

Wolfpine VR

It was a slow Saturday night and while Sybil was partying the night away, Charlotte was sitting in the corner of her apartment, staring at the computer screen illuminating the apartment's darkness. Sunk in her chair, the only things that moved were her eyes and her mouse as she went through news articles around gaming to anime to science and tech before going right back to gaming. Her brain was on auto-pilot, during whatever it could to entertain itself before hauling Charlotte to bed for work tomorrow.

After going through several tabs, she was bored enough to hit the I'm feeling lucky on google. She took a deep breath and sighed, expecting another uninteresting story. Instead, she was sitting up with her interest confusingly piqued. Wolfpine VR. She cocked her head to one side, her eyebrow rising slowly. She shrugged and gave it a click, thinking that it was some virtual tour of the town. Far from it. What Charlotte found was a betting site with a twist that made her blood run cold: People betting on the outcomes of one person eating another. Deeply swallowing, Charlotte scrolled down the list of all the competitors until one familiar name caught her eye.

Sybil's.

Curiously, she gave the link a click, throwing her into a page where she could bet on who she'd eat and how much to put down. Charlotte's first instinct was to just exit the hell out, but her curiosity was stronger, keeping her anchored to the website. Noticing the most viewed tab, she clicked on a video with a humour title, *Karen on a Rampage*. A stream came up as soon as she did with a woman, in her forties or so, sporting a massive stomach beneath a fat pair of tits. From under the skin of her belly did faces and hands and feet rise across the round surface, obviously bones off whatever or whoever she ate earlier. *A lot* of bones. All while she was standing in the coffee shop on main street, the place completely wrecked like chaos had broken out and finished just before Charlotte logged on. Chat was at war with itself, many arguing whether or not she'd finally break that twenty prey streak or if she didn't deserve to break the champ's record.

After watching people fight and call each other names and wishing one another end up next on the menu, Charlotte's gaze moved over to the pot and went wide in shock. Couple hundred dollars at the moment and the numbers only went higher and higher, and the higher they went, the more the young woman was tempted to throw down money.

"Oh, why not." She uttered with a shrug and threw down fifty bucks. After grabbing a drink and a cozy blanket, she kicked back and watched events unfold. About twenty minutes in, another

woman walked on in. There was a scuffle and miraculously, the woman without all the remains in her guts managed to overpower the other, cram the bitch down her throat, and eat her alive just as she had done to eighteen others. Chat went wild, some cheering, others throwing fits, others begging for their lives not to be next on someone's menu, likely unable to pay their debts. Charlotte just smirked. The bet she made just a little bit ago? She put money against the Karen and now, fifteen hundred fat ones were all hers.

As Charlotte reveled in the feeling of being over a thousand grand richer, one comment caught her eye.

FUCK THAT FAT MELON BITCH!

Something compelled Charlotte to look at the screen again and there, right on camera, the woman who ate the streak runner was being eaten again. Charlotte giggled.

That sky blue tank top looked awfully familiar.