

*Final Fantasy XIV*

*Lala Mistake, A Bunny Buffet*

Raising its head for one final, pained roar to the snowy heavens, the once proud, mighty dragon that had been plaguing the lands of Coerthas as of late fell to the cold ground before its slayer's feet...or at least, what remained of its slayers. Rirva, a vieran monk whose fist sliced through the winds, and Lulupi Lupi, an adventuring White Mage of debatable prowess, turned to their fallen comrades with panted breath. What was once a party of four had dwindled to two now, their Bard and Warrior slain by a foe greater than they expected. The Viera approached each one and nealt down from her great height to check their pulse. Nothing, their souls too far gone to be saved from the clutches of death. She let out a sigh mixed with sorrow and anger, stood upright, and looked to the little mage.

"Look at what you've done." She spoke in a calm tone that held back her fury (shown by the twitch in her long, rabbit-like ears).

"And how is this my fault, hm?" retorted the lalafell, slipping her staff upon her back and folding her little arms.

"You should've been mending their wounds more than cast stones and winds."

"Oh please, and draw out this battle longer?" She looked to the bodies lying lifeless in the snow, more of the falling white steadily accumulating into a piles threatening to swallow them. "Maybe if they'd been more keen, they wouldn't be dead. After all, it looked as if they enjoyed standing in the fire! Besides, you looked like you were hardly putting up a fight, just bobbing and weaving and throwing the most pitiful punches."

"Excuse me?" The Viera stood up right. "At least I was doing my job!"

"Yes, and poorly at that if you ask me."

"Our companions didn't deserve their fates, but you..." Rirva started stomping towards Lulupi, fists clenched. "I think you should join them."

Before the Lalafel could react, Rirva's hand sliced through the cold mountain air and grabbed the scruff of her robes and hoisted high off the ground.

"He-Hey! Let go!" growled the small woman, squirming frantically in the viera's grasp.

"Oh, I'll let you go alright." chuckled the Veira, breaking out of her kind's normally

calm, cold demeanor. “Allow me to show you what happened to the *last* lalafell that talked back to me.”

And without warning she simply tossed Lulupi high into the air, the little lalafell screaming as she went up, up, up, then sharply down. Rirva’s grinning opened wide, tongue lolling out and maw ready to receive. Unfortunately, things were not about to go her way this time. Miscalculating her throw, Lulupi was coming down a lot faster than anticipated and suddenly, her screaming came to a very sudden halt. Having closed her eyes just moments before Rirva’s maw came upon her, Lulupi opened them once more to find that thing had gone the other way around! Instead of descending down the Viera’s throat in a single bite, she ended up with a mouthful of rabbit girl! It took a moment for Rirva to realize what had just happened, but as soon as she did, she was freaking out and desperately trying to pull her off. In the heat of the moment, the Lulupi swallowed and swallowed and swallowed; with every hard gulp, pulling more and more of the rabbit woman.

For the next half hour, Rirvi steadily forced up Lulupi’s gullet, the tight narrow passage not meant for anything her size squeezing her in almost bonecrunching pulses towards a waiting stomach. Even the stomach, however, didn’t grant her much respite inside her very tiny predator. While the rest of her body began to spill out into that chamber, Lulupi’s stomach began to (painfully) swell bigger and bigger to make room for the meal almost five times her size. If it wasn’t for gravity pushing down on Lulupi, she would’ve never gotten past the Viera’s impressive bust. It wasn’t until she got past the thighs that thighs got easy and by that point, the mage was resting entirely on a Rirva-shaped midsection and out of desperation, swiftly slurped up the Viera’s flailing feet and gulped down with an exasperated sigh. With the rest of Rirva’s legs joining her, the Viera’s fate was sealed; the tall, slender monk trapped in the belly of the small, child-like white mage.

“Owowowow!” cried the Lalafell, stomach grumbling and growling in pain as its meal thrashed around inside. “Quit moving around in there!”

“Let me out! It should me eating you, you stupid little potato!” shouted an enraged Monk, struggling to throw her most powerful punches and kicks in this hot, cramped chamber; alternating between tightening around her every nook and cranny of her tan-skinned body. What

little struggle was enough to bring some pain to the over-engorged gut, Lulupi wincing with one ounce of incredible pain after another.

“What?! Yeah, no you’re staying in there.” Lulupi cupped a hand over her lips a sick, crass belch escape her throat with a guttural sound. “Even if I’m anchored here in the cold with a bad case of indigestion.”

She glanced back at her little legs, struggled to try and plant themselves back on the ground, then turned back and let out a bothered sigh; knowing she was going to be here for a while. At the very least, they were malms away from the closest town, leaving the Lalafell to digest her rabbit in the cold, quiet peace.

The following night, Lulupi dragged herself into the cozy inn room of New Gridinia’s Adventurers Guild. As the water from the fountain trickled into the pool for a comforting sound, the little woman closed the door and started for the bed. But before she could haul herself into bed and settled in for a relaxing night (something so desperately needed after such a disastrous job), she caught herself in the mirror and paused. When she left, she held the average Lalafell form, but now her she was, sitting her with a fat potbelly rising from her midsection a much larger bust. Now curious, she slipped off the white and red robes and looked over her posterior, that too having picked up some of the bunny fat as well. She studied herself in the mirror for a little while longer, groping the soft, yet thick pound of blubber not adorning her belly, breasts, and butt, like grabbing at jelly it was.

“Jeeze, Rirva, wonder how long it's going to take to work you off.” She grumbled, then shrug. “Oh well, plenty of work around here to keep me moving, but for now, I could use some decent sleep!”

With that smug Lalafell smile, she threw on a nice night gown and crawled into bed, falling into the best of slumbers she had in the longest time, her stomach growling softly for its next meal.