

## A Ravenous Rabbit Rises

The early morning sun hangs high over the canopy hiding a rather sizable village of rabbits. Rosie, one of the many happy hares amongst her sisters, trots along whilst waving hello to those she passes by.

In this world of strange and fantastical magic and fantasy, humans live separate from the semi-civilized animal girls who live in the forest. Unfortunately for those who make the wilderness their home, males are never naturally born, so they must seek out humans to help perpetuate their populations. For the village of rabbits, this means an occasional visit from some willing inseminators every few months, though for more violent creatures, it can be a lot more dangerous to be a man living anywhere near the woodlands.

Typically, life in the village of bunny girls is simple and pleasant, though the peace is very often disturbed by the other animalfolk of the forest who simply aim to feed themselves.

Trampled crops and lost lives are often what results from any one of the many raids against the village. Rosie has lost countless sisters and friends to the likes of ferocious bears, swift birds of birds, and most prominently, packs of hungry wolf women.

In the wee hours of the morning, while Rosie goes about performing her daily chores, such as tending to the crops and making sure to water them properly, she watches one of her friends happily hop past her farm and out to the forest. The village itself is surrounded by dense woodlands and everybody is discouraged from going out alone, but despite that, Rosie elects to not join the bunnykin as they disappear into the darkness of the woods.

As the rabbit girl continues working, she occasionally glances out to where her friend disappeared to. With each passing minute, Rosie grows more and more anxious and worried for her friend.

“Jessie... Hmmng...” whines the lone rabbit amongst her carrot crop.

After she finishes up her work, she goes to the village elder and reports her concerns about Jessie, though she simply gets told to expect the worst.

“Young Rosie... I’m sorry, but that foolish bunny is probably wolf food if she’s not back by now...” says the tall, chair-bound woman.

The redheaded bunny grits her teeth and breathes heavily. She’s growing tired of losing people and just wants to believe that her friend is alright.

“You... Y-You don’t know that for sure. We got raided only a couple of days ago. The predators wouldn’t bother with one bunny... I think I’m gonna head out and look for her. She must be lost.”

As she turns to step off the elder’s porch, she feels the frail hand clasp her shoulder, “Rosie... I urge you to not pursue her. I’d rather not pointlessly lose two in one day...”

Rosie feels tears well up in her eyes before she pushes the hand off her shoulder, quickly bolting off.

The elder prepares to shout out to have her stop, but she sees her running toward her hovel, “Dear... Hmmn...” mutters the old woman.

Pushing past her kin, she tries hiding the tears in her eyes before she bursts through the front door of her home, falling onto her bed and crying into it. She feels so weak and defenseless and she fears the worst for the future of her village. All her friends and loved ones will soon be festering in the bellies of wild beasts.

After a hard cry, Rosie falls asleep, having left her front door wide open and somewhat broken. She ran through the weakly-constructed door like it was tissue paper. Her fellow villagers pass her by and wish to help her, but they decide to let her rest. She’s been working a lot for the past many days and they believe Rosie deserves some shut-eye.

Unfortunately, the peace granted by her sorrowful slumber is short-lived. While Rosie sleeps, the village she calls home is hit by yet another harsh raid from the relentless canine women.

The redheaded bunny girl's face, buried in her feather-filled pillow, slowly rolls to the side as her ears twitch. The sounds of crying and shouting alert her, though before she can fully get up, she's shocked by a thunderous burst of hot air behind her head.

**“BWHHOUURRRP! Pahhh... Heheh.”**

“EEP! W-Wha—”

As she rolls over, she's stunned by the presence of a gray-haired wolf girl. Rosie yelps out, scooting away from the invader and accidentally falls off her bed, hitting the wooden floor roughly.

“BAHAHAHAHA! Silly little rodent. You're as hysterical as the one I snacked on before we got here.”

The wolf's jagged teeth shine as she smirks and leans further down over her prey's bed, jostling her slush-filled gut. She relishes in the despair of her food and hopes to bring on some tears or even pleas for mercy.

The groggy hare groans on the ground, but as she hears the tidbit about her snack before this raid, she livens up a bit. Her friend who disappeared in the woods earlier was surely eaten, just as the elder said. Rosie rises up from her bedside, gritting her teeth before looking to the broken-open door.

Rosie can see countless rabbitfolk running for their lives past her home, as well as hungry, naked wolf girls looking to fill their bellies. The girl is speechless, leaning back against the wall.

“Heheheh... Got nothing to say? Your friend was much more talkative. Even

now—**HOOUHHRRUP!** Bahh... Heheh... She's making so much gas for me."

The hot air blowing past her face and hair sickens Rosie, yet she can't take her eyes off the belly before her. If only she was stronger, she could do something about this horrible, gluttonous dog.

Laying across the bed and smushing the gut down upon the mattress, the weak wooden frame creaks as she keeps her prey cornered, playing with her food and enjoying the gentle tremblings from her.

"What's wrong? You gonna do something about it? **BWOOUUHHRRP!**"

With this belch, she inadvertently ejects a blue ribbon from her stomach, letting it fly out and splatter against Rosie's face, "Oops, **oouurrrp!** Heheh... 'Scuse me."

As the ribbon remains draped over her face, the bunny feels a heat within her building. Biting her lip, she quivers in place, narrowing her eyes toward the wolf. She has to do something. No longer will she be the weak, helpless rabbit amongst the others of her clan.

"You... sh-shouldn't play with your food!" she barks out before throwing a punch at the predator's nose and rushing past her, using her speed to make a break for the exit.

Unfortunately, the punch doesn't hurt her opponent at all, though it does catch the wolf off guard who was in the middle of building up more gas to shoot out once more.

"**OUURRP!** F-Fuck... You little rat."

She rises up as quickly as she can, but she ends up foolishly bonking her head on, forgetting how much shorter the ceiling of these smaller huts actually is. She yelps out sharply as she steps back, rubbing the top of her head before stepping on a stray, hard carrot on the floor.

Rosie looks back to her intruder as they comically slipped forwards, knocking her chin on the bed frame. She breaks the bed and becomes dazed, nearly falling unconscious.

“Hmm...”

Standing by the door, she has the chance to escape. Seeing her friend's eater on the ground, however, she can't help but feel she needs to avenge her somehow, and what better way than to resign the wolf to the same fate? Rosie swallows a lump in her throat as she steps toward the weakened wolf, kneeling behind her and grabbing her bare feet.

“You... w-won't be hurting anybody anymore, you stupid dog,” she mumbles before shoving the feet down her throat.

In the history of her village, she can't think of a time when a rabbit has been known to take the role of a predator. They've always been the ones to feed others, but she wishes to change that. Unfortunately, she has a bit of a rough time trying to force the wolf's feet down any further. Her neck bulges with the dazed dog's toes, but she has trouble eating any more.

After a moment of standing over the wolf, she takes a deep breath, recalling the happy smile of her now digested friend in the back of her mind. That lovable goof is gone because of this predator. As she lets this fill her mind, she feels her tiny stomach growl out tremendously.

She receives a burst of adrenaline and drags the wolf in, gulping heavily and clenching her eyes shut.

“GULP! SHLLRRP! ULP!”

Rosie ignores the pain of her stretching insides. Bit by bit, the wolf disappears further and further down the rabbit's lips. She manages to fit her lips around the taller woman's sizable rump and soupy gut, but by this point, the wolf breaks from her daze.

“W-Wahh... **BWOOUURRP!** Ugh... My stomach... So much pressure... What’s—ACK!?! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!?!”

Rosie had started going with the flow at one point, zoning out as she absentmindedly slurped her down, but as she reached the invader’s breasts and she snapped back to reality, the bunny flinched in shock. She blinked a few times, seeing the furious expression of the girl as she tried reaching back to grab her. Rosie’s tummy rests heavily on the floor and starts to hurt quite a bit as the wolf kicks and tries standing out of her, but the bunny girl remains strong. She doesn’t allow her food to break free and she lifts her prey above her head.

The wolf tenses up as her hands are grabbed by the smaller predator and easily stuffed into the slavering maw. Tears start streaming down her eyes as she starts wailing out, weakly struggling to break loose.

“STOP THIS! THIS ISN’T HOW IT’S SUPPOSED TO GO!!” screams, though all of her companions seem to be too far to hear her cries of rage.

“GULP! ULP!”

The wolf’s senseless screaming is soon silenced as Rosie stuffs her head down. After closing her lips over the panicking wolf’s teary-eyed face, she swallows the rest of her down, rolling forward onto her gut and resting on it like a bed.

“Pwahhhhh... Huff... Holy moly... I—**HOOUHHRRRP!! BHHUURRP!** Hmmng... My belly... Wahh...” she breathes heavily, feeling her weak stomach working its damndest to keep the wolf pinned.

The hearty belch Rosie let loose caused the organ to tighten further, giving her prey very little air to breathe.

“Uhm... A-Anybody?? I need help!” she calls out before feeling her food fighting furiously.

A prey's body isn't built for this kind of consumption, but she pushed through the pain regardless. As she lays there, nobody comes to her aid as those of the village who haven't been devoured are currently hiding and attempting to flee.

After some time, the wolves get their fill and leave the village. It wouldn't do them much good if they completely ate the entire population. They need to leave some to repopulate the food supply, though lately they've been getting more and more hungry. It's hard to keep from coming back, and soon they'll need to find another village to hound for fresh meat.

Rosie keeps in her building gas and tries to keep her prey from escaping.

Once the wolves are all gone, a saliva-drenched bunny with silver hair rubs her head, calling out for Rosie, "Gahh... I can't believe I managed to slip from their mouth... Hmmng... Rosiiiee?? You here? I—Oh no..." the silver rabbit sees her friend's home with the destroyed door and rushes in to make sure she's alright.

Needless to say, she wasn't expecting to find her pal laying atop a bulging mass of flesh with her cute little butt facing out to the front door.

"Uhhh... R-Rosie? Is that—"

"**BHHWOOUURURRPWWOOURRP!!** Huff... A-Ahh... Heya, Shellie... Heheh..." the blushing hare looks back, waving to her friend before nearly regurgitating her meal.

A clawed hand, tinged pink from the acids inside, pushes its way through her lips and tries grabbing onto something to pull the rest of her out, but Rosie manages to choke it back down.

"**Bhrup...** Ugh... I... I avenged Jessie... Heheh..."

Shellie cringes at the horrific sounds coming from her friend's guts. A mix of weak cursing and screaming alongside the painful gurgles and sloshes of her stomach working to break down its contents fill the room as she stands there awkwardly.

The silver bunny's natural instincts try to keep her from the predator before her, but the belly of her friend is so enticing-looking. She can't help but approach and lay her hands on it.

“Gosh... So... a whole wolf is in there?” she asks while kneading her hands into it roughly, helping to weaken her food further.

“Yeah, heheh... I'm a predator now... and... hmmnng... meat tastes good, heh... I don't think I'll be able to go back to carrots after this,” Rosie says while forcing a smile.

She's ecstatic about her success and victory over one of those who've plagued her home, but on the other hand, the gas is getting to her. Rosie continues to belch every now and then, her stomach tightening around her prey and further sapping the hound of her energy.

“**HOOUHHUURRP!** Pwahh... So good... Hmnnng...” Rosie coos as her little puffball tail waggles happily at the attention.

Shellie grimaces as the noxious fumes being emitted by her friend, “Eh... Heheh... Glad to hear it... Uhm, I think I should g-go and see if the elder is okay—Oh.”

As Shellie looks back, she finds her friend has passed out peacefully while her prey continues fighting, albeit feebly. She doesn't feel safe leaving Rosie alone when a live wolf remains inside of her, so she stays by her side, sighing happily and massaging over her gut while the rest of her village recoups after the raid.

As time goes on, others of their clan pass by and find the newly-bloated bunny. They watch her digest her food in awe, wondering what this could mean for the future of their village.

Once the wolf's movements slow to a complete halt, and her shouting is reduced to whimpering, and then senseless sloshing, Shellie leaves Rosie to rest. She gets some help sticking the door back up on the frame properly to give the heroic hare some privacy while she rests.



While the adults of the village work to repair broken homes and make a note of all those lost, Rosie rests with a belly full of meat, which her stomach slowly adapts to. Unfortunately, all through the night her home is filled with a malodorous smell, the result of her devourment of something her body isn't built to process.

**“Ouurrp... Hmmng...”**

Come morning, Rosie is a bunch different bunny than what was seen of her yesterday. As she awakens, belly down to the ground still, she feels an immense pressure built-up inside of her. Rolling onto her side, she yawns out, cracking her neck and slowly standing up off the messy ground.

“Yaaawwwnn! Hmmng—**FBHRT!** Eep! Oh dear,” she blushes and waves the gas away, looking out her window to see neighbors jolt at the sudden outburst through her thin walls.

Rosie takes a moment to examine herself. She's grown quite a bit overnight. Her chest is much more round, and her booty threatens to tear through her shorts if they grow any larger. The biggest and most obvious alteration however is that of her belly, which was once stretched and contained a rowdy canine girl who stood a couple feet taller than her. Now, while it's considerably smaller, it still has some heft to it.

“Hmm... I should g-go relieve myself...” she mutters as she rubs her belly, feeling several harsh solids jutting out against the inside of her intestinal tract, “How much is in there? And... w-what is that?” as she pushes down on it more, she inadvertently lets loose another rancid wave of gas which feels frighteningly wet, **“BLLAARRSSHRT!!** Ack! Hmmng...”

Rosie pushes through her wrecked door and starts speed-walking along, crop dusting the other villagers as her clenched buttocks spew silent toots with every step.

Eventually, she makes it to the nearest outhouse. She does not envy the job of the bunny girl who needs to clean it out for fertilizer and she very much hopes this latest bowel movement won't sully the entire load built-up at the bottom of the public toilet.

She enters the outhouse and closes up the door tightly before dropping her shorts and plopping down on the wooden toilet. She lets out a heavy sigh while kneading her tummy, feeling the rough skull and other bones stuck deep in her somewhere. Rosie's stomach is still full of some solid matter and she worries about if she'll get sick from it just sitting in her.

The rabbit girl decides to not focus on that and just starts pushing, gritting her teeth and trying to ignore the putrid smell that accompanies the sewage which falls from her cheeks.

**“SHLLBBHRRRTT!** Hmmnngghha... So... m-much...” she whimpers as she continues.

All the refuse deposited by the veggie-eating villagers becomes entirely buried in the muck created from the foul wolf girl. Bone, both whole and fragmented, litter the thick chunks of dog dung which flows from her. The inexperienced bunny quivers in place, feeling immense pain and pleasure fill her as her anus is spread wide to evacuate all that the intruding canine had become.

**“BLLAARRSSHFFRT!!** Hmmng... Oh, my tummy...  
W...Wha—**OOHHUURRP!** Huff...”

Rosie groans out loud as she feels her body working tirelessly to remove all the waste from her, and now it's trying to empty her stomach of the foreign material she wasn't able to fully process or fit down into her intestinal tract. The sudden belch ejected some tufts of hair from her dinner and now multiple thick strands, caked in saliva, hang from her lips.

The bunny trembles and pulls the hair from her throat, using her free hand to soothe her tummy as she continues letting the mudslide fill up the public toilet,

“Cough! Ghhh... S-So much hair... Gross. **SSHLLRRSCCH...**” she closes her eyes tightly and moans out loud as she continues.

Outside the outhouse, a gathering of hares has formed, drawn to it by the intense sounds and scents it emits. Everybody in attendance worries for Rosie, including Shellie, who stands right outside the door, putting her ear to it to listen better. The stench wafting from the cracks in the old potty has her sick to her stomach, but she pushes through to keep as close to her companion as possible in her time of need.

“I... hope she’s alright...”

After some time, Shellie hears all the grotesque sounds coming from Rosie stop. She steps back, biting her lip and uncontrollably blushing as she gives her friend some space to exit.

Sure enough, the bunny comes out, safe and sound, as well as around 100 pounds heavier. Accompanied by a noxious miasma that flows out the outhouse and causes all the other bunnies to gag at the smell, the pred-bunny huffs, still sweating quite a bit after her restroom break.

“Hahh... Rosie. I’m so glad you’re okay,” says Shellie among the crowd.

Rosie stands shakily, holding her round tummy as her chin drips with drool. With her legs bent inward, she retches, eventually belching out loud and coughing up the wolf’s entire unbroken skull.

“**BBWOOHHUUROOURRP!!** Bhhh... **Urp.** Bleh... Finally...” she grumbles, picking the skull up and holding it above her head triumphantly.

With her plump body and the acid-bleached skull of her passed friend’s predator, Rosie is given many thanks and appraisals by all those she calls family. The elder of the village suggests a new role for her to take on, though it would take lots of effort. Rosie would be the village’s new guardian. She would protect all those she cared about from the gluttonous wrath of the larger predators who plagued the great forest they live in.

For the next several months, Rosie trains herself, shifting from the rabbit people's typical all-veggie diet to that of all meat. Sometimes, she'd even be asked to eat objects in an effort to bolster her stomach's developing ability to digest more and more.

With each passing week, she'd eat another denizen of the forest. First was a deer, then another wolf, and soon, she worked her way up to manage to choke down an entire 8 ft. tall bear girl. It isn't before long when it's the vengeful rabbit raiding the village of the wolves instead of the other way around.

Months later, Rosie lounges across a large bed of hay made for her by the other rabbits, relaxing and enjoying the easy life. With all she does to protect the village, she no longer needs to help much with the farm labor like she once did. Now, she relaxes, eating when she's peckish and patrolling during the evening and night.

Rosie has gained considerable height and weight. Nobody can stand against her. She's gained several feet in height, and her gut is so plush and soft that her friends often request to use it like a bed after work is done. They've needed to go and build her a new home just to contain her new size, but she still chooses to sleep outside most of the time, as she finds that her very lingering scent in the air is enough of a deterrent to keep other predators from approaching.

The balance of the food chain is thoroughly shifted and Rosie couldn't be happier. There've been no friends lost in a relatively long time, and it's all thanks to her. She smirks and lays on her bed of hay while reminiscing on the various fun experiences she's had getting to this point.

### **Many months ago...**

During the dead of night, while Rosie was out on patrol, an overconfident ursine girl stomped her way to the village to fill her belly. She had heard of the new defense they have and didn't think the bunnies could do anything to contest her immense size and strength. Her claws can rend the flesh of a pitiful bunny like wet tissue paper.

“Heheh. I’ll show those scaredy cats back at home. I’ll be coming home so full that I won’t need to eat for a week,” she says as she looks over the village from the shadows of the dense forest.

Unfortunately for her, she wasn’t paying attention to her surroundings, “Is that so, Miss Bear? Hmm…”

The bear flinched as she felt her muscular waist squeezed. Looking behind herself, she found a shorter predator licking her back.

“W...What the—BACK OFF, MEAT!” roared out the bear girl as she went to swipe at the shadowy figure.

As she went to attack, she felt her arms pinned to her sides. She was forced to her knees by the awesome strength of the village’s improved defenses. While grounded, she groaned, trying to free her arms from the smaller predator’s grasp.

“If you were smart, you’d eat more vegetables. You wouldn’t be my dinner otherwise,” the rabbit girl whispered before licking her lips, “Goodbye.”

The bear looks back and finds that the rumors of the predaceous bunny girl were true. Before she could plead for her life, her head was jammed down the hare’s throat and her entire body was spun upside down. Rosie allowed gravity to drag her food down into her stomach, and she enjoyed every inch of the thick, muscly bear meat entering her gullet.

Her thick tongue dragged over the flesh passing through her lips, and before she knew it, all the food was gone. She was actually quite disappointed that there wasn’t more.

With her gut hanging down to the grass, Rosie tried to conceal her gas. The village homes were a stone’s throw away and she didn’t wish to disturb them any more than the bear already had with her shouting.

“**Buurrrphhh**—Hmmng... Gahh... I wish you bears hunted in packs, hmm...” she said.

The weak belch ejected some hide panties from her gullet, which she promptly peeled out of her throat and tossed to the wayside.

Rosie continues thinking of her favorite moments she’s had since her ‘predification.’ All of her favorite days involves eating a whole group of predators who see themselves as above the bunnies on the food chain.

“Hmmm...” she closes her eyes and daydreams some more.

### **Only a couple of weeks ago...**

After having heard about a few of her own getting snatched up, Rosie felt a pang of guilt hit her that night. She wanted to stop such pointless losses from happening altogether, but she’s failed. Those wolves needed to pay for what they did.

Despite being the exalted defender of her village, she chose to take preemptive, aggressive measures, venturing into the forest in the dead of night to infiltrate the wolf village. She stealthily made her way through the thick brush of the woodlands and eventually found the settlement.

Rosie got to work, sneaking throughout the village and lurking in the shadows. She found that much of their population had been suffering for a decent while. They were falling in the food chain all thanks to the exploits of this one ravenous rabbit girl.

One by one, she snuck into the homes of the wolves who’ve ravaged her and her people for generations to devour them in their sleep. She’s become frighteningly efficient at eating. Rosie manages to choke each of them down in less than a minute, filling out her gut quite a bit.

Her potent acids made her incredibly gassy very quickly, though she manages to keep all that down while she continues lurking through the darkness of the

middling wolf village. She started leaving a rut as she moved about, created by the weight of her gut dragging across the ground.

In the largest home within the small village, the chieftain and her two adult daughters went down for the night. They're all completely unaware of the uncontrolled wrathful gluttony that went on outside their abode.

The chieftain herself slept peacefully by herself. The old woman was wrapped snugly within her blanket, though this peace did not last her very long. The village invader goes to work in exacting her revenge.

She groaned out, gritting her teeth as she awoke in a most precarious position. Finding herself gagged and bound to a support beam in her bedroom, she goes to shout for help, but she felt an overwhelming sense of dread hit her. The intruder laid before her, forcing her to watch as her own daughters were made into the merciless bunny's next dinner.

Rosie balanced atop her enormous, sloshing gut of wolf meat as she slurped up the two beautiful, naked wolves. Both of them were bloated with whatever prey they had that day and were crying out for help, but unfortunately, anybody who could've helped was stewing away in her stomach.

“HELP! MOTHER!!” shouts one.

“Hmnnghhh... Get this stupid bunny away! I c-can't be eaten by a carrot-munching prey!” complains the other.

“GULP! SHLLRRRP! Hmnnn...” Rosie's cheeks flush as she lets her tongue drag along the pudgy forms of the spoiled wolves.

With the two of them tied up to one another, they're both forced to experience the feeling of being eaten, just like all their fellow wolves before them. Tears welled up in their eyes as they continue struggling.

Eventually, Rosie slurped up the last of the tasty canines. She closed her lips around their terrified faces and felt her throat as they make their way down to the awful graveyard her stomach was starting to become.

“GULP! Pwahh... **BBWOOUHHUURRP!** Hah. You wolves taste so much better than all the other predators in the forest.”

The bunny groaned as she rolled onto her feet, letting her stomach drag along the ground as she made her way to the wolf milf. She displayed a toothy grin, showing off her newfound sharpened chompers.

Rosie pressed her gut to the chieftain, practically burying her in the boundless flesh whilst taunting her, “How does it feel to have all those you know and love reduced to fat? It hurts, doesn’t it?”

The smell from the bunny’s previous belch stings the chieftain’s nostrils as she stares her village’s devourer in the eyes, shaking her head. She wanted to be freed and spared, but that simply wasn’t her fate.

“**HHOUHHURRP!** Hmng...” she blew the rancid air at her face and continued teasing her with her gas and gut.

Those stuck inside her stomach who were yet to be digested pushed against the tightly-stretched walls in an attempt to escape, but all they end up doing is rile up more gas in the predator. Not only that, but they pushed up against the tied-up wolfess, who shouted pitifully through her gag for mercy.

“**BHHOUHHUURRP!** Heheheh... Allow me to reunite you with the rest of your kin. Oh, and you have nothing to worry about. You may become fat on my glorious ass, but you’ll also become fertilizer to liven up the crops of my people,” Rosie said with a sadistic tone to her voice before grabbing the chieftain by the waist.

With a little force, she managed to tear the wolf from the ropes binding her, holding her next prey on her stomach. She snickered to herself before



unceremoniously gobbling her up like all the rest, letting her struggle all she wants with her restraints broken.

Rosie swallowed loudly, sending her down into her merciless organ. She didn't take the time to savor her mortal enemy's flavor, as, by this point, all the wolves tasted the same. She was bored with it.

The chieftain was simply another load of meat in her gut, and with the last of her swallowed down, she falls back onto the floor.

The entire hut shook as she landed on her back, breathing heavily and salivating. The bunny rubbed over her taut tummy, letting her gas loose while staring at the ceiling.

**“BHHOOUURURURRP! OOHWOUURRP! Pahhh... They're... all gone... Heheheh... Revenge tastes so sweet...”**

The tremorous sounds of her unrelenting belches could be heard far beyond the limits of the vacant wolf village as she emptied her stomach of gas.

Rosie took a well-earned nap as the moon hanged over the ghost town, letting all those who tormented her and her family simmer in her belly's gastric juices.

Come morning, Rosie decided that she wouldn't put in the effort to drag her enormous gut all the way back to her village. All the wolves have been digested, processed, and compacted in a heaping pile of shit to dispose of, and she just wants to be rid of them.

She went back on her promise of putting them to use as fertilizer, instead opting to dump them out in the middle of their little town.

The bunny reached the center of town where a large, smoldering bonfire rests. The embers of the wolves' last feast remain, crackling weakly amongst ashy logs of wood. Rosie aimed to snuff those flames, hovering her ass above the fire pit and sighing pleasantly at the feeling of warmth from the weak fire.

Her sighs of comfort were quickly replaced by intense moans of pleasure as she began the long, rewarding process of dumping out the remaining wolf population. Log after greasy log of shit plopped into the fire pit, instantly killing the fire as she unloaded her colon.

“**SSHLLHRRSSCCH!!** Hmm... Sorry I broke that little promise, Ms. Wolf Chieftain, heheh... I decided I'd rather not sully the farms with your remnants. I don't want to see another wolf in my village... Regardless if they're a hideous raider, or a—Hmnnng... **BLLARRSSHRTT!!** A... revolting pile of mud... You'll stay here, and fester...”

Rosie reached behind herself to part her massive, bare cheeks, letting the flow of malodorous fudge plop noisily onto the growing pile behind her.

The rabbit's foul pucker is stretched wider than it ever had been to deliver the remains of the wolf clan. Much to her disappointment, however, her body had become so efficient at mulching prey into mush that not even a fragment of bone remained. They were simply shit and nothing more.

“**FFRRSSHRT!** Hmmg... No bones... Huff... Can't even tickle me a little bit. Just waste... Hopefully, I can find more worthy prey in the future. Ones that'll actually show some resemblance to themselves once they leave me—**SSHLLARRSSHRT!!** Pitiful dogs...”

After nearly an hour, she stood upright, though a bit wobbly after remaining squatted down for so long. She takes a heavy breath before looking at the vile work she'd done.

“I've become such a monster, heh...” she quietly comments before leaving the wolves to deal with the flies, returning to her village so she can properly wipe up.

Rosie idly chuckles to herself, snapping back to reality as she feels her gut rumble. Some pent-up gas decides to come out, rattling the predator where she lays.

“**OOHHUUOOOUURRP!** Wehh...” she whines, rising up from the bed of hay to rub her potbelly.

The belch echoes throughout the village and startles some bystanders, though they simply giggle at her and move along with their daily chores.

The bunny pred looks to her belly, sinking her hands into it and feeling some harsh pangs of hunger ail her.

It’s been months since she started this transition, but now, she’s beginning to suffer from a lack of viable food options. The only things that lets her feel full are other hefty predators, and the last time she ate anything that sizable was around a week ago when she devoured a pack of fox girls trying to dig through their crops.

Rosie doesn’t really feel like going out to prowl for lurking animals in the woods, so she decides to go pay a friend a visit. Typical vegetables haven’t passed through her lips in a short while and she has a craving for some carrots.

The towering bunny makes her way to the public food pantry where all their harvested crops are stored. One of her many friends, Shellie, relaxes outside the large hut that houses the pantry as she chews on a carrot.

The silver-haired bunny smirks as she watches the village’s defender approach, waving to her as she continues crunching on her veggies, “Heya. What’re you up to—?” she pauses as the growl of her friend’s gut cuts her off.

“Heheh, just a bit peckish. You think I could go grab a bite to eat?”

“Pshh... Of course you can. Just because you’re a meat-eater now doesn’t mean you aren’t a bunny. Help yourself,” she says with a smile before putting a straw hat over her head to block the sun in her eyes.

“Thanks—Ghh... Heheh...” she winces at her temperamental tummy, feeling as though her stomach is eating away at itself as she leans forward and steps through the short doorway.

Her eyes widen as she looks over the vast array of food that's been stocked up. The village's new fertilizer that she herself provides has improved their crop tremendously. It also helps that the worker rabbits haven't been getting eaten, so a more bountiful harvest is possible.

With so much tasty vegetables before her, Rosie can't help but dig in, aiming to quiet the starving beast her stomach contains.

After some time, Shellie outside starts to notice the sounds of Rosie scarfing down handfuls of food like a real monster. She peers inside nervously, finding the bunny kneeling before a barrel of potatoes and shoveling them in her mouth.

“Oh my...”

Several empty containers lay beside her as her belly sticks out quite a bit, gurgling noisily to work away the preserves.

“Uhhh, Rosie? You good? I, uh... I know you're hungry, but you can't eat all of it, heheh. We gotta eat some of that too you know?” Shellie says with a somewhat teasing expression, crossing her arms and standing behind the famished hare.

Rosie stops, huffing and licking her lips as she kneels on the ground. Her ears hang lazily as she looks down at her belly, groping it and sloshing it about.

“I'm... so empty... So hungry... Ghh... This kind of food doesn't taste as good, or... feel as good to eat...”

“Weeelll, a carrot isn't as filling as fox I guess, heheh... No worries. I'm sure someone will try sneaking into the village for some bunny brunch and you can go to our rescue and have them! Is that, uh... week's worth of potatoes not filling enough?”

Shellie stands anxiously before the predator, not immediately realizing how much danger she's really in.

The bloated bunny wipes the saliva from her mouth and looks to her friend, seeing her as a lively, suitable prey. Not nearly as meaty as a wolf, but she's definitely pretty thick for a rabbit. She licks her lips, turning toward her friend and getting on her hands and knees as she crawls towards them.

The farmer flinches, recognizing the hungry look in Rosie's eyes. She's been faced with such a look from countless invaders in the past, but to be stared down by her own friend sends a chill down her spine.

“R... Rosie?”

Another harsh growl emanates from the predator's greedy gut and she immediately pounces like a wild beast, mouth gaping wide mid hop.

The sun peering in through the windows is quickly blotted out by the mammoth bunny flying toward her, and before Shellie knew it, she was being crammed down her throat like the potatoes from before. She struggles and kicks uselessly, trying desperately to get her friend's attention.

“Rosie! S-Stop!”

Rosie sits on her knees and gulps down her prey, not taking a moment to savor her flavor. She's too hungry to think about that, merely aiming to sate her hunger.

“GULP! Pahhahh... Heheh... **OOUHUURRP!**”

The skull-rattling belch snaps Rosie from her hunger-induced trance and she quickly realizes what she's done. She huffs, looking at her stomach and pressing her hands into it.

“Sh... Shellie? Shellie! Ahh! F-Fuck... I'm so sorry! I was so hungry and—AH! I gotta get you out.”

Her belly was so fat that it's difficult to even notice that she's got a whole bunny

inside. Shellie blends in with the pudge and bloat added from the food she's consumed.

Rosie goes to regurgitate Shellie, but by the time she starts gagging, she feels the movement from her friend completely stop. She feels the form of her friend collapse under the rising tide of acids and all her struggles completely cease. Never did she think that she'd become so powerful of a predator that a bunny would expire in less than a minute within the confines of her hazardous gut.

“Oh...” Rosie swallows a lump in her throat and falls flat on her butt, sighing heavily as she cradles her tummy, feeling a sense of guilt wash over her.

She knows that nobody can ever know of this. Not even the village elder. Rosie decides to keep this horrible atrocity to herself for the time being, but she knows now that she can never do something like that again. For this reason, she removes the limits of what she'll consider food outside her village.

On her patrols, Rosie will consume anything she comes across that'll make a decent bulge, whether it's a harmless deer girl, a terrible wolf girl, or even a human going for a stroll. She needs to eat meat, and she knows that now. She can't control herself if she doesn't get a steady diet of a few prey a week. If she can't keep it up, then she'll put her own people at risk.

This is her plan, and she heads out into the village to lie about her friend's tragic passing, saying it was a fox who got her. The gas that Shellie produces will be passed off as too much asparagus...

“**BWWOUHHURRP!** Heh... Heheh... Sorry...”