste is always sublime, however, regardless of the subtleties imparted by the cultivar the fruit came from. Mostly custard-like, the pulp is firm yet smooth — not sweet, not tart, not juicy, but something unique. The raw fruit is banned from many public spaces found near its cultivated range because of the initial stink, but no one denies how wonderful it tastes!

It takes ten durians to produce 1 Size Point, given how the pulp only accounts for up to thirty percent of the fruit's total mass. Some durians that aren't fit for consumption are fermented into a paste called tempoyak and used as a condiment with rice or curry. Others are made into ice cream; two gallons of durian ice cream equals 1 Size Point.

Fried Dough:

Also known as elephant ears, frying saucers and several other names, fried dough is a major staple at fairs, boardwalks and carnivals. Yeast dough that's risen is deep fried. That's all there is to it. It can be made at home.

A variety of toppings can be applied — nuts, powdered sugar, syrups, garlic butter, chocolate, tomato sauce, you want it, you get it. Toppings are mandatory if the imbiber is seeking to gain weight.

A variation on fried dough is the funnel cake, made from batter instead of dough. The batter's poured down a funnel into hot cooking oil in a circular motion before being deep fried. Then there's frybread, which is a form of flat dough bread that's deep fried. A loaf of frybread can be up to twice the size of a man's head.

A slab of funnel cake or fried dough a foot wide and six inches thick results in 1 Size Point. Such a slab could easily feed eight people! The aforementioned gigantic loaf of frybread grants 2 Size Points. Funnel cake is oftentimes sold on boardwalks and sometimes on the beach itself, though normally on a paper plate — hardly enough to fill a grown woman! There are a rare few vendors, however, that will offer prizes to those willing to scoff down truly massive servings, drawing crowds with such antics. Journalists of all stripes are willing to record the proceedings for a quick story.

Huorn Nectar:

This peculiar form of freshwater is rich in lithium, sugars and vitamins, a gently bubbling liquid that glows with morning sunlight. It's nearly impossible to find in urban environments, instead appearing in primordial forests and untouched fields. It can appear in a variety of ways — a fog that condenses into a pool, dripping down from the canopy onto a clearing, burbling up inside a large hollow stump, maybe even pouring upward from a reversed waterfall! Its pure nature is evident to all, with pollution and industry giving the water a wide berth and urbane people holding an overwhelming fear of it.

Rural BBWs tend to be caused by huorn nectar. Known as “nectar fiends”, these BBWs are so large they galumph about like seals half the time, desperately seeking out a huorn nectar spring to glut themselves upon like some overgrown aphid. It takes one gallon of huorn nectar to induce the growth of 1 Size Point, but the liquid is so rich it takes a while to swallow that gallon. On the upside, imbibing a gallon also heals d4 HP, with one pint being enough to cure a hangover and other equally nasty aches. A huorn nectar spring typically produces 4d10 gallons of the liquid before being dissipated. Huorn nectar can be bottled and kept for later consumption, but it only retains its properties when ingested as a pure liquid. Predators don't drink the stuff but they recognize easy prey and will lurk around such springs, waiting for BBWs to arrive. Nectar fiends, as a result, are more than handy in a fight.

Muktuk:

Whales are rarely hunted nowadays and for good reason. It might be in the GM's setting that whaling is still in vogue for whatever reason they deem good enough. Regardless, muktuk is one way of enjoying whale flesh as sustenance.

Normally made from bowhead whales, it can also be made from belugas, narwhals, or any whale species with sufficient amounts of skin and blubber. It can be eaten raw, but is best done so when diced up, as the skin's rubbery. Once sufficiently chewed, it takes on an oily texture and tastes nutty. It can also be fried, pickled, and breaded. Soy sauce is the typical condiment served with it, regardless of how it's prepared.

Consuming a cubic foot of muktuk results in 1 Size Point earned.

Drift whales are whales that died at sea and have been sent crashing onto shore by the waves. They were undoubtedly the first form of whale meat mankind was able to get — though other predators and scavengers most likely made the flesh unwholesome here and there. A bowhead whale can easily feed a village for a month straight; besides muktuk, the various organs can be consumed, as well as the muscles and marrow. Calculating the volume of a whale is left up to the GM, but a cubic foot of any whale organ/marrow/muscle gives the same results as a cubic foot of muktuk: 1 Size Point.

Pie:

Pie, everyone's had a slice. The size of the pie can vary, as can its contents, though dessert pies are typically an inch and a half tall and nearly nine inches in diameter. A pie is a baked meal, pastry dough enveloping a filling that can be sweet or savory. Filled pies have no crust covering the filling, but instead lining the baking pan. Top-crust pies have the filling inside the pan, with only the top covered by the crust. Two-crust pies have the filling completely encased by the crust.

Savory pies have meat for the filling, sometimes with vegetables mixed in. Songbirds are a favorite pie filling for royalty, and mushrooms are commonly found in rural cottage pies. Shepherd's pie, for example, is made using ground red meat, mixed with peas and carrots. A calzone is essentially a pizza with its crust enclosing the sauce and cheese, forming a savory two-crust pie. Sweet pies are normally made with fruit, with apples being popular. Shoofly pie is made with molasses, and chestnut pie is made using mostly chestnuts. Some ancient recipes use grains and honey mixed together. There are countless regional variants, with some pies native to single villages and others considered national symbols.

Using the "standard" pie size mentioned before, it takes six pies to grant 1 Size Point. Larger pies obviously grant Size Points more easily, and it takes more pies if they're smaller.

Pottage:

Also known as perpetual stews, pottages are one of the oldest kinds of meal known to humanity. A perpetual stew is essentially a pot of stew kept over a fire and cooked for days. Tough cuts of meat, grains, stale bread, roots, fruits, various bits are taken out to be eaten and new ingredients are thrown in for the next person to take a bowl. Pottage has a flavor that's always subtly changing — something that's no doubt appreciated by the teams of laborers that are the usual eaters of such fare.

Cast iron pots are preferred for pottage, as they fortify the meal with iron, which is important for women, due to menstruation and pregnancy. They also retain a residue on their interior composed of spices and flavors from past meals, imbuing a perpetual stew being started up with a rich spectrum of flavors.

Normally a cookpot for a local team of laborers or a large family contains six gallons — enough pottage to supply 3 Size Points. If it's just for a married couple, it'll be maybe a gallon at the most. Some regional varieties are more fattening than others. Pottages from colder climes tend to make use of marine mammals and fatty fish, along with grains such as barley; two gallons of such pottage produce 1 Size Point.

Pork:

The pig. It's been with mankind for so long its anatomy, its behavior, all of it has been studied and scrutinized over thousands of years. Butchering a pig has become an efficacious — if gruesome — science. Seventy-five percent of a pig carcass is easily processed into food, the rest being used to process that food in cooking or used elsewhere in a productive manner. A small hog that's about to be butchered usually weighs three hundred pounds, producing about 8 Size Points altogether. A larger hog that weighs six hundred pounds will give up 21 Size Points in terms of meat, offal and so on.

There are so many different pork dishes out there it's truly staggering. Pig's ears, bone marrow, trotters, seemingly everything you can get from a pig can be made into a wonderful meal. Only a few examples can be listed here.

Pulled pork is enjoyed by many, with some families having secret recipes for their own versions. This particular version is made using fried and diced pig ears mixed in, along with a few spices. Some people like to mix in olives and others opt for carrots, but everyone serves it in a bread bowl — pumpernickel, usually, though plenty of variations exist. It takes three such bowls of pulled pork to result in the imbiber gaining 1 Size Point.

Pig's ear soup is a somewhat dreary dish, made in the rainy countryside when there's not much left in the pantry. Made

with fried and diced pig ears, split peas and onions, it requires stock, preferably from a hambone. The finer details involving the ingredients are left up to whoever is making the stuff of course, but the end result is rather tasty. It takes four gallons of pig's ear soup to produce 1 Size Point.

Wobble Girls hosts a fictional breed of pig called the buttertrot. It's a woolly breed that can be milked. Sow's milk mixed with boar's blood produces oinkbutter, an oddly long-lasting form of butter that's also highly nutritious. It's usually separated into blocks eight inches long and two thick, though it's not unheard of for some chiefdoms to keep it in pieces nearly twice as large for the winter. Two dozen normal sticks must be consumed to gain 1 Size Point, whereas eating three of the "winter bricks" give the same result.

Then there's the roasted pig — an entire beast, run through on a spit to be barbequed, roasted, whatever. The aforementioned weights and Size Points can be used here, though where the Size Points are at on the hog varies. The midsection can easily contain half of the total Size Points, especially in the pork belly and fatback. Head cheese is a meager source (maximum of 3 Size Points), though the ham (rear legs) is the polar opposite. Then there's the offal (especially the liver and heart), which contains nearly half of the beast's Size Points. The trotters are mere finger food and the butt (shoulder region) is quite tough without being slow-cooked in some manner.

Yuki's Krill Stew:

This particular brand of canned food is as trustworthy as can be. Not only is it quite cheap, but it's healthy... maybe a little *too* healthy. The label is rather straightforward, a buff rectangle covered by the product's name and the image of a single krill, all in dark red. One can of Yuki's Krill Stew contains one pint of krill stew, which contains not only krill dumplings, but diced pig ears, a few spices, garlic, carrots, potatoes and mushrooms.

A can of Yuki's Krill Stew can be opened using the tab on top. There's surprisingly little liquid inside the can, just enough to make a good bowl of krill stew. There's also the self-heating cans, but those only come singly and are rather expensive due to the heating methodology employed.

To gain 1 Size Point from Yuki's Krill Stew, a BBW has to ingest a total of twelve cans' worth of krill stew. However, it's not for everyone, as it has a strong, heady flavor. There are other more specific flavors that can be purchased. Malt vinegar is popular in some coastal cities. Dill's seeing a rise in consumption in some regions, and bacon replaces the pig ears with legit bacon. "Forest Surprise" just replaces the pig ears with more mushrooms.

The rarest variety is Yuki's Wagyu Special, which replaces the pig ears with cubes of wagyu beef. It only takes eight cans of Yuki's Wagyu Special to grant 1 Size Point, given how fatty the beef is.

Now, onto...

Economics!

While the GM may just find it easier to use his country's currency to decide what costs how much, sometimes exchange rates suck ass, or maybe the GM's created a setting that doesn't take place on Earth as we know it. Elves might use magic twigs and orks might use pig teeth. Might be the PCs live in a post-apocalyptic world where their teats are used to pump out milk as commodity money. Exchange rates can be simplified if the economy's partly reliant upon barter, as some needs and wants can vary wildly in value.

A "dairy economy" assumes that the PCs (or bank-women immobilized by their own hyperactive mammary glands) lactate to produce milk that's dried and hardened into coins — coins that can be either saved or moistened to produce useful milk. In this case, the U.S. units of liquid measurement can be used. The largest unit is the gallon and is only used for the largest payments. That can be divided into four quarts, with a quart being used for rather hefty interpersonal deals. A gallon can also be divided into eight pints, with one pint being a modest meal paid in return for a few hours' service, for example. There are sixteen cups in a gallon and so cups make up the smallest unit of milk-based currency. One cup takes up a bit more than fourteen cubic inches. However, being reduced to a powdered form and condensed reduces that volume by two-thirds to a bit less

than five cubic inches, or a cube nearly two inches to a side.

Assbrew:

Some people call this "sugar wine" or "kilju". It's complete, raw hog's ass in alcoholic form. Made using only water, sugar and brewer's yeast, it tastes absolutely vile but is guaranteed to get even the largest girls shitfaced within moments. One quart of assbrew costs 1 pint, while one pint of assbrew costs 1 cup.

Backpack:

A backpack that's merely a leather bag with shoulder straps holds up to four objects and costs 1 cup. A backpack complete with three pleated flap-pockets on the outside holds at least eight objects and costs 3 pints.

Beer (bottle, 1.5 cups):

Shitty mass-produced pale lagers costs 1 cup. An average brew costs 1 pint. Something actually worth a damn (such as a fine stout, wheat beer or something similar) costs 2 pints.

Belt Knife:

Non-folding, with a handle four inches long and a blade equally long. A belt knife is a utilitarian thing, designed to last. Someone who owns such a knife uses it for everything, including eating! Such a blade comes with a leather sheath by default and costs at least 1 quart. Cheaper ones exist that'll most likely break if stressed too much — they cost 1 pint.

Bicycle:

A plain street bicycle is rather barebones, meant for commuters to get about their daily business. With a maximum Speed of 80 going downhill, most such bicycles really have an average Speed of 25 on level ground. Mountain bikes and other various types grants bonuses on cycling over their respective terrain, with their maximum Speed varying by 5 or even 10, depending upon the specifics. Professional cyclists can easily hit a Speed of 38 on level ground! This isn't even factoring in recumbent bikes, freight bikes and other, more expensive varieties. A run-of-the-mill street bike costs 2 quarts, while mountain bikes cost 3 quarts and rarer types cost at least a gallon.

Biped Saddle:

This is a saddle and frame meant to be worn by an upright biped — a human. There's a vertical beam that goes against the mount's back, one side being lined with cushioning so the mount's back isn't harmed. A seat juts out backward at the bottom of the beam; the precise form of the seat can vary a lot, but most have a row of notches on the underside, through which a tumpline goes from side to side; the tumpline's forehead portion is specially cushioned to better comfort the mount's forehead and/or scalp; combined with the two straps that go across the torso, it relieves a ton of strain on the mount's body. Some biped saddles are crude utilitarian designs and cost 1 quart, whereas versions crafted for military and wealthy patrons can cost at least 1 gallon.

Blanket:

A patchy thing barely large enough to cover the torso and legs costs 1 pint. A quality quilt costs 3 cups. A good all-weather blanket costs 3 pints.

Breast Pump:

This consists of two suction cups attached to a forked hose, which in turn is attached to a pump powered by a hand crank. Cheaper models tend to leak and cost 1 pint. A good model never leaks and has an optional hose that can be rolled into a large container; such a pump costs 1 quart.

Clothes (cost per ensemble):

Clothes worn on a day-to-day basis costs the buyer 1 quart. Good clothes are higher quality and therefore last longer, costing the buyer 3 pints. Nice clothes are worn for big events and at the office and cost 1 quart and 1 pint. Gorgeous clothes are worn only for truly extravagant affairs and cost at least 1 gallon.

Crowbar:

Most of these are made from steel and measure anywhere from a foot to a yard in length. A rare few are made from titanium and are superior. When used as weapons, they're considered maces; if two feet long or less, they're one-handed. Steel and iron crowbars cost 3 pints, whereas a titanium one costs 1 quart and 1 pint.

Dapplewrap:

This fistful of medical goodness is named for its primary ingredient. Dapplecap is a

variety of dappled fungus that parasitizes several species of moth as larvæ. The most notable host is a large species with flame-colored wings and blue antennæ. Parasitized moths cling to the sides of trees and cave walls, with six-inch-long “bouquets” of dapplecaps sprouting from their bodies. Finding dapplecaps requires only an Intellect roll while out in a forest or other such wild place. One moth can sprout d4 bouquets, and it only takes one bouquet to create a dapplewrap. One bouquet is made into a paste with spinach and turmeric, mixed with salt, sealed with honey and wrapped in edible seaweed. Consuming one dapplewrap heals 2 + d5 HP over an equal number of cycles and for two hours reduces any damage taken by the imbiber by an amount equal to the number of HP healed. A dapplewrap also eliminates headaches, migraines, nausea, stomachaches and other maladies of equal severity. One dapplewrap costs 1 pint.

Dædalus Wings:

Named for its prideful inventor, this apparatus consists of a pair of wings worn on the owner’s back, either wing gripped by a handle. The wings are connected by leaf springs and pulleys, spanning a width twice that of the owner’s arm span — a set of Dædalus wings is custom-fitted, so they obviously cannot be mass-produced, making them costly. A wearer of Dædalus wings can take off with a minimum of effort from a standing position, with weaker individuals wearing a steam rocket on their back to assist, if need be. A wearer can fly a number of range

increments into the air equal to their Physique – 5, fly at a maximum Speed (without wind) equal to half of their Physique, and stay aloft for a number of cycles equal to their Physique. Once that time is up, they clumsily land and are dazed for 1 + d4 cycles as they catch their breath; landing earlier reduces the daze’s duration to a single cycle. If the wearer possesses a Size Total of 4 or more, they cannot fly. A set of Dædalus wings costs 2 gallons at the minimum and takes 1 + d5 weeks to craft.

Dog:

A puppy of no distinct breed can be had for free from most shelters, though a few might charge 1 pint. An adult mutt with no training of any sort will most likely go for less than 1 cup. Purebred puppies cost at least 3 gallons, given the expense in rearing them — adults are used for breeding and never sold!

Dogcart:

This entry handles a two-wheeled vehicle, weighing thirty-five pounds on average, just big enough to carry one adult human plus one hundred pounds of material. Pulled by at least three burly dogs, it can attain a safe maximum Speed of 28 on smooth surfaces and 18 off-road. Such a vehicle costs 2 quarts and comes with a collapsible canopy and special “reins”. Dogcarts come in a wide variety of shapes, sizes and configurations, however, so their price will vary.

Eating Utensils:

Some people eat with their bare hands. For those that don't, they use a set of utensils; most are mass-produced, while others are made to order. For a PC, a set of eating utensils consists of a pair of chopsticks, a fork, a knife, a spoon, a half-gallon-sized bowl with a stout handle and a pint-sized tankard, complete with tiny scabbards for the first four pieces. Cheap wooden utensils with the bare minimum of metal used cost 1 pint, with a modest set made from hardwood and full-tang metal parts costing 1 quart. The best eating utensil sets contain more utensils, are made to order from exotic woods and alloys, and so cost at least 1 gallon.

Filter Straw:

Indispensable for the outdoorsy types, this straw is thicker than every other kind, with one end bearing a mouthpiece and the other resembling a normal straw tip. The inside of the filter straw contains filters that can be replaced; sucking up water from streams and lakes with a filter straw filters the water sucked up, making it potable. It takes one turn to ingest one cup of water with a filter straw. The filters only have to be replaced after filtering one thousand gallons. A complete filter straw costs 1 pint, and a four-pack of replacement filters also costs 1 pint.

Fire Piston:

Sometimes made from metal, other times made from stone or wood, the typical fire piston is four and a half inches long and comes in two parts. The plunger part

bears an airtight gasket and it slides into the cylinder part. A fire piston operates on the principle of increasing pressure producing large amounts of heat; when tinder is placed inside the cylinder and the plunger is slammed into it with force, that will ignite the tinder. It normally only takes a few tries to ignite even the worst tinder. A fire piston plus enough tinder to ignite three fires costs 1 pint.

Flashlight:

It has LEDs, it fits in a pocket, and it can remain on for up to eight hours. In fancy terms, it has a brightness of one thousand lumens. It costs 1 pint. Including batteries increases the cost by 1 cup.

Footwear (one pair):

Footwraps made from leaves or rags cost nothing. Wooden shoes or sandals made from car tires and cloth string cost 1 cup. Everyday sneakers or slippers cost 1 pint. Capped boots, hiking boots and formal slippers cost 1 quart. Extravagant dress shoes can cost over 1 gallon.

Gallon Jug:

A cheap plastic one costs 1 cup. One made from a hollowed gourd costs 1 pint, and a metal one costs up to 3 pints, depending on the metal(s) used — a tin one costs 1 quart.

Gloamtree Vigor (1 pint):

While big corporations claim Gloamtree Vigor is a nostrum, everyone knows the corporations are full of shit. Gloamtree Vigor is a carbonated vanilla-milk drink,

kept in a cylindrical glass bottle. The buff label has a violet border and highlights, with the font of the text on it based off the Phoenician alphabet. When fully drunk, Gloamtree Vigor heals 3 + d10 HP over an equal number of cycles, soothing and clearing the mind as it heals. One bottle of Gloamtree Vigor costs 1 pint. A sixpack of Gloamtree Vigor costs 2 quarts.

Hammock Tent:

Designed to keep campers off the ground and away from hostile fauna, the typical hammock tent is just big enough to hold one person, all safe and comfy. One made for a thin person costs 1 quart and has to be suspended from at least two points to work. One capable of holding a BBW of up to 8 Size Points costs 2 quarts and requires at least three points of suspension. One capable of holding a BBW larger than that costs at least 1 gallon and requires at least four points of suspension.

Holy Salt (1 pint):

The bane of both evil and alien creatures, holy salt is a rarity. Saltwater is sanctified by a holy man and then evaporated, leaving behind salt that is then blessed once more. A pint bottle of holy salt costs 1 quart, as the non-saltwater materials and tools required to produce holy salt are both sanctified and very rare. A pint bottle of holy salt should be enough to line all the windows and entrances of a one-floor house, creating an invisible barrier to creatures harmed by such holiness.

Honey (1 pint):

The stuff honeybees make. Not only can it be used to make mead and sweet foods, but it can also be used to cover small wounds, as it's a natural microbial deterrent. Raw honey costs 1 pint, whereas filtered honey costs 3 cups. A bottle containing a slab of honeycomb and a pint of honey also costs 3 cups.

Inn Stay (cost for one BBW):

A skeevy-ass motel with a chance of theft costs 1 cup per night. A modest inn costs 1 pint a night and supplies surefire protection for the buyer's stuff. A ritzy inn costs 3 pints a night but it's also a guaranteed place to find vital information.

Iron Pot (half-gallon-sized):

A cast iron cooking pot, heavy but big enough to contain half a gallon of stuff. Good for making a perpetual stew for one or two people, it can also be used to make regular meals in a variety of ways. It comes with a lid and has two handles on it. Such a pot costs 1 quart.

Kite Buggy:

This vehicle consists of three wheels on a low-set frame, topped by one bucket seat. The single front wheel is steered by way of foot pedals. A traction kite is included with the buggy and acts as the sole source of power; in general, a kite buggy can achieve a maximum Speed equal to triple the local wind speed, but a skilled rider can hit at least quadruple that! A barebones kite buggy costs 2 gallons and can carry 5 Size Points of BBW. Higher

quality kite buggies can carry much more and have superb suspension. Of course, those cost at least 3 gallons.

Mead (bottle, 1 pint):

Cheap garage-brewed mead costs 1 cup. A Melomel (fruit-honey mix) or metheglin (spiced mead) costs 1 pint. "Great mead" is any mead that's been aged for several years and therefore costs 1 quart.

Meal (for 1 person):

A cheap meal with three meager courses (drink, solid, and soup) costs 1 cup. A filling meal (such as a Full English) costs 1 pint. A lovely five-course meal (booze optional but included) costs 1 quart.

Medical Attention:

A visit to the doctor for a check-up costs 1 pint, as does receiving medical advice. Healing HP damage costs 1 quart and treating severe issues (broken bones, rare diseases, childbirth) costs at least 1 gallon.

Monocular:

A hollow tube of tough material with a lens in either end. When put to an eye, it acts as a vision magnifier, letting the user see things miles away as though they were only a few tens of feet away. The largest monoculars are telescoping affairs and have the greatest magnification ability, while the smallest ones are four inches long but just barely weaker in terms of magnification. The smallest ones cost 3 pints, while the largest cost 2 quarts.

Permanent Match:

Naptha is the fuel contained inside this device. A threaded rod acts as both striker and wick, screwed into the shell where the tip is bathed in fuel. Unscrewed and flicked against a flint on the shell's side, the striker ignites. Always of much higher quality than typical pocket lighters, this device costs 1 pint.

Pig:

Just your typical pig, belonging to a common breed. A healthy piglet costs 1 cup, whereas a grown pig can easily cost 1 quart at the minimum. Rarer and/or exotic breeds cost more, naturally, but not by much. Regardless of breed, pigs are at home in orchards, eating apples, acorns and other fallen fruits. Two to four pigs can be kept on one acre, assuming the pigs are rotated between different acres.

Pocket Mirror:

Just small enough to fit in a pocket, this plate of reflective metal costs 1 cup. It does require cleaning off every once in a while, however.

Roller Skates (one pair):

More than a few BBWs have found roller skates to be effective transport for their bulk. Some wear quad skates, others wear inline skates, a few wear more bizarre types, but in general inline skates are preferred for speed. Quad skates increase the wearer's maximum Speed by 5, whereas inline skates increase the wearer's maximum Speed by 10. Quad skates cost 1

quart, whereas inline skates cost 3 quarts. Safety gear is separate and costs 3 pints.

Rope Lighter:

Commonly owned by old-fashioned sorts, the typical rope lighter consists of a small roll of slow match fed through a metal tube, with a flint-and-steel wheel attached at the exit end by a parallel arm. Typically the rope is pulled through by a metal hook attached to a protective cap; flicking the wheel puts sparks onto the rope, igniting it a wee bit. From there, the slow match rope can be pressed to whatever the user needs to have set on fire. Twisting the cap onto the tube puts out the ember-tip of the rope. A rope lighter comes with two feet of slow match and costs 1 pint.

Sail Wagon:

This vehicle is not too dissimilar to a kite buggy, but its design can vary a lot more. For the average sail wagon, a fabric sail is stretched out on a single mast at the vehicle's center of gravity. Homemade models are usually made from wood and/or whatever scrap can be found, while more professional designs are made with foamed alloys, exotic woods and plastics. Some wagons have four wheels, while others are recumbent tricycles with wind as their major source of power. Normally just as fast as a kite buggy, larger models can easily hit one hundred miles per hour — though with great risk to the riders! The smallest sail wagons can only carry one grown adult plus one hundred pounds of stuff (or one BBW with up to 8 Size Points), while the largest luxury models

can easily carry ten times that. At the minimum, a sail wagon costs 3 gallons, as the sail is custom-made for the wagon.

Sex (one night):

A cheap whore that hasn't taken care of herself (or himself) costs 1 pint. A good prostitute that's clean and careful (in every sense of the term) costs 1 quart.

Legendary courtesans have variable prices, but they're usually well above what most people can spend.

Skateboard:

We've all seen one of these. Tricky for a BBW to use, but for all users it increases their Speed by 5; if they want to push their luck, they can kick it into a maximum increase of 12. Experienced skateboarders have their Speed increased by 6 and they have an easier time of going full-tilt on their chosen board. A good skateboard can cost 2 quarts, at least.

Sleeping Bag:

Frequently used by adventurers, hikers and the like, the typical sleeping bag is designed to keep bad stuff out and good stuff in. One made for a thin person costs 1 pint. One capable of holding a BBW of up to 8 Size Points costs 3 pints. One capable of holding a BBW larger than that costs 1 quart.

Smartphone:

Useful for countless reasons, smartphones are considerably expensive, at 3 gallons per phone. It comes with a six-foot cable

and a charging plug, with other accessories costing no more than 1 pint.

Thurible:

A cage of sorts, typically spherical or cylindrical, suspended from a chain. Most are no larger than a man's head, but all of them are meant for burning stuff inside of them. Incense is the usual burning stuff, though other times it's some kind of Power-enhancing herbs or predator repellent. A thurible can be swung by its chain — religious ceremonies see a lot of that, which spreads incense smoke all over the place. The chain is hardly ever longer than six feet, and the thurible can be hung by any link for whatever purpose it's needed for. The burning material's effects can have a variable range, but on average a thurible's smoke and/or scents flow out to a range of Medium. A crummy thurible with dents and rust costs 1 pint. A nice thurible costs 3 pints. Some are made from metal, while others are carved from stone or particularly tough wood.

Tripwire Alarm:

This is a simple device to use. It's a spool of wire attached to a concealable alarm system. The alarm is set up by a pathway where it can't be seen and the tripwire is stretched across the pathway. When someone walks along the pathway, their ankle or leg will snap the wire, which releases a switch that sets the alarm off. The alarm itself can vary, depending on what the alarm-setter wants. It could be an airhorn, it could be a flare that shoots straight up, it could be an electronic signal

sent to a specific device. Anything, really. A tripwire alarm system costs 3 pints and can be re-used, as the spools are pretty big.

Weapon:

The cost can vary wildly, though rocks and sticks can be had for free, along with most clubs. A weapon that might break upon hitting the wrong way costs 1 pint. A standard, non-flashy weapon that'll survive mostly anything if maintained costs 1 quart. One that'll break other weapons upon clashing and/or is meant to be an heirloom is going to cost at least 2 gallons.

Wheelbarrow:

This covers the Chinese model, as opposed to the myriad forms spread across Europe. A single wheel one yard in diameter is situated in the wheelbarrow's center, with a platform on either side. Some designs are meant to be pulled, others to be pushed. It used to be a common thing to have wheelbarrow taxis; one side carried the passengers and the other carried their belongings! The typical wheelbarrow can carry a lot of weight, but regarding BBWs, it can carry up to 20 Size Points. Larger models tend to have a trapezoidal sail or two attached, making transport much easier and acting as an advertisement for street vendors that rely upon their wheelbarrows to earn a living. A wheelbarrow costs 1 gallon.

Wine (small bottle, 3 cups):

Swill brewed by a moron costs 1 cup. Quality wine produced by a reputable

vintner costs 1 pint. Fruit wines can have extremely variable prices depending upon the fruit used and the region, but on average they also cost 1 pint.

Some items have an equivalent value and so can be used as payment. A failed state's economy is usually so fucked that they're reduced to using cigarettes or hallucinogenic mushrooms or something else that'll remove one's worries for a few hours. A rising nation trying to industrialize most likely uses a fiat currency alongside traditional commodity money as part of a gradual transitive period. All of them, in the end, can be converted to the same currency leaking from the Bloat's throbbing teats.

Cigarillos (and/or marijuana blunts, if the GM wants) are often used in unstable states as a commodity money, as the local fiat currency is near-worthless. One cigarillo is equivalent to one cup of milk. The upside to cigarillos is that they're easily transported and very light. Biggest problem is they're addictive; people smoke to soothe their nerves, but smoking effectively reduces their wealth. They're typically carried in a stiff case if they're not tucked in a pocket or a bag. A cigarillo case can hold up to 24 cigarillos, but those are usually only kept by snobs, landowners, caudillos and the like.

Salt is a common form of commodity money where grain fails and water is considered too vital to trade for. A pound of salt can be had by mining, though that's

only one way of acquiring it. Some water springs produce saline water that's useless for drinking but can be boiled, resulting in a paste that can further be baked into a "cake" for ease of transport. Or you can use seawater and distill that. Salt is salt, in the end, and one pound of salt is equal to one pint of breast milk. Normally salt money takes the form of one-pound bars, though the mass and dimensions can vary wildly depending upon the culture.

Cowrie shells were a common currency for thousands of years. Harvested from a variety of tiny sea snails, cowrie shells can be pierced and placed together on a string. Typically, anywhere from fifty to one hundred individual shells are connected on a string, with three such strings equating to one cup. The value of each individual shell increases the further inland one goes, of course.

Some tributary chiefdoms and city-states have the beginnings of metal currency. The closest thing to a standard in these advancing civilizations is a nugget of tin bronze roughly one inch in diameter, analogous to one cup of breast milk. A nugget three inches in diameter is equal to one pint. The nuggets are a form of commodity money, in that they're inevitably melted down into tools. Some have gone so far as to develop a proto-coinage, with the metal forged into dull belt knives, ox-skins and bracelets.

Livestock are usually bartered as part of marriage dowries or massive transactions.

While pigs can subsist on nearly anything, goats and cows both require pasture space. One cow is worth at least one gallon of breast milk. It takes four acres to keep one cow, however. Livestock have to be moved about from one paddock to another, as they'll overtax the land easily. The main value in livestock is prestige; a man that owns one cow is considered much wealthier than a man with a thousand cooking bananas!

Cacao beans (from *Theobroma cacao*) have also seen use as commodity money. Cacao beans were a Mesoamerican standard of sorts; for sake of easy conversion, two cacao beans equal one cup of breast milk. However, cacao trees are difficult to cultivate and they only grow in the tropics, limiting the cacao bean's versatility as commodity money to that muggy, scorched belt around the world's middle.

Bricks of compressed tea leaves were highly valued as commodity money in large swathes of Asia. They can be made from any variety of tea leaf, so long as it's steamed before being compressed in a special press. A tea brick fresh out of the press is meant to be cured and aged; those meant to be used as currency are compressed with a binding agent of some sort, sometimes flour, sometimes blood. Modern "bricks" come in a variety and shapes and sizes. A dome-shaped nugget big enough to make one cup of tea is worth one cup of breast milk, while a plate of compressed tea nine inches across and

half an inch thick is worth one quart of breast milk.

Representative currencies are a transitional point between commodity monies and fiat monies. The face value of representative currency is pretty much nil; they're backed by something much more valuable, such as precious metals. Defacing representative money is a pointless endeavor, which makes it preferable to precious metal coinage. Bank notes and certificates clasped to a silver standard are but one example.

Fiat currencies are only worth as much as their government can make it so by decree. As legal tender, fiat currency *must* be accepted by citizens as payment in specific circumstances. Boom-bust cycles tend to arise as the markets fluctuate, which results in the value of such currencies fluctuating as well. Some fiat currencies become nearly worthless due to hyperinflation, while others grow in value due to a combination of factors, such as the raw economic strength of its country or the devaluation of other currencies.

Scrip currencies are used in the form of vouchers and tokens as a form of credit. They're infamous for being used as a part of truck systems; in such systems, a company pays its employees not with the local currency but rather the company's own scrip, effectively fucking the employees over by keeping them as something akin to slaves. Obviously, only stores owned by the company will accept

their scrip and so company towns are best remembered as realms of corporate exploitation. In other cases scrip comes about when a country's currency is still being refined and thus is too volatile to be completely relied upon, acting as something of a stand-in until stability is no longer in question.

Aura Pumpalot has the biggest breasts around. At five and a half feet tall, the pallid blonde has turgid, pear-shaped tits each four feet in diameter, dark areolæ always swollen and leaking. Aura was never considered pretty by other girls — her long face is centered by a prominent, obovate nose that gleams above plump, low-set lips, her blue eyes sheltered by droopy lids. However, none of them can use Body Blimp as well as she does, keeping her light-footed and graceful. Her rear end is also quite hefty, but that's usually hidden by Aura's jugs being flopped over her shoulders and onto it. Smartly dressed most of the time, Aura's a dairy banker, having revolutionized the breast milk exchange with her interest-free banking. Her boobs contain an ocean of milk; with puréed food pumped down her throat, Aura lets a pump suck the milk from her immense bosom and into an evaporator located at the heart of a food garden. BBW employees massage her breasts as their own are milked, the severity of their hairbuns and glasses contrasting the lewdness of their wobbling, half-bared tits. The milk exchange is rock solid thanks to her efforts, with zero chance of any other form

becoming dominant. Aura wins customers easily, as she has a talent for making financial concepts easy to understand.

Redtown Demarchy doesn't care that Aura has talents. As a collective of vegan anarcho-communists obsessed with identity politics, Redtown thinks she's gross and greedy. The collective took over an abandoned orchard two months ago and declared on social media that they were going to replace the whole economic system with their own hybrid system, where no animals suffer, nothing can be hidden and everyone is truly equal. So far, they've failed. Their economic model has two parts to it. One consists of physical currency; it's made from fruits and vegetables, compressed and dried into a wide variety of denominations referred to as "manna". The other part consists of a smartphone app that tracks the user's reputation, which demands a lack of privacy and directly alters how much the user's manna is actually worth. The app is constantly being hacked, its user interface is atrocious, manna comes in too many denominations and vermin find it far too delicious to ignore. Redtown's sortition-elected assembly is a clusterfuck and the issues with their two-part economy are only making it worse. Factions began forming a few weeks ago, and several totalitarian narcissists have decided that it's time to implement a "year zero" on Redtown — erase and replace Redtown's culture with their own. Before that, however, they plan to kidnap Aura and keep her for milk, if she won't give advice.

Now, onto...

Powers!

As a PC gains Size Points, she gains particular Powers. When she gains her first Size Point, the PC gains it in her Preferred Region. She bloats up in that Region, and in doing so gains one Basic BBW Power and one non-Basic BBW Power — both of her choosing, but both from her Preferred Region. After that, she gains one more BBW Power for every odd number of Size Points she possesses (3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13 and 15 Size Points), reaching a maximum of nine BBW Powers.

Most of the rolls use the Size of a specified Region instead of Physique or Dexterity. If you have no Size Points in a Region, you cannot have any Powers associated with that Region. If a PC uses a Power tied to her Preferred Region (excluding the Basic Powers), she gains a +2 bonus to any rolls involving it.

The vast majority of Powers have a charge time, a number of cycles spent where they have to “warm up” before activating. There are three charging lengths: quick, average and lengthy. A quick charge time requires that the user only has to spend one full cycle charging up her Power. An average charge time requires a number of consecutive cycles equal to the Power’s related Region in Size Points. A lengthy charge time is equal to *twice* the Power’s related Region in Size Points in consecutive cycles. The vast majority of Powers also have a “cool-off” duration that

follows their use, during which they cannot be reactivated. Recharge times follow the same pattern as the charge times.

Lactation-based Powers all possess the same drawback — they require sustenance to produce the milk needed to be used. Empty boobs are no good! The lactation-based Powers in *Wobble Girls* are Areola Knives, Boobputer, Geyser Jugs, Milk Pill and Teat Propellers. These Powers have a number of uses equal to 2 + the user’s Chest and Arms. If a BBW possesses multiple lactation-based Powers, then they all draw from the same pool of uses. To grow more milk to use such Powers, the user has to eat a hefty meal before taking a nap that lasts at least two hours. The size of the meal depends upon the user’s Chest and Arms; for each Size Point in that specific Region, the user has to spend at least twenty-four cycles (two minutes) devouring a meal. Reminder that in an economy dominated by evaporated breast milk, lactation-based Powers become a double-edged sword!

Some Powers enhance their user’s mobility in some manner. It’s okay to have multiple such Powers, as combining specific ones can make using a regular vehicle pointless! They can also be rather showy, so using them may not be advisable in specific circumstances. Having Size Points in Chest and Arms will let the PC choose Areolar Track, Bust Bound and Teat Propellers. Having Size Points in Belly and Sides will let the PC

choose Ghostly Gut, Grumble Gut and Navel Limb. Having Size Points in Legs and Butt will let the PC choose All-terrain Butt, Amniotic Geyser and Umbral Cloud.

Bloat Surge (Basic)(Preferred Region):

Sometimes binge-eating has its perks. A BBW that wants to make Bloat Surge useful has to eat a meal that takes a number of cycles equal to quintuple their Preferred Region. Doing so grants 1 charge of Bloat Surge. The user's body can contain a number of charges equal to her Preferred Region. If she's taken HP damage, she can massage her Preferred Region for a quick charge time. Once complete, Bloat Surge activates and 1 charge is expended, which heals a number of HP equal to $d5 +$ the user's Preferred Region. Bloat Surge can't be used again for a lengthy recharge time.

Blubmiliar (Basic)(Preferred Region):

By spending a lengthy charge time massaging her Preferred Region, the user of this Power can expel a Blubmiliar from her body in a deluge of recycled microbes, bodily shadows and one very powerful orgasm. It takes on whatever shape she desires, though it always have one appendage with which to manipulate its surroundings and never stands taller than her hip. A Blubmiliar has as many HP as its creator and a number of Att points equal to $7 +$ its creator's Size Total; its creator may distribute those Att points between the Blubmiliar's Dexterity and Physique as she desires, though they have a maximum of 9 and a minimum of 2.

Those points can only be rearranged whenever the user of Blubmiliar summons her creation forth. The Blubmiliar operates with an Empathy and Intellect equal to its creator's, though it's entirely loyal to her, as a pet that will (and shall) always obey her. The creator can control her creation from a distance in range increments equal to $1 +$ her Preferred Region, though she can also passively view things through its own senses regardless of distance; in both cases the creator can do nothing else but control/observe, leaving her vulnerable as she does so. A Blubmiliar can slip through grates and other narrow spaces with ease, and it will automatically fight to defend its master; being reduced to 0 HP will cause it to rupture violently, blasting the nearest enemy to deal damage equal to $1 + d4 +$ its master's Preferred Region. Blubmiliars can throw things but cannot operate more complex weaponry, such as bows or slings. When a Blubmiliar is destroyed or dismissed (which takes a mere thought), the user must wait a lengthy time before she can summon forth a new Blubmiliar.

Body Blimp (Basic)(Preferred Region):

A BBW with Body Blimp as a Power can build up hydrogen gas inside of her digestive tract and blubber over a lengthy charge time. Once that time has passed, her Preferred Region increases in size by fifty percent; she can jump and take to the air, traveling through lighter-than-air means. She floats a number of range increments above the ground equal to $1 +$ her Preferred Region. Her flight ceiling

can be increased if she takes advantage of thermal columns and sunbathing, though altitude sickness is inevitable once the user flies above one and a half miles, and going above four miles is lethal. The user of Body Blimp can fly at a maximum speed equal to quintuple her Preferred Region. Body Blimp can remain active for as long as the user can go without drinking or eating; doing either will release all that pent-up hydrogen, which takes as long as creating it to begin with. “Deflating” and recharging are both lengthy times.

Fertile Print (Basic)(Preferred Region):
Megafauna leave deep footprints, which easily fill with water and come to house ecosystems all their own. BBWs can do the same, after a fashion. First, the user starts by massaging her Preferred Region for a lengthy charge time. After that, she presses her Preferred Region into a spot of warm, soft soil, leaving a deep crater of an imprint. After that, the crater collects moisture over a number of days equal to the user’s Preferred Region and develops its own ecosystem, growing edible plants and small edible animals in the process. Once complete, the crater contains enough edible life and potable water to feed a number of people equal to 1 + the user’s Preferred Region, or a number of Size Points equal to the user’s Preferred Region — the choice is made before the imprint. Once an imprint is harvested, it holds only stagnant water. Fertile Print has a lengthy recharge time.

Latten Flanks (Basic)(Preferred Region):
For those BBWs that brawl frequently or have to survive natural disasters frequently, Latten Flanks makes life a lot easier. By massaging her Preferred Region for an average charge time, the user makes her flesh far tougher than one would expect. Effectively armored by her now-rippling blubber, the user reduces the damage of all incoming attacks by an amount equal to her Preferred Region. Electrical attacks, contact poisons and temperature extremes bypass Latten Flanks entirely, however. The effects of this Power last for a lengthy duration. Once its duration is over, Latten Flanks suffers a lengthy recharge time.

Slam (Basic)(Preferred Region):
This is an attack where the PC uses her Preferred Region as a weapon, a ponderous avalanche of a weapon that becomes devastating as she grows. Regardless of the precise form it takes, it’s an unarmed attack using a Physique roll that the target cannot block. If the Slam connects, it does damage equal to 3 + double her Preferred Region and stuns the target for a number of cycles equal to the user’s Preferred Region. If the Slam misses, the user loses her balance and can’t do anything besides struggle to remain standing for one cycle. This Power has an average recharge time.

Areola Knives (Chest and Arms):
Out on the frontier, some dairy girls have to defend themselves with whatever Powers they can muster. Preparing this Power requires the user to massage her

breasts for a quick charge time, which will result in her areola pulsating violently in time to her heartbeat. After that, all she has to do is press her areolæ together and massage them to lactate out blades of hardened milk over a full cycle. The user produces a maximum number of milk knives equal to double her Chest and Arms, shaped whichever way she feels is best; she can choose the number of knives she wants before lactating, but it always counts as one full use. They're considered a thrown weapon, adding to the user's damage an amount equal to her Chest and Arms whether they're used as missiles or regular knives. The user can throw two knives per cycle; they have a range in increments equal to her Chest and Arms and give her an equivalent bonus on the required Dexterity roll to strike true. The knives exist for a number of hours equal to double her Chest and Arms, after which they evaporate. Areola Knives has an average recharge time.

Areolar Track (Chest and Arms):

Areolar glands form around nipples and serve to lubricate the areolæ and nipples for breastfeeding purposes. Some BBWs produce an excess of lubricating oil from those glands and have found a bizarre use for them. By spending a lengthy charge time massaging her areolæ, the user of Areolar Track can cause those glands to exude a continuous stream of oil that hardens and conjoins, forming a vast belt of rubbery, nipple-hued material that goes around her teats. Nearly one foot thick and bearing deep treads, the Areolar Track

lets its user travel very quickly. All she has to do is flop her fat tits on the ground — spinning the track comes as naturally as moving a limb or breathing. The track spins around her teats as she balances atop her tits, letting her travel at a maximum Speed equal to ten times her Chest and Arms. She can smash into an enemy to deal damage equal to $d5 +$ her Chest and Arms, with a resounding success letting her throw a kick at her victim as a free action that same cycle. She also gains a bonus to any Dexterity roll made to move in a stealthy fashion equal to her Chest and Arms. Getting rid of the Areolar Track is as easy as simply spending a full cycle willing it, after which Areolar Track requires a lengthy recharge time.

Boobputer (Chest and Arms):

Most people are aware only of analog and digital computers, but a few also know about fluidic logic. Some creative girls have discovered that they can flex their mammary glands a certain way, turning both breasts into liquid-based computers. By massaging her breasts and flexing her pecs over an average charge time, the user of Boobputer gains a bonus on her next Intellect roll equivalent to her Chest and Arms. Or, she can divide that bonus up into smaller ones over multiple Intellect rolls — such as a +2 bonus on one roll and three +1 bonuses on the next three rolls, for example. As the milk roils and churns through her boob glands, the user cannot use Boobputer after setting up the bonuses, as all of the Boobputer-based bonuses must be used first.

Brain Bongos (Chest and Arms):

Some girls tend to get bored and drum on their boobs like a pair of bongos. A few have found that they can actually communicate with their friends by doing so. The user of Brain Bongos has to drum on her chest for a lengthy charge time before she can begin communicating her message. Making contact requires the recipient being within a number of miles equal to quintuple the user's Chest and Arms. The user has to make an Empathy roll to make contact; if successful, the recipient suddenly knows that the user is making mental contact. Getting the entire message across also takes an average time, as having really huge boobs means it takes longer for them to start reverberating. Whoever is receiving the message can only reply if they too use Brain Bongos at the same time. Once the message is sent, the user's breasts expand and contract out of control as part of its lengthy recharge time.

Bubble Scanner (Chest and Arms):

Some BBWs develop a bubble of a second chin, silky smooth and devoid of anything unsightly. By letting it (and/or maybe her big cheeks) pulsate and jiggle for an average charge time, the user of Bubble Scanner can focus on a single target. From there her second chin swells and ripples, shuddering in time to her pulse as it locks onto her target. With a range equal to quintuple the user's Chest and Arms in miles, Bubble Scanner will locate the target and remain locked on for a lengthy

duration, at the most. She can detect whether the target is healthy or hurt, every item on her target, and everything they're saying aloud. Once the Power ends, however, it has to go through a lengthy recharge time.

Bust Bound (Chest and Arms):

Girls of a more limber physique can balance atop their boobs using Bust Bound, relying upon their surprisingly elastic breasts to maneuver about at high speeds. To initiate Bust Bound, the user must perform something akin to a handstand, lifting her posterior up skyward so she can balance atop her tits, forming an average charge time. Once complete, she can flex her pectoral muscles and shift her posterior about to bounce about atop her jugs at a maximum Speed equal to quintuple her Chest and Arms. She can also jump to a maximum height in range increments equal to her Chest and Arms to bounce over obstacles and elude enemies. Landing can be used as an attack, albeit with some risk; anything within Close range of the impact site takes an amount of damage equal to $2 + d4$ + the user's Chest and Arms, with a resounding success forcing the targets to make a Physique roll to avoid being floored. To return to a standing position, the user has to spend an average time to roll and balance herself properly.

Geyser Jugs (Chest and Arms):

Some women spurt breast milk in geminal geysers from their immense jugs. To prepare this Power, the user has to

uncover her breasts and heft them so both nipples are pointing at whatever is in front of her. What makes Geysers unique is its ability to be applied over a number of cycles; the user can concentrate up to a maximum number of cycles equal to her Chest and Arms, after which she begins explosively lactating for an equal number of cycles to a number of range increments equal to her Chest and Arms. On each cycle that the target is being pummeled with milk, they take damage equal to $1 + d4 +$ the user's Chest and Arms, with a resounding success on the attack roll flooring the target. However, she cannot stop or do anything else once she begins, with each cycle spent spraying expending a use of Geysers. This Power requires a Dexterity roll to aim properly but the user gains a +1 bonus on the roll made to aim.

Hypnosis Boobs (Chest and Arms):

Why do things at eye level when most people look at your chest? Pushing both boobs together repeatedly as a quick charge time causes both mammaries to wobble in a hypnotic fashion. The would-be hypnotized can roll their Intellect against an Intellect + Chest and Arms roll performed by the user; success means the targets are dazed for $1 + d4$ cycles. Failure means they become stunned for as long as those curves ripple in sight. Stopping means her boobs have to slow to a standstill, which equates to an average recharge time. However, anyone who was stunned remains as such afterward for a lengthy duration. However, both the

user's arms have to be used, leaving her with only the ability to move around and talk during the Power's use.

Jug Jail (Chest and Arms):

Inverted nipples are seen as strange by many, but for some girls they're symbolic of closed doors, opportunity denied, succor imprisoned. Jug Jail is normally had by bearers of inverted nipples, though not always. By massaging her breasts for an average charge time, the user of Jug Jail can focus on any door she can clearly see in person and seal it shut, causing her areolæ to jiggle in time to her heartbeat. For the sake of Jug Jail, anything that's meant to seal an opening to prohibit any sort of passage of a living (or unliving) creature is considered a door. Once sealed shut, a door refuses to open — keys won't unlock it, passwords fail, nothing short of annihilating the door will work. The user can seal a number of doors equal to twice her Chest and Arms. If anyone or anything tries to open the door, she immediately becomes aware of who (or what) it is that's trying, but that's it. If she goes to seal a door when she's already reached her limit, the earliest one loses its seal as the seal is applied to the one she's currently applying it to. The user must wait a lengthy duration between sealing doors.

Milk Pill (Chest and Arms):

While some girls can use their milk as a weapon, others prefer a more friendly approach. They can spend a quick charge time to massage their teats together to

extrude a fist-sized globule of milk encased in a thick skin. When ingested, the "pill" heals a number of Hit Points equal to $d4 +$ the creator's Chest and Arms. One globule also counts as a full meal. A pill remains fresh for a number of days equal to the creator's Chest and Arms before dissolving into dust. A pill can also be thrown a number of range increments equal to the creator's Chest and Arms.

Nipple Radar (Chest and Arms):

Nipple Radar makes a BBW's teats so sensitive that she can feel things from a number of range increments away equal to $1 +$ her Chest and Arms. To activate Nipple Radar, the user has to let her areolæ balloon up to half the size of her breasts, which takes an average charge time. Once ready, she has to roll her Intellect + Chest and Arms if she wants to pinpoint the identity or location of something. Temperature is one thing she can feel with her areolæ and nipples, with spots of hot and cold being felt (but not painfully so) without a roll required. Movement and static discharges can also both be felt as distinct changes in the air. Once activated, the user cannot cover up her teats or use any other Chest and Arms Powers, as such activity negates its accuracy. If Nipple Radar stops being used, the user's teats flatten as an average recharge time, during which she cannot reactivate the Power.

Teat Propellers (Chest and Arms):

Activating this Power requires the user to uncover her breasts and massage her

areolæ for an average charge time. Once complete, her teats quiver and exude a geminal array of propellers. For every Size Point she has in Chest and Arms, the user possesses a toroid around either teat, each one bearing a number of palm-length propeller blades equal to her Chest and Arms. Once exuded, Teat Propellers can be spun up right away, letting the user tirelessly wobble along with a maximum Speed equal to quintuple her Chest and Arms. The spinning blades can also be used to blow away fumes, vapors, litter and other loose, light things, which requires a Physique roll, with a bonus equal to her Chest and Arms. What's not known to many BBWs is the danger Teat Propellers can pose to others; the spinning blades do damage equal to $1 + d4 +$ the user's Chest and Arms for each cycle they're shoved into a target, which also forces the target to make a Physique roll to avoid being stunned for a cycle due to the horrifying pain. Shedding the Teat Propellers takes a single cycle, but producing another array requires letting the Power go through an average recharge time.

Teat Lances (Chest and Arms):

Some girls have puffy areolæ, others have flat ones. A rare few never stop growing, their hard nipples combining with those thrusting areolæ to become formidable weapons and tools. After an average charge time, the user of Teat Lances is able to extend her areolæ and/or nipples a maximum number of inches equal to her Chest and Arms multiplied by her

Physique. Those long teats are hard enough to parry metal weapons. If used as weapons, they can bludgeon if swung and stab if thrust forward, dealing damage equal to $1 + d4 +$ the user's Chest and Arms. The user of Teat Lances can keep her teats weaponized for a number of hours equal to her Chest and Arms, at which point they'll gradually return to their usual size, prohibiting the use of Teat Lances for a lengthy duration. If she wishes, the user can extend both her teats by a number of range increments equal to $1 +$ her Chest and Arms to make an attack against up to two targets simultaneously; she can do this a number of times equal to $2 +$ her Chest and Arms before Teat Lances is forced to end.

Belly Drum (Belly and Sides):

Some geeky girls refer to this as "gastrokinesis". Regardless, it's a bizarre Power that puts the others to shame. By rhythmically drumming her belly for a quick charge time, the user can lift things into the air and move them about. Many hypotheses abound as to how this works, but regardless, there are limits. The most weight the user can lift in pounds is equal to ten times her Belly and Sides and she can reach out to a number of range increments equal to $1 +$ her Belly and Sides. Both living and non-living things can be lifted and moved about within the user's range. A larger creature's limbs can be held in place; they can break free on a Physique roll against $5 +$ the user's Belly and Sides. As long as she drums her middle with both hands, the user can

levitate things. Stopping means she jiggles as part of a lengthy recharge time.

Belly Safe (Belly and Sides):

Sometimes a tomboy doesn't want a purse. Maybe a young woman's terrified of being mugged and wants something more secure. Either would rub her swollen middle and place a finger in her belly button, smiling at the sudden revelation that she's got something better than a mere accessory. Her navel becomes a storage space, a flexible pocket that can hold a number of objects equal to $2 +$ her Belly and Sides, assuming each object at its largest is as big as her head. Inserting one item counts as a quick charge time. Slapping the sides of her belly will cause the last item inserted to fly out a number of range increments equal to $1 +$ her Belly and Sides; using this as an attack requires a Dexterity roll to succeed and does damage equal to $1 + d4 +$ her Belly and Sides, with a resounding success stunning the target for an equal number of cycles. However, smacking her belly like that causes it to wobble wildly, counting as an average recharge time.

Belly Wall (Belly and Sides):

Belly Wall is prepared when the user sits down and bounces her belly about in a rhythmic fashion with her fingers interwoven behind her head, which is considered a lengthy charge time. Gently bouncing her gut about in figure-eights and such, the user is able to project an invisible wall in front of her. The wall itself can be projected a number of range increments equal to the creator's Belly and

Sides. Its height is decided upon preparing Belly Wall, going from as low as two feet to quadruple the user's Belly and Sides in feet. Its width has a minimum of two feet to a maximum in range increments equal to the user's Belly and Sides. It cannot be scaled by arthropods and the like, but it can be tunneled under if the ground is soft enough. Damaging the wall is impossible. Belly Wall can be maintained for as long as the user doesn't grow tired; she can add her Belly and Sides to any Physique roll required to keep Belly Wall going. But once she stops, the user must suffer a lengthy recharge time.

Gaki Curse (Belly and Sides):

Purportedly developed by courtiers in the Far East, this gastronomical Power has found plenty of use by big girls that were being preyed upon by the local snobs. By rubbing her middle for an average charge time, the user can focus on her intended target and cripple them with agonizing hunger pangs. Gaki Curse can strike a single target a number of range increments away equal to the user's Belly and Sides. The target must make an Intellect roll once a cycle, for a number of cycles equal to twice the user's Belly and Sides; the roll suffers a penalty equal to the user's Belly and Sides. Should the target succeed, they feel sharp hunger pangs but can otherwise act normally. But if they fail, they're maddened by the agonizing hunger gnawing at their entire digestive tract and will rush toward the nearest food source to scarf it all down, heedless of circumstances. Their personal tastes won't

matter, since food is food. They'll gorge themselves for a number of cycles equal to twice the user's Belly and Sides, after which they'll stagger about dazed for an equal number of cycles. Gaki Curse has a lengthy recharge time.

Gastric Leech (Belly and Sides):

Eventually the guts of some girls find that merely swallowing things is too time-consuming. Gastric Leech requires that its user let her middle expand and contract for an average charge time, easily changing volume by fifty percent as it does so. Once ready, Gastric Leech lets her target a single subject within a number of range increments equal to 1 + her Belly and Sides, silently dealing damage equal to her Belly and Sides. The user heals an equal number of HP and can repeat the assault on her next turn. This continuous assault can last for an average duration; after that, Gastric Leech has a lengthy recharge time.

Ghostly Gut (Belly and Sides):

Doorways can be a problem when you're too fat to go through them. Sometimes, though, all it takes is a bit of fluidity. Ghostly Gut gives its user a bizarre form of intangibility. By drumming on her stomach for an average charge time, the user can swim through solid, non-self-aware objects as though they were saltwater, causing solid surfaces to ripple as she moves through and under them. She can swim at a maximum Speed equal to quintuple her Belly and Sides, but cannot eat or sleep while using Ghostly Gut. She can swim up the sides of

buildings and other obstacles if need be! Disgusting and distasteful materials slide right off of her curves as she swims. Dangerous substances still remain dangerous to touch, and anything actively trying to hurt her can still do so! On the other hand, the user can opt to splash attackers as she leaves a solid; by exiting whatever surface she's in, the user ends her use of Ghostly Gut but sprays every enemy within Close range with chunks of the surface she left, leaving a shallow crater in the surface and forcing those affected to make a Dexterity roll to avoid taking an amount of damage equal to $1 + d4 +$ the user's Belly and Sides. Ghostly Gut has an average recharge time.

Grumble Gut (Belly and Sides):

Some BBWs are afraid that they're pregnant when they manifest Grumble Gut, as their middle kicks violently and rumbles. The reality is their digestive track is rearing to go! Preparing Grumble Gut requires an average charge time spent drumming upon the user's belly. With that done, her belly will begin to undulate, spasm, wobble and contort, rumbling like a car engine all the while as digestive gases lighten the load. If she lays upon her gut, the user will be able to bounce, jiggle and drift over the ground at a maximum Speed equal to ten times her Belly and Sides. The user gains a bonus equal to her Belly and Sides on all rolls made to maneuver while using Grumble Gut, which also applies to low-friction surfaces. Grumble Gut is also usable as a weapon, letting the user strike a number of enemies within

leg's reach equal to her Belly and Sides by letting her middle contort and spasm. Such an attack does damage equal to $d5 +$ the user's Belly and Sides. Grumble Gut can also be used to scare others off; the rumbling roar of the user's gut requires an Empathy roll, with a bonus equal to the user's Belly and Sides. Ending Grumble Gut is as simple as letting it relax over the course of a full cycle. Grumble Gut has to go through an average recharge time before it can be massaged back into action.

Gut Blast (Belly and Sides):

Those who eat far more at each sitting than they should end up with much larger digestive tracts than they realize, immense chambers that inevitably fill with strange fumes. The user of Gut Blast is able to use those fumes to her own ends, rumbling for a quick charge time before belching up a plume of gas a number of range increments across equal to her Belly and Sides. The color of the fumes is chosen upon gaining Gut Blast; once chosen, it cannot be changed. Anyone caught within the plume has to make a Physique roll for every cycle they remain within the fumes in order to avoid being dazed for that cycle. They also take damage for each cycle they spend within the fumes equal to the user's Belly and Sides. The plume is heavy and sits in place for an average duration. The user of Gut Blast can spew out a plume a number of times equal to $1 +$ her Belly and Sides. Gut Blast has a lengthy recharge time and has the same method of use recovery as lactation-based Powers.

Midsection Mirage (Belly and Sides):

Every once in a while, a girl with flawless skin gains weight. Yes, her cheeks might jiggle and her tits might hang, but the skin on her middle is so flawless it reflects things! The user of Midsection Mirage can rub her stomach with both hands for an average charge time. Once it's ready, she's able to concentrate on an image that's either in her head or within view. If she has both available, she gains a +3 bonus on any roll involving this Power. That image reflects off her belly and can be displayed to a number of range increments equal to her Belly and Sides. For all intents and purposes it looks like the real thing, with the belly-projected image of a cottage looking just like a real cottage, for example. There's no sound produced, just a silent moving image. The image can be held up for a lengthy duration at the most, after which Midsection Mirage undergoes an equivalent recharge time.

Navel Limb (Belly and Sides):

They say triangles are the most sturdy shape around... so three legs might be better than two! By gazing into her navel for an average charge time, the user of Navel Leg can summon a third limb out of her navel, a multi-jointed length of shadowstuff and navel lint that reaches to the ground. Terminating in gripping toes, the Navel Limb's finer details are left up to the user to formulate — no two Navel Limbs are truly alike. Ambulating with a Navel Limb lets the user move at a maximum Speed equal to quintuple her

Belly and Sides. It grants a bonus to maneuvering over treacherous terrain equal to the user's Belly and Sides, and it can also be used as a third arm, requiring a Dexterity roll that gains the aforementioned bonus to it. Smacking an enemy with a Navel Limb does damage equal to $2 + d4 +$ the user's Belly and Sides. It only takes a single cycle to turn the Navel Limb into dust that flutters away, but it requires an average recharge time before another can be summoned.

Navel Lotus (Belly and Sides):

Some girls are fond of navel gazing, as their guts are so big that they try to meditate and end up gazing into the belly button-turned-abyss that they've grown. A girl that wants to use Navel Lotus has to meditate upon her belly button's dark depths for a lengthy charge time. Her gut-hole responds by producing a flower made from lint, shadows and shed skin, the number and shape of its petals depending upon the user's personality. The length of each petal in inches is equal to thrice her Belly and Sides. It produces an odor that's always pleasing, which grants its creator a bonus equal to her Belly and Sides on any rolls made to persuade others. The odor wafts away to a number of range increments equal to $1 +$ the user's Belly and Sides. The lotus lasts for a number of hours equal to its creator's Belly and Sides before falling apart and has a lengthy recharge time.

Navel Tyrant (Belly and Sides):

The interior of a "navel tyrant's" belly button is a swirling vortex of pheromones and willpower, ready to be fired at someone, so long as an average charge time is spent massaging around it. By slapping the sides of her gut, the user of Navel Tyrant pumps a vortex ring at one target within a number of range increments equal to 1 + her Belly and Sides. The target has to make an Empathy roll against the user — the user gains a bonus to her roll equal to her Belly and Sides. If the target succeeds, they're only dazed for d5 cycles. If the user succeeds, the target becomes infatuated with her. They can't be ordered around or anything, as they'll simply follow her around like a lost puppy; if she's antagonized in any fashion, the target of Navel Tyrant will do everything they can to defend her, until either they or the attacker are reduced to 0 HP. Navel Tyrant's effect persists for a number of cycles equal to quintuple the user's Belly and Sides, after which the target is stunned for d20 cycles. Navel Tyrant can only be in effect for one target and when it wears off it goes through a lengthy recharge time.

All-terrain Butt (Legs and Butt):

Some girls find that their thighs are so damn big they can't even waddle, so they sit and discover a new talent. Like the feet of a fly or gecko, the bearer of an All-terrain Butt can flex her way up walls and across ceilings at a maximum Speed equal to quintuple her Legs and Butt. This does not make her immune to any danger that

could possibly cover a surface, such as fire, hot asphalt, broken glass, contact-based poisons, or electrical shorts. If need be, the user can flex both her glutes at the same time to bounce over obstacles and small creatures, high enough where she can land on both her feet at the apex of her bounce. Should something try to budge her, the user can opt to add 1 + her Legs and Butt to her Physique to contest it. They also gain a bonus on all rolls made to move undetected equal to their Legs and Butt. By hefting one buttock up, the user can attack by swinging it back down, dealing damage equal to 2 + d4 + her Legs and Butt, with a resounding success seeing the target floored.

Amniotic Battery (Legs and Butt):

This Power lets its user store things inside of an easily portable container. Charges of Buttshock inside one Amniotic Battery, doses of Milk Pill inside of another, the possibilities are nearly endless! To use Amniotic Battery, the user has to massage between her legs for an average charge time, which causes her to enjoy a powerful orgasm as her privates exude a maximum number of Amniotic Batteries equal to 1 + her Legs and Butt. It takes one cycle to produce one such battery; it's a pear-shaped, pint-sized bottle that starts out flimsy but rapidly stiffens up until it has the hardness of thick glass. An Amniotic Battery can hold a number of charges, doses, or whatever equal to the creator's Legs and Butt, sealed in with a hinged lid. If it's holding charges of Buttshock, the open top can be pressed against a target to

deal damage or recharge its battery. An Amniotic Battery lasts for a number of days equal to $2 +$ its creator's Legs and Butt, during which it preserves whatever it's holding. Once its lifespan is up, however, the Amniotic Battery dissolves and its contents are lost in an opaque cloud. An Amniotic Battery can be thrown a number of range increments equal to $1 +$ the creator's Legs and Butt. Amniotic Battery, once used, cannot be used again for a lengthy recharge time.

Amniotic Geyser (Legs and Butt):

Amniotic Geyser lets its user fly, after a sorts, with horrifying repercussions for anyone caught beneath her. By massaging between her legs for an average charge time, the user of Amniotic Geyser enjoys a powerful orgasm as a powerful, narrow stream of amniotic liquid erupts from her crotch, blasting downward with enough force to lift her into the air. She floats a number of range increments above the ground equal to her Preferred Region. She's able to maintain the spray of steaming juices far beyond what the laws of reality would dictate, traveling at a maximum Speed equal to quintuple her Legs and Butt. Amniotic Geyser is far from a subtle Power; by maneuvering over a single target, the user catches them under a scalding, shredding torrent, dealing damage equal to $1 + d4 +$ the user's Legs and Butt per cycle. The target can evade the attack, but not block it. Ending Amniotic Geyser results in the user gently returning to her feet within a cycle, after

which it undergoes a lengthy recharge time.

Amniotic Sea (Legs and Butt):

Overly curious BBWs find themselves orgasming so hard they squirt out an entire sea. By massaging between her legs for an average charge time, the user of Amniotic Sea enjoys a powerful orgasm as her body heaves out a pool of cleansing, antimicrobial water. It reaches out away from the user for a number of range increments equal to her Legs and Butt and has a maximum depth in feet equal to her Legs and Butt. The user and her friends have their Speed increased by an amount equal to the user's Legs and Butt while in the Amniotic Sea, plus they gain an equivalent bonus to Intellect rolls involving medical efforts made in the water. Hostiles have their Speed reduced by an amount equal to $1 +$ the user's Legs and Butt while in the Amniotic Sea. The body of water lasts a number of hours equal to the user's Legs and Butt, but it'll evaporate within an hour should she leave the Amniotic Sea completely. Amniotic Sea has a lengthy recharge time.

Buttquake (Legs and Butt):

By dropping low and shaking her rear in a nice dance as a quick charge time, the user can cause a localized earthquake with her as the epicenter. The quaking extends away from her in all directions at a number of range increments equal to her Legs and Butt. As she does her sexy dance, anyone within range is severely affected. Non-friendly characters within range of

the Buttquake have to roll their Dexterity against the user's Dexterity + Legs and Butt, with success seeing them simply dazed during her dance. Should they fail, they're compelled to dance, too, being floored and stunned for $2 + d4$ turns as soon as the user ends her dance.

Buttquake can be maintained for a lengthy duration; after that, she can't do it again as a lengthy recharge time is required. If more than one girl uses this Power and they're within range of each other's quaking, the range for each Buttquake is increased by one per girl, and anyone affected suffers a -2 penalty per girl!

Buttshock (Legs and Butt):

When the thighs (or buttocks) of some BBWs rub together, they produce a static charge. Users of Buttshock can actually contain an electric charge and therefore don't suffer from the harmful effects of electricity. The user's thighs have to rub together as a quick charge time to accrue 1 charge of Buttshock. The user can have a number of charges stored equal to $1 +$ her Legs and Butt. 1 charge can be used to recharge a smartphone or portable radio, 2 charges for a laptop, and 3 charges for a car battery. Using Buttshock to attack does damage equal to $d5 +$ the user's Legs and Butt. The electric shock can reach a number of range increments equal to the user's Legs and Butt. Electronic devices and beings attacked by Buttshock suffer damage equal to $1 + 2d4 +$ the user's Legs and Butt, unless they're insulated against such attacks. Buttshock has a quick recharge time between uses.

Chameleon Butt (Legs and Butt):

Wallflowers tend to get antsy if anyone notices them. They might bounce on their heels or bend their knees in an alternating rhythm. Some wallflowers flex their butt cheeks, which causes something odd to happen. Whenever the user willfully flexes her glutes as a quick charge time, she turns invisible to everyone and everything. She fades from sight within a turn and remains invisible for as long as she flexes her glutes; she has to make a Physique roll to keep it going past a lengthy duration, but she gains a bonus to the roll equal to her Legs and Butt. However, this Power doesn't render her immune to other senses; beings with keen non-visual senses can roll their Intellect against $5 +$ the user's Legs and Butt to find her. Chameleon Butt has a lengthy recharge time.

Clap Cannon (Legs and Butt):

Some BBWs that dance end up wrecking the place. Clap Cannon takes only a quick charge, as the user simply bends over slightly. Then, she flexes her glutes to part her buttocks, bringing them back together with enough force to clap. Such an explosive impact sends a shockwave ripping through the air, hitting everything in its path. Clap Cannon can reach a distance in range increments equal to the user's Legs and Butt, and it strikes every friend and foe in its path, doing damage equal to $2 + d4 +$ the user's Legs and Butt, forcing them to make a Dexterity roll to avoid being floored and stunned for $d4$

cycles. However, aiming the Clap Cannon is awkward and it can only be used once before having to undergo an average recharge time. There's a strong chance a shockwave will shatter glass and other brittle materials as it passes by and over them, too! Clap Cannon can only be used underwater as an awkward form of propulsion — doing so will propel the user in whatever direction her head is pointed at a Speed equal to her Physique + her Legs and Butt for one cycle.

Leeching Thighs (Legs and Butt):

Beautiful legs can easily become the mightiest tool in a vamp's arsenal. Why expend the effort to waddle, when you can have someone else do it for you? By waddling as a quick charge time, the user of Leeching Thighs can target one non-vehicular enemy within a number of range increments equal to 1 + her Legs and Butt, effectively stealing their mobility for a brief time, legs pulsating all the while. The target has their Speed reduced by an amount equal to 1 + the user's Legs and Butt, to a minimum of 0; this reduction in Speed results in the user's Speed increasing by an equal amount. This lasts a number of cycles equal to quadruple the user's Legs and Butt. Leeching Thighs has an average recharge time.

Umbral Cloud (Legs and Butt):

To use Umbral Cloud, the user has to massage between her swollen thighs for an average charge cycle. As she does this, she'll have to endure a light orgasm, the shadows between those thighs pouring

onto the ground. Once the proper amount of time has been spent massaging, the shadows coalesce into a cloud of opaque black, violet and/or dark blue motes holding her bulk aloft in a quasi-sitting position. The motes take any form the creator desires, such as a swarm of pixies, a cluster of orreries, flappy-eared elephants, whatever. The motes are numerous and large enough to hold her boobs, belly and buttocks aloft; if she wishes to, she can recline backward or forward on the cloud and still make perfect use of it. Just by flexing her glutes or waddling, the user can propel herself atop the Umbral Cloud; it holds her aloft and maintains flawless traction, no matter how slippery or uneven the surface she's on. Umbral Cloud lets its user move at a maximum Speed equal to her Legs and Butt increased tenfold, though going downhill can easily increase that further! If the user is moving as fast as she can, she can weaponize her momentum, dealing damage equal to d5 + her Legs and Butt, with a resounding success flooring the target. Umbral Cloud also lets the user carry a number of additional objects equal to her Legs and Butt. Dispersing the cloud takes an average duration, and Umbral Cloud has a lengthy recharge cycle.

Umbral Ensemble (Legs and Butt):

To use Umbral Ensemble, the user has to massage between her swollen thighs for an average charge time. As she does this, she'll have to endure a light orgasm, the shadows between those thighs pouring out into a set of clothes worn to be upon its

creator's body. The user of Umbral Ensemble can produce a maximum number of items of clothing equal to 1 + her Legs and Butt — a pair of socks counts as one item, as does a pair of mittens or anything similar. Resembling silk with any patterns imaginable to the creator, the clothes only come in hues of cyan, blue, violet, black, silver and gold. They confer a bonus to any Physique rolls the wearer makes to resist temperature extremes and harsh weather, equal to the user's Legs and Butt. Body armor cannot be created using Umbral Ensemble — only clothing! The creator decides what the ensemble she produces will look like as she massages, so she's only limited by her imagination. The shadow-clothes last a number of hours equal to 5 + the user's Legs and Butt. Umbral Ensemble has an average recharge time.

Umbral Nest (Legs and Butt):

To use Umbral Nest, the user has to massage between her swollen thighs for an average charge time. As she does this, she'll have to endure a light orgasm, the shadows between those thighs pouring into her hand. The shadowstuff collected forms into a fist-sized egg of darkness and can be thrown a number of range increments equal to 1 + the user's Legs and Butt. When planted on a surface, the egg bursts silently, launching a number of chunks that stick to whatever solid surfaces are within Close range of the initial impact site. The number of chunks that are released is equal to the user's Legs and Butt. Each chunk sprouts into

whatever shape the user decides upon when she gains Umbral Nest, but each sprout is never larger than her arm. They're immobile, possess a number of HP equal to twice their creator's Legs and Butt, and possess a Dexterity equal to 6 + their creator's Legs and Butt. They roll their Dexterity to make a projectile attack, lobbing a glob of prickly, bitey darkness a number of range increments equal to their creator's Legs and Butt once a cycle. Each glob does damage equal to the user's Legs and Butt and stuns on a resounding success for 1 + d5 cycles. Each sprout lobs a glob, which means they can all attack a single target with a volley or divide their attacks between multiple targets — their creator has to declare their primary choice as she creates the Umbral Nest. Any hostiles that try to pass through the sprout-patch has to make a Dexterity roll to avoid being attacked by the sprouts bludgeoning them; the bludgeoning attacks deal as much damage as the glob-projectile. The sprouts last a number of hours equal to 3 + the creator's Legs and Butt; only one patch can be made, and once the sprouts are gone the user has to wait out an average recharge time before she can make another patch. She can dismiss a patch she made with just a thought over the course of a full cycle.

The bigger the PCs get the longer it takes to rev some Powers up. As such, gaining weight becomes an even bigger double-edged sword, as foes can interrupt the process of initiating Powers. The Bloat should plan ahead quite thoroughly if

they're able, if they want to avoid having enemies get the jump on them at the worst possible time!

How BBW Powers are seen by NPCs is up to the GM. They could be a dread secret, kept away from investigators and meatheads. Such supernatural abilities could be used to wage a hidden war. If the meatheads have their own brawn-fueled Powers, there could be a variety of twists, such as dangerous flaws in the other Power classes. Superscience employed by corporations and governments is another source of rival Powers, most likely taking the PCs by surprise — with great funding comes great power, and with great power comes a great need for obfuscation. Perhaps Powers fall into a rock-paper-scissors dynamic, with BBW Powers forming one corner of the dynamic as a counterbalance to the others.

If BBW Powers are known by the public, it might be for any reason. Perhaps BBWs with Powers are seen as sacrosanct, priestesses or living shrines, with the PCs acting as bulwarks of faith against the darkness, real or otherwise. Perhaps there are rival religions, such as emaciated devil worshippers, breatharians and the like, all seeing BBWs as gross, indolent slobs that don't deserve their Powers. In a post-apocalyptic setting, maybe BBWs all have an intrinsic aura that repels the monsters besieging humanity's final strongholds. That aura might require the BBWs to remain in a set location for a period of

time in order for it to take hold, with them leaving the location removing the aura.

Maybe BBW Powers are just another fact of life, alongside kite-eating trees, stranded aliens, femboys with chair-sized testicles and communist spy-bears. Life is weird a lot of the time, but once you see something enough times it stops being weird. No doubt there would be naysayers bitching about "supernatural fat privilege" or some other nonsense, with gym rats spearheading the complaints. Mobility-enhancing Powers could produce interesting athletic events, with BBWs engaging in races or peculiar mixed martial arts. Professors using Body Blimp to get to their lectures, businesswomen relying upon Umbral Cloud to rush around the city, politicians using Ghostly Gut to avoid unwanted attention, such events would be the norm in such a setting.

Warfare could take a rather peculiar turn, with a unique "amazon" warrior caste. Ritual warfare focused around BBW Powers could be the norm, with lots of posturing and flowery poems preceding the battle. Shoves, takedowns, Powers all over the place, slaps and backhands, that kind of thing. No casualties, just a bunch of bruised egos, scraped knees and empty bellies. Raids would be an obvious *modus operandi*, in all the obvious places. If the PCs are amazons, this could lead to a rather humorous military campaign!

Now, onto...

The Bestiary!

Well, where is it? It really begins on the next page, but some explanations are required beforehand. There are two types of “beast”: predators and entities.

Predators are the result of the GM succeeding on a Predation Factor roll. They go about their daily business in the untamed parts of the world, until they notice any BBWs. In that case, their hunger overrides any sense of decency and they hunt down said BBWs. Each predator has its own unique way of hunting and may even be intelligent enough to be reasoned with. However, their hunger comes first; some just want to eat a BBW, while others want something from them. PCs that can satiate a predator's hunger through clever means should be rewarded!

Entities are everything else, beings that are not a part of the Predation Factor. Whether they be everyday people or talking animals or something stranger, they're not trying to eat the Bloat or any other BBWs, which means they fall outside of the Predation Factor. In that case, they're much more common. Entities are the ones the PCs are going to be interacting with on a daily basis, whether it be for storyline purposes or just role-playing daily routines or whatever. This doesn't mean that they can't be dangerous — if anything, an entity's bound to be the major antagonist!

Att totals for entities and predators can vary wildly. Intellect can really vary wildly, as a dimwitted human has an Intellect of 6, but that doesn't mean a nonhuman is going to be dimwitted; it could simply be that the creature has a highly-specialized mindset. The lowest Att total for a detailed creature is eight and is normally possessed by creatures such as freakishly large cockroaches and other pests. The largest Att total possible is up to the GM, but such Atts should only be found among truly fearsome beings, such as dinosaurs, dragons, legendary heroes and the best super soldiers in the world.

While the Bloat may be able to fend off a swarm of giant bra-eating cockroaches, they'll have major trouble with a titan that has an Att total of thirty-six. The titan could easily succeed at any task in comparison to the Bloat! If the GM decides to create a new predator or entity, it would be best to remember that a PC has an Att total of thirty-two. Looking over the special rules supplied for some of the entries here would also be a good idea, as they could be quickly modified for new creatures.

One thing that will stand out is how some of the entries have Speed numbers that don't follow the rules set out for PC creation. The reasoning for this is that nonhumans have differing biomechanics, habits, so on and so forth. A gigantic slug might be a lot stronger and meaner than a

mere human, but that doesn't mean it'll be as fast!

Sometimes the GM wants the Bloat or a specific NPC to appear certifiably badass. In the movies, that usually means the hard-bitten protagonist or antagonist takes on a horde of enemies, flooring them effortlessly and shocking the opposition with their overwhelming force. It's okay to make it so an enemy only has 1 HP, 0 Dexterity and 1 Physique for theatrical purposes! Simply busting out Dexterity, Physique, HP and Speed numbers is okay if you want a basic "mook" meant to be defeated with ease.

Groups of creatures can also be easily statted out. A torch-wielding mob, a horde of robots, a tottering pillar of rats, a gang of brats on a motorized tricycle, it's all possible. Just assume that the mob is a single creature, with a number of individuals leaving combat for every blow the group suffers. It should be assumed that the group isn't exactly organized or disciplined, with the individuals capable of surrounding a target but not being to attack more than three times on its turn. In fact, if a group actually fails a roll to attack, it might actually hurt itself! A group's Dexterity can vary wildly, depending upon what it is precisely, though dodging attacks is obviously difficult for a group — unless it's composed of truly nimble individuals, such as dragonflies or sparrow or something. Physique numbers will most likely just be the average, which can be

assumed or reckoned. Being mobbed never ends well for whoever or whatever the mob is going after, unless the mob is being led into a trap or a space that turns their numbers into a disadvantage.

Healing is something people take for granted. Robots have to be repaired, so when they lose HP, they either have to fix themselves (which may be impossible) or they have to find a roboticist or another robot to do the repairs for them. Oozes are usually able to heal just by feeding, and skeletons may just roll around in a pile of calcium supplements or milk to heal their injuries. Common sense is the rule for recovering HP here. A robot reduced to 0 HP might be rendered immobile and shut down, or it might just fall to pieces.

Then there's a creature's diet, which for predators might not be as obvious as one would expect. Discovering a creature's preferences might allow someone to develop a bait that's guaranteed to work — or even meaner, destroy that food source, thus starving the creature out of a specific area. Supposing the PCs study a creature for long enough, they might be able to puzzle these things out.

Morale is a bigger factor than most people realize. Fending off a predator might be quite easy, while a raging frat boy might fight until he's knocked unconscious. The GM should feel free to make a creature roll its Intellect to see whether or not it stays in the fight for whatever reason.

Cynnamolgius (Predator)

Dexterity 5 (Clamber, Nimble Beaks (T))

Empathy 3 (Bloodthirsty (T))

Intellect 4 (Escape Artist, Scrounge (T))

Physique 7 (Bulky, Iron Guts, True

Omnivore (S))

HP 8

Speed 3 (15/turn)

Tools: Claws, 2 + d5 Omnivorous Beaks

Multiple simultaneous crows and chuckles.

Created by a rogue gene-designer, the genome for a new kind of poultry was released to the public without warning and was swiftly made manifest by various agricultural corporations. Fifteen years after its release and the avian abomination known as the cynnamolgius has nearly overtaken the domestic chicken for global consumption. Most people were shocked by the zebra-striped bird's appearance but swiftly became apathetic. After all, most food comes from sources they really don't want to know about to begin with, so one more ugly thing doesn't matter — once on the plate, food is food and that's it.

The typical cynnamolgius is definitely avian in origin, but there are several other "features" that clearly mark it as a manmade horror. A cynnamolgius has 2 + d5 heads on an equal number of necks resembling two-foot-long snakes; its beaks aren't too much different from a crow's, letting them consume nearly any kind of organic matter. Large red eyes gleam with suspicion behind those beaks, but not one head contains a brain. That is contained in

the torso, safe from the beaks of other cynnamolgi. While each head contains a ganglion for input and output and basic operations, it's the torso-brain that coordinates and controls. The torso itself is a bulky, bloated thing the size of a domestic turkey, laden with marbled muscle. Two stout legs and featherless wings support the beast's body, with either wing ending with a stout claw — perfect for climbing fences and holding down prey. Cynnamolgius tail feathers are short but brightly colored, not unlike the display feathers of a peacock; they're used for visual communication between cynnamolgi, which doesn't really go much further than reproduction or fighting.

A cynnamolgius takes twenty-four weeks to reach sexual maturity, and after that they can easily lay two hundred eggs a year. With a maximum lifespan of ten years, cynnamolgi can easily reach eighty pounds in weight much earlier than that. A properly prepared cynnamolgius carcass provides 4 Size Points of edible bits. Every part of the horror-bird can be used, with a few surprises inside the body that the public wasn't ready for.

For one, every cynnamolgius is a hermaphrodite. Sexual competition between two birds sees the winner ejaculating and the loser producing fertilized eggs. Particularly violent birds will be isolated and slaughtered for the market, but those that have been laying eggs for at least a year are also slaughtered.

Their bones make nutritious broth and they naturally accrue fat on their livers, resulting in a steady supply of foie gras. The meat is rich; cuts taken from the neck taste like shrimp, while other cuts are much like chicken, with other parts tasting like turkey. But it's the massive layer of cinnamon that gives the cynnamolgius genome its name. Named for the medieval legend of a "cinnamon bird", every cynnamolgius has a braincase encased in a thick layer of fibers identical to true cinnamon. How the unknown gene-designer managed to incorporate genes from *Cinnamomum verum* into an animal genome without biological consequences is a mystery that not even the mightiest of corporations and governments have been able to solve. A cynnamolgius braincase is encased in 5d20 uses of cinnamon.

Cynnamolgius guano is also very useful, as it makes one of the best fertilizers on the market. It's also a potent possibility for gunpowder production, possessing just the right mix of elements needed. A cynnamolgius carcass normally doesn't contain guano — it makes its nest from the stuff, instead, a bowl of compact guano on the ground that it defends readily from all comers.

Every cynnamolgius is an omnivore, capable of tearing apart a corpse with its multiple beaks and digesting nearly anything with its huge, powerful gizzard. None have escaped into the wild, which is a good thing, as the bird-things are expert

hunters, scrounging up rodents, songbirds and other assorted critters in their rampages. Cynnamolgi see all other animals as food and are witty enough to only attack when they're certain retaliation isn't coming. Farm workers that deal with cynnamolgi daily are jittery paranoiacs as a result, since having three or seven beaks trying to rip them apart takes its toll.

A cynnamolgius farm is much like a prison: tough to enter, impossible to escape. Any activist that successfully sneaks in to "liberate" the cynnamolgi will end up being ripped apart by the birds, as they recognize no master, let alone friend. Each beak a cynnamolgius possesses does 3 damage and the bird can attack multiple targets simultaneously by thrashing its heads about. It can peck one target for each beak it possesses, though each target can only be pecked once. When it lashes out like that, however, the cynnamolgius forgoes the ability to dodge or block. Alternately, it can attack a single target with all of its beaks, dealing 3 + d5 damage. All of its attacks daze on a resounding success for a number of cycles equal to the HP lost by the target. If reduced to 3 or less HP, a cynnamolgius will retreat and hide, waiting for a chance to get revenge when its attacker isn't looking. Outside of fighting, the birds are always eager to test their enclosures, clambering up fences and pushing objects around to create an escape route. While they can't figure out keys, they have a firm grasp of latches and levers.

Dog (Predator)

Dexterity 6 (Leap (T), Scamper Away)

Empathy 7 (Pack (T), Loud Bark)

Intellect 3 (Odors (S), Scavenging (T))

Physique 6 (Run, Smelly)

HP 7

Speed 8 (40/turn)

Tools: Mouth, Teamwork

A loud bark. And maybe a woof.

What's there to say? Some people don't look after the family dog. Sometimes the dogs are ferals. Dog packs number 3 + d4 dogs at most. The alpha of every pack is the biggest and meanest dog and it shows in his Physique of 7. A dog's bite does 1 + d4 damage, though this can vary with the breed. A tiny toy poodle does 1 damage at most, while a breed such as a Staffordshire pit bull does 2 + d4 damage. Most feral dogs simply run away from strangers, but regardless of circumstances, the majority of dogs have an average running Speed of 24, giving themselves away by panting loudly. On the upside for those being chased, dogs tend to overheat and pass out when they run in warm weather, such as the summer or in the tropics.

Some animals are smart enough to speak and dogs are no exception. While they may lack hands, dogs get by fine enough with tooth and paw. However, talking dogs tend to avoid non-dog settlements, as their minds are decidedly alien, given over to base impulses and desires that the average human would find strange. However, simple deals can be struck with

such dogs. A "settlement" of talking dogs usually consists of something they can all sleep under, away from both the elements and the prying eyes of civilization. Such a place is governed by the canine equivalent of a pecking order reinforced by odd "debates". Clever talking dogs will figure out that people value specific things, leading a dog settlement to hoard such things in a secret pile somewhere, possibly buried, but always well-guarded.

Meat dogs are a dog type bred for their meat. While some cultures despise such a thing, others consider dog meat to be a delicacy. The breed known as the "chienpain" is surprisingly widespread, named by French explorers for its rather distinct appearance. A true chienpain is a pariah dog that's short of leg and pot-bellied, with a sparse layer of fur that's gold in color. A chienpain almost always ends up shaped like a loaf of bread, as the breed gets fat quite easily. Adults can grow quite large — up to one hundred and fifty pounds! Replace Run with Omnivore (T), Leap (T) with Roly-poly, and Pack (T) with Beg (T). Their Speed is reduced to 4 and they cannot run. Their uniquely sharp, staccato bark is reserved for strangers, making them an effective alarm system. About two-thirds of the weight of any kind of meat dog can be processed for food by an amateur butcher, with an experienced dog butcher able to utilize nearly the entire dog. The chienpain is prized by every culture that partakes of dog meat, citing its value as both a garbage disposal and a fervent rodent hunter. An

adult chienpain that's been properly fattened grants 8 or 9 Size Points, depending upon the skill of the butcher.

For primitive societies, it's common to attach a travois to a dog for transporting things. A travois consists of two notched poles tied together close to one end to form an isosceles triangle. The narrow end goes over the dog's rump and the wide end is commonly bridged by a third pole. The space between the lengths can be covered by a flexible platform or cross-pieces, either of which can bear loads. The traditional travois is dragged behind the dog and can hold between fifty to sixty pounds of stuff. Sturdier ones made from the latest materials can hold considerably more.

Dog-pulled carts (hereupon referred to as dogcarts) have become a rather popular form of exercise for dogs, with competitions all over the place. Various warlords use rickety chariots pulled by war dogs against each other when they can't afford pickup trucks. As a rule of thumb, a dog can pull three times its body weight, which goes for both a travois and a cart. There are exceptions for dogs, just as there are exceptions for human athletes, so the GM should feel free to have a "super-dog" or a whole breed of them!

A lot of countries lack the military funding of the world's great powers. To compensate, they focus upon what they do have and do their damndest to improve upon that. One rather unscrupulous

country began efforts at weaponizing their native dog breeds. They mixed their best sighthounds with their best fighting dogs to produce precisely what their generals demanded. From there, the resulting "military breed" was modified with digital implants, turning the dogs into living drones. Called the "quarreler", the breed usually serves as a scout, but if need be can be modified into a guard, a rescue device, a delivery system, and even a four-legged explosive weapon.

The two things that makes a quarreler stand out are its blue eyes — they're huge, protruding and creepy to look at. A quarreler's body hits a sweet spot between muscular and whiplike, a serpentine bundle of energy always on the verge of breaking into a mad sprint, its squared ears held high on the alert above a blocky, downturned muzzle. From cranium to rump, a quarreler's spine is coated with "dopamine leash" cybernetic implants, both digital and analog. Quilted body armor with ceramic inserts can be attached to the implants to reduce all damage aimed at the dog's torso by 2. A quarreler has a Speed of 20, its bite does 2 + d4 damage, and it has 12 HP dues to its internal modifications. Replace Pack with Remote-Controlled, Scavenging with Enhanced Vision, and Smelly with Cybernetic Reinforcement.

Quarrelers have spread to other countries under strict licensing agreements. The fact that they're remote-controlled as biological robots is a major secret, with the

option to turn each dog into a living warhead even moreso. Completely unavailable to civilian markets, quarrelers are so far an obscure military asset that has yet to see a serious conflict. If the breed does see a war, it would most likely result in other species of animal being “converted” for military use, with dire implications for all involved.

Turnspit dogs are technically extinct, but they could easily return if civilization collapses and most technology is lost. Long of body and short of leg, a turnspit dog is bred for endurance, as its job is to run inside a big wheel to turn a spit with cooking meat skewered on it. Replace Leap (T) with Good Grip (T), Loud Bark with Patient, and Smelly with Endurance. Turnspit dogs are hardy and docile, with older individuals eventually becoming companion dogs. The one thing they’re known for is their expression — it’s a forlorn one. Turnspit dogs are usually kept in pairs, trading off on their turnspit duties.

Wolves are an altogether different creature from the domestic dogs we know and love. Their size varies considerably, with those dwelling in colder climes naturally huge compared to the rarer desert varieties. Timber wolves, for example, average about two and a half feet tall at the shoulders, with females weighing ninety-four pounds and males one hundred and thirteen. Wolves live in family units called packs; they’re always led by a dominant breeding pair, with a

total pack size of $3 + 2d4$ wolves. Most of the pack consists of the dominant pair’s pups, though sometimes the “aunts” and “uncles” of the pups stick around. Rarely, up to three such families might form a single huge pack. Their prey normally consists of beasts that weigh as much as the entire pack combined; a pack normally stalks up close to its prey and then try to goad it into running. If successful to that point, the pack will either drag it down mid-chase or tire it out so they can take huge chunks out of it, inducing death by blood loss. If they can’t find prey, wolves will happily go after carrion and various wild fruits. They’ll also go after smaller prey, such as sheep, house pets and the like — for those, they clamp down on the throat and tear. Wolves will kill such prey in large numbers during the winter, as they’ll keep the surplus kills under snow for natural refrigeration.

With a Dexterity of 7 and a Physique of 8, wolves are no joke. Replace Scamper Away with Stalking, Loud Bark with Prey Reactions, Scavenging (T) with Locate Prey (T), and Smelly with Crushing Bite. Their bite does $3 + d4$ damage and dazes on a resounding success. Dogs do not stand a chance against wolves, unless the wolf is severely outnumbered. Where dogs will typically aim for their target’s face and neck, a wolf will block such attempts with their body and will aim for the extremities with utmost savagery. A wolf can kill a dog with one bite, as its jaws snap shut with lethal force, pulverizing whatever they close upon.

Ettercap (Predator)

Dexterity 9 (Suspensory Climber (T), Tumble)
Empathy 6 (Patient (S), Skittish)
Intellect 4 (Ambush Hunter (T), Traps)
Physique 6 (Buoyant, Tackle (T))
HP 7
Speed 4 (20/turn)
Power: Poison Bite
Tools: Hands, Mouth, Spinnerets

A whooping hoot.

Ettercaps are to spiders what moles are to mole crickets — a mammal-to-arthropod case of convergent evolution. To be more precise, they're all that remains of an ancient lineage of primates, their relations having all died off millions of years ago... or so most primatologists know. Ettercaps are unique in their ecological role and have proven difficult to study in their native environment.

If an ettercap stands upright, it reaches a full height of one yard, with sexual dimorphism being negligible. Their limbs are spindly and of equal length, and their tailless bodies are round, giving them a spidery appearance. Ettercaps are covered in thick hair; its color varies wildly depending upon the population, with some being zebra-striped while others are canary, for example. An ettercap's head is round and possesses a flattened nose, with males growing a luxurious mustache that droops well past the jaw. The jaws possess large, grooved canines, with the other teeth adapted for an omnivorous diet. A

pronounced brow ridge protects the eyes, which are normally blue or green in color. The ears are roughly six inches long and knife-shaped, with the edges lined with thick bristles. In both sexes, red and blue stripes appear over the buttocks when mating season occurs. With opposable toes and thumbs, ettercaps move on all fours plantigrade when on the ground, oftentimes sprawling like a spider or lizard when in a fight or sneaking about.

They're just as comfortable climbing as they are on the ground, swinging by their hands and feet from branch to branch, or window to window, or just from place to place. They'll pounce on prey from above, supposing their prey is no larger than they are. They can swagger about upright for brief periods, but they're not built for it, reverting back to a quadrupedal stance after traveling a dozen or so yards at the furthest. Unlike most other primate species, ettercaps show no fear of water — they float readily and sweep their limbs in unison to swim either on their backs or on their sides. They don't willingly enter water, however, most likely because drying off makes them feel chilly.

Ettercaps live for about fifty years, reaching sexual maturity at eight years. They form mated pairs and defend their territories ferociously, using a combinations of drumming on woody plants and calling out with whooping hoots. Reproduction results in a pair of infants after six months of gestation. A mated pair lasts for 4 years, with the male leaving to find a different female to mate

with. The mating process is rather straightforward, with a bachelor male hunting down a gift in the form of a prey animal to present to a female.

Ettercaps are dedicated ambush hunters, falling back on fruit, tubers and flowers only when there's no prey to be had. Over half of the average ettercap's diet consists of animal tissues, making them faunivores to primatologists. They normally build very simple traps, such as heavy weights set high to fall over a specific spot, or a dead end using branches and rocks. Aiding in such craft are the spinnerets ettercaps possess over their navel. Derived from hair roots, the spinnerets produce a few varieties of silk for an ettercap to make use of, which they use to create their hammock-nests and traps. An ettercap has enough silk each day to craft (or repair) its nest and 1 + d4 traps; any silk that's been previously expended and hasn't deteriorated is usually eaten to recoup the loss of protein on other traps.

Hunting entails trapping prey first, most of the time. Ettercaps prefer to sneak up and spook their prey into a trap, other times they leap out and grab on if possible. An ettercap's bite deals 1 + d4 damage and dazes for an equal number of cycles on a resounding success. If dealing with larger foes, ettercaps somersault and tumble to evade attacks and attack mainly by tackling their enemy's knees or shins, dealing d4 damage and forcing their target to make a Dexterity roll to avoid being

floored. An ettercap has to succeed at a grapple before it can deliver a bite.

To guarantee success, every ettercap possesses the same Power. Poison Bite relies upon a pair of specialized sweat glands hidden within an ettercap's armpits. Those glands exude a protein that on its own is harmless; the ettercap rubs its tongue against the glands and then rubs its tongue over its canine teeth, coating all four with the protein. The whole wet-and-wipe process takes three cycles and results in the ettercap's bite becoming poisonous. The protein is activated by saliva; while ettercaps are immune to it, the vast majority of mammals, birds and reptiles are not. The very smell of the activated protein scares off most predators, in fact. An ettercap's canines remain poisonous for 2 bites after the protein was first applied; a target struck by an ettercap's Poison Bite takes an additional 1 damage and has to make a Physique to not be stunned for d4 cycles by the excruciating pain. Most people struck by the Poison Bite scream in pain reflexively and thrash about, which gives away their location, whereas animals such as alley deer and rabbits simply fall over stunned. Once the Poison Bite has been used once, the ettercap has to reapply the protein to its canines.

Some populations of ettercap forgo traps in favor of "farming" centipedes and millipedes. The two species favored by such ettercaps are large and edible to humans as well, with their exoskeletons

resembling gold and silver jewelry. Such ettercaps drag long rocks to form a low-set enclosure, within which they'll relieve themselves a few times before tossing in various kinds of plants they uproot from elsewhere. The plants are usually mosses and ferns, but all of them are readily decaying by the time the ettercap finds them. Without fail millipedes find the enclosure and enter it to feed. They won't leave, so long as the ettercap "rancher" tosses in a few handfuls of decomposing plant matter at least once a week. Eventually the much-desired centipedes arrive to feed upon the millipedes as a variety of edible worms join the millipedes in their feast. Such an enclosure can keep an ettercap family fed, even during the harshest of winters, as the decomposing plantstuff keeps the interior warm enough to be painful to bare hands.

Raiding an ettercap enclosure can be rewarding, assuming a BBW is curious enough to eat millipedes, centipedes and/or worms. All three can be roasted, fried and stewed, with dill, basil and rock salt greatly enhancing their flavors. An enclosure can contain up to 4 Size Points, though the GM should feel free to roll a d4 to decide the number of Size Points available. Harvesting an enclosure takes half an hour per Size Point and will inevitably attract the ettercap's attention — or rather, the attention of the entire ettercap family. Stealing food right from a baby ettercap's mouth, really! For shame!

As soon as an ettercap discovers someone raiding their enclosure, they fly into a screaming rage, gaining a +3 bonus to their next 1 + d4 rolls that require Dexterity and/or Physique. Those rolls are made to put the hurt on whoever is rustling their precious creepy-crawly cattle. Not all is lost, supposing the critter rustlers succeed in completely emptying the enclosure; it will refill with millipedes, centipedes and worms over the course of 3d10 days.

Ettercaps themselves are edible, though only the more callous or desperate societies out there engage in hunting them. Truth be told, they're much better when tamed, as they can be taught to tend crops to some extent and will eat any pests that the crops may attract. An adult ettercap is enough to provide 4 Size Points.

Diced ettercap lungs and hearts are frequently stewed with their palms and soles to make something akin to chicken noodle soup, a steaming cure-all that several cultures swear by. But by themselves, an ettercap's palms and soles can fetch quite the price, as they're considered delicacies by a few pastoral nations. The brain of an ettercap is extremely risky to eat, even though its nerves are harmless and can be used as garnish — a variety of hellish prions can be found in the brain, resulting in a slow death for whoever eats an ettercap's brain. The cruelest of leaders (and tourists) will roast an ettercap upon a bed of its own enclosure contents, resulting in a depraved feast of 5 + d4 Size Points.

Giant Skull (Predator)

Dexterity 5 (Hide In Plain Sight (T), Roll About)

Empathy 8 (Cold-Reader (T), Painful Insults (S))

Intellect 8 (Historical Figures, Local Spots)

Physique 5 (Bite (T), Boneheaded)

HP 12

Speed 3 (15/turn)

Tools: Big Mouth

“What’re ya lookin’ at, bonehead?!”

Giants lived once, a very long time ago. They ate smaller folks and sometimes each other. Wielding strange Powers and tools, the giants formed a sparsely-populated empire, roaming the hills for tribute and erecting spindly, monolithic structures in which to dwell. The empire fell when the giants proved too arrogant for their own good, their structures toppled into dust for all to see. The giants were slain down to a one, their cannibalistic infighting ending what the slings and spears of Man could not.

Egotism is a hell of a thing. A few of those giants proved too proud to give up the ghost, their stubbornness leading them to continue on as an undead pain in the ass. The giant’s skull remains, a massive, human-like skull with glittering lights in its eye sockets and a voice that rumbles out of it with a snide tone. Measuring roughly one yard across, a giant skull usually just sits in an isolated place, contemplating its previous life as a giant, pondering the future and getting mad if

anyone interrupts its forlorn, resentful reverie. If particularly riled up, a giant skull will bounce and roll about, hurling abuse at whoever happened to upset them.

Giant skulls are masters of cold reading. Falling back on their long existence, a giant skull can tell a lot about an individual at a glance. They always seem to know exactly what kind of insult to shout to stop a foe dead in their tracks. Typically a litany of such abuse can see even the hardest motherfucker leave in shock, even crying. A fight against a giant skull *will* require Empathy rolls! If its insults don’t work, then the giant skull can always rely upon its quasi-fossilized teeth to deliver a ferocious bite — whatever it bites will suffer 1 + d4 HP in damage, and on a resounding success the bite also dazes the target for 2 + d4 cycles.

However, if its foes stand their ground against its insults and respond with their own clever comebacks, the giant skull will be impressed. A giant skull knows a lot about the region, in particular knowing weird secrets about local spots and historical figures it’s happened to witness during its long existence. If the PCs are able to offer a pleasing conversation, the giant skull may offer a unique item hidden inside its cranial cavity.

Giant skulls and skeletons do *not* get along. It’s partly historical, partly because skeletons are jokesters and giant skulls are miserable boneheads.

Gull (Predator)

Dexterity 6 (Ride the Wind (T))

Empathy 7 (Extortion, Opportunist (T), Negotiations (S))

Intellect 7 (Catch Fish, Scavenger (T))

Physique 4 (Beak, Dive)

HP 5

Speed 1 (5/turn)(Walk), 6 (30/turn)(Fly)

Tools: Beak, Teamwork

“Awah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! Dah fuckin’ balls on dis fuckin’ guy!”

Gulls are a caustic bunch, squabbling whenever avian negotiations break down. What makes them a danger is the ability to fly; if they see a BBW lying on the beach, they’re naturally going to swoop down in hopes of a fat meal that can’t fight back. Such mobbing behavior is calculated to cause the most confusion in their prey to make feeding easier. If possible, a flock will home in on a body part their target can't reach.

A flock of gulls can vary in size, with the smallest "flock" consisting of only a pair of gulls raising one to three chicks together. The largest flocks can have dozens of individuals, a sky-darkening army that can dominate miles of shoreline with their viciousness. If there's no big girls wobbling in sight, a flock will go about pecking through bivalves, catching fish, preening, or arguing over something in their peculiar pidgin. Near humans, they'll try to steal prime bits of human-made food.

Any flock that's more than a single family is going to be dominated by a "Boss Gull". He's a big one, with a wingspan twice as large as the next largest flock member. The others defer to him automatically and will offer up shiny trinkets they find. Those trinkets he wears on a twine necklace, marking his status within the flock for all to see. He's got a Physique of 6 to match his size.

He'll be the one to lead an attack on the Bloat, so that makes it easier to stop the attack. If the PCs do their research, they'll find that offering up a shiny trinket (glass beads, a gold ring, or something similar) will end the attack immediately as the boss looses one hell of a squawk. From there, the flock will hang on the breeze as their leader speaks to the Bloat. He'll offer the PCs his flock's protection, but continuing that protection involves a steady stream of offerings of various sorts. One day it might be a box of French fries, another week it might be a fistful of navel lint. If he's particularly irascible, the boss gull might actually have his flock attack should the offerings cease!

Clever PCs could always start trouble between neighboring flocks this way, as gulls have seemingly replaced intelligence with egotism. It doesn't help that they're fond of vendettas. Flyby peckings are just one way these violent birds wage war! Regardless of size, all gulls have a beak that does 1 damage per peck.

Kronch (Predator)

Dexterity 4 (Flexible Endoskeleton (T), Slide About)

Empathy 2 (Infuriatingly Stubborn)

Intellect 3 (Hiding Places, Stalked Eyes (T), Smell Prey (S))

Physique 5 (Eats Whatever (T), Rubbery) HP 10

Speed 2 (10/turn)(Walk/Swim), 5 (25/turn)(Belly Slide)

Power: Valor Up

Tools: Bivalved Shell, Prehensile Radula

A particularly slurpy croak.

Is it a frog? Is it a snail? No kronch knows — every kronch is a beast more concerned with filling its stomach than with anything resembling phylogeny. Dwelling in cool, dank places rife with rotting vegetation, kronches are the lords of forgotten middens and hollow logs, their verminous courts becoming food whenever the kronches desire it.

Gluttonous to a fault, kronches are solitary out of necessity, as they'd otherwise strip an area of edibles in short order.

A fully grown kronch measures four feet long, its rear end protected by a pair of valves — two scalloped shells, either one two feet across, both hinged together and thick enough to ward blows delivered by a rock or a stick. No two kronch bear the same patterns on their valves, but all of them are quite colorful. A kronch is built like a cross between a frog and a hippopotamus, albeit with less emphasis on hopping and more on sliding about on

its belly. Its four legs bend in weird ways — dislocation is not possible. Each leg ends with a quintet of suckers arranged in a ring, letting the kronch climb up steep, slick surfaces with ease. The head bears a quartet of openings at its nape; air is sucked through one pair and out the other pair for respiration via a lung-gill apparatus resembling a set of bellows designed by Cthulhu. External eardrums allow for modest hearing and the two feathery rhinophores above the mouth let the kronch smell food at any range. The mouth has scalloped, rubbery lips that let it grab on with astounding force; underwater, a kronch can suck in whatever prey items it finds in Close range. While not really possessing teeth, a kronch bears keratinous grinding plates and a radula, a molluscan cross between a tongue and a rasp. With that, a kronch can grab an animal's limb and pull it in to be clumsily chewed between the aforementioned plates. The eyes are mounted atop retractable stalks and can look in any direction; they're potent, perceiving the world with slightly more acuity than a human's. A kronch's gaze is unsettlingly intense, given its irises consist of concentric rings of different colors.

Every kronch has a lair it resides in to escape temperature extremes and other troubles. Slick with kronch-slime, such a lair is normally dark and cool, with enough room for a kronch and a potential mate for the mating season. Kronches can easily dig their own lairs when need be, but laziness leads them to settle in any

sufficiently dark, wet place. Their skeletons are supple and let them squeeze through a wide variety of openings, so a kronch lair can be found in a rather unlikely place. Kronches live for up to forty years, becoming sexually mature at five years and laying a single clutch of up to a dozen gelatinous eggs each year. Parental care is nonexistent; pups have to flee the mother's pool or else be eaten.

A crushing gullet, powerful gizzard, acidic stomach and spacious intestine means a kronch is an opportunistic omnivore, devouring soft plants and any animal they can stun with their radula. Ambush predation is their preferred hunting method, but a kronch underwater will make use of suction feeding. Larger prey is typically met with a smack from a kronch's radula; the beast can target a single foe in Close range and lash out, dazing said target for d4 cycles. If it can't use its radula, a kronch can slam into a single target with a wild belly flop, doing 2 + d4 damage and on a resounding success flooring said target. If they can manage it, a kronch can bite a target for d4 damage, dazing for an equal number of cycles on a resounding success. However, a kronch is vulnerable while chewing on a victim.

Valor Up lets a kronch stymie most creatures that would try to prey upon it. It takes a full cycle for Valor Up to activate; the kronch retreats into its posterior valves and shuts them tight, releasing a wet, ragged exhalation as it does so. Valor Up effectively makes the kronch immune to

most forms of damage for up to one hour. While closed up, a kronch cannot see, hear or smell anything outside of its valves, nor can it do anything besides open back up. A kronch that's activated Valor Up can still be damaged by temperature extremes, electricity and a blow from a sufficient weapon, such as a pickaxe or a large power drill, for example. Once Valor Up ends, the kronch has to wait 4 + 2d10 cycles before it can be used again.

Kronches are edible and taste much like abalone and edible frog. While somewhat rubbery, the flesh can be smoked, stewed or poached to soften it up. Kronch flesh can also be salted for preservation. The posterior valves are quite valuable, with either one being worth at least 1 gallon of breast milk, but typically much more. If not sold, than a kronch valve can be made into a helmet that grants a +1 bonus on any roll made to impress someone while reducing any incoming damage aimed at the head by 2. The bones make a potent broth; any meal cooked with kronch broth heals d4 HP once eaten. A whole kronch contains 9 Size Points' worth of food, as most of it is quite edible.

A kronch's digestive tract is where the real treats lie. Kronches tend to swallow all kinds of things, encasing the objects in a layer of nacre that can be easily broken with a hard smack. A kronch corpse contains a number of items equal to the number of PCs, sometimes with d4 more for the largest of kronches. The items might be useful, or they might be junk.

Ooze (Predator)

Dexterity 4 (Bounce (T), Semi-liquid)

Empathy 2 (Creepy, Relentless)

Intellect 2 (Mindless (T), Taste (T))

Physique 4 (Climbing (S), Grappling)

HP 5

Speed 1 (5/turn)

Tools: Digestive Enzymes

A squelch.

For the convenience of *Wobble Girls*, this entry covers amorphous predators that may or may not possess a central nucleus of some sort. Typically, an ooze is much like *The Blob* — an organism that's a single large cell, an overgrown amoeba or bacterium that just tries to absorb/digest matter to fuel itself.

The stats above are for a “generic ooze”, a blob of cytoplasm roughly two feet in diameter that rolls, jiggles and seeps along, with multiple nuclei and clumps of organelles visibly distributed through its interior. It can taste chemicals in the air that are up to (and including) Short range away, though it'll sooner taste whatever surface it's on to follow a trail up to three days old. Deaf, mute, and effectively blind, most generic oozes can only identify light and dark, feeling vibrations at the same distance they can taste the air from. Direct sunlight desiccates them; for every hour they spent under the Sun, they take 1 damage. Being exposed to fire deals d5 damage per cycle. If reduced to 0 HP they autolyze within a single cycle into an oily puddle. Naturally, they instinctively avoid

open flames, strong heat and bright lights. To compensate, they possess a frightening knack for climbing up the majority of surfaces and slipping through all but the narrowest cracks.

All but the laziest of BBWs can easily escape the generic ooze. Lacking much in terms of a memory, such a predator will prefer to go after a more immediate source of nourishment over one that's harder to get to or further away. They're also surprisingly easy to smash and slice apart, dying instantly when bifurcated or squished under a suitably large object. However, supposing they survive whatever a BBW throws at them and manages to grab onto her, they begin trying to digest her, dealing 1 damage per cycle they remain latched on for.

The wide variety of oozes out there is rather bewildering, with some not seeming to really constitute an ooze. However, they all share the same bare minimum requirement — an amorphous, fluid interior, whether or be a semisolid, liquid, gas or whatever. They may possess some level of intelligence, but otherwise they tend to operate in a purely reactive manner to stimuli.

A few oozes are legends, with some being made up by kids and others being legit predators living far from civilization. It's impossible to tell which is which, really, as the former always change with the telling and the latter hardly leave any survivors to verify their existence.

Bug bags usually take the shape of a bag composed of canvas or cotton or whatever, usually the size of a bed pillow. Critters of various sorts fill a bug bag — spiders, centipedes, flies, beetles, a chittering mob that patches the bag up using silk and leaves when needed. Rumors persist of “bug bags” that are the size of men, filled with rodents, but they have yet to be verified. Regardless, the totality of a bug bag’s contents give it an Intellect of 3; it’s a Hobbesian leviathan, tyrannical, brutish, and short-sighted, unafraid of fire and constantly seeking sustenance. Replace Creepy with Tyrannical, Mindless with All-around Vision, and Grapple with See Prey. Unlike other oozes, bug bags do not take damage from being exposed to direct sunlight for any duration.

The typical bug bag has an additional 1 + d5 HP (rolled on an individual basis) and deals 1 damage on each attack it lands. When struck, it spills biting, stinging critters into the air; every foe within Close range suffers 1 damage that cycle and has to make a Physique roll to avoid being dazed for the rest of that cycle. During a fight, a bug bag must make an Intellect roll every cycle; failure sees its internal parliament collapse into infighting, leaving it stunned for the cycle. Success sees it act normally. If struck and harmed, the bug bag doesn’t have to make the Intellect roll during the following cycle. It’s extremely difficult, but a BBW can persuade a bug bag without violence. Barring that, a bug bag can easily be set on fire, and water also does a good job of scaring one off.

Cave paintings were set in place by shamans long ago to guard certain caves against interlopers. Taking the form of megafauna and horned warriors, cave paintings are entirely two-dimensional, running, galloping and leaping over rock surfaces to chase down and harry intruders. They don’t so much grapple as stick to their target’s soles and palms, stamping, stabbing and clawing with their ocherous weaponry. They won’t leave their cave; their territories are unmarked, but they’re generally not that large. Cave paintings are silent and uncompromising, acting upon instincts programmed into them by shamanic will and blessed pigments. They do not fear light or fire, instead becoming enraged and attacking immediately if attacked by either.

For a cave painting, replace Bounce with Two-Dimensional, Creepy with Mesmerizing, Taste with Keen Hearing, and Grappling with Ocherous Attack. A cave painting’s attack does 1 + d4 damage and dazes on a resounding success for a number of cycles equal to the damage dealt. In the deceptive lighting of a cave, it can be extremely hard for intruders to defend themselves against such an ooze, especially as it can “run” around stalagmites and down stalactites to attack from above! They can drip from the ceiling and reform down below, which counts as a full-cycle action. Upon being reduced to 0 HP, a cave painting has to make a Physique roll; failure sees it vanish forever, but success sees it reform at its point of origin with full HP d5 days later.

Hellpits are purportedly from Hell itself, but priests can't agree on how or why they appeared among mere mortals. The vast majority of BBWs don't care about the reasons — hellpits are a menace for all misplaced steps. They produce a noticeable stink of rotten eggs and ozone, with the occasional hiss of boiling water landing on cold iron. They defy the concept of spacetime, forming living pits that travel along surfaces, neither displacing matter nor destroying it. One foot wide and up to thrice as deep, the average hellpit glows a dull red and has flagella up to a foot long lining its edge. Most of the time they sit in one place, only moving to avoid water and winter's bite. As oozes go, hellpits are adapted to catch a person's foot and then devour it.

Replace Bounce with Out Of Sight and Climbing with Quiet Slither. BBWs (and every other thing with feet besides) have to make a Dexterity roll to avoid stepping into a hellpit. Should they fail, their foot zooms in and the hellpit tries its damndest to close shut, effectively grappling the intrusive appendage. A hellpit does 1 damage per cycle to whatever it's engulfed. Freeing oneself from the hellpit's grip can be as easy as yanking on its flagella really hard, which will cause it to spasm and burp out its morsel. Pouring at least one gallon of water on a hellpit reduces it to 0 HP, sending it slithering far, far away; fire and bright lights do nothing to a hellpit. Submersion in water deals 1 HP of damage to a hellpit per cycle, eventually destroying it entirely.

Mulch cubes dwell in forests, where they spend most of their time digesting fallen leaves, dead animals and the like. They usually don't go after BBWs, but that's due more to their territorial nature than anything else; they stake out well-defined paths they follow, smacking other mulch cubes away in their constant search for sustenance. Any tiny animal that gets trapped under a mulch cube is readily digested; a mulch cube is (obviously) a cube, measuring two feet to a side on average, though there might be some nearly thrice that in size in the most primordial of forests. They flip over to locomote, quivering with every impact. They're a dark green in color, though it's hard to see through all the detritus they accrue on their exteriors.

Replace Creepy with Intimidating, Climbing with Flip Over and Grappling with Sticky. They have a Physique of 6 and an additional 2 + d4 HP, not 2 as the Att increase would otherwise suggest. Having cellulose forming a quasi-flexible cell wall means mulch cubes retain their shape under most circumstances, and when they smack into a BBW, the BBW will feel it readily; mulch cubes do 1 + d4 damage per impact. Water heals them; for every hour they spend in standing water or in the rain, mulch cubes heal 1 HP. Given their floral nature, they're weak to fire, suffering 2 + d4 HP of damage for every cycle they spend in direct contact with flames or intense heat. It makes sense, therefore, that they stay in the dank, wet gloom of the forests.

Spumelings. Devourers of gulls. Harassers of plovers. Lords of stink and despair. Sometimes they're called globsters, other times they're called star jellies. They ride the waves, somehow surviving the crashing of seawater against the sand, a mass of ivory-yellow foam and cytoplasm averaging two feet in diameter. Some rare spumelings reach a diameter of eight feet, but those typically divide into smaller individuals after a few days. Reeking and undulatory, spumelings roll and roil over wet sand, engulfing any creature they can — which includes sunbathing BBWs. But their stench can be detected from quite a ways off, so avoiding them isn't too difficult. Unless you're a BBW laying down, in which case standing back up again to escape is difficult.

Replace Bounce with Swim, Creepy with Horrible Stench, and Climbing with Slither. Spumelings can launch a strand of their mass at a single target at Short range, which lets them engage in a grapple with their target. If the target is smaller than the spumeling, the ooze can pull the target to them; if they grab onto something larger — say, a BBW — the spumeling can drag itself over. Sunlight isn't immediately hazardous to a spumeling, so long as the ooze stays moist. More than one hour outside of seawater or off wet sand is when it starts taking damage. Spumelings are never found together, as they're voracious and would sooner destroy each other than share a meal. They are natural enemies of gulls and namazu, of course.

One legendary ooze is rumored to exist deep in a massive necropolis. Known only as Magenta Icosa — or M.I. — it's purportedly as its name suggests, a magenta-colored glob with twenty triangular sides, a quivering mass of cytoplasm, organelles and polymer struts. The stories regarding its size varies; some claim it's only three or four feet across, while others swear M.I.'s nearly fifteen feet in breadth. It's ingested multiple rare objects; unable to digest them, M.I. appears to use them without rhyme or reason, according to the few that claim to have encountered it. Where the necropolis looms is a mystery, with those claiming to know refusing to tell for myriad reasons.

There are strange rumors of BBWs who have found ways of eating oozes, with wild speculation that they either keep oozes in their bloated, swaying guts as secret weapons — or that the oozes are parasites that have turned their hostesses into unwilling eating machines. Urban legends about aspiring beauty pageant winners and desperate soldiers still make the rounds even as the most ardent research turns up nothing. The majority of oozes are simply inedible, falling apart before they can be prepared for a dish. Only mulch cubes seems to hold up — they're a lot like red seaweed in terms of nutrition, lumbering blocks of iodine and tyrosine. A regular-sized mulch cube, when properly fried or roasted, offers 4 Size Points in all.

Skeleton (Predator)

Dexterity 10 (Flexible, Hiding (T), Latest Dances (T))

Empathy 8 (Comedy, Pranks (S))

Intellect 8 (Local Area, Stalking (T))

Physique 6 (Deflective Bones)

HP 7

Speed 6 (30/turn)

Tools: Hands, Mouth

The clattering of bones mixed with a multi-octave giggle.

No one knows where skeletons came from. At least, not the kind that walk around the woods under a new moon. They always have two legs and two arms, though the bones that make up their bodies can vary wildly. One might have a deer's skull for a head while another might have a turtle's shell, but they all have a pair of pinprick lights for eyes. The only sound they make besides the clattering of their bones is a multi-octave giggle meant to irritate the victims of their manifold pranks.

During the day they hide in darkness, because sunlight scares them to the point of being perpetually dazed. They're not monstrous fiends — the typical skeleton simply finds people with girth to be funny and does its best to ramp up the inherent humor by setting up elaborate pranks. They might work together, but then again, pranksters are also competitive by nature. Due to their unique traits, each skeleton has some unique ability to match. A skeleton with a turtle's shell for a skull could have an additional HP, while one

with cow skulls for hands could bang them together to add +3 to Empathy rolls meant to distract or scare!

Contrast skeletons with their dour cousins, the draugrs. Draugrs dwell in ancient barrows, mausoleums and the like; the only two things draugrs share in common is a torc of electrum and a quartet of ossicones jutting from the cranium. They guard their chosen territory with a stoic air, the only sounds ever produced being a battle-roar and a warning rumble. Their Dexterity is reduced to 8 and their Physique is increased to 8 to reflect how sturdy their bones are. Their Speed still remains 6. Replace Latest Dances with Silent Steps, Comedy with Disciplined (T), and Pranks (S) with Scary Roar. Remove Flexible and add Hard Skull (S) to Physique. Draugrs are never found together — each prefers to guard a single specific site and has their own reasons for doing so. Regardless of their origins, all draugrs seek to keep strangers away from their turf. To aid them, every draugr has the Skull Toss Power. With a range of Medium, it lets the draugr launch their entire head at a single foe, doing 2 + d4 damage and dazing the target on a resounding success for an equal number of cycles. The skull teleports back to its proper spot within the turn, regardless of whether or not it struck home. Skull Toss can be used once a number of cycles equal to the draugr's remaining HP, making them increasingly dangerous as a fight wears on. Besides that, draugrs use palm strikes and knifehand strikes to attack.

Sluagh (Predator)

Dexterity 8 (Silent, Slippery (T))

Empathy 2 (Gross As Fuck)

Intellect 2 (360 Vision (T), Detect Flesh (S))

Physique 3 (Against The Current (T), Burrow, Fragile)

HP 4

Speed 1 (5/turn)(Crawl), 2 (10/turn)(Swim)

Tools: Chemosensors, Slicing Valves

A wet slurp.

While it resembles an alien worm from hell, the sluagh is actually a mollusk — more specifically, a mollusk of the class *Bivalvia*, related to clams, mussels and scallops. At four feet long, it's adapted for swimming, what most people assume is its body actually being a muscle-lined sheath and an extension of its mantle, protecting its extensive gills and an expanded digestive tract. The "head" consists of the two valves, the edges scalloped and built for slicing. Anywhere from eighteen to thirty-six blue eyes peer out from under the valves, granting the sluagh all-around vision. They can see motion and blurs of color, but that's pretty much it.

The sluagh's mouth is much like that of a clam's or a scallop's, with the exception that its edge is lined with grinding ridges and is capable of chewing. It's a tiny mouth, but it's enough for feeding. Sluagh can also taste the water for prey using chemosensors that cover their bodies.

Most of the time sluagh are either scavenging off dead animals on the ocean floor or resting under a fine layer of muck, waiting for fresh meat to swim or trundle over them. They'll ascend to hunt when they detect viable prey, undulating their bodies at a steady rate. Clumsy and nearly mindless, these bivalves depend upon blundering into their victim in order to succeed, but the shock of being grappled by such a disgusting creature is usually more than enough.

They open and close their valves against their target, slicing and cutting in order to feed, effectively dealing 1 damage with all of their attacks. If the "head" can be grabbed (it's the size of a lime in the largest specimens), it's easy enough to break. But sluagh are slippery fuckers and the taste of blood in the water tends to attract more and more of them from the depths, which makes shell-crushing a rather chaotic and risky gambit.

The true danger of sluagh is psychological. Being grabbed by such a gross thing can cause a swimmer's mind to reel for too long before they realize that they're about to be pulled under by even more sluagh. A sluagh population can easily explode, as they release hundreds of eggs and sperm into the water during the warmer seasons. Fortunately enough, they can only live in saline water, with other salinities killing them within an hour. Sluagh can be stewed or fried, but they're considered a famine food by most cultures. Gulls, on the other hand, consider them a delicacy.

Surly Willow (Predator)

Dexterity 6 (Whip Branches (T))
Empathy 4 (Cantankerous, Looming)
Intellect 2 (Odors, Territory (S))
Physique 12 (Thick Bark (T), Pushy,
Unstoppable Advance (T))
HP 13
Speed 4 (20/turn)
Power: Suicidal Detonation
Tools: Roars, Whip-like Branches

The creaking of countless branches.

The typical surly willow stands at about ten feet tall and looks like a rather spindly willow tree — only with the addition of two glaring eyes and a frowning mouth halfway up its trunk. They normally remain rooted near a body of water with plenty of sunlight, marking their territory with small cairns and scratch marks. Should anyone enter its territory, a surly willow will loose a hollow roar before uprooting itself, stumbling along atop multiple taproots to punish the trespasser. They can whip anyone within Close range with their branches to deal 2 + d4 damage!

Simply leaving the area calms the surly willow enough that it'll return to its usual resting spot with a harrumph. However, standing one's ground will do nothing more than drive the tree into a fearless rampage. There's a chance that the surly willow will activate its Suicidal Detonation power once every three cycles; should it roll a 4 or less, the tree will detonate in a shockwave of wood chips, hurting and flooring everything up to

Medium range. The damage done by the detonation is equal to 1 + the surly willow's remaining HP.

A tropical version of the surly willow is the sappy palm. It walks upon a ring of stumpy roots, watching the world around it with special reflective leaves. The leaves droop close to the ground and are linear in shape, shading a trunk covered with vertical fissures. On average they're about eight feet tall, though the rare individuals can reach twice that. Rather easy-going, sappy palms grow flowers along the edges of their leaves that drip sap to entice pollination — sap that can be collected and sealed away to ferment into palm wine over the course of 24 hours.

However, collecting the sap means getting a sappy palm to stay still, and they flee from nearly everything. Replace Cantankerous with Skittish and Pushy with Flee. The Suicidal Detonation of a sappy palm only deals 2 damage, but anyone who doesn't successfully dodge is immobilized for 1 + d4 cycles by the spray of sap but not flooded.

When lightning strikes a surly willow, the results are terrifying. Thunder willows are hollow and lose Suicidal Detonation. Instead, they gain the Thunderbolt Power. Once every d10 cycles — or whenever they take 4 or more damage in one strike — the thunder willow can launch an arc of electricity up to Medium range, striking a single target for 4 + d4 damage. On a resounding success the target is stunned for an equal number of cycles.

Vampire Bird (Predator)

Dexterity 6 (Dive Bomb (T))

Empathy 4 (Nocturnal, Scary Buzz (T), Vicious)

Intellect 4 (Heat Sense, Night Vision (S))

Physique 4 (Fluffy, Sharp Beak (T))

HP 5

Speed 1 (5/turn)(Walk), 8 (40/turn)(Fly)

Tools: Grabby Toes, Heat-sensing Beak

A droning buzz ended by a piercing whistle.

Vampire birds are a nocturnal menace, raucous, gregarious and erratic. With scarlet plumage and bone gray eyes, these avian assaulters can detect heat sources using their sensitive beaks. Temperate rainforests are their preferred habitat, but vampire birds can be found in forests, shrublands and savannas of all kinds, supposing there are large herd animals also dwelling there.

They never grow longer than two feet from beak tip to tail tip, but their peculiar wings are a dead giveaway to their identity; they strike a careful balance between high-energy passerine wings and the stealthy swooping of night gliders. Rotund and swaggering in its own avian way, the average vampire bird has a beak four inches long, yellow at the base but fading to red at the terminal inch, which tapers to a serrated point.

A vampire bird's diet is almost entirely blood. Their digestive tracts are thoroughly adapted to such an energy-

poor diet, though they also supplement it with the eggs of other bird species, whatever ectoparasites they can pry off of the herd animals they pester, and the earwax and dander to be found on said herd animals.

Using their beaks to detect the body heat of their prey, vampire birds will flit about overhead to find the best angle to attack from. Once ready, they release a piercing whistle right before diving down into their attack. A vampire bird normally seeks to stab with its beak, aiming for the biggest expanse of flesh it can see; a peck from a vampire bird does 2 damage and dazes for one cycle on a resounding success.

Vampire birds tend to socialize when there's plenty of food in the area; for every 8 Size Points present at the scene, a vampire bird will appear, to a maximum of four vampire birds. While not exactly coordinated in their efforts, vampire birds prove remarkably consistent in their ability to distract prey away from the actions of the other vampire birds present. Naturally, they tend to bicker amongst themselves.

While they live for an average of twenty years in the wild, captive specimens can easily live three times that. A female vampire bird lays a clutch of three eggs once every year, and both males and females look after the young. The eggs hatch after twenty days and the young fledge after thirty.

One of the most peculiar aspects of vampire birds is their nests. Much like various species of swift, vampire birds build their nests out of their spittle. It can take weeks to craft a nest, as vampire birds squabble over prime nesting sites more than they do actually building a nest proper. The saliva forms into threads and is cross-woven with painstaking care, becoming a latticework that dries out into a very hard goblet of sorts, with high walls to keep the eggs safe and out of sight.

The nest is rich in a variety of nutrients. Calcium, carbohydrates, iron, magnesium, potassium and various proteins, to be precise. A vampire bird nest is a very delicate delicacy; it takes 2d4 such nests to make enough vampire nest soup for one person, as most ingredients can overtake the nest's distinct taste and aroma quite easily, necessitating that the soup be made with nests before all else. A bowl of such soup can easily cost at least one gallon of breast milk, but many who have had it claimed it's truly worthy of being considered a delicacy. It does not supply Size Points in any capacity, but several wealthy BBWs crave the stuff regardless.

Harvesting vampire bird nests is extremely dangerous for several reasons. The birds, obviously, have no desire to see their hard work wrenched away. They will absolutely *never* flee a fight that involves defending their nest, as all of the energy spent on creating it is simply too much to throw away. The sheer height at which the nests are built is another danger; many

harvesters are injured trying to climb just to get to the nests, with their descents being even more risky due to the enraged birds attacking them. Other predators in the area tend to pick up on a harvesting operation rather quickly and will wait in hiding for the perfect time to strike. And that's not including the conservationists! Many people take umbrage with the harvesting of vampire bird nests, going so far as to coordinate "interventions" using the latest in technology to prohibit the harvesting in the most rowdy manner possible. They'll do so, even as the vampire birds attack them in turn — humans are humans, regardless of what they're doing at the time of an attack on a vampire bird's nest. In some cases conservationists and harvesters clash far from vampire bird territories, with protests on the streets and in front of busy markets.

Thing is, a few harvesters hail from tribes and clans that have made a subsistence living off of harvesting the nests. So far, their actions have been sustainable. They also hunt the vampire birds themselves, saving local livestock from the avian predators in the process. A half-dozen vampire birds fit for cooking can easily sell for a quart of breast milk. One method of cooking vampire birds is to drown them in wine and then roast them after letting them... *marinate* in the wine. Vampire birds aren't exactly fattening; it takes two dozen of them to equate to 1 Size Point. Their eggs are also considered a delicacy, but are about as fattening as the soup.

Woodwose (Predator)

Dexterity 7 (Facultative Quadruped (T), Grasping Toes)

Empathy 6 (War Cry)

Intellect 6 (Fire Worship, Make Do (S))

Physique 7 (Improvised Weaponry (T), Long Arms (T), Vigorous Health)

HP 8

Speed 4 (20/turn)(Bipedal), 15

(75/turn)(Quadrupedal)

Tools: Body Armor, Pump Drill, Roller

A warbling bellow.

Medieval literature and folklore is laden with stories of shaggy men who live in the wilderness, living with stone and wood as legendary knights inevitably draw close to do battle with them. Some woodwoses are wild men who have learned from the knights, while others are knights who have gone feral for whatever reason. Where the falling knight meets the rising ape, the true woodwose takes form.

With arms as long as their legs, woodwoses are just as capable running on all four as they are ambling about upright. Leaping off of walls and ceilings with their grasping toes, the woodwoses hunt down prey and trespassers with equal glee, their warbling bellows immediately recognizable in the wilderness.

Woodwoses have variable appearances, but they do share certain things in common.

For one, it's their armor. Helmets, cuirasses, all of it is either ancient or made

from random junk, but all woodwose armor is held together with straps and strings, giving a woodwose an additional 2d4 HP. Losing HP results in bits and bobs flying off from damage, and the armor just falls apart completely when all of its HP are lost. The armor takes damage before the woodwose wearing it would.

Then there are the rollers. A woodwose roller is much like a rolling pin, scaled up and redesigned to double as a two-handed bludgeon. Woodwoses like to ram into prey with their rollers, moving on all fours to increase the impact's force. A roller is a two-handed club, but when used to ram a target it adds 2 + d4 damage and forces the target to make a Dexterity roll to avoid being floored. No two rollers are alike, as woodwoses craft their rollers by hand and modify them readily for their immediate needs.

Woodwoses operate in pairs for the most part, rarely congregating in hordes of anywhere from four to two hundred individuals. The reason for pairing up is simple: they ride each other into battle. The rider will joust with crude lance, duel with their roller or harry with thrown weapons, the mount doing their damndest to outmaneuver and eventually ram their quarry. They trade off roles when necessary, in order to stay in peak condition for their next big hunt.

Their settlements are minimal, with a shallow pit for their campfires and obscure fire-based religious rituals. At the drop of

a hat (or helmet), a woodwose horde can grab their stuff and vanish without forgetting a thing. Woodwoses roam through a vast region, migratory hunters and gatherers beyond peer. Hordes operate with a clear hierarchy, albeit one that's a rough remembrance of old feudal ties. Their guttural proclamations and elaborate curtsies amongst themselves reveal a bit about the hierarchy; one individual stands out as "first among equals", the king, his (or her) helmet bearing a gleaming, crenellated top, along with a bunch of dangling baubles they claimed from previous victories. Below them are the "knights", those woodwoses with the fanciest rollers and thickest armor. After that, it's all based on close friendships, favors and martial prowess.

Woodwoses fight similarly, but not identically. Their rollers and fists are both swung in wild arcs, aimed at destroying targets with singular, overwhelming strikes. Even without a roller, a woodwose's fists can hit any target within close range, given how long their arms are. Hammer fists, backfists, any kind of punch is possible with a woodwose. Fleeing combat never occurs to a woodwose — they fight until they're physically unable to continue the fight.

Woodwoses hordes can vary wildly when it comes to their hunting methods. BBWs are seriously threatened by woodwoses, but those big beauties that can outmaneuver a horde will earn its respect and in some cases can even become a

mythical figure in her own right. Halibel Nevrand is a prime example of one such BBW. Umbral Cloud and Belly Safe gave her a definite edge over the hordes that were plaguing her home city during an economic depression. Wearing nothing more than a white sports bra and black dolphin shorts, Halibel terrorized the hordes and set them against each other in the process, her sepia skin, golden blond hair and piercing celadon eyes causing the woodwoses to believe she was some kind of alien warrior spirit.

The Enkidu are one strain of woodwose descended from debauched nobility. Their armor takes the form of quilted togas that only add 2 + d4 HP but don't fall completely apart. They also don't use rollers, instead crafting two-handed "swords" using wooden paddles lined with knapped volcanic glass and flint.

Bugbears are woodwose hordes that excel at inducing fear. Wearing eerie masks and wielding needle-like throwing knives, they stalk their prey in absolute silence until the last moment, their inevitable assault joined to bone-chilling howls.

Middenspawn are an ancient lineage, descended from primitives that scavenge off the middens of more advanced societies. Instead of rollers, Middenspawn attach massive horns and antlers to their helmets, giving them a charging attack that does 2d5 damage and on a resounding success floors the wearer's target. If used more than once, the horns/antlers fall off!

Alley Deer (Entity)

Dexterity 8 (Evade Grip, Leap Obstacles (T))

Empathy 4 (Intentions (T), Skittish)

Intellect 3 (Forage (T), Keen Ears (S))

Physique 6 (Canal Swimmer, Iron Guts)

HP 7

Speed 6 (30/turn)(Walk), 2

(10/turn)(Swim)

Tools: Antlers (bucks only), Hooves

A stare of suspicion.

Alley deer are one of the smaller cervid species on Earth. The largest of them stand two and a half feet tall at the withers, with their antlers never growing more than ten points total. Thoroughly adapted to an urban environment, alley deer nibble on lichens and the foliage of city parks. Rotund for deer, they handle winters surprisingly well, supplementing their diet with rodents and grounded birds for vital nutrients, such as calcium.

Solitary by nature, alley deer only congregate at night and dawn, when humans are less likely to be encountered. They've evolved into surprisingly nimble creatures, giving goats a run for their money by tottering atop fences, over dumpsters and the like. They're also surprisingly burly for their size, putting up a good fight against hungry bears and hobos when cornered. Bucks can deal 1 + d5 damage with their antlers on a successful headbutt; on a resounding success, the target is dazed for a number of cycles equal to the damage dealt. The

hooves of both sexes are also potent when used for kicking, dealing 3 damage on impact. However, alley deer only fight when successfully grappled or cornered, doing their damndest to escape conflict entirely whenever possible.

Bucks become quite aggressive during mating season, however, as the does enter rut in late October. Bucks compete for mating rights within their territories, essentially reestablishing who reigns where. Unlike most deer species, alley bucks will charge any creature that they so much as suspect of being interested in the local does. Trying to ward them off isn't too hard, as all it requires is smacking them across the face once or twice. While normally silent, alley deer communicate through grunts and yelps during rutting season, which can last up to four weeks. Both sexes become sexually mature at eighteen months and can live up to twenty-five years. A doe produces two fawns per pregnancy, with a pregnancy lasting up to seven months.

Butchering an alley deer yields only thirty-six pounds of edibles, or 3 Size Points. During the late spring and most of the summer the meat's well-marbled, but at all other times it's rather lean. There's also the risk that ingested metals and toxins can accumulate in the meat, though farmed alley deer don't suffer that risk. In some cities they're considered vermin, while in others they're protected. More often than not, though, they're hunted or herded by clever locals.

Businessman (Entity)

Dexterity 7 (Careful, Typing (T))
Empathy 9 (Assertive (T), Cutting A Deal (S), Charming Smile)
Intellect 9 (Business (T), Cost-Benefit Analysis)
Physique 7 (Desk Jockey)
HP 8
Speed 4 (20/turn)
Tools: Pen, Notebook, Smartphone

“Well, I’m quite certain we can work something out.”

Businessmen make the business world go round and round and down the goddamned toilet. Or is that the bank? In any case, you can always trust a businessman to do business. In fact, to say their Intellect Trait is accurate is wrong; the GM should replace Business with a more specific industry or aspect of running a business, such as Accounting, Financing or Marketing.

You need to have a certain degree of assertiveness in business; too little and your voice won’t be heard, too much and you’ll be seen as a blowhard. Efficiency is key, too. If it’s one thing businesses hate, it’s inefficiency, as that makes things more expensive to run. Profits are everything in a capitalist system.

That’s not to say that businessmen aren’t human (maybe they’re reptiles), they respect others to a surprising degree. They certainly understand the concept of long-term gains and are willing to cooperate

with other businesses instead of eliminating them for short-term profit.

BBWs are oddly common in businesses, given the media portrayal of businesswomen as being athletic go-getters. The presence of Powers has a hand to play in all of this; a BBW with something like Blubmiliar and Brain Bongos can easily outpace some entry level bitch with nary a step!

Preferred Regions are all over the place for business-oriented BBWs; this is actually a reflection of habit more than genetics. Legs and Butt is the Region dominated by women who sit on one place all day and control their office from afar, with a stylish outfit made using Umbral Ensemble making them stand out for all the right reasons. Belly and Sides is the one Region most often associated with BBW cubicle farms — nearly immobile workers, drumming their middles to send paperwork about. Chest and Arms is the Region of more active BBW workers, making sure their orders are followed as closely as possible by getting as close as possible, their cleavage becoming a new cubicle for her latest pet worker.

The PCs might be office workers themselves — opening them to all sorts of situations involving their much larger superiors. The setting might be an anarcho-capitalist utopia or a corporate hellhole the Bloat’s trying to escape. Maybe they’re just trying to escape their boss’ cleavage or buttocks!

Crow (Entity)

Dexterity 6 (Turbulence, Quiet Flight)
Empathy 7 (Curious, Intentions (T))
Intellect 7 (Local Secrets (S), Opportunist (T), Beak Tools)
Physique 4 (Beak (T))
HP 5
Speed 1 (5/turn)(Walk), 6 (30/turn)(Fly)
Tools: Beak, Teamwork

"Goo' mornin'."

Crows are moderately large songbirds notable for their black plumage and all-purpose beaks. They live in groups that can vary in size depending upon local conditions, but all crow populations share a number of traits.

One trait is language. Crows have a complex array of sounds they make to communicate concepts to one another, with alerts, gossip and warnings being just three examples. A few of the brighter individuals also learn the dominant human language of the area they live in, to better figure out what their landbound neighbors are up to.

Their ability to fly means they can — and will — learn a lot about their range, such as where the bodies are buried, what certain groups are doing to one another, so on and so forth. Crows capable of speaking human languages will share such secrets if the person inquiring grants them a tasty treat or a useful tool. Tool use also binds crows together, as there's nothing a murder of crows won't use more than a

metal wire they bent with their beaks to grab food with!

In the untamed places of Earth, the elements rage against each other with beastly force. Molten stone and fertile water crash together as forests with warm-glowing flowers grow before whatever eyes bear witness to them. The owners of those eyes end up being infused with the very elements that roil all around them. Downpour crows are one such species of elemental animal. Shimmering cyan and lava red in the right light, these crows tend to drip with flaming sweet water as they flutter from tree to tree. Half again larger than most other crow species, downpour crows are no less gregarious and build communal nests in areas that see lots of predation. Immune to the nastiest of storms and hottest days, downpour crows deal 3 damage with each peck of their beak — the scalding water they drip also dazes the target for d5 cycles.

A legend in some mountainous realms, the three-headed crow is purported to impart wisdom when properly appeased. In self-defense, it can attack up to three times on its turn, dealing 2 damage with each beak, or it can divide its attacks between up to three different targets, as its necks are considerably longer than the average crow's. Replace Local Secrets with Primordial Wisdom. A three-headed crow speaks three different languages — all three are known by each head.

Dairy Bot (Entity)

Dexterity 5 (Evasive Maneuvers, Roll Out)

Empathy 5 (Customers (T), Intentions)

Intellect 5 (Optimal Paths (T), Sharp Vision)

Physique 8 (Tireless (S), Tough Hull (T))

HP 36

Speed 15 (75/turn)

Tools: Arm, Integral Refrigerator, Two-way Screen

Electronic tittering. A whoop.

Dairy bots are by no means commonplace, but their popularity is steadily rising amongst dairy girl bloats. A dairy bot hauls dairy products from customer to customer, or from the production facility to the storefront, depending upon how the dairy girls operate. They're clever enough to figure out alternative routes without relying upon satellite connections, simply relying upon observations made with their sensors and conferring with their owners regarding future routes and detours. They can defend themselves from predators and vandals well enough, and they have the tools needed to allow customers to communicate directly with their owners. Dairy bots are slowly eliminating the middle man of delivery trucks and porters — something that's causing quite a stir in the business world.

Given how much dairy products can weigh, most dairy bots use wheels instead of legs. The typical dairy bot rolls about on four wheels, each one thirty inches in diameter and designed for both carrying

heavy loads and all-terrain travel. The body is more or less a rectangular prism, two and a half feet wide, two feet tall and five feet long. The front of the bot bears a pair of sensor-domes on the top, giving it all-around vision and the ability to navigate without visible light. There's also a small screen that's normally covered by a sliding plate — it's a two-way communications screen, with a camera above it to allow whoever's in front of the bot to chat with whoever has access to the other end of the communications. Not too far behind the sensor-domes is a single arm; bearing a total of four joints (including the wrist and shoulder-analogue), it's four feet long and has four digits set radially at the free end, letting it open doors, press buttons and carry things.

Dairy bots are built to endure serious punishment without compromising their singular duty of transporting dairy products. Most of the body is empty space, a refrigerator designed with movable shelves and walls to keep product separated by various categories. The doors into the refrigerator compartment slide open; the bot can open and close them using integrated motors, making it easy to keep unwanted hands away from the produce. When fully loaded, a dairy bot hauls 40 Size Points' worth of dairy product, neatly packaged and arranged.

Their batteries are advanced enough to keep the interior refrigerated and let the bot operate for up to fourteen hours straight. Recharging the batteries takes

half an hour for every hour spent running; the dairy bot simply plugs itself into an outlet that supplies the electricity needed by way of a hidden plug and cord. They can triple their Speed for a number of cycles equal to their remaining HP, after which time they have to wait an equal number of cycles before attempting another “sprint”. They only do so in specific circumstances, as their routes are more than sufficient to keep them ahead of schedule for their deliveries. Some models have an integral pump jet built into their rump, which lets them traverse water with a maximum Speed of 5; such models are only common in areas that see frequent flooding or consist of islands.

The two-way screen sees a lot of use, as the customers enjoy talking to the dairy girl in charge of the delivery robot. The robot itself is bright enough to communicate basic things, such as order details, schedules and the like, but more often than not questions are deferred to its owner via the screen.

Anyone that tries to attack a dairy bot will be warned twice to leave it be. The third time, it'll whoop-warble and defend itself by rolling out as fast as it can. A dairy bot running someone over does 3d5 damage to the person, stuns them for an equal number of cycles and floors them, all simultaneously. It doesn't actively try to run people over, of course! Anyone in the way of a fleeing dairy bot has to either dodge or make a Physique roll to block; if they successfully block, they also resist

being floored and stunned. However, the dairy bot has to travel a minimum range of Medium before it's capable of really running a target over. At any shorter range, someone thus struck is simply floored and takes d5 damage.

If it can't run, it'll punch. A dairy bot's arm does 2 + d5 damage with a punch and more often than not will stun whoever (or whatever) it hits. It can also spin its arm around in a full circle, smacking every hostile within reach and possibly flooring them. It usually only takes one punch to send off a troublemaker. Grappling isn't really something a dairy bot is programmed for, maybe grabbing someone with its hand and yanking them out of the way for an easier escape.

A dairy girl bloat might employ their dairy bot as impromptu security in case predators or criminals attack. Doing so requires installing programming that lets the robot go on the offensive — if that programming's not there, the bot will just try to flee combat. When used for security, a dairy bot can be fucking terrifying; it gains the ability to sound like a raging demonic elephant as it attacks, which can easily scare criminals away. A combat-ready dairy bot will hammer its foes relentlessly, running them over and aiming to cause as much pain as possible. However, the programming for combat is extensive and takes eight hours to install completely, during which time the dairy bot can't move, let alone work.

Dairy Girl (Entity)

Dexterity 7 (Latest Dances)

Empathy 9 (Negotiate (T), Sales Pitch (T), Sultry)

Intellect 8 (Breast Care, Subsistence Farming (T))

Physique 8 (Retain Milk, Rubbery Curves (S))

HP 13

Speed 3 (15/turn)(Waddle), 15 (75/turn)(Teat Propellers)

Legs and Butt 1

Belly and Sides 0

Chest and Arms 3 (36 gallons)

Size Total 4

Preferred Region: Chest and Arms

Powers: Slam, Teat Propellers, Amniotic Sea

Tools: Expensive Walking Stick, High-Quality Breast Pump, Smartphone

A giggle. "My boobs are about to burst!"

Dairy girls are what happens when dairy products can't be had from other species. Beautiful regardless of their background, dairy girls have breasts that defy gravity, huge, marbled milk blimps that undulate with their every move. Bulbous butt cheeks atop barrel-shaped thighs compliment a dairy girl's top-heavy build. When a dairy girl waddles, her arms are kept held back, even as they're swung for momentum — her boobs simply get in the way!

A dairy girl's outfit is always appealing, if a bit on the skimpy side; boobs as big as a

dairy girl's will always dwarf whatever outfit she wears. High-heels are the norm, but rural dairy girls tend to make do with boots or sneakers. Ear piercings are nearly universal, with rings that go around the nipples definitely the norm, sometimes joined by a chain.

Every dairy girl also owns a walking stick, carved from an exotic hardwood and polished to a bright sheen. As tall as its owner, the walking stick's top end is usually decorated with a few gems and/or carved to resemble an animal's head, while its bottom end is capped with brass to protect the wood against abrasion. The typical dairy girl will tend to suspend a hammock for her breasts from the top of her walking stick when she's not sitting down or leaning against something. If need be, she can also use it to defend herself when cornered by predators and would-be muggers, delivering precise blows to clear an escape route. In such scenarios, the walking stick can be treated as a two-handed club.

But dairy girls don't fight, they lactate. Some individuals roam on a set route and sell their breast milk directly to customers, while others form bloats of 3 + 2d5 dairy girls and settle down in one region. A building owned by a dairy bloat always has a shallow pool built into the main work area; there, the dairy girls combine their use of Amniotic Sea so they can relax in their own soothing fluids. Breast pumps, cheese presses and other dairy-related tools are always neatly arranged

close at hand, as the girls moan with pleasure in between mouthfuls of food. They're always eating as they produce milk, with one or two of their number working on churning butter or pressing cheeses, cheeks bulging with food.

Most dairy bloats have a garden in which they grow herbs and fruit in, mainly to keep themselves healthy — breast milk production can be very taxing! During nice weather a dairy bloat will lay out in the garden, sometimes underneath a carved toguna (also known as a palaver hut); such a structure is set low to the ground and for dairy girls doubles as a pergola for vines. It's too low to the ground to stand under, so the girls lay or sit under the shade, their breasts flopped to the sides to express milk. In some bloats the use of a communal pool is preferred; they'll all activate Amniotic Sea and fill the basin, healing each other as they work.

Dairy girls that opt to roam rely upon Teat Propellers to get around when moving on foot isn't safe. It's quite the sight, seeing a dairy girl huffing along using her lactated devices, off-white propellers spinning madly out in front of a proud set of breasts. Teat Propellers lets them avoid obstacles and the majority of predators, and it certainly makes an impression on potential customers as the dairy girls waddle up to them. Seeing such huge breasts bouncing to and fro with a beautiful face smiling above them makes quite the impact!

Dairy girls prefer talking things out and they're damned good at it. They're civilized, why wouldn't they be? But if faced with unreasoning foes, they dedicate themselves to escape, using their walking stick to clear a path, if need be. Using Teat Propellers as a weapon can have a major psychological effect on a foe, as two arrays of spinning blades will definitely make the majority of attackers reconsider their position. If combined with Slam, Teat Propellers becomes a hellish flail guaranteed to put down even the biggest and baddest of thugs.

Dairy bots are becoming commonplace appliances among dairy bloats. They're becoming remarkably cheaper, with advertising emphasizing the bot's ability to reinforce direct communication between the customer and the owner. Currently, the average dairy bloat only owns one or two dairy bots, at the most.

The world-famous actress Lulu Lockhart manages to land whatever roles she desires, even though she's so fat her pallid bulk fills the majority of any limousine she rides in. On the red carpet Lulu has her jugs carried by a pair of custom-made dairy bots, which has stirred up a hurricane of gossip and drama she expertly ignores. Lulu's a talented actress; she's played cold villainesses, noble heroes and bumbling sidekicks, but her most famous role is that of the scientist-heroine of the horror series *Kludge*, where the violent pumping of her areolæ lets the viewer know when the monsters are near.

Fisherman (Entity)

Dexterity 8 (Light-footed)
Empathy 7 (Gruff, Stubborn)
Intellect 7 (Fishing (S), Weaving)
Physique 10 (Robust, Strong Grip (T),
Swimming (T))
HP 11
Speed 7 (35/turn)
Tools: Bucket, Knife, Cast Net

*“Easy does it, can’t catch the whole lot.
Need a few to replace their kin.”*

A lot of societies use aquatic animals for sustenance. For hundreds of thousands of years humanity has plied the shorelines of Earth, using basket, hook, net and spear to collect the bounty under the water’s surface. In some cultures, fishing specialists have appeared.

Fishermen in certain regions use specific tools, while others use whatever works for whatever part of the waters they ply. This example uses a cast net; it’s circular and ringed with weights that close together when the net is pulled in. The fish are collected in a bucket and prepared for eating with a knife.

In swampy areas, a fisherman might not use a net, but instead a sturdy trident for nailing frogs and large snails. Along a bay, he might just use his Strong Grip Trait to handpick oysters. Cage-like traps can be left to gather fish, or a fisherman might train cormorants to do the work for him! Wherever there’s water, there are fishermen.

BBWs that fish for a living are so variable yet so rare in nature that they’ve been the source of many cautionary fairy tales and urban legends! If one fisher-BBW uses Slam to smash a halibut out of the water, another might use Body Blimp to navigate the Bayou in search of frogs and catfish. Wide-brimmed hats seem to be a constant among fisher-BBWs, with baseball caps and hoodies tying for second place.

Chest and Arms gives a fisher-BBW two huge bludgeons for stunning larger fish, with a few of the Powers giving them a knack for lactation-based fishing. Areolar Track gives a Fisher-BBW a speedy ride to the market! Belly and Sides grants a few Powers that prove particularly effective for fishing. Midsection Mirage can lure fish to a place and Gut Blast can be forced underwater to stun entire schools of fish within moments. Legs and Butt has some obvious applications; a fisher-BBW can wade in and Buttshock her soon-to-be-catch.

Supposing the PCs have formed a fishing crew, their Powers could prove pivotal in their success. Body Blimp and Blubmiliar combined could prove vital — the shadow-pets don’t need to breathe, and the PCs could pull a raft with them for hauls. Other fishing crews might quarrel with them over territory. The government might try to regulate the Bloat’s actions. Aquatic predators might opt for BBWs instead of fish.

Ghost (Entity)

Dexterity 7 (Float (T), Silent (T))

Empathy 8 (Eerie, Straightforward (T))

Intellect 3 (Dimly Aware, Memories (S))

Physique 2 (Hazy, Phosphorescent)

HP 3

Speed 4 (20/turn)

Powers: Incorporeal

Tools: Sound Mimicry

A bloodcurdling death-scream.

Many people think ghosts are the souls of people that linger on Earth, unchanged in all ways but physical. They think that ghosts still retain a capacity for reason. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Human beings are exceedingly complex as far as intelligent organisms go. Death is still an unknowable state for humans and the transition breaks some. That breaking point is especially likely if their last moments were violent and/or untimely. It shatters a person and spills pieces of that person's mind where they died, or it launches those pieces to places that person felt strong emotions toward. A ghost may not manifest until decades after the original person died, or they may manifest the next night, depending on how their death occurred.

Regardless, the pieces lack the coherency of the whole, so the resulting ghost is mentally the combination of a broken record and a wild animal. They may only manifest at specific times due to their last memory actually detailing the precise time

at which death occurred. Other times they may manifest at complete random — violent deaths tend to result in this chaotic behavior. A ghost's appearance takes many forms; doors opening and closing forcefully, a cold breeze out of nowhere, whispering that grows into screaming, that sort of thing. A ghost's visual manifestation is nothing if not chilling, as it may flicker or twist as it appears, a human figure made hazy and exaggerated.

Given their broken nature, ghosts repeat the last actions they performed in life. Their Incorporeal Power makes them immune to solid obstructions, meaning they can pass through walls and other barriers with no issue. However, if struck they'll vanish, as acting against them while feeling a strong emotion wreaks havoc on their form. While of limited intelligence, ghosts may recognize their aberrant nature and hope that somebody is able to end it all. What proves the scariest to witnesses is how a ghost stares at them pleadingly, even as they reenact their last moments. A clue to putting a ghost to rest can usually be found in its actions.

There's a wide variety of ghosts, all warped by the specific circumstances that created them. Some ghosts roam the countryside, driven by blind malice. Others are created by witches and sealed away, loosed upon the witch's enemies like a cannon or attack dog. The majority of ghosts stay in one place, however, with only a few defying that norm.

Gingerbread Man (Entity)

Dexterity 7 (Evasive Sprint (T), Stay Still)

Empathy 6 (Fairy Tales, Suspicious (T))

Intellect 7 (Baking (S), Detect Movement)

Physique 3 (Crumbly, Smells Delicious (T))

HP 4

Speed 3 (15/turn)

Tools: Tube of Royal Icing, Wax Paper Hat

“You can’t catch me, you fat tub a’shit!”

Hardly ever taller than nine inches, the average gingerbread man is just a sugary treat that’s eaten during the holidays.

Richly decorated with various confections, the gingerbread man has left its mark on many cultures.

How they come to life is a mystery to most people. Sometimes it’s a mad scientist’s experiment gone awry. Fairy godmothers that haven’t caught up with the times tend to be responsible. A quirk of reality might cause gingerbread men from Candyland to step through a hole between universes. It’s up to the GM.

Gingerbread men as this entry presents them have flute-like voices, lips formed from brightly-colored icing, fingers and toes made from bits of rock candy, and eyes made from hard candies. Outside of those shared traits, no two look alike. None are ever taller than one foot. Every gingerbread man owns a hat made from multiple layers of wax paper that forms a cone atop their head, protecting them from most forms of bad weather — they

get soggy very easily and will fall apart when soaked, losing 1 HP per hour spent waterlogged. At 0 HP, they dissipate completely, never to return.

Their eyes are slightly better than the best human eyes, geared toward detecting the telltale waddle of BBWs. They have no sense of smell, but their sense of hearing is good enough to help them survive. Their sense of touch is quite precise, despite the materials they’re made of.

Most of their number carry a tube of royal icing strapped to their back with twine, applying it to their injuries when they can’t get to an oven to bake themselves anew. The tube lets them heal all lost HP, supposing they stop and do nothing but apply the icing each cycle. Each cycle spent applying the icing heals 1 HP, and a tube of royal icing contains just enough sugary goodness to heal 3d4 HP.

Gingerbread men are fucking delicious, and BBWs in the know always glance about for signs of their habitation. It’s a frightening scene, watching a BBW set upon a gingerbread town. The poor pastry people can be eaten as they are; while they don’t feel pain the same way humans or animals do, they do feel something similar, far more emotional than physical. To gain 1 Size Point, a BBW has to consume two dozen gingerbread men.

Due to their edibility, gingerbread men gather in secluded places that are dry and close to places that they can grab baking

supplies from with relative ease. They'll construct an oven just the right size for themselves; it acts not only to keep unwanted moisture away, it also acts as a hospital where they can slide into in order to bake their injuries away with the right material soothed into their crumbly bodies. Most are made from stone, though several have been discovered made from metal and glazed ceramics. None of the ovens can be moved, however.

Gingerbread houses are slow to make by the gingerbread men, but once constructed they're meticulously maintained. One such house can contain one dozen gingerbread men, as well as all of their tools and materials. The house itself grants up to 4 Size Points when eaten, as it's surprisingly large and richly decorated as a labor of love by the gingerbread men.

A gingerbread house can take nearly any appearance, with some being tall and spindly and others resembling doughnuts. A gingerbread town can consist of anywhere from four to thirteen gingerbread houses, all set around the oven. While most of the inhabitants are out foraging for useful things, there will always be at least four of their number keeping watch over the town. Most such towns can't really be defended, with the guards simply rushing off to warn their foraging peers after sealing up the oven to prohibit its use.

The most advanced gingerbread towns have an alarm system set up in the form of

a decoy that goes off a safe distance away from the town itself. Such an alarm is loud and distinct enough that the inhabitants can easily make it out over howling wind and rain, while distracting BBWs away from the gingerbread town. They usually have multiple ovens, as well, each one dedicated to a specific form of baking.

They craft crude weapons out of rock candy, each one a tiny dart launched by a flat strap attached to the butt of the blade. Given their scale, a thrown rock candy dart does 1 damage and has a maximum range of Short, typically lobbed underhand in volleys meant to dissuade or distract enemies. If the roll made to attack fails, the dart shatters and is unusable. A gingerbread man going into battle can only carry three such darts.

The little pastry people make more of their own kind through unknown means. It's never been witnessed or recorded — they keep their secrets well, even under the threat of being slowly eaten feet-first. No one knows how old gingerbread men can get; they never seem to get dirty or stale. Many rumors exist, of elephantine individuals baked for warfare, complete with candy cane fangs and rock candy claws that blast attackers with molten molasses. Then there are the rumors of many-legged specimens made to act as a ghastly equivalent to a combination of cattle and organ donors. Such things have yet to be verified, but gingerbread men are as crafty as they are secretive...

Goat (Entity)

Dexterity 8 (Climbing (T), Jumps)
Empathy 6 (Wary, Weird Noises (T))
Intellect 3 (Forage (S), Latches)
Physique 7 (High Impact Goat Violence,
Run (T))
HP 8
Speed 5 (25/turn)
Tools: Hooves, Horns, Prehensile Lips and
Tongue

A bemused bleat.

Goats. I like 'em. You like 'em. Who
doesn't?

Goats tend to vary in appearance, with
nannies of the smallest breeds averaging
fifty pounds and the billies of the largest
breeds hitting three hundred at most. Up
to six goats can be kept on one acre, but
they'll strip it of all plant life before long.

The typical feral goat herd consists of 2 +
d10 nannies protected by a single billy.
They roam over a particular territory,
devouring whatever plant life they find
palatable. The billy can be quite
aggressive with strangers; it might make a
false charge or two in hopes of scaring off
a potential threat; if the potential threat
proves not to be one, than the billy will go
back to his herd.

A billy has two horns that deal 2 + d4
damage on a successful strike, with a
resounding success seeing the target
floored. Nannies and kids lack horns,

though they can still knock someone over
with a well-placed headbutt.

Legends speak of one individual goat and
the ill tidings it brings wherever it goes.
Known only as the Swollen Goat, it has
shaggy black hair and two horns that
corkscrew up like two alien missiles. It
truly is a swollen thing, easily surpassing
the largest goats on the planet in terms of
weight. Towering a yard tall at the
shoulder, it's a rotund brute, eating
whatever plant matter it can get to. With
a Physique of 10, the Swollen Goat has 20
HP to reflect its immense girth and overall
stubbornness.

The dread Swollen Goat pops up at
complete random. One day it was spotted
in Kansas and precisely one week later it
was recorded ambling straight through
Kyoto. A capable swimmer as well as a
climber, the Swollen Goat's only goals in
life seem to be eating and reproducing.
Despite being a nanny it's also a fierce
combatant, with horns that deal 2 + d10
damage per strike. A veritable army of
bleating offspring follows in the Swollen
Goat's wake, 4d5 brutes with the same
horns as their leader, regardless of their
sex. Immune to all known plant and
fungal defenses, the mob of goats are all
fearless eating machines, chewing a path
through woodland and farmland alike to
avoid predators and pissed off farmers
interrupting their perpetual meal. People
have reportedly killed the Swollen Goat in
the past but it keeps reappearing, which
means there might be more than one.

Guedener (Entity)

Dexterity 7 (Toss Dirt And Mud (T))
Empathy 7 (Bluster, Uncompromising (T))
Intellect 7 (Confrontational, Guerilla Gardening (S), Never Listens)
Physique 7 (Endure Harsh Weather (T), Wiry Wretch)
HP 8
Speed 4 (20/turn)
Tools: Garden Hoe, Pocketful of Seeds, Smartphone

"We need to change your diet!"

Guedeners (shortened from guerilla gardeners) are a subset of ideologue that's evolved into something much worse. They see so many BBWs wobble about and seethe; BBWs are happy, well-fed and see nothing wrong with society, as such they're clearly in league with the guedener's imagined foes. In due time BBWs become the sole cause of everything wrong with the world in the eyes of the guedener, their original ideology tacked on in a half-assed manner in an attempt at justifying their hatred. Their solution to BBWs?

Forcibly garden plants they think BBWs need to eat — scratch that, plants they think *everyone* needs to eat. No more grocery stores, no more restaurants, people should subsist entirely off whatever the guedener plants. Guedeners become encrusted with dirt and dust after a while, as they spend the majority of their time outside and on the edges of civilization, where they gather material and plan out

their next "liberation effort". Rarely they give speeches to ideologues or ignorant teenagers, but most speeches end in brawls over the guedener's obsession with BBWs. With dirt-caked hair and an accusatory glare, a guedener sees it as their sacred duty to standardize and improve humanity's collective diet.

So they trundle onto property both public and private, ripping out plants that are already present and planting seeds for the plants they deem superior for sustaining humanity. Egotism plays into their decisions; guedeners don't really know much about edible plants beyond the hype they read on social media about specific crops, nor do they know much about soil or crop rotation or anything else that's common knowledge to an actual farmer. They're convinced they do, but the results speak for themselves: ruined soil, dying plants, angry locals and nothing to be eaten. Guedeners keep at it, wrecking plots of land in the dead of night and painting slogans around the plots.

It's only a matter of time when guedeners start wrecking personal gardens and greenhouses for their sacred quest. Many grandmothers have quailed at the sight of their beloved vegetable garden, defiled in the night and spraypainted with unintelligible script. As soon as the authorities descend upon them, the guedener lashes out, only choosing to make an escape attempt at the very last moment. If they don't get arrested they

simply start over in a different region, basically starting the tragic cycle anew.

Geugardeners are fueled by emotion in a fight. They're driven foes, given their history as ideologues; their mission transcends mere drama, meager factionalism, it's a mission that will change all of civilization for the better if it succeeds. Any threat to the mission is a threat the guedener cannot abide. With a sharpened garden hoe the post-ideologue barrels into a fight, launching clods of dirt as they advance into an all-out offensive. The first attack a guedener makes in a fight always gains a +2 bonus to the roll made to land it. Against BBWs the bonus becomes +3 — +4 if they've witnessed the BBW make use of Fertile Print and have seen the resulting growth. They'll scoop up clods of dirt and launch the clods with their garden hoe as a ranged attack; the clod has a range of Short, does d4 damage and on a resounding success dazes the target for two cycles. No two guedeners are the same when the distance is closed, however; one might prove competent by tripping enemies up with their hoe, while another might flip out using all-or-nothing swings. Without a hoe, guedeners just hurl insults and faltering haymakers.

The damage guedeners do to useful land cannot be understated. At first they were eager to learn about food gardening, but very swiftly their egos got the better of them and they began working off of their personal beliefs rather than facts. When times are tough, guedeners will make

them even tougher, ruining arable land without warning and causing strife in the region.

One plant guedeners like to plant is the ladwuni. A ladwuni is a liana, a woody vine that can easily reach two hundred feet long and grow six inches thick, climbing over other plants as it goes. The hastate leaves are as broad as a man's closed palm, and they contain calcium, salicylic acid and cathinone. The sap ferments readily into a jammy, herbaceous wine that's quite potent. For starch and vitamins, the inner layer of the bark can be harvested. Guedeners rave about the plant, ignoring the fact that the ladwuni is an obligate root hemiparasite. Ladwunis need to parasitize the roots of other plants to survive. They're so voracious they can destroy entire farms, their seeds taking the form of achenes to ride the wind, ruining far-off lands.

Guedeners rarely get their hands on ladwuni achenes, fortunately enough. They typically try to grow plants that can't really be eaten with intense preparation, or plants that people simply can't live off of to begin with. Rarely they gather in cells of 1 + d4 individuals, which increases their chances of acquiring ladwuni seeds, or the seeds of another highly-destructive plant they know next to nothing about. A lone guedener has a 5% chance of getting those horrible seeds, while a cell has a 15% chance of getting ladwuni seeds. A guedener cell is fearless in a fight and will only flee a legit military force.

Housewife (Entity)

Dexterity 6 (Foot Stools)

Empathy 6 (Gossip Addict (T), Intrusive, Neophobic (T))

Intellect 6 (Cook (T), Coupons, House Upkeep (S))

Physique 6 (Jog)

HP 7

Speed 3 (15/turn)

Tools: Big Sunglasses, Enough Money for 1 + d5 Meals, Smartphone

A silent stare, eyes bulging and lips drawn.

Housewives can be a strange bunch. If they're not gossiping with their neighbors, they're tending to their family and home. But decades spent inside a house doing chores can *wear* on a person. While most maintain a healthy mindset and remain well-adjusted individuals, others develop a peculiar form of neophobia that conflicts with a growing desire for attention. This can lead to some rather... *interesting* behaviors in public.

Some of them simply stare at strangers with bulging eyes, standing still as a statue and refusing to speak a word. Others will simply seek an argument and refuse to let go, certain that any drama they instigate is of vital importance to all of humanity. Some will be loud as fuck and put on an insincere blast of cheerfulness while doing her best to call somebody out on what she believes to be wrongdoing. On occasion, a housewife becomes shrill and terrified of any unexpected change, no matter how insignificant it may be. Most of the time,

housewives eventually end up ostracized by society and hide in their homes.

Housewives tend to form coterie, with multiple coterie competing over the most insipid shit. A coterie typically consists of 1 + d5 housewives following a particularly vicious housewife most sane people refer to as a "karen". A karen has an additional 3 Att points the GM can distribute as they wish, and Jog can be replaced with pretty much whatever Trait the GM finds best suits the karen being designed. Karens are predisposed to act out of spite but are just as disinclined toward combat as regular housewives; if either gets smacked, they have to succeed at an Intellect roll to avoid fleeing the fight. Sure, they'll whip out their phone and start calling the cops, but chances are that'll backfire, as karens are fond of instigating conflict. Karens tend to be sour-faced and bitter, relishing the chance to lay into anyone who can't fight back. Such behavior ends with a karen being divorced and childless, as she grows increasingly erratic and meanspirited.

Some housewives are BBWs. Such "houseblimps" share virtually nothing in common with regular housewives, being cheerful, outgoing sorts that accept all kinds of crazy things. Then again, every houseblimp also possesses Body Blimp, so weird things tend to be a common occurrence around them. Houseblimps are masterful cooks always eager to feed others, which can result in a proliferation of BBWs in the area over the course of a few months.

Ideologue (Entity)

Dexterity 6 (Lobbed Shot)

Empathy 7 (Bluster, Loud Fanatic (T),
Social Media (T))

Intellect 7 (Ideology (S), Protests (T))

Physique 6 (Break Shit, One Soft Fucker)
HP 7

Speed 3 (15/turn)

Tools: Mask, Smartphone, Staff Sling

“If you’re not with us, you’re against us!”

Fanaticism has long been bedfellows with civilization — a rowdy, willfully ignorant bedfellow, but one nonetheless. It comes from the chimpanzee mentality; it was a necessary brain-state for warfare, when rival troops were doing their best to kill and eat one’s friends and family. For tens of thousands of years fanatics were cloistered away in monasteries, where their fervor was put to constructive use.

Yet as religion has fallen beneath the steelshod boots of newer ideologies and technologies, strange things have happened. Manufactured narratives became the norm as soon as widescale communications became readily available to the public, and the internet brought with it the exact opposite of what many had hoped would be the case. People instinctively band together against outsiders; combine that with a distaste for criticism, and the end result are isolated forums on the internet, microcosms dedicated to specific topics and ideologies. The media narratives are an outright clusterfuck that kill anything resembling

unity; reliant upon algorithms, they give people what they want to see, filtering out everything else, which leaves the viewer with a very specific, iron-curtained window to the world.

The “echo chambers” people create online would exist without the algorithm influence anyway, but the edited vantage point does make things worse, by “verifying” their beliefs. In those echo chambers, their beliefs, “evidence” and opinions simply bounce all about with increasing intensity and frequency, until the people using the forum turn into gross caricatures, exaggerations made mind and more often than not flesh.

That fanatical mindset is still there, except it grows into an untamed, destructive beast from the echo chamber influence. The people afflicted by it lose the ability to understand nuances, reacting with aggression when a loved one tries to shake them out of their fervor. The ideology becomes their very reason for being.

They’re at their most dangerous when they decide some issue they’ve concocted absolutely, positively *must* be addressed. Protests led by ideologues tend to be violent, as they’ll go into a public space and proselytize, demanding the world hear their grievances in person for once, rather than read it through easily ignored digital text. In some cases one group will be met with a counter-protest led by their ideological opposites.

Staff slings became a thing with ideologues after a few trolls spread the idea to use the weapons. Hoping for a medieval street battle between factions, the trolls got much more than they anticipated. Hurling darts, paint-filled balloons, stink bombs, fireworks — whatever it is, ideologues that take to the streets have figured out how to beat back the police with timed volleys, using the staves up close and personal to counter shield walls and kettling attempts. Two staves together can be used to make a stretcher, in case an ideologue is injured during a brawl.

Yet when combat does join, ideologues tend to fall into extremes of competence. Not surprisingly, most are fed on horrible diets and the glow of their phones, with not a single iota of combat knowledge. They bluster and stamp their feet, but taking a hit in combat will force them to make an Intellect roll; failure sees them flee for home, while success will let them stick it out, albeit dazed for their next turn. They falter when they go to land a blow and they wail with fright when struck. Really, it's the emotional high that keeps them going in such a case; they see their life as *the* story of the universe, where they're the protagonist-messiah.

The other kind of ideologue is much nastier in a conflict. The war they wage is the holiest of wars; they're the first to hurl themselves into battle, oblivious to pain and convinced of their own righteousness far beyond the point of sensibility. They're unable to be reasoned with or

stopped when a fight breaks out. Those ideologues that don't know how to fight may be the first ones to be attacked, as the violent ideologues will eventually see *them* as the enemy! They're very much willing to become martyrs for their cause and if they don't meet their end during a protest, it'll be at something a fuck of a lot worse for all parties involved.

Rarely, ideologues will figure out how to make shields at home, typically out of plywood and/or plastic. On a few occasions they've managed to isolate and beat down police officers using their shields, though those occasions are rare enough to be exemptions. Such shields tend to be flammable, however, so mobs with any sort of organization will try to get around that weakness with some kind of protective agent applied to the shield.

Outside of protests, ideologues are prolific on social media, insulting, raving and proselytizing about their chosen ideology. Their worldview is so warped that anything that even remotely resembles disagreement is taken to be a personal attack that must be responded to. They oftentimes try to get work in various forms of media — local television, websites, newspapers and the like. The ideologue's Ideology Trait *must* be replaced with whatever ideology they follow; Maoism, Fascism, Social Justice, Mormonism, Methodism, Veganism, whatever organized and coherent memplex the GM needs for the story.

Mimic (Entity)

Dexterity 9 (Silent Movement (T))
Empathy 6 (Alien Mind (S), Barter (T))
Intellect 8 (Detect Vibrations, Local
Scenery, Weird Secrets)
Physique 8 (Smashing Things, Goopy Form
(T))
HP 12
Speed 3 (15/turn)
Power: Mimicry
Tools: 1 Random Item, Sticky Hands

Heavy, wet breathing.

Mimics are some of the strangest motherfuckers on the planet and most likely elsewhere. They can sit in one place forever, disguised as whatever, waiting for prey to come by so they can lash out and grab it. Their minds are alien, given over to inhuman patience and peculiar forms of artwork that only they can appreciate. Given their habit of sitting in one place for months on end and disguising themselves as local scenery and it's no wonder they come into conflict with local humans on occasion. More than one BBW has mistaken a dozing mimic for a bench!

A mimic's natural form is a pillar of goop that changes color to blend in with its surroundings, a roiling mass of fuming fibers and viscous waxes that's the size of a grown man in terms of volume, if slightly heavier. What amounts to a head is truthfully just some random object the mimic found and repurposed to display a face meant to make interspecies communication easier; a crystalline

"screen" grown onto the object displays one of several images that all mimics agreed upon ages ago to denote specific emotions and reactions. One mimic might use a picture frame, while another might use an old CRT computer monitor, and a third might use a broken computer tablet.

A mimic's limbs are extruded and retracted as needed. A mimic normally lacks legs and simply slurps about on a single muscular foot like a slug. Rarely, a mimic will produce a quartet of stumpy legs with sucker feet for traversing difficult terrain, but that tires them out rather quickly. Regardless of how they locomote, mimics are incapable of running, but they're quiet when they do move. A pair of ropy arms is extruded for catching prey — typically swung up and then back down with stunning force, using both sticky hands to deliver double hammer fists before grabbing on and throttling. A mimic sees and hears just as well as any human, though their main senses rely upon odors, temperature and vibrations, letting them maneuver around dark places with unsettling ease. Their scotopic vision is obviously superior to a human's, but it's not their primary sense. A mimic usually has 1 + d4 ivory-irised eyes extruded at any given moment behind its "screen".

Mimics appear to be solitary individuals, but that's not entirely the case. Every mimic maintains a wide territory it patrols, but it shares that territory with d4 peers at the most, as they work together to

make an area appear safe to prey items. They'll disguise themselves and wait for prey to come by, with any kind of animal counting as such. Insects, fish, dogs, deer, rodents — if a mimic can smack it, it's prey. Larger prey they'll dismember and share as a group, each mimic simply slurping their share into their body and digesting it using their mysterious innards.

The Power of Mimicry gives mimics a potent edge. It only takes a full cycle to activate, letting the mimic transform so it resembles an object completely, so long as the object's volume doesn't exceed the mimic's capabilities. A mimic, possessing the volume of a grown man, could turn into an ottoman, a recliner or a toilet, but not a lamppost, a car or a refrigerator, for example. Mimicry is also dependent upon the mimic having intensely studied the actual object beforehand for at least two hours, in order to memorize everything about it to perfect the transformation. A transformed mimic can move around, but only at a maximum Speed of 2. The transformation can be maintained indefinitely but once it ends the mimic has to wait 2 + d4 cycles before transforming again.

Mimic culture is mostly a mystery to humanity. Their music is infrasonic, relying upon vibrations coming from different directions and at varying intensities. Their other forms of art are based upon odors that slowly change over time or sculptures that phosphoresce in distinct patterns. They hoard secrets about

all kinds of things, too, using them as a social currency when they don't have art or mimic-made gizmos to trade.

Reproduction is mimickind's biggest secret, but their preference for bodies of water might be a giveaway. Might be.

On occasion the local mimics will get together and form an agora. 1 + d4 mimics will lay out a quilt five feet to a side and place items upon it, one per mimic. Bloats have reported that the mimics are willing to barter over the items, using secrets, cash, favors and other things in the process. A mimic's values are considerably different from a human's, of course — they'll haggle like mad for something a BBW would deem useless yet give away a sterling silver bowl for almost nothing. Multiple mimic groups will get together under specific new moons to engage in a region-wide agora, with up to a dozen quilts laid out. In such situations the Bloat would be wise to not tarry, as such agoras tend to trail into other realities, which can lead to BBWs wobbling off of Earth or alien beings appearing on Earth to follow the BBWs back home! Mimics do not tolerate violence during their agoras and will evict aggressors with more than enough force to ensure it doesn't happen again in this lifetime.

Explorers have reported mimics of various sizes in the past, but no one's been able to verify them. Mimics the size of housecats, mimics as big as vending machines, mimics that cling to ceilings, spider-legged mimics and much stranger things, besides.

Namazu (Entity)

Dexterity 4 (Leap (T), Rubbery)
Empathy 3 (Ominous Appearance)
Intellect 3 (Ambush Predator (S),
Electrolocation (T))
Physique 6 (Cruise Along, Suction Feeder
(T), Vicious Bite)
HP 7
Speed 2 (10/turn)(Swim)
Power: Quake Shock
Tools: 6 Barbels, Suction Mouth

A long, low croak.

Electrogenic fish are uncommon but not unheard of. Knifefish, the electric eel, torpedo rays, electric stargazers and electric catfish make up quite the motley bunch. The namazu catfish is a fictional variety of electric catfish, but it's no less dangerous than the four-foot brutes found in the Nile River. Other names for it include boltfish, nervebuster, brontocanth, and pope's-bane.

A euryhaline species, the namazu is capable of living in freshwater, brackish water and saltwater with ease. It's a serpentine beast, easily achieving a length of eight feet and a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds, though most individuals typically only reach five feet and a weight of seventy pounds. Its body is jet black in coloration, with eyes that can vary wildly in color. The head is blunt and dorsally compressed. The mouth is massive, taking up the front with its rubbery lips. Six barbels arc out around the mouth.

Namazus typically undulate through the water, surfacing for a gulp of air — they'll actually suffocate if they don't do so at least once every fifteen minutes. On occasion an individual will slither onto land, relying upon their sturdy pectoral fins and sturdy vertebrae to support their wild thrashing and winding across wet ground. No animal will fuck with a namazu, as the beast possesses a powerful bite that does 4 damage and stuns for d4 cycles on a resounding success. Supposing there's water touching both the namazu and its target, it will use the dreaded Quake Shock.

Commonly used before the namazu rears up and strikes like a snake, Quake Shock is an electric shock that can strike a single target at Short range, so long as a conductive fluid is touching both the namazu and its target. Quake Shock requires a Physique roll to aim and use; if it makes contact, it deals 2 + d4 damage and stuns the target for an equal number of cycles. If the namazu uses Quake Shock a second time, it only deals 1 + d4 damage and the stun duration is equally affected. If used a third time, it only does d4 damage and only stuns for a single cycle. After that, the namazu's electrocyte organs are fully spent. To recharge its biological batteries, the namazu has to rest in peace and quiet for two hours per use of Quake Shock.

Despite its surly demeanor and predatory habits, the namazu does its best to avoid humans, easily distancing itself from

crowded beaches and the like. Barring an obnoxious tourist or overzealous fisherman, marine namazu generally go unnoticed by everyone. They've learned over the years that humans are bad news, so they flee the sound of machinery as well as human voices and movements.

That cowardice does not extend to other animals. Dogs that get too close to certain bodies of water find themselves struck by nerve-throbbing agony and crushed between a namazu's mighty jaws. Namazu tend to travel between bodies of water if they find a way to judge the distance to be short enough, as they need to keep their skin moist. Voracious and ruthless, a namazu can spell the doom of any pond or lake full of fish, leaving fisherman with nothing but half-starved electrified behemoths to contend with. It doesn't help that they're asocial and stake out massive territories, driving off any and all strange namazu that try to encroach.

Female namazu produce up to 2d10 eggs within deep burrows dug into muddy banks, tending to their offspring carefully until they're able to fend for themselves, which can take up to four years. The maximum age of namazu is unknown, with the oldest confirmed specimen being well over sixty years old. It's generally assumed they can reach much greater ages without humans interfering as they are wont to do.

Attempts at farming namazu always end in disaster, as namazu swiftly turn

cannibalistic and will always seek to escape their confines. A zoo or aquarium keeping just one in a highly secure tank can make do with little issue.

Namazu meat is firm in texture and very full-flavored; as such, it's seen as a delicacy in most cultures. Smoked namazu meat is especially popular, especially along river trade routes. Namazu dumplings are typically the domain of upper class restaurants, their preparation and serving both considered a fine art. Pemmican and fermented pastes made from namazu meat have countless home recipes that always pop up in local contests. The demand for namazu is the real reason why the species is rarely seen. The average namazu can grant 4 Size Points, supposing it's properly utilized by a skilled cook. The largest individuals can grant 12 Size Points.

Fermented namazu sauce, when prepared from one of the world's six oldest recipes, has a supernatural effect on the imbiber. Ingesting at least one cup as a condiment heals 1 HP per cycle, for up to 2d4 cycles. For the next six hours the imbiber also takes 1 less damage from all electrical effects. The paste the sauce rises up from is commonly mixed into soups and stews to enhance the flavor and add much-needed nutrients. However, both sauce and paste are strong-smelling and might cause anyone who ingests the stuff to suffer penalties to their Empathy rolls, depending on whoever (or whatever) it is they're rolling against or for. Such a penalty is dependent upon culture.

Pig (Entity)

Dexterity 6 (Dig Under, Slip Away)
Empathy 6 (Curious, Willful (T))
Intellect 3 (Odors (T), Root About (T))
Physique 8 (Sturdy, True Omnivore (S))
HP 9
Speed 5 (25/turn)
Tools: Trotters, Tusks

“Oink!”

Pigs, pigs, pigs. One of humanity's first domesticated animals, the pig is so deeply ingrained in culture that it's virtually impossible to find anyone that doesn't know what a pig is.

Given its long history, it's no surprise that there are countless breeds of domestic pig out there and quite a few wild species as well. They're all omnivores, stamping on and devouring small animals when they're not digging up the ground in search of acorns, fallen apples, fungi or roots. Domestic varieties vary a lot in terms of size, with the largest individuals easily exceeding six hundred pounds. If pigs are allowed to escape into the wild, they return to a wild state within a matter of days and can easily destroy the local ecosystem. Part of their success in that regard is due to the fact that a female pig (a sow) will steadily birth a litter of ten piglets once every one hundred and twenty days. Two to four pigs can be kept on one acre, but only for so long before they turn that acre into a muddy mass!

Some breeds have a woolly or hairy coat, such as Hungary's mangalitsa and New Zealand's kunekune. Both examples easily tolerate cooler climates. A fictional cold-tolerant breed for *Wobble Girls* is the buttertrot, one of the larger breeds. Its dark skin is covered in flaxen wool, its ears are huge and floppy, and it's milked as well as butchered. Pig's milk is nearly impossible to get, given a sow's reluctance to be milked, plus the fact that a sow can have up to thirty-two teats that don't retain much milk. A buttertrot sow, on the other hand, hardly reacts to being milked, producing up to three gallons a day. Traditionally, boar's blood is mixed with sow's milk to create a nutritious form of butter that keeps well all year round, forming a staple food for many people. A buttertrot boar easily surpasses seven hundred pounds, while a sow usually slightly exceeds six hundred. Buttertrots are all laidback beasts, making superb pets. They're also extremely fecund, even for pigs, producing an average of fourteen piglets per litter, usually many more.

A pig's intelligence really cannot be underestimated. Pigs have been taught how to play simple video games using a joystick and their snout; while chimpanzees would play the same game for fifteen moments or so, it kept a pig's interest for much longer. They can be aggressive, too — more than a match for nearly any dog! A pig's bite does 3 + d4 damage, as its tusks come into play. On a resounding success, the target is stunned for d4 cycles.

Porter (Entity)

Dexterity 8 (Steady Balance (T))

Empathy 8 (Customer Service, Hard Worker)

Intellect 7 (Fair Trade (S), Shortcuts)

Physique 9 (Hauling Stuff (T), Plenty Of Stamina, Strong Back (T))

HP 10

Speed 6 (30/turn)

Tools: Biped Saddle, Hydration Pack, Pilgrim's Staff

"Need a lift?"

Porters are people that operate entirely on foot. Also known as silleros or saddlemen, they travel the routes that bicycles and other vehicles can't possibly go, wearing the best hiking boots money can buy and relying upon their own sense of balance and a sturdy pilgrim's staff to assist in their labors. They'll carry people and material in equal measure, acting as human taxis for one customer and plain porters for another. Sometimes a porter operates singly, other times they're a part of a porter's union.

A porter can be easily told by his attire — hiking boots, hydration pack, biped saddle and pilgrim's staff. Everything else is up to the individual porter, but union porters always wear their union's emblem in plain view. They're typically burly folks, quick-witted and sociable as they work. If a porter is hauling goods, they'll have a platform of some sort attached to their saddle; some use a plywood square, others have a folding plate, and others just use

recycled milk crates. If the weather's bad a porter will cover the goods with a waterproof curtain.

The biped saddle lets the porter carry a person just as easily as regular cargo. Porters that specialize in living cargo operate just as readily in busy cities as they do on mountaintops and on cliffsides, slipping through crowds and alleyways with ease. In some cities such porters are reserved only for the upper classes to ride upon and so are lavished with the finest equipment and uniforms befitting their station. While they may not be able to carry wealthy BBWs singly, porters in such cities will work together to do so — after a healthy bout of negotiating their payment, of course.

The pilgrim's staff is one tool every porter worth their salt will possess. Besides aiding in balance and resting, it supplies a means of self-defense. Typically as tall as its owner, a pilgrim's staff has a short crossbar near its top, with one arm curling up into a slight curl. Items can be hung from the curl, and it also makes for a potent bludgeon — a pilgrim's staff can be used as either a one-handed club or a two-handed club, depending upon the situation. Porters can use the crossbar to trip up attackers or as a hammer to knock things into place. But by and large, nobody fucks with porters, as it's too much effort for too little payout.

In some areas, porters form companies, usually syndicates or unions where the

hierarchy is kept to a minimum. They all share a distinct item of clothing that they wear while working, to show that they're all part of the same company. It's typically a shirt or a neckerchief, but some porter companies opt for a full-blown outfit. If a BBW wants a lift around town and there's no vehicles to be had, a porter company will be the thing for her. They can combine their biped saddles to create a litter that can bear up to 10 Size Points' worth of BBW, with four porters working together to lift.

Some porters have no choice but to work alone, through every fault of their own. Addicted to drugs and fired from every other occupation, such porters have burned all of their bridges. Replace Steady Balance with Aimless Shuffle, Hard Worker with Plaintive, Shortcuts with Recreational Drugs and Plenty Of Stamina with Crippling Addiction. Addicted porters have at least one drug they've developed a dependency upon just to get up and do anything; the addiction might be purely psychological but it's there. Their attempt at a pilgrim's staff will most likely be a half-broken stick and their biped saddle will be in disrepair. People usually hire them out of pity, only to regret doing so as soon as the addict is hired. Besides being unreliable, they can also be quite irritable, flipping out on the wrong person all because their favorite drug is wearing off. The only upside to hiring an addict porter is how fucking cheap they are to hire.

Sometimes BBWs become porteresses. Rather than use a biped saddle, however, they use their protruding buttocks as a platform. A BBW porteress always has a minimum of 3 Size Points in Legs and Butt, which gives her a sizeable platform upon which she can carry wares or people. Cheerful and eager, BBW porteresses are show-stealers, parting crowds with their swaying hips and beating out the competition with their superior cushioning and good looks. They replace the biped saddle with a waterproof tarp they drape over their buttocks, in case a passenger is sick or otherwise messy. BBW porteresses are forgiving of such situations — most of them are college students and understand all too well what a night out partying will do to someone.

A few BBW porteresses take up snobbish glitterati as passengers, developing a reputation amongst the rich and powerful for their work. One such porteress became world famous overnight, as she carried a director and his celebuntante wife down the red carpet one night. Their attempt at mocking her gigantic rear to a journalist afterward backfired immediately; the porteress found her social media accounts flooded with thousands of new followers while the couple found themselves destroyed, both financially and socially. She's found a new clientele, and they all know not to mock her body; petite as she may be, the young lady can deliver one hell of a hip check, to say nothing of her plumwood pilgrim's staff and its pearl-studded top.

Punkrow (Entity)

Dexterity 7 (Horrendous Aim, Sneak Up)
Empathy 6 (Creepy Movements, Scare Off (T))
Intellect 5 (Detect Intruders (S), Unexpected Routes)
Physique 9 (Painful Strikes (T), Weatherproof (T))
HP 30
Speed 4 (20/turn)
Power: Fear Wave
Tools: Billhook Machete, Hardwood Hands

The crackle of straw. A sigh of contentment.

Punkrows are scarecrows, brought to life to protect a village and/or its crops. How a punkrow is created varies from culture to culture, though the methods employed are typically time-consuming and costly. Besides the materials needed to craft a high-quality scarecrow, it also takes a fair bit of mystical know-how and spiritual know-who to put together a scarecrow the size of a large man and then bring it to life. Several months are typically spent by the creators preparing the components and rituals required before taking care of any potential issues that may arise. But once everything is done properly, the results are well worth it.

A settlement that sees a lot of danger might have up to three punkrows, though that can be considered excessive and far too costly. The standard punkrow stands six feet tall and has a simple skeleton made

from lacquered hardwood with loose, well-greased joints, covered over by bundles of fresh straw and reeds. Over that goes two layers of clothes, with the outer layer waterproofed. The feet are normally covered by sturdy boots — steel-toed pairs are highly sought-after for such a purpose. The head is normally carved from some kind of specially-prepared gourd or melon, with a jovial face; sometimes a crate is used, or even a painted animal skull or a motorcycle helmet. A hat is always attached to the head. The feet always have at least six toes total, and either arm ends with a dexterous hand, always carved from the toughest wood to be had and carefully reinforced. Some creators opt to install a pair of tiny levers on the punkrow's face to act like eyebrows, vastly improving its visual communication.

Once brought to life, punkrows prove to be not only obedient to their creator, but to anyone the creator signifies with no ambiguity to the punkrow. Punkrows are smart enough to follow basic instructions, acting with the mental acuity of an eight-year-old. While incapable of proper speech, punkrows can signal various answers using hand gestures, head movements, writing and drawing. The only sounds the constructs make are contented sighs, a few kinds of rattling and howls. They cannot smell or taste anything; their vision and hearing are as sharp as the best human eyes and ears. Tremors are picked up with pinpoint accuracy, but finer tactile details are lost

on a punkrow's digits. Punkrows are too clunky to run, but they're also unable to become tired, nor can they have any of their senses negated or harmed.

The foremost purpose of a punkrow is to scare off animals that would ruin the local harvest. Their most effective method is to simply approach the animals — the mere sight, sound and smell of a punkrow scares vermin into leaving a farm for 2d10 hours. If facing hostile people or creatures that refuse to run away, the punkrow can use its Fear Wave.

By throwing its head back and loosing a bloodcurdling howl over the course of a full cycle, the punkrow releases a Fear Wave that flows out before it at the speed of a loosed arrow, blasting everything and everyone it wants to scare away. Every predator and entity targeted by the punkrow has to make an Intellect roll with a -3 penalty; success sees them dazed for a number of cycles equal to half of the punkrow's remaining HP, down to a minimum of two cycles, but failure sees them sent into mind-shattering terror, doing everything they can to flee the punkrow's presence, regardless of whatever might be in the way of their escape path. Fear Wave has a maximum range of Medium and can only be used once every $2 + d10$ cycles.

Fear Wave doesn't really have to be used all that often, as every punkrow is armed with a rather intimidating farming implement that scares most troublemakers

off for good. Most punkrows are armed with a billhook machete; it's got a blade eighteen inches long, but the tip curves forward into a stout hook. Not only does that let the punkrow hack through foliage of all sorts, but it also lets the construct apply a painful lesson to any troublemakers that show up, doing $6 + d4$ damage in a punkrow's hand. It can catch loose clothes with the tip and it can also bust apart wooden and rope barricades if swung properly. A leather strap is normally attached to the machete's handle and goes around the punkrow's wrist, to keep it from being disarmed.

But the construct always knows how to throw a punch, its fists dealing $3 + d4$ damage and stunning for an equal number of cycles on a resounding success. It can also deliver a front kick that does $4 + d4$ damage and forces the target to make a Dexterity roll to avoid being floored. Supposing the settlement that created the punkrow faces frequent threats, it might have an additional weapon in its other hand. A small shield made from junk is a common sidearm. A rubber hose might be equipped to whip miscreants. A slapstick or a bell might be held to act as an alarm, should the punkrow find that its Fear Wave doesn't work on the first try. For nocturnal jaunts, a punkrow might carry a heavy duty flashlight or a hooded lantern. What one will never see a punkrow carrying, however, is a projectile weapon — punkrows are notorious for their atrocious aim and usually miss their mark.

Snob (Entity)

Dexterity 7 (Latest Dances, Graceful (T))
Empathy 10 (Perfectionist (T), Gossip (T),
Who's Who)
Intellect 8 (Etiquette (S))
Physique 7 (Healthy, Makeup)
HP 8
Speed 4 (20/turn)
Tools: 2 Gel Pens, Gossip Notebook,
Smartphone

"How gauche! Her nipples are bigger than my head!"

Snobs vary from place to place. In schools they form into secretive cliques that no one knows anything about. Those same cliques vanish when everyone else grows up. Other snobs are nouveau riche and put on airs while those with proper breeding and sense laugh at them behind their backs. Regardless, all snobs know what's up when it comes to the latest in various fashions. Chances are they'll shun the Bloat unless there's something to be gained from it. Some snob cliques are nothing if not malicious, however, and might try to trick the Bloat into a humiliating situation for the clique's amusement.

Sometimes the fashion world dictates strange things to those who are caught in its orbit. Some clothing designers call for hefty models, which could cause an uproar among snobs. A snob that designs the finest in big dresses would most likely be eager to hire the Bloat and possibly groom them to fit the biggest dresses of all! Then

again, maybe being a big girl is just fashionable in and of itself — the PCs might be amused to learn that the local snobs are bloating up in the mistaken belief that there's a competition between them.

Given that a fat gut is symbolic of wealth, many snobs have Belly and Sides as their Preferred Region. Navel Lotus is one of the most common Powers to be found amongst fat snobs, though they swiftly become experts with other social Powers regardless of their Preferred Region. The largest snob becomes a nexus of gossip, her slightly smaller peers gathered around her, until the skinniest ones stand at the forlorn edge of the gathering. Chest and Arms supplies more overt social controls, with things such as Hypnosis Boobs and Milk Pill granting immediate results that BBW snobs find crude but ultimately vital. Legs and Butt tends to be the Preferred Region of snob betas, those girls that find themselves being used as living pillows and batteries by their superiors.

PCs could be snobs, supposing they were among those gossip-mongers that were cute enough and knew how to play on the expectations of their peers. They could be fashionistas or they could be classroom divas. Might be they're socialites that have to contend with snobs more often than they want. Powers might be something to be hidden — or snobs might find Powers to be fashionable, displaying their strange abilities for all to see (and hopefully envy).

Student (Entity)

Dexterity 8 (Fast Writer (T), Move Through Crowds)
Empathy 8 (Expression, Debates (T))
Intellect 9 (Research (S), Good Memory)
Physique 7 (Night Owl (T), Vigorous Start)
HP 8
Speed 4 (20/turn)
Tools: Smartphone, Pen, Notebook

“Are you serious?! I have a test to study for, I can’t go to an eating contest now!”

College students have a lot to contend with sometimes. They have midterms to contend with. They need money, so they work either part-time or full-time to support themselves. Chances are, doubts are arising about the choices they’ve made. No doubt their girl-next-door coed just ate a week’s worth of food and is now trying to fit her bloated form into the classroom.

Students tend to develop a knack for honest research and always have a way into any frat party. Besides that, drugs are also a big thing depending upon what a student's major is. Marijuana hardly constitutes something bad — it's things like stimulants sold illegally by pharmacy students that will cause trouble. Some majors attract idiots with nothing better to do than smoke heroin or a cigarette laced with PCP. The Bloat could find itself uncovering a drug ring on campus! Professors might assign surprise group projects, or campus security might run pointless drills that lead to bizarre situations. What if the anthropology

majors are trying an occult ritual on a dare and the Bloat wobbles onto it?

BBW students can have any Region as their Preferred Region. A sorority might confer some degree of conformity when it comes to Powers but more often than not Powers are grown according to the student's personality. Huge boobs might make a good desk, but a round gut tends to get imbeciles out of the way at parties with a single heave. Legs and Butt is seen in equal measure on BBW professors and students; such a professor leading her all-girl class across campus can be an awe-inspiring moment!

Body Blimp is slightly more common than Slam. Body Blimp makes a superb way to get from class to class, although the user will have to answer to shocked classmates in due time. Utilitarian Powers such as Ghostly Gut and Nipple Radar are far more common than damaging Powers but a BBW student may have to defend herself every now and then.

Since young women tend to be students more than anything else, the Bloat might be classmates or sorority sisters attending class when they’re not working or stuffing their faces. A hefty teacher’s habits might rub off onto her students. A prestigious sorority might only accept large girls. Science class experiments, group projects, cooking classes, and big rallies are but a few possible situations BBW students can find themselves in, with all sorts of wild outcomes!

Termagant (Entity)

Dexterity 8 (Ceiling Crawler (T))

Empathy 8 (Envious (T), Shrill Bully)

Intellect 6 (Detect Suffering (S), House Upkeep, Notable Locals)

Physique 7 (Fortified Spine (T), Grabby Panic)

HP 6 + d10 + d20

Speed 4 (20/turn)

Power: Pain Spray, Vertebral Turbines

Tools: 2d5 Glow Sticks, Plastic Bucket, Smartphone

“Excuse me, what do you think you’re doing?”

Housewives sometimes become karens, and karens sometimes become termagants. In other cases, a bitchy young woman will also become a termagant, such as a bullying schoolteacher or a spoiled nurse. The transformation is quite rare, but it does occur. A perpetually unhappy, vicious woman feeling strong negative emotions is only one part of the formula — she has to be subjected to a heavy rain under a new moon for the transformation to begin. Once it begins, there’s nothing that can stop it. Over the course of d4 months the woman’s vertebræ exude growths that protrude from her back, a series of stacked, fist-sized funnels that point downward. Gripping pads grow on her soles, shins, forearms and palms, and her skin grows thick and callused. Once the transformation is complete, the termagant becomes the epitome of bitchiness. Envious and sullen, termagants are never truly happy and never truly

satisfied. They see themselves as the star of some vast cosmic melodrama and despise anyone that’s happy and/or satisfied. Termagants swiftly ruin their own relationships because of such ridiculous envy, wrecking their social networks in a whirlwind of projection, accusations and baseless assumptions. Most termagants are reduced to couch-surfing or squatting in abandoned buildings if they lose their jobs.

Termagants absolutely cannot stand BBWs; the two are polar opposites! Termagants are consumed by a need to spread misery, so they lurk and spy, dwelling on ceilings when they can’t skulk on a rooftop or the corner of a roof. They scheme and seethe, avoiding walls and floors due to their changed instincts — large buildings with capacious rooftops and extensive rain gutters become a fixation for them. Once she finds a hiding spot in such a building, a termagant will turn it into a base of operations, oftentimes her new home. The termagant scribbles on the walls, marking down anyone she’s seen being happy and organizing a plan to make them as unhappy as possible. Most termagants try to maintain their public image by acting as a self-elected community leader, but that inevitably fails when they start lashing out.

Yet somehow, termagants attract allies. A coterie of housewives and other easily-impressed dipshits gradually forms, seeing the termagant as some kind of angel in the making, the perfect launchpad for their

need to stand out as the protagonist in their own story. Such followings number $2 + 2d5$ karens, snobs and other dipshits, and they greatly aid the termagant in acquiring detailed updates on the region. Very rarely a coven of termagants forms instead, with $3 + 2d5$ such horrid women converging and squabbling nonstop. Such covens rip themselves apart within a matter of a few years, but before that happens the coven will work together to lash out at local BBWs and then anyone else they think is having a good time.

They cling to ceilings using their body's gripping pads, clambering along with little issue. They can also detect the suffering of vertebrates, seeing flickering orange crosshatching wherever an animal with a backbone is suffering in any fashion. The more suffering there is, the more vivid the crosshatching — termagants can see each other from a mile away, of course. Angst, injury, sadness, anger, sickness, those things can be seen through obstructions and darkness with ease by a termagant. Beyond that, a termagant's senses are no different from any normal human's.

The Vertebral Turbines possessed by termagants are the bony funnels lining a termagant's spine. Water runs through the funnels and spins the organic turbines contained in those funnels, giving the termagant a source of supernatural power. Termagants, of course, let running water pour through their Vertebral Turbines whenever possible, such as torrential downpours, running showers and

repurposed gutters. For every 24 cycles a termagant spends letting water run through her Vertebral Turbines, a termagant gains a +1 bonus to all Intellect rolls made for the following thirty-six hours, to a maximum bonus of +3.

Any number of those bonuses can be expended to use the dreaded Pain Spray. With her body convulsing, the termagant sprays a liquid from her bulging eyes; the liquid is colored verdigris and glows with that same hue in the dark. Pain Spray is effectively a projectile attack with a range of Short. For each bonus expended, the termagant may take aim at one target, to a maximum of three. The spray does 1 damage at most, but it also induces a crippling agony, forcing those struck by it to make a Physique roll to avoid being stunned for a number of cycles equal to the number of bonuses used. As soon as it hits anything the liquid evaporates into verdigris-colored fumes that reeks of urine but vanishes within a minute. Termagants extend the range of Pain Spray by using it from above, relying upon gravity to assist them. Rarely some termagants develop other Powers, all of them requiring their Vertebral Turbines and using a finite range of concepts such as stonework, moonlight, running water, statues and suffering. Termagants are essentially grotesques and gargoyles in the flesh, lurking atop buildings and on ceilings in the dead of night, seething at their own self-induced misery.

Termagants rely upon their followers to protect them from the consequences of their actions. Pain Spray is a termagant's first defense, and if she can't make use of it she panics. She turns insanely shrill, shrieking for help as she grabs the hair of her attackers and yanks all about. If forced to she'll flail up and down at her enemies. Termagants are obviously lackluster in a fistfight and will flee the fight after 1 + d5 cycles. A termagant coven is only marginally better, doing their best to attack their foes from behind, throwing things and mobbing single targets when they run out of things to throw. Regardless of how many termagants there are, they all prefer to remain on the ceiling and there's no ceiling they do everything they can to remain out of reach.

Kathy Jones got her lofty position at work thanks to her uncle being a retired chief officer and her incompetence drove the business into the ground soon after. A batrachian little idiot, Kathy transformed after her former employees beat the shit out of her after so many years of suffering her abuse. Frittering away her money left her homeless, so now Kathy dwells in the ruins of her former workplace, plotting revenge against everyone. Always underfoot and always vindictive, Kathy was always one to blame somebody else for her mistakes. She's been lurking for only a few months, but she's already attracted a few homeless drug addicts. They're eager to help her, as she's convinced them that she means well.

Farzana was a sorority girl, getting by on athletic scholarships. Her team losing a big game combined with a car accident caused her to transform into a truly nasty termagant. A block-jawed, beady-eyed control freak, Farzana now lives on campus, her previous life forgotten beyond a desire to spite all of the BBW students. A two-handed sword with a blade like a snake's tongue erupted from her ass not long after her transformation; Farzana considers it a sign that her desires are justified. She doesn't really know how to use the sword, but she brandishes it whenever she schemes against one particular bloated BBW — a bloated BBW that proved completely oblivious to her taunts and demands before her transformation.

Jaime hated the "milfs" she always saw around town. Their heaving, milk-filled breasts constantly nursing their kids, their gigantic butts constantly wobbling on evening jogs, Jaime hated how happy they were, how they always ignored her advice for a vegan diet. When she tried chasing after Helen's huge ass during the oblivious woman's evening jog, Jaime's legs gave out and the rain started to pour. Helen went home to nurse her kids for dinner and Jaime went home with weird new urges. It's been a month since that night and Jaime's planning to defile the gardens of all of those horrible milfs. Helen's prize-winning garden is going to be Jaime's magnum opus in defilement. Now she has to do it without anyone noticing.

Wildcake (Entity)

Dexterity 5 (Tumble Away (T))

Empathy 4 (Dead Quiet, Intentions (T), Scary Flames)

Intellect 3 (Hiding Places (S), Predict Predators)

Physique 4 (Escape Grapples (T), Smack Away)

HP 5

Speed 3 (15/turn)

Power: Flare Boost

Tools: Candle

A soft squelch, the crumbling of icing.

These peculiar bakery escapees go by many names. Glazebok. Feral Confectionary. Waybread. Regardless of their shape, size and form of locomotion, one thing unites them all: they're richly decorated cakes possessed of animal intelligence and mobility. Who made them and how they developed some semblance of life is a mystery, but none of that matters to a hungry BBW that's managed to corner one. Oddly enough, the first wildcake a BBW encounters is bound to be her favorite flavor.

A wildcake can come in any variety and size, but the vast majority are eighteen inches across and nine inches tall, with a single candle sticking up from its center. The candle varies wildly from one specimen to another; one might possess a plain white candle, while another might have an elaborate candle carved from a question mark-shaped strip of birch. But

there's always a candle, lit with a flame that's constantly changing colors.

Wildcakes can detect vibrations at Short range, though their hearing is rather poor; all Wildcakes suffer a -2 penalty to all Intellect rolls made to hear potential predators. They obviously cannot smell or taste anything, either, but they do possess some degree of vision through tiny indentations along their sides. Granted, all they can make out are shifting differences in light and dark, but it works. The looming shadow of a BBW is obvious enough, but her thunderous footfalls will most likely give her away long before the wildcake sees her.

Movement for a wildcake depends upon what kind of cake they are. Custards flow and drip. Cheesecakes bounce and flip. Fudges tromp and march atop columnar legs. Regardless, a wildcake trying to escape a hunter will roll and tumble as fast as it can — the given Speed is also its maximum, as running is not possible. That changes when going downhill, however, tripling readily as gravity takes hold of the wildcake. Most wildcakes will zigzag and twirl like mad if their pursuer gets too close, becoming completely unpredictable in their escape route.

Supposing a wildcake is reduced to 0 HP, it turns into a normal cake on the spot, sterilizing the spot where it fell with a flash of temperature extremes — any creature caught within the flash suffers 3 + d5 damage and is stunned for one cycle.

The average wildcake (“average” being relative here) can be consumed once slain, granting the consumer 4 Size Points.

Combat is beyond wildcakes, so their one Power is meant to help them escape. Flare Boost can be activated while on the move, healing 1 HP and increasing the wildcake’s Speed by its remaining HP for 1 + d5 cycles. Not only that, but the wildcake gains a +1 bonus to all Dexterity rolls made during that time. However, once the duration ends, the wildcake has to wait twelve cycles before using Flare Boost again. Flare Boost can be seen readily; when active, the candle’s flame doubles in size and when the Power is recuperating the flame sputters and twirls.

Wildcakes prefer cool places, out of direct sunlight. Sometimes they gather in groups of 3 + d10, all within Short range of each other. Wildcakes can readily detect the candles of other wildcakes at Long range.

Wildcakes have highly variable abilities based upon what kind of confectionary they’re supposed to be. Some are exceptions to the rules just given, while others cleave to those rules tightly.

Ice cream wildcakes form into spheres rather than cylinders, freezing liquids so they can roll right over them. Not only that, but they can release an aura of coldness that deals 1 damage to anything touching them, stunning for 2 cycles on a resounding success.

Hot fudge wildcakes are blocky and tromp about. They enjoy heat, bubbling readily and healing 1 HP per hour spent in either direct sunlight or near a source of heat. Such a wildcake has an additional 5 HP and grants 6 Size Points.

Custard wildcakes treat Escape Grapples as a Specialty Trait and can slap every foe within Close range to daze them for 1 cycle.

Layered wildcakes have at least two layers, which can split open to form a mouth with icing teeth. Such a wildcake can bite a target for 2 damage, but should the bite miss, the wildcake is thrown off-balance and effectively dazed for 2 cycles.

Crème brûlée wildcakes are also fond of heat and gain the same benefits as hot fudge wildcakes. Unlike hot fudge specimens, crème brûlée wildcakes only have an additional 1 HP and are far more daring with their escapes, seemingly taunting their pursuers as they tumble.

Cheesecake wildcakes are able to resist BBW Powers more readily than other wildcakes. They can shed 1 HP in the form of their crumbly crust to automatically succeed at any roll made to resist a BBW Power directed at it.

Rumors persist of towering wildcakes, multiple tiers topped by multiple candles. No one has definitive proof that they exist... Yet.

Cults (Unique Entity/Predator Groups)

As long as people have had words and thoughts, they've had beliefs. First came genes, then came memes. Chimpanzees pirouette and prance when it rains. Crows hold vigil over their fallen. Elephants ponder the bones of their kin. Humans, however, display the greatest variety in terms of belief. Some ideas are benign, others malign, but they eventually evolve or vanish from the many memplexes of humanity. Cultural evolution is much like biological evolution — generations pass, and their ideas are tested by the struggles of their age. Some are found wanting. Others thrive. Some should *not*.

Cults are the culmination of concepts, ideas and beliefs usually introduced from entities that most would consider abnormal. Some cults may have only arisen in the past few years, while others may have lurked in the shadows for dozens of generations. The source of a cult's creed could be nearly anything, as mundane as a self-proclaimed prophet, or as surreal as a psychic entity composed by a cult performing a groupthink conformity ritual. Aliens from another world, ancestral possession, anything the GM can think of or find can be easily made into the source of a cult's creation.

However, cults are *unnatural*. They go against the grain, spitting in the face of humanity by possessing goals that are detrimental to humanity's existence. No matter the intentions of the cultists

themselves, the cult's actions inevitably bring it into conflict with the rest of mankind, as its dark god(s) demand things that fly in the face of human instincts.

Nothing can truly prepare a cultist for what their deity demands. Eventually the demands prove to be anathema to the majority of cult members — but by the time that happens, a cultist has put too much into the cult to back out. Even supposing there are no punishments for leaving, backing out would mean all of their efforts for the cult were for naught. Even the youngest, weakest cults maintain their numbers for just that reason.

So it's no surprise when the longest-serving cultists are mentally broken, absolutely apathetic, thoroughly in denial or some combination thereof. Euphemisms and dodging certain questions are how they get by, with individuals oftentimes shirking their cultish duties so someone else is forced to deal with the harsh reality of the situation. The cult's deity offers superb compensation most of the time, as it understands to some extent that it's going against the grain for its followers, much as someone knows their dog doesn't like getting a bath but forces it to do so anyway. The treat given afterward usually lets the dog forget all about the bath, but the gifts given by a cultish god never make the memories go away. That is to say, unless the object of worship erases those memories as a gift.

But what kind of goals do cults pursue? The all-encompassing answer is: whatever their god desires. Cult gods ultimately don't give a flying fuck about humanity as a whole. If they want something, it's probably bad for mankind. Most of the time, not even their own cults are safe and the cultists don't even know it. On the flipside, all cultish beings possess two definite weaknesses, with a third weakness being possible. The third weakness is up to the GM, but the first and second weaknesses are concrete. Cultish beings are priests, non-priests possessing cult Powers, as well as entities and predators crafted by a cult, such as brutes and homunks.

The first weakness is jade. Bowenite, nephrite, jadeite, pounamu, greenstone — if it falls under the category of jade, it will cause cultish beings harm. Physical contact with jade induces excruciating pain in cultish beings, causing the cultish being to react accordingly, suffering an effect not unlike scalding as they do everything they can to escape contact. They're effectively stunned for as long as they're in contact with jade and take 1 HP of damage for each cycle contact is maintained. Cultish beings have the ability to accurately recognize the mineral using any of their senses and react with revulsion and fear, doing their best to avoid the dread material regardless of the immediate situation. A weapon made of jade or bearing exposed jade insets deals an additional d4 damage to cultish beings, and cultish Powers suffer a -2 penalty to

affect anyone wearing, bearing or wielding jade.

The second weakness is ebon lightning. A supernatural force, ebon lightning strikes from the legendary blunderstorms that accrue as a reaction to cult activities being concentrated in a region. Ebon lightning turns any stone it strikes into narrow veins of jade reaching up to 5d20 feet long and d4 feet thick, and if it strikes a cultish being the results are devastating. Cultish beings are immediately floored and stunned for 4 + d20 cycles; they suffer 5d20 damage which they cannot reduce in any way — the ebon lightning is reality's corrective measure against the cult's malignancy. Non-cult entities and predators only suffer 4 + d20 damage from ebon lightning, yet BBWs are healed for 4 + d20 HP and have their Powers recharged immediately. Cultish beings can feel when a blunderstorm is forming within Far range and suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls when they can feel it, due to their mounting anxiety. A blunderstorm that's taken form is considerably nastier for cultish beings, filling the sky and refusing to go away until the cult underneath it disperses to the corners of the Earth — or whenever the GM deems it appropriate. Cultish beings will do everything they can to take cover from the open sky, due to the intense terror they feel; if they can't, they suffer a -3 penalty to all rolls, so long as the blunderstorm is directly observable with any senses. Blunderstorms are meant to be a plot device meant to give the PCs

an edge, should a cult start to get the upper hand.

Cults can vary wildly in size and capabilities. Their competence directly impacts their growth and potential, with the weakest cults typically kept weak by the priest's own incompetence. The smallest cults consists of a single priest and a dozen or so cultists, usually abused and misled by a mess of a deity. The mightiest of cults can have thousands upon thousands of faithful, with a multi-tiered clergy backed by a legion of "lictors" — tried-and-true cultists that act as a private army and enforce internal cohesion. As a cult's influence grows, the priests find favor with their foul patron; a priest just starting out only has a single Power and a scant few supernatural abilities, while the head priest of a globe-spanning cult will have several Powers that have grown from what used to be noteworthy but otherwise feeble supernatural abilities.

Yet no cult operates out in the open. Not even those cults that possess the greatest temporal power dare to do so, knowing that to do so would invite not only the wrath of the general public but also that of dedicated cult hunters. A true cult's rituals are so foul, so inhuman that no right-thinking person would tolerate such things, as the god's lack of care for humanity is made readily apparent by the cult's actions. Cult hunters operate in cells and in complete secrecy, forgoing the latest in communications technology in favor or methods that can't even be found,

let alone traced. They work normal jobs, they live normal lives, they have normal relationships... until it's time to bust a cult. Then their strange tools and skills see full use, dedicated to the annihilation of the inhuman faiths that pollute civilization. From the revered Cave Bear Lodge to the Electrum Order to the Hunting Berets to the Dokuzoku, cult hunters have organized themselves in secret, passing down hard-won knowledge, tools and skills to those they know to have been wronged by cults and seek justice.

It's always an uphill battle for such hunters. Cults with any amount of experience are wily foes, keeping escape routes and decoys ready at all times. Eliminating a violent cult dedicated to American football might be easy when it consists of only a few meatheads and a mascot costume animated by the offal of sacrifices, but a cult of greed and excess that spans a continent or a country is something else entirely. The one thing that stands in favor of cult hunters is the formation of a blunderstorm, something that always bedevils cults. No cult hunter goes without wearing jade jewelry, either — even if it's only a pinky finger ring or an anklet, that's more than enough to ward off cultish beings.

BBWs fascinate priests that know of BBW Powers. BBWs actually make good cult hunters. For one, they're immune to the effects of cult-manufactured foodstuffs. For two, no one expects a blubbery beauty

to be a serious threat. BBW Powers have a habit of going right through cultish defenses and most cultists become shaken by the fact that someone who's not in their faith can have such things. The psychological impact of a BBW using her Powers is more than enough for those few priests in the know to keep their cult from interacting with such girls. Priests that have experienced BBW Powers would love dearly to kidnap BBWs to study them, but to date none have succeeded.

Cults war with each other all of the time. These secret affairs consists of sabotage mostly, with a rare brawl or kidnapping occurring at the apex of such things. Some wars persist for generations, not unlike blood feuds — more than a few minor cults formed by isolated clans have maintained legit cultish blood feuds for centuries. Schisms annoy some cult gods but amuse others; the former desire simple obedience, while the latter see it as a sort of pruning or pets playfighting. The PCs could easily find themselves playing a role not unlike Yojimbo, instigating a war between cults so they can clean up the remnants.

Worst case scenario, a cult has its way and its foul deity begins to fully manifest, defeating anyone that so much as poses a threat and takes over everything. The planet could be broken apart, it could be swiftly converted into an alien biosphere, humanity could be turned into a vast fleshy reef, there's no telling. Game over, man, game over!

In a less horrible scenario, civilization is simply collapsed but the planet is more or less intact. Could be the cult's god has limited capabilities no matter how it manifests or acts, could be multiple cults tried to reach their goals and their deities began fighting on sight. Essentially this is a post-Armageddon scenario, a "bad reset" where the PCs might be down but not out. Trying to survive in this situation would be difficult, but perhaps the cults are shrinking as their gods kill each other in a raging holy war.

Blunderstorms and jade vex priests with their mere existence, to the point where cults are stymied by the presence of those two weaknesses alone. Sure, they could take over the world in a fortnight and bring about their patron's wishes, but then a blunderstorm would most likely form during the massive ritual needed to do so. Jade scares away the vast majority of the creatures crafted and summoned by priests, so a Bloat of BBW cult hunters can swiftly turn the tide of battle just by wearing jade jewelry.

But then there's the third weakness of cultish beings! That varies from cult to cult. Sometimes it's something silly, such as a vegan cult's weakness to meat, other times it's something more obscure, such as a lightless cult's weakness to liquified starlight. The effects of the third weakness varies from cult to cult, but without fail it does HP damage and induces intense terror in cultish beings.

Brutes are uncontrollable by default. Consumed by their hunger, the flabby monstrosities rage at anything that gets in the way of their eating. Yet there's a specific musical instrument that's able to suppress every brute's hunger completely, turning them into servants eager to please. Called a bladtar, the instrument is immediately recognizable and is crafted by priests. A bladtar consists of a long neck plunging into a carved gourd or similar container that's open on top, with an air-filled bladder partway up the neck, with a single string stretched over it along the neck's length. Bowed, plucked and strummed, the bladtar has an eerie, ominous sound to it, regardless of what culture the listener comes from.

Successfully playing a bladtar lets the bladtarist direct brutes. All brutes within earshot of a bladtarist playing have their hunger suppressed after a full cycle is spent hearing it. The bladtarist, so long as they continue playing, gain a +5 bonus on all rolls made to command brutes. Being dullards, brutes can only follow basic directions, such as carrying something somewhere, following someone, going to a certain location they can plainly see, or attacking a target. Or the bladtarist can simply play, letting a comrade direct the brutes. Once the bladtar stops, however, the brutes feel their hunger surge back with a vengeance and they gain a +2 bonus on all Physique rolls for the following six cycles. Every bladtar is a masterpiece and takes 2 + d4 months to craft — they cannot be mass-produced!

Some priests are “blessed” by their dark gods. Some cultish beings are only vaguely human-like in shape. Some priests just don't want to be recognized when out and about. For all of them, that's where the everyman's guise comes in. An everyman's guise takes days to measure out and sew, but the end result is a wide-brimmed hat, long coat, dress shirt, slacks and shoes, all incredibly boring to look at. Sure, it's made from a mixture of expensive and eldritch materials, but it's *boring*. That's intentional, of course — the wearer is trying to evade notice! It takes a few minutes to don and doff, but it's comfy, relaxing the wearer's nerves so they don't ruin the outfit's purpose by acting out of the ordinary.

The wearer of an everyman's guise swiftly blends in with any crowd. Even without a crowd, the wearer is just so mundane, so bland that they go ignored by even the most attentive eyes. The wearer of an everyman's guise gains a +5 bonus on all rolls made to go unnoticed, and anyone that tries to keep an eye on the wearer suffers a -3 penalty on any roll made to remember the wearer after parting ways. Obviously, the wearer will be noticed if they try to do anything blatantly illegal or otherwise wrong, dispelling the guise's supernatural effects for as long as they act out of line. Trespassing, obvious theft, murder, those kinds of things. Each guise has to be tailor-made and is expensive; priests safeguard the secret of creating everyman's guises jealously, charging exorbitant fees to craft them.

Glutcakes are insidious and only created by imago cults. They're created purely to lure in people and turn them into brutes. A combinations of yeasts is used to create glutcakes; three or more priests working together can churn out dozens of glutcakes within a few days with ease, supposing they have plenty of sugars and starch. Glutcakes can stay out in the open for d4 days before melting into nothingness, but they can kept frozen for up to two years. A single glutcake is all it takes to turn someone into a brute; any extra glutcakes are there simply to fuel their growth.

A glutcake resembles a cylinder of rose pink triple-cream cheese, six inches tall and wide. It produces an incredibly sweet aroma, a thick and cloying smell that wafts on the air in all directions up to Far range, regardless of how the wind blows. Human beings are quite enticed by the smell; anyone that smells a glutcake immediately suffers pangs of hunger and has to make an Intellect roll with a -5 penalty to resist eating it. If they succeed, their hunger vanishes and they can resist the temptation easily enough for the next 4 + 2d10 hours, after which they must roll again. If they fail, then they set into the glutcake ravenously.

As soon as a glutcake enters someone's mouth, it's all over. A glutcake melts in the mouth, meaning it only takes twelve cycles to completely eat one. But for the vast majority of people, that's essentially a death sentence. Their mind promptly fades away, as the burn of hunger ruins

their gut, raging out of control as the microbes in the glutcake begin rewriting their host's physiology. The hunger is so intense the brute-to-be is thoroughly convinced they will die if they stop eating, making them violently, mercilessly hangry. They'll grow taller, rounder, and uglier as they continue eating, grabbing and devouring whatever edibles can be seen. It takes d4 hours for the transformation to complete, and the person that was once there vanishes, twisted by the fear of starvation into a hangry behemoth. Cults will corral brutes for mass sacrifices and even military offensives against their rivals sometimes, usually targeting isolated settlements with their glutcake "feasts" to start with.

Yet for the thousands of women who turn into brutes, there's always a few who become BBWs instead. For whatever reason the cultish desserts do no harm to such rare women, instead causing them to bloat up into blubberclad beauties. It takes eight glutcakes to result in 1 Size Point; BBWs-to-be are just as taken by the odor as anyone else, so they'll just keep eating and eating until their Size Total reaches 3. After that, they can attempt an Intellect roll once every cycle to snap out of it. Failure sees them continue feasting, heedless of the dangers around them. Success sees them come to their senses, albeit dazed for two cycles as they process what the fuck they did to themselves. Such BBWs definitely become immune to the allure of glutcakes and other cultish foodstuffs after coming to their senses.

Brute hoodies are a staple amongst the more martial of cults. They replaced the majority of cult robes and pointy hoods only a few decades ago, but their initial design has proven so successful that it's seen only superficial alterations. They're more than mere hoodies, however — they're made from brutes, with a single brute supplying enough parts for 1 + d4 brute hoodies. A single brute hoodie takes two weeks to manufacture, as occult ointments and other such things must be used in the process. Oftentimes the face is used as part of a hoodie's back, which is considered good luck amongst cultists. Flap-pockets, pouches and more are evenly distributed over a brute hoodie, set in just the right place for the wearer to reach into swiftly and with almost no effort involved. Some cults prefer keeping their hoodies in the same color as the brute they were made from, while others opt to dye their hoodies in sacred hues.

Spongy, quilted and reaching nearly to the knees, brute hoodies are grisly to look at but entirely functional. They reduce any damage aimed at the wearer's arms, torso and/or thighs by d4; the amount is decided once every daybreak. It also grants the user a +2 bonus on all Physique rolls made to endure rough weather and extreme environments. It takes six cycles to don or doff a brute hoodie, given the bezainting of the quilting; discs of metal or ceramic are inserted to help protect the wearer. Brute hoodies can never be worn in public without drawing undue attention, such is their unnatural design and construct.

Folding cleavers became an oddly popular "survival" tool for a few years, after some self-proclaimed survivalist spouted off about them constantly on his syndicated television show about drinking his own piss. Cults took to folding cleavers quite keenly only partly for that reason, with their other reason being they're easy to carry and intimidating enough to silence whistleblowers. In every case, cults have taken the original design and modified it to suit their needs. The blade has a squared end that's usually sharpened and folds edge-first into the handle, with a locking pin and leaf spring both serving to keep the blade in position. The blade's length can vary, with the smallest being nine inches long and the largest being eighteen. The handles are lovingly crafted and have the locking pin attached by way of a cord.

Cultists use their folding cleavers for cult projects, such as setting up encampments and fighting enemies of the cult. As a one-handed weapon, a folding cleaver adds 2 damage and stuns on a resounding success. Cult versions tend to have a brutal twist to the ones they craft and own; one cult might produce cleavers with concave blades, while another might craft cleavers that retain poison on their blades for up to 2d4 hours. Folding cleavers lack handguards of any sort due to their folding nature. Identifying a cult by their cleaver design can be oddly easy, as they maintain peculiar traditions regarding the design of such tools. Any given cultist only carries one, with pairs reserved for lictors.

Procession lanterns are commonly carried by priests and notable cultists during cult ceremonies and rituals. A cult pilgrimage is a terrifying thing to witness, as procession lanterns are undeniably unnatural objects for anyone to be carrying about. They come in several varieties, with priests holding some in high esteem. Truth be told, no two cults are alike, so their gods prefer different lanterns according to their domains.

Rot lanterns consist of a long pole that has a two-handed grip at one end and a rotting carcass of some sort on the opposite end, the carcass turned inside out and secured by twine. The bioluminescent glow of decomposers gives a rot lantern an eerie green light, making everything within Close range of the carcass visible. Non-cultists within Short range of a rot lantern have to make a Physique roll to avoid being dazed for 1 + d5 cycles by vomiting from the nauseating smell.

Luminol lanterns are ghoulish, in a cold way. They drip blood and luminol in an alternating fashion, which produces a ghostly blue light that makes everything in Close range visible. It does make finding things by color slightly harder given the light's hue, but it's several steps above a rot lantern. At the same time, a luminol lantern is generally crafted to appear intimidating, which makes the blue light it produces much more frightening than it would otherwise be.

Brute lanterns are fueled by oil made from the rendered fat of brutes. Much like whale oil, brute oil gives a clear daylight hue when burned, which makes it quite easy to see by. It burns without any discernable odor, too, which is a nice plus. Brute lanterns are baroque masterpieces, making everything within Short range visible without any issue. The main catch is creating brutes — one brute provides enough fuel for one hundred such lanterns alone, but they're *nasty!*

Endolithic lanterns are fucking rocks on sticks. To be more precise, it's a rock roughly four inches in diameter, stuck at the end of a stick where the branches have been carefully woven around the rock. Microbes eating the interior of the rock produce light in various colors, making everything within Short range visible, albeit in a shifting kaleidoscope of colors. While much desired, such lanterns are rare, granted only by truly ancient beings that operate at an astoundingly slow speed.

The rarest of all is the portal lantern. Bound into a metal frame of some alien alloy the size of a man's head, it's actually a portal to another world, where light is always present. It makes everything within Medium range visible, but there's a nasty catch. The portal is small, but there's life on the other side — intelligent life. Such beings will inevitably try to parley with whoever's near the lantern, making diabolical offers or demands. Creating a portal lantern requires the direct effort of a cult's god.

The implement known as the Saturnine Sickle has been around for ages, yet it only finds its way into the hands of cult priests. It's a sickle, the foot-long blade carved from transparent quartz that's more or less unbreakable. The handle is usually six inches of some kind of wood, but that's changed over the years; one priest replace the broken wood with a section of a victim's femur, while another installed a six-foot pole on the blade. The sickle has a socketed end, which can be further improved with pegs or nails. While largely mundane in appearance, the Saturnine Sickle's served so many cult gods that its foulness persists, even without a cult's god blessing it.

Brutes fear the Saturnine Sickle on a deeply instinctive level. Their hunger abates at the sight of it, replaced by a faltering fear that makes them rather compliant in the face of whoever bears the quartz implement. In this regard the Saturnine Sickle acts as a baldtar, with the brutes being commanded acting upon the commands given for as long as they're aware of the sickle being present; if the wielder leaves the area and the brutes are fully aware that the Saturnine Sickle is nowhere near them, their hunger returns, slowly but surely.

Other cultish beings respect the wielder's wishes, but only insofar as their own personal natures allow. For example, a war demon might only superficially respect the sickle's wielder — if said wielder hasn't proven themselves in battle

repeatedly, the demon will only respect the fact that they bear the Saturnine Sickle as a sign of favor but nothing more.

Amongst cults, possessing the Saturnine Sickle is considered a sign that a priest's god is destined for glorious things, so the priest had better live up to that sign... or *else*.

If the Saturnine Sickle is present at a cult's ceremony, ritual or other such affair, the priests in charge gain a +4 bonus on all rolls involved to make sure the cult-affair goes as intended.

Besides that, the Saturnine Sickle operates as a sickle would, adding 2 damage to attacks made with it and dazing on a resounding success. While it can be used to attack, it can also hook opposing weapons, catch limbs and reap crops. The Saturnine Sickle gains a +2 bonus to the Physique roll made to reduce a target to 0 HP in a fight, such is its grim purpose.

However, the Saturnine Sickle demands greatness of whoever wields it. If it's not used to finish off a foe in combat, the wielder suffers a -2 penalty on all rolls made to dodge for the remainder of the fight, and they also suffer 1 HP of damage as the sickle turns on them as a reprimand. Inevitably the Saturnine Sickle will find its wielder unbefitting of its presence, which typically ends in a humiliating end for the sorry priest. More than one priest has thought themselves dominating a bloot of BBW cult hunters, only to have the sickle's curvature at their own neck...

Jadebone wraps are created by cult hunters and worn into active conflicts. The creation of a jadebone wrap takes 2 + d4 months and is a top secret process, taught only to cult hunters who have proven their worth. Such a wrap is a rectangle custom-fitted to its owner, but on average it's five feet wide and twenty-five feet long — many wearers are BBWs, so the length accounts for their girth. No two jadebone wraps are completely alike, but all of them are made from wool and bear sunflower embroidery. A fibula is used to hold it in place over the left shoulder, and a jade cabochon set in the fibula proves more than enough to frighten off cultish beings. The owner's name is always embroidered on the inner side in gold thread.

Jadebone wraps have the same anti-cult properties as jade, even without the fibula. The wool is also imbued with the potency of a blunderstorm, reducing any damage aimed at the wearer by 2. Not only that, but once worn for at least four hours the wrap's special ability activates. If the wearer is ever reduced to 0 HP, the wrap activates, instantly healing 4 + 2d10 of their HP, clearing the mind and treating the most serious injuries first, such as broken bones and damaged organs. The wearer ceases being dazed and stunned and gains a +3 bonus on rolls made to resist being dazed and stunned for the following two cycles. However, jadebone wraps make it hard to avoid scrutiny, causing the wearer to suffer a -3 penalty to go unnoticed visually. The wrap's special ability recharges after 4 + d20 hours.

Venus rapiers are rather uncommon. They're not exactly difficult to craft using modern technology, but carrying an actual rapier around in public isn't really feasible for obvious reasons and martial training in the use of rapiers is far from common or cheap. Despite this, cult hunters favor the use of rapiers due to one legendary bloat using them to destroy one of the world's most dangerous cults. A Venus rapier has a blade long enough so the base of the blade reaches the navel when stood on the blade's tip. The grip always has several jade insets, and the hilt follows the Pappenheimer design, with the pommel made from a single piece of jade. The blade itself always possesses a cutting edge as well as a sturdy piercing point; the exact form varies from one rapier to the next, with one possibly possessing a double-helix blade while another has one that's entirely double-edged but otherwise plain. Jade cabochons are normally set in the hilt and blade as well to dissuade cultish beings from grabbing onto them during a fight.

Venus rapiers add 3 damage and stun on a resounding success. They can slash and cut but truly excel at thrusting, giving the user a +2 bonus on rolls made to pierce armor and shields to get at a target. If used to riposte, the attacker suffers a -3 penalty on their next roll made to dodge or block, as the rapier's wielder can immediately counterattack as a free action. If the wielder reduces an enemy to 0 HP with the rapier, all of their Powers promptly recharge and become fully charged, letting the wielder use them right away.

Ursus axes are uncommon objects, only numbering one hundred and forty in all. They find their way to whoever needs them most — cult hunters, in particular. They used to be much more common, back when copper tools were considered the height of technological achievement and the world was untamed, with Foul Beings lurking where the walls of reality were weakest. Wielded by warriors beyond peer, ursus axes were used against the first servants of those Foul Beings, proving particularly effective time and time again. The stories and accomplishments that followed the weapons imbued them with a force that will never weaken, but instead merely slumber until needed once more.

Despite being around for thousands of years, the one hundred and forty ursus axes that remain are virtually identical. Cult hunters only have to replace the hafts and grips, really, as the head of an ursus axe is nigh-indestructible. An ursus axe has a hardwood haft two feet long, with a rawhide grip and a ring-shaped pommel with a wrist loop attached, along with the tooth of a predatory animal. These details were wordlessly agreed upon by cult hunters, seeing the utility in the design. The head of an ursus axe is where its supernatural purity lies. Made entirely from translucent, polished jade, it's more of an axe-hammer, shaped like an upside-down boat six inches long. The axe blade is dull, which is intentional — it acts on wood by bursting the fibers apart via pressure being exerted on a narrow area.

Opposing the axe blade is the bell of a hammer, a circular striking surface. The haft is attached by going through a hole in the head and secured by a combination of nails, pegs, rawhide and glue.

Originally created as a tool, an ursus axe became a weapon when needed, and then it became a very potent weapon against alien gods and their servants. As a one-handed weapon, an ursus axe adds 2 damage to attacks made against non-cult beings, stuns on a resounding success, and gives a +2 bonus on rolls made to harm armored foes. When used against cultish beings, an ursus axe adds 2 + d5 damage instead and automatically stuns for one cycle. Cultish beings and their willing allies have to make an Intellect roll with a -4 penalty to avoid fleeing in terror, and even if they manage to stick it out they suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls made while in the presence of the ursus axe. For every blow an ursus axe deals, the wielder heals a number of HP equal to the damage dealt. Once an ursus axe has damaged an enemy three times, it gives its wielder the ability to lunge from one spot to another instantaneously, vanishing from sight in the process. The wielder can move up to Medium range with the ursus axe dash; using the dash ability counts as moving about, but it gives the user a +4 bonus on rolls made to take someone (or something) by surprise, letting the user get in a free hit or avoid danger, for example. Once a dash is performed, the ursus axe has to strike three more successful blows again before the user can perform the dash.

Shiori's Lamp is a rather recent anti-cult relic, with the light fixture itself having been manufactured thirty years ago. Shiori Matsumoto herself is a class representative with such a fat ass she's become reliant upon Umbral Cloud to get around, but her lamp seems to always get around much faster than she does. It kept her safe from a particularly vile cult and she figured the lamp would serve serious cult hunters just fine. Shiori's Lamp always finds its way to those who need it most. It's never in need of repair, its bulbs are always fresh out of the box, its cord is always long enough and it's always bright enough.

Shiori's Lamp is a Tiffany-style lamp that was made to resemble a tree, its body two feet tall, its base ten feet wide and its leafy shade eighteen inches across. Its two pull-chains operate two sockets of different sizes; the sockets change to match the two most common light bulb (lamp) types in the region, always without anyone noticing. There's a compartment inside the base that contains a small Stirling engine that accepts a variety of liquid fuels and has a mechanical igniter attached. The cord is normally five feet long... normally. When it's found, Shiori's Lamp always seems to have a cord that's the perfect length for when it's needed most.

Without electricity, Shiori's Lamp relies upon its Stirling engine for power; regardless if one or both bulbs are on, the engine can keep them lit for six hours, during which time the light has a range of

Short. When powered by electricity, Shiori's Lamp produces light with a range of Medium. The lamps installed have their light changed by the light fixture; it becomes as clear as a sunny summer day at noon, exposing anything worth noticing by those within the light's reach. The voltage and current are surprisingly negligible for the fixture, never overwhelming any electrical circuit.

Shiori's Lamp has the same properties as jade when it comes to affecting cultish beings. Cultish beings cannot abide the light, staying as far from its reach as possible; for every cycle they remain within the light, they're blinded, suffer 1 HP of damage and are dazed by agony. Anyone colluding with a cult or so much as sympathetic to one suffers a severe sunburn when caught within the light cast by Shiori's Lamp for a number of cycles equal to their Physique. Any non-cult entities and predators sleeping within the light recover 1 + d5 HP once they're done sleeping.

Damaging Shiori's Lamp is not something that's ever been achieved. Whenever it would fall over, the fixture always manages to hang by its cord or land on something soft. Shots fired at it always hit something else harmlessly and power surges simply hit something else down the line. Cults are beginning to take notice of the device, but stories now circulate claiming that Shiori will retake her Lamp, ending multiple cults with a single yank of both pull-chains...

The Molek Society fancies itself as being at the forefront of everything, acting as humanity's vanguard for the progress of civilization. The priesthood counts chief officers of multiple corporations among its ranks, as well as nobility, royalty and politicians. Massive multicontinental corporations are in sway to the Molek Society, with employees engaging in rituals without even realizing it; the rallies, big meetings and so on are all clever disguises. While it doesn't possess actual mercenaries or a legitimate private army, the Molek Society does have lictors for its priesthood, a limited number of ex-military sorts who are not only familiar with cults but also completely apathetic to the goals of those cults.

The priests, being wealthy and spoiled, engage in debauchery of the finest sorts; for all of their talk about "advancing the human condition", the priests act like base animals. Just like their lictors, the priests wear gas masks that cover their entire head, topped by horns. They praise their god Molek, citing its portents regarding stocks and business decisions as key to every cult member's success. Molek guides them through every fiscal quarter, praising the priests for acting impulsively and chiding them for trying to make long-term plans — sometimes, a priest disappears if they show too much concern for the environment's long-term health. Molek's temples are well-hidden things, frequently in plain sight as boardrooms when not in use for hideous ceremonies.

The one place the Molek Society deems the holiest of all is actually out in the middle of nowhere, where a fifty-ton meteorite crashed down. A research station was built over it and from there Molek made its presence known. The Molek Society formed as important individuals were brought into the meteorite's presence and became enthralled by its skull-rattling voice. In due time the research station came to double as a temple, with a vast radio tower built up into an observatory, with three geostationary satellites set in place. Deep inside the station is a TV/VCR hybrid, an old thing that meteorite has... taken root in, as well as an old computer, one of the world's first personal computers, in fact.

Molek appears on the TV when the station's tower points at a certain light in the night sky. A woman on the screen, her flaxen hair pulled back in a taut ponytail, her eyes too small and her mouth far, far too large, a permanent grin full of row upon row of razorous teeth. She gnashes her jaws and shrieks out cackles when she's not warbling out prophecies or commands. Molek's meteorite is only a tiny cell of its true body; it's told its priests as much and uses its name simply because it found it online via untold means. Molek wants its cult to raise the world economy to record heights before crashing it into annihilation, claiming doing so will raise its priests to godhood. The reality is much worse — Molek is slowly making its way to Earth, and wants humanity on its knees by the time it arrives.

Egregore-cults are among the oldest of cults. Using any combination of methods, a tribe would induce a psionic link between all of its members, creating an egregore — an entity that was formed from the tribe's memetic lowest common denominators. After a while the members' minds would become bicameral; the egregore would forcibly replace their internal monologue, leaving each person without the ability to reflect upon a new situation and their place within it. The egregore would effectively do its best to eliminate the cult's collective ability to self-reflect and have a sense of agency.

Such cults died out thousands of years ago when their attempts at competing with less restrictive cults failed. However, copies of the dreaded Olduvai Skins still circulate, and it was one copy that somehow ended up in Picketville High School's library. The Olduvai Skins explain how to create an egregore-cult, albeit in lofty language. Somehow, one teen convinced his peers to do so, and then others got involved, due to the promise of drugs and partying out in the woods.

Rumors began to spread through Picketville about the wild parties out in the woods. Being an isolated town, Picketville's locals figured it was just a wilder generation of kids and left it at that. They didn't know about the herbal "beer" being drunk around the raging bonfires, nor of the synchronized seizures and frenzies that followed. The teens were steadily developing an egregore they took

to calling Teen Spirit, and their hormones were causing it (and thus them) to become dangerously unstable.

Four days ago Picketville fell into chaos. Teen Spirit fully manifested and the teens involved in its birth obeyed its commands. Conformity, "coolness", and base animal urges were its demands, and the majority of Picketville's youth obeyed, lashing out at the non-cultists with such speed and ferocity that no one was able to escape. Brutalizing and enslaving anyone that refused to join the cult, the teens so far haven't manifested any Powers beyond Teen Spirit's possession, but they're no less dangerous for it. Children, the elderly, no one has proven safe from the cult's beastliness. Those teens that form a part of Teen Spirit are emotionally turbocharged, vacillating between emotions forcefully and swiftly.

The only ones to have escaped Teen Spirit's unpredictable savagery are a handful of teachers that noticed the growing strangeness amongst their students but had their suspicions ignored. Anna DeWitt is a rotund BBW; some of her students mocked her blubber behind her ample back, but many loved her for her sweet nature and talent for teaching. Grumble Gut saw her narrowly avoid a horrible fate, and her BBW peers were no different. Holed up in Anna's house for the time being, they've received nothing but disbelief from the authorities they've called. Anna wants to do something about the cult... but what could she possibly do?

The cult calling itself the Host of El'yah has had countless incarnations — the human constituents may get wiped out by a variety of factors, but El'yah itself persists, as it doesn't actually need a cult to survive. El'yah has existed for ages, a collection of organisms that forms a single mind via its interactions, oh so very slow yet impossible to outlast. El'yah is familiar with other cults to some extent, and its own cult always ensures that El'yah persists somewhere before said cult is destroyed. Cult hunters that go after El'yah are usually biologists or chemists, with specialties involving chemolithotrophs and horizontal gene transfer being common.

El'yah's precise origin might very well be impossible to learn. One hypothesis states that El'yah began as a cancer that became transmissible, engaging in horizontal gene transfer to continue adapting both to new hosts and the environment. At some point El'yah had taken over a community of organisms and settled into its current form, more or less. Another hypothesis states El'yah may have an extraterrestrial origin, either a natural or artificial entity that infected a handful of species and spread from there. Most cult hunters end up distracted by the more immediate threat of El'yah's worshippers, however, so the living deity's background tends to be forgotten.

When located, El'yah provides a deeply unsettling countenance. The area resembles a deep sea community

transplanted onto dry land, with man-sized smokestacks composed of microbes and minerals billowing plumes of hot chemicals skyward. Microbial crud forms ripples, rills and fronds all over the ground, and weird metallic bushes exude flames in various hues from their branches as living gas flares. Weird eyes grow in the crud, too, especially if the crud is on vertical surfaces. Cult hunters find the way the bulging eyes track them to be intimidating.

El'yah's Host ever hardly maintains temples, at most setting up protective structures around El'yah's environ. While it usually grows near the ocean or places with ample volcanism, El'yah can grow anywhere — it prefers sticking to one place, however, as being fragmented leads it to being slowed down due to relying upon its radio-bushes to maintain unity. The Host of El'yah always develops the same habits, no matter the day and age. Their noses grow long and thorny and at least one microbial smokestack juts up from their lower back, letting them subsist on virtually any organic matter, with asphalt, paper and coal being a few examples. El'yah is an alien being with very simple desires, so its Host inevitably produces marauders known as Tumorclad. Riding mutated goats and wielding thonged darts, Tumorclad always prove to be a serious threat, as they know exactly where to hit hard and when to flee. El'yah's survival is always the Host's foremost concern, and El'yah's wealth of experience proves invaluable to that end.

Cultist (Cult Entity)

Dexterity 6 (Hide In Plain Sight, Lob (T))

Empathy 6 (Harsh Insult, Quick Excuse (T), Unwitting Mook (S))

Intellect 6 (Cult Doctrine (T), Hide Evidence)

Physique 6 (Sturdy)

HP 7

Speed 3 (15/turn)

Tools: Belt Knife, Cult Booklet, Pocket Mirror

“Hey, do you have a minute?”

Other terms: ally, associate, dretch, grunt, friend

Cultists are the cannon fodder of a cult, the expendable mass that gets table scraps in return for undying loyalty and devotion. Cultists, for the sake of this entry, are those individuals who have invested so much of themselves in their faith that backing out would be a psychological blow unlike any other. These are people who are shunned and risk retaliation if they try to leave the flock. There’s no going back — not unless the cult itself is destroyed utterly.

Cultists come from every walk of life imaginable. Most of the time, there’s no occult vestments or glaring holy symbols or whatever — at best, a cultist wears a mask that hides their entire face, maybe a ritual breastplate or apron. The majority of cultists only discuss cult matters with those they’re absolutely certain are cultists, too, and even then they make sure

to couch their knowledge in terms that keep potential listeners from making accurate guesses. Secrecy is paramount to all cultists. They maintain the holy places of cults as privately as possible, and in some cases the public frequents a place that they don’t even know is a cult temple, such is the skill the cultists display in maintaining it. Anything from a rural neighbor’s garage to the vault of a bank, from a normal church to an abandoned mansion, so long as it has some form of significance to the cult, it’ll do.

Cult organization is as dependent upon the cultists as it is the priests. The simplest cults just have cultists under a single priest. The mightiest cults have a byzantine structure, streamlined yet still complicated by human flaws, such as idiotic dramas and who knows who. But cultists obey priests without question and certainly without hesitation, jumping to action as swiftly as a priest can blink. Wearing masks and wielding whatever tools are needed, cultists will put the needs of their foul god before all else.

The stats given are just for a chump of a cultist, a faceless first encounter. The GM should feel free to cook up unique Atts and details for a cultist the PCs recognize. Could be a loved one or friend just got inducted into the ranks of a cult and the PCs discover that, which could either end in hilarity if the cult’s a goofy mess or tragedy if the cult’s truly inhuman.

Most cultists aren't soldiers, born or made. They're everyday citizens, sometimes oligarchs, sometimes bums. But those priests with a lick of experience know that having someone loyal to watch your back is one of the many keys to that big door labeled success, so they'll have a lictor or two. Or twelve.

Lictors are cultists that have proven their devotion beyond all doubt. They're the ones willing to take a swing at unbelievers, to "deal with" recusants, to be the cult's secret police, whips, enforcers, so on and so forth. All lictors possess some measure of prowess, with the bare minimum being an uncanny level of aggression and a willingness to trade blows. Minor cults might have just one intimidating loudmouth for a whip, while the largest cults might have twelve lictors for each of its highest-ranking priests, a paramilitary-bodyguard possessing a knack for infiltration and destroying evidence. Lictors have an additional 3 points the GM can distribute between their Atts as needed. Traits for lictors are obviously going to be very different, with things such as Lethwei, Smartphone Hacking, Zealous Rage, Blowgun Sniper and Strangler being only a few potential Traits for a lictor to possess.

Lictors are only sent after a cult's enemies when the regular cultists fail multiple times, or when said enemies manage to cause the cult a serious setback or two. Wrecking a holy site, destroying a cult relic, beating a priest senseless and

exposing the cult's activities are all actions that will have the lictors sent into action. One cult might have frothing flagellants as lictors, bearded, wild-eyed berserkers that show no fear and are all offense. Another cult might operate like a starspawned Section 9 from *Ghost In The Shell*, complete with alien grafts and crustaceous body armor.

As far as cultists go, you can't really do any worse than Mathsun "Doggod" Ricket. He claims to be a musician and artist, but his antics online have earned him a reputation as a liar, a thief and much, *much* worse. He's the product of three generations of incest, leaving him mentally deficient and physically wretched. A chinless little idiot, "Doggod" rants and raves at the people fucking with him online, thoroughly convinced he has legitimate fans. Partly feeding his delusions is the cult his family's been a part of for centuries. The Black Bag Church is partly a street gang, partly a faith enslaved by a transdimensional meteorite-monster. Every once in a while Mathsun lets slip about the cult's existence, claiming it's the gang he runs. Slobbering and growl-screaching, Mathsun threatens people with violence online, boasting of temporal power he doesn't have. The cult patriarchs are becoming concerned that Mathsun will reveal the cult right-out one day. Their attempts at stopping him so far have only resulted in frothing tantrums, but the other day Mathsun began to grow a third eye on the top of his head — a sign of favor from their god.

Priest (Cult Entity)

Dexterity 8 (Transfer Liquids)

Empathy 9 (Entrancing Voice (T), Sway

The Crowd (T), Undertone Singing)

Intellect 9 (Cult Doctrine (S), Occult

Materials, Zymology (T))

Physique 7 (Hearty)

HP 8

Speed 4 (20/turn)

Powers: Forging Belch

Tools: Brewing Jug, Cult Scripture,

Obsidian Knife

“Oh me, oh my, another convert?”

Other terms: boss, fiend, officer, narzugon, utukku

Every cult is led by at least one priest. As the voice of the cult’s god, they’re obeyed without question. How they get to be the voice varies from cult to cult. Some are simply interpreters. Others are directly possessed by their foul deity. A few are always in contact by way of some implant or ritual. Regardless, the priest is the one who calls the shots, unless their deity says otherwise.

Priests are just as secretive as cultists, if not moreso. The longer a priest serves their god, the less human they become. They consider the loss of humanity to be a teeny tiny price to pay for the sheer power they gain in return. The knowledge! Knowing things no one else knows, knowing how things will be, knowing that everyone else will suffer for their crimes while the Chosen Few will thrive — what

a rush! What a divine gift! So... who cares if some unbeliever has to have an obsidian edge rip through their heart? Why fuss over the friends and family of those that are turned into brutes? Priests certainly don’t! It’s their holiest mission to do as their holy lord asks, and the priests do it all for them. The priests are righteous and anyone who takes umbrage with their actions is a heretic. End of.

Yet with all of that power and inhumanity comes a different price: their body. Priests become warped by their service, becoming an avatar of sorts for their deity to act through. The changes always match the deity’s (or deities’) archetype; a god of insects will slowly turn their clergy into chitinous horrors, while a god of vortices will have its priests develop weird turbine-growths they recharge their cult Powers through. Those priests that have been around the longest or have most pleased their god can’t go out in public, due to their mounting deformities. An everyman’s guise can help, but knowledge of how to craft such attire is scarce.

Priests slowly recede from the public eye, never vanishing abruptly. Eventually their old homes are abandoned, used by the cult for other things. Priests that have clearly become inhuman lurk at their faith’s holy sites, guiding their flock from afar. The mightiest of cults can afford to have their elder priests do so, as they have a hierarchy of priests, with lower-ranking individuals scarcely mutating and so are

capable of acting as go-betweens and public faces for their superiors.

Some cults are so old they actually bred their priesthood into being. Inbred and deformed, such holy leaders are unparalleled in their abilities, unable to walk in public but able to control their cult with a degree of precision most dictators would turn green with envy over. Such “holy lineages” are vanishingly rare, as genetic maladies can only be compensated for so much.

One universal trait shared between all cults is a knack for messing with yeast strains. Human beings are apes with a fondness for alcohol — fermenting fruit proved to be a windfall for humanity’s ancestors and an evolved tolerance for alcohol proved beneficial, since such fare wasn’t capitalized on by the competition. As such, the myriad Foul Beings out there make sure to capitalize on humanity’s fondness for fermenting things, granting priests new organs and eventually a Power to enhance their ability to brew new things, such as glutcakes.

A priest’s brewing jug contains their brew, a gallon of material they’re keeping for a variety of purposes, such as twisted communions, bolstering their lictors, so on and so forth. Parsnip wine, fermented moonlight, whatever the GM thinks is appropriate. The special organs that grant a priest Forging Belch don’t grow right away — the priest has to prove their dedication and worth over the course of

years before their patron grants them those organs.

A trio of special bladders grows in the torso. One produces rennet, while the other two contain a variety of yeasts and bacteria, an occult form of ecological mutualism that works through the Forging Belch. By doing nothing else for a full cycle, the priest can let loose with a thundering belch, expelling enough rennet and/or carefully-chosen microbes to work with onto whatever is immediately in front of them. It only takes a tiny smidgen of rennet to curdle a gallon of milk, but priests are better than that; they can work evil miracles with the Forging Belch, crafting occult beers and such with ease. The rennet and microbes summoned via Forging Belch grant the priest a +4 bonus on all rolls made to ferment and brew things. A priest can use Forging Belch to produce glutcakes, with three gallons of milk resulting in a single glutcake. It’s not unfeasible for a priest to produce a liquor or a wine with identical effects to a glutcake, though the resulting brutes may differ so much from the standard as to qualify as something entirely different. Forging Belch can be used to combine foodstuffs, too, resulting in whatever effects the priest can conceive. Preservation, poisoning, intensifying, diluting, not much is really beyond Forging Belch. On the other hand, it’s a Power that can only be used once before the priest has to let it recharge, which is a process that takes 2 + d10 hours.

Homunk (Cult Predator)

Dexterity 7 (Slippery, Squeeze Through (T))

Empathy 6 (Owner's Will (S), Loyal To The End)

Intellect 5 (Olfaction (T), Vibrations)

Physique 8 (Prehensile Grappler, Rubbery (T))

HP 10

Speed 4 (20/turn)(Ground), 6 (30/turn)(Water)

Powers: Liquid Shot

Tools: Storage Interior, 2 Gastric Tentacles

A wet slurping.

Other terms: chernobue, custodian, guts, tilberi, trollnøa

Homunks are constructs, made by experienced priests to act as loyal servants. The first homunks were tiny things, meant to steal milk from farm animals and lactating mothers. It didn't take long for homunks to evolve to fill a variety of roles. The "basic" homunk is something akin to a beloved pet, a guardian servant that can follow complex orders and will never, ever betray its master. Disgusting to look at and nauseating to hear, a homunk has proven to be the undoing of more than a few rookie cult hunters.

The creation of a homunk requires entrails, bones, and a blend of occult yeasts and herbs, at the very least. Things such as cameras and knives are purely optional. The priest creating the homunk has to draw a circle of chalk on the floor (or

ground), with a precise pattern of lines, circles and angles within the circle. The circle is modified with various cultish things, such as candles, unholy salts, skulls, whatever the GM thinks is fitting. The entrails, bones and blend are arrayed within the circle, organized in the manner the priest desires their homunk to take form as. Throat-singing and at least one procession lantern are required, too, as the priest draws forth a servant of their deity using various secret means that vary from cult to cult. Within a matter of minutes the servant puts the homunk together completely and instills life into the shuddering mass of guts and debris amidst a whirlwind of shadows, unearthly howls and fractal lights, with the final touch being an unbreakable bond of loyalty to the priest. The creation of the circle and the ritual together takes about $2 + d4$ hours, with an Intellect roll made by the priest reducing it by $d4$, to a minimum of one hour.

A homunk resembles a cross between a sea squirt, a sea cucumber and someone's worst nightmare, a gleaming trio of gallon jug-sized bladders stuck end to end, with a two-foot tube sticking off either end. One tube terminates in a crushing beak and the other a muscular sphincter protected by osteoderms. Both tubes are muscular and prehensile, doubling as tentacles when need be. The body of a homunk (the bladders) are reinforced with bone struts, cartilage rings and whatever bits and bobs the priest knew would improve their familiar. Eyes are commonplace but not

always included; they're typically composed of lenses or entire cameras, with the homunk naturally converting them into visual organs. The creature's entire surface can detect the presence of light, but its best senses are taste and smell — a homunk can taste its surroundings through the air with an accuracy nearly as keen as vision. Its hearing is also stellar due to the layered membranes that grow between its bladders.

Their ability to carry up to three gallons of three different kinds of liquid is extremely useful, with even the most acidic and alkaline liquids carried with no issue. Homunks have their Speed reduced by 1 for every gallon of liquid they have to carry, but it does nothing to mitigate their ability to climb or squeeze through narrow openings. If need be, a homunk can use its Liquid Shot to blast its contents with a range of Short. Anything struck by the blast takes $1 + d4$ damage from the sheer force of the impact. However, using Liquid Shot leaves the homunk unable to do anything else, and it expends a pint of liquid for each shot, which means it can only use Liquid Shot a maximum of twenty-four times.

Puncturing one of the bladders when it's full does $1 + d4$ damage and causes a pint of liquid to gush out every cycle; the homunk can spend an entire cycle patching the hole, which heals 1 HP and stops the gushing. Beyond that, homunks are tough; a homunk's beak does 4 damage and dazes for $d4$ cycles on a resounding

success. They prefer grappling their prey, finding it best to swing down from above to wrap around and throttle their target. To say homunks are loyal is like saying steel is kinda firm. A homunk will fight to the death to protect its priest, and in many cases the loyalty is a mutual one. They're not so stupid as to waste their life, however, opting to buy enough time for their master to escape before slipping away to safety elsewhere. If the priest is expecting trouble, they might have their homunk fill up with harmful liquids to spray as a kind of fire support.

When cults go to war, they rarely do so openly. In places where social media is nonexistent, cults will craft homunks to act as weapons, unleashing them on their foes, usually to devastating effect. Some homunks are crafted to be ridden; while not as large as a horse, they're certainly ferocious, fighting much better than any equine mount ever could. The prestige attached to a riding homunk is massive, with the ritual required reserved for the highest-ranking priests of a cult. Rumors persist amongst cult hunters of flying homunks, semi-dirigibles of flesh and occult fury that act as close air support and raiders, spraying strange cocktails onto enemies for a variety of deleterious effects. Then there's the rumors of the pylon homunks, sessile entities that act as pumpjacks, communications hubs and more; only one was ever proven to exist, which means it may have been nothing more than a one-off affair or a prototype.

Brute (Cult Predator)

Dexterity 4 (Immovable Bulk (T), Sudden Lunge)

Empathy 5 (Bellow, Raging Hangry (S))

Intellect 5 (See Food (T))

Physique 9 (Crash Through, Iron Grip, Thick Flab (T))

HP 54

Speed 2 (10/turn)

Tools: Crushing Jaws, Grubby Hands

“FOOD! NOW!”

Other terms: hog, landwhale, oaf, nupperibo, product

Brutes are created mainly through glutcakes, though priests are capable of crafting other fermented foodstuffs that achieve the same results. Most cult gods like having human sacrifices properly humiliated beforehand — unflappable supermodels, proud athletes, powerful bankers, all should be brought low in every way imaginable before being sacrificed. Martial cult gods are usually the exception, as they relish a good fight and want their sacrifices to put up an honorable and worthwhile fight.

All it takes is a single glutcake to turn someone into a brute. The microbes inside the pastry get to work right away, reproducing explosively through their new host's body and remaking it over the course of d4 hours. Once that time passes, whoever that person once was is gone forever. They're dominated by their hunger, an intense thing that will never,

ever go away. Brutes feel such hunger they believe they will die if they go without eating right here and now. Nothing can remove that belief and nothing will remove their permanent hangriness. They grow taller and much more rotund, covered with drooping flab, jowls constantly smacking, fingers constantly flexing, seeking food to grab. Slow but implacable, every brute is a force, not a person that can be reasoned with.

The transformation of a normal human being into a brute is startling, to say the least. They eat whatever they can shove down their throat, which fuels the transformation at a breakneck pace. Eating as much as they can as often as they can in a futile attempt to smother the inferno of hunger deep within, the brute-to-be packs on body fat as their mind weakens. The abdomen elongates and the vertebrae enlarge, until both are three heads longer than previously. The midsection swells outward like a barrel, in order to make room for a much-larger gut and numerous adaptations meant to improve digestion. The skull grows a sagittal crest to bolster the jaw muscles, the jaw thickens, teeth are reabsorbed and the zygomatic arches bulge outward to accommodate enlarged jaw muscles, giving the face a dished shape. The teeth are replaced by alternating rows of grinding molars and serrated triangles, teeth that are shed regularly. A gizzard grows above the stomach, grinding up food to do the work the teeth cannot. The arms grow a tad bit longer, with the fingers and thumbs

developing immense gripping strength. The legs become columnar supports, the feet becoming elephantine pads in turn, each toe mutating into a sturdy hoof to help maintain balance.

But the flab! It's not the shapely blubber of a BBW, but rather the drooping folds of an absolute slob, adipose tissue hanging unevenly like stalactites of flesh. A brute's eyes are well-protected by a bulge of fat on the forehead as well as their bulging cheekbones, both cheeks weighed down by sagging jowls. There is nothing pretty about a brute — gravity hates their lard, despite the protection it affords them. On the upside, their minds are geared toward eating to such an extent they can readily spot a meal. Their digestive tracts are so formidable they can eat plants and fungi that would sicken even the toughest herbivore, with rotting meat digested as easily as a well-cooked steak.

Brutes cannot be reasoned with or dissuaded from shoving food and drink down their cavernous gullets. Their language skills are nothing more than one- or two-word demands for sustenance, with inchoate bellowing being the norm whenever their food tries to fight back. Morality ceases being a thing when someone becomes a brute, with people being just as edible as bread and wine. If given a choice between a waitress and a plate of food nearby, a brute will go for whichever is closest, but if equidistant will go for the waitress, as she's a larger food item. Immediacy is the name of the game

with brutes, with doors and windows smashed out of the way as soon as they see something they so much as suspect can be eaten on the other side. Brutes will only consume other brutes as a last resort and normally consider cultists and other cultish beings as potential food items.

While not the fastest, brutes will take prey by surprise using a sudden lunge, relying upon their sheer mass and volume to ward off other brutes and keep their prey from escaping. A brute's meaty hands deliver slaps that deal $4 + d4$ damage and daze for $d4$ cycles on a resounding success. Their bite is the biggest danger, however; requiring a grapple to use, it does $2 + 2d4$ damage for each cycle the brute tears into a target, stunning said target for $d4$ cycles on a resounding success.

Brutes are not only used as sacrifices for cult gods, but they're also harvested for their fat, skin and various other parts. The uncontrollable nature of brutes necessitates the use of bladtars and other cult devices, but a cult with the resources can use a mob of brutes as shock troops where social media isn't a thing. Entire towns can be depopulated within mere hours by such a force, with the cult following up as a mop-up crew. Most priests are loathe to use this method, however, as brutes are meant to propitiate their deity, so sending them in as shock troops is denying said deity proper dues. Another issue is a brute's impatience; they never wield weapons, instead finding it vital to devour their enemy on the spot.

Now, onto...

The Sample Characters!

These are not meant for player use, but instead are unique NPCs designed to supplement whatever kind of story the GM can create. The first four NPCs are BBWs with distinct personalities and backgrounds, their Powers supplementing their capabilities. Their Powers are listed in the order in which they were gained. Each BBW has a certain way in which they can assist the Bloat and vice versa. They could be antagonists without even realizing it! They can teach the PCs how to develop a specific Power that they themselves possess, or show them how to create a unique tool.

They're not really given any antagonistic options, as they're really meant to support the Bloat in some manner. It's also assumed the four know each other to some extent — whether the GM wants that to be the case is up to the GM. All four have access to plenty of food and dilemmas, so the PCs are bound to have an adventure when any of the BBW NPCs are involved!

After them is one named NPC that's not a BBW — it's a wretched young man. To compensate for his lack of Powers and niceness, he has a few decent skills, a customized vehicle and a personal army of sorts. While designed to be something of an antagonist, he does offer a few benefits, supposing the PCs can find a good reason to make him an erstwhile ally, if befriending him is out of the question.

The GM can change out Powers and alter the Size Points of the named NPCs as needed, but some Powers are something of a “trademark” for the characters.

The sample characters are listed in order of Size Total, from thinnest to fattest, with the non-BBW last.

Pyra Gull is a dairy girl, one of the biggest around. Geminal rivers of milk are her daily production, a constant intake of seaside flora and fish traveling into her pear-shaped belly to keep it flowing.

Gæa Ur is an unwilling magnet for troublemakers, as well as a custom clothier and secretly a warrior. She's capable of getting about swiftly and goes into battle wearing skimpy armor.

Zaytlin Jale is a college student with a gigantic butt covered in freckles. Her ability to traverse difficult terrain makes her quite the explorer! She knows where all the best grub is at in the woods.

Hope Pump is a freckled behemoth. She prefers to float on the breeze over wobbling on foot. Her political efforts are arduous, which means she needs a lot of fuel to keep herself going.

Dahbuh Pino is slick with sebum but definitely not with the ladies. He's a hip hop producer and an aspiring autocrat. He throws the wildest parties in hopes of scoring political allies and hot girls.

Pyra Gull

Dexterity 7 (Backstroke (T))
Empathy 9 (Contract Negotiator (S), Make The Sale, Fiery Spirit)
Intellect 8 (Financial Accounting, Breast Care (T))
Physique 8 (Rubbery Curves (T), Vigorous Health (T))
HP 17
Speed 2 (10/turn)(Waddle), 30 (150/turn)(Bust Bound)
Legs and Butt 2
Belly and Sides 1
Chest and Arms 5 (211 gallons)
Size Total 8

Preferred Region: Chest and Arms
Powers: Bloat Surge, Geyser Jugs, Bust Bound (+1 Damage, +1 Speed increment), Amniotic Battery, Amniotic Sea (+1 range increment)
Tools: Power Pump, Belt Knife, 1 + d5 Gallon Jugs, Halibut Skull, Laptop
Hair: Black
Eyes: Green
Skin: Wheat
Height: 5'3"
Age: 25

"What're ya buyin'?"

"Oh, are you thinking of becoming a dairy girl?! I'd love to help you!"

"The fishing was really good yesterday, lots of halfbeaks and sand lances nearby."

"You need a new top? I've outgrown four or five of mine already, you can have them, if you like."

Smells: fresh breast milk and roses.

Sounds: contented sighs and the jingle of jewelry.

Diet: mostly seaside plants, supplemented with dairy and fish.

Combat Methodology: has no love for conflict, but will go on the offensive as soon as she realizes a fight is inevitable. Is willing to forgive and forget. Will flee combat if reduced to 4 HP or less.

Trades: her products for dairy knowledge, seafood recipes, breast care materials, and fish. Especially prizes namazu dumplings, with calcium-rich fruit also valued. Fascinated by fulgurites.

Has one of the following somewhere that she can retrieve in 1 + d5 hours:

A wheel of cheese made from her milk. It can serve up to 1 + d4 people, with each serving healing 1 + d4 HP once fully consumed.

A well-worn sports bra that can hold up to 4 Size Points worth of Chest and Arms. It's comfortable in all climes but it's heavily stained by Pyra's lactation. The integral breast pump valves are a definite plus.

1 + d4 Dairy girls, each with Bust Bound and Areola Knives. They're willing to help Pyra with 1 + d4 tasks before going back to their lives.

With breasts bigger than most hallways, Pyra Gull's hyperproductive mammary glands are what provides her with the wealth she enjoys. Fueling the growth of so much milk has turned her into an insatiable eating machine, continuously glutting herself to pump out geminal rivers of dairy product. She's also busy with her new robot and her orchard, both helping to expand her girth *and* business. Business is booming; Pyra's friendly nature means she's made a lot of new business partners. While her knowledge of biology is limited, the dairy girl knows that mutualism is superior to predation in the economic biosphere. Her home's orchard is tended every day, her bank account fills every day, and all in all, her initial worries are finally fading away.

Pyra's foremost concern is her body. Every cubic nanometer of it distracts her with its immense appetite — both culinary and sexual. She's just hoping her hormones will abate at some point so she can refine her business acumen. It's a battle Pyra's slowly winning, but only through sheer willpower. Having daughters is a desire she's kept to herself thus far and one she knows currently isn't feasible. Starting up a dairy guild is a more immediate goal for Pyra; as things currently are, the closest dairy girls are all loners, and she knows everyone would benefit from joining forces as one large bloat. Consolidating her current base is almost as important as controlling her urges, but she's managing her capital with swiftly increasing skill.

Pyra was always curvy, with an upside-down heart for an ass that matched her turgid jugs. The other girls were envious to the point of spite, but Pyra came from a long line of dairy girls, so she was proud of her girth. But when the growth wouldn't abate, Pyra grew a little worried. First her mammary glands began to swell out of control, then her butt began to play catch-up. The mockery of the other girls fell on deaf ears, but it was the way the guys went from adoration to revulsion that stung the most. Within a few years Pyra's breasts and buttocks had already outgrown every other boob and butt in town. But a few of the guys enjoyed being around Pyra, so that more than made up for her body swelling into a gigantic set of tits and asscheeks.

When it comes to envious stares and critical gossip nowadays, Pyra just shrugs; her body makes her money, so why change it? As things are, Pyra's happy with the way things have turned out. Her discovery of Powers came early on and she's been quietly cultivating each Power she's discovered. Ensnared between her boobs and her butt, Pyra's able to make effective use of Bust Bound to get around, and her other Powers make fishing quite easy by her coastal abode. While she has a firm grasp of her own Powers, Pyra's been looking into rumors and recordings of other Powers. She's slowly realizing just how little she really knows about her own potential and all sorts of crazy ideas are popping up in her head regarding the profits to be had from her discoveries.

Pyra bears a massive whorl above her brow, causing her thick and wavy hair to form a flame that flows backward while hiding the right half of her square face with its wild spiraling, never reaching past her cleft chin nor the base of her skull with its ebon length. Her eyes are almond-shaped and protected by bulging cheekbones, with thin, arched eyebrows above them. Her nose has a low root, with a narrow bridge that slants to a subtly beveled bump between round, downward-opening nostrils. Plump, flushed lips add to her beauty.

Pyra's soft shoulders and pudgy arms are tiny in comparison to her breasts. Either boob is always turgid, forming an obovate tanker three and a half feet in diameter, streaked with dark veins far beneath the surface. Domed areolæ eighteen inches wide and nine inches tall bulge forth on the front of Pyra's constantly heaving bosom, pebbled with thumb-sized areolar glands. Inverted within the apex of either areola is a nipple two inches in diameter, hidden within a soft cleft that resembles a closed mouth one foot wide. While typically plush, those giga-jugs only give way so much, retaining a degree of firmness that betrays their immense weight and potential energy with the way they ripple.

Hidden beneath those immense boobs is Pyra's belly, a pear-shaped bulge set out before a wasp-like waist. Nothing, not even her teardrop-shaped navel, can hide the fact that there's an eight-pack under

that plump set of lady-armor. The reason the musculature is so prominent is that Pyra's digestive tract has grown impressively large in order to process her diet, slowly grinding through vast quantities of plant matter all day and all night. That plush middle jiggles slightly when she moves about. It can swell to twice its usual size, which is important for when Pyra decides to gorge herself once every few days. Such a meal leaves her gut taut and hard as a stone, but only for a few hours. She's thankful she hasn't gained any serious weight on her middle.

Pyra's always been proud of her butt. It's shapely and smooth, swelling out in all directions atop bloated drumstick thighs that are very nearly as large. At eighteen inches in diameter, either buttock is a wheat-hued mass of rubbery blubber and muscle that rises up against Pyra's back, forcing her pelvis to grow nearly one yard wide. That big butt provides her with a welcome backrest for when she has to carry her boobs about. Pyra's thighs are bulwarks of muscle and bone, cushioned by smooth, dense blubber. Her lower legs are also bulbous, though nowhere near as fat as her thighs or ass. Pyra doesn't have cankles and never will. Her feet are lean, with tough soles and sturdy, blocky toes.

Her crotch bears only the slightest of fuzz, with puffy labia majora. Her clitoris balloons up when she's particularly aroused, until it's a dark pink saber nearly the size of her forearm; such an endowment cannot be seen past her boobs.

Without the use of Powers, mobility for Pyra is slow and chaotic, as her visibility is limited by her jumbo jugs. While certainly strong enough to carry her breasts about, Pyra can't see anything in front of her or to the sides, as all of that milk-swollen flesh rolls and bulges all about.

Wobbling all about, Pyra's "walk" is more of a chaotic swaying and lurching about, as she has to sway her vast pelvis to swing her legs forward. While not as severe as the waddle of some BBWs, the wheat-hued behemoth still has to fight her own thighs to put one foot before the other. Each step causes her tits and ass to ripple, jiggle and wobble with more than enough force to make her worry. Having a bust seven feet across means she has to lean backward into her bulbous rump, using the latter as support just to hold up the former. With both arms handling her tits, Pyra's view of the world consists of her cleavage; a pair of soft, wheat-colored hemispheres forming a smooth canyon, with titanic areolæ towering skyward like two hillocks covered by the world's largest tent. Every step she takes causes those teats to sway and her endless milk supply to shift with barely any control over them. Her nipples automatically harden for some reason when she's forced to walk. With her boobs planted atop her ass, the beauty's head and upper torso are both hidden from view, by and large, with only the bottom of her belly dancing in view. Pyra's lack of speed when waddling belies the kinetic energy within her world-sized

curves; anyone she bumps into is gonna go flying!

Conversely, Pyra makes standing up with such big boobs look easy. She groans and grunts over the course of five cycles, but she manages. If laying on her back, Pyra lets her jugs flop to the sides; rolling onto one side, she grabs a boob with both arms and swings it onto the other. From there, she plants her feet and rolls her boobs about so they can be lifted or at the least clothed. If laying on her chest, Pyra just shimmies onto her feet, planting them firmly and lifting her boobs together, back and then up.

Swimming is one thing Pyra excels at. She uses a unique backstroke as her standard swimming stroke, keeping her legs up to hug her tits so they can act as crude sails, using her arms to steer and for additional propulsion. The wind and tides are what really propel her, a living hulk of milk, flesh and love.

Bust Bound is Pyra's foremost mode of mobility. It's the only mobility-based Power she has at her disposal, but it makes her much faster and nimble than anyone expects. Pyra uses it whenever she can, finding her "normal" waddle to be troublesome at best. Her legs are lifted up, her ankles crossed behind her head; when Pyra flexes her pecs, that sends her bouncing along in long leaps, her butt shifted about to help change direction. The ability to practically soar over obstacles is something she enjoys using.

When it comes to clothing, Pyra always goes for quality, hard-wearing outfits. Despite that, nothing fits over her boobs and barely over her ass. The six things Pyra always wears, however, are her pieces of jewelry. Either earlobe bears an electrum rod weighed down by a pear-shaped pearl that nearly grazes her shoulders. On either pinky finger goes an electrum ring, unadorned yet stylish. Around either nipple goes an electrum ring, with a chain of gold-hued pearls joining them; each pearl is an inch in diameter and its nature is unmistakable.

Tube tops are Pyra's preference for upper bodywear — she owns many tube tops, each one a work of art designed for dairy girls. Unfortunately for her, every top imaginable only contains the upper third of her breasts at most; her teats are thoroughly covered and thus contained, but the other two-thirds of her mammary flesh hang down, lifted up and forward by the constriction of the top. They jiggle and swing just shy of her knees when she stands upright, their vastness casting a long shadow in front of her legs and feet.

Pyra's favorite tube top is a sky blue masterpiece, with plenty of sand-colored frills fluttering along the thick hem, a pair of flamingos in the vigilant attitude of heraldry on the front. A pair of brass-buttoned flaps on the front let Pyra expose her teats for milking. A knee-length skirt sea green in hue is worn with the top, completely covering her wide ass and thighs, the sand-colored edges all pleated.

Pyra's sand-colored high-heels were custom made to resist seawater and sand; they have thick, columnar heels and a strap that goes around either ankle, either strap decorated with a trio of sapphire cabochons. They've lasted Pyra eight years so far, somehow keeping her from striking oil under the beach with every step she takes.

Business meetings see Pyra dressing professionally. A frilly knee-length dress with a three-tiered skirt and plush shoulder straps hugs her body aggressively — on any other woman it would be a far-too-loose fit, but Pyra's girth changes that. The dress was custom-made to heave her boobs up and off her legs, but it does so to an extreme. Two-thirds of either breast is heaved up above shoulder level inside the dress' integral brassiere, forming towers of faintly-marbled flesh polished to perfect smoothness nearly two and a half feet tall, hiding most of Pyra's face as her tits jiggle with excess momentum. The rose pink fabric is clearly stretched thin but never tears. Much like her casual skirt, Pyra's dress has pleated edges for all three tiers of its skirt section. A pair of rose pink mules with thick soles go on to match her dress.

For cold weather, Pyra wears a pair of rubber boots, long woolly socks and a pair of quilted trousers that have clearly seen better years. Her bust is so vast that keeping her upper body warm is no issue, even with wind and rain present. Despite that, Pyra wears a denim jacket to go with her jeans.

Gæa Ur is something of a local legend, from the stories Pyra's heard of the girl. Besides singlehandedly defeating a local gang in a running battle, Gæa's purportedly exposed a cult, made clothes for important BBWs and exterminated multiple packs of predators. Pyra's seen Gæa waddling about the beach here and there and was impressed by how *huge* the blonde's teats were, squeezed behind straining fabric as they were. Pyra never thought she'd ever see the very epitome of a cheerleader, but Gæa proved her wrong, but in a great way. Hearing Gæa's chipper voice and watching her bounce her chest up and down for emphasis brightened Pyra's day. Seeing someone so eager to help the community using her talents warms Pyra's heart considerably.

Zaytlin Jale is someone Pyra really wants to see become a dairy girl. Zaytlin's smart, she's observant, and she's always thinking in the long term, which are things Pyra thinks are important. Zaytlin's gigantic butt amazes Pyra, but not as much as the fact that the student is able to survive in the wilderness at such an enormous size. Pyra enjoy chatting with Zaytlin's mother, as both women do frequent business. There are days where Pyra daydreams about Zaytlin's breasts growing bigger and bigger, until they're bigger than Pyra's tits, with vasculature shaking under taut skin. She's sad that it most likely won't happen, but a girl can still dream! She's taught Zaytlin a few things about lactating, so hopefully the freckled girl will at least try to start selling her own milk.

Hope Pump has gotten Pyra's vote every time! They've rarely if ever met, but Pyra has nothing but respect for Hope. Pyra has witnessed Hope flying and is in awe of Hope's mobility. She enjoys watching Hope on her laptop; the assemblies are where Hope really shines, castigating and praising as the situation warrants. Pyra wishes Hope would crack down on the local whackjobs; they disturb the peace and go out of their way to make people miserable. Surely that has to be something worth punishing? As it is, Pyra appreciates how Hope's fought to streamline government bureaucracy and eliminate corruption by reinforcing the transparency — the dairy girls are all able to get their documents in order and stamped in record time, now!

Dahbuh Pino is mostly a mystery to Pyra. All she knows about Dahbuh is that he likes partying on the beach, he produces hip hop, and that he's trying to get into politics. She's seen him while swimming and she honestly wasn't impressed; he seemed rather dim, judging from the way he gawked at her. The dairy girl grapevine has taught Pyra a bit more about Dahbuh than she wanted to know. An aspiring dictator and a sex pest? Really? His nasty-looking vehicle is not something she wants anything to do with, either; the way it billows smoke and steam is alarming. His "music" is boorish and the fact he's terrified of entering the water bemuses her; why go to the beach if you can't swim? As it is, she leaves Dahbuh to his partying and avoids his followers.

Of all the tools of the trade, Pyra finds that her “power pump” is one of the most vital. It was custom-made just for her family’s largest members and is exceedingly modular. Capable of being used nearly anywhere, it’s the one thing Pyra can rely upon to keep her mammaries from becoming congested.

Two transparent domes of plastic were specially crafted to fit over her nipples and areolæ, forming a seal around the edges when the power pump is active. Either dome is attached to a rubber hose, ten feet long and one inch in diameter. They both connect to the side of the power pump itself, a red cylindrical chassis eighteen inches wide and tall. Set atop two sled-runners, it has a USB port on the side above the hose connections for power cords. Pyra typically opts to use the integral bicycle pedals, however. Inside are a pair of force-based piston pumps connected by a camshaft, along with a motor, a rechargeable battery and a third hose that can be ran up to twelve feet into a container — or someone’s mouth, if Pyra wants some amusement.

Regardless of how the pumps are powered, they pull one pint of liquid from either cup and out through the third hose per cycle at the fastest. It takes two cycles to get the power pump going, however, but after that, it can fully transmit two pints per cycle. For Pyra, that means it takes 846 cycles, or seventy minutes and thirty seconds to completely drain her breasts. She normally has the exit hose connected

to one container, stopping to relocate the hose into an empty container as soon as the first one is filled. While that seems inefficient, it’s done more to keep Pyra mobile and to switch up her exercise routine between pedaling and wobbling to and fro.

There are other cup attachments for the entry hoses, in case a smaller dairy girl wishes to use the power pump. The battery inside can operate for up to three hours and takes half as long to fully recharge. Pyra’s bicycle pedals for the power pump bypass the motor inside the machine and operate the pumps using a ridged belt, letting her go as fast or as slow as she wants, but it’s impossible to exceed the pumps’ maximum capabilities.

Once a week Pyra cleans out the interior of the power pump, running cleaning agents and water through the hoses until she’s certain there’s nothing left over from her creamy, viscous milk. The power pump is a family heirloom, with various parts having been replaced with superior components over the course of forty years. It’s been used to water the garden on more than one occasion, as well as rain milk on the rare solicitor that comes a-knockin’.

For customers that are even a wee bit curious about how she works, Pyra lets them operate the power pump to milk her and even massage her breasts. If Pyra knew what exhibitionism was, she’d probably admit to being fond of it, if only for the reactions she got.

Being a dairy girl, Pyra's knack for breast-based BBW Powers is rather obvious. She's developed a few Powers that help round out her suite of skills, though she's found a variety of rather odd uses for every Power at her disposal.

Geyser Jugs was the first one she developed and she immediately discovered how destructive it can be; the clique of snobs in the locker room were giving her dirty looks, until her nipples gave them a serious liquid pounding that left them caterwauling in fear and pain. No one ever fucked with Pyra after that, and at the same time she realized her true calling for certain. She only uses Geyser Jugs as a last resort, as using future profits for hurting others seems pretty damned wasteful to the black-haired behemoth. Then again, she also has trouble trying to contain her milk, especially when stressed out; no one is safe when her areolæ harden and she's frightened! Rarely she's used Geyser Jugs not as a weapon but as a charity effort, swiftly pumping out massive amounts of fresh milk for concerts, picnics and the like.

Bust Bound, on the other hand, is the one Power Pyra relishes. It enhances her mobility to a mind-blowing degree; it lets her jiggle, wobble, bounce and ripple faster than most people stride, and the fact that it makes her boobs into gigantic springboards is something most BBWs never even consider. Pyra loves using Bust Bound just to roam around, foraging for edible plants on the beach or tend to

the garden. Covered by her big ass, drumstick thighs and burly calves, Pyra's kept nice and comfy regardless of the weather. Leaping over obstacles is something she likes doing, if only to feel the sensation of flight, however fleeting it may be. Leaping also lets her fish in a rather unique way, effectively using herself as a living bomb to smash her quarry at terminal velocity.

Amniotic Battery's utility is something Pyra's keen to capitalize on. Despite the limited lifespan of the "batteries", their value in transporting samples to prospective customers to win them over cannot be understated. Hunting namazu has become much safer for Pyra, now that she can strap amniotic batteries to either nipple in order to contain the electrical outbursts of her dangerous prey. Afterward, she can use the charges captured to recharge her power pump!

Amniotic Sea is one Power that Pyra enjoys in private. It soothes her, and if she ever found herself with other BBWs, she'd use it without grossing them out. Her house was designed and built to make extensive use of Amniotic Sea; she can effortlessly glide and bob from room to room as she wants to amid her secretions, everything that can't be near water kept high and dry, away from the channels of celadon tiles that dominate the structure. One channel extends out into an outdoor pool that abuts the garden. Sometimes Pyra opens the sluice on the pool to water the garden in a giant ephemeral flood.

Fighting is far from Pyra's specialty, but business has taught her that the best defense is a strong offense, so she always aims to put forth the most relentless, decisive onslaught she can. If an aggressor demands she stop, Pyra just attacks even harder, knowing that her attacker hasn't learned their lesson yet. Outside of that, Pyra doesn't have much in the way of strategy, beyond identifying the leader and making them wish they weren't — she just slams into the nearest enemy besides.

If caught standing upright, the best Pyra can do is gyrate her boobs about, which will strike everyone around her, most likely flooring whoever she hits. That's the goal for Pyra; if an opponent is floored, she'll lift one of her bulbous thighs and begin stamping on whoever she floored. Pyra always aims for sensitive bits when she stamps, leaving most attackers screaming for mercy. Thing is, Pyra doesn't like being caught standing upright, as she's not as mobile as she is when using Bust Bound.

She'll bluster as she readies Bust Bound, hoping to delay the enemy assault with doubts. But once she's ready, they'll be in for one hell of a fight. Pyra will bounce, wobble, jiggle and gyrate into her enemies as fast as she can, using her bulk to plow into and most likely over them. The impact of her bulk against a target is an unarmed attack using her Preferred Region, and if she can't floor the target with her initial charge, Pyra will bounce up and down on her tits, using her wildly

rebounding tits to bash the shins and knees of her enemies, bouncing her ass from side to side to push foes away if need be.

Leaping into the sky with Bust Bound is Pyra's primary tactic — fighting is uncouth and so she prefers to waste as little time as possible on it. She turns herself into a falling star (or a pair, really), easily avoiding attacks briefly before crashing back down atop her attackers. Such a tactic is guaranteed to win the day for Pyra regardless of the aftermath. If it connects, the vast majority of foes are taken out of the fight right then and there. If it doesn't, they're so terrified they lose their composure and flee the fight before Pyra has to repeat the process.

Geyser Jugs is the one Power the black-haired dairy girl has trouble controlling. If a fight's not going the way she wants it to, Pyra tends to grow a bit flustered. When that happens, there's a chance Geyser Jugs will activate against her will. If standing upright during a battle, it'll start blasting in all directions, potentially hitting every entity and predator within range. If she's using Bust Bound, it'll automatically floor everyone within Close range of Pyra while lifting her a few inches off the ground. The idea to use Geyser Jugs while airborne from Bust Bound has repeatedly crossed Pyra's mind. She's only done so once, against a vicious mob of drunken university students; the resulting devastation earned her a swift victory, scattering and scarring the mob for life.

Not surprisingly, Pyra's diet involves dairy products, though usually not her own. Cheeses, yoghurts, butters and raw milk in particular form a cornerstone of Pyra's intake. Most of her diet consists of plant matter, however, overshadowing her dairy intake by several orders of magnitude. Fish make up another portion of her diet, equal to her dairy intake and so obviously nowhere near the vegetative portion. Pyra's definitely not a vegetarian — it's just easier for her to find food that doesn't try to run from her approaching boobs!

Her garden supplies her with rough lemons, fenugreek and goat's rue. With those, she's able to make a form of lemonade that's oddly sweet and capable of inducing lactation in any woman that drinks at least one pint of it within half an hour, their breasts ballooning up noticeably in the process. The vitamins supplied by her garden produce are invaluable in keeping her healthy — so much lactation can easily drain a woman's body to the breaking point!

Living on the beach means Pyra can roam and forage for whatever plants she wants to cook up. Her crockpot sees a lot of use, more than her oven. While the latter is used to bake lemon pies and milk, the former is where most of her meals come from. Wild mustards, curly dock, searocket, bladder wrack, pickleweed and cattails all end up being used in some recipe or other, fusing together into filling meals alongside breast milk, cheeses and a variety of caught fish.

Fishing for Pyra is a relatively simple affair. Near her home several tiny inlets act as natural traps, where flatfish tend to congregate. Bust Bound lets her launch them onto dry land using her girth. From there, she can filet them for her meals. Besides flatfish, there's also the namazu that tend to roam nearby. When they end up in the inlets, Pyra acts as quickly as her bulk will allow, combining Amniotic Battery and Bust Bound to nullify the namazu with a minimum of risk to herself. Once killed, the namazu supplies Pyra with far more meat than she can ingest in one day; whatever isn't made into pemmican is made into dumplings with cattail flour, with the leftovers made into fermented paste that goes well with her crockpot recipes.

Grilled cheese and namazu sandwiches are one of Pyra's most famous creations, alongside her lactation-inducing lemonade recipe. Her best recipes are kept secret, however, shared as a reward for major favors. A few of them induce prodigious breast growth to a ridiculous degree. Others enlarge the digestive tract as well as general midsection fatty tissues. Only one or two will make a girl's butt bigger.

When it comes to dislikes, Pyra doesn't really have any. While she certainly wouldn't eat dog meat or anything similar, Pyra won't shy away from bivalves or Brussel sprouts. The black-haired behemoth will try almost anything at least once.

Pyra's work days are taken up fueling her immense breasts, producing various dairy products, and doing paperwork. Her hammock is her usual resting place during work; it's a specially reinforced piece of furniture, suspended from the walls at a pair of massive support columns. If she's not working, Pyra's tending her garden, swimming about, foraging for ingredients, or fucking with her delivery robot.

Work sees Pyra lactating, feasting, and chatting either through her laptop or on her phone. Her hammock, as has been stated, is where she normally resides during her work. During the winter, both of Pyra's tits stay on top of her for the sake of retaining heat, with the pump plugged into the wall for power. When things start to get warmer, one boob eventually gets shoved out of the hammock, followed by the other; Pyra remains in the hammock, letting her mammaries sit on either side. That's usually how she leaves her bed to begin with — push one big boob out, then flop onto it, sending the hammock swinging off to one side and then back over her hefty ass.

If not in the hammock, then she's sitting on a custom-made chair, pedaling to pump the milk from her breasts. She performs various paperwork duties on her laptop as she lactates, filling out forms, signing contracts and the like. Sometimes Pyra chats with customers about the product she sells, other times she negotiates a deal. Rarely she has a camera set up to see whoever it is she's chatting with — and

vice versa, of course! Pyra finds herself conversing at all hours of the day and night, according to the needs of her customers and associates.

Pyra spends more time eating than conversing, really. Her day is a constant glut, a steady intake of sustenance meant to keep her mammary glands taut with liquid product. She's developed a skill for cooking as a result, with something always on the stove throughout the day. Visitors enjoy the atmosphere Pyra gives her squat home; the quiet gurgling of her belly, her occasional moans of pleasure, the soft music playing, the staccato thrum of the breast pump.

Even as she lactates and eats, Pyra experiments with dairy products of various sorts. Pyra's raw milk is her most popular product, but her cream, hard cheese and raw cream butter are all tied for second, according to sales. With an automated butter churn and several cheese presses, Pyra's discovered the bacterial and yeast strains that are perfect for her production efforts. Two large refrigerators covered with notes and instructions contain her product until they're transported; carefully organized by date and type, the product is constantly moving!

Evaporated milk is not something Pyra has much experience with, but one of her associates is eager to help the busty woman ease into the stuff. The resulting milk solids can be compacted and made into currency, which would effectively

make Pyra into a local bank of sorts. It's something Pyra's been seriously considering. The question is whether or not she could afford to have a milk evaporator installed in her house.

The dairy bot requires a little bit of maintenance, which is something Pyra enjoys doing. She named it "Dumpy". Dumpy's sturdy and colored rose pink, with a pump jet installed on its rump so it can handle even the nastiest floods. Pyra has a rough rubber mat set up where Dumpy can rest, right next to the outlet it plugs into for power. The outlet has a backup power supply in the form of several hefty batteries attached to a little wind turbine on top of Pyra's house. If the power ever goes out, at least Pyra can keep making deliveries! The backup batteries can hold enough electricity to keep Dumpy going for twenty-eight hours. Pyra's customers enjoy seeing Dumpy trundle along, as it scares off troublesome sorts with its presence.

The garden by her house is one of Pyra's major focuses. When she's not working inside, she's working outside, using Bust Bound to maneuver around the brick wall that surrounds her home. At eight feet tall and two feet thick, the wall is topped by blades to dissuade intruders — intruders that ceased being a problem after their one and only attempts at climbing over. Along the wall's outer perimeter are rose bushes that are carefully tended; Pyra harvests the rose hip for teas and jams, and she likes that the prickles provide an additional

layer of security. The wall encloses two acres of land, just enough to support Pyra's hyperproductive tits. Rough lemons are grown as espaliers along the inside of the wall's perimeter, and the ground is covered in a blend of goat's rue, fenugreek, mosses and wild mustard, with a few saplings from the rough lemons rising up here and there. A brick path just wide enough for Pyra's tits roams about the garden in the form of a maze, eventually leading from the back door to the side of the house, where a sturdy gate stands locked and surveilled by a hidden camera.

Swimming and beachcombing are idle pleasures that Pyra partakes in during her free time. She gathers plants that grow along the shore as well as any lost objects she thinks might be valuable. Bust Bound makes getting around the treacherous beaches much easier, and it sees a fair bit of use in fending off coastal predators. The mudflats in particular see a lot of action between Pyra and the gull mobs that frequent the region! Sometimes she finds something worth a pretty penny, while other days she finds truly bizarre junk.

Swimming from islet to beach to spit, Pyra lets her breasts float to catch the wind as makeshift sails, using her arms to steer and legs to assist in propulsion. More often than not naked during her aquatic travels, the black-haired behemoth so far has gone unseen by the public, but if she suspects it might be a possibility, she puts on an old bikini. During such times, Pyra will also hunt down halibut or any other large fish

she thinks will make for a good meal. Leaping off an islet using Bust Bound, Pyra can use gravity and her bulk to pierce whatever defenses a fish might have by crashing down on top of it. This is normally done close to shore, as having to swim back to land while hauling a dead fish is not something Pyra enjoys — especially when predators are lurking nearby!

Ol' Messy is a rather unique namazu that's become a local legend. Grown far larger than most of her kind, Ol' Messy resembles a sea serpent at nearly ten feet long. Her gray eyes are blank, but her lips contort with emotion whenever she encounters danger. Not even the hungriest sharks will bother her, however — her Quake Shock does an additional 1 damage. Pyra's tried hunting Ol' Messy, but the beast is elusive, ranging far and wide along the coast at all times of the year. The few times when Pyra and Ol' Messy fought have resulted in the woman wading ashore in pain and the catfish tumbling through the waves in bewilderment. One day, however, the beast will slip up, and Pyra will finally catch it.

As things are, Pyra's become a local legend, as people have witnessed her battles with Ol' Messy. No one's thought to record the insane duels, but it's only a matter of time. Sometimes the local teens like to wander the inlets, sometimes squabbling, sometimes partying. Other times, a few fisherfolk are in their coracles

or picking bivalves off the rocks. More rarely, it's a family of tourists. But Pyra's heaving, rippling bulk is impossible to hide, gleaming wheat curves flicking off moisture with every movement. Initially onlookers guffawed when they saw her coasting on the waves and waddling on the shore, shouting their bewilderment and even offense at her body. The Amniotic Batteries strapped to her breasts with seaweed were particularly strange to onlookers. But when they saw her fighting Ol' Messy, the guffaws stopped and the cries of alarm rose up. They cried out in awe as they watched Pyra's tits swaying above the foam, her squawks of pain interrupting her screams of fury. When they inevitably saw what she was fighting, they were stunned.

Some of the onlookers returned to the beach after that, hoping to see Pyra again. As she doesn't keep a set scheduling for her foraging or beachcombing activities, Pyra's appearances are considered mysterious and precious affairs by her growing fanbase. Said fanbase has produced a vast, complex and constantly evolving mythopœia explaining the battles, regarding why the two fight and what will come of the inevitable final victory. They gather from afar and cheer Pyra on; no one wants to approach her, fearing the way her areolæ pulsate before and after the fights. The male teens in particular are in awe, of course, with their female peers displaying jealousy-driven disgust with the wheat-hued boobs and butt on display. Part of the boys' awe

comes from the display of martial might projected by clearly feminine curves — to their relatively isolated minds, it's a contradictory blasphemy that slaps their culture of peer pressure right in the face. It's inevitable that one of the boys will approach Pyra with awkward questions.

Quite a few of the girls have grown some notably large curves, so they're not jealous of Pyra — they're her biggest admirers, in fact. Big boobs dominate the beach some days, while others sees cliques swaying their gigantic birthing hips about the dunes. Five years ago, Pyra began swimming with them on occasion as they marveled at her bulk. That summer was one of the best she ever had; they watched as she used her curves as massive sails to catch the wind and were awed by her gracility. Within a few hours all of them were "body sailing", racing each other around islets and their larger friends.

Naturally the girls decided that they should have a "Pyratholon", an idea Pyra found amusing. Once a year, they'd all gather for the Pyratholon, a friendly race using their immense curves as sails. They've kicked the idea for a prize back and forth for a bit, but ultimately it came down to Pyra, and she decided it would cause friction in the long run.

The Pyrathlon has been held five times so far, and the rules proved so simple nothing's had to be changed. No Powers are to be used, first and foremost. No violence beyond pushing each other out of

arm's reach. The only swimming aids allowed are snorkels, foot fins, ear plugs and goggles. Every racer must rely upon her huge, blubbery curves to catch the wind, with her swimsuit acting as an additional sail and her arms acting to steer only. They may propel themselves with their muscles for the first ten seconds of the race, after which Pyra sounds her slapstick to signal the end of powered swimming. Pyra has forbidden herself from participating in the race, as her boobs are so big they catch even the tiniest breeze and put her ahead of the competition with ease.

Four of the five years saw only eight contestants, with one years seeing twenty. Pyra hosts the Pyrathlon by her house, starting things off with a hearty brunch that everyone pitches in for. Everyone gets into their swimsuits and follows Pyra to the starting line, which is demarcated by a pair of poles, one on shore and the other out in the water. With an acoustic megaphone in one hand and a slapstick in the other, Pyra goes over the rules and has the racers enter the water. Pyra delivers the countdown and swings the slapstick to sound the start of the Pyrathlon.

The Pyrathlon is a seven-mile body sailing race, taking place along a shallow bay that's mostly sheltered from the worst weather. On average the bay is five feet deep, but at a few points it drops to about twenty feet deep, namely along deep pits formed by long-vanished glaciers. There are three major landmarks the Pyrathlon

requires the racers to travel past, and given the way the local currents roll no one can really take any shortcuts to the finish line.

Gull Skerry is the first landmark.

Frequented by gulls and covered in guano, the rocky island is a cylinder less than fifty feet in diameter but it's always a solid four feet above the waterline. The gulls don't really bother BBWs... unless food is scarce or they feel their nests are threatened.

The wind likes to blow directly into Gull Skerry from all sides, blasting upward into a hollow column the gulls use to take flight. After that is the Gravelclad Strait.

The land the forms it is all gravel beach, leaving the strait itself just wide enough to allow 10 Size Points' worth of BBW through at a time. Climbing over the gravel is extremely difficult and the currents are tricky, but the breeze tends to favor body sailing. The third landmark is the Buoy Toilet. It's a useless porcelain toilet stuck atop a buoy. For whatever reason it's never been removed or so much as noticed by anyone with any authority.

The buoy bobs above one of the bay's deepest points — ominous and creepy, but otherwise rather unremarkable. The final stretch of the Pyrathlon is a mud flat. At high tide it's usually two or so feet underwater. At low tide it's fully exposed, forcing the racers to wobble a good two hundred feet to the finish circle, which consists of a quartet of boulders sticking out of the ground. Pyra travels alongside the racers, making sure to keep pace with whoever's in first place.

The Pyrathlon is a test of body sailing skill, so those involved have developed all kinds of techniques meant to improve their body's surface area. Some girls twist their arms together with their breasts squeezed up between their biceps, causing their gigantic boobs to flare up and out as bulbous sails, their tops stretched taut over hardened teats to further improve their efficacy. Other girls make sure to stuff their bellies, finding that their guts make much better sails when they're distended and turgid than when they are empty. Girls with huge butts and legs simply cross their ankles behind their heads or lift their legs up to catch the wind.

A new idea sprung up during a winter swim — BBW teams. A group of BBWs form a chain, interlocking their limbs partly so they form a row. Their combined curves catch the wind more easily and they can also paddle with their free limbs. Nipple-strapped kytoons have been experimented with by some of the girls, which has made the "living galleys" even faster than one would expect. The girls think having a "galley race" would be great, but they'd have to plot out a new race course, as a team of BBWs moves so quickly the Pyrathlon would be won far too quickly to be fun. Pyra's always up for new ideas, but she's also afraid of attracting too much attention, as troublemakers are always around the corner, such as Dahbuh Pino and his cronies. On the upside, Gæa Ur and Zaytlin Jale want to get involved, so she'd have long-time friends coming along!

Gæa Ur

Dexterity 9 (Experienced Cheerleader (T), Nimble Fingers)

Empathy 8 (Optimistic Soldier, Virtuous)

Intellect 8 (Custom Clothier (S), Guerrilla Warfare (T))

Physique 8 (Improvised Weapons, Smothering Grappler (T))

HP 18

Speed 1 (5/turn)(Waddle), 60 (300/turn)(Areolar Track)

Legs and Butt 4

Belly and Sides 1

Chest and Arms 4 (62 gallons)

Size Total 9

Preferred Region: Chest and Arms

Powers: Latten Flanks, Areolar Track (+2 Speed increment), Leeching Thighs, Teat Lances (+1 damage, +1 hour extension),

Buttquake, Hypnosis Boobs

Tools: Destrier Dress, Belt Knife, Bivouac Sack, First Aid Kit, Permanent Match

Hair: Golden Blond

Eyes: Sky Blue

Skin: Rust

Height: 5'

Age: 20

"Ready for action?"

"Believe in me, 'cuz I believe in you!"

"You guys getting hungry? I know a place where we can grab a bite."

"Hey, we got the big game next week, so I got us new uniforms to wear out on the field! They're extraaaaa comfyyyy!"

Smells: coriander and raw honey.

Sounds: crunching of soil and giggles.

Diet: Mostly the breast milk of her friends, with lampreys, mollusks, honey and a few vegetables for balance.

Combat Methodology: Startlingly aggressive, will call bluffs and ignore goading. Seeks to overwhelm foes with a relentless offense and doesn't stop until foes are screaming for mercy.

Trades: sewing materials, preserved foods, weaponry and data on local predators. Can craft custom clothes for trade, and can teach various warfare concepts with ease.

Has one of the following somewhere that she can retrieve in 1 + d5 hours:

1 + d4 Improvised one-handed weapons. They can deal up to 2d10 strikes before falling apart, regardless of whether or not they deal any damage. They certainly looks scary, enough to end a fight without taking a swing.

2 + d4 Gallon jugs of her milk, freshly lactated, not pasteurized. Usually quite frothy and always warm. Tends to make whoever drinks it a bit drowsy, since it's quite filling.

1 + d4 Athletic BBWs, each with Areolar Track and one other random Power. They're help her with 1 + d4 tasks before going back to their lives.

Gæa's parents were hardly ever around, which is surprising, given how disciplined, polite and well-behaved the girl is. It seems she was naturally predisposed toward being a decent human being; Gæa's always been popular, and not just for her looks. Even with boobs that take up hallways, a belly that jiggles like mad and a butt swollen into a pair of rust-colored boulders, she remains the darling of the town. A one-girl army against the local predators and criminal scum, Gæa makes money using her talent and skill at crafting custom clothing for all kinds of clients — mostly BBWs, though, given her bloating body giving her plenty of experience. She's still learning a lot about BBW Powers; being so sweet doesn't mean being naïve, however!

Gæa wishes to become a fashion designer. Her work is definitely making waves, as various well-known BBWs have been purchasing her outfits regularly, namely due to their focus on their secret usage of BBW Powers. When not designing clothes, Gæa's engaged in the new sport of puff polo with her friends, which also involves cheerleading. Fighting the local predators and criminals is her latest pursuit; she decided that something had to be done after hearing about attacks on other BBWs. Her fellows lack her aggression for the most part, so Gæa hasn't been able to form a militia... yet. She'd love to do so, and she's been looking for potential candidates to join her in her efforts. On the downside, she has an obnoxious rival struggling to upstage her.

Puberty hit Gæa like a truck made out of hunger and horniness. She ate far more than almost everyone else in her school, and her body responded by swelling up into a hypersexualized form. Granted, the other cheerleaders were also growing rather rotund, but Gæa's growth was the most obvious. Gossip was whispered about her red-brown curves, disbelief over how mobile she was despite growing wider than almost all of the school doorways. Gæa was growing anxious over her peculiar growth; her ridiculous bloating occurred on her most sexual regions at first, making her look like a parody of a cheerleader. But then she looked at her friends and realized they were all in it together, judging from how big they were getting after every major school event.

Gæa came to terms with her bulk at a gradual pace. Her friends definitely helped in that regard, and witnessing Zaytlin wobbling about like it was nothing further reassured Gæa that her own body was acceptable. The existence of Powers was what truly helped Gæa accept her body as a boon, rather than an aberration. Areolar Track provides her with an insane degree of mobility she could never dream of, even letting her bound clear over fogbanks some days! Gæa likes to thrust her chest out proudly, showing the world two rust boobs big enough to feed a village, guarded by teats hard and big enough to fend off *two* villages simultaneously. She's eager to learn more about Powers, but even more eager to show off her own.

Gæa's waist-length hair is usually kept knotted skyward as a set of towering, fountaining twintails, bangs parted to frame her round face and jutting bubble cheeks. Gæa's eyes are almond-shaped, with thin, arched eyebrows above them. Her nose has a low root that swoops to a pinched bump between little nostrils. Beneath that are lips as thick as her index fingers, disturbingly wide and always smiling above a pointy chin.

Her arms are muscular but it's hard to see because of their fatness; either upper arm has swollen into a blubber-bubble one foot across, leaving her sculpted forearms and dainty hands a wee bit chubby. Even then, Gæa's arms appear tiny compared to her tits — those dominate Gæa's view as well as that of anyone meeting her in person. Either breast is usually turgid with milk, even as it sags to her waist, a rust-hued pear two and a half feet in diameter that ripples in time to her heartbeat. The coffee-colored areola on either breast is a dome eighteen inches wide and one inch tall, the nipple at its center a cylinder as big as her forearm. Whenever Gæa's heart starts to race her areolæ pulse forth an additional three inches, her nipples stiffening into rock-hard pillars. Two dozen areolar glands each two inches across ring the edges of her areola, making them resemble a pair of undulating clockfaces.

Her belly forms a hefty bulge that's hidden by her tits, an overfilled food balloon constantly rolling about and between her

thighs. Gæa's waist was never exactly narrow, but she's noticed the love handles resting over her muscular flanks. She absentmindedly rubs her gut sometimes, her finger probing her navel, which is nothing more than a mere dent at the apex of her belly. Her gut's the size of her head but easily expands to half again larger after she eats a big meal. When standing it hangs heavy, and when standing it juts forward slightly.

The one thing on Gæa that rivals her tits is her ass. Her pelvis had to grow throughout puberty, until it reached its current width of about five feet, leaving her with a vast thigh gap. Her buttocks are red-brown masses of blubber and muscle, either one two and a half feet in diameter, rising up against her lower back as well as swelling out in every other direction. Both butt cheeks meld with thighs shaped like oblate spheroids. Gæa's thighs are as much muscle and sinew as they are turgid blubber, visibly contorting whenever she bends her legs. Her calves are rust-colored spheres thanks to her increasing blubber, but like her thighs they also possess bulging muscles, blasting her into the air during her cheerleading. Her feet are dainty and her toes are stout and blocky, giving her superb traction. All in all, Gæa's body has become a particularly busty pear in terms of shape.

Her crotch is covered by a light fuzz of blond curls. When aroused, her clitoris expands into a pear shape, six inches long and four inches across at its widest.

While larger than most BBWs, Gæa's ongoing athletic efforts mean she's not quite as encumbered as most people suspect. While it takes her four cycles to stand up from a prone position, Gæa spends most of those cycles simply battling with her boobs and keeping them in her top. She always starts by rolling onto her chest and belly; from there, she plants both her feet firmly on the ground, unwittingly giving everyone a good view of her massive ass. From there, she hugs her tits to her torso and hefts herself upright with a chirp of success, belly rolling from side to side atop her thighs.

Mobility for Gæa isn't as cumbersome as it is for other BBWs, given her musculature. However, the width of her hips means Gæa has to swing one hip before the other in order to waddle. While Zaytlin's waddle is a ponderous affair, Gæa's waddle is considerably more light-footed, her advancing leg bending to increase her stride before being planted on the ground. Then she swings the other hips forward, pivoting on her previously advancing foot to do so. However, the cheerleader's jugs are so big that she has to hug them while naked, as her areolæ and nipples would drag on the ground otherwise. If Gæa waddles too fast, her tits boom sideways against her hips, inevitably throwing her off-balance if they don't smash people aside first!

Even though her tits get in the way of her arms most of the time, Gæa's learned to use Teat Lances to stand in for her hands

and elbows. Pushing buttons, turning handles, shoving doors open and cabinets shut, those kind of things. Her friends laugh whenever she applies her Teat Lances for things like closing doors or moving things out of the way, but they can't deny that Gæa's boobs grant her superior reach — up to five feet and two inches! The chance that she'll start lactating is a tiny price to pay for the ability to open those way-too-high-up cabinets without needing a step-stool.

Gæa's fond of using her tits and ass as crude sails when she swims, gleaming wetly as she enjoys the breeze. She likes to swim on her side, flexing her pecs and glutes to undulate her enormity, which propels her slowly but inexorably wherever she needs to go. The enormity of her curves means she's not the fastest or most graceful, but Gæa can use Areolar Track to churn the water and launch herself sideways at high speed.

Areolar Track is the one Power Gæa relies upon to get from place to place. She can blast off from one place to another at a stunning speed, though if she's with her friends it tends to be slightly inconvenient, given how showy it is. Leeching Thighs, on the other hand, is a much more subtle Power, letting her steal the momentum of nearby jerks to let her keep up with her friends. If she wants to catch up to someone she wants to chastise it's even better! But Areolar Track is definitely Gæa's preference for mobility, letting her cruise with ease wherever she goes.

Clothing is one thing Gæa never lacks for. Being a talented custom clothier, she's able to improve outfits and design whole new ones for her BBW clients. For the right price, she can whip up the perfect outfit for the situation! Yet despite being so skilled and talented, Gæa likes to keep her own wardrobe simple, with one constant being her piercings. Set in the lateral end of either eyebrow is an electrum ring piercing, decorated with a cabochon carved from a rainbow opal. She always wears them as her personal identifier.

Gæa's favorite outfit is precisely what one would expect a cheerleader to wear. She was unable to save her favorite shrug from the ravages of time, so she made a new one out of merino wool dyed old glory red. Interestingly enough, she had the means to close it made from an opal set in a titanium clasp — it can never fully cover her boobs, however. Under the shrug she wears an old glory blue crisscross loop for a top — how she got away with wearing that during class is a mystery, considering how it only holds one-third of her breasts at the most (including her folded teats), leaving the other two-thirds to dangle and jiggle out the sides like rust-colored water balloons, slapping not only her legs and feet, but those of everyone around her. Barely covering her five-foot ass and thighs is a pleated denim skirt that reaches to just above her knees, with a silk belt that keeps her bare belly hanging over the skirt, rather than under it. Tall wool socks are worn under reinforced cheer shoes, making her calves appear even more

bulbous in the process. Even when clothed, Gæa appears to be surrounded by a quartet of rust-colored blubber-bubbles, barely contained by the fabric she so lovingly remade to cover her naughty bits.

Gæa crafted a wind-proofed romper suit with hidden features that let her manifest her Powers with minimal effort. It's a one-piece set with an integral sports bra, with sleeves that stop short of the elbows and leggings that stop just below her thighs and ass. The entirety is canary in color with white, lacy frills, all hugging her behemoth curves. A stiff collar of vertical, frilly lace hugs her neck but that only serves to exaggerate the depth of her cleavage, as that's usually exposed — the romper is closed up the front by a series of hook-and-eye closures, though her cleavage is always exposed as proof that her gigantic milk blimps are all-natural. Hidden slits in the fabric let Gæa make full use of her Powers with ease. For winter, she made a matching muff, gloves and boots, all in matching colors. Her girth means getting cold is rather difficult, so she rarely if ever wears the muff.

Swimwear for Gæa is a daunting prospect, but she's managed to craft attire for the waves. A checkered crisscross top holds even less flesh than her casual top, and a checkered c-string covers her genitals hidden within the canyon formed by her buttocks. Matching swimming slippers were crafted, too, with thick soles to protect her feet from anything she might accidentally step on.

Pyra Gull's tits impress Gæa, but the athlete's now worried that her own jugs will eventually rival Pyra's in size. As much as having bigger, milkier tits would be nice, Gæa knows ballooning up to the size of a house would only cause trouble for her fellow cheerleaders. As it is, she purchases Pyra's products to keep her going for the cheerleading routines, admiring Pyra's success and seeing it as motivation to do what she's been doing all by herself. Pyra seems to be safe from trouble, so Gæa doesn't roam near the dairy girl's property too much. What confuses Gæa is how Pyra was never a cheerleader — with tits that size, she could easily serve as a one-girl base for stunts. As it is, Gæa thinks Pyra's athletic enough with her swimming and races.

Zaytlin Jale's sheer enormity awes Gæa, nearly to the point of stupefaction. Zaytlin was always bigger than Gæa, but to watch the freckled girl bloat up more and more every year has left Gæa wondering if Zaytlin will ever stop growing. Gæa admires the girl's intelligence and knowledge, but she'd really like to have Zaytlin join her in fighting the local scum. She's seen Zaytlin fend off the local predators and thinks those survival skills would translate perfectly to Gæa's mission. But what Gæa finds even more appalling is that Zaytlin never became a cheerleader or got into puff polo — with an ass like that, she'd be world-famous! But as it is, Gæa thinks Zaytlin's made the right decisions elsewhere, and that's all that matters.

Hope Pump is very much admired by Gæa, even if the blonde has grown obsessed with the redhead's constant pulsating. Hope's stance on fighting corruption is something Gæa considers wonderful, as Hope deals with criminals Gæa can't touch. Gæa's witnessed Hope using Body Blimp and secretly wants that same Power. However, Hope's "sky fisher" tool really perturbs Gæa; why would anyone own such a grisly thing?! Gæa's been chastised by Hope already over lunch, their big tits bumping together and rippling as they chatted. Gæa understands Hope's feelings, but at the same time, "fortune favors the bold" and all that. The rust-hued girl has been practicing discretion for Hope's sake, sneaking about and enacting justice without violence.

Dahbuh Pino was considered a threat by Gæa at one point years ago, but he's proven himself to be a wannabe, stuck in a revolving door of dealing drugs, getting his ass kicked and shooting himself in the foot. Gæa's convinced Dahbuh really hasn't changed at all — he's still the same screeching, demanding brat he always was. She's heard the stories about his parties and even gotten plenty of invitations, but she knows her efforts at trying to dig up dirt wouldn't work there, given how readily identifiable she is. What really concerns Gæa is that Dahbuh could be used as a pawn by someone much worse. Gæa's well aware of his libido (and hates it), so she knows it wouldn't be hard for a political bitch to lead him by the nose to do unmentionable things in her name.

Gæa's able to survive her fights for several reasons, but the most visible one is her "destrier dress". It's more than just body armor, it's a unique Power-enhancement and storage device that uses the momentum in her bouncing, heaving boobs and buttcheeks for its abilities. While she has Latten Flanks to protect her against the majority of attacks, Gæa refuses to rely entirely upon her Powers for protection, as they have disadvantages that foolhardy BBWs tend to ignore.

The destrier dress is composed of a T-back thong and a crisscross top that's attached to a large, quilted gorget, the length of fabric running in two channels within the gorget. The ends leading beneath her tits continue along her sides and cross back over a second time to encircle her buttocks, running in parallel as they continue back up into the gorget. Titanium pieces of armor are also worn. The fabric and armor are all colored with hazard stripes — alternating violet and green-yellow. Pauldrons, vambraces and greaves are well-padded and designed to deflect oncoming attacks aimed at them, away from her center of mass. Combat boots with wool socks are also worn, along with specially-designed gloves. Leather pteruges dangle from the thong, reaching to her knees.

Hidden within the gorget is a ratcheting mechanism attached to a mysterious device Gæa crafted and hidden within the gorget's quilting. Gæa's figured out a way to store the energy needed to use a BBW

Power inside the device. For every five cycles she spend wobbling about on foot, Gæa's able to work up the energy necessary, letting the tugging and shifting of her destrier dress work on the ratchet, which converts all of that blubber-induced kinetic energy into a single charge inside the device. The destrier dress can store two charges; Gæa can expend a charge to remove the need to prepare one Power for a single use, instead causing it to activate with immense force immediately. No matter the charge time required, one charge will negate it.

The shifting of the fabric synchronizes the movements of her bulk, giving her the pacing of a model on the catwalk when she moves on foot. It also enhances her already formidable defenses; the destrier dress reduces almost all damage Gæa takes from attacks by 2 — that excludes damage from sources such as fire, intense light, electricity, chemicals and similar sources. The damage reduction is cumulative with the reduction she receives from Latten Flank, making her all but unstoppable in a fight against most street toughs. The stripes moving about disorient anyone she approaches while wearing the destrier dress. None of her enemies ever notice Gæa's coffee-colored nipples launching through the fabric of her top until it's too late. Gæa only dons the destrier dress for her secret missions against predators and criminals, typically hiding it under her romper suit if needed. It takes no more than thirty-six cycles (three minutes) for Gæa to don or doff the destrier dress.

BBW Powers are something Gæa's very keen on mastering. Her friends have been tentatively studying their own, with Gæa's praise urging them ever onward. "You're not a freak," the blonde has made it clear to them, "you've grown gifts! This is something everyone would love to have!" So far, they're happy to accept her logic.

Latten Flanks activated when Gæa grew nervous before a big pep rally and began massaging her unruly girth. After that, she found that the transition stunts weren't so jarring, what with her curves flying all about. It's the one Power Gæa's come to depend upon during her frequent battles, her reinforced bulk bouncing away blows as she does her best to dodge. Several criminals have ceased their ventures after having their fists break upon the blonde's rippling blubber.

Areolar Track is Gæa's favorite Power to use. The thrill of moving at high speeds and weaving through crowds is exhilarating; her upper half is hidden between a pair of breasts and buttocks so huge that she resembles a quartet of boulders precariously canted to one side. Most people are flabbergasted when she flies past them — predators and troublemakers never have that luxury, as Gæa typically flattens them on impact. She's much more nimble and unpredictable than one would expect, using her Areolar Track to bounce off walls, over obstacles and even along ceilings when she goes fast enough. Some nights, Gæa just likes to go for a ride!

Leeching Thighs is a more... *publicly* acceptable Power for getting around. It's quite subtle, as Gæa only uses it on people she doesn't like and on thugs trying to escape her wrath. There are plenty of jerks being jerks in public, so Gæa's in the right for punishing them with Leeching Thighs. She gets to keep up with her friends, and the assholes mocking her find that they can barely walk.

Teat Lances serves a variety of uses for Gæa. Its combat utility is obvious; Gæa considers Teat Lances to be her primary weapon in a fight, taking down those fleeing or otherwise trying to keep their distance. Hardening her areolæ lets her extend her reach, albeit clumsily; Gæa has to lift her boobs up and about with her arms in order to manipulate cabinets and doors. Her areolæ puff out enough to make up half the length, with her nipples stretching and tapering to make up the other half of her Lances.

Buttquake was discovered when Gæa and her friends went clubbing a ways back. After that, she found it was only useful for wreaking havoc — not very useful for her work. It's still fun to use with her friends when cheerleading, though!

Hypnosis Boobs has proven extremely useful against the vehicular gangs she goes against. Quite a few predators are also enraptured by the undulation of her jugs. Gæa finds it's a great Power to aid in getting close... or getting away.

When it comes to martial matters, Gæa bucks the trend for BBWs. Where most big girls use their damaging Powers purely for self-defense, Gæa embraces their offensive utility, but only when her usual non-Power methods won't cut it.

Gæa jiggles and heaves her bulk into a vicious offensive, always seeking to put her targets on the defensive, hoping to make them panic and make a fatal mistake. The thought of simply rushing into a fight without doing any research on the enemy first is abhorrent to Gæa; she always does her best to prepare for a battle, studying her targets from afar and looking up any records they might have. Latten Flanks is activated as soon as contact with the enemy is made, which combined with her destrier dress reduces the damage Gæa takes by 6, giving her incredible survivability if someone strikes her.

Without her Powers, Gæa's still a terrifying foe. Grappling is her strong point, with bear hugs being her preferred attack. With tits those big, it's really no wonder, as she inevitably crushes her targets one by one. She'll thrust her jugs all about and swing them about, smashing targets senseless so she can go for a grapple. Anyone trying to get close has to deal with her gelatinous ass wobbling to and fro, smacking them away as she crushes her foe. Her rump protects her upper half really well, but she only uses it to sit on people before attacking them with her elbows. If need be, Gæa will perform a cartwheel to both close the

distance and plow through groups of enemies.

Improvised weaponry is one of Gæa's strong points. Anything becomes a weapon in her hands and Gæa prefers going into battle armed. If her weapon breaks, the rust-colored beauty simply chucks the remains at her enemy and grabs something else.

Gæa never holds back in a fight, so her Powers see plenty of use. Areolar Track is her go-to for nearly any kind of physical conflict. She's able to smash into the sides of vehicles hard enough to knock them off-course! Most thugs and predators are stunned by simply trying to comprehend the dusky mass hurtling toward them. If she doesn't have Areolar Track ready, Gæa will use Leeching Thighs to slow down the most important target while giving herself a bit of a hustle. Seeing such huge breasts and buttocks jiggling toward someone so violently can be a serious morale breaker, but Hypnosis Boobs makes her approach truly mind-numbing, letting her get the upper hand in any fight. Teat Lances is Gæa's primary weapon for when she's not using Areolar Track. It lets her pound foes from afar; Gæa likes aiming her nipples at the back of a fleeing target's knees or lower back to floor them. Teat Lances makes it much easier to fend off enemy weaponry, with her tits parting sometimes to smack aside numerous foes so she can get closer to her primary target. Simply bouncing her tits up and down can be enough to defeat a gang's leader!

Gæa's diet defies the norm to such a degree that her friends tend to criticize her for it. But they really can't judge their red-brown friend — she seems to be eating all the right things for cheerleading, even if her tits and ass have turned into big blubber balloons!

Honey is one of Gæa's favorite treats, and she knows who sells the best honey and where. Gæa will purchase a big jar of raw honey and sometimes comb honey for breakfast. She's something of a honey connoisseur, able to identify various types and flower sources just by taste alone. Honeydew honey is something Gæa considers a real treat, as the health risks it poses to the bees and the honey's cost make it rather expensive.

Locusts, mollusks and lampreys make up the bulk of Gæa's meat intake. Locusts are fried, lampreys are stewed, and the wide variety of mollusks she imbibes go through a variety of cooking methods. Lampreys are eaten in surfeits by Gæa, their flesh making her belly swell until it parts her breasts against her hips. They're typically turned into meat pies or grilled; she'll use the creature's fried nerves as a garnish. Sometimes she'll stew them in their own blood mixed with cream from her own milk, which squicks out her friends really bad. Gæa likes harvesting bivalves; they can't run away, and she can dislodge them using Teat Lances. She'll gather a ton of them, with oysters eaten raw, scallops gutted and pan-fried, mussels cooked in butter. Gastropods are another variety of

mollusk she likes eating; whelks, abalones, conches, all of them are eaten and rarely she'll keep their shells to study for her destrier dress' upgrades. Cephalopods are avoided by Gæa — she's read about how smart they are and feels bad for them.

To try to fix Gæa's diet, her friends have decided to give her plenty of milk... *their* milk. Their growing breasts are constantly swollen with milk, so they've taken to nursing her after major exercise regimens. It's gotten to the point where breast milk makes up a bit more than half of her intake. Gæa looks forward to the squad's "sessions", all of those nipples pushed together, competing to enter her mouth in the showers after particularly difficult nights on the field. She's practically immobilized by her own gut at the end of it all, its perpetual undulating mixed with loud gurgles and moans as it struggles to break down so much milk.

For plant matter, Gæa loves green peas, gourds of all sorts and spinach. Rose hips are made into teas, jellies and jams, and she always has a few jars of her creations ready as gifts.

Gæa will eat nearly anything outside of her preferences, but there are two things she refuses to eat. Onions in any form are avoided, as Gæa claims their texture offends her tongue and the taste makes it even worse. Brussel sprouts are the second thing; no one can cook them worth shit and Gæa just considers their existence an abomination supported by masochists.

Gæa goes to university, just like Zaytlin and other BBWs her age. Her tits are so big she uses them for a desk, and her ass is so big she doesn't need a chair! Then again, most of her classes involve physical education and fashion design, so she's usually up and about, her breasts leading the way and parting crowds across campus. When she's with her friends they form a phalanx of blubbery curves, a living wall of milk, muscle and blubber that jiggles endlessly as they chitchat and look for their next bite to eat. When they wear their puff polo uniforms they're especially impressive, as their bodies are always on the verge of winning the battle against their skimpy tops and skirts. Gæa would love to teach her friends how to develop Areolar Track as a Power, but most of them seem content with whatever mobility-focused Powers they instinctively manifest as they continue swelling with blubber and flab.

The girls went from simply cheerleading to engaging in their invented sport called puff polo. It's a combination of cheerleading, polo and a wheelbarrow race, and the region's equivalent of a league has eight teams. Currently it's a rather loose affair, with teams exchanging players and engaging in idle races for practice. The teams are organized under eight captains, who get together and change the names of the teams every once in a while, going with a theme that lasts for a year, such as colors or elements. Gæa's the captain of her team and also tends to their uniforms. Sneakers, pleated

miniskirts, sports bras and neckerchiefs are worn as uniforms, which leaves Gæa and her girls bulging out of the fabric, expanses of flesh struggling to break free at all times. The teams all play on a field that measures three hundred feet wide, free of everything except mosses and ferns, a few miles away from prying eyes.

Each team can have a maximum of forty players and can field anywhere from twelve to twenty, and the idea is to use a long-handled mallet to knock a ball through the opposing team's goal. A goal consists of two painted poles set twelve feet apart, with either pole seven feet tall. The players are organized in a novel fashion. Four of a team's players are "riders", and they're the only ones with mallets. The other players on the team are "mounts"; anywhere from two to four players link up and carry the rider on top. With two players, one remains standing and holds the lower legs of the other player, who moves about on her hands. Only certain formations are allowed, after strenuous experimentation by the captains and direct voting. A game runs for an hour and a half in the form of three matches, plus a fifteen-minute break. The mallets are one yard long, and the ball is inflated and six inches wide, with a weight inside to make its path wildly unpredictable. When they're not being mounts or riders, the girls form up on the sideline and cheer when they're not keeping an eye on the clock, using a pair of cymbals to signal the end and start of things. The region's only puff polo league

has its season in the middle of spring, with seven games across seven weeks. The final prize varies from year to year, but everyone playing must pitch in for it!

A few Powers are allowed. As every girl that plays eventually balloons up with blubber, they begin to use All-terrain Butt, Grumble Gut and Bust Bound on the field to keep themselves at least partly mobile. Rules dictating what Powers can be used in what combination are few but very clear, with the three aforementioned ones being the only ones allowed thus far.

Seeing Gæa being carried atop her peers is an impressive sight, given how vast her tits and ass are. As her peers jiggle and bounce on the sideline as a cheer squad, Gæa bops the ball with a mallet and directs her “mount” with grace, knowing that their practice will pay off. Her patience is endless like her curves, so even the clumsiest girl becomes effective on the field. Her favorite mount-group consists of Michelle Fey and Nicole Silva. Nicole uses All-terrain Butt to jiggle atop her enormous sepia ass, grasping Michelle’s bulbous legs as her even more bulbous olive belly ripples as a Grumble Gut to help carry both herself and Gæa. They’re certainly speedy, though Michelle can barely see what’s in front of her due to both her posture and Gæa’s enormous breasts. Mounts are slowed down by the need to coordinate their movements, and the fact that they have to carry a BBW makes them even slower.

The locker room is a surreal place when Gæa and her friends are there. Gleaming curves swell forth as soon as their uniforms are shed. Gæa and her peers all shower together, their immense curves jiggling with even the tiniest impact. As Gæa’s inside grumble for sustenance the teats of her friends stiffen and their mammary glands shudder; they wash her and breastfeed her, their nipples competing to fill her mouth. Gæa feasts at a slow rate, feeling her midsection swell until it’s nearly triple its usual size. Gaining weight doesn’t happen in the locker room feasts, however — all of that nourishment goes into replenishing her spent reserves. Almost as soon as it’s filled it begins to empty, and Gæa nurses her friends in return. Their own guts grow turgid and once sated they dry off and examine their uniforms, handing Gæa the pieces that need repair. If they have the time they go over their cheer squad techniques and tactics for the next puff polo game.

Gæa is always eager to get new girls onto her team. It takes dedication, though, with practice games, intra-team races and uniform tests, all leading up to the main season itself. There’s also the cheerleading part, too, with nimble girls actively scouted by Gæa and her friends!

Custom clothing is Gæa’s foremost way of making money. She’s got talent and what she’s learning at uni is only making her better. Her orders have been coming in nice and steady, with her focus on BBW

attire growing well-known. Clothes with sliding rivets and buttons have become the talk of the town amongst BBWs; every once in a while a big girl's favorite Power will malfunction, causing her girth to expand and contract violently as it does do. Thus, the sliding parts let her outfit adapt to her supernatural habits with ease. Body Blimp, Brain Bongos and other such Powers tend to ruin clothes, so Gæa's been keen to study BBW Powers for fashion purposes as well as her own mastery. Her workshop is rather small, with just enough room for her and possibly a thinner assistant if she ever finds one; the customer is usually measured in front of an array of full-body mirrors in a space that's large enough for even the fattest woman. She's never hurting for materials, as she has tons of donors and suppliers that she can trust to get her precisely what she needs. She's open to negotiating prices and has gone so far as to have a lawyer develop a contract she has customers sign for good reasons.

Gæa's crimefighting escapades have become an open secret, though she rejects the appellation of "superheroine", preferring to keep her research efforts secret and her combat efforts as on the down-low as possible. She began going after predators and criminals a year and a half ago; she witnessed a horde of feral dogs wreaking havoc at the edge of town and learned the local authorities were hard-pressed to get a handle on the beasts. Then she learned about a local drug dealer trying to bully a BBW a week later.

Very quickly Gæa began studying local events, devising ways to protect people from local predators and criminals. After three months of planning and having his routine examined without his knowing, the drug dealer suffered Gæa's wrath and ended up in prison. Teat Lances had left him a mewling wretch, but he was completely broken when she destroyed his most prized possessions. After that, Gæa became known as the girl who ended the five-year terror of the infamous Four Mutts; she claims the quartet of speckled mutts were easy enough to bait into the spike-lined pit she had dug. People are still amazed to this day, as the Four Mutts were unbelievably brazen and vicious, attacking anyone they caught alone. After that, things accelerated, as Gæa improved her investigative skills as she looked at every tiny detail to gain an edge on whatever she was hunting. Aspiring gangbangers, foolhardy predators, particularly violent busybodies, out-of-control bullies, all of them eventually attract Gæa's notice.

Gæa always starts her hunts by questioning eyewitnesses to events and looks into the history of her quarry. People simply run up some days and tell Gæa about certain troublemakers, hoping she'll punish them. Research is her first and foremost concern, with extensive time spent studying her quarry's daily routine and looking for any weaknesses she can exploit. Weeks can be spent on research, with notes compiled and edited down to

the essentials. Then she'll put together a game plan, doublechecking the weather, her kit, anything and everything that could possibly affect her hunt. When Gæa moves in to attack, it's almost always on her terms, with her quarry as disadvantaged as possible. Destrier dress donned and curves throbbing, Gæa makes her move, overwhelming her quarry using a combination of her Powers and the environment. Most predators flee if they don't try to chase her, but either way, they end up in a trap.

Local gangs have adapted in response to Gæa's exploits, with other BBWs defending themselves with Powers forcing the gangs into something of an arms race. The adoption of rickety vehicles is one part of local gang evolution; propelled by wind, muscle or the rare combustion engine, the vehicles are almost always homemade symbols of the gang's prestige. A vehicular gang always has at least two vehicles, gaining more the longer the gang persists for. Vehicular gangs have threadbare hierarchies, with a leader and possibly a coterie of lieutenants overseeing the gang's criminal activities. One gang might specialize in one or two criminal activities, while another might opt to pursue any and all possible money-making schemes that are shady at best. But all of the vehicular gangs prize mobility and secrecy above all else, using their ramshackle rides to evade and attack in equal measure.

Such gangs are slowly becoming the norm, outcompeting more mundane gangs with a new memplex that's been spreading both online and in real life. They see themselves as inheritors of an older lifestyle once enjoyed by Vikings, Mongolians, Cossacks and the Sea Peoples, where might makes right and the land of plenty is infested by undeserving weaklings. Gæa's aware of the one symbol that all vehicular gangs share; the Phoenician letter *tet*, with the Phoenician letter *gīml* attached to its top. How this symbol came to be is a mystery, but its connotation of a throwing stick thrown from atop a wheel is not lost on her. Vehicular gangs squabble amongst themselves as they supplant the less-mobile gangs in the region, with some taking up ideologies that become twisted by the new gang memplex.

On the upside, there are never more than 1 + d4 vehicular gangs in existence at any given time in the region. Between the cracking down by authorities, enraged bloats letting their Powers loose and Gæa's efforts, most gangs have been scattered. It certainly doesn't help that the gangs fight amongst themselves, engaging in running battles and ambushes that typically see one victorious and the other destroyed outright. Rarely do vehicular gangs cooperate on anything, at most engaging in illegal races or failing to confront Gæa as a unified front. They squabble over the borders of their turf and the rules dictating proper decorum on neutral ground on the best of days.

Rarely, woodwoses (see page 82) wander into the region and form vehicular gangs, after a fashion. While most are simply passing through, some stick it out for a while, congregating under a leader that proves to be more than a match for other gang leaders. Wielding rollers and loping alongside their brutish rides, woodwose gangs are faster, nastier and far more simplistic than regular vehicular gangs. Whenever a woodwose gang appears the other gangs either go to ground or get wiped out — most likely the latter, as they have no comprehension of what it is they're up against. Woodwose gangs are dealt with by the authorities afterward, as such conflicts inevitably spill over into the public, given the average woodwose's savagery and disdain for civility.

With the gang wars and rampant predators, it's no surprise Gæa has imitators. Real-life superheroes, hoping to fight crime and enact justice. Some do it out of admiration for Gæa, others do it out of envy and a need to show her up.

Shane Shaneson is definitely in the latter category. He was in the military police, but he was dishonorably discharged for a variety of reasons. Then he failed to get anywhere in the local MMA scene, and after that he was arrested for impersonating a cop. His entire life has been ruined by his childish mindset — Shane desperately wants to be seen as a mature warrior that everyone kowtows to. Bald and lumbering, Shane just comes off

as a rage-driven bully. Gæa's cheerful nature and bloated immensity disgusts him, enflames his fury even further. The fact that she goes out and fights gangs leaves him in disbelief, but four months ago Shane began making declarations on his social media accounts, ranting that he was going to "show that whore blimp how a real hero fights crime".

Over the past four months, Shane's become infamous and despised for his superhero efforts. Going by the name "Thunderfist", Shane wears a rubbery costume colored like the clouds of a thunderstorm, complete with a balaclava. He's done nothing but bully passerby and flee the cops, fuming online that everyone sees him as a villain when he's not ranting about Gæa. He brags about his "righteous thunderbolt punch" all the time, but the left-handed vertical haymaker misses more often than not and leaves him wide open for a counterattack.

Two weeks ago Gæa proved that. Shane chased her along a downhill road in the woods, which ended at a parking lot for an abandoned shop. Areolar Track left Shane disgusted... until Gæa deftly avoided his signature attack and slammed her foot into his kidneys, leaving him sobbing on the asphalt as she left. Due to that, he's been on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and it doesn't help that he watched her wipe out an aspiring vehicular gang a week after she dropped him. Shane's dreams are haunted by Gæa's massive, bulbous curves, and he sorely wants to humiliate her.

Zaytlin Jale

Dexterity 7 (Nestbuilding, Roll About (T))

Empathy 7 (Barter, Cheerful (T))

Intellect 10 (Aquaponics (S), Forage)

Physique 8 (Adamantine Soles, Freediver, Rubbery Butt (T))

HP 18

Speed 1 (5/turn)(Waddle), 35

(175/turn)(All-terrain Butt)

Legs and Butt 4

Belly and Sides 3

Chest and Arms 2 (7 gallons)

Size Total 9

Preferred Region: Legs and Butt

Powers: Fertile Print, All-terrain Butt (+3 Speed increments, +1 damage), Belly Safe, Boobputer, Umbral Ensemble, Clap Cannon

Tools: *Codex Z.Jale*, Belt Knife, Bottle of Gloamtree Vigor, Fire Piston, Smartphone

Hair: Golden Brown

Eyes: Azure White

Skin: Freckled Ivory

Height: 5'6"

Age: 20

"Wow, it's rare to see anyone out this far."

"You wanna go out to the lake with me?"

"Don't use rocks from a river for cooking, they'll explode from the water trapped inside of them!"

"You can find a huorn puddle over there, past the clearing. Watch out for ettercaps, though!"

Smells: vanilla and petrichor.

Sounds: tuneless humming and bare hands drumming on turgid flesh.

Diet: mostly pork, crustaceans and edible flowers, with a fair bit of fungi and herbs taken by foraging efforts.

Combat Methodology: flight before fight; prefers talking things out, will try to escape to the best of her abilities if that doesn't work. Will fight back if no escape route can be found.

Trades: wild herbs, inksticks, specific kinds of minerals and data on Powers. Fascinated by jade, especially semi-transparent and transparent green varieties. Amber is another favorite.

Has one of the following somewhere that she can retrieve in 1 + d5 hours:

1 + d4 Freshly made dapplewraps and an equal number of Gloamtree Vigors.

There's a 5% chance her mother will call her about the stuff missing from the fridge.

A pair of capris that can hold 3 Size Points in Legs and Butt. They're slightly torn but quite comfortable, giving the wearer a +1 bonus on all Physique rolls to endure harsh weather conditions.

1 + d4 BBW coworkers and/or classmates that each possess Fertile Print and All-terrain Butt. They'll help her with 1 + d4 tasks before going back to their lives.

Currently in her fourth semester of university, Zaytlin Jale has a bright future. She's hoping to start up her own aquaponics farm, using her education to grow food in the most efficient, effective manner possible. Zaytlin's doing well so far, maintaining her rigorous studies, working at her mother's aquaponics farm, and refining her skills. On her free time the freckled pear's been busy studying the local wilderness and filling her personal tome with all of her knowledge. School, work, exploring, all of it falls in lockstep, day by day, as Zaytlin wobbles from one meal to the next, eating five times a day if not continuously. A good part of her schedule now involves finding things to eat, which oddly enough goes hand-in-hand with her explorations.

Ultimately, Zaytlin hopes to complete her education and start making money. That way, she'll be set in case she can't get a husband. Truth be told, Zaytlin has garnered quite a following of guys, but she's struggling to overcome her boy-shyness. She's also hoping to master all of her Powers; while practiced with some, she's still struggling with others. She knows her mother has extensive knowledge of them, but Zaytlin only has All-terrain Butt in common with the much-larger woman. But they also share their religious faith, which is something the local boys also observe. While the boys certainly help with Zaytlin's extracurricular work, their bickering, crotch-bumping and clumsy wrestling gets on Zaytlin's nerves.

Getting fatter and fatter wasn't on Zaytlin's to-do list, but rather on her butt's. As soon as she hit puberty, Zaytlin started gaining weight on her ass and thighs. It was so gradual she didn't even notice it — until she found herself getting stuck in doorways by her hips. Her belly and boobs followed soon after, the former riding atop her thighs and the latter being the focus of every guy's attention. Zaytlin adapted as best she could to both her constant hunger and her blubber-swollen bubble butt, amazed that no one ever brought it up. Her wide pelvis simply grew even wider to accommodate all of that ass; Zaytlin went from walking normally to swaying her vast hips well before puberty ended. She felt absolutely ridiculous for a few years.

As soon as she discovered BBW Powers, however, Zaytlin grew more comfortable with her bulk. Granted, it still presents several daily challenges to overcome, but Zaytlin's okay with having to ease her girth through doorways and not being able to use chairs. She's comfortable with her bottom-heavy shape and considers any criticism the wasted energies of a know-nothing busybody. The freckled girl is fine with lactating, she doesn't care that she's got a big belly, she's happy that her Powers use all of it, but the fact that people don't really notice any of it? That's the thing that gets to her. They make good-natured jokes about her butt but are truly oblivious to how her ass is six feet wide and her gut looks like a pregnancy from a horror film.

Zaytlin never lets her hair grow past two inches, which shows off her elliptical face. Freckles cover her body all over but condense into a mask around her eyes, accentuated by thick, level eyebrows. Her eyes are large and rendered canted crescent-slits by smooth epicanthal folds. Her nose has a low root and drops in a steep slant to a pinched bump between narrow, downward-opening nostrils. Pale, plump lips gleam above a jutting cowcatcher of a chin, hiding prominent incisors and thick canine teeth.

A gracile neck and skinny arms form a stark contrast to the rest of her body. Zaytlin's shoulders are narrow and give her the appearance of swimming amid her boobs; either jug is eighteen inches in diameter, a freckled bubble that naturally hangs over either side of her gut. Domed areolæ six inches tall and one foot wide fully engulf fist-sized nipples and bear inch-wide alveolar glands across their surfaces. When her boobs are full of milk, the veins become more visible under her skin and her nipples extrude partly from their hiding places. Those boobs double as a built-in desk, along with the top of her belly, giving her nearly three square feet of space to work on.

Zaytlin tries to balance her jugs atop her belly but always fails. It's a plush globe two feet in diameter, the navel at its apex a round hole as wide as her fist. To say it resembles a pit is really not doing it justice — it's dark and looks as though it's about to suck in whatever's put near it.

Reaching into it is easy enough; Zaytlin can fit her entire hand in with no effort. Stuffing it using Belly Safe only makes it appear slightly more protuberant than usual. Most of Zaytlin's belly flows out to the side as it's always resting atop her thighs; when she waddles, it rolls and bounces left and right. Her love handles are smooth bulges half again bigger than her head and double as armrests, jiggling atop her titanic hips nonstop.

The biggest thing on Zaytlin is her butt. Either buttock is a rubbery, freckled globe one yard in diameter, rising up against her pudgy back as well as bulging to the sides and backward, very nearly obscuring her shoulders from behind. Her thighs are so large they meld into her buttocks to form two slightly oblate spheroids, keeping her belly aloft and flopped forward. Either knee is a burly block, forming the foundation of those bulbous thighs, even as they're partly buried underneath the freckled blubber filling those thighs. Her calves are cones that jiggle with every step she takes, tapering as they reach downward. Her ankles and feet are oddly dainty, with rock-hard soles. She has long toes that aid greatly in gaining traction. Zaytlin's pelvis was forced to grow to a width of nearly six feet by her bulk, leaving her feet one yard apart, exaggerating her pear shape greatly.

Her crotch has plump, hairless labia majora that jiggle when she waddles. When aroused, her clitoris grows almost as large as her forearm.

Walking normally is not possible for Zaytlin. Given the fact that her pelvis is very nearly six feet wide, the freckled student is left with an extremely awkward, hazardous and ponderous waddle. Pivoting on one foot, Zaytlin has to swing the opposing hip forward, bending her knee to swing her foot for the best stride possible. The advancing foot is planted, which causes the thigh above to jiggle slightly and buttock above that to undulate up and down. Then she pivots upon the foot that had advanced, bringing her trailing hip forward in a ponderous swing, bending that knee in the process. It can't be overstated how ponderous, careful or sweeping the waddle is; Zaytlin's always worried that her gigantic ass is gonna knock something over. It doesn't help that her big gut rides atop her thighs, pitching left and right as she waddles. Zaytlin's boobs are also troublesome, even though they're typically contained within clothing; aching with their load of milk, they're constantly shifting about with her waddle, causing her to keep them hugged between her arms.

If she's laying down, then getting up is extremely difficult. She can roll about with all the speed of a tortoise flipping itself over, easily flopping onto her palms and knees if need be. Her boobs and belly act as cushions she can rest upon, but they drag when she tries to crawl on all fours. Naturally, Zaytlin only rolls onto her palms and knees when she's well within reach of something she can climb up against. Standing up for the freckled girl

means holding onto that support and slowly rising against the cruel grip of gravity; her boobs throb with excess milk and her lower back torques about as her gut sways in protest against gravity's embrace. It's a slow, slow, slow, and furthermore thoroughly cautious process — falling means causing an earthquake! Standing upright requires spending a cycle just to juggle her jugs onto her gut if she's topless. It takes four cycles for Zaytlin to stand up from a prone position.

Zaytlin's also a good swimmer, especially underwater, using the Free Colchian style of swimming when she needs some measure of speed. Most of the time though, she manages to cross her ankles behind her head and flexes her glutes, relying upon the momentum induced by so much blubber wobbling to propel her. Zaytlin's surprisingly stealthy when she enters a body of water, leaving only the barest of ripples. She hardly ever swims on the surface.

All-terrain Butt is Zaytlin's go-to for tireless mobility wherever waddling isn't mandatory. All she has to do is sit on her fat ass and flex her glutes! Her legs naturally lift upwards, calves bumping against her thighs as she bounce-jiggles forward, arms hugging her bulging belly. Zaytlin's buttocks bulge up against her head and entire back, acting as a backrest as she wobbles about at well over twenty miles per hour. Clap Cannon sees more use in swimming than Zaytlin expected, as it provides a generous burst of speed.

Zaytlin's wardrobe isn't exactly the most diverse, but Umbral Ensemble gives her considerable leeway. Regardless of what she wears, though, Zaytlin always has her glasses, necklace and anklets on. Her glasses have thin black frames and elliptical lenses — they're worn to correct her nearsightedness. Her necklace consists of a wool cord eighteen inches long, lined with tube beads of blue amber. Its lone adornment is a skull shaped like a crescent moon, its grin set beneath smiling eyes; carved from *Kahurangi* pounamu, it's framed in an alloy of silver and iridium. Her anklets are also woolen cords, decorated with alternating tube beads of blue amber and green jade.

Zaytlin's patrol cap is one of her prized possessions. It was made for her a long time ago, composed almost entirely of raw silk dyed canary yellow. It matches her other outfits well enough; she usually wears spaghetti-strap tank tops and capris, with the former being in pastel hues. No matter what she wears, however, Zaytlin seems to suffer a curse where the upper half of her buttocks are never covered, leaving her pale, freckled rump exposed. This curse of sorts even applies to her use of Umbral Ensemble; oddly enough, no one seems to notice Zaytlin's huge ass being bared so much. She prefers going barefoot, throwing on sandals made from modified sections of truck tire and cotton at the most when footwear is necessary.

Zaytlin uses Umbral Ensemble to create outfits for both work and exploration.

Normally she produces a lavender bandeau that barely holds her tits, secured by being tied in a knot between the cups. A lavender tube top is crafted sometimes, just enough to contain her boobs. Other times, she creates a lavender body wrap decorated with golden spirals, which is enough to contain her breasts, midsection and thighs perfectly, as well as providing her with a wide hood. On the other hand, the wrap is fated to never cover half of her butt.

To cover her lower half (or try, at least), Zaytlin will create indigo capris some days and an indigo knee-length skirt on others. The skirt has a crenellated bottom edge and the legging edges of the capris do, too, with either item also possessing a quartet of pleated flap-pockets. If she needs to cover her feet, Zaytlin uses Umbral Ensemble to squirt out a pair of hiking sandals, either one secured by a pair of buckles, one around the ankle and one over the foot. The sandals are usually black in color with lavender or violet spirals for decoration.

For swimwear she typically goes nude, but if the local authorities frown on that she uses Umbral Ensemble to cover up with a violet string bikini. For underwear, Zaytlin never bothers with brassieres, instead preferring to focus on panties. White, frilly panties are her preference, but finding a size that fits her is nearly impossible. Accordingly, she's rather protective of her underwear and never wears it with an Umbral Ensemble.

Pyra Gull and Zaytlin's mother have strong ties — Pyra gets food from the farm, and in return Zaytlin and her mother get dairy products. Zaytlin's mother has breasts nearly on par with Pyra's set, which has caused Pyra to bring it up frequently, offering to merge her business with the Jale pair's farm. Naturally, this has also led Pyra to pursue Zaytlin's own bulging bosom, much to the freckled girl's surprise. Zaytlin truly enjoys any time spent with Pyra, as the dairy girl has the ability to brighten any mood just by being there. While the hugs might be overwhelming, the love certainly is not. Unfortunately, Zaytlin's mother has nursed Pyra in private — something that's aroused Zaytlin's jealousy to a surprisingly strong degree.

Gæa Ur and Zaytlin went to school together, but they wobbled in different social circles. Regardless, their ample hips did collide in the halls sometimes. Zaytlin was a bit flattered when Gæa asked her to join the cheerleading squad, but the way the blonde kept groping her butt and stroking her thighs in awe was a bit distressing. Zaytlin's somewhat aware of Gæa's "mercenary work" around the forest, dealing with predators and various criminals preying upon BBWs. She certainly doesn't doubt Gæa's prowess and just wishes the blonde doesn't make the wrong assumption one night. Gæa's clothing designs are something Zaytlin admires; someone that creates custom outfits for BBWs is extremely rare and much appreciated by the freckled blimp.

Hope Pump is a good friend to Zaytlin — possibly more, with the way things are going. Hope's ability to fly so quietly awes Zaytlin, as does her pulsating bulk. They first met two years ago, during a charity event where Zaytlin and her mother both wobbled about using All-terrain Butt. Hope's pulsating curves fascinated Zaytlin then and they still do to this day; Zaytlin can't help but caress Hope's undulating curves as she suckles at the beauty's gigantic breasts. She admires Hope's courage and tenacity in the face of raging ideologues, but she wishes Hope would open up about the strange assignments she gives. Granted, they're done as thanks for being breastfed and... more *intimate* activities, but Zaytlin's worried something bad might happen.

Dahbuh Pino is one of the few people Zaytlin truly despises, besides his eight friends. She considers him insincere and rude, lacking the standards and values that define a civilized people. There were only a few meaningful interactions between the two years back, and that was how Zaytlin learned all she needed to about Dahbuh. She opted to ignore him after those grating moments, hurling insults when his willful obtuseness got in the way. Dahbuh acts as though anything intellectual is something to be abhorred, which grates on Zaytlin something fierce. His refusal to ever accept an honest answer is what really gets to Zaytlin, however — for all of his machismo, she thinks he's insecure. She's just thankful he's so hydrophobic, as it keeps him out of the forest!

If it's one thing people comment on, it's Zaytlin's illuminated codex, the *Codex Z.Jale*. Its pages are made from the finest vellum, kept secure within covers carved from cherrywood; the front cover has three hinged plates that can be folded and latched to the rear cover, in order to enclose the pages completely. Pig leather is sewn and glued onto the covers to further protect against the elements. The spine of the codex is made from the lumbar vertebræ of multiple pigs. The front of the *Codex Z.Jale* is decorated with a spiral completing seven revolutions. Set above that is Zaytlin's full name as the title in a clear typeface.

Measuring one foot tall, one foot wide and nearly four inches thick in all, the *Codex Z.Jale* can oftentimes be seen set between Zaytlin's asscheeks, tilting from side to side as she waddles. Zaytlin was given the book at an early age, as are all children in her ethnic group. The tome is to be filled with all of her knowledge and observations; when it's full and she's ready, it will join countless others in the Seven Clans Library. Until that day, Zaytlin eagerly writes down everything she deems important to know upon those vellum pages. Several pages have holes where the vellum tore during production; being made from soft animal skin, they've been embroidered in a variety of beautiful colors by Zaytlin, using patience and dyed silk string. She's also used those holes as an intrinsic part of some pictures she's illustrated — partly for decoration, partly for education purposes.

Perusing the pages for worthwhile knowledge takes at least ten cycles, but the benefits are potent. Only one topic can be studied at a time, but once the study is complete, the student gains a +3 bonus to their next three Intellect rolls involving that topic. The topics included within the *Codex Z.Jale* are as follows: aquaponics, arithmetic, etiquette, forestry, geometry, haruspicy, hydroelectricity, logic, medicinal herbs, pig farming, silviculture and rhetoric. It's taken years of research and forethought for Zaytlin to cover those topics, and she's quite proud of the results. The topics regarding edible mushrooms and medicinal herbs only apply to the country where Zaytlin lives.

Besides the extensive recording of the aforementioned topics, Zaytlin also saw fit to include a few other things. She illustrated the six classical simple machines and their variations, explaining their operation in detail. It also has fourteen cooking recipes, seven requiring pork and seven requiring crustaceans. She's also included instructions on how to build a variety of simple shelters that can be scaled accordingly to the builder's needs. The *Codex Z.Jale* itself can be used as a bludgeon, adding 2 damage, and it's virtually indestructible; Zaytlin can block attacks with it, reducing incoming damage by 2 if she's successful. If she gets a resounding success on hitting a target with it, the target is stunned and most likely floored. Zaytlin will only use it as a weapon if an attacker is also armed.

Powers are still something Zaytlin's examining on her free time. They're mostly a mystery to her; she understands that they're the product of being fat and increase in potency as their owner increases in girth, but the specifics elude her. Zaytlin's a logical sort and BBW Powers defy logic!

The first Power she discovered was All-terrain Butt, after watching her mother use it to hobnob about a big charity event. It's the one Power Zaytlin's developed an aptitude for, using it to explore ruins, forests and many other untamed locales. She's wobbled upside down, dozens of feet over the heads of predators and thugs!

Fertile Print was the other Power Zaytlin figured out, albeit with a bit of confusion. She went back to the spot where she fell on her rear and discovered the hourglass-shaped crater she had left was laden with edible flora and fauna. Sometimes Zaytlin will plop her fat ass down at a potential campsite and return days later to camp out, all without the need to forage!

Belly Safe sees far more use than even Zaytlin ever expected. Launching tools to hard-to-reach places, delivering bottled messages, it's proven a very useful Power. Exploring the wilderness is much easier when Zaytlin can just store what she needs in her navel! It's seen use scaring off a few predators, with a rock launched to smack their flank or something by their head to scare them off.

Boobputer is invaluable for those times where Zaytlin needs to think really hard. She instinctively used it for the first time moments before an exam, and afterward she realized that she had a potent tool at her disposal. Boobputer lets her gain a boost when she needs to think outside the box, though given her innate intelligence, such a Power isn't used so much.

Umbral Ensemble is the one Power Zaytlin's definitely glad to have. It's a convenient tool for those times when she has nothing to wear, and she's amazed at how nice the clothes feel when she's caught out in bad weather. Her only gripe is that Umbral Ensemble products don't last forever, but that's a tiny price to pay for the benefits!

Clap Cannon is still mostly new to Zaytlin, used mainly to propel her in water with an explosive burst. Out of the water, it's a powerful defense, letting her put the kibosh on any clumsy attempts at running up on her. She's not certain of it, but Zaytlin suspects it's a Power that doesn't differentiate between friend and foe, so she hasn't used it around bystanders.

Zaytlin's always eager to learn more about BBW Powers — how they work, how to cultivate them, and everything else. Her payment for info is unconventional, but no less useful than cash. She can teach other BBWs how to develop All-terrain Butt with absolute confidence, but beyond that she's inexperienced with of her other Powers.

Zaytlin's definitely not a fighter. She much prefers to talk things out and remove misunderstandings. Anyone who seeks nothing but violence is less than human and therefore not worth bothering with, in her opinion. Being so intelligent means Zaytlin has a firm grasp of her own capabilities and she's also observant enough to ascertain how her opponent will act and react. Inexperience with combat is her biggest weakness.

Flight before fight is Zaytlin's preference. She'll rely upon dodging and using her Rubbery Butt Trait to bounce attacks away, using All-terrain Butt to outpace and outmaneuver pursuers. Given how swift she is, even the best sprinter will find it impossible to keep up with her! Evasive maneuvers are something Zaytlin's good at, given her intelligence; pathways that most people would struggle to recognize and plan out are immediately noticed by her on the fly. Besides that, possessing Umbral Ensemble and so much blubber means Zaytlin can simply outlast anyone that would do her harm in the wilderness.

But if there's no viable escape route she can make timely use of, Zaytlin has a rudimentary plan for defending herself. She'll try to anticipate and riposte her enemy's attack, using All-terrain Butt's attack and her Rubbery Butt Trait to swat down her foe as she deflects their attack. Crushing an enemy is as simple as wobbling on top of them at that point; Zaytlin was taught by her mother what body parts to grab, gouge and twist on an

enemy, so anyone being grappled by her suffers dearly for inviting her wrath. That's to say, if they survive the initial All-terrain Butt attack. If her foe tries to maintain distance, Zaytlin will simply bounce at them, most likely achieving a grapple in the process! As she goes to crush a foe, Zaytlin will rely upon her Rubbery Butt Trait to block attacks, gyrating her hips slightly to undulate her curves — such movement is enough to floor most enemies that try to interrupt her efforts.

Belly Safe is Zaytlin's artillery piece, having only seen use against predators and one of Dahbuh's lackeys. Combined with All-terrain Butt it turns her into something akin to a Persian zamburak or British birch gun, striking a foe before relocating to a different position to do the same from a different angle. Supposing it can support her bulk, a ceiling certainly gives Zaytlin the element of surprise. Simply seeing her gigantic body on the ceiling would be enough to scare off the majority of enemies, really.

Clap Cannon is currently Zaytlin's secret weapon. She's used it once outside of water and was impressed at the green tunnel it made in the undergrowth behind her. Its destructive potential was recognized immediately; Zaytlin's afraid to use it on anything less than a dire threat, fearing that something like a mugger or a dog would end up pulverized. Just to be safe, she's been practicing with it in secret, making damned sure no one sees her.

Zaytlin's diet is ethnic in nature, certainly not anything one would find in other industrialized nations. One of her ethnic group's preferred meals consists of the blood and milk mixture butter made using buttermilk, both in butter and liquid form. It's something that Zaytlin readily took to as a child, with the mixture making up a notable portion of her diet when it can be had.

While she used to suckle at her mother's breast nonstop, Zaytlin's been denied that by her mother's desire to sell her milk in both liquid and butter form. Zaytlin's taken to pork and crustaceans to compensate. Legume dough is rolled around pork, shrimp and crayfish to make dumplings, sometimes. Other times she makes pork blood soup and tosses the dumplings in. Pig's ears and bone marrow are almost always used by Zaytlin when she cooks; the tail is used for flavor and making stock to bolster her blood soups. Pickled trotters are much-beloved as a finger food by Zaytlin. Crustacean sauces and pastes are made regularly; her mother's constantly seeking out the results by smell, but Zaytlin's gotten very good at hiding the fermenting pots. Dill, coriander, mustard and garlic are four of her favorite things to season food with, so all of her meat dishes include them.

Her plant intake consists almost entirely of edible flowers. How she's able to gather so many from so many species is a mystery, even to her mother — it's something Zaytlin's oddly secretive about. Mint,

honeysuckle, black locust, elderberry, rose, dandelion, she'll collect and eat them in a wide variety of ways. Black locust flowers are made into fritters for her friends, dandelions are made into wine, violas and pansies are just eaten raw. Sometimes she candies the flowers or preserves them in honey, other times she just shoves handfuls into her gaping mouth and chews them contentedly. Sometimes she'll eat whatever vegetables her mother cooks, but by and large Zaytlin sticks to edible flowers, cherries, bananas and spinach for her botanical intake.

Zaytlin's skill as a mushroom hunter is second only to her mother's. Black chanterelles and wood blewits are two species she particularly desires, but she's able to find and pick any edible species with relative ease. Truffles are hoarded for later consumption and never sold — Zaytlin knows full well have to use them in cooking and does so only for special occasions. She'll shave them onto meat dishes or made into truffle honey, but recently she's trying to combine them with cheese made from her own milk.

Zaytlin has three dislikes in the world of dining. Mollusks gross her out, culinarily at least; she finds the animals fascinating but inedible. Sauerkraut is despised to the point where the odor alone is enough to induce nausea in Zaytlin. Almonds make her ill, upsetting her stomach something fierce with indigestion. Besides those three things, Zaytlin's rather accepting of most forms of cuisine... most.

Zaytlin spends most of her days at university, taking classes and engaging in other activities meant to improve her grasp of aquaponics and silviculture. Her girth is such that she's something of a living landmark, as her immense butt only appears at specific spots on campus. People joke about her butt being big, but they also seem oblivious to just how huge it truly is. Zaytlin's just happy she isn't loathed as an annoying obstruction whenever she had to squeeze her ponderous pulchritude through doorways or between tables. Then again, her professors and many of her classmates are also BBWs, so she's never the only cause of a line outside of a lecture hall. Some of her classmates have been known for years and others are newcomers, but all of them are just as blubbery and jiggly as she is, their clothes stretched over their curves as they heave and waddle about campus. While there are no sororities or fraternities, there are groups that form around shared interests, and Zaytlin has become one such interest. This is due partly to her family's farm — the Jale Farm — and partly for her helping with the Dolmwood Paludarium.

The Dolmwood Paludarium takes its name from the Dolmwood, one of the world's many submerged forests and one close enough that the university desires an enclosed form of it for research as well as prestige. It's still a work in progress, as the scientist-BBWs involved squabble over what species should be imported and in what order. A transparent tunnel will let

visitors walk through the Paludarium when viewing it from outside becomes boring. Most of the physical structure is complete, but now it's a matter of going out to the Dolmwood and collecting organisms to populate the Dolmwood Paludarium. Zaytlin's been a big help, as her sojourns into Azathoth Forest have allowed the scientists to follow her trail right to Ulfire Lake, where the Dolmwood resides. Her knowledge of local predators in particular helps the BBW scientists, as some of them are so rotund that outrunning certain beasts isn't possible.

Zaytlin's mother keeps her quite busy at the Jale Farm. Zaytlin and her mother work tit-to-tit, using their marbled breasts as a work table for paperwork and planning things out as they bobble about atop their colossal asses. The Jale Farm began as an experiment but has proven so productive that mother and daughter barely had to change anything. A combination of aquaponics and silviculture has resulted in an enclosed riparian forest, populated by buttertrot pigs, flatfish, catfish and a wide variety of plants. The circuitous stream is sheltered by crinkle-crankle walls covered in fruit and vegetable espaliers, with trellises jutting out here and there for additional support. Electricity for the farm is provided by a hydroelectric setup kept top secret by Zaytlin and her mother. An ashlar trough diverts water at a steep slant down to a concrete basin, causing it to whirl around a turbine that in turn produces electricity year-round.

Azathoth Forest is where Zaytlin likes to go roaming when she doesn't have work or school. Her classmates accompany her sometimes, though they're a bit reluctant to forage the way she does. Edible flowers, herbs and mushrooms are collected at a steady pace; Zaytlin can collect an amount of forage worth d4 pints of breast milk every hour that she's roaming Azathoth Forest, but she inevitably attracts predators after 1 + d4 hours, forcing her to flee the forest. Her classmates certainly enjoy the sights and sounds when they're not simply watching Zaytlin's six-foot ass swaying over some random patch of boletes or ferns. A sulfur volcano burbles away endlessly along Azathoth Forest, lighting it at night with ghostly blue flames that flow downhill. Ettercap territories overlap those of kronches, leading to some interesting interactions.

The one thing Zaytlin's best known for are her campsites. They're threadbare; she uses Fertile Print to start one off in a spot she thinks will be safe. A few days later she comes back and surrounds the spot with thorny, prickly, spiny and just plain painful plants, forming green barriers that nosy sorts learn about the hard way. Sometimes she'll construct a lean-to, other times she just takes a bunch of branches and makes a tiny shelter atop a four-inch-thick layer of boughs to keep her off the ground. A campfire made by Zaytlin consists of a stout log set upright, with a hollow cut into it and stuffed with tinder

before being lit. If she feels predators might find her, Zaytlin will take d4 branches, straighten them out, sharpen one end and harden it in the campfire, creating crude spears for self-defense. In case she's really worried, Zaytlin will make a nest up in a sturdy tree, using All-terrain Butt to go up and down.

Zaytlin's been teaching her friends how to live outdoors by Ulfire Lake. The lake is vast; its depth hardly ever exceeds six feet, though at one point it drops to a plain fifty feet below the surface. That plain makes up a fifth of Ulfire Lake's area and is where the source of its water comes from — a lithia mineral spring. A single stream leaves Ulfire Lake and joins a slightly larger river that runs alongside Azathoth Forest for a few miles. The gravel shoreline of Ulfire Lake is where Zaytlin and her friends gather, their swimsuits straining over their vast curves as they sit and watch her explain what she does out in the wilderness. They chitchat and teach each other as much as Zaytlin does, so some of their lakeside gatherings are nearly conventions.

Ulfire Lake is also host to floating islands and sponge reefs, so Zaytlin and her friends like to go skinny-dipping during the summer, only wearing their swimsuits when the boys are around — even then, they tend to “forget” that their tops just suddenly flew off. The girls will clump together as they float, forming living islands that Zaytlin and the others like to swim under. Aquatic predators are

unheard of, so the girls enjoy swimming around with the assistance of their Powers; Teat Propellers and Amniotic Geysers in particular see a lot of use. Zaytlin and other girls that possess Clap Cannon enjoy showing off by zooming around Ulfire Lake in formation, dancing together in explosive outbursts.

The Dolmwood takes up most of Ulfire Lake's deepest fifth, and it's truly worth seeing. It's an underwater forest unto itself, stout trees submerged under the water, bubbles escaping from their immense leaves as strange animals flit through their boughs. A sponge reef encircles the Dolmwood. Further adding to the biodiversity. There are several dozen submerged forests in the world, and the Dolmwood is but one of them. That doesn't stop it from being a biological wonder; the smooth white bark of the trees is waxy and smooth, and the dominant swimming animals of the Dolmwood are harmless jellyfish and the bivalves that prey on them, resembling fluttering birds amid the branches. Zaytlin and her friends help keep the Dolmwood tidy and have become an object of fascination for tourists that wander through.

Only a few minutes' waddle from the Dolmwood's closest shore is a cave-temple. The only religion that holds sway in the region (and Zaytlin's culture) is known as Soulcave and is older than old. Its precise origins are lost to the haze of time, but its scripture is well-kept by the enormous

priestesses that wobble about, their vestments stretched over their blubbery bodies. Soulcave is a nature religion of fables and parables that expound upon two dozen or so virtues, with many rituals and divinations meant to interpret the will of the Seven Earth Divers and appease them. The Seven Earth Divers swam to the bottom of the primordial waters and gathered the soil necessary to plant the World Tree; they're too vast and too alien to be bothered directly with individual humans. Besides, they're busy preparing for the Last War, when the Twenty-one Wicked Tribes of Land, Sea and Air decide to defy their banishment and try to despoil all of existence.

As it is, the priestesses tend to everyone as best they can, as compassion is one of Soulcave's major virtues. Haruspicy is one way they do so — reading the entrails of animals. Hunters, newlyweds, anyone that brings a priestess an animal can have things divined if need be. Priestesses can usually be told by their waist-length hair, as it's typically parted down the middle so it can be kept in a fat braid under the jaw. Powers are something the priestesses practice in private, but public ceremonies see them wielding crank-action rifles, with rain dances being particularly rife with gunfire. Organization amongst Soulcave priestesses is minimal, with a council of seven high priestesses possibly getting together to deliberate only when needed. Seeing them all together is remarkable; they're extraordinarily large, BBWs that sway their ponderous pulchritude all

about, oblivious to the scene they produce when they're all together.

Zaytlin's been eagerly sought out as a priestess, given both her enormity and her faithfulness. By no means an ideologue, Zaytlin does observe Soulcave, attending ceremonies and leaving offerings where the divinations deem appropriate. Soulcave temples are usually set in caves, with newer temples being carved out of solid rock. A chandelier is always located *outside* the temple, above the doorway; with three tiers to it, the typical Soulcave chandelier is suspended by chains from nearby boughs, if not the stone surface above the doorway. There are at least two spaces within a Soulcave temple, separated by a narrow opening the faithful have to squeeze through, including priestesses. Zaytlin's enormity takes a good while to squeeze through, but it's worth it to join a local priestess for a divination. If there's no priestess present, Zaytlin simply enters the temple without going through the squeeze, leaving a votive offering before the temple heptptych — a bottle of Gloamtree Vigor and a dapplewrap, usually, maybe a sixpack of Gloamtree Vigors if it's a large temple.

The "living temples" are unique to Soulcave and are distinct enough that a few other religious faiths have tried to imitate them, to no avail. An experienced priestess that's large enough will suspend a heptptych between her breasts, letting it dangle over her ponderous midsection, with a small chandelier suspended from a

back-mounted pole. Wobbling from town to town and from holy site to holy site, living temples teach a wide variety of skills and knowledge to those in need, using their Powers as needed.

The dozen or so male students that share an interest in Zaytlin are a bit more to handle than she expected, and a lot of them also work on the Jale Farm. Zaytlin's boy-shyness causes her to flub her words and become hesitant, but they all seem to get why she's so flustered. Truthfully, it's because they're what the internet refers to as "femboys" — feminine faces with gracile upper bodies that leave everyone wondering just what sex they truly are. It doesn't help that each guy has vast, swaying hips, bearing buttocks and thighs thrice the size of their heads. The boys use All-terrain Butt, Body Blimp or Umbral Cloud to get around campus and the farm, bulbous genitals straining their clothes as they chat and squabble over Zaytlin's attention. It doesn't help that she shares the same tastes in games with them; the PC game Bionaut is over fifteen years old but it's as lively as ever. A combination of a soulslike, an ecosystem simulator and a strategy game, Bionaut lets the player become a semiaquatic demigod conquering tiny planets and warring against their peers. The "false 3D" raster graphics, tons of highly customizable elements, astounding OST and open source code has created a massive community, complete with private servers and countless mods. Thing is, the boys tend to get into arguments over the game's intricacies; she

can't help but stare as their groins collide in time with their hips as they squabble.

Tourists gawk at the sight of the rippling boulder-butts. The boys? They don't care. They jeer and harass the tourists, joking about themselves to tourists that take things in stride and causing more... sensitive tourists to flee back to their hotel rooms. Some of the boys also work on the Jale Farm, using their mobility-enhancing Powers more to avoid Zaytlin's mother than do their work. They definitely have strong work ethics, but Zaytlin's mother is more concerned with her daughter getting married more than anything. Zaytlin has to keep reminding her that university comes first, then comes relationships. Most of the time, however, Zaytlin's mother is simply breaking up squabbles between the guys.

Xantha is a trendsetter amongst the boys. He keeps his flaxen hair in a flat braid that shades hides the right side of his face, his green eyes usually set in a dismissive gaze. As the son of a living temple, Xantha's not actually a dismissive, sneering snob — he's just annoyed by how everyone assumes he's a Soulcave theologian. He made sleeveless hoodies and thongs popular at Ulfire Lake, his freckled rump wobbling violently with every step he takes. Umbral Cloud is his go-to for mobility, but his method of... "summoning" it has to be done in private. He's famous for his stick-fighting skills and a few modeling agencies have been keeping tabs on him. He's

secretly infatuated with Zaytlin but he doesn't want his mother interfering.

Yuki's bashful, which is surprising, given how his ponderous rump tends to knock everything over. His black mop of hair is interrupted by his bangs being held up in the air with a rubber band, showing off his sleepy blue eyes and sad brow. The girls love him for his innate sweetness and they enjoy watching him collect samples for the Dolmwood Paludarium — his mother's a famous malacologist. He also works on the Jale Farm, where his knowledge of edible arthropods has come in handy. He's fond of wearing polo shirts and capris, taking off the former when he's working particularly hard. Body Blimp and Fertile Print both see a lot of use; Yuki's very sensitive about his Powers, but he's okay with showing off his skills as a grappler.

Zaytlin likes both boys, as does her mother. Thing is, Xantha and Yuki don't always get along. Their skull-sized testicles collide when they argue; Xantha finds Yuki's clumsiness and sample collecting bothersome, and Yuki finds Xantha's assertive nature grating. Most of the time they get along, but sometimes an argument breaks out. Funny thing is, when a physical altercation does occur, it's just the two of them grabbing each other's butts and rolling about on the ground arguing. Jiggling and complaining, the two stop for breath and then go right back at it. Zaytlin's aware they stop as soon as she speaks up, but she wants a permanent end to the fighting.

Hope Pump

Dexterity 8 (Bounce About (T), Grasping Toes)

Empathy 9 (Dedicated Mutualist, Expose Corruption (T), Political Decorum)

Intellect 8 (Legal Research (S), Oology, Scotopic Vision (T))

Physique 7 (Pulsating Preponderance (T))
HP 18

Speed 1 (5/turn)(Waddle), 25
(125/turn)(Body Blimp)

Legs and Butt 3

Belly and Sides 4

Chest and Arms 3 (26 gallons)

Size Total 10

Preferred Region: Belly and Sides

Powers: Body Blimp (-2 charge cycles, +1 Speed increment), Gut Blast, Milk Pill (+1 use), Blubmiliar (+1 Att), Chameleon Butt, Bubble Scanner

Tools: Sky Fisher, Monocular, Onyx Egg Cup, Smartphone, Titanium Egg Spoon

Hair: Carnelian

Eyes: Silver

Skin: Freckled Gold

Height: 4'9"

Age: 30

"Hello there! Care for a hug?"

"Transparency, introspection and integrity are key to a properly functioning society."

"Not everything is political. Claiming otherwise makes you an aspiring totalitarian and thus a threat to everyone."

"Everyone has a right to self-defense and the freedom to say what they want."

Smells: sweet cinnamon and roasted songbirds.

Sounds: stomach gurgles and warm laughter.

Diet: mostly wild birds and eggs, supplemented with other wild game and plants.

Combat Methodology: prefers de-escalation and mediation to physical conflict. Will do her best to flee attackers, but if forced to will defend herself.

Trades: political favors, proof of political corruption, and intel on authoritarian entities. Egg cups, egg spoons and texts on oology are prized. She can offer rewards via her political reputation.

Has one of the following somewhere that she can retrieve in 1 + d5 hours:

An oology book. When perused for at least ten minutes, it gives the user a +3 bonus to their next three Intellect rolls that involve the book's topic.

Legal documentation for one specific purpose, notarized, signed and approved. It's all placed in a pleated folder and sealed with tape.

1 + d4 helpful BBWs, each with Body Blimp and Belly Safe. They're willing to help Hope with 1 + d4 tasks before going back to their lives.

Bloated, plush and constantly pulsating all over, Hope Pump didn't set out to become the world's fattest politician. But anyone thinking Hope lazy for her girth are in for a rude awakening. Used to fighting uphill battles, Hope never gives up and never makes concessions when faced by authoritarians. Former friends have fallen before her investigations, their corruption exposed for all to see. The carnelian-haired beauty is waging a war of paperwork on multiple fronts, not to mention handling public demonstrations, angry busybodies and foreign ambassadors. A firm mutualist, Hope has seen what tyrants do to their people, and she fights to ensure tyrants never gain power in her homeland. While she's quite busy, Hope always puts aside a little time for herself.

Exposing political corruption is one of Hope's constant struggles. Aspiring autocrats, former allies, up-and-coming leaders, all of them have fallen before her enormity, and many more will do the same before long. Ideologues have always been a problem for politicians, but Hope's been steadily humiliating them until they scatter. Hope's personal hobbies aren't exactly well-known, with her nude nocturnal flights under the new moon being a dread secret. It began with kenopsia but has become addicting. But at least she's not taking bribes or kickbacks! Sometimes she likes to go to auctions to buy egg cups, as she's an idle pocillovist. Now she has a rival, however, so the auctions are becoming heated, with two BBWs bidding like mad.

Hope's growth occurred regardless of her desires. While never outright mocked for being fat as a teen, it was brought up by unscrupulous self-proclaimed "rivals" during student elections. When she exposed their various crimes, she earned the fear of everyone that didn't like her and the adoration of the more mature students. Discovering her Powers was a windfall that Hope capitalized upon immediately, especially Body Blimp. The incessant hunger she felt only came partly from her work; college courses and local politics combined were helped along atop her big boobs and belly when her huge butt was too busy bouncing about city hall. Her cuddly nature and instinctive integrity rapidly earned her the adoration of the public after only a few elections.

Too large to really even waddle, Hope's grown reliant upon Body Blimp's passive gas storage to keep her aloft to some extent. She enjoys hugging close friends and posing for the cameras, using her girth as a positive symbol. Powers are considered invaluable by Hope — she can't bend over to pick things up anymore, so her Blubmiliar's become quite the tool in her kit. Body Blimp is definitely her favorite, however; her foes may mock her fatness, but at least she's happy with herself and can fly! She's taught her BBW bodyguards Powers they hadn't even considered, increasing their value considerably. Lactating is considered a valid source of payment by Hope; her evaporated product has paid for more than a few investigations!

Hope's hair is thick and wavy, forming helices as it grows; she keeps it in a choppy mop that frames her heart of a face. Her eyes are large and sheltered by creased epicanthal folds, level eyebrows and bulging bubble cheeks. Hope's little nose has a low root and drops down to a beveled bump between round, downward-opening nostrils above plump lips. Hope's round chin juts forth upon her boulder of a jaw, interrupting the freckled bubble of blubber encasing her neck; twice the size of her head, that behemoth evolution of a second chin gently jiggles with her heartbeat, wobbling and gyrating with the tiniest movement of her head.

Hope's arms are plush, freckled globes of blubber sixteen inches in diameter and tipped with pudgy hands; her fingers are nimble and perfect for fine work. Either breast is a bouncing, heaving behemoth two feet in diameter that hangs on either side of her bulbous gut. On the front of either boob is an areola that's a dark dome, one foot wide and long. Embedded in the peak of either areola is a fist-sized nipple; whenever she wobbles about on foot, they spurt milk in time to her steps. When Hope is working, she places either boob on an office chair, keeping them on those chairs regardless of who's present or what's she doing. When her teats harden, they stretch her top out into a two-poled tent.

Her gut is larger than her boobs, a pulsating near-sphere two and a half feet in diameter with a spiral-shaped outie

navel at its apex; said navel is as big as her fist, pumping in and out gently with every breath she takes. Her tits pulsate atop her belly, swaying up and about as her middle heaves about of its own accord, which obscures her view of the world in front of her whenever she wobbles about on foot. Her belly hangs over her knees but mostly juts forward and out to the sides, bouncing off the ground from side to side whenever she waddles, rolling about atop her thighs all the while. Her love handles are also bloated to the point of being smooth curves, enough that they lift her arms up atop their girth, so that her elbows rest only slightly below her shoulders, with her arms draped over her tits so her hands can drum on them. There's no other folds besides her love handles for the most part, but sometimes when she tries to bend over her belly develops a noticeable horizontal fold.

The thick layer of blubber on her back is partly hidden by the enormity of her ass. It pulsates just as much as her middle, two freckled, golden bubbles that swell and contract whenever she's excited. Either buttock is a globe two feet in diameter, rising up against her back as well as out to the sides and back. They meld directly into her round thighs. Her calves are spherical, wobbling all about as they taper toward her pudgy feet. Her feet have long toes that possess a potent grip.

Hope bears puffy, hairless labia majora half the size of her head. Her clitoris swells to the size of a pint can when she's aroused.

Mobility for Hope has simultaneously taken a turn for the best and worst. Walking doesn't happen, not with Hope. Body Blimp's pervasive influence has forced her legs to remain far apart. Body Blimp may not always be active, but Hope's possession of the Power causes her curves to expand, contract, pulsate and throb with her heartbeat at all times. When she waddles, she heaves, and when she sits, she bounces. Flying in the air with Body Blimp relieves Hope of the insanity her body forces her to put up with, while swimming just makes endless waves from her pulsating curves.

Standing up from a sitting position is much easier for Hope than other BBWs of equal size, thanks to the metabolic gases suffusing her fat and lifting her aloft. Hope can wobble in circles or just heave straight forward, bending her legs to plant both feet on the ground and bouncing atop her middle. The way her body expands and contracts certainly helps. It takes four cycles for her to rise.

Hope's waddle is a thing of sheer chaos, heaving and lurching all about as her mighty heart pumps and sends her girth billowing in and out. She doesn't have to set her feet the way Zaytlin does, but she does have to swing one hip before the other, barely bending her advancing leg to increase her stride. Hope's waddle is like watching an astronaut walking on the moon for the first time — it's a gentle bounce from foot to foot, one hip advancing before the other, boobs swaying

slowly above a belly that's occasionally rubbed to placate its rumbling. As it sways, Hope's belly heaves out and up atop her thighs, which helps clear a path through every crowd. She more often than not hugs her tits as she gently bounces along, their flesh expanding around her arms in time to her pulse.

Being four feet wide makes getting through doors and down most halls an obvious struggle. Thankfully enough, the pliability of her immensity is enough where she can squirm and twist herself about, shimmying through openings and sliding between walls with little difficulty.

Body Blimp is definitely Hope's preferred method of getting around, however. Granted, it makes her gut expand into a sphere four feet across, but it lets her fly through the air with surprising grace. All she has to do is flex her glutes and off she goes! She'll use her hands and feet to maneuver indoors by pushing and grasping at furniture, ceilings and walls, but that's only if she actually fits. She finds it useful for hiding from nosey sorts, simply by sticking to the ceiling.

Swimming is somewhat limited for Hope. She's simply too buoyant to swim underwater. Hope prefers doing a backstroke, but that's because she's mostly reliant upon her huge belly and tits acting as crude sails. Body Blimp makes it much easier to be blown about on the surface, but it also makes her more visible — certainly bad for privacy.

While some politicians favor garish and ostentatious displays for the sake of influencing imbeciles, Hope sticks to subtle accoutrements and contrasts for her politicking, trusting that intelligent folks will see her intentions. There are two accoutrements that are Hope's mainstays, however, having become iconic for her appearance. The first is her collection of silk chokers; the collection is vast, with a wide variety of colors. Each choker is clasped shut with a red quartz cabochon button that's visible past her under-chin braid. The second item is her navel piercing; it's a hefty ring, with its ends made from red quartz. The chokers are always commented on, as they squeeze Hope's second chin such that it bulges up and down around the fabric.

Hope's work attire is rather plain. The main piece is a strapless, knee-length dress that barely fits over her bulk. It wraps around her body and is kept closed by a septet of buckles that her flab tends to defy, bulging out from between the buckles. The top third of the dress is apricot-colored and the lower two-thirds is Tyrian purple. A pair of matching mules is worn to complete the ensemble, with a deerskin muff for autumn and winter. An apricot-colored choker is normally worn with the dress; given her pulsations, Hope resembles a gigantic heart, pumping to keep everything alive.

Given that she's frequently seen in her work attire, no one recognizes her outside of it. For chilly weather, she'll don a wool

shrug, sky blue with white blotches to resemble the sky, closed on the front by a single button made from a red quartz cabochon. Containing her breasts is a bandeau that's secured on the front by having the cups joined by a knot. Denim dolphin shorts complete the outfit. If need be she'll toss on a pair of socks and old sneakers, but she prefers going barefoot. For warmer weather she'll doff the shrug, and for colder weather she'll replace it with a sleeveless black hoodie — her arms are so swollen they actually burst the sleeves clean off after she ate a particularly large brunch with her friends. Hope's rotundity renders chilly weather something of a joke, so the hoodie is worn more for inclement weather than anything else.

Swimwear for Hope is only worn when local laws require it; she bobs on the surface of any body of water she enters, unable to dive more than a few feet before her bulk forces her out of total submersion. A large straw hat supplies shade, and a checkered string top is matched to a checkered T-back thong. The swimwear is what's made Hope surprisingly well-known to the rest of the world; tourists can only gawk, flabbergasted by the sight. Her fans like to pose with her for the camera, and more than a few less-gobsmacked tourists have done so as well. Her huge body in such circumstances has caused several social media wars and many political cartoons, depicting her immensity as either overbearing or benevolent.

Pyra Gull is someone Hope's seen from afar yet respects deeply — a self-made entrepreneur, making use of her assets and talents to secure her spot in the economy. She's also seen Dumpy trundling along, the robot sometimes passing by her office in the morning. Hope used to ponder how a woman built like Pyra can even get around without Body Blimp; when she saw Bust Bound being used, she marveled at Pyra's ingenuity. Beyond that, though, the closest the two have ever gotten to interacting is through Hope's purchases of Pyra's products. Secretly Hope's eaten entire sticks of Pyra's butter and nothing else, savoring each mouthful for far longer than she's willing to admit. Pyra assumes the purchases were for charities, despite Hope never claiming they were.

Gæa Ur's initial uncertainty about growing so fat amused Hope, but not in a malicious way. They've dined together frequently; Gæa has plenty of questions about Powers and Hope's done her best to answer them. What Hope finds so admirable about Gæa is how the stout little cheerleader decided to embrace her girth so readily and the strange abilities it affords her. The way Gæa marvels at Hope's pulsating bulk is also found to be amusing, those rust-hued hands groping and caressing that big freckled belly for hours on end. As much as Hope admires Gæa's moxie, however, she wishes the blonde would take more care at playing superhero. Gæa's running battles with various predators and criminals worry the golden blimp, as Gæa may underestimate the wrong foe one day.

Zaytlin Jale is many things to Hope — lover, confidant, unwitting secret agent and supporter being only four of them. They first met at a big charity event, Zaytlin's butt bumping Hope's belly, where Zaytlin's mother had donated a ton of produce. After that, the two hit it off spectacularly. Hope loves Zaytlin dearly, seeing in her someone that truly means well for others while remaining properly pragmatic. Journalists and detractors gossip about Hope and Zaytlin quite a bit; Hope finds the confusion amusing. While she wishes Zaytlin would take a bigger interest in the region's politics, she understands why Zaytlin's so distracted. She's helped Zaytlin with her foraging efforts in the past, and in return Zaytlin's done a few assignments for Hope.

Dahbuh Pino was swiftly discovered by Hope to be a reprehensible person. It didn't take much longer for Hope to discover that he was also a potential threat to liberty. So far, he's proven inept in the political arena, earning nothing but puzzled glares and derision from the public. Hope knows he's just another spoiled brat that refuses to mature, but she also knows he's too stubborn to accept that. Disgust is the first thing Hope feels toward Dahbuh, pity the second. She's convinced that he'll get nowhere in politics, but Hope acts against his efforts regardless, preferring to be safe now instead of sorry later. She enjoys the horror she invokes in Dahbuh and his followers, giggling at the way they quake and stare at her belly before running away.

It's no secret that Hope prefers hunting for food over going to the grocery store. Most people ponder how such a rotund woman is able to catch anything, given how her boobs obscure her field of vision. Besides, how can she fit between the trees? Her detractors scoff and always bring it up whenever they can't find fault with her reasoning otherwise. Rather pathetic, but they just keep doing it.

Hope's use of Body Blimp is what lets her hunt so easily, but she rarely uses a gun. The men that denigrate Hope as a foolish woman enjoy fishing in tiny ponds, but Hope fishes the sky and the ground using her "sky fisher". It's a homemade fishing rod that's been passed down from parent to child for at least four generations, and defies the sands of time despite its age.

It's made from the femur and thoracic vertebrae of a banker-turned-oligarch who died sobbing, fully aware of his own ignominious end. The vertebrae stand end on end at the femur's distal end, the entire thing joined together with cords and tiny titanium hinges, totaling a length of nearly three feet long. The fishing reel is mostly ceramic and held onto the femur, just past where the grip is — said grip consists of rawhide. Two holes were bored through the femur, so the fishing line passes through the femur's distal end and out through the length of vertebrae. Richly decorated by generations of owners, the sky fisher was recently imbued with a pair of electrum bands by Hope, one at either end of the grip.

Hope typically uses the sky fisher while flying as high as she can with Body Blimp, sometimes wedging her plush bulk between branches or in outcroppings for anchorage. Sometimes she uses a hook, but most of the time she ties on a tiny cage full of bait, with bits of line attached to the cage that inevitably entangle whatever animal latches onto the bait-cage. The vertebrae flex as the sky fisher is swung, adding distance to every cast of the line.

The sky fisher gives its user a +2 bonus on all rolls made to catch a wandering creature, with the proper bait granting another +2 bonus. The line gives it a maximum range of Medium; Hope's used the sky fisher in all kinds of places, hidden from view until the time is right. The sky fisher's seemingly unbreakable despite its composition, but Hope figures that's due to its history imbuing it with some sort of passive power. Hope's used it to swing around branches and poles, too, swiftly redirecting her bloatedness — such maneuvers are Dexterity rolls that get a +3 bonus with the sky fisher's use.

Hope's used the sky fisher to defend herself, as well, clobbering more than a few predators and aggressive conspiracy theorists, much to the pleasure of bystanders. It can only be wielded one-handed as a cudgel, so the sky fisher only adds 1 damage. It also forces the target to make a Physique roll to avoid flinching in pain, thus dazing it for d5 cycles. Hope's loathe to use it as a weapon.

Body Blimp was the first Power Hope discovered and it's by far her favorite. Who hasn't dreamt of flying unaided by any sort of contrivance? She's developed an insane amount of skill in using Body Blimp, caressing her massive freckled belly as she slips between trees and houses like a ghost. Hope spends the vast majority of her time in flight, even when at work — but only when she knows no one will notice. She's even slept while using Body Blimp, using a modified hammock to support her head and feet.

Gut Blast has seen more use than Hope's willing to admit. The first time was when she had left her friends after a night out. Surrounded by a pack of hoodrat muggers and overwhelmed by fear, Hope's insides spasmed and she blasted a golden fog out of her mouth, dropping the squad within moments. Gut Blast is the closest thing she has to a weapon (besides her sky fisher) and has seen plenty of use dropping wild game. It was used at a rally that had turned violent, pacifying all parties involved as Hope wobbled to safety.

Blubmiliar is one of Hope's most vital Powers. Resembling a cross between a flamingo and a diplodocus, it acts as her hands and eyes on the ground, letting her float far above danger as it explores an area and retrieves her hunting kills. She's more than aware of its potential as an espionage tool and has planted devices to spy on anyone she suspects of being corrupt. She makes certain that no one ever sees it, as she fears the potential backlash its

presence would evoke. For now, it's her hound, retriever, guardian and spy.

Milk Pill came about when Hope was milking herself one weekend. She instinctively understood its purpose and found it useful for those times when a hunt or a rally became dangerous. She always makes sure to have as many available as possible, which explains how she's gotten so huge. She enjoys giving them as gifts to people — especially Zaytlin!

Chameleon Butt has seen quite a bit of use during Hope's nude flights, saving her from one scandal after another. It also lets her spy on her opposition, though the rosy-haired behemoth tends to frown on such behavior. If she suspects there's danger nearby, Hope will turn a corner to get out of sight and activate Chameleon Butt; such actions have thwarted more than a few would-be muggers, journalists and busybodies.

Bubble Scanner gives Hope a major edge over her political rivals, as it lets her peer into their hearts, after a fashion. While it only lasts thirty seconds at a time for her, Bubble Scanner can fill Hope in on any changes that have occurred and even whether or not her subject is secretly armed! Subtle use of this Power has caused Hope to develop an ominous reputation for prescience that has caused her more religious and paranoid detractors to accuse her of being in league with some kind of occult conspiracy.

Hope is far from a brawler. She's had a few lessons from her BBW bodyguards, but that doesn't mean she's a hard-bitten street fighter! Being a politician means the freckled blimp is able to convince most raging ideologues to reconsider their violence, but she's not always successful. Most of the time her bodyguards handle such exceptions, but once or twice Hope's been forced to defend herself.

"Escape to safety" is Hope's preferred tactic for physical combat. Body Blimp lets her both terrify attackers unused to Powers *and* escape well beyond their reach, so that's her go-to for fleeing danger. Hope understands very well that there's no time for indecision when one's life could be at stake — either you stand your ground and fight with everything you have, or you do everything you can to flee without looking back. So, Hope much prefers fleeing combat than sticking it out.

If on foot, Hope's primary weapon is her belly. She'll thrust it all about, turning it into a hammer of gas-infused flesh that very few can stand against. She'll swing it up and down to smash anyone that's been floored and she'll swing it sideways to clear a path to escape through. Hope will do everything she can to escape, only lashing out like that to create an escape route. If need be, she'll roll on her side and turn into a rolling ball of blubber, crashing through obstacles and bouncing into the air with her accrued momentum. Once she thinks she's gotten far enough

away, Hope will activate Body Blimp to fly to safety.

If she's attacked while in flight and there's no way to escape immediately (a very rare thing), Hope will become an angry sun of a woman. Hope's bulk will drop from the air to annihilate her foes as she strikes the ground. If she misses, Hope will bounce off the ground and return to the air to try again. There's also a chance she'll start rolling as soon as she hits the ground, hellbent on crushing her enemies on impact. Hope will only dedicate herself to fighting back if there's no chance of escape, and if that ever happens, woe betide Hope's attackers! There's nothing more dangerous than a cornered beast, and Hope will become quite beastly indeed if that ever happens to her.

Hope will do her best to dodge attacks, using her palms to swat aside incoming attacks if dodging isn't possible. She knows how to use slings, sticks and guns due to a childhood spent outdoors, but the first non-belly weapon she'll ever consider using is her sky fisher, and even then only as a last resort.

Hope's distinct array of Powers let her act as a flying support unit, blasting foes from above with Gut Blast while tossing Milk Pills to her allies when needed. Gut Blast is guaranteed to end the majority of Hope's potential threats, but it also has a strong chance of catching innocent bystanders in its painful embrace, hence Hope's reluctance to use it.

Hope's constant aerial adventures have given her a rather... *exotic* diet. Being able to fly has given Hope access to foodstuffs most cultures could never even dream of. She much prefers foraging and hunting for her food over going to a grocery store, finding that some of the best edibles can be found in some of the most isolated places.

Most of Hope's diet consists of wild game, typically birds gathered in her cleavage as she drifts through a flock or swats it in using her sky fisher. Vampire birds in particular are considered a delicacy by Hope, as they provide a worthy battle and certainly aren't missed by campers or farmers. She likes to marinate them in cherry melomel, sometimes drowning them in it if they're particularly mean, and then she stews them with eggs and sliced apples. Terrestrial wild game is also eagerly devoured, but she doesn't really seek it out, as wild birds are easier for her to capture. Venison is never turned down; Hope uses the marrow for a ton of things, the bones sold and the skins used to cover her bed. The meat is made into pemmican with raspberries and spinach, stored away for possible lean times.

Eggs make up another large portion of her diet. Quails, vampire birds, emus, ducks — if it lays an egg, chances are Hope has eaten it. Hope's always up for boiled eggs, preferring them soft-boiled but sometimes craving the other extreme of boiling. Her onyx egg cup and titanium spoon have become something of a trademark for the

freckled politician, as she's frequently photographed consuming boiled eggs by opportunistic journalists. In some cases she'll procure an emu egg or several for boiling; at one point Hope became infamous amongst outspoken vegans for being seen eating such an egg.

Tea eggs are one thing Hope's gotten really good at making. While she normally uses duck eggs, the behemoth beauty is fond of mixing various species together with black tea leaves, specific spices (secret recipe) and soy sauce for close friends and those she's trying to win over to her side. They're just a light snack to Hope, naturally. Salted duck eggs are a favorite of hers; soaked in brine and sealed individually within a salt-infused charcoal paste, they keep for quite a good while.

Wild game and eggs make up most of Hope's intake, all of it combined with wild fruit. Wild apples, chestnuts, groundnuts, and various herbs are all easily identified by Hope and collected during her hunting trips. She'll make purchases at fruit orchards, too, to round out her flavors.

Hope despises beef and grains, especially maize. It's something that's been brought up by her political foes, time and again, hoping to cause friction. Some joke Hope's some kind of primordial fairy, cursed with the inability to derive nutrition from mankind's Neolithic Revolution and its most common products. Hope just finds beef and grains to be tired fare and left for those devoid of culinary originality.

Work, work, work, Hope rarely ever catches a break! She finds her days full of battles in the political arena; her labors are resisted by all sorts of foul people, from conmen to zealots to people that embody the worst aspects of Jerry Pournelle's "Iron Law of Bureaucracy". The bureaucrats are the worst; their egotism has led them to believe that leaving their desk to look at something personally is beneath their notice! Hope's proving them wrong, however, slowly but surely.

Body Blimp means Hope can secretly fly to her office, giving her a scary reputation for appearing and disappearing through mysterious means. Once at her office, the massive beauty sets about her work, filling out paperwork and taking calls from her constituents and the like. Her legal research is extensive, with secret agents acting as her eyes and ears in the political environs where she's either unwelcome or simply unable to be present at. She knows there are native gremlins at work in the government machinery, hoping to remake it to better suit their unwholesome desires. Messages are sent, packages are received, and documents are signed.

Interviews are taken with good cheer; she always readies a dozen tea eggs to set things sailing. Journalists adore Hope to begin with — she's pushed heavily for freedom of... well, everything! She talks with her constituents in person whenever she can, setting up appointments when able. That's not to say she'll just listen to anyone, however; her secretary's very

good at sorting out whackjobs of all stripes. Then there are the few closed-door meetings, where Hope pursues her efforts to expose corruption with various secret agents. Deception is something she's gotten surprisingly good at, using feints and disinformation to wreck the efforts of her targets. All of it, in the end, is done to cleanse the political field of aspiring tyrants and possible corruption elsewhere.

Outside of the office, Hope wobbles about for charities and fundraisers, endearing herself to the public with lots of hugs and genuine chitchat. The assembly meetings see a lot happen. Heated arguments break out, unhinged ideologues rant and rave, and busybodies quail as laws are passed that see their empty ambitions shattered. At the center of it all sits Hope, jiggling like an out-of-control water balloon, mercilessly riposting anyone that tries to argue with her. No bullshit gets past her.

Her desire for government transparency and securing maximum individual rights has not gone unnoticed. She's a voice of moderation in the eyes of the public, a hammer to be swung against the ideologues that keep gathering for narrowminded causes. All of them despise Hope for exposing their irrationality, but almost all of them give up when confronted with their bullshit.

Hope's deepest, darkest secret is that she enjoys flying about naked at night, during the new moon. The feeling of kenopsia is

what originally made her do it, being so vast and alone in an environment that's usually packed full of people, her gut thrusting forth, her tits swinging in the air and her butt bumping against windows and doors that contain crowds of her voters during the day. The thrill of possibly getting caught began to grow on her, however, which makes the kenopsia a serious thrill. She likes to stay within twelve feet of the ground, drifting between buildings, passing by the homes of friends, window-shopping and daydreaming above the parking lots.

She loves to visit her old schools and float above the sports fields whenever she can. Hope drifts through the corridors, bouncing gently off the lockers when she doesn't squeeze her bulk into the classrooms. Some nights, she swears she can hear the voices of the students echoing, auditory memories being replayed by the school's walls. The gymnasiums are also explored, with Hope heaving her girth into the locker rooms. The auditorium is one place she remembers fondly, as Hope gave several speeches there as a student — twirling there atop her belly is something she's done for *years* now.

Hope's flitted through actual offices and warehouses, too, when the local power got knocked out — so far, Hope's been *very* lucky, as she's gotten stuck in more than a few cubicles, only to free herself mere minutes before the office workers arrive. Exploring the suburbs is extremely risky,

but the thrill excites Hope more than anything. Drifting over front lawns, under street lights and across cul-de-sacs, Hope gets to watch the local wildlife when she's not curb mining. A few times she's scared off would-be burglars and thieves with a well-aimed rock or stick, leaving them to panic and rush back home.

Window shopping in the nude amuses her; Hope's squeezed herself down shop-lined alleys and floated on the artificial breezes of shopping malls, gazing at things she might buy the very next day. Rarely a security guard or sleepless busybody roams about, but they've never been able to catch Hope's freckled duskiness bouncing gently about the food courts. Security cameras falter whenever the redhead floats by; whether or not that's due to Chameleon Butt being possessed by Hope or timely programming bugs is a mystery.

Hope's biggest fear is having her nightly jaunts discovered; she's seen the scandals that have ruined other politicians, and the rotund woman has no desire to suffer the same fate. But it's grown into something of an *addiction*. Just thinking about the next new moon makes Hope moist. She enjoys flying in the rain at night; steam billows off Hope's gleaming curvature as she drifts along the streets, dripping in steady rivulets off her nipples and belly and leaving a trail behind her. Her keen eyes and use of Chameleon Butt has saved Hope from being discovered thus far.

Given how she's caused most ideologue groups to collapse, Hope was surprised to discover that a bunch of them banded together for their own nocturnal forays six months ago. The Loonies are all that remains of the various ideological organizations; they fell apart due to infighting, but they blame Hope for that, claiming her agents infiltrated their ranks. Over the course of a few years they simply grew more unhinged, abandoned by former friends and family as they roamed, frothing at imagined enemies and constantly failing to achieve their dreams. The only signs that they existed in the public eye were rants on social media, which grew rarer with time.

One thunderstorm drew them all together in an abandoned shopping mall, forty ideologues that were simply too tired and mentally devastated to fight. They found one thing in common, one thing that caused what could be best described as a massive paradigm shift within the group's thoughts: a deep hatred for Hope Pump. Fascist, anarcho-capitalist, queer communist, they all bonded over their shared hatred and their collective insanity led to a conspiracy theory forming as they shared their observations. Within the night the Loonies had come to be.

One month later, Hope discovered the Loonies gathered around a burn barrel under a new moon, chanting and hooting and dancing. She just figured it was some performance artist collective and left. The next week, she saw them gathered on a

street corner in the morning, giving speeches about Hope and other BBW politicians. They declared Hope to be an insidious bioweapon created by the Shadow Bank, the secret government that rules the planet. Hope, the Loonies claimed (and still do), was created to fatten everyone up so the Shadow Bank can more easily control them. The speech rambled on with "evidence" being shown on a corkboard. They kept referring to Hope as the "Evil Sun", meant to metaphorically blind the public. As such, the ideologues declared, they bore the title of "Loonie" proudly, given its origins in the Moon.

Hope's been given recordings of the Loonies by concerned locals. By day, the Loonies sell their services as laborers and give public speeches, the latter typically ending in a brawl due to hecklers. By night, their behavior changes with the lunar phases. Under the new moon they engage in their hooting rituals and under the waning and waxing moons they go about scheming or vandalizing government buildings. It's under the full moon when they're at their worst; Hope's seen the footage of the Loonies rampaging through busy streets wearing black hoodies decorated with yellow crescents, battering people and robbing stores as a single herd, bellowing chants and fleeing with a travois laden with stolen goods.

Hope's been pumping her big boobs to fund a private investigation into the Loonies. She's offering a month's worth of her milk supply, citing the obscurity of the

group and the danger they may or may not pose. The last two weeks have seen the group wielding auger braces during their speeches, and the fact that they're nomadic only makes watching them harder. Yet Hope's certain the Loonies follow a set route, and she's willing to supply special cameras to prove that. Disorganized and paranoid, there's honestly no telling how the Loonies will react to anyone they see near their encampment. In one case they charged a journalist, augers spinning, and in another they packed up in a blur and vanished. Wherever they go, the Loonies drag two travois; one is piled high with stolen things and the other bears the purported evidence of their conspiracy theories. If the latter was somehow stolen, it would wreak havoc on the Loonies. As such, it's closely guarded at all times.

Flying during the day is also much enjoyed, but Hope remains clothed when she does that, and far away from the public eye. Those few BBWs in the know about such flights do so only because Hope has *let* them see her in flight. Daytime flights are commonly meant for hunting, long trips and inspecting her rural home. Slightly less frequently she activates Body Blimp while in her office, using it to get about when she's certain no one's looking; her secretary and interns also use Body Blimp, which makes the work day especially interesting, their bulk pressing together as they drift about the building.

Flights meant for hunting trips entail the use of Hope's sky fisher. She drifts on the breeze, sometimes trolling the wilderness, other times simply casting into a spot she thinks is lively enough. Hope's fished in places most people couldn't even fathom, with bodies of water being the most tame. She's trolled through cemeteries at night, fished into drift whales at dusk, drifted over abandoned orchards and around middens at dawn — if a place could possibly attract edible creatures, Hope's cast her line at it. Most of the time she catches birds of various sorts. Vampire birds are common, especially around (and sometimes inside of) animal carcasses. Goregulls are gulls that enjoy burrowing through drift whales and other dead things — they put up a hell of a fight, but Hope finds that their fat is superb for cooking with, as is their gizzard. While filthy on the outside from chewing through carcasses, wormbrats are surprisingly well-kept besides, and Hope finds the vermiform rodents to pair quite well with certain varieties of red wine after being stewed. Middens, cemeteries and other manmade wastelands are frequented by Hope less often, but she's caught more than a few edibles at such places, such as lost alley deer, dwarf midden pigs and even a few very confused goth BBWs. Forests are prime fishing grounds for Hope, however, as she's caught tons of birds *and* their nests.

Hope's detractors seem oddly focused on her hunting trips and her sky fisher. They see it as a gruesome thing, with several

foreign holy men claiming it's an evil device and a sign of the End Times. They also accuse her of wasting time and somehow taxpayers' money with her hunting and fishing trips. The fact that no one can physically find her during those trips is also considered a bit suspicious.

Pocillovy is a rather esoteric interest, but Hope's a big fan of it. It's collecting egg cups. She owns several dozen, all carefully organized on a shelf in her dining room. A few are considered extremely valuable by other pocillovists; two in particular belonged to Hope's grandparents and could net her a small fortune. The collection used to be slightly larger; Hope sold a few she didn't really like in order to fund her campaigns and found herself with far more money than she expected. There's a few egg cups out there that Hope *really* wants, and she's developed an extensive network over the years to procure them. Auctions involving egg cups are one of the few place where Hope gets visibly agitated, especially when someone outbids her.

Adiane Sato is the only other BBW Hope's aware of that actively pursues pocillovy. With an unsettlingly wide mouth, prehensile tongue, sleepy eyes and long, black hair, Adiane's once-gracile legs are now ivory boulders of blubber, hefting her to a full height of six feet and three inches. She was always leggy, but her growing reluctance to continue riding her recumbent bicycle means she's gotten quite the gut now, along with a set of

boobs that most girls would kill to have. But none of that compares to her ass and thighs — she's more than a pear, Adiane's a pear-shaped *world* of sweet-scented flesh. Her footfalls are felt long before she's seen, snazzily-dressed and jiggling with every step taken. She's huge. She's stately. She's *demanding*. People get launched when her hips bump into them, but Adiane doesn't notice, as her attention's on much more important things, such as bidding on a rare egg cup from a faraway land.

When Hope and Adiane meet at an auction or museum, things get tense. Hope's usual good cheer is replaced by a rather distressing sort of dourness, and Adiane heaving her gut against Hope's tits only worsens the redhead's mood. Where Hope's a politician, Adiane's a poultry magnate, having earned her wealth by starting with only a few birds and ruthlessly cornering the market. Both women have always been fascinated by eggs, but Adiane views pocillovy with the sort of envy that only dragons feel for their hoard. Hope and Adiane furiously try to outbid each other as their tits and asses undulate with enough force to tear their tops. Bursting their seams and red in the face, both women struggle to control their emotions. Adiane sees Hope as trying to throttle her capitalistic endeavors, and Hope sees Adiane as a spoiled princess constantly overstepping her bounds. Very nearly the two have come to blows over mere eye contact, but so far they keep themselves under control.

Dahbuh Pino

Dexterity 9 (Can't Swim For Shit, Sail Wagons (T))

Empathy 9 (Impertinent Tyrant, Intensely

Hylophobic, Lascivious (T), Mafioso Rap)

Intellect 6 (Hip Hop Production (S),

Myomancy)

Physique 8 (Oily Skin (T))

HP 9

Speed 5 (25/turn)

Tools: Elite Street Chain, 2d5 Doses of

Khat, Rope Lighter, Smartphone,

“Warwhip” Vehicle

Hair: Black

Eyes: Black

Skin: Copper

Height: 5'

Age: 20

“Darp, darp, DARP! She be a snack! But I be da STATE!”

“Dat bitch, she ig'nant. Darp! Fuck dat bitch.”

[Deafening gargle-screeching]

“I be bulletproof! My ancestors protect me, I scare bullets.”

Smells: wet dog and cologne.

Sounds: tinny hip hop, jingle of jewelry, and loud foot-shuffling.

Diet: ninety percent plants, ten percent meat from the few animals permitted by his religious faith.

Combat Methodology: blusters and postures. Can't grapple, will try to charge

into and flail at unsuspecting foes. Will run if HP is reduced to 5 or less.

Trades: political information, recreational drugs, parts for nonmotorized vehicles and social media connections. Loves amethysts and purple gold, gifts of genuine designer clothing are cherished. Has multiple contacts in various illicit circles.

Has one of the following somewhere that he can retrieve in 1 + d5 hours:

2d5 doses of whatever drugs are asked for. It's easiest for him to get euphorants and stimulants (with khat leaves being the easiest of all), but he can manage.

An autographed photo of himself. In one hand he holds his smartphone, in the other he holds a hatchet. A bunch of fake stick grenades hang off his belt. His scowl is contemptible, rather than frightening.

A designer label outfit capable of containing a BBW with a maximum Size Total of 9 while looking trashy as fuck. Dahbuh *really* wants a girl to wear it — namely, Zaytlin Jale. Any girl will do, though.

1 + d4 Skanks with purses and smartphones. They sneer at BBWs but are willing to ignore that to perform d4 tasks for Dahbuh, such as getting underfoot, pilfering small items or distracting people. After that they scatter without a word.

Dahbuh Pino — hip hop producer, lecher, drug dealer, aspiring warlord, all-around scumbag. With copper skin slick with sebaceous oil and a thick skull full of horrible plans, Dahbuh plots and schemes to make the world the way *he* wants it to be. The son of foreign-born immigrants, Dahbuh was raised with the cultural values of their homeland, which contrasted starkly with the culture they had moved into. Dahbuh was raised to believe himself incapable of wrongdoing, so when his demands and outbursts were punished, the oily cunt refused to accept that he was wrong. Resentment simmered inside him, to the point where a decision was made; if everyone said he was wrong, then he'd make it so *he* was right and *they* were wrong, come hell or high water.

As a child, Dahbuh was no better than an animal, shrieking and pestering everyone. When his classmates beat him up and shunned him, Dahbuh began feeling resentment. It took years of suffering beatdowns given his stupidity, but Dahbuh eventually learned that being demanding and violent wouldn't get him what he wanted. At the same time the oily twit discovered hip hop and discovered he had a talent for rapping. A few of the less reputable kids liked his efforts and became fast friends for it, and his sail wagoning and dogcart skills solidified that connection. Dahbuh became infamous for his lust when puberty hit, as Zaytlin and Gæa can attest. But he became even more infamous for the shit he and his cronies pulled throughout their school years.

Currently, Dahbuh's got it good enough — not perfect, but good enough. He's made a pretty penny off his hip hop efforts and he's been throwing wild house parties that everyone loves going to. On the down-low, his cronies act to bring in illicit funding by dealing drugs, running gambling dens and the like. Dahbuh's gotten into politics, too, though he's in way over his head, despite his bravado. But his growing fame as both a political clown and a rapper is getting Dahbuh places. Just... not the places he expected. He's also fond of riding his "warwhip" around town, as well as racing his beloved vehicle against his cronies and other racing aficionados. Most of his activities occur at his house parties, both out in the open and behind closed doors.

Dahbuh's most primal urges will always dominate his life. He seethes over the fact that he has to play by the rules others have set. He desires adoration. He demands sex with every woman he sees. He *craves* full authority with zero responsibility. The parties Dahbuh throws are meant to attract the scions of political dynasties as well as anyone that he thinks will fall for his scams. If successful in attracting allies that way, Dahbuh will do whatever he can to ensure that he dominates local politics, eventually working his way up until he's able to make himself the country's autocrat. Dahbuh's constantly shooting himself in the foot and his followers are superstitious thugs, so there's no telling whether or not he'll get much further with his ambitions.

Dahbuh's head is large, making up one-sixth of his total height. To appear taller, Dahbuh shaves the sides and back of his head while keeping the hair on top shaped into a towering mess that he changes twice a year, at the start of every spring and autumn. His hair always looks idiotic, but he thinks he looks badass.

Dahbuh's face is a narrow rectangle, dominated by a nose that's absolutely useless — Dahbuh's a mouthbreather. The root of his nose starts nearly at the top of his head, its bridge widening as it drops, forming an obovate bump that separates huge, circular nostrils that open forward. Periorbital hyperpigmentation makes his deep-set eyes appear even deeper in his head than they really are, and the wispy eyebrows above them are hardly noticeable as a result. Fleshy lips sag on a heavy jaw; Dahbuh lacks a chin and refuses to acknowledge it. He's unable to grow any facial hair, which makes his chinlessness rather obvious.

In terms of physique, Dahbuh goes for form over function. His musculature is meant to be visually appealing to the opposite sex, but he seems to only attract the skankiest of girls. Hindering Dahbuh's efforts is his addiction to khat, as it makes him a bit paranoid and too frenetic to work out properly sometimes. Ultimately he can't compete with the majority of athletes, even at his best. He's pigeon-toed, which gives him a natural talent for sprinting, and his sense of balance is superior to most people's, so he has a

talent for vehicular races. Unfortunately for Dahbuh, his limbs are kinda stumpy, making him look ridiculous when he runs.

Sebaceous oil is the first thing people notice when they look at Dahbuh. His skin produces so much sebaceous oil he gleams from head to toe with the stuff. It's gross; if he presses up against something for at least two cycles he leaves a thick layer of oil behind. His living space is disgusting, needless to say, with almost every seat and armrest covered in a film of his skin residue. The only upside to being so greasy is that it lets him slip out of tight spaces easily.

Swimming is impossible for Dahbuh. He never learned and never will, as he shares his parents' cultural thalassophobia and has extended it to any body of water deeper than his knees. He goes batshit if immersed in water deeper than his knees, thrashing and screeching mindlessly. He impulsively stays a stone's throw away from any such body of water.

Dahbuh has a pair of glaring eyes tattooed on his upper back; they're simplistic in design, being a mixture of geometric shapes, but they're enough to frighten off most predators, at least, if not his human enemies. On either forearm is a monochrome tattoo of a nine-headed bird with soaring wings, with serpentine necks and raptorial beaks exhaling thunderbolts. Dahbuh likes to brag about his tattoos to girls, claiming the birds are a part of his ethnicity's religion.

Fashion is Dahbuh's most opinionated topic. He'll pontificate on his fashion ideas and views *forever*, if anyone lets him. To the oily cunt, only the most expensive designer labels are to be worn; any girl he fancies is pitied at full volume when they can't afford such attire, and he offers to take them shopping for what he deems proper attire. Gucci, Louis Vuitton, Burberry, and several other labels are preferred over what's typically found in retail outlets. Whether or not the clothes are actually tasteful or comfortable doesn't matter to Dahbuh — just the name of the designer and the price tag. The more expensive, the better!

“Gaudy” is the best word to describe Dahbuh's wardrobe. Dahbuh has trouble telling knock-offs from legitimate items, so a few of his ensembles are ugly as shit with none of the actual value he purchased them at. The label's name is typically blasted across the clothing in huge blaring text. Clothes that at the very least attempt to mimic the fashion of urban gang members is preferred over anything else. Threatening shapes, hidden pockets, bold hues, that sort of thing.

Dahbuh hates the cold; any temperature that's below seventy degrees Fahrenheit makes him complain nonstop. His parents are no different, so his mother lovingly crafted a hoodie for Dahbuh to wear, knowing exactly what he wanted. It's knee-length and made from the skins of prize fighting dogs, with the fur on the inside and the outside dyed to replicate

urban camouflage. It's also quilted, with ceramic coins inserted in the quilting; any damage aimed at the thighs, torso and/or arms is reduced by 1. A plethora of hidden pockets are on the interior of the hoodie, but the exterior bears three visible ones. A pleated flap-pouch on the front can carry quite a bit, and on either side of it is an angled pocket he can keep his hand in. Five loops line either hip — they're meant to carry throwable weapons.

But Dahbuh only wears his hoodie when it's cold. He prefers to go shirtless, to show off his tattoos and physique. His mother made his favorite shorts for him; held up with a designer belt, they're much like his hoodie, minus the coin-bezainting. It has an integral music player, with two speakers that Dahbuh loves blasting his shitty music out of. It's recharged by a sealable port by the left hip. The many pockets (both visible and hidden) are much-appreciated by Dahbuh. He forgoes socks in favor of electric purple footwraps.

Dahbuh's “elite street chain” is his most beloved piece of jewelry, massive and openly multi-purpose, a visual signifier of his status as a hip hop producer, experienced rapper and noisome show-off. It's the one thing Dahbuh never, ever, *ever* lets out of his sight, regardless of how inappropriate it may be. People always comment on it, rappers compliment it, and many of Dahbuh's rivals wish to see it gone. Dahbuh thinks the girls love it — they just think it's goofy.

Gæa Ur went to school with Dahbuh, but that's as far as their connection goes. Gæa was (and still is) a cheerleader, and Dahbuh was utterly incapable of getting close to her due to her peers' collective disapproval. Her jumbo curves seem a mismatch with her athleticism in Dahbuh's opinion, but not as much as her efforts in fighting gang activity. Seeing a girl of any sort engaging in what he considers a masculine activity is the height of hilarity to Dahbuh, and Gæa's massive bulk makes it especially so. He just wishes she'd quit it and start being submissive. But what's even worse is how his existence doesn't even register to Gæa. Her fashion ensembles aggravate Dahbuh, as they're wildly popular and always come up in discussions with the opposite sex.

Pyra Gull stupefies Dahbuh with her appearance. Such colossal breasts induce disgust in Dahbuh's followers, but Dahbuh can't feel disgust or even lust, he's so overwhelmed by the scale. Watching Pyra fight giant angry fish in the waves only amplifies the stupefaction; the guys can't even understand how such a ridiculously huge-breasted woman is able to get around, let alone fight anything. Dahbuh's beach parties somehow always end up being witness to Pyra's swimming bulk, and the partygoers can't help but cheer and salute her when she waves and grins at them. Dahbuh just gawks. He wants her to star in his rap videos, but he's afraid there's the chance she'll get pissed and find a way to bar him from the beach. As things are, he's dimly interested in Pyra.

Zaytlin Jale is the one thing Dahbuh desires the most. For years he used to quietly deride her immensity, but after a while he came to believe that she was his polar opposite and thus the ultimate romantic challenge. Her religious faith upsets him, as its usage of firearms as a part of its ceremonies frightens him. If only she'd stop going to school, let her hair grow out and replace her religion with his, Dahbuh figures, then she'd be perfect. As things are, Dahbuh's frustrated by her refusal to acknowledge him and is growing frightened, as he fails to understand her actions. As things go on, Dahbuh's terrified that she might become a witch, as her sojourns into the forests are bewildering and alien to him. But he keeps trying his luck, because he's stupid.

Hope Pump terrifies Dahbuh. At first she used to fill him with pure hate, but after she accidentally floored him with an effortless twist of her hips, it mutated into a mind-shattering fear. Hope is definitely a slap in the face regarding Dahbuh's views of gender roles; not only is Hope *not* obeying a man, but she's fulfilling a role that only a *man* can fulfill! Mutualism is an ideology Dahbuh can't wrap his head around and just considers weak woman shit. People that have power should use it and take control, not play nice and share things. Hope is one of the few women Dahbuh doesn't find attractive; she's so incomprehensible it's maddening. The fact that everyone genuinely loves her while mocking him is especially grating. As it is, Dahbuh just wants Hope *gone*.

Dahbuh has one possession he prizes before all else, excluding his own life. The elite street chain is more than just a chain necklace, more than just a disgusting status symbol. It's a reliquary, a portable shrine to Dahbuh's ancestors, a proud symbol of his family's culture and a testament to the shittiest tastes imaginable. Made from purple gold, it consists of a Figaro chain weighed down by amethysts, diamonds and nine rather large objects.

Eight of those objects are ampoules decorated with amethyst plates. Each one is two inches in diameter, with a dog's canine tooth dangling from it. Inside each ampoule is a relic inherited from one of his ancestors. The GM should feel free to make up relics for inside the ampoules; teeth, finger bones, pieces of weaponry, lucky talismans, dried blood — anything Dahbuh can tell a story about regarding his ancestors' exploits will work.

The center object is a papyrus scroll, its ironwood container a cylinder nine inches long and two inches in diameter, the wood inlaid with diamonds and amethysts and the bottom capped by a quartet of dog carnassials. The scroll contains many things on its length, mostly knowledge but also his many very dirty secrets. Dahbuh uses his ethnicity's elliptical logographic writing, which means everyone else has to make an Intellect roll just to translate using extensive research. If Dahbuh peruses the scroll for at least twenty minutes (or 240 cycles), he gains a +3 bonus to the next three Intellect rolls

involving any of the following topics: dog breeding, hip hop production, legal codes, multifuel diesel engines, myomancy, rodent farming, sail wagons, steam engines and urban agriculture. Anyone else has to spend one *hour* to get the same benefit, and that's *after* being forced to translate it all!

Besides the peculiar array of topics, the scroll also contains twenty recipes, each one based upon the dietary restrictions imposed by Dahbuh's family culture. Sorghum gruel, palm liquor, rat broth, dog steaks, squab stew, it's all there.

The ledger hidden inside consists of loose sheets. Dahbuh keeps a tight record of favors, alongside drug deals and other illicit acts. Secret meetings, code-worded deals and more, all set to banana paper as seemingly innocuous bookkeeping. He does it more to keep an eye on his cronies than anything; unscrupulous and notoriously shortsighted, they'll skim from the top if they think they won't be immediately noticed. Once the data ceases to be useful, Dahbuh incinerates the paperwork to avoid legal issues. He'd be at the mercy of anyone who had his sheets.

If anything were to happen to the elite street chain, Dahbuh would enter a positive feedback loop of panic and rage. He'd start a shrieking, mindless attack against whoever he suspected of stealing it, flailing like a crazed brat. It could spell the end of his gang, supposing it was given to the authorities.

The truth of the matter is, the scroll upon the elite street chain serves a rather nefarious purpose. Besides acting as a container for Dahbuh's criminal ledger, it's also meant to act as the foundation for his ideal civilization, full of laws and knowledge he thinks will ensure the immortality of its culture. It began seven years ago; he asked Zaytlin about her *Codex Z.Jale* and went into a screeching fit of awe when she tried to explain to him what it was. Dahbuh began his scroll to both impress and compete with Zaytlin, but the intentions changed after it became obvious she didn't fucking care.

Dahbuh's faith of "City Medicine" was inherited from his parents. Ancestor veneration forms the core of City Medicine, turning it into a religious legal code driven by a murderous intolerance for all other religions and setting dictates for how its adherents should live. The nine-headed birds of Dahbuh's tattoos are one example of the beasts sent by ancestors to do their worldly work — such creatures are City Medicine's equivalent to the heavenly host and eudæmons, and they always have nine heads. The priests of City Medicine are also witchdoctors and judges. Dahbuh took the various interpretations of City Medicine and remade them into a single comprehensive legal code meant to form the foundation of his ideal civilization.

Dahbuh's ideal culture is a vast city, ruled over by a warrior caste that would give rise to an assembly of warlords. Blood

feuds would be the norm, with endemic warfare based around raids, ambushes and duels. Warriors would operate according to clan ties and much-prized blood oaths, where individuals would press their cut forearms together to symbolize their new brotherhood via mixing blood. Women would have zero rights, so none could ever become warriors. Dahbuh despises guns as being the recourse of effete cowards, so gun owners would be stoned to death. To him, "real men" use muscle-powered weapons as a show of their masculinity when they can't charge into battle using personal vehicles. Homosexuals, blasphemers, intellectuals and witches would suffer the same fate as gun owners. His dietary proscriptions would apply to the rest of society, and every place of worship would be a wheeled shrine that would form every community center.

Everything else is up to the GM to decide, if they want to go into the (most likely unwanted) details of Dahbuh's dream world. The GM can make Dahbuh's legal code as strict or as lax as they please, with strictures for agriculture, or regulations for dog breeding, or maybe something well and truly obscure that no one else would ever care about besides Dahbuh. Maybe slavery is legal. Could be practitioners of other religions would have to be gangraped on sight. Maybe people with blue eyes are considered witches. If the law dictates something Dahbuh doesn't have the guts to enforce himself, it'll be there. He'll bluster and screech otherwise, but everyone knows the truth.

The one thing everyone knows Dahbuh for is his “warwhip”, a custom-made vehicle that cost him a substantial sum of money. The warwhip is based off of vehicle designs from his parents’ homeland, a hybrid of propulsion systems used to propel it into enemy warriors. Dahbuh owns a few other vehicles, such as a pedaled freight tricycle and a small sail wagon, but those are backup vehicles, as the warwhip is Dahbuh’s preferred ride. He’s fond of racing it as well as just showing it off, eagerly bragging about how his ancestors rode similar vehicles into battle against witches and demons.

The warwhip is about the size of historical cyclecars, made from a combination of ironwood and foamed metal alloys wherever possible to decrease its weight. In place of front wheels it has a wooden roller with deep treads, reinforced as needed and hobnailed. Set above the roller is the skull of a dog, its jaws enclosing a single headlamp; on either side is a large directional light that Dahbuh never uses. Behind that is a tiny wind turbine set in a grill-façade, and behind that is the warwhip’s engine. The turbine helps the brakes in recharging the warwhip’s battery. The engine is a simple steam engine that resembles a pumpjack; Dahbuh can (and will) use whatever combustible materials he can grab to fuel it. It produces a fuckton of smoke but can be started up in two minutes, thanks to the quick-firing boiler system he had imported from his ancestral homeland. Most of the engine is exposed to the elements, with its

top covered by a tiny domed roof made from plastic. Behind the engine is the bucket-shaped body, within which Dahbuh sits behind a windshield and under a convertible roof.

The only seat in the bucket is a hammock, surrounded by amenities one wouldn’t expect to find in such a cramped space. On the left is a tiny fridge under a box bearing twelve rotary switches; none of them are labeled and all of them are covered in Dahbuh’s disgusting secretions. On the right is a cupholder and some serious communications tech, such as a two-way screen for phone calls and various ports for his phone and any other gadgets he has. The sound system is vast, violently rattling the warwhip whenever he plays music through it. The steering wheel controls the roller, but the steam engine powers the rear wheels.

A pair of pedrail wheels support the rear of the warwhip and allow it to trundle off-road when needed. The steam engine by itself lets the warship thunder along with a Speed of 50 on paved and smooth surfaces, such as streets, salt flats, brick roads and the like. Off-road, however, the warwhip moves with a Speed of 10 on surfaces such as grass, dirt, sand and other rough assemblages of material. However, with the warwhip’s primary form of propulsion, the steam engine’s speed limitation no longer becomes an issue — it simply helps get the vehicle out of a terrain-induced bind. Dahbuh only uses the engine when using the sail isn’t feasible. If relying

entirely upon the engine, the warwhip can travel a maximum of two hundred miles before having to refuel and rewater.

A retractable mast is normally raised to a full height of ten feet between the bucket and the engine, bearing a tanja sail the same color as the warwhip's paint job. The warwhip is considered a high-quality sail wagon whenever Dahbuh's driving it; he's both talented and skilled at sail wagoning, capable of turning even a light air into a viable source of propulsion, so he's fond of tugging the strings that run from the sail into the bucket to finetune his sailing performance.

The exterior of the warwhip is painted with urban camouflage, with the canopy being the same. The sail has a golden nine-headed bird on it, identical to Dahbuh's forearm tattoos. What's interesting to note is how the paint hides the fact that the ironwood portions are planks that have been sewn together, with each plank having been individually lacquered and waxed. Such an odd design is the product of decades of urban combat being waged by hyperconservative warlords; Dahbuh truthfully doesn't grasp just how effective his warwhip would be in a fight. It flexes with impacts, reducing the severity of impacts considerably while keeping the driver safe. The pedrail wheels and the deep treads in the roller let the warwhip resist being shoved about really well, too; Dahbuh gains a +2 bonus to all Dexterity rolls made to resist being pushed around by other vehicles.

Supposing he were to ram a pedestrian with it going full speed, the damage dealt would be severe. A direct hit would do 2d10 damage and automatically floor his victim, and they'd have to make a Physique roll to avoid being stunned for 4 + 2d10 cycles. It would struggle to knock larger vehicles around given its size, but a head-on collision would do 2d5 damage to another vehicle and force the driver to make a Dexterity roll to avoid veering off-course.

Dahbuh's warwhip has 40 HP per PC, but any attack that involves fire or flaming substances has a significant chance of setting the wooden portions of the warwhip ablaze. Attacks aimed at the wheels and roller have a chance of immobilizing the warwhip completely. The warwhip's wooden portions would be reduced to useless cinders after fifteen minutes of burning. Dahbuh prizes his warwhip above most other things and fusses over it if he so much as suspects anything could be wrong with it. If anyone tries to fuck with the warwhip openly Dahbuh will fly into a barking rage and attack relentlessly. He keeps a hatchet under the seat but he's never used it. If the warwhip can't be outright demolished, its various parts can be compromised in secret. The best time to do so would be during one of his house parties, when he's distracted by his guests, after all of the races have ended. He has a security camera watching it in the garage, but that's easy enough to notice.

For all of his bravado and chatter about being an urban warrior, Dahbuh's fucking pathetic in a fistfight, and so are his eight toadies. The only fistfight he's ever won was against a drunk that passed out as soon as Dahbuh pushed him. Everyone knows Dahbuh's a blowhard — every other person he's tried to start with has beaten him to a bloody pulp as he fell over screeching in fright.

Dahbuh never gets into a fight without his toadies nearby and will flee his enemies if caught alone. Dahbuh and his friends start combat by posturing as a group, Dahbuh thrusting his hips back and forth while bulging his eyes at his foe. The nine idiots clump together, practically dry-humping each other while barking insults and commands at their enemy. Actual combat for them never goes well; the nine believe looking impressive is the most important part of fighting. Dahbuh's buddies swing their fists in fast barrages that are feeble at best. They all have glass jaws, easily being defeated by singular blows. As soon as at least two of Dahbuh's buddies are defeated, the rest scatter in a blind panic, screeching the entire time.

Starting two months ago, Dahbuh began claiming that he mastered an ancient martial art, but it's actually a piss-poor attempt at imitating things he saw online. He uses his right hand to block attacks and push his opponent, and he uses his left hand to throw overhand punches as fast as he possibly can while shouting “darp” with every swing. The overhands are feeble

baps since they're thrown so fast, disorienting at best. Anyone who realizes that (pretty much everyone) can swat Dahbuh's arms aside and beat him up.

Dahbuh just rushes in, hesitating and lunging with improper timing. Blocking with his right hand is his only known defense. He forgets that he can dodge in a fight, opting instead to run away as fast as he can if his opponent proves even the tiniest bit capable. Hurting his right arm, busting his legs with kicks, those actions will see him screeching demands to stop as he falters and begins to panic.

Grappling is beyond Dahbuh. If anyone or anything tries to grapple Dahbuh he loses his shit and begins gargle-screaming. Thrashing about like an eel, he'll rely upon his Oily Skin Trait to slip out of a grapple, leaving his attacker slathered in his nasty secretions.

If he can, Dahbuh will let his cronies act as a shield as he lobbs projectiles. When reduced to at least 5 HP, Dahbuh will try to flee the fight, unable to accept that his actions have consequences — he'll abandon his own friends and family! If he's reduced to 0 HP Dahbuh will simply flop over unconscious for 4 + d20 cycles, as he most often takes a decisive hit right on his jaw, knocking him out cold. Any opponent that causes him to lose a fight will be avoided for 1 + 3d10 days and afterward Dahbuh will do whatever he can to avoid angering them, acting as though they were the best of friends.

Dahbuh's diet is religiously proscribed, the result of a landlocked tropical savanna ruled by warlords, its citizens possessed of a superstitious fear of forests and the ocean. Nine parts plant matter and one part animal flesh, his diet seems like a healthy one from that alone. The only permissible animals are canids, bivalves, barnacles, city-dwelling birds and rodents. Every edible plant is acceptable. Blood and dairy products are not.

Dahbuh's fond of pontificating about his unique diet and its numerous health benefits. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds are readily eaten, mixed and experimented with in every meal. His favorite edible plants are almonds, oranges and tomatoes, but sago and sorghum make up a sizeable portion of his diet. Sorghum gruel mixed with almonds and blueberries is Dahbuh's usual breakfast, complete with a big glass of orange juice and a spit-roasted rat.

Rat meat is one of Dahbuh's favorite forms of meat. He'll fry rats, he'll grill them, he'll spit-roast them, usually when the poor animals are still alive. Skinning and slathering them in onion sauce before roasting them is one of his biggest preferences. Making rat broth is nearly an obsession with Dahbuh; he chugs that shit like it's going out of style, and he makes a point of keeping a gallon jug of it ready at home, sometimes mixed with a bit of palm wine for special occasions. He also likes eating dog and pigeon, grilling dog steaks and frying squab for both himself and his gang.

Being a party animal, Dahbuh loves his booze, and thinks getting shitfaced, piss-roaring drunk is more important than flavor, though he makes concessions as needed for his political efforts. Dahbuh loves mass-produced pale lagers, as the disreputable party goers will down them while avoiding the "classy" drinks out of suspicion, leaving the high-quality beverages for the guests Dahbuh's trying to curry favor with. Dahbuh savors most drinks only to impress girls he thinks are "classy", but sometimes he'll genuinely take his time to savor booze made from palm sap, usually with his buddies to join in. If he's lusting for a specific girl, Dahbuh will do his best to find out what her favorite kind of drink is and purchase the best possible version of it he can afford. It's truly impressive, the effort he puts into his research; even if he despises the drink, he'll buy it, if he thinks it'll get the girl in bed with him. If it doesn't... well, more for his guests, then.

Dahbuh thinks hunting wild game is abnormal and repulsively elitist. Why hunt when you can go to a grocery store? Dahbuh's Lovecraftian reaction to seeing dairy products being consumed is equally amusing and unnerving to see; pupils dilated and jaw slack, Dahbuh convulses and gawks and whines. A deeply humiliating incident during his childhood made it clear that Dahbuh's explosively lactose intolerant, and he considers dairy products no different from a combination of poison and blasphemy.

Dahbuh's got quite the schedule on any given day. His political ambitions are carefully balanced with his hip hop productions, his random university classes, and his illegal activities. It's a juggling act that he's managing quite well, thanks to his eight followers managing a few things for him.

The "State" that Dahbuh constantly refers to consists of Dahbuh and his eight buddies. Dahbuh is first among equals, nearly as oblivious as his peers yet far more willful than any of them combined. The nine together form what they think is an actual sovereign state; in their heads the State of Dahbuh is an itinerant court of hardcore charioteer warrior-kings destined for eternal glory. The reality is, the nine form a pathetic street gang that toddles about the outskirts of town; when they're not getting their asses kicked by rival gangs, they're narrowly evading arrest. Their bonds are ironclad if a tad rusted by selfishness; the nine have known each other for thirteen years and counting — no one else wants them.

Rapping is one of Dahbuh's passions. He spends at least two hours in the recording studio every day, engaging with his cronies in producing hip hop. Sales are quite good, much to his detractors' collective surprise; Dahbuh's lyrical compositions sound like pretty much every other stale rapper out there, but his ethnic background supplies him with a few unique twists that give him an edge. Freestyle rapping is one of his (very few)

strong points, but he much prefers spitting out mafioso rap lyrics that have been practiced. As it is, he mentors a few of his more promising friends and communicates with more established rappers in a variety of social media dramas.

Dahbuh's elite street chain takes up a good chunk of his private time. There's a wooden stand it hangs from when it's not around Dahbuh's neck. A wide pillow sits in front of the stand; Dahbuh kneels on that pillow when he prays to his ancestors for assistance. He prays once every morning, with each session lasting anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour, as he pours through the stories of his ancestors in his head. The stand is used to hold the elite street chain while Dahbuh cleans it. Cleaning it takes at least one hour, with the materials always nearby.

Dahbuh really enjoys racing his warwhip. Dogcart drivers, sail wagon fanatics, kite buggy pros, anyone that rides fast and hard will be inevitably challenged to a race. The details of the race vary. If he's going against some brat, it'll just be a straightaway, with maybe a few obstacles to go around. If he thinks his opponent is skilled, he might think up some conditions to deal with on an elaborate circuit that swiftly draws a huge crowd — and possibly the authorities.

Some days, though, Dahbuh just likes to ride while blasting his music. He never enters forests, however — the oily idiot swears witches rule a demonic empire

under the boughs. Such trips are also useful for clearing his head and learning about changes to the local scenery. He enjoys showing off to impressionable kids and strangers ignorant of his ways. Dahbuh will brag about how his ancestors rode gigantic versions of his warwhip into battle, scattering demonic hordes when they weren't splattering them on impact.

Criminal activities are Dahbuh's biggest secret. The State sells euphorants and stimulants (khat leaves have proven to be very popular), but they can easily find whatever a customer wants in 2 + d5 days. Sometimes the louts will set up a gambling den, oftentimes in the strangest of secluded places. The illicit street races are what Dahbuh lives for, however. The State always has their own vehicles present, and up to twenty racers take part, with betting and brawls the norm. No two races are ever the same, which is why the betting is so prolific — and profitable for Dahbuh. Naturally, the cops never catch Dahbuh's State, as they always stay alert.

In the end, all of the money Dahbuh's crew accumulates through their illegal acts is brought before him once every nine days. From there, he doles it out according to who did and didn't fuck up. They refer to such events as "ninth-day meetings". Dahbuh and his eight fuckheads gather at his place. Dahbuh's curule chair is made from ironwood and dogskin, and it always sits in front of a tiny nonagon-shaped table, with eight folding chairs for Dahbuh's State. The nine will

sit and deliberate on many things for at least two hours, with Dahbuh settling things with a concrete finality the other eight will never question. Every ninth-day meeting ends with Dahbuh performing myomancy, followed by a list of decrees declared by Dahbuh. The myomancy involves a trio of rats set in an enclosure upon the table; Dahbuh interprets their actions upon a trio of exercise wheels attached to spinning paper reels, with the reels' myriad symbols holding meanings only Dahbuh can understand. The results of the myomancy dictate what the State will do next to achieve their goals. The State is extremely superstitious and consider Dahbuh's interpretations to never be wrong, considering any errors to be the result of demons interfering after the fact.

The political spectacles are something else. Dahbuh's desire for temporal power has only grown with time. While he uses his rap music to endear himself to impoverished groups and throws his parties for those he suspects of possessing political heft, Dahbuh knows that politics requires direct input as well as indirect influence. Being an overly simplistic sort, Dahbuh prefers staging marches and speeches to currying favor in the halls of power. Dahbuh and his State will ride about town, the nine of them wearing matching goggles and morion helmets topped with yard-high plumes. Dahbuh leads his State on a big march around town (complete with all required paperwork to do so), riding the warwhip at the front.

Once the march is completed, Dahbuh will give a big speech about whatever topic concerns him and what he would do about it when he's inevitably voted into office. He'll also meet with people afterward and answer their questions to the best of his ability. More often than not a brawl breaks out and Dahbuh flees the scene in a mute panic.

Oh yes, the parties. The *parties*. By the skin of his teeth Dahbuh manages to avoid legal scrutiny with his house parties. They're so debauched, so wild that they'd make even that old god Dionysus blush. Every party is thrown at Dahbuh's house; word is sent out by his eight friends to those Dahbuh wants at his party. From there, word spreads to a few other people. Word gets sent out about three weeks before a party is set, that way people can take off from work if need be. Dahbuh does his best to greet everyone at the front door, but two of his cronies are always there to check people, regardless of their leader's presence. The other six roam the property in pairs as security detail. The house can best be described as an ancient roman domus redesigned by a brutalist architect, with a paranoid fascist's heavy-handed input for good measure.

The people that show up run the full spectrum of social classes and interests, and naturally they gather in particular parts of the house. Dahbuh's bedroom is strictly off-limits, but the rest is open to partygoers. Drug deals go down in obscure corners of the place, far from the

people that Dahbuh's trying to curry political favor with. Rarely one can hear the susurrus of a deal being made, but it's nearly impossible to find the individuals involved. The deals tend to be swift (never longer than four cycles), with all involved parting ways quickly.

Bets are placed on damn near every kind of party-time competition imaginable. Dahbuh's able to openly indulge in his love of over-the-top vehicle races, with bets placed on all the racers! At the parties, the racetrack almost always passes through the house, and Dahbuh always ensures that the conditions to be met during the race are exciting. Parts of the floor are composed of black marble, seemingly at random — regulars know the black marble delineates the race track. No more than four contestants race at the same time, and specific windows are kept open to allow a continuous gust, letting sail wagons race against tricycles, dogcarts and even wilder vehicles. Betting is ferocious when it comes to the races, which has made them the main event for most of Dahbuh's parties. It's a double-edged sword, as there have been a few scares when a drunken political scion took a tumble while racing. Brawls usually break out once a race is concluded; while Dahbuh admires anyone that can beat him in a race, three of his cronies are infamously sore losers, with their vehicles decorated with tally marks denoting their wins. They also like to get shitfaced before racing, which makes their tempers even worse.

Polite debates are enjoyed by the more intelligent partygoers in the quieter parts of the house, leaving the addicts, profligates and skanks all confused and bored. However, Dahbuh listens intently; he's learned that the debaters are not only people he wants to court for his ambitions, but also fonts of useful knowledge.

It's usually after a debate that Dahbuh tries his hand at impressing them, hoping to earn their favor. Sure, Dahbuh takes a cut of all the hard currency being made, but he's really throwing parties for the *social* currency. Political allies are his first goal, women the second, money the third. He puts in actual effort trying to learn how certain partygoers act and react, their likes and dislikes — he tries to tailor his approach for each person that he suspects could get him ahead in the political arena. So far, Dahbuh's made only a tiny bit of progress due to his complete disregard for personal space and seeming inability to grasp the concept of personal standards, but he's nothing if not stubborn.

At the other end of the spectrum are the rap battles; they're raucous and produce a wealth of drama on par with pro wrestling. Dahbuh's won more than a few such battles by dint of his flow, proving to everyone that he's not some pretender. Sometimes a rivalry grows so intense, however, that two rappers end up going against each other in repeated showdown events that catches the entire party's attention.

Drinking games are the norm and generally precede the other festivities. Besides the copious quantities of booze all over the place, Dahbuh makes sure that there are snacks in the kitchen, dining room and living room — in game terms, about 8 Size Points all together. There's also lots of meat usually being grilled out on the deck (6 Size Points typically), though Dahbuh's learned not to serve rat or dog meat, after the "Sandi Incident".

Dahbuh constantly roams the party, checking in on his guests and hitting on every girl he sees, or "bitches", as he calls them. Fat, bony, tall, short, long hair, short hair, he doesn't care — Dahbuh has no preferences beyond wanting a "bitch" that shows some skin and responds to his advances in any manner. If a BBW has a Size Total that's less than 2, Dahbuh will home in on her at a party. If she has 2 to 5 Size Points, he'll make fun of her to his buddies for three cycles, but he'll still hit on her. A BBW with a Size Total of at least 6 will stun Dahbuh for a full cycle, after which he whispers in shock to his cronies for four cycles before approaching her. His attempts at complimenting a girl are usually insulting and his pickup lines are too heavy on obscure street slang to understand. Dahbuh lusts after every girl in existence; if he's rejected, he'll just go after a girl with the exact opposite build of whoever rejected him. He's painfully learned not to start screeching at the "ig'nant bih'chahs", as that's cost him some political influence over the past year.

Dahbuh and his State have no idea that BBW Powers exist. If it seems supernatural in any way, shape or form, Dahbuh files it under the category of “witchcraft”. Why? Because he’s a fucking idiot. Dahbuh thinks a lot of things are witchcraft. Pyramids, magnets, giraffes — his mental catalogue of witchcraft grows every day.

Dahbuh’s religious faith explains witches as always being women, bloated with evil energy that they used to ruin society. Swollen with evil energy, witches squeeze that energy out in the form of demons to do their bidding. Dahbuh assumes witches are women that stopped obeying men and ran away to live in a forest. The evil energy that makes up demons comes from men not being masculine and women being disobedient. Demons can be scared away by loud music, the smell of cooking dog meat and the presence of holy relics.

If he ever witnessed an obviously supernatural BBW Power being used, Dahbuh would lose his fucking mind. His pupils would dilate to their maximum width. His whole body would convulse. He’d just gawk and convulse for a few minutes before doing everything in his power to escape back home in mute terror. He’d vanish from the world for 2 + d5 days and nights — no ninth-day meeting, no political spectacle, no parties, *nothing!* As soon as he recovered, Dahbuh would call for a ninth-day meeting, where he’d make it clear to his State what the situation was. If any of them were there with Dahbuh

when the BBW Power was used, the meeting will go as Dahbuh intends. If he was the only one that witnessed the Power being used, he’ll have to convince his cronies. Their doubts certainly wouldn’t be helped by his intense religious fervor; Dahbuh would become fearless in combat against BBWs — but *only* BBWs, as male and nonhuman adversaries would still elicit his usual combat responses.

Dahbuh and his State are all fucktards, so any attempts they made at fighting “witch bitches” would most likely backfire on them. Dealing drugs and handling street races is one thing, but BBW Powers are something else entirely. Even though they believe themselves to be an army, Dahbuh’s State lacks all of the things that make a military effective — Dahbuh typically has to repeatedly screech over the plaintive protests of his eight friends, as they lack focus and never listen to anyone. Even with the facts in their faces they’ll still go on baseless assumptions and rush in headlong without preparation.

Dahbuh’s incapable of gaining any kind of Powers. Fate would readily conspire against him, with any possible attempt at gaining Powers guaranteed to fail in such a way as to leave him humiliated and infuriated. He’s loathe to rely on such things anyway, convinced that witches are women and therefore automatically inferior to men in combat regardless. If the GM wants to make Dahbuh more of the threat for the sake of a more combat-

oriented game, Dahbuh's elite street necklace contains the answer.

The elite street chain hasn't been stolen partly because of the fact that would-be rivals find the ampoules deeply unsettling, and partly because of the supernatural force it's imbued with. Dahbuh doesn't realize it, but the relics combined with his honest faith have made the necklace a decent defense against all Powers. While Dahbuh's cronies lack such a defense, Dahbuh's almost always prepared and doesn't even realize it.

For each PC in the game, the elite street chain possesses 9 HP. Those HP only protect Dahbuh from Powers. If damaging Powers manage to hit Dahbuh, the necklace's supernatural HP are lost instead, leaving Dahbuh unharmed, though the side-effects of those Powers may still affect him, such as strong winds and localized quakes. Nondamaging Powers still force Dahbuh to roll against them as required, with success seeing the necklace recover 1 HP and failure seeing it lose d4 HP instead, with Dahbuh remaining otherwise unaffected by the Power. Once all of its HP are lost, the elite street necklace heals Dahbuh for 1 + 2d4 HP before becoming useless. The elite street chain recovers all of its HP when Dahbuh spends a total of seven hours praying before it and cleaning it. Dahbuh will never fully comprehend the elite street chain's supernatural properties, which will inevitably lead him to overestimate its capabilities. It will not

protect him from mundane things that he thinks are the product of witchcraft, such as guns, lightning and powerful magnets.

As far as antagonists go, Dahbuh's more of a midboss or stepping stone. His numerous flaws are crippling enough, but his refusal to improve himself only makes things worse. It's easy to imagine him as being a pawn in a more nefarious antagonist's game, a useful idiot. If Dahbuh ever discovered his status in such an affair he would flip his shit. A BBW antagonist wouldn't really have the easiest time manipulating Dahbuh, as his view of gender roles would require some very careful wordplay. By himself, Dahbuh's a wild card, given his irrational nature and numerous contacts. Regardless of what the story entails, Dahbuh's always smalltime, a repugnant wannabe.

As an ally and possibly friend, Dahbuh brings a fair bit to the table... if the PCs can stomach his horrible personality. For physical efforts such as brawls or plain labor, Dahbuh's only strength is numbers, thanks to his friends, as they suck at pretty much everything. Transporting things secretly is one of the strong points of Dahbuh's State, as they all have vehicles. His knack for social efforts is his strongest point — setting up an entertainment venue, setting up a meeting, acquiring contact info for someone, Dahbuh can do quite a bit. For all of his irrational idiocy, Dahbuh can follow through easily on illicit deals and social efforts, so long as he can be convinced of a benefit to him.

Now, onto...

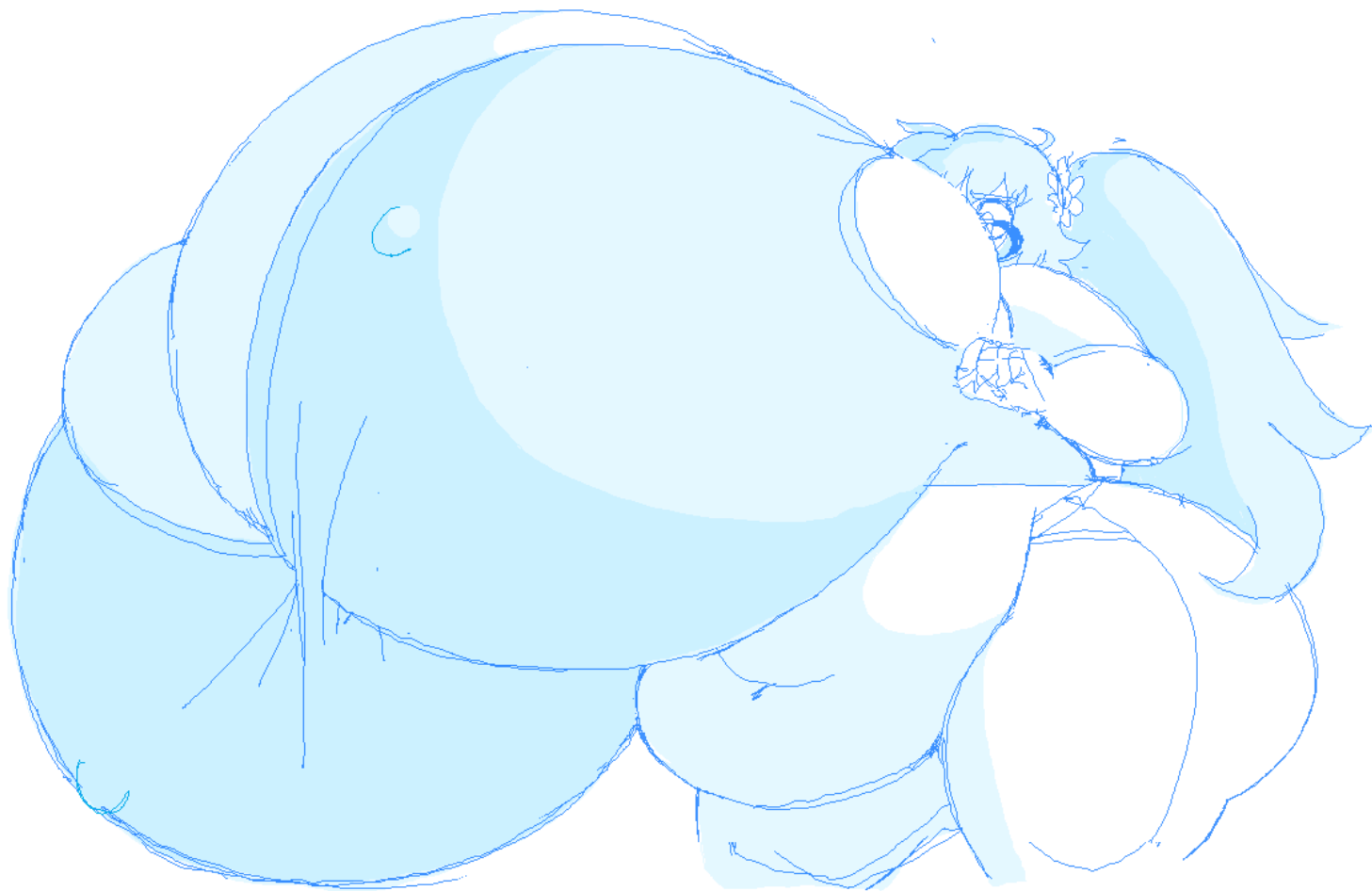
The End!

I know, it's sad. Ending this? Really? All that can be done now is bang out some character ideas and a character sheet. After that, it's up to the Girth Master and the Players to begin their own story. Think of this as the prologue to your story!



Overgrown Ivy, by Woot

Next up is one more picture, then the character sheet, and then a handy volume unit chart. I hope you've enjoyed reading all of this!



Jackie, by Woot

Character Sheet

Player Name:

Character Name:

Age:

Height:

Hair Color:

Eye Color:

Skin Color:

Attributes	Points	Traits (Mark one with an (S) to make it a Specialty and another with a (T) to make it Talented)	
Dexterity			
Empathy			
Intellect			
Physique			
Regions (Mark one as Preferred Region)		Size Points	
Legs and Butt			
Belly and Sides			
Chest and Arms			
Size Total			

HP:

Speed:

Tools:

Appearance:

Background:

Powers (and Modifications):

