

BUN-TIFUL GROWTH

"Hurry, get him back in the cage, before we get in trouble." The lean Labrador adjusted her lab coat and opened up a pet cage on the glass workbench which bared the label "Maniko" and a few warnings about handling with care and caution, clearing her throat and visibly nervous as she glanced back at her coworker.

"Relax girl, what could go wrong, it's just a small bunny." A laid-back sloth yawned, carrying a grumpy looking bunny who glared at his holder. The sloth gave an oblivious pat over the bunny's head giving a goofy smile to his superior.

The Labrador sighed and shook her head, "It's Doctor Elliot for you, learn your place new stuff. Now while it's exactly what it looks like, it's a dangerous work in progress, be gentle newbie or we're gonna be in huge trouble. So come over so we can be done with this!"

"Yeah, whatever you say Rosa, so scared by that small thing, your species used to hunt those..." The lab assistant rolled his eyes, approaching the cage.

"Again, it's Doctor Elliot, please. Just get it in already." The scientist sighed and opened up the cage's door. Despite the instructions however, the sloth carelessly tossed the bunny into the metal prison.

"What the hell Jackson, I told you to be gent-", the scientist tried to argue, but it was too late, the bunny's paw was already back out the cage. She froze a second and tried to slam the door shut reflectively, pinching over the bun's leg, only realizing her mistake too late as the metal creaked and... Snapped in a corner.

"Damnit look what you've done! Get the taser!" the Labrador yelled at the sloth while trying to hold the metal bars around the subject. The assistant was standing maw agape, staring at the impossible on his first day at work, the bunny was grinning, curled up tight with fur pushing out between the bars.

The sloth swallowed nervously and ran to the door, finding it locked and not having the right badge to open it, resorting to press the emergency button. On the other hand, the labrador stepped back as the bars gave in, collapsing and letting the bunny sprawl out, laying over the glass table, stretching out with an eager giggle to take in the newfound freedom.

The scientist growled at the incompetence of her assistant, deciding to get the weapon herself, she hurried and shoved Jackson aside to reach the lockbox on the wall. The sloth didn't even react at this point, simply stumbling off and bumping right into the bunny's legs now sticking off the table before falling down on his rear, staring up at the paws casually flexing their toes above.

When Rosa turned around, taser in hand, she hesitated with the sight of how large the subject had already gotten. The protocol was clear still, this would be the only hope of getting things back under control in case of emergency. However, though it was the procedure, she knew it could also be catastrophic given the experiments that were being conducted.

The deaf thump of a soft furred paw drumming over the yelping body of the sloth on the ground got her to snap out of her internal debate, reflectively shooting at the bunny as her only hope of stopping what her assistant had started. She stood there, nervous, and anxious, staring at the stunned bunny rubbing its head.

Finally, she thought, they could get a larger cage or just lock up the room to get the containment staff to take care of things from now on to be done with this mess, after all the bunny was looking dazzled, and the sloth was no longer pinned under the paw, from what she could see, it seemed all had gone as it should.

At least, that was her hopeful thoughts for a few seconds, until the muffled calls for help tingled her ears, the bunny wasn't stunned, so much as he was taking in the feeling of filling the room, sitting on the wrecks of the table with a sloth completely buried under its paw.

Doctor Elliot dropped the stun gun and tried to turn around to the exit door, reaching out for her badge only to get softly smushed by a great bun paw, rubbing her into the furred surface of the sole, hearing muffled cracks of concrete outside her fluffy prison.

Jackson meanwhile was trying his best to push back at the paw resting on top of him, but his hands simply slipped over the softness of the fur. The sloth ended up only managing to get his face stuck between two bunny toes to catch a few struggling breaths, and a glimpse of the still expanding subject who was filling more and more of the room above.

Maniko stuck his tongue out at the toys under his paws, bringing the doggie back and down on the floor to keep her pinned next to the funny guy. He playfully rubbed the two around on the floor, before bringing them together to press them in between both paws.

The bunny looked around his shrinking space, beginning to feel cramped. He stretched out to ease out of the feeling, casually punching through the ceiling and walls surrounding him.

While falling debris felt funny as they dropped down on him, they didn't hurt so much as they were feeding his growth and feeling wonderful to him, the bunny would purr like a cat if he could as he cracked and broke through the rest of the concrete above to stand up.

Maniko could feel the two toys scrambling around at his paws while he had his head in the faux-ceiling, looking all over the dark area at the various electric systems that snapped around his chest and tingled him.

The tingle only grew stronger as he snapped more of the cables, the bunny giggling at the funny sensation that caused his head to soon breach through the roof, finally getting to see some natural light and the outside world for more than a split second in passing by a window.

Taken with curiosity and awe, Maniko was looking around the laboratory complex surrounding him, so much of his surroundings seemed like it could make for fun playthings, all the people that stood there staring at him were playmates to be.

Alarms blared and evacuation was swiftly put in motion across the complex while the bunny smirked, glancing around his brand-new playground, giving one last paw-smush to the old toys at his paws before hopping off.

Dexterously landing onto another part of the building he came from; he could feel some small explosions and electric arcs tickling at his paws causing them to quickly spread through the rest of the concrete structure before breaking through the outer perimeter walls.

The ears of the bunny flopped about when he shook his head, trying to get rid of all the concrete dust that had accumulated into his fur so far. Maniko watched curiously as everyone fed through the main gates, except for peculiarly dressed folks that were running opposite, and into the complex.

With the experiment gone wrong beyond the scientists' power, and now out in the open, security staff rushed and gathered around the area with various levels of equipment intended to subdue and contain subjects. Though they all looked nervous as they stared at the wide grin on the face of the bunny that was eagerly tapping a paw down in anticipation.

The bunny looked back at the growing crowd, deciding on what would be the most fun to do with the new playmates coming to play with him. He got down on all four, eyes scanning through the dozens of folks closest to him. The lead soldiers swallowed nervously, some deserting as soon as the gaze of the titan stopped on them, to the dismay of a particular fox guy dressed sillier than the rest.

The order was given to shoot at will by that commander looking vulpine, Maniko leaned and reached down to snatch him up and inspect him more closely while taking off. Stepping over the security crowd frozen in fear, all it took was just a few steps for the bunny to crash a paw through the fence and stamp down a pawprint into the parking lot.

The impact sounded a deaf «thump» under the soft paw beans doing their best to cushion the tons of bunny. Though it still ended up sending the cars that didn't get flattened instantly beneath the bunny's paws flying off with the shockwave anyway.

Maniko grabbed a still somewhat pristine, decently sized van further away from his paws that had survived his landing, to join in his new toy collection, tearing up a door to put the captured fox in like a small cage, and giggling while inspecting his catch, exclaiming excitedly, "Mine!", all too happy to be the one to cage up the small ones now.

Proudly holding his makeshift capture pod, the bunny stepped forth into the city. He looked around as he treaded over parked cars without seeming to even notice them stopping before a building just at the right height, setting the car on top before turning around and looking for more notable toys to collect.

Maniko took a leap to get to the next block faster, not entirely aware of his size. His hips bumped into a building on the way, making the bunny stumble and drop to all four as the concrete structure collapsed behind him. Though he heard the noise, he didn't look back and simply took the chance to leap even harder.

Civilians would stare up at the immense fluffy titan gracefully soaring overhead, only to land in the crossing of two avenues in a road smashing crash that, sending a few power poles down with the high voltage cables swinging and slamming right into Maniko, who instantly started to grow again.

With zapping sounds echoing in the now deserted streets, Maniko rumbled with excitement at the tingle, feeling his every inch turn into feet, every centimeter turning to meters. He enjoyed the feel of the cars and streetlights crunching and getting pushed off by his paws.

The breathtaking sight of a bunny swiftly filling up the available space was broadcast from new helicopters that had gotten to the breaking news source. Maniko stretched out as he enjoyed the tickle and growth, claws extending out to scratch through the ground once he wrapped back up.

He took delight as he pawed at the building in front of him, using it to hoist himself up with his glowing claws digging into the concrete, slashing through it like butter, the poor construction not able to handle the weight and power that was forced onto it.

The colossus of a bun finally stood back up, the rising kaiju soon towering over the surrounding buildings, a glint in his eyes as he caught a glimpse of a new chopper being a little too close for its own good. The camera operator inside panicking and waving towards the pilot to leave, too late however, a beaned set of fingers pinching the metal fly.

Maniko's wide open eyes looked into the new catch, so small in his palm, he was smiling wide, unknowingly showing off the cavernous maw to countless watching the broadcast, not to mention the occupants of the helicopter frozen in fear.

The kaiju turned back, excitedly hopping back to where he stored the first toy, each time his paws landed the ground shook, the concrete around the impact smashed to pieces with vehicles flung off like paper models.

By now, military forces were moving faster, tanks were setting up in parallel roads to take aim whenever they'd see the wall of fur passing through. The bunny kept going even as the first shells hit, every landing larger than the previous. His swelling frame causing further quakes that made it harder and harder for ground troops to do much of anything.

With no hope of having any effect other than to make things worse with every attempt to subdue the rising threat, ground soldiers eventually started to flee, following the civilians escaping, leaving the city silent beyond the bunny's every chaotic moves.

While the bunny was still growing under the effects of their shots though, he would bump into every building on his way even after the evacuation. Lost in the dwindling playground space, the colossus was struggling to figure where he'd put his first toy.

Alas the bunny could not find his way anymore; things were looking so different with the extra height. Grumbling, Maniko gave an annoyed kick to one of the smaller structures. Maniko gave up and simply chose to leave the now speck of a toy on the tallest skyscraper he could find, only reaching to his chest at this point despite being the tallest landmark.

With a slightly disappointed sigh, he hopped off and away to the city's edge, looking for more fun to be had out in the world. Getting past the mostly wrecked downtown and trotting off with a glint of malice in his eyes, he was already thinking of what he could do to entertain himself and spend all his excess energy once he'd be at the next playground beyond the country.