Playboy Bunny.

Regina George looked herself over in the mirror, checking her makeup and hair while texting back and forth to make sure that the party was going well. Her Playboy Bunny outfit revealed enough to have everybody looking at her and talking about her fit perfectly. All she was missing was her bunny tail, and she put that on last. It would give her a reason to be dramatically late and make sure that she be the centre of attention.

She sent a quick photo message to her current boyfriend, Aron. She knew Katie was going to try to steal him, so she figured to make sure he remembered what he'd be missing. She was putting the cottontail on when there was a knock at the door.

. Before she could pick it up, there was a knock at the door. Her stupid little brother walked in without waiting for her to say anything. He was holding that stupid rabbit of his and said, "Mom wants to talk to you before you go out."

Regina yelled at him to get out and then considered for a moment. She could sense the hand of her parent's couples therapist in this one. The dumb bitch probably said that her mother and father weren't disciplining her enough. Regina headed downstairs and prepared for an argument.

"Regina, I know you had your party tonight, but our babysitter has bailed. I Need You to Stay Here and Look after Your Brother" was not at all what Regina had been expecting. Shocked, she blurted out her honest reaction, "what! Mom, that so unfair I've been looking forward this party for months" Regina couldn't believe this.

"Look, someone needs to look after your brother, and I can't send him over to a friends house. He has to look after the rabbit." Her mother pointed out, ignoring the fact that her brother, sitting at the counter enjoying himself, didn't even have the God damn rabbit with him.

Regina argued, she wheedled she cajoled, and at the end, she even pleaded. But for the first time in a very long time, her parents said no. Regina needed to figure out a way to get rid of this awful couples therapist sooner rather than later. Regina stomped up the stairs in a fuming rage in her head. She was blaming everyone; it was all this new girl's fault. If she hadn't been distracting Regina, she would've spotted this new idiocy from her parents. Now Regina had TO FIND a way to stay the centre of attention at a party without being there.

And then she stood open her bedroom door, which she noticed was ajar. And the fucking rabbit was sitting there eating her fluffy cottontail. Regina wanted to kill everything, and she wanted to stomp her brother into oblivion, her parents. Still, most of all, she wanted to kill that stupid overfed white rabbit.

She looked at it, closing the door behind her so the damn thing couldn't escape her. She glowered at the animal, staring at it from the tips of its pure white heirs down to its long fluffy cottontail, also pure white. And she watched as it chewed away at the tail that would've completed her outfit and made her the talk of the town.

And then Regina George got an idea.

"Hey there, Mr. fuzzy", she cooed, reaching down to grab the rabbit. Ignoring its escape attempts, she took it and plopped down in her bath. It scrambled at the empty sides but couldn’t escape.

Looking around her vast empty house, she quickly stepped downstairs to check in on her brother. Toby was, as usual, watching TV way too close. She paused briefly to grab something from the kitchen and then made her way upstairs. It was easy to break into his room opened the rabbit's cage, and sprinkle some stuffings on the floor, so it looked like it had escaped.

She locked her bedroom door behind her and grinned. Nothing got the better of Regina George, certainly not a stupid rabbit.

As she walked into the bath, she undid the bottom of her leotard and plopped a large vegetable onto the toilet seat. Mr. fluffy’s eyes followed the vegetable hungrily.

Regina explained, “usually, I like to have something big up my ass when I screw Aron.” She pushed down smoothly and felt her anus stretch around the vegetable.

"He's terrible in bed. And I need something to get me going.” She teased her clit as she stared at the rabbit.

The vegetable was large and heavy inside her, it wasn’t the most considerable thing she’d ever had inside her, but the rabbit would be.

When Regina had first found out exactly how stretchy her holes were, it had certainly made her popular with boys very quickly. But it also left her craving larger and larger objects. Mr. fluffy would be the largest, certainly a hell of a stretch.

Regina and pressed him against her ample chest. She cooed as she stroked the rabbit. “But that’s part of the fun”. When she tapped Mr. fluffy on the nose, she left behind traces of her slick on its twitching nose.

She knelt on the ground and leaned forward, her pert ass in the air. Mr. fluffy was docile in her hands. She flicked her blond hair out of the way and carefully lined up the rabbit’s face to her slowly gaping ass hole. Then with a sickening squelch, she forced the rabbit’s head inside her.

Her wide pink ring tickled slightly by its soft fur her as she forced more of it inside of her.

Usually, the first stretch as she pushed something inside of her was the hardest. The first thing she pushed inside her Janice’s prized teddy bear had been sore, and that was almost as soft as Mr. fluffy was. But this felt easy, wonderful as if Regina Regina’s ass was as keen to dominate this pathetic thing as much as she was. As if Regina’s anus was hungry to devour this troublesome animal.

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The rabbit had been soothed slightly by the petting, but now it could smell death ahead of it. It did the only thing it knew and began squirming desperately.

This did not dissuade Regina, making her moan with pleasure and increasing the plunging of her fingers inside herself. The rabbits kicking did not affect either, and her ass hole was already swallowing down more of the furball. Its front paws were inside, and the rabbit's primitive mind began desperately trying to dig its way out. The sensation of the claws uselessly pushing against her bowels finally drove Regina over the edge. The first of her orgasms rippled through her.

She howled with pleasure, watching as more of the rabbit’s body vanished inside her.

She twitched on the floor, butt still in the air, as it hungrily devoured more of its prey. Its back legs were kicking faintly when she stood up to admire herself in the mirror.

Her face was flushed, her hair was messy, through the tight leotard, she could see how hard her nipples were, her belly was less bloated than she would’ve thought, still way too big for a size 0. But honestly not that bad.

The rabbit hadn’t stop squirming but to no avail. Its left leg had already been pulled inside with the plop. The right one was sucked in until only its fluffy cottontail remained. Regina licked her lips and bore down with all her might.

The fluffy rabbits tail stuck out of her back passage. It was white fluffy, and as she rearranged her leotard carefully, just a little bit of manoeuvring, a bit of tearing, she could fit the tail out of her outfit.

“You ate my tail, and I’m eating yours,” Regina said and pulled out her phone. She knew exactly how to be the talk of the party now.

She considered how to do this. She couldn’t take the photo from the front because her usually taunt stomach bulged out, which would lead to gossiping that she was pregnant. She rotated angled herself as carefully as any artist had. A few selfies for her personal use, and then a few from behind hinted where her tail was without actually showing it.

She filtered them, carefully examined them and then posted two of them. With a mocking caption of “Playboy Bunny babysitter eye roll emoji. “

[trying 124 how do you get emoji’s to work in writing?? Please comment if you have anything better than the god-awful clunky way]

Her phone started buzzing as soon as it went up. She played it cool, not wanting to be seen as too desperate and then took a few that showed exactly where the tail was and how excited she was to have it. Those once she discreetly leaked in such a way as that no one could ever prove that it was her.

. It would be the talk of the school, and everyone, boy and girl, would be talking about it. She was sure that Gretchen would be able to stir the gossip, and everyone would know it was her, but no one would be able to prove it.

She threw herself back on her bed and giggled. Her school was as quickly dominated as this rabbit.

Then she relaxed, and with a silent puff of gas, her anus sucked down the rabbit had been exhausted from terror and panic. It woke and panicked again.

“That got you squirming again,” she said, standing up. Inside her bowels, the rabbits, once pristine white fur was darkening with anal phlegm and traces of shit. It squirmed and fought as it was slowly dragged through the twisted bowels towards Regina's stomach.

Regina calmly went through her usual beauty routine, applying face creams, whitening strips for her teeth, and waxing. Just because she was a predator of little bunnies didn’t mean she could afford a pimple. Then Regina George checked who was talking about her and then fell asleep peacefully.

As she slept, the only sign of Mr. fuzzy’s stinking progression was the bulge moving steadily higher towards her stomach. It was one in the morning by the time Regina George’s stomach finally accommodated the rabbit. The rabbit would pause and then continued thrashing was exhausted, but it flailed and made piteous noises as the acid burned away at it. Its pristine fur came out in clumps, and it thrashed as nerves were seared, causing it to make completely involuntary spasms of agony. As it finally died after minutes of agonized thrashing, Regina George turned over in her sleep and farted once.

Regina walked down had focused on her phone and the fallout from last night. Gretchen had kept up-to-date on the gossip spreading throughout the school. Regina considered whether she be a problem and how to keep her on the side. She was interrupted in fluid multitasking by the sound of muffled sobbing from the kitchen.

She stepped inside and found her parents around her crying brother. Consoling him and saying they are there. Regina listened with half an ear to check that she hadn’t been implicated in anything as she selected her breakfast half of a very small grapefruit.

Her stomach growled, but she knew that she had to count the calories. Just because the rabbit had gone up, her ass didn’t mean he hadn’t been a meal.

“Maybe he just ran off, sweetheart?” Regina’s mom said as the dad made his way out to play golf with his buddies. “Mom, why would he do that? I always looked after I’m always good to my was given treats,” her brother whined. “Sweetie, I don’t know, but sometimes animals go missing. I’m sure if he can, he’ll come back to you,” their mom said, and Regina struggled to contain a snort of derision.

Her brother had better hearing than their mother as he spat at her and shouted. “This is all your fault, you stupid cow”, he glared at Regina. Regina licked her lips, disappointed at the parsity of the meal and met his gaze coolly. “Like, how is this my fault? It’s your stupid rabbit.”

“you were in charge, Regina,” her mother said in a warning tone.

Regina rolled her eyes “he’s not missing,” she said, gesturing at her brother, “which I think means I did my job,” she snarked.

“I’m sure the stupid rabbit will turn up eventually,” Regina said, waving her arms. Her stomach gave a low gurgle as if responding.

“You probably opened the back door and let him out”, her brother accused. Regina was undoubtedly going to let Mr. fluffy out of her back door in a bit.

“Toby, don’t talk to your sister like that her father called out from the hallway. Her mom raised her voice, and her parents began bickering and fighting just like normal. Regina stood up.

She heard her brother saying, “she’s running away because she’s guilty!” Her parents ignored him, and she made a rude gesture behind her back.

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She sat down on the toilet, still texting. A long stream of golden urine splashed into the toilet bowl. “Time to leave the party, Mr. fuzzy” there was a long low fart. The rabbits' last agonizing breaths, and then the first thick log of rabbit poop was shoved out of her ass. The remains slid out as quickly and casually as any other poo had. The beautiful fur meant a few small white clumps, but most of it was indistinguishable filth. Regina stood up and discreetly took a photograph on an old digital camera that she kept for exhibiting the remains of notable anal insertions.

“If only I could deal with that bitch, Katie Herron, as easily as I dealt with you”, Regina grumbled before flushing the toilet down. The message pinged on her phone, and Regina George continued with her daily life. It wasn’t easy being the apex predator of her school. But someone had to do it.