

Big Bun Eating Contest

By: IndigoRho

Dexter grinned as he looked at each of the half-dozen rabbit friends he'd gathered together in his spacious living room. Every year the pudgy rabbit liked to host a week-long competition to celebrate Fat Bunny Week, and of course the event always involved seeing who could become the biggest bunny of them all. His desire to hold the title was greater than ever before, so Dexter had come up with a cunning plan to ensure his victory was one for the record books. First, though, he needed to trick the friends who would soon be fueling his rise to glory.

"Thank you all for coming over so we can officially kick off the start to Fat Bunny Week!" Dexter said, receiving nods from the others. "I know all of us are plenty experienced at stuffing ourselves silly, but this year I think we should take things to the next level and *really* let our appetite's run wild. Who can tell me the most fattening food?"

A handful of answers were offered, ranging from donuts, to ice-cream, to burgers. Eventually, though, someone simply shouted out "Ethan". Ethan was one of the guests that evening, and likely the portliest of the group by a few pounds.

Everyone had a good laugh at the joke suggestion, until Dexter spoke up again. "Exactly!" The laughter died down, replaced with curiosity. "Even an all-you-can-eat buffet can't pack the calorie content of a blubbery person, and gorging on others is the easiest way to blimp up fast. I say we show everyone bunnies can be just as voracious as any wolf or dragon, and see which of us can get the fattest off pure predation alone!"

There was silence at first, until smiles gradually grew across the faces of each rabbit in the room. They all had considerable appetites, and the thought of just how huge they could get in a single week by eating others quickly won them over. Soon the rabbits were eagerly chatting about which plump coworkers they wanted to eat, and which restaurants had the fattest delivery boys. Dexter could barely contain his joy after the successful rouse. A week from now, when the competition ended, his gluttonous friends would all be massive, and then he'd have the feast of a lifetime.

"I'm happy to hear you're all as enthusiastic about this as I am!" Dexter said. "Now why don't we all start this thing off right by heading to the buffet to grab some lively meals?"

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Dexter waddled down the frozen food aisles of his local grocery store, stomach growling as he looked over the numerous flavors of ice-cream. In order to nurture his appetite for his big end of the week meal, the rabbit had actually been showing restraint, choosing prey who were fairly slim rather than indulging on the chunkier ones that tempted him. Despite that, he'd still managed to fatten up a respectable amount during the first two days of the competition. His white and orange cheeks were noticeably rounder, and his belly had begun peeking out from under his largest shirts. Even his gray-spotted love handles were perpetually exposed.

As he ogled the ice-cream, though, another shopper caught his eye. A few doors down was Ethan, and the white rabbit had already blimped up so much Dexter almost didn't recognize him at first. Ethan's massive tum was pressed up against the freezer door, bouncing about as a recent meal continued to squirm within.

"Really angling to win the competition, aren't you!" Dexter cheerfully greeted his friend, mouth watering.

Ethan smiled, giving his gut a triumphant slap. "I already had a bit of a weight advantage over all of you, and I've been grazing on wiggly meals non-stop! You're really gonna have to gorge if you want to catch up with me."

Dexter held back a smug grin, laughing innocently. "I'm just off to a slow start. Besides, a lot

can happen between now and Saturday night.”

The two parted ways, Dexter's imagination running wild with visions of how ridiculously filling Ethan would be by Saturday.

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On a busy Thursday evening, Rob just barely squeezed himself through the subway doors, breathing a sigh of relief as he found a pair of empty seats to plop down on. The obese orange rabbit's belly jiggled as he sat, barely contained by his strained suit. Reviews were the perfect excuse to stuff himself with underperformers at the office, and he was confident he had a clear shot at being the fattest bunny by week's end. His only concern was whether or not he'd still fit through most doorways by the time he was declared victor.

“Making good progress Rob!”

Rob glanced across the car, surprised to see his friend Oscar taking up another pair of seats on his own. The solid black bunny had gotten considerably blubberty since they'd last met, possibly fatter than him. “Kind of odd for you to be taking the subway, Oscar. Don't you work from home?”

Oscar shrugged. “My neighborhood's got a sudden shortage of delivery guys for *some* reason, so I've switched to eating out instead.”

“The routine's obviously been treating you well,” Rob said. His gaze was lingering on his friend's gut, and curious thoughts about the rabbit's taste entered his mind. Eating another competitor wasn't *technically* against the rules. Oscar would do wonders to his waistline, not to mention reduce the bellies he needed to beat from six to five. He had the feeling Oscar was thinking the same thing.

“You know, maybe we should both have a quick snack before someone does anything hasty,” Oscar suggested.

Rob nodded. “Sounds good to me.”

The pair's stomachs growled in unison, and suddenly the subway car was turned into a mobile buffet...

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Dexter could barely contain his excitement once Saturday finally arrived. The rabbit was shirtless, letting his large, round belly hang out for the world to see. While he'd bulked up wonderfully during the week, he knew his current size would pale in comparison to how immense he would be once he ate all his fattened up friends. He'd seen glimpses of their gains via teasing pics many had texted the group, but their exact weights would be a surprise. Just as Dexter finished organizing one last binge session for his future meals, the doorbell rang; his first guest had arrived.

The voracious host waddled to the front door and opened it, flashing a smile at the light-brown bunny who awaited him. “Tucker! Looking good, you really rounded out well! Come in, come in.”

Tucker blushed as his love handles brushed against the sides of the door frame. He was slightly heftier than Dexter, belly wobbling as he walked. “Thanks! Honestly I thought I'd be the slimmest, had some trouble catching prey that weren't just half my size.”

“Well there's still some time before official weigh-ins, who knows what could happen.” Dexter's stomach was rumbling loudly. He'd spent all week fantasizing about cramming his fat friends down his throat, and temptation was on the verge of overwhelming him. Tucker looked soft, juicy, and most of all, filling. Despite the other rabbit's uncertainty about his size, Dexter knew he was much fatter than anyone he'd eaten recently.

“I guess so, I just really want to be the fattest bunny,” Tucker laughed.

Dexter's hunger finally won out. “Well, I can always guarantee you the next best thing: being *part* of the fattest bunny!”

Before Tucker could figure out what his friend meant, Dexter pinned his arms to his sides and opened his mouth wide before lunging. Tucker squirmed in confusion as his head was engulfed, the other rabbit's jaws stretching down over his shoulders in a few, quick gulps. Driven by hunger, Dexter lifted his delicious friend off the floor, swallowing him relentlessly. His belly swelled outwards further, filling with blubbery bunny and bouncing around from the struggles of his impromptu meal. Tucker was too big to properly fight back, though. Once the tasty rabbit's gut was slurped up, the rest of him followed with ease, his plump legs kicking all the way down.

Dexter let out a tremendous belch as soon as he finished gobbling up Tucker, his bloated gut shaking wildly in the process. He rubbed his belly in glee, delighted to have finally indulged a little after practically starving himself for days. Tucker would do a wonderful job of holding him over until the others were properly stuffed.

"It's a shame you didn't get the chance to eat another person or two, but I'd say it's a bit of an honor to be the first addition to the future champ's waistline!" Dexter chuckled to himself as he began waddling back to the living room. "Snacking on you alone is gonna make me huge, just imagine how big I'll be once the rest of you are scarfed down!"

Dexter's gut swayed and wobbled in protest, though there was little else for Tucker to do than wait to become bunny pudge. Tucker had arrived fairly early, so Dexter had plenty of time to finish last minute preparations for the party. As the voracious rabbit made phone calls and gathered snacks, his belly gradually calmed down, shrinking slightly as his body grew softer, and even a bit taller. When the doorbell next rang, there was no evidence left that Dexter had even eaten anyone that day.

Brian and Sean—a pair of gray bunnies—were the next to arrive, both noticeably wider than Tucker had been. Sean got stuck in the front door right away, and Brian had to give him a few shoves to force the blubbery bun through. Of course Brian ran into the same issue himself. Pulling him through the threshold proved to be a tad bit more difficult, the wooden frame actually warping and cracking by the time his friends had managed to get him unstuck. He was embarrassed at first, until Dexter laughed off the damage.

"Congrats on your gains, guys, you're the first ones here!" Dexter lied, giving his fatter belly a scratch. "The others should be here soon, at least the ones still coming."

"I bet Ethan ate someone, didn't he!" Brian said, having apparently made a small bet with Sean.

Dexter grinned at how close his friend was to the truth. "No, no. Tucker's just feeling under the weather so he had to drop out."

"Too bad, my victory won't be nearly as overwhelming then," Sean boasted.

"In your dreams! I'm totally fatter than you right now," Brian countered.

Dexter let the pair continue their friendly argument, directing them to the living room while he welcomed the recently arrived Ethan. As expected, the white rabbit was the largest to arrive thus far, and he gave the front door a questionable look. He was coaxed into testing his luck by Dexter, who delighted in watching the massive rabbit get immediately wedged in the door frame. Dexter took his time helping his mouth-watering friend shimmy through the entrance, prodding his belly whenever he could just to feel how soft he'd gotten. Eventually the big bun made it through, but not before snapping the door off its hinges and leaving splinters in its wake.

Ethan sheepishly apologized before he was sent to join the others. With the front door out of commission, Dexter opened up his garage as a backup. The decision proved fruitful, as Rob and Oscar revealed themselves to be even fatter than Ethan. Dexter's stomach was already growling again when he gathered his friends in the living room, but he resisted his gluttonous urges for the moment.

"Glad to have everyone back here after an obviously productive week!" Dexter said, his friends filling up the furniture. "While a few of us are heftier than others, we're gonna have one last feast before we declare a winner. I've ordered delivery from every available place nearby, and also abused the heck out of a grocery-delivery app. Soon we'll have more prey than we'll know what to do with, till the house is filled to the brim with blubbery bun!"

The short speech prompted cheers from the other five rabbits, who all licked their lips in anticipation. Barely fifteen minutes later, the gluttony began in earnest. One-by-one the hapless delivery guys arrived at the house, their confusion over the shattered front door short-lived as they soon found themselves grabbed, bound, and carried off to be eaten later. Prey were divvied up through games or sometimes random chance, then snacked on like appetizers. Some rabbits would eagerly stuff their meals with the very food they'd delivered, ensuring they'd be as fattening as possible before gobbling them up.

Throughout it all, Dexter barely ate anyone. He made sure his friends were too busy eating non-stop to notice his light appetite, and only selected the thinnest of the prey for himself. Dexter needed to save room for his true dinner, after all. The others gorged with reckless abandon, their bellies ballooning outward from prey, layer after layer of fresh pudge being added to their bodies over time. Rob and Oscar were the first to become immobilized by their gluttony, followed closely by Ethan. Brian and Sean only remained mobile longer because they'd brought their last meals outside so they could eat by the pool.

Dexter's feast was finally about to begin. First he waddled out back, where Brian and Sean were relaxing in lounge chairs by the pool, having finished off their prey. Their chairs creaked loudly anytime they moved, barely able to hold the bunny bulk heaped on them. They looked absolutely mouthwatering.

"You two ready for the final weigh-in?" Dexter asked, looming over them.

"I—uurrp—guess so," Brian said with a slight hint of disappointment. "I'm pretty sure I beat you and Sean, but I'm not so sure I'm fatter than the others."

Sean stretched his arm out to bop Brian, but didn't come close. "I'm definitely a pound heavier than you!"

"Well the weigh-in will clear that up nicely, so why don't you two try to stand up...if you still can, that is," Dexter grinned.

Brian and Sean scoffed at the insinuation. With excessive confidence the pair attempted to rise from their chairs, only to be quickly foiled by their own girth. Dexter laughed as he watched his friends wobble back-and-forth in a desperate attempt to prove their mobility, now certain they were ready to be eaten.

"Too bad. Looks like I'm going to have to carry both of you in myself," Dexter shrugged. "Though I'm not sure you'll like my method."

Brian and Sean's confusion was swiftly answered as Dexter grabbed Brian and shoved his head into his mouth. The surprised rabbit flailed as Sean looked on in shock, hoping it was a joke at first. He realized Dexter was serious once Brian's shoulder's slipped from view. Dexter's immobilized meal took an incredible amount of effort to swallow, but hunger proved to be an incredible motivator. Brian was completely helpless, his heft preventing him from struggling properly, and quickly becoming exhausted. Sean desperately tried to stand so he could flee, but even the adrenaline rush caused by the fear of being eaten alive wasn't enough to get him back on his paws. Dexter's gut swelled and pushed into him as it filled with the squirming Brian, almost pinning him to the chair. A loud gulp sealed Brian away, and Dexter immediately lunged at his second course.

Sean was as easy a prey as Brian. His cries for help were soon muffled as he was pulled into Dexter's mouth and then throat, Brian's struggles painfully clear below him. He could barely believe Dexter was able to gulp him down after gorging on Brian, or wear he was getting the strength to do so. Dexter, of course, was already beginning to grow slightly as his enthusiastic stomach squeezed away at Brian. Eating Sean was gradually becoming easier and easier. His ballooning belly engulfed the two lounge chairs and finished them off, wobbling as Brian and Sean fought their confinement. Dexter's jaws closed around Sean's paws, and the large rabbit took a moment to rest against his gut and enjoy the struggles.

"You two were even tastier than Tucker was!" Dexter boasted. "I'm rather lucky all of you so

eagerly fattened yourselves up for me, it was very generous.”

Brian and Sean cursed their treacherous friend, though their words were barely audible over Dexter's growing bulk.

“If it makes you feel better the others will be joining you eventually. Maybe you won't completely be bun pudge before then!” Dexter's taunt was not well received.

Soon enough, though, the struggles had calmed down, and Dexter was delighted to find he could move again. There were still occasional wobbles in his gut, but they were mostly hidden behind thick layers of fat. Three more meals awaited the rabbit. Dexter slowly waddled through the thankfully wide double-doors that led back into the house. His heavy steps rattled the walls, but his remaining friends were in no position to flee ahead of the sudden earthquake, the source of which left them all stunned.

“Sorry guys, but the party's about to be cut short on account of my uncontrollable appetite,” Dexter told his surprised friends. “Don't worry, I hear another exclusive get-together's about to start in my stomach, though!”

The trio quickly put two and two together, but they were all even less mobile than Brian and Sean had been. Rob and Oscar had managed to crush a couch apiece, while the remains of a recliner were buried beneath Ethan. Dexter got a good laugh at their ridiculous attempts to run, which amounted to little more than wobbling in place and tiring out. Ethan was the closest to Dexter, and thus the next meal. The earlier meals had given Dexter considerable strength to go along with his bulk, and he managed to lift his immobile friend completely off the ground with a bit of effort, using his belly as a table.

Ethan was greedily slid into Dexter's maw, which stretched around the blubbery white rabbit was easily as it had the much smaller Tucker a while back. Rob and Oscar were forced to watch the events unfold, one friend slowly becoming a bulge in the neck of another, knowing they would be next. They were too shaken to notice Dexter still growing, his head approaching the ceiling as he began to literally tower over the others. Though Dexter's gut expanded from the immense meal, Ethan's struggles were practically invisible now. Eventually the rabbit who'd been a clear favorite to become the fattest bunny was reduced to a mere portion of a multi-course feast.

Dexter's gut spread across the floor as he finished gorging on Ethan, pushing aside furniture and conveniently clearing a path to Rob and Oscar. “Absolutely delicious! It's unfortunate you didn't get a taste. I'd like to congratulate you two on tying for second place, though! There's no shame in not being able to beat me, I've kind of got a talent for bulking up.” He drummed on his middle with both paws.

“Dude, you've gotta be full by now, let us go! Or just let me go!” Rob begged.

“Dexter, Rob's definitely the fatter one, eat him instead!” Oscar countered. “I'll grab you more prey if you do!”

The two doomed rabbits bickered and snapped, each trying to sell the other out so they didn't end up as pudge. Dexter watched the spectacle with amusement, enjoying the wild excuses and bargain attempts. It made digesting more of his previous meals go by much faster. The fun couldn't last forever, though, and as soon as Dexter realized he was even remotely mobile he cleared his throat to get his friends' attentions.

“You've both made such good cases for why I should eat the other!” Dexter grinned. “So good, in fact, that I don't think I could ever choose just one.”

Rob and Oscar looked on in terror as their friend slowly closed in on them. Dexter pushed the two fat rabbits together as if they were a sandwich, lifting both simultaneously towards his awaiting maw as they squirmed futilely. The pair continued arguing the whole way, each blaming the other for their fate. Soon Dexter's jaws muffled them, stretching around their bulk as if they were nothing, and long, strong gulps sent the pair descending into the enormous bun to join their friends. Swallowing the two rabbits caused Dexter's belly to swell up against the walls of the room, the rabbit nearly filling it all on his own. Finally satisfied, Dexter rolled over onto his back, shaking the house to its foundations. He

could still feel plenty of struggles deep within his gut, though his considerable flab made squirming increasingly difficult for his meals. Dexter knew he was growing again, furniture creaking as it fell to his bulk. His eyelids grew as heavy as his middle as his gorging finally caught up with him, and Dexter was lulled into a deep food coma.

As Dexter slept his friends digested, causing the rabbit to grow more and more. The walls of the living room cracked and caved as they failed to contain him, the roof torn off as Dexter's belly swelled. Room after room was engulfed by the giant bun's girth, till Dexter was essentially snoozing in the shell of his home. He awoke from his nap to the soothing warmth of the sun across his mountainous belly. There was zero doubt he was now the fattest bunny, and anyone foolish enough to question him could simply add to his waistline. Dexter yawned contently as he rubbed his new, bigger gut, a single thought in his mind: What should he eat next?