“Come! On! Are you even aiming?!”

“I-I’m trying!”

“Try harder then!”

A wolf girl, who looked to be around 19, was standing behind a meek squirrel who was just as old and gripping a bow much too hard. In front of them was a makeshift archery range where targets were painted onto trees with what looks like berry juice. The two wore warm jackets and pants as the cold air around them bit at their exposed fur.

“Loosen your paw! You’re shaking!” The wolf barked at the squirrel.

The rodent squeaked as he suddenly let go, his bow flying to the ground while the arrow simply flopped away. He stared at it for a few seconds before sighing shakily, falling to his knees and curling up into a ball. “N-Nngh... I-I’m sorry, Bron… I-I’m just not cut out for this.”

Bron’s, or rather, Bronwyn’s expression softened as she knelt down, putting an arm around the squirrel. “No, Germ… I’m sorry for being too harsh. I let my anger get the better of me.” She sat down next to him and simply wrapped her arms around him. The squirrel’s body relaxed as he melted into the hug, putting his own arms around the wolf’s neck.

“I-I’m just s-so scared… M-Mom and Dad…” Germ, short for Geronimo, began, sniffling slightly.

“It’s gonna be okay. We can try again later.” She reassured him, getting back on her knees as she picked the squirrel up in her arms, heading to the large tent they shared.

The two were currently residing in a forest, one where it was dense enough to hide in, but not enough to be suffocating. They lived in a clearing where the canopy was sparse enough to allow sunlight through. Because of this, with a nearby river, it was fairly easy to cultivate a small garden. They had even grown an apple tree to its juvenile stage.

As Bronwyn set Geronimo down on his mattress, she looked around before taking a blanket and draping it over the squirrel. He took it and wrapped himself up, eyes closed and breath steady. The wolf smiled, brushing some hair away from his face and kissing his forehead. She took his glasses off of his face and set them aside.

“Sweet dreams, Germ.” She whispered as she got up and left, heading over to tend to the farm for the time being.

…

“Germ! Hey, Germ!” The squirrel’s ears perked up as he looked up from the book he was reading. He got up from his mattress and peeked his head outside of the tent. Bronwyn was standing outside, holding what looks like a slab of bark. There seemed to be a patch of dirt on it, with what looked like an animal’s tracks; a single paw print that looked just as big as his own paw. “Got a new test for you!”

Geronimo’s eyes lit up as he inspected the track, moving his face closer. He began sniffing it, touching it, and even tasted the small puddle of water within the print by taking his pinkie and dipping it ever so slightly inside and licking it. He winced and spat it out, nodding. “Fox. Left around two days ago. Tastes like fresh water and faint berry juice. Must’ve been a messy eater. I detect blackberry. The blackberry bushes grow to the south, so you found this print near a river where a bush of blackberries grew, belonging to a fox who had just taken a bath while messily eating his fill of breakfast.”

The wolf smiled widely, “Well done.” She threw the bark away, letting it crash onto the ground as she put her paws on her hips. “Feeling any better now, Germ?”

The squirrel nodded, wrapping his arms around his sister and nuzzling her chest. “Yeah. Thanks, Bron.”

She returned the hug, resting her head on his shoulder. “No problem, Germ.” She kept it for a few more seconds before letting go. “Alright. Wanna try the archery thing again?”

Geronimo adjusted his glasses before nodding, smiling slightly. “S-Sure. Let’s go.” He reached out and grabbed her paw, squeezing it gently. The canine simply squeezed back as she led him back towards their makeshift archery range.

Now calm and collected, the rodent was able to finally hold a bow properly this time around, even scoring a few hits on the target, even if they were far from bullseyes. Bronwyn praised him all the same, proud of his progress. The two would continue to train how to properly draw back a bow for optimal speed and force until the sun set. By the time they arrived at their tent, they were laughing without a care in the world, falling onto their mattresses while giggling uncontrollably.

“Y-You looked so stupid!” Geronimo managed to say between his squeaky laughter. “Your pants actually ripped from how fat your ass is!”

“Sh-shut up, you fucking dick!” She huffed, still giggling despite her ‘anger’. “I-It’s not my fault! I’m a pred for fuck’s sake!”

The squirrel couldn’t stop laughing as Bronwyn visibly shifted her butt away from him. “F-Fuck! I’m gonna cry! H-Haha! Y-You just bent over and your pants just went ‘I’m dead.’ And-“ He doubled over, wheezing as he continued to chuckle.

The wolf simply shook her head, laughing softly as she threw her blanket on. “Just shut up and get to bed, asshat.”

“O-okay… Whew, okay. I’m good.” He let loose a few more giggles before gulping the rest down. “Alright. Good night.” He put on his own blanket as the sounds of the forest coming to life for the night filled the air.

Geronimo closed his eyes and steadied his breathing as he slowly drifted off into the blackness of the land of dreams.

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*“Bron? Are you still awake?”*

*“Don’t worry about that, Germ. We need to talk.”*

*“Talk? Is this about…”*

*“We need to leave.”*

*“L-Leave… yeah. B-But where will we go?”*

*“Nearby forest. Been scouting it out. There’s a good place where it’s hard to find if you don’t know where it is.”*

*“The food?”*

*“There’s enough food around to feed you for years, Germ.”*

*“I see… b-but… they-“*

*“Don’t think about them right now.”*

*“And your wounds?”*

*“They’ll be fine. I can rest up when we reach the clearing.”*

*“...Mom and Dad…”*

*“...I promise, Germ. I’ll protect you from now on.”*

*“Promise?”*

*“Promise.”*

*“...thanks… sis.”*

*“No problem, bro.”*

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“I’m off to check the traps, Germ.” Bronwyn called out to her brother fishing in the river that passes through the clearing. The wolf had a walking stick in her paw while their bow and quiver of arrows were slung on her.

“Traps? Oh, yeah. You need meat.” He nodded as he stood up and headed over to her, setting his pole down. “How about I join you? I’m not gonna catch anything with this weather anyway.”

“Hmm?” The wolf stopped, standing at the edge of their clearing, where the most dense canopy began. “How come? You’ve never really asked to come along before.”

“O-Oh well…” Geronimo gulped as he looked away. “I just wanna know how. You know… just in case you can’t.” He smiled awkwardly.

Bronwyn stared at him for a few seconds before returning the smile as she put an arm around him. “Well, alright then! I’ve got no problem with it.” She let him go, crossing her arms. “Let’s get going then.”

Geronimo nodded, following the wolf into the woods.

They wouldn’t travel far; Bronwyn set up the traps in locations that were far enough from the camp to not scare away prey with their noise, but near enough to find easily. This was the first thing Bronwyn taught him as they walked.

“After you’ve got the positioning down, you need to find out where the best places for traps can be.” After finding the traps, she started talking about where they could easily catch prey. “Of course, trapping isn’t the only way to find food. You can just snatch something up on the trees.”

Bronwyn knocked on the trunk of a tree, looking up. “Fruit, eggs, birds… you can find all sorts of goodies up there!” she explained as she began climbing up.

“U-um, are you sure that’s safe?” Geronimo called out after her.

“Of course not!” she replied as she continued to climb. The squirrel was left to watch her as she slowly made her way up until she managed to reach out and grab a branch with one paw. She used the trunk and pushed herself off, grabbing the same branch with her other paw. “Haha! Yes!”

*Snap!*

The sound of something breaking made the two of them freeze as Bronwyn slowly looked up. “Aww, shit.”

“Bron!” Geronimo called out, unconsciously backing away.

“Nngh…” The wolf tried to reach back for the trunk, only for her to jostle as another snap sounded.

All of the sudden, she felt weightless.

“SHIIIIIIIIT!”

***THUD****!*

***CRACK****!*

“BRONWYN!”

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*“Will we ever go back home, Bron?”*

*“I don’t know. Maybe. Pass me some more string.”*

*“...it’s not fair. Here.”*

*“I know, Germ. But we… can’t really do anything about that. And thanks.”*

*“But we have to! Y-You… you deserve better.”*

*“I don’t deserve anything. More string.”*

*“Yes, you do. It’s not fair! What Mom and Dad-“*

*“Mom and Dad did their best. I don’t think I could’ve made them change their minds with just me. What they have is… deeply rooted.”*

*“I-I… I’m sorry.”*

*“It’s not your fault. And we can put that behind us now. Especially now that I finally made us a bow!”*

*“Oh, wow! I’ve… never seen one before. In real life, I mean. ...are you going to teach me how to use it?”*

*“Eventually. But for now, you don’t have to worry. I’ll look after us. But you’d better pick up your share when you can, alright?”*

*“Yes! Of course! But um… could you grab some food then? I’m starving!*

*“Heh. Thanks, bro. And don’t worry. I’ll get on that, you black hole.”*

*“No problem, sis. And thanks.”*

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“Fuck… Bronwyn, your leg…” Geronimo stared in anger as the wolf sat up on her mattress. “I-I told you it wasn’t safe!”

“H-Heh, yeah. Sorry.” She smiled sadly as she looked at her leg. She had landed on it when she fell, breaking it in the process. Fortunately, Geronimo was able to carry her back to camp where he was able to tend to her wounds. As meek as he was, he was also intelligent, and was able to create a makeshift splint. But they both knew that she needed real medical attention.

“...we’re going to have to head to town, you know.” The squirrel huffed as he crossed his arms. “And you know what that means right?”

“Fuck... “ Bronwyn looked away, frowning. “I’m… I’m sorry, Germ.”

He sighed, kneeling down and hugging her from the side, to which she eagerly returned. “It’s okay. Maybe we can go in at night so no one will be awake.”

“Sounds good. I’ll just… rest.” The wolf slowly laid back down, closing her eyes as she breathed out a disappointed sigh. The squirrel looked her over before shaking his head, leaving the tent and standing outside, looking up at the sun through the clearing canopy.

“Mom… dad… just, why?” He frustratedly sighed as he shook his head. “What do I do…? Damn it.” He rubbed eyes and cleaned his glasses before looking at the bow he left outside. It was the one Bronwyn had, fortunately spared any damage from falling. He stared at it for a few seconds before grabbing it, along with the quiver of arrows. As he left the camp, he only had one thing in mind. “Bronwyn needs lunch.”

Meanwhile, the wolf watched him leave from an opening on the tent and growled. Grabbing a large stick that she kept by her bedside (for CQC, she says), she stabbed it into the ground and pulled herself up before hobbling after her stepbrother with her makeshift crutch.

All was quiet as Geronimo slowly sneaked to the place where Bronwyn had broken her leg. He saw movement and hurried over as silent as he could, unintentionally losing his stepsister as he ran ahead. He took deep breaths as he loaded an arrow into his bow, pulling it back and aiming it forward. As he silently scanned the area, he winced, his stomach growling loudly. He placed a paw on it, frowning. All the commotion from earlier made him forget to eat breakfast. Thinking back, all the time they spent during archery and having fun actually made them forget dinner too. With an annoyed groan, he simply went back to aiming.

‘I can eat later. Bronwyn’s probably starving with that predator hunger of hers…’ He thought to himself.

Suddenly, he heard rustling and immediately snapped to it, getting ready to fire.

“Woah woah! Don’t shoot!” The squirrel froze, eyes widening as a familiar voice called out two figures stepped out of the bush he was aiming at. “H-Hey… Geronimo?!”

“M-Mom?! D-Dad?!” The squirrel was so shocked that he let down his bow staring at the squirrel couple before him.

The two of them were very average looking, and as tall as Bronwyn is. They both wore jackets and pants due to the pre-winter weather, but not heavily as if it were snowing. Geronimo’s father wore glasses much like he did, although the former’s were much more lavish as it was covered in jewelry. His mother wore a ponytail instead of glasses, expensive looking earrings hanging from her earlobes to complement her look.

“S-Son…” His mother stepped forward, a look of disbelief on her face before morphing into anger. “You… where on earth is that putrid predator?! And you! Did she hurt you?! I swear, when I get my paws on her…”

“Honey, let him breathe. Geronimo. Why are you out here? Where’s that wolf?” His father stepped in and placed a paw on his wife’s shoulder. “Is she watching you? Why do you have that bow?”

“Alright! Pause! Let’s get one thing straight!” He held up his paws, sneering. “Bronwyn isn’t doing anything wrong!”

“But she kidnapped you!” His mother screeched.

“No, she didn’t!” Geronimo replied. “I ran away with her, out of my own free will!”

His mother looked horrified while his father huffed. “So what? She convinced you to run away? You know how these stories end up, Geronimo.”

That last line made the squirrel’s blood boil as he gripped his bow hard. “That’s not true! You two are just a bunch of specist pieces of shit who abused your adopted daughter!”

“ENOUGH!” His father yelled. “I don’t know what kind of bullshit that worthless scav fed you, but you are coming home with us, this instant, Geronimo!”

Something within the squirrel snapped as he looked at his parents.

‘Nothing has changed. Even after all this time…’

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*“I remember when they fucking beat the shit out of me because they thought I took cookies from the cookie jar.”*

*“Y-Yeah, um… that was… me, actually.”*

*“...goddamnit, Germ. You like to make fun of me for being a fat pred when you’re the one who’s always so hungry.”*

*“S-Sorry… and… can I see?”*

*“Here.”*

*“...g-god… I’m s-so sorry.”*

*“It’s okay. I’ll be okay. It’s not the first, and it won’t be the last either. I can tell.”*

*“Bronwyn…”*

*“Yeah?”*

*“I want to run away one day. I hate seeing this happen to you.”*

*“Maybe one day if I find a nice place where we can’t be found. We’ll just live together forever.”*

*“Together forever…”*

*“No one to call me scav, or a monster...”*

*“...I’d like that.”*

*“Me too, Geronimo. Now, let’s get some lunch. Before your stomach attracts someone with that mating call it’s putting on.”*

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He snapped back into reality as sneered at his father. “No. I don’t think I will.” Suddenly, he lifted up his weapon and slammed it down onto his dad’s head as hard as he could. The bow hit hard enough to knock the elder squirrel out as his mother gasped in terror. Before she could react, Geronimo did so quicker as he did the same to her, the couple unconscious and on top of each other.

As his anger faded away, he stared in horror at what he’s done. “O-Oh god… Mom… Dad… I need to get Bronwyn.” He turned to leave, but his stomach let loose another loud growl of protest, making him wince as he held his stomach. “A-Ack…” He looked back at his parents as something gnawing at the back of his head made itself known. “I-I…”

He stumbled towards them, paws quivering as he felt a strange need within him. Sitting by his father’s head, his thoughts turned to all the times Bronwyn limped back to the room they shared, nursing wounds that weren’t there before.

He grabbed his paws, leading them to his face, completely led on by instincts as he opened his mouth and shoved both of them in. Instantly, the squirrel was figuratively knocked off of his feet from how… delicious his father was.His mouth was flooded with saliva, which fell to the ground as he latched onto his father. His stomach growled even louder in response as he pulled his father’s arms in further, swallowing heavily as his throat stretched greatly to accommodate its new load. He moaned as he felt himself stretch, the feeling of which was nearly orgasmic from how sensitive his flesh was.

He continued to swallow the unconscious squirrel down, reaching his hips within seconds from how quickly he began grabbing at him. Geronimo wanted more. He wanted more of the most delicious thing his tongue had ever touched. Soon, his stomach began bloating outwards as his dad was deposited within.

“L-Let him go! What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!”

In his predatory stupor, Geronimo failed to notice that his mother had woken up, and was now currently shouting at her son as she clung onto her husband’s legs. As such, the squirrel simply lurched forward in swallowing his father’s thighs, his lips closing around his mother’s paws unintentionally. She let out a scream as she was swallowed along with her husband with no hesitation whatsoever from her own son.

During all of this, at the back of his head, the squirrel knew what he was doing, despite looking as if he were operating on autopilot. He knew that he, a squirrel and a prey, was currently devouring his mother and father. But something within him simply felt… *right* as he continued to swallow his mother’s torso, letting out a few muffled moans as his stomach bloated out even further. He knew his parents held deplorable views that made them do even worse things towards an innocent child. This was simply the work of karma. Karma, and a hungry squirrel.

With one last swallow, Geronimo fell on his butt as he laid on the ground, his mother’s feet disappearing into his maw and down his throat. “Mmplk… ngah… h-holy shit…” The squirrel panted as his stomach towered over him, about twice his size. It groaned painfully as his mother struggled within, Geronimo blushing deeply as his cheeks puffed out suddenly. “M-Mmph… **OOOUUUUUURRRRAAAAAAAAAAAP**!!!”

The sudden burst of gas shook the leaves above him as birds from miles away flew away in terror of a new predator within the woods. He covered his mouth, blushing deeply as his stomach shrank until it was made up of the very obvious outlines of his parents within. The squirrel was left lightheaded as his eyes fluttered before closing shut. The last thing he heard before he drifted to sleep was the sound of someone chuckling.

“Goddamn, Germ.”

Unlike most of his naps, Geronimo slept soundly without any dreams plaguing his mind as he was simply stuck in a food coma brought about his first ever prey.

As he slept, his stomach would bubble and gurgle relentlessly against his parents within. Acids filled up inside the gastric chamber as his mother struggled, kicking and screaming. Because of his mostly herbivorous stomach, his stomach acids were fairly dull, drawing out his prey’s digestion for an entire week. Meanwhile, Geronimo would simply hibernate through all of this. He would sleep through his mother begging for mercy, his father waking up and joining his mother in struggling for their lives, the struggles slowly dying down before his belly began losing all of its bulges. By day 6, his stomach was a perfect sphere of fat, which began shrinking down as his intestines started his newly digested parents’ journey in padding out their son’s body.

When day 7 came around, he woke up, feeling refreshed and energetic, but at the same time, lethargic. Sitting up, he rummaged around until he found his glasses and placed them on, begrudgingly standing up despite the heavy weight that seems to have clung onto his body. Finally, having to get up woke him up enough for him to realize what exactly was making him feel like a bag of rocks.

His yoga ball sized belly from before had shrunk down immensely, down to the size of a wobbly soccer ball. His belly had developed fatty layers that made him look like a batch of jello, even more fat going to expanding his waist. Right below his belly, his pants felt tight from the front as a large bulge sat, nestled between two slightly smaller bulges. His cock and balls had received the same amount of mass from his parents. However, his butt was what bore the largest brunt of his parents’ additions. From a flat butt that wouldn’t even garner a second glance, his ass exploded in size until his pants had torn apart at the seams, unable to contain the dodgeball sized orbs of furry flesh.

While he was busy gawking at his new body, he heard chuckling coming from the tent entrance. “Hehe! Who’s the one with ripped pants now, fucker?”

The squirrel snapped to the voice, seeing his stepsister smiling with a faint blush on her face, staring back at him. He covered his nearly naked body as best as he could, blushing heavily. “B-Bronwyn! Y-You… your leg!”

“Oh, don’t worry about that now, Germ~” She giggled as she leaned on her makeshift crutch. “How about you tell me how it felt to eat your parents?”

The squirrel didn’t have an answer, only looking aside in embarrassment as he gulped. “I-I…”

Suddenly, he felt a paw on his shoulder, making him jump slightly as he looked back to see Bronwyn with a reassuring smile on her face. “You can tell me. I promise I might not make fun of you.”

Despite the wording of her promise, Geronimo felt himself smile as he chuckled. “I-I… yeah. It felt… really good. They tasted like… amazing.”

“Hmm, interesting.” The wolf noted as she looked over his new body.

“I-Is this what you’ve gone through before…?” He tentatively asked as he squeezed his stomach, disturbing a pocket of air with a *gllrsh~*

“Yup. But damn… you’re actually kinda hot.” Bronwyn admitted, sending the squirrel on another blushing fit as she suddenly pushed him onto the mattress, forcing a squeak out of him as he landed, jiggling like jello. “A fatass too! Now you can’t say shit about ripping pants, bitch!”

Geronimo stared up at his sister smirked down at him, before laughing at her remark. “Pffft… you’ll always be the original, Bron~” He smirked back as he sat up and gave his sister a light smack on her rear.

She hadn’t expected it though, making her squeal in a very new way that left her blushing just as bad as he did when he fell. As the two of them shared looks, Geronimo burst into laughter as his sister simply growled, “N-Not funny, asshole!” She squawked, then laughing alongside with him after a few moments.

After the laughter died down, an uncomfortable silence fell as Bronwyn looked away. “So… hey. Why’d you go out?”

Geronimo gulped, rubbing his neck, which had a slight layer of new fat, “Well… I wanted to get you lunch. So that you wouldn’t go hungry later…”

“Hmph… guess it’s just like always then, huh?” She smiled. “Your appetite just can’t hold its horses, can it?”

“Heh... I guess not.” He chuckled. “Still… it feels weird. Having eaten Mom and Dad… it’s almost like it’s not real. Like it didn’t happen...”

“Well, take it from someone with a decent amount of experience in that area.” She started as she sat down next to him. “You’re definitely gonna have to start exercising with me more.”

Geronimo chuckled at her joke, smiling as he nodded. “Of course. But seriously… what do I do?

The wolf looked away before shrugged. “I dunno what to tell you then. You’re just going to have to live with the fact that you can take someone’s life away with your own stomach now.” She looked off again, sighing. “You have to set your own boundaries. Have your own beliefs.” Turning back to him, she smiled, “That’s something I can’t train you on this time.”

The squirrel looked down at his bulbous belly, listening to the sounds of its idle gurgling. He closed his eyes, letting out a deep breath before nodding. “I think… I can do that. I think I’m okay with it.”

Bronwyn smiled, seeing the resolve within his eyes, “I’m not gonna ask, but I can tell you’ve got it figured out for the time being. But if you ever need advice, I’m always here for you, little bro. That’s a promise.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

“...thanks, Bronwyn.”

“No problem, Geronimo.”

Fin.