

Bunny Knight (Anthro Bunny TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Sir Roderick is one the great legendary knights of the realm. There has never been a foe he could not defeat or a beautiful princess he could not save and woo. His apprentice, the humble squire Lance, is a hapless servant who is often the but of Roderick's jests. But when Lance accidentally springs a trap left by a long-dead transmutation wizard, Roderick is the one to suffer. And soon the mighty knight finds himself a lot smaller, a lot furrrier, and whole lot more horny than he ever expected to be.

Bunny Knight

Lance knew quite a few things about Sir Roderick.

For one, Sir Roderick was considered one of the great legendary heroes of the realm. At only thirty one years old he had managed feats greater than most ever achieved in a lifetime. He had felled the great red dragon Hatraxes upon the Tower of Woe, and crushed the Cult of the Spider before they could summon their demon god into existence. He had served upon the Table of Heroes, and walked away from it when it turned its goals to ruling rather than acts of great heroism. Where he travelled, kings and rulers leapt to take his service on, no matter the cost, for he was a knight who got things done. And no matter how deadly the task, he always returned.

Even his appearance spoke to his legendary nature. He was tall, roughly 6'3, and very well built in musculature, looking like the kind of man who could wrestle an ox and win. He had a well-trimmed beard, the same raven black colour as his hair, and piercing light blue eyes. His armour was always gleaming when out of battle - he placed great pride in ensuring that it was always clean and shining, displaying his house colours of blue and white. It gave him the appearance of a true hero, but more than that, made him all the more impressive to the ladies. Roderick, after all, was a rugged charmer of women, and never stuck with one too long. He had rescued beautiful princesses and sorceresses, made love to gorgeous harem women and enticed gorgeous nuns from their chaste holdings. He was an ardent womaniser, always looking

for the next beauty to bed, and likely left a trail of expectant women in his wake, to the fury of some nobles. But none came after him anymore: those that did never returned.

Lance knew all this, because he was Sir Roderick's squire. It was a position of great honour; the young man was only twenty two years old, and had been little more than a common page serving in the Kingdom of Galta. But he was efficient, he was quick, and he trained with a sword every day in the hope of becoming a knight himself. Roderick must have seen something in him though, because when the king thanked the great knight for slaying the fiery beast that plagued his kingdom, he offered the man a secondary reward. From the lustful looks Roderick was giving to the aged king's granddaughter, Lance assumed he would ask her hand.

Instead, the great knight had asked for Lance to serve as his squire.

"I'm greatly impressed by the young man's vigour and ethic, and believe he has the makings of a great knight one day," Roderick said.

The king assented, and it became the best day of Roderick's life. To be the squire to the great Sir Roderick, greatest hero of the realm! It was to be a life of adventure and greatness in turn for Lance.

Of course, only later did he learn the true reasons for Roderick's choosing of him. It turns out, the knight had already secretly bedded the beautiful and full-figured daughter of the prince - twice. He had also lost his previous squire to a terrible trap of fire, incinerating the poor man instantly.

"So I'm in need of a new one," Roderick explained as they set out the following day upon their horses. "Good squires are even harder to find than good women, ha! I'll need you to learn how to pack my things, shine my sword, clean my tools, buff my armour, make good stew, hunt rabbit for the stew, and of course take care of the horses. When it comes to heroics, my lad, I'll be the one in charge, but you can certainly play your part!"

It was a lot of work, even more than normal for a squire, but it seemed all worth it to be on Sir Roderick's grand adventures. And it was . . . for a time. They had dashing adventures, travelled sections of the world for the better part of a year that Lance had only heard of, and slept beneath the beauty of the stars.

But it soon became evident that Roderick was not just a man of glory, but a *gloryhound*. Whatever Lance contributed to their shared adventures, he never got the attention he deserved. Not even one mention, not even one thanks. Roderick's shiny armour was praised, but never the one that did the shining. The carcasses of the beasts they slayed impressed the crowds, but none noted the shortsword's wounds in its flank where Lance had deftly attacked it as a distraction for Roderick's main attack. The knight himself revelled in the attention, and didn't even think to spare some of it for Lance.

"When you're a knight, kid, that's when you can take in the praise. The job of a good squire is to be small and invisible unless needed, to serve their knight's needs, and be attentive to all they

require. It's just the job, and if you don't like it, you can run back to your petty little kingdom in the middle of nowhere and have a cry about it."

It soured Lance, after that comment. He stuck with Roderick - after all, how could he return after all he'd seen? - but it was mainly to one day be knighted. After all any knight could make another knight. And once Lance was a knight he could be free of the arrogant Sir Roderick and carve his own path, have his own adventures, and build his own reputation as a legendary knight.

"I just have to convince him to finally knight me," he said to himself, more morning than he could count. But as usual, he would simply have to brush back his red hair, fit himself in his squire's outfit, and ready his master's equipment. He had muscle and skill enough to be a knight, but he was losing hope it would ever come true - he was simply too useful as a squire.

Of course, his knighting came sooner than he expected, and in a most surprising way.

They were investigating the White Tower of Korath, a beautiful tower with palestone construction and surrounded by beautiful, verdant gardens. It was also very, very deadly.

"The old fucker Korath is already long dead," Sir Roderick said as they travelled to the edge of the tower. "I ran him through myself: he was turning the king's court into animal people, some sort of mad revenge scheme for no longer being King Hardrik's head wizard. I put a stop to it."

"Then why are we here?" Lance asked, a little bitterly. He hadn't been invited to talk with the king's son the previous day, and didn't know why they had come to the White Tower.

"Because the new king has troubles with his tax collecting. In his mind, there isn't enough of it, ha! So while this area is filled with traps and all kinds of horrors, he'd like us to plunder its hidden treasure and take a portion of it as payment."

Lance nodded. "Sensible. Anything you want me to do?"

"Yeah . . . make me a fine rabbit stew. I love a good rabbit, don't you?"

Lance didn't, but he kept his mouth shut and got to work. After they had finished, the two set forth. As usual, Roderick took the lead, but at times pushed Lance ahead, moving through various dungeon rooms. Beautiful and elegant as the interior was, it was also quite deadly, with many traps to disarm. The squire got the distinct and awful impression that this was exactly how the previous squire died: when the knight was uncertain about what traps might lie ahead, he was more than happy to risk his squire.

"Sir, I don't have a good feeling about this," Lance said.

"Go on, just keep your footing careful like I taught you! Easy!"

Lance grimaced. "Sir, I don't have much experience with magical traps. Maybe if you could give me some pointers on how to -"

Roderick's face went red. "Squire!" he yelled. "I gave you an order! Experience is the greatest teacher you will *ever* have. You want to be a knight?"

Lance felt that surge of anger return, fuelled by his impatience. "When?"

"What?"

"When are you going to make me a knight? You dangling this like a damn carrot over my head, but you never knight me!"

"You're not ready if you're going to be a knight if you're going to disobey orders! I promise you'll be a knight, but *only* if you be brave and *do what I say, squire!*"

Lance had heard these words before. He huffed, frustrated and angry, but stepped into the room anyway.

And right on top of a magical enchantment.

"I *knew* there was a trap in there!" Roderick declared.

Lance took one look at him. "You used me as bloody bait!"

But already the enchantment was glowing a vibrant and alien purple. Lance leapt forward, dashing away from the trap as fast as he could. He'd been used as bloody bait! He couldn't believe it.

Suddenly there was a loud *THWOOOM!*

Lance was hurled across the room and crashed against a leather couch. Purple arcs of energy flew all around the place, nearly catching him. He leapt from the couch under a table, hiding from it. By some miracle they all missed him, and then they died away.

"Oh thank the Gods," Lance said as he emerged from under the table. "I can't believe you used me as damned bait! You couldn't see where the trap was so you used me as a lure for it, *sir!*"

That was when he noticed Sir Roderick hadn't replied, and his form was still upon the floor. Lance ran to his knight, turning him over and checking his health. He was breathing, but unconscious.

"Sir? Sir!"

Roderick leapt up with a scream, causing Lance to jolt back.

“Damn, one of those purple beams got me, kid. Looks like I’m too strong for bloody Korath, though, huh?”

“You used me as bait, sir.”

“Well, I certainly paid for it, ha! You had a knight’s reflexes. One more step forward to being a knight, wouldn’t you say?”

He elbowed Lance in the ribs knowingly, moving on before the squire could reply. Lance huffed, but gave up the argument. Instead, he followed the knight, refusing to enter any rooms first. Roderick seemed to sense his anger, because he went ahead from that point, until they managed to uncover the piles of gold to return to the king, and they left the eerie beauty of the tower.

As they mounted up their horses - Lance doing most of the job - Roderick seemed preoccupied with his breastplate, unfastening it to scratch his chest repeatedly.

“Everything okay, sir?” Lance asked glumly.

Roderick looked up in surprise, blushing a little. Lance realised the knight had actually been rubbing his nipples. “It’s just a damn itch, squire. Damn undershirt has me. You’ll need to wash it soon.”

Lance sighed.

“Things need to change,” he grumbled to himself.

He had no idea how much they would.

It was a few days later that those changes first became truly evident. Roderick had been more agitated and annoyed recently, ordering Lance about in an openly bullying fashion. He was continually scratching his chest, feeling his behind, and it made Lance wonder if he’d contracted some sort of embarrassing disease. After all, the knight was refusing to let the squire change his armour, instead doing it himself in a secretive fashion. He was also looking more hollow recently, like he’d lost weight. Lance could have sworn he was shorter, perhaps by two or more inches!

He asked Roderick more than once as they travelled if he was okay, but instead he just refused to respond, being evasive. After all, they needed to take their captured coin to the king, and it was still two weeks of travel away. But Lance was a little worried: Roderick’s ears were starting to look a little . . . stretched. Odd. Like they were extending, and becoming softer. The knight was hiding them beneath a cap most of the time, but it was impossible not to notice eventually.

Particularly once the knight’s fur started to come in.

It was two days later, and Lance had left to go hunting. For some reason, Roderick had asked him *not* to hunt rabbit this time, though the knight couldn't say why, and didn't seem to know. Just that he "didn't feel like it." In fact, he felt like carrot stew.

Fortunately, Lance was able to find some wild carrots rather easily, and returned along with some water to make it. That was when he saw Roderick with his armour off, his hand stroking his penis furiously, his other hand upon his chest. Or more accurately; his breast. Lance gasped from within the bushes, unheard and unseen as he watched in shock. His master had changed. He most definitely had shrunk in height, now clearly being less than five feet tall. What's more, he had black fur growing over his shoulders and part of his back, thick and soft-looking. His ears had that same coloured fur, their size even longer than he had thought they were. Upon the knight's chest, two respectable breasts - the sizing of which Sir Roderick himself would have appreciated, had grown into place. They were not overly large, but certainly present, and two pink nipples stood out, erect, as he massaged them. He was masturbating, stroking his manhood, the size of which was meant to be legendary. Except at that very moment it looked smaller than Lance's own.

It was the strangest sight the squire had ever seen.

"Wh-why am I so godsforsaken *aroused!*" the knight exclaimed, and Lance couldn't help but notice that even his voice had changed. It was still masculine, but seemed raised a little in timbre, no longer possessing the low brass quality it usually had. The knight continued to rub himself, clutching his breast, moaning.

"Oohhhhh - d-damn whatever is h-happening to m-meeeeee!!!"

At that, he burst. Lance watched as his knight came, spurting his seed across the camp. It made the squire oddly aroused; perhaps it was because he had not seen a woman in some weeks, and Roderick was looking quite soft in the fact recently.

"Good gods, what is wrong with me?" he said. He moved to turn away, trying to figure out what was wrong with his master, when suddenly he tripped on a branch and fell forward through the bushes, right in front of the still-climaxing Roderick.

"Oohhhh - sh-shit! Lance!?"

"Sir?"

Roderick leapt backwards, falling over onto the grass before righting himself. His breeches fell away, revealing that same soft, dark fur upon his legs, the thighs of which had thickened.

"What in the name of the gods are you d-doing?" he declared.

“Me!? I was getting carrot, sir! What in the gods’ names are *you* doing? What’s happened to you?”

Roderick looked over himself with an expression of abject humiliation. He quickly covered himself, but without his breastplate the round bumps of his womanly breasts were obvious. Roderick attempted to hide them further, but his attempts only made him accidentally rub his breasts further, causing him to drool with clear arousal.

“NNghh . . . it was that d-damn rune trap you activated!”

“Using me as bait, sir.”

“Whatever!” he snapped. “It’s - it’s turning me into some godsdamned creatures, just like Korath to do that, even in death.”

“Should we return? Find a cure?”

The knight rolled his eyes. “Really? You think the mighty Korath left a cure for the very trap he intended to inflict? No, I need a court magician I can trust, which is why we’re moving with - ahhh - haste.”

Lance couldn’t stop staring at Roderick. “Sir, have you noticed you’re a bit shorter?”

Roderick looked to him with fury. “Of course I’ve noticed, kid! I’m growing fucking fur on my shoulder and back! I’ve got a set of tits! My ears are turning into - into -”

“Rabbit ears?”

The knight slouched, looking defeated. “Fucking rabbit ears. I have no idea what that dead wizard intended, but I’m not giving in. Now, did you get those carrots?”

Lance showed him the wild ones, and he saw Roderick’s eyes *gleam*.

“G-good. Make us up a nice carrot and lettuce stew. I’m damned hungry for the stuff, practically craving it. Then we head off. I’m not wasting any more time on this - this vile condition! I’m going to be cured, y’hear?”

Lance heard loud and clear, and began to chop the carrots and boil the water. Every so often he looked at his master, trying to not be too obvious about it. His face did indeed look softer than it should have, the beard much sparser, the jaw less wide.

It almost looked a little feminine.

They moved as fast as they could across the rolling plains, vast forests, and mountain ranges, but still Sir Roderick’s body changed. It was exceedingly embarrassing for the knight, and Lance

couldn't help but take a little amusement from it, especially as the man's muscles began to wax and wane, and his height with it too. Soon he was merely 5'5, shorter than even the average man, with Lance's 5'8 easily gaining a looming advantage over him. His body was becoming softer, curvier. His breasts continued to grow outwards, and soon he wasn't even capable of wearing a breastplate at all. Quite the irony.

"Can't fit my fucking breasts in a breastplate!" Roderick growled, hurling the armour aside. "What manner of insult is this!?"

Lance found it hard to take his protests seriously: his voice was increasingly high-pitched and girlish. It matched his altering form, which was not only now quite ample and bouncy in the chest, but also wide in the hips and rotund in the backside. Soon Roderick's clothing was far too loose in most areas, but in the few places they were tight, they were *very tight*. Lance had to stitch and sew his garments just to account for his ever swelling bosom, which jiggled and jostled with every movement, causing Roderick to groan and grumble in frustration. His chest was now bigger than all but the most bust of maidens, and his fat pink nipples stuck out proudly through his shifts.

But that was not all: Roderick was also developing a tail, and his feet were becoming padded. Lance discovered both of these developments when Roderick had tried to change in secret. The squire was becoming bolder, and so he followed the knight, hiding at the edge of a clearing to remain unseen. There, he saw Roderick undress, and marvelled at the changes.

"Damn it! Fuck!" the knight muttered, looking so little like the legendary hero he was. "They w-won't stop growing!"

He cupped his massive breasts, only to moan in response to their apparent sensitivity. He pulled away his modified trousers and rubbed his backside.

"What the - ohh! Oh no!"

Sure enough, he had grown a fluffy white tail. The black fur had spread around his voluminous ass and borderline child-bearing hips, making the cute tail stick out further. It twitched, causing the man to sag, utterly morose.

"And these damn shoes! What's happening here?"

He removed them, and Lance watched, silent yet fascinated at the sight Roderick's elongated feet. They had swelled in size - it was a marvel the changing man could even fit them in his boots - and what's more were also covered in fur. The toes were more like paws. Rabbit's paws. It made sense with all the other changes. The knight had continued to crave vegetables, and it hadn't taken them long for them to realise he was becoming some sort of human-shaped bunny.

"Fuck! Rabbit feet? Damned Korath. I'd run him through a second time if I could. That court wizard better cure me!"

He rubbed at his feet. Lance was about to withdraw when suddenly Roderick started to moan a little. The squire looked on, astonished, as the man became hard, and began to rub his manhood. He nearly gasped at its size: it was practically a nub! Barely existent!

"N-not going to become a damned w-woman," Roderick grunted, even as he rubbed himself. His spare hand stroked his bountiful breasts, surrounded as they were by fur, and occasionally moved down to squeeze at his ass.

"S-so fucking a-aroused," he muttered to himself. The rabbit-man lowered himself to the ground, continuing to caress and stroke and paw at his privates and new pleasurable areas.

Lance smiled, turned on immensely by the sight. He couldn't believe it, but he found it utterly intoxicating, and wonderfully humiliating for his master.

He brought out his own, much larger cock, and began to pleasure himself to the wonderful sight before him.

More days, more changes. Roderick continued to shrink in size, even as his body became more and more curvy and fertile-looking. He had reduced down to five feet, then four feet, and was soon verging on a mere three feet, the size of a child but with the proportions of an adult. More than an adult, if one took the knight's chest size into account. Even as the rest of him shrunk away, his womanly bosom expanded, becoming larger than his own head. They would have been heavy and large in proportion to a normal-sized woman, but for his tiny size, they were immense, constantly pulling him forward.

"Too blasted big!" he exclaimed, struggling to fit them into his constantly re-sewn clothing. Not that anything really fit for him anymore: his ass had also expanded, his hips widened, and he even had a really cute potbelly - a soft pudgy that further emphasised his rabbit-like nature.

"When will it end?" he whined, his voice now unmistakably female, tinny and high.

"I'm not sure," Lance said, feeling quite smug, "but I do believe you've grown whiskers, sir."

The transforming man pawed at his face - literally, since his arms and hands were now coated in fur and ending in cute little padded digits - and his now adorable eyes went wide. He had indeed grown whiskers. There were on either side of what was increasingly a cute little snout. It wasn't heavily pronounced, but it gave him a much more rabbit-like appearance, especially since his long soft ears now flopped down over his shoulders.

"It's not fair! I'm Sir Roderick, greatest hero of the realm and all beyond! I'm not meant to be a d-damn bunny!"

Lance hid his chuckle, but Roderick glared in response.

“Got something to share, squire!?”

It wasn't exactly intimidating, especially since he wasn't able to maintain the glare, quickly shifting his gaze to the ground, which he kicked with his bare rabbit feet.

“S-sorry,” he said, “that was too cruel.”

Lance just smiled. “It's okay. Need help getting on your horse?”

Roderick was silent for a moment. “Yes. Please.”

The squire helped him, ignoring the gentle moans that came from when he touched the knight's soft, furred form. He was completely covered in fur now, his belly and breasts a soft white instead of black. Lance couldn't help but boost him up by holding much of his body now, given the humanoid rabbit's small size.

“Oohhhh . . . that f-feels funny.”

Lance once again felt a hardness in his pants, and noticed a similar hardness of the large nipples in Roderick's shirt. The one that barely fit anymore. The two exchanged an awkward, embarrassed glance before the knight looked away, clearly embarrassed. He'd been doing that a lot lately: staring at Lance, and not in a mean or judgemental way. The fact that at that very moment the knight's gaze drifted down to Lance's hard member, clearly outlined against his crotch, made that clear.

“Um, we'll set off then.”

“Y-yes, sir. I mean squire!”

Lance looked to his shrunken, cute master with his massive chest. It seemed the rune trap wasn't just changing his body and libido, but also his mind.

After all, he'd been acting weirdly submissive lately.

The submissiveness continued. Lance noticed that as Roderick shrunk further, so did his ego. The once mighty warrior was often tense, questioning his own decisions, and asking for help, even direction.

“I can't decide which direction we should go. It's like - it's like I can't make a damned decision without needing you to make it for me. Just - just choose already! P-please.”

He would cower before Lance, trying to avoid his gaze, as if utterly ashamed of what he had become. Of course, by this point, he wasn't really a *he* anymore. During one of *her* many sessions of self-pleasure - the kind she did a poor job of hiding - Lance overheard the horror in her voice when she first realised she had flowered completely into womanhood.

“Godsdamn it! I’ve got a - I’ve got a damned *cunt!* It feels - ooohhhh - it f-feels too g-good!”

It only made Lance more erect, to watch this adorable, sexy, and over-endowed bunny girl play with her own body, especially knowing it used to be Roderick the Great. She was now completely female, and found it difficult to wear much in the way of clothing beyond a tight-fitting miniature dress; anything else, she claimed, felt totally wrong.

“It’s like Korath’s damn spell makes it so I even dress like a whore! A stupid little bunny whore at that! And one that’s horny as h - nevermind.”

At that, the bunny knight looked in every direction but Lance, though the squire couldn’t help but notice she chewed her lip with her longer front teeth she saw him out the corner of her eye, and she had a habit of rubbing her tender nipples in his presence too, without realising it.

“So astounding,” Lance whispered to himself, as she walked away, her ass swaying hypnotically, her little white tail bobbing above it through the whole he’d cut in her little dress. “I wonder what life would be like if he can’t change back.”

He was about to find out.

It was roughly nine days since they had set out from the White Tower when Lance woke up to the sound of Roderick moaning. Loudly. He shot to his feet, sword in his hands, concerned there was some danger coming from the forest clearing of their camp site. Instead, he saw that not only was Roderick changed further, but she was completely naked and utterly, *deeply* aroused. The bunny girl looked ‘finished’ in her transformation. She was a mere two feet in height, with a heavily curvaceous figure. Her breasts had grown yet again, and now dominated her front, almost comically big. Her large nipples throbbed with obvious arousal, and the dampness of the black fur between her legs was only further evidence of her needy state. Her long dark ears trembled, twitched back and forth with embarrassment, discomfort, and clear arousal. She hopped on her altered feet, not meaning to, but driven by her crazed impulsed. She held her ears, pulling them from side to side before clutching her enormous womanly chest and squeezing deeply.

“Mmhhmm ooohhhh! L-Lance! You’ve to t-to help me, squire! I’ve t-tried everything - ahhhh! - but nothing works. My b-body is on fire! Nnghhh! I n-need something m-more! M-more pleasure!”

Lance couldn’t believe it. This adorable, tiny, and deeply sexy humanoid bunny was the great Sir Roderick, now reduced to an insatiably horny female body. It made him almost instantaneously erect just at the sight of her neediness.

“P-please! I n-need help, squire!”

Lance smirked.

"I think, sir, that I know exactly what you need."

Lance lowered his breeches, exposing his long, hard cock. Roderick gasped, her cute buck teeth on display as her jaw fell. Her eyes were locked upon the sight before her, and Lance could see her drinking it in, literally licking the lips of her cute little snout.

"What - what are you d-doing?"

"I'm showing you what you need. Korath wanted whoever was hit by that rune trap to become a horny little bunny girl. Thanks to you, sir, it was nearly me. But by good and bad luck it got *you* instead. And now you're craving my dick. Aren't you?"

She hadn't looked away from it. "Mmhhmm . . . I - no! There's no way! I'm a knight of the r-realm, not some ch-cheap harlot who favours m-men!"

"You *were* a knight of the realm. But at the moment, you look more like an attractive, lustful squire to me, wouldn't you say?"

"N-no!"

Lance grinned, looming over her and staring at her wonderful, cantaloupe-sized tits. "Oh, really? Well, I guess I'll just put this away then."

He pretended as if he were about to pull up his breeches and cover his cock.

"NO!" Roderick shrieked, stepping forward and pulling the breeches back down. Lance's manhood was right in her face by this point, and the squire grinned as the former knight looked right up at it.

"Ah, well, looks like you need it then Roderick."

The bunny girl winced, cringed, but couldn't pull away. "I - oh Gods, I do!"

"Well, you can get it, if you want. But first you have to do something for me."

"What? What do I do? Oohhhh, I'll do anything! Please, I'm so fucking horny, squire!"

Lance chuckled. "Well, isn't this one fine *carrot* I'm dangling before you, sir knight. But before I let you have at it, I want you to knight me."

"What? But - but you're not -"

"Ready? I won't fuck you, my beautiful bunny, until you make me a knight."

Roderick squirmed, hopping from one elongated foot to the other. Finally, she arrived at a decision, unable to contain her lust. "F-fine! I'll knight you! Just g-give me your sword and let's be q-quick about it!"

“Oh, we already have a *sword*. And you’re going to *polish* it, just like you always told me to do for you. Only I think you’re going to like this sword a lot more.”

She licked her lips. “I knight you, Sir Lance of the Realm.”

“And you’ll be my squire, I think.”

“WHAT!?”

Lance lowered himself, allowing his cock to brush between her prodigious bustline. “It’s only fair. You can’t fight like this, can’t defend the realm. But you can *service* your new knight, can’t you? Agree to be my squire, my dear *Rodrique*, and I’ll let you polish my sword whenever you want, from morning to night if you become too randy.”

“Mhmhmmm,” Rodrique moaned, closing her eyes as if she were imagining it. Lance knew in that moment that he had her.

“I’ll - I’ll be your squire,” she whispered, swivelling one padded foot on the ground, her breasts heaving with her heavy breaths. “Just p-please fuck me. The stupid curse makes me so, so fucking lusty!”

“Very well, my beautiful, busty squire. I think you’ve made me like rabbit.”

And with that, he grabbed her, pulled her upwards and kissed her deeply. She returned the kiss, moaning like a whore. He lowered his head, licking and sucking and pressing his face against her wonderful tits. They were full and soft and furry, and felt wonderful.

“Oh Gods! Oh Gods my tits are so sensitive! Ohhhh!”

She loved it, and Lance did too. He stroked her hips as he lowered her, squeezed her rotund backside. She gasped and cried out, begging for more like the hungry bunny she was. Like a desperate animal.

“P-please fuck me! I need your big cock inside me! I want you to fucking b-breed me like a rabbit! Like a good bunny girl!”

“Since you begged me, my sensual squire.”

He lowered her to the ground, holding her hips as he went to his knees. She bent forward, exposing her dripping vagina. It throbbed, aching and hungry for his cock. He decided to feed it, and pressed his hard rod into her depths. She went rigid.

“Mmhmhhmmm!”

She began to squirm.

“S-so big! D-don’t stop! This is so humiliating! It’s not right - I should hate it! But it feels s-soooooo good!”

Lance grinned, and began thrusting. He loved the feeling of it, of humiliating and shaming his former master with every insertion of his manhood. She was slick and tight, and she cried out in her high, womanly voice with each entrance. He was huge, parting her tight walls and causing her to wail.

“I c-can’t believe you’re f-fucking me! By the Gods, it’s t-too good! I should w-want this! Damn you K-Korath!”

But it was too late, the bunny girl’s transformation was complete, and now that he was fucking her wonderful softness, and groping her divine tits, squeezing them with each thrust, Lance knew that he’d never allow her to turn back. He was going to keep her like this. He would be the legendary knight, and she would be his submissive, servile, sexy bunny lover. The furry squire who *polished* his sword, who *attended* to his tools, who *saw* to his needs every day. He’d fuck her three or four times a day if needed, and breed her if it came to that. She was going to be *his*, and he would be her knight, the one *she* would depend upon and be shamed by, just as she would remain embarrassed yet stuck in her new form.

“Oh Gods! I need your cum! I need you to spurt your seed inside me, s-sir!”

He roared, and his balls tensed. The two groaned in absolute ecstasy as he emptied the contents of his balls right into her depths, his semen flooding her womanly flower and careening into her womb. Her cute little pudgy belly jostled a little bit as she came, her little body squirming in pleasure, and her enormous breasts wobbled heavily. He punched her nipples, causing her to cry out in yet another orgasm. She was helpless to his touch, utterly yielding to him.

After a time, her breath settled.

“That . . . I shouldn’t have - ooohhhh - done that!”

“But we did,” Lance said, cupping her magnificent, overly large chest and enjoying its soft fur. “And we will again. More than once a day, given your libido. Don’t worry, *squire*, maybe one day you’ll be a knight again. But I doubt it.”

The bunny girl would have blushed if she still had bare cheeks. As it was, her whiskers twitched in embarrassment. He could already see her nipples getting hard as he rubbed them.

“In fact, I think in a few minutes, we’ll go a second round. Care to polish my sword again?”

The bunny girl was silent a moment.

“Y-yes please, Sir Lance.”

Months passed, years passed, and the name of Sir Lance the Legendary became well known across the lands. He was a brave and gallant knight, but to the surprise of many he seemed to hold no interest in the beautiful princesses he occasionally rescued. Instead, his passions were reserved for the strangely alluring little squire that always travelled with him, attending to all his needs. Rodrique the Rabbit became known for entirely different reasons; her impressive curves, her cute cute and tail and ears, her way of hopping about when excited and anxious. But she was most known for her astounding libido, and the way she clung to Sir Lance to please her needy body whenever her lust arose. Which it did, time and time again.

It was enough to seal her change as permanent, and much to her humiliation and reluctant pleasure, she was stuck in her voluptuous bunny girl body forever. Not that Lance minded: he enjoyed making sure Rodrique was pleased every single day and he was pleased by her. It kept her submissive to his commands and focused on their adventures.

After all, a good squire knows her place.

The End

Epilogue: Bunny Knight (Anthro Bunny TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An epilogue to the original *Bunny Knight* story

Rodrique has only just gotten used to her new bunny body and her role as a submissive squire lover to Lance, when suddenly she is thrown into an entirely new transformation; pregnancy! Of course, this is no ordinary pregnancy, because as a rabbit woman, she is very productive, and still very needy indeed.

Epilogue: Bunny Knight

Rodrique couldn't help herself when she woke. Her first thoughts, shameful though they were, turned straight to how she could please her handsome knight. It had been months since Korath the wizard's magic had turned her from a stalwart knight named Sir Roderick to a short, incredibly busty, and most definitely *furry* bunny girl named Roderique, and she *still* wasn't fully accustomed to the fact that her body continually lusted after her old squire. Lance had been ill-treated by her in the past, but now the red-haired former squire was a heroic knight himself, his confidence greatly bolstered by the fact that Korath's magic has ensured Rodrique would remain utterly, desperately submissive to him. *She* was the squire now, and her body was forever hungry to 'polish his sword' in all manner of ways.

It was as humiliating as it was deliriously pleasurable. They fucked three to four times a day, and more if they were having a rest day. She'd allowed him to mount her from behind, had ridden on top of him, even let him hold her up against a wall while he slammed his massive cock into her wet, tight depths. More than that, she'd let him fuck her between the tits, cumming all over her fur - it was a damn bitch to clean out. She had also sucked on his cock more times than she could count, and the taste of his warm seed pouring down her throat made her so giddy she found it hard not to hop with her rabbit-like legs.

This morning was no different. She was so small compared to her squire now, a far fall from her former 6'3 height. As such. She had to crawl out of his embrace upon the blanket they shared in the forest together. They were on a long mission to rescue yet another princess, this one from the Alekane Horde's desert stronghold. Not that Lance would do anything with the woman, of course. He was more than satisfied with Rodrique, as she was about to prove. She brushed her paws against his breeches, slowly undoing them at the front. Lance stirred, snoring a little.

"I hate how much I fucking want you," she uttered in her cute, slightly squeaky voice. And then she opened his breaches fully, releasing his member. She got in close, sniffing it, allowing her whiskers to playfully brush against it. Her greater animal sense of smell made it

all the more intoxicating to take in his maleness up close, and so she began to lick his clock even as she rubbed the stem with her paw-hands. It began to hard, and soon she was licking more forcefully, embracing the need that never seemed to die in her body. She was especially lustful that morning, though the Gods alone knew why. What was important was that a hand fell upon her furry ears and began to rub them gently, making her purr with delight.

“Rodrique, you’re so much better than a rooster when it comes to waking a knight.”

“S-Sir Lance,” she said, desperately and submissively. “Can I please have you? I need you. You know how I get in the morning these days!”

Lance grinned, his face less boyish already from their latest adventures. Far more manly in his confidence.

“Stars, I’m thankful everyday for that wizard’s magic. Yes, Rodrique, I give you permission. A squire should please her knight properly, after all, and from the first light at that.”

Her cheeks burned, though her fur at least disguised the red blush. The truth was, the kinky domination that Lance held over her made sex all the more intoxicating, somehow. Yes, it made her awkward and angry and rueful of the day she had gained this form, but it made her snatch all the wetter.

“In me, p-please?”

Lance grabbed her suddenly, holding her smaller form tightly. She was only a little over two feet in height, but her body was voluptuous as hell, which made it all the better when he began to fondle her divine tits even as he stuck his cock deep inside her.

“Mhmmm! Yess! F-fuck me like your rabbit! M-mate me! Breed your s-squire! Ahhh, yesssss!!!”

She squealed and cried out as he forced her up and down on his cock. It was like being stabbed, only it gave intense pleasure instead of pain. Her ears stuck on end as she became helpless to the act, until finally her knight, master, and lover exploded inside of her. She cried out in female orgasm as his seed flooded into her.

“Yessssss! Don’t s-stop! I can’t stop loving this! Oh Gods!”

His cum spilled out of her slowly as he extracted himself from her. He held her furry form against his, panting. She in turn moaned.

“I can’t stop myself,” she said, stroking her slightly pudgy stomach. “I just can’t stop.”

“And I never want you to,” Lance said. “In fact, it’s a long trek today, and we can’t take a horse, so I think we’ll need to entertain ourselves.”

Rodrique sighed wearily, and was about to bemoan her current state of endless, trapped lust, when suddenly a new feeling came over her. She pulled herself free of her master’s strong grip, her pawed hands over her cute little muzzle.

“What is it?”

“I - I think I’m going to be - oh Gods!”

She literally hopped away, her new way of moving quickly in a panic. She only made it three trees away before she had to stop against a set of roots. The bunny squire doubled over, the nausea building to the point where it was untenable, and then she threw up last night’s vegetable soup onto the ground.

“Euurgh,” she groaned, wiping her mouth and regretting having fur to get dirty for the millionth time. “What was that?”

“Bad beans last night, maybe?” Lance said, getting up. He came over and patted her back. She hated how good it made her feel. “Are you okay? We don’t have to trek today if you’re sick.”

That was another thing she hated. Lance enjoyed humiliating her, loved fucking her and reminding her that this was her fate now. But he also genuinely protected her and took care of her, which only deepened her unbreakable attraction to him, and addiction to his dick.

“I’m f-fine,” she said, leaning against his wonderful pets and soaking in the comfort of them. “I feel fine. Just a stupid bit of nausea. Had some the other morning too. And last week. Just getting tired from all the trekking up across this mountainscape, that’s all.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure, okay?” Rodrique snapped. She softened immediately, ears deflating a little in apology. “Sorry. It’s just this stupid squire’s outfit has been incredibly uncomfortable on my damn breasts lately. I swear it’s like they’ve grown even bigger!”

“They’re already the size of your head,” Lance remarked, rather happily at that.

“I am very aware . . . sir. They already flop about when I hop. It’s maddening!”

“You don’t complain about them when I play with them.”

She sighed, already getting a little turned on. “No, I don’t. But they’re just a bit sore lately. Gods, this better not be a monthly bleeding finally starting.”

Lance raised an eyebrow, curious. “Do you even get those?”

“None yet, so I have no idea. Who knows with this ridiculous body? Please sir, can we just get a move on. I’ll make it up to you later, I promise.”

“Very well, my gorgeous little bunny squire,” Lance said, patting her gentle between her ears. She loved that. “Just make sure to wash those cute back teeth of yours after that little hurl!”

“Oh, ha ha, sir.”

Unfortunately for Rodrique, the little stomach bug she assumed she had was going to take on much greater significance. As they continued their adventure and uncovered the desert stronghold on the other side of the mountain pass, the poor rabbit squire continued to be caught in the grips of nausea at the oddest of times. Even sniffing her morning stew set her off once, and she had to dry heave several times, just barely keeping her carrots down. Her breasts remained tender, and she decided they definitely *were* bigger. More than that, she was increasingly hit by bouts of tiredness, sleeping in far beyond what her old knightly senses had taut her to, and occasionally having afternoon naps, often just after fucking her handsome knight. She couldn't understand it, and neither could Lance, at least for a time. In the end, he had to storm the desert stronghold himself, leaving her worried on the sidelines, terrified that anything could happen to her master.

"Please, let him be safe, oh Gods," she said. Her squire-turned-knight may relish in her new position as his sexy little rabbit lover, but the truth was that she was desperate to keep him safe. She had to; her body belonged to him, and her mind told her constantly that he was her only mate. She rubbed her belly slowly as he infiltrated the stronghold on a mission to save this Princess Sahlia. Her stomach seemed tauter than usual, almost like it was slightly domed.

"Don't tell me I've been eating too many carrots," she said aloud. "Is that what this is? I'm overeating? I guess I have been very hungry as of late. Why would I be -"

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a warhorn blowing, waking up the stronghold. The gate entrance began to fall, but storming through it just in time was Sir Lance upon a fast-riding horse, a woman in a harem outfit clinging to him. It was like something out of Rodrique's old adventures, and the sight made her intensely jealous.

"Squire!" Lance shouted as he approached at rapid speed. "Be ready to hop!"

"Y-yes, sir!" she cried.

As he approached, she bounded up, landing easily in his lap where he held her tight. The feeling was protective, but she turned her bunny head around to face the pink-clad Princess Sahlia, who looked at the bunny squire with shock. But no words could be exchanged just yet, as riders were following them at rapid pace.

"Squire, ready my bow!" Lance called.

Rodrique got to work doing so, and saw that Sahlia was already preparing her own ranged weapon. A battle was about to commence. It was the stuff she really missed, but now only had a squire's place in.

"At least I can help," she muttered, passing arrows to her lover and the princess.

“So it is true!” Sahlia said in her attractive accent once they were safely away and hidden in the shade of a forested mountain pass. “You really do have a rabbit woman as a lover. But she is so tiny!”

“Hey!” Rodrique replied. “I’m big where it counts.” She placed her hands on her hips.

The woman giggled as she kneeled down to better take in Rodrique’s rabbit form. “I can see that. Your bosom would look big on me! I’m almost jealous, and certainly of your knight. When you two went away to ‘discuss plans’ before, were you actually-”

“Yes,” Rodrique said flatly, folding her arms over her boobs. “We were, and it’s none of your business as to - ow!”

She cringed at how sore her breasts were.

“Are you alright?” Sahlia said, face full of concern.

“Yeah, it’s just these huge furry boobs. They’re even bigger lately. And sore.”

The woman frowned. “Sore?”

“Yeah. I must be sick or something, damn the wizard that made me this way. My stomach had been churning and I’ve thrown up some mornings. I’m also damn tired all the time, and by the Black Mountain it feels like my stomach is all tight lately.”

Sahlia’s face became much more serious. She extended a hand to feel Rodrique’s belly. “May I?”

The former human male was uneasy, but could never truly turn down a pat. Lance wasn’t nearby as he was fetching water, so at least some embarrassment was saved. “Go for it, if you think you know what’s wrong.”

She stamped her foot nervously on the ground, as was her new rabbit habit, as Sahlia touched her belly.

“Hmm, it really is quite taut there, isn’t it?” she remarked.

“I only just noticed today, while my master was rescuing you. I think I’m having a bad reaction to something.”

“And you say your breasts are bigger and sore? And you’ve been vomiting?”

She nodded, her long ears waving on top of her head.

Sahlia gave a sheepish grin, one that brought both comfort but also, Rodrique sensed, bad news.

“What? What is it?”

Lance came crashing through the foliage at that point, carrying several full waterskins, but for once Rodrique paid him no mind. She was all ears - and what ears they were! - upon Sahlia.

“Tell me!” she demanded. “What’s wrong with me?”

Sahlia smiled peacefully. “You needn’t fear too much, beautiful bunny. From all the symptoms you’ve told me and what I’ve felt, I don’t think you’re sick at all.”

“Then . . . then what is it?”

Lance came close now, listening without a word.

Sahlia took a moment to get her words together, the tension only heightening as a result. “I think, Rodrique, that you should see one of the midwives in a city nearby.”

“Midwife? But why . . .”

Another smile, this one even more compassionate. She brushed Rodrique’s belly, feeling through the fur to the domed shape of it.

“Because if I’m right, I think you are with child. Or, given that you are a bunny woman, perhaps . . . a little?”

Rodrique took one look up at Lance, who appeared just as astonished. And then, appropriately enough for someone who had once been a stalwart male knight, she fainted on the spot.

“Oh yes, she’s pregnant alright!” Mother Esper said. “All the signs are there.”

Rodrique was laying back on a table with only a shroud to cover her nakedness. The trip had been another week to get to the city of Hallsmith, and the entire time she couldn’t stop thinking about Sahlia’s words, that she was possibly pregnant. Every bout of morning sickness that followed, every lurch in her stomach, every moment of tiredness, every sore pang in her tits, all made it feel more possible. But up until this moment, she had denied it. Now that a magical midwife was looking over her, her gold-glowing hands tracing over the bunny woman’s fur, everything was confirmed.

“P-pregnant,” Rodrique said. “I can’t be!”

“You rather can!” Mother Esper said, the middle-aged woman chuckling a little. “Have you been engaging in relations with your master?”

Lance answered that one, scratching the back of his head a little nervously.

“Frequently, actually. Several times a day.”

“And have you used any contraception since you were transformed from a male human into this form?”

Rodrique blushed beneath her fur. That was another thing that made her deeply embarrassed; that her transformation was now public knowledge to all. She got some mockery for it, particularly when it came to her furry tits. How bad would it get now with a bloated belly?

“We . . . not once,” the bunny squire answered. “It felt . . . all wrong.”

“Ha!” the woman said. “Then don’t be surprised at the outcome. Rabbits are rather famous for this thing, are they not?”

More burning blushing, thankfully concealed. Rodrique stamped her foot on the bed she was lying on. "How . . . how far along am I? Can we be rid of it?"

Esper shook her head. "We cannot, child. It's a blessing, first of all, and your form is laden with the wizard Koraths' magic. Nothing can alter your body back, and that includes what goes on inside it. As for how far along you are, I'd say you're the equivalent of twelve weeks or so. But who knows how fast your pregnancy may go compared to that of a human woman's? You might be popping out a litter of little babies in just a few month's time!"

"A few months!? A litter!?"

It was almost too much for Rodrique. She was feeling faint again. Her emotions were certainly heightened from the pregnancy.

"With how many is she pregnant, Mother Esper?" Lance asked, stroking Rodrique's ears and helping calm her.

Mother Esper shrugged. "Who knows? My magic can easily pick up anything from one to four. So I'd say north of that."

Rodrique ran a paw over her stomach, bewildered at the thought of just how pregnant she might get. Bewildered, in fact, that her life had somehow ended up with her pregnant at all!

"Gods help me," she said.

But Lance just stroked her fur and kissed her left ear tip.

"Looks like we're going to be making quite the family, my dear squire," he said cheerfully.

"Y-yes, my knight," was all she could reply.

Mother Esper's estimation had been right; Rodrique's pregnancy was proceeding at a faster pace than that of an ordinary human woman. The bunny squire was shocked how quickly her stomach began to round out. It was as if one day she simply had a small, barely discernible dome, and suddenly the next none of her tailor-made outfits fit, and all and sundry could easily see that she was with child. Being so small, it was horrid to realise that she was going to be quite 'out'; where else would the babies go, after all?

And so it was that the pair only got a couple more adventures in before Rodrique's expansion made it impossible for her to properly travel and serve as a squire. She was well into her second trimester by that point, and she was astounded to find that her belly had begun to jostle with life. All the signs were there; the flutters of movement within her overstuffed womb, the occasional kick or attempted hop perhaps, and the endless, endless squirming.

"Nngh," she groaned one midday as Lance returned from a solo mission to defeat a local underground crime ring on behalf of Hallsmith's leading magistrate. They had based themselves in the city while Rodrique went through her astoundingly fecund pregnancy. "They always m-move about when you r-return! It's like they kn-know their father is n-near!"

Lance came and kissed her. Lately he had been very affectionate, not just amorous, with her. He pulled her up gently onto his lap as he sat down on their fine couch in their apartment, and stroked her belly almost lovingly.

"Amazing," he said. "You're getting bigger and rounder everyday."

"D-don't I know it! Gods, sometimes I wish I was at least four feet tall. Hells, I'll take three feet! I can b-barely hop around with this belly, and the litter is always moving! I hope you're p-proud of yourself!"

Lance grinned, continuing to hold her belly, cupping it from under in a way that made her coo; it helped release a lot of the weight on her. "I rather am proud, in fact. I just love seeing you like this, Rodrique. Knowing you used to be a manly knight and now you're a gorgeous little rabbit woman pregnant with my babies only makes me all the more aroused."

"Ahhhh," she moaned. "S-stop turning m-me on. I'm always so lustful while p-pregnant. I still can't believe I'm growing all your b-babies inside m-me - mhm!"

By this point Lance's hands had shifted up to cup her huge furry breasts. "Me either, but I love it all the same. I love how big and round you're getting. I love knowing you're carrying a whole little. Praise Korath's magic, I say. And you've got so much growth yet to come. Especially when it comes to these lovely melons of yours."

He cupped her breasts again, feeling over her nipples and pulling them slightly. The little, yet heavily pregnant, rabbit woman squirmed in his hands, writhing in absolute pleasure. Her womb was full of squirming, but somehow that turned her on even more to feel herself so full of life, courtesy of her master. He pulled on her left nipple, tugging it in a manner that made her writhe even more.

"S-stop! Sooooo sensitive! Soooo - mmphh!!"

To both their shock, a stream of warm milk suddenly erupted from her nipple in a long arc, squirting onto the carpeted floor several feet away. Lance was silent for a moment, and so was Rodrique.

"Was that - was that milk?" Lance asked.

"Oh Gods, it was," Rodrique replied, looking at her tits. They had gotten so big lately that they had to rest down on her massive belly, which itself dominated her entire body. "Oh Gods, this can't be. I'm making milk? Why am I making milk?"

At this, Lance laughed. "Haven't you ever seen a cow? Or a breastfeeding mother? You *do* know that that's the whole point of breasts and udders, right? To make milk to feed all those little bunnies I put in your belly?"

Rodrique swallowed. As if to emphasise the point, a number of her babies kicked around inside of her, and it was enough to make her other nipple dribble a small stream of milk down her fur.

“Ohh . . . nghh . . . now they’re b-both leaking! Gods, what to do about this? I can’t breastfeed, can I?”

Lance laughed, cupping her breasts again and massaging them. “Of course you can, and you’ll have to. You’ll be making a lot of milk for our little bunnies, to judge from these things.”

“But - but what about now? I can’t godsdamn feed anything now!”

Lance turned her around, hefted up a great breast, and smiled.

“I can think of ways to help you with that, and have fun at the same time.”

“What are you doing? You can’t seriously tell me you want to - ohhhhh, mhmm! Ahhhh, that f-feels - ahhhh! Oh, Gods, yes! It’s s-so wrong but - right! Keep going!”

The bunny girl was lost in pleasure once more as her lover and knightly master drank from her reserves of milk, and drank deeply at that. It made her loins tingle, and even with her huge belly resting against him he was able to hold her up, his own cock getting hard. Rivulets poured into his mouth, but she cried out in ecstasy as he emptied her. It was orgasmic, and all the better when he lowered her onto his cock when he was done, lying back a little so that her belly could sprawl out over him.

“I c-can’t believe you d-did this t-to me! You’ve m-made me a total breeder! Ohhhh Gods! I’m s-so f-fucking pregnant with your bunnies! NGHH!”

Lance grunted as he fucked her, her pussy still milking his cock expertly, her milky breasts bouncing against her pregnant dome.”

“And I wouldn’t have it any other way!”

In the end, birth came roughly four months after conception, as far as they could tell. By that point, Rodrique was practically immobile with her enormous belly, often sprawled out on her side and pleading with Lance to drink from her when he returned, since she was often lactating. His touch soothed the veritable army in her overly full womb, and her libido was skyrocketing every day, though their positions were quite limited. Lance had hung up his scabbard and sword for a time while they awaited the birth, and Rodrique found herself very thankful for that. Going through such a massive yet rapid pregnancy and in such an unexpected and freakish manner was bad enough, so having him with her was a huge boon.

The truth was, however, that a maternal side of her was growing. Sure, the sex was wonderful as always and Lance was acting far more . . . loving towards her. Yes, the way he

drank from her lactating breasts drove her to fits of ecstasy. But there was something more as well, and it was to do with the squirming in her belly. Occasionally she would rub it, cursing the movements of her litter, only to suddenly smile as one of her many little bunnies kicked in a particular spot or responded to her tapping at her stomach.

“C-calm down, my little ones,” she said. “Calm down.”

But she said it in a soothing way, and strangely enough, when they did calm down and quieted, going to sleep inside her, she sometimes became worried, fearing for them. Only when the squirming began again was she made happy.

It was all coming to an end at some point, however, and for Rodrique it was, appropriately, right after she had been fucked by her lover once more. Lance was drinking from her breasts and fingering her pussy. Her wetness was practically soaking the fur at her thighs, but she was crying out on her side, helpless to his ministrations.

“Yes! I’m c-close! I need this, sir Lance! I n-need you! I need the f-father of my bunny b-babies! YESSS!!”

She shrieked, experiencing one of the biggest orgasms she’d ever had. Moment later, though, fluids gushed down between her legs.

“Was that? I’m not that w-wet am - NGHH! AGHHH!!”

Lance got right to his knees, moving around to Rodrique’s side.

“Are you okay, my love?”

“NGHH . . . oh Gods, I think this is it. Oh Gods, oh hells, I’m going into f-fucking labor, my master! I - aghhhh! It’s a c-contraction!”

Lance rubbed her belly. “I’ll fetch Mother Esper. She’ll know what to do.”

“B-be quiiiick! It’s - ahhh - like nothing I’ve ever felt. Like nothing I ever expected to f-feel!”

She grunted and groaned as the contractions came, and quickly at that. But part of her recognised something else too; Lance had called her ‘my love.’ He’d never done that before, and for some reason it gave her the strength to carry on as the next contraction came.

By the time Mother Esper was brought into the apartment by Lance, the bunny woman had managed to change position. She was on her back, her enormous stomach weighing her down, her colossal breasts seeping milk down her sides. She had her legs spread wide almost by instinct, stamping her feet occasionally in response to the contractions.

“H-HURRY!” she cried. “I THINK I’M N-NEARLY TH-THERE!”

Mother Esper ran before her, took one look, and nodded.

“Yep, that’s about ready, I’d say. Quick pregnancy, quick birth. Makes sense! Get ready to push, young lady!”

"I'm not m-meant to be a lady, I'm - AGHH!!"

"Push already! You're about to be a mother to quite a brood! Might as well get on with it!"

Rodrique stretched her legs wider, giving more width to her dilated canal. She bore down, still unbelieving that this was her life; that she was an anthro bunny, a woman, and now a mother-to-be in labor. Still, she pushed.

"NGH! OHHH!! AGGHH!!"

And something emerged, sliding out of her passage and into the world. Mother Esper caught it.

"It's a little boy!" she declared, holding him up.

Rodrique's heart broke and reformed all at once. A little bunny boy, less anthro and bunny-like than herself, like she was a quarter rabbit instead of her half-rabbit self, was in the midwife's hands. She thrust her out to Rodrique, who took her baby in her arms. She wept straight away, feeling the writhing little thing.

"He's b-beautiful," she stammered. "He's s-so beautiful. Can we n-name him Roderick?"

"Of course, my love," Lance said, holding her paw.

"Thank you . . . my love," she said, still embarrassed. "Look at him, he's so - so - oh Gods! NGHH!!"

"More pushing!" Esper declared, feeling her belly. "A lot more, I'm afraid."

She took away the first of the large litter, and Rodrique was forced to bear down once more. The birthing would go for some time.

In the end, eleven little babies surrounded the exhausted Rodrique in a half-circle. She was tired, but needed to feed them all. Lance helped her switch them out as they drank from her milk-filled breasts. She was producing her life-giving nourishment as fast as they drank it, but for once she didn't care. She wasn't even ashamed of being a naked bunny girl breastfeeding an entire litter. The anthro-rabbit mother only cared about the babies in her care, and her smiles were without embarrassment.

"I see you're already going to be a great mother to our litters," Lance said.

"Yeah, I suppose I can make this work," Rodrique said. "And besides, at least the sex that brought us here is great. It's embarrassing, being stuck like this, but I wouldn't change it for the world if it meant losing the babies you gave me. I - I can't explain it. Maybe it's the pregnancy, but I just love them all so much already. And . . . I love you too, Lance."

He leaned forward and smooched his rabbit babymamma. "I love you too. I still like embarrassing you, though."

"Oh, I don't think that will ever stop . . . sir."

They shared a laugh, and she finished feeding the last babies, who promptly fell asleep with the rest.

"Wait a moment, did you say litters before? Litter-s. Plural?"

Lance grinned and pulled her up into his arms, burying his face in her full breasts.

"I absolutely did, my gorgeous rabbit," he declared.

Rodrique sighed, feeling that warm need already rising, and so soon after birth at that!

"Of course," she sighed, giving in to her eternal lust. "It never ends, does it?"

The End