

BEASTARS

“THE PERFECT PREY”

By Zaftig Industries

CW: weight gain, pred/prey themes, flatulence, fat rabbits who may or may not be horny for self-vore, belching, gas, sweat, body odor



Haru, a White Rabbit student at the Cherryton School, was having a very difficult year.

First, she'd made the mistake of sleeping with a popular girl's boyfriend. Mizuchi, a rare endangered Harlequin rabbit, had not taken kindly to Haru seducing her lover, and the resulting bullying had been merciless. Later in the year, Haru had fallen in love with a deer boy, Rouis, who had disappeared... Oh, and she'd also been kidnapped and nearly devoured by Shishi-Gumi lion mobsters. It had been a hell of a year.

Finally, there was Legoshi. While she had many feelings for the tall, quiet gray wolf who was her classmate and almost-lover, Haru wasn't sure how to feel about him. He was selfless and brave, willing to risk gunfire and tooth and claw to save her... but he was also notoriously insecure, awkward and had once come within inches of devouring Haru alive. Needless to say, their relationship was... complicated.

After almost making love to Legoshi and finding herself unable to resist her own submissive prey instincts, Haru had decided to spend some time apart from him. She needed to pursue her own path. She needed to find her own way in this world. And right now...

Well, right now she needed a snack.

Haru scowled up at the vending machine, its buttons infuriatingly out of reach. She had already fed her *yen* into the machine, but it refused to dispense the delicious chocolate-mint-flavored Pocky, because she *couldn't reach the damn buttons*.

Months ago, the school had promised more accessibility for small prey-animal students. And yet... here she was, unable to get her pocky. Stupid school government.

“Hey there, little one--do you need some help?”

Haru glanced up to see Jack, the golden retriever student, standing over her. His school uniform sleeves were rolled up, and he wore a big dopey grin, as usual. His tail was wagging instinctively at the adorable sight of a tiny bunny jumping up and down, struggling to get a snack.

Haru scowled.

“No. I don't need any *help*, Jack. Please go away.”

But the big idiot could not be dissuaded. Still grinning, he reached up for the buttons.

“Here--let me do it for you, I insist!”

Haru sighed, giving in to her fate... for the moment.

“I'd like the Pocky, please.”

“My pleasure!”

Soon the crinkly package of chocolate-covered confections was in her hand. Still annoyed that she'd been forced to stoop to asking for help, Haru nibbled a Pocky, glaring up at Jack, who was now selecting a snack of his own.

“Hey, Jack?”

“What's up?”

“Why do you think I'm helpless?”

He paused, his grin fading slightly.

“I mean... I wouldn't say helpless, but you're kind of small and frail, you know? And you're so cute, I just *had* to help you.”

“I... I see.”

Haru fumed with rage as Jack walked away, his dumb tail still wagging. He was one of her dumber classmates, for sure, but he had a point--almost all larger animals saw her as helpless. And they either felt compelled to help the “poor little bunny,” or in the case of big predators, sometimes they were compelled to try and eat her.

Well, she'd had enough. She needed to make some changes. She needed to find a way to get people to *stop* condescending to her, stop talking down to her. If one more person called her “cute,” Haru thought she might just scream.

Then she glanced up at the vending machine, still deep in thought. Her reflection, hazy in the glass of the machine, was slightly distorted--making her rounder, wider, more grotesque. In that moment, Haru had an idea.

“‘Cute,’ am I?” she said, munching vengefully on her Pocky. “‘Small and frail,’ huh? We'll see about that...”



Legoshi the wolf entered the cafeteria with a heavy heart. He didn't enjoy his new “celebrity” status in school one bit--the big wolf much preferred to be left alone. But after his fellow gray wolf Juno had outed him as a “champion of prey rights” during the Meteor Festival, being left alone was.... Unlikely.

“Legoshi, can you spare a word for the school paper?”

“Legoshi, you're an *inspiration!* Way to go, man!”

“Legoshi, you trash--how dare you value prey animals over your own kind?!”

Dodging through the crowded cafeteria, struggling not to step on tiny mice and rodent students as they hurried beneath his feet, Legoshi finally found a quiet table in the corner to sit and eat his lunch. The open atrium of the cafeteria wasn't even very crowded this morning, but countless eyes still watched him as he ate his egg sandwich.

Legoshi hated having eyes on him. He hated the judgment of others. But most of all, he hated himself for not being able to say anything about it. He was not a confrontational person--even his adventure rescuing Haru from the Shishi-Gumi hadn't made him any more courageous at school than usual. He was still shy, retiring and reluctant to engage with others.

Which was why his tail stood up on end when his white rabbit crush, Haru, ambled over to his table and slapped a huge tray of food down across from him.

“Haru!! I... I thought you didn't want to be seen together?!”

“Huh? Oh right, that... Meh, whatever.”

Haru shrugged. Her tray was covered in vegetarian delights: black bean burgers, sweet potato fries, glazed carrots and countless other rabbit-friendly foods.

“I'd rather do this in front of you than anyone else. Or alone. So consider this a lifting of our embargo on hanging out, dear Legoshi.”

Legoshi couldn't help but smile a little. Haru was so strange--he couldn't understand her. But he loved her all the same.

“And uh... What exactly are you doing?”

Haru chomped down on a wedge of fried potato, her small white-furred cheeks bulging.

“What does it look like, Legoshi? I'm *eating*. **Urp.**”

Legoshi struggled with his words as he watched her gobble up several fries in succession, washing it down with a bottle of Ramune soda, her throat swelling and a trickle of soda washing down her cheek.

“Uh... Yeah, I can see that. But... don't you usually get a salad or something for lunch?”

He winced as she kicked him under the table. For such a small rabbit, she had a powerful pair of legs on her.

“It’s rude to point out a woman’s diet, Legoshi, don’t you know that?”

Legoshi frowned... but returned to his egg sandwich, watching Haru curiously out of one lupine eye. She was acting strangely, since the Shishi-Gumi incident... but that made sense. After all, the school refused to even admit she’d been kidnapped. Maybe she was working out her issues and trauma by overeating.

“Mmmf... Gulp, **urrrp**... this is good stuff... Want a fry, Legoshi?”

“Uhh... Nah, I’m fine...”

As he watched her gorge, he felt something stir inside him... the same feral, animalistic urge he’d felt when he’d first smelled Haru’s scent, those many months ago on the school quad.

He pushed it down quickly, struggling not to arch his back and lick his lips. What was it about her eating like this, that had gotten him so hot and bothered? Well, whatever it was, he didn’t have time for it right now.

He was just happy to be with her.



Several weeks later...

Juno watched as Legoshi and Haru chatted in front of the gymnasium doors, seething from all the way across the school common.

“Who does she think she is? Always trying to steal Legoshi away from me... Disgusting little trollop...”

Footsteps from behind her announced the arrival of another prey animal; like most predators, Juno could tell. And from the rich-girl perfume wafting on the wind... yes, it was a rabbit. Ugh! Exactly what she needed right now. More *rabbits* in her life.

“You don’t like that slut Haru, do you Juno? That makes two of us...”

Juno turned to find Mizuchi, the harlequin rabbit popular girl, standing behind her. With one half of her body covered in jet-black fur and the other snow-white fur, and with her tabby-cat retinue of fellow bullies in tow, Mizuchi was not usually Juno’s cup of tea. But today, she was so frustrated she actually welcomed Mizuchi’s arrival. At last, someone else who actually saw how *terrible* Haru was.

“Yeah? What’s your beef with her?”

Mizuchi crossed her arms over her lacey Cherryton School uniform, staring daggers across the courtyard at Haru.

“She fucked my boyfriend. Several times.”

Juno blinked. “Wow. Yes, I could see how you would... not get along with her, after that.”

“Juno. Do you notice anything different about Haru the Amazing School Slut lately? Anything... weird?”

Juno squinted at the rabbit. Across the common, Haru was putting an adorable flower necklace around Legoshi’s neck, as a gift... and as she did so, her shirt lifted up out of her skirt-hem, exposing a soft, rounded white belly.

Juno’s eyes widened. “Is she... *Pregnant?!?*”

Her blood boiled at the very thought. But Mizuchi simply laughed.

“Not even. I’ve seen her eating in the cafeteria--she’s been gobbling nothing but junk food for weeks. She’s getting *fat*, the stupid little idiot. Whatever spell she has on your crush is going to disappear--trust me, I’ve seen rabbits get fat before. They don’t last long, in this city.”

Juno smiled viciously.

“*Fat?! Oh, that’s perfect. That’s... God, that’s amazing. Legoshi will never love her if she turns into a bloated bunny-ball! This is excellent!*”

Mizuchi nudged her.

“Actually... I had an idea. Both of us have our reasons to hate that little bitch... What if we gave her a *helping hand* with staying well-fed?”

Juno paused, suddenly concerned. Secretly fattening up Haru to sabotage her seemed like a step too far... but then she saw the way Legoshi looked at her. That dopey, worshipping gaze. His virile wolfish body and good looks were *wasted* on that... that little pig!

“Yes,” she said, nodding slowly. “Yes, I think that would be a very good idea.”



That afternoon, Haru was snacking on a cupcake in her garden when Mizuchi and Juno arrived, each carrying covered gift-baskets. The little rabbit’s ears went flat with suspicion.

“What do *you two* want?”

Mizuchi smiled with fake cheeriness.

“Haru, Haru... why so tense? You need to loosen up a little. Juno and I just... came to apologize, that’s all!”

“Yes,” said Juno, lying through her teeth as she set her basket on the ground. “We wanted to make up past... disagreements a little. Show you we’re no longer enemies.”

Haru scowled.

“*Suuure* you did. And what’s in those baskets, eh? Rotten fruit to pelt me with?”

Mizuchi’s smile never wavered.

“Not at all! They’re gifts for you... your favorite food. Chocolate!!”

The pair removed the tartan blankets covering the baskets to reveal... that they were actually telling the truth. Each basket was filled to overflowing with treats--chocolate rabbits, chocolate eggs, chocolate bars and even jelly-beans, like some kind of demented out-of-season Easter basket.

Haru’s ears slowly straightened.

“I bet those chocolates are full of laxatives or something. There’s no *way* you two are just being nice to me, out of nowhere...”

Juno put on a very aggrieved expression, her blue eyes brimming with fake tears.

“Haru, *honey!* Just because we’ve pursued the same male in the past doesn’t mean that we have to be enemies... Here, I’ll prove it to you.”

She reached down, unwrapped a chocolate egg and gobbled it down, chocolate staining her muzzle. Haru was unconvinced... but her stomach, recently pushing heavily against her uniform, growled with eager delight.

“Fine... I’ll accept them, just this once. But if there’s any tricks or funny business, I’m reporting you to the school. Poisoning a class member is at *least* a week of after-school detention.”

The two of them showered Haru with protests as she took the baskets.

“We would *never!*”

“Honest!”

“Perish the thought!”

As Haru took the baskets back to her garden shed, though, the two bullies glanced at each other... and grinned. Their victim had taken the bait.

Back in their dormitories, the pair had assembled even more “gifts” for Haru... gift cards to local restaurants, more candy, junk food “care packages,” and even bottles of wine wrapped in cheery bows. And they planned to continue giving Haru “apology gifts” until she caught on... or until the little rabbit was too fat to walk.

Whichever came first.



“Uh... Haru, are you doing okay?”

From the top of a flight of stairs leading to the auditorium--the drama club’s dress rehearsal was in twenty minutes, and Haru had asked to come and see it--Legoshi regarded his crush with concern.

Haru was halfway up the steps, breathing heavily, leaning on the secondary guard-rail Cherryton had installed for “height challenged students.” The problem was, Haru wasn’t simply “height challenged” anymore.

She was now *weight-challenged*, as well.

After weeks of frequent snacking, heavy meals and scarfing down Juno and Mizushi’s “gifts,” Haru had put on significant weight. What had begun as a project to seem less “tiny” and “adorable” had rapidly morphed into a dangerous bad habit. Haru had been eating constantly: if she wasn’t sleeping, or having sex with the dwindling amount of boys on campus who would fool around with her, the white rabbit was eating.

And it was really starting to show.

At first, it had been a small widening of the hips, a modest potbelly. Then her body grew further, as the days passed: her thighs thickened, her rear doubled in size (much to Legoshi's interest) and her breasts expanded. The whole time, her stomach--constantly filled to capacity--had begun to stick out more and more, until Haru could no longer see the toes of her school-uniform flats.

And now... well. She felt like things were getting a little out of control.

Soaked in sweat, her uniform damp and reeking of wet fur and body odor, the recently overweight rabbit struggled to catch her breath. She was stuffed--she'd had an enormous lunch not half an hour ago in the cafeteria, and had snacked on candy all the way to the auditorium.

And now, the stairs to Legoshi's lighting fixture balcony were defeating her. Her legs, once trim and lithe, were now thick and heavy with flesh... and they trembled as she struggled to face another twenty steps to the top.

"Legoshi... huff, huff... d-does the the balcony have... huff, an elevator?" She stifled a wet belch with her hand, barely able to hold it back. "**BrullLLIch**. Oof."

Legoshi winced as he saw the banister creak under her weight.

"Uhh... No, I don't think so. Are you sure you don't need help?"

"I'm fine... **URRRP**. Just need to... c-catch my breath..."

"Hey Legoshi, what's going on? Do you need help with any... Oh. Oh my."

Sheila, a cheetah senior student and chief choreographer for the Drama Club, had come around the corner behind Haru. Two things happened at once: one, Sheila was presented with the sight of an *enormous* pair of white-furred prey-animal buttocks, jutting out from under the hem of Haru's too-small school uniform skirt.

The second thing that happened was: as Sheila arrived, Haru lost her balance due to the wobbling and jiggling of her own flesh, and tumbled backwards directly onto Sheila.

A month or two ago, this would have been inconsequential: while she was very lithe and skinny, Sheila was decently strong as a predator, and she might have caught Haru easily. But instead, the flabby rabbit's sudden weight barreling into her knocked Sheila on her ass... and the rabbit's flabby rump wound up directly on her chest.

Paralyzed with embarrassment and confusion, Sheila could only stare in mesmerized horror at Haru's jiggling blubber-rolls as the girl apologized. Meanwhile, Legoshi rushed down the stairs, helping his crush off Sheila's chest.

"Sorry, Sheila! Haru was just, um, helping me with my lighting duties..."

Haru wheezed and huffed as she was pulled off the cheetah's bosom, her sweaty asscheeks leaving twin stains on Sheila's uniform.

"I apologize, Sheila... those stairs are **urrrp** a little tricky..."

"It's... Fine."

Sheila rose with the lithe agility of a dancer... but Legoshi noticed something odd as she did so. The predator student, looking a bit traumatized, nonetheless wiped *saliva* off her chin as she stared at Haru, seeming distracted for a moment.

"I'm just going to go... help the students... with their dance positions. Yep. Gonna forget that this *ever* happened. Later!"

And off she went. Legoshi frowned, glancing at Haru, who was still breathing heavily from the ordeal.

"Haru... Can I talk to you after drama club?"



On the roof, the flowers of the Floral Club waved softly in a gentle afternoon breeze. Legoshi sat beside Haru as she unpacked an enormous lunch from a picnic cooler she'd been keeping in the supply shed. Takoyaki octopus balls, cabbage *tero*, and several fast-food containers were quickly opened and demolished, as well as several bowls of ramen. Legoshi noticed with concern that Haru had added a microwave and mini-fridge to the shed she was

meant to be using for gardening supplies... the same shed she usually had sex with other students in.

Legoshi coughed awkwardly as Haru dug into her fourth bowl of ramen, her cheeks swelling with noodles as she scarfed them down, pouring multiple packets of sodium-heavy flavoring into the mixture of broth.

“Haru, um... I know you said you wanted to look less *delicate*... but don’t you think this is maybe going a bit too far?”

Haru looked up at him, her mouth overflowing with noodles. She’d gained an enormous double chin, he noticed, not to mention the swelling of her upper arms and the new chubbiness of her hands. Her enormous ass was the crowning achievement of her expansion, but there were a thousand other details to note as well... and each one of those details made him aroused, fascinated, and oddly *hungry*.

Which made Legoshi very concerned.

“I’m... **SLRRRP**... not going to stop eating, Legoshi. No matter what you say. So lay off, alright?”

Haru sucked down the noodles, belched, and started on a packet of Kit-Kats right away, ripping open the package and fishing out bars of the sticky chocolate to shove into her mouth.

“No one... Is ever going to call me... **URRrrrRP**, ‘small’ or ‘adorable’ ever again. I’ll show them all! Oogh... my poor stomach...”

She doubled over for a moment as the sheer amount of junk food inside her made her grown and wince... and to Legoshi’s amusement and disgust, a small fart forced its way out of her, Haru’s cotton-tail twitching over her huge buttocks as it did so.

PFRRRTfff...

He stifled a laugh as Haru scowled at him.

“It’s not nice to point out when a *lady* passes wind, Legoshi...”

“Uh huh. Well, at least pass it downwind of me next time... Heh-heh.”

Anxious as he was about her safety and health, Legoshi had still taken Haru's changes in stride. He actually liked her more plump... though she was rapidly going from "plump" to full-on *fat*, a waddling testament to her own poor dietary choices.

But one thing that worried Legoshi him was *why* he liked her this way. He had no sexual interest in plump predators--he wasn't normally a chubby chaser--but the fatter Haru became, the more entranced and darkly curious he was about her body. It was like she was casting a spell on him all over again, with every ounce she gained.

"Mmmm... *Urrrpfh*, that was good. Now where did I put my phone?"

Haru was fishing around in her newfound cleavage, an asset she'd just acquired in the last few weeks. Legoshi looked away modestly as she dug chubby fingers through the depths of her own cavernous breast-canyon.

"I thought I had it somewhere... Come on, Legoshi, help me look. I can't **URRP** lose another phone, my parents will kill me."

The wolf sighed and followed Haru as she heaved herself off their usual lunch bench, and jiggled back to the supply shed, Legoshi watching her ass twitch and wiggle the whole way.

Finally, Haru gave up searching and asked Legoshi to just call her number. A telltale buzzing from under the cot in the corner of the shed drew her attention, and she bent over, peering underneath it. Legoshi was treated to the majestic sight of her panties stretched tight over doughy, flabby asscheeks, as her school skirt rode up over her once-petite rump.

"There it is! Pesky thing..."

She dropped down to her hands and knees and wriggled under the cot... but halfway there, a squeak of distress sounded, and Haru kicked her legs in a sudden panic.

"Legoshi? Legoshi--help! I'm **urrp**, I'm stuck!"

Legoshi's jaw dropped. Haru had literally gotten so porky she'd wedged herself in the space between the cot and the dusty wooden floor; she'd turned into a rabbit version of the stuffed bear from a children's story, eating her way into momentary peril.

And against his will, Legosi found himself *aroused* by this sight.

It was her *helplessness*, he realized. As Haru got fatter and fatter, she also got slower, weaker, more pitiful. Even a little dumber, if her recent grades were any indication. And as he watched her squirm, her fat-rolls jiggling, her ass flopping and wobbling, a dark feral inclination came over the young wolf. He flicked the latch Haru had installed on the door to avoid being interrupted during sex... and knelt beside Haru, smelling the musk emanating from her lower parts.

“You did this to yourself, you know.”

“Wh-what? What are you talking about, idiot?! Get me out of here!”

Legoshi smiled, exposing his long, sharp canine teeth. For a long time, he'd had no control over his relationship with Haru. For a long time, she'd called all the shots: deciding where they hung out, how exclusive they were. For the first time, though, Haru's weight gain had given *Legoshi* control of the dynamic. For the first time, the young wolf actually felt in control... and his predator instincts surged as he watched poor, stuck Haru jiggle like a fat little coney caught in a trap.

Reaching out, he gently squeezed one of her asscheeks, the fat flesh yielding easily under his claws.

“You heard me. You did it to yourself, Haru. It's your own fault you got your chubby, lewd little body stuck under there.”

“Legoshi... This isn't f-funny... Help me **urp** out of here...”

Haru's voice had taken on a whimpering tone--unusual for her, since she had never once begged him for anything. She hadn't even begged for mercy when the Shishi-Gumi prepared her as a meal... yet she was begging now. *Pleading* with him for release.

And Legoshi would 'release' her, alright. Oh, yes he would.

Drawing one claw down the length of her frayed, almost-shredded panties, which had been run threadbare due to the size of her new rear, he traced the claw up the inside of one of her chubby thighs. Instantly Haru froze, her tiny bob-tail twitching.

“L-Legoshi, what are you *doing*, you big oaf? S-stop that... at once...”

But he could see her thighs clenching. Grinning, he traced the claw up and down her thigh... and then ran it along the edge of where her panties met her skin. And slipped it underneath the fabric.

He'd never had the courage to do anything like this before. Even in the love-hotel they had shared after rescuing Haru from the mob, he had not been able to "seal the deal." But now... with his once headstrong and arrogant crush turned into a lazy, fat butterball... Legoshi found he had all the courage in the world.

"Do you like it, Haru? Do you secretly *like* being fat and helpless? Is that why you can't stop eating--because you know every predator in school is sizing you up as a big, fat meal? Does that make you wet, you little slut?"

Under the bed, Haru's mouth opened wide.

How did he...

"D-don't call me a slut! G-get your hand off... out of th-there... *Ooh...*"

Legoshi's claw moved, inch by inch, to the chubby plumpness of her loins under the frayed panty-fabric. Slowly, he ran his finger up each side of her slit. Not entering yet, not parting the lips... just teasing her. Reminding her of her position.

"You *do* like it. You've seen the way I look at you, Haru-chan... you've seen what all this eating of yours is doing to me. And you like it. Don't you?"

Haru's legs clenched again as Legoshi grazed the outside of her puss with the sharp tip of his claw. From beneath the bed, a whimper of surrender sounded.

"Y-yes..."

"Of course you do. You like teasing me. But now it's my turn to tease you..."

Gently, lovingly, Legoshi tugged Haru's panties off, exposing her flabby buttocks and the increasingly damp mound of her womanhood. His blood was pounding in his throat. His wolf nature literally couldn't decide whether to mate with Haru or devour her... so he satisfied it by doing just a little bit of both. Appeasing his bestial nature, while also teasing his beloved.

Kneeling down, he exposed his teeth... and sank them into Haru's rear. Not enough to draw blood, or even to hurt very much. Just enough to remind her that she was completely helpless. Oddly, while once he would have been able to fit her hips entirely in his mouth, now his jaw could only contain a fraction of one of her bountiful asscheeks. He sank his teeth in a little deeper... and then let go.

Under the bed, Haru was gasping and squirming, a cascade of instincts filling her brain. She wanted to flee... but she also wanted to mate... and she very, *very* much wanted Legoshi to bite her again. To hold all her succulent rabbit-fat in his mouth, reminding her what a bad girl she was, how fat and lazy she'd gotten. How helpless.

"I bet you couldn't even run away from me," Legoshi murmured, "even if I did pull you out of there. You're too *fat* and *out of shape* now. You wouldn't get ten paces before I pounced on you..."

"*Legoshiiii...*"

Haru's lower half was a mass of wet, pulsing warmth. The idea of being her lover's *prey*, his brainless fattened meal, made her wetter than she'd ever been in her life. She was helpless before him, utterly helpless, and her loins were soon soaked as she imagined trying and failing to waddle away from him.

"Legoshi... p-please..."

"Please what?"

Legoshi spanked her ass, just to watch it jiggle, just to watch that mesmerizing blubber wobble back and forth.

"Please *fuck* you? Or eat you? Which one do you even want, Haru-chan?"

"I... I don't know anymore... Nngh, ohhh *Legoshi...*"

She was panting heavily, little chocolate-flavored burps escaping from her. Periodically, a small, terrified fart would escape from her plump backside. Legoshi didn't seem to mind, seeing it for what it was: a perverted display of submission and fear. All Haru could think about was mating, about Legoshi's teeth, his claws on her...

“I’ll give you a little of each, you *fat worthless slut*,” whispered Legoshi, his breath hot on the back of her legs. “How’s this?”

And he began licking her exposed crotch: patiently, steadily, but with increasing eagerness. Haru stiffened and a high-pitched, whimpering whine burst from her throat. She was on fire with need, raging with it, and this *stupid oaf* was just licking her?? She needed more than licking, right now! She needed to be fucked *raw!* What a complete moron--

Then Legoshi parted her pussy-lips with his claws, and grazed the edge of her wetness with his foremost teeth, the hard razor tips tickling her swollen clit.

Haru’s eyes rolled back in her head, and her legs went limp. A stream of whimpering, mindless babble poured from her mouth.

“*Yes yes yes* I’m your fat slut, I’m your stupid fat pig Legoshi, *punish* me, punish me for being a stupid **URRRP** fat dumb whore, p-please...”

And he did. Legoshi was nothing if not a gentleman, after all. He licked and suckled at her clit for almost a full ten minutes before he finally took mercy on his squealing, dripping partner and flicked her to orgasm using the dull side of his claws.

Then he did it again. And again. Working her up to it each time, teasing her, spanking her. Bullying her. Oddly, for someone whose life included constant bullying, Haru was perfectly capable of getting off on it.

Around the fourth or fifth orgasm, Haru was a twitching puddle of flabby obscenity, squealing like a pig... and she finally lost control of all the gas building up inside her, farting in Legoshi’s face. His fur was ruffled by the sudden blast of wind, and the smell of half-digested junk food filled the small hut.

PRAAARRRPPPPTTFFF!!

Haru froze, certain she’d just ruined the mood. But Legoshi simply laughed, squeezed her ass and savored the stench with his wolfish nose.

“You even *smell* like a fattened pig, Haru. How disgraceful--how shameful. You’re just a flatulent little butterball, aren’t you?”

Haru gathered her composure. “Legoshi, don’t be such a jerk--”

Cruel claws cupped the very edge of her clitoris, rubbing, scratching a little.

“*Aren’t* you, Haru?”

“Oh god... Yes, yes, I’m a smelly pig, a smelly dumb fattened hog... *Nnngh...*”

After a few more shuddering, squealing orgasms, Legoshi finally took mercy on her. Lifting the cot off her, he rolled her gasping chubby body out from underneath it and sat her on his lap, licking her ears and nibbling them as she shuddered in the aftermath of her powerful but *very* confusing sexual experience. In the haze of sexual gratification, he barely even noticed her farting directly on his crotch.

In the cloud of pheromones and soft breathing as she recovered, Haru squirmed against him, her soft rolls brushing his firm body, and looked up at him.

“Legoshi?”

“Yes?”

“We’re going to need a *much* bigger fridge.”

Legoshi smiled and reached for a can of soda from the current, pitifully small mini-fridge, handing it to Haru and watching her guzzle it greedily.

“Yes,” he said, his hand stealing to her belly and kneading the succulent flesh there.
“Yes, we are.”

-END-



EPILOGUE...

Juno fumed with rage as she scrolled through social media, seeing countless images of Haru and Legoshi at restaurants around town, buffets, hot-pot eateries... and in every photo, Haru seemed even bigger.

“I just don’t get it,” she growled, hurling her phone onto her dorm-room bed. “How is he still with her? She’s nothing but a two-bit whore, and a *fatty* to boot! And she smells like a hog!”

Mizuchi, sitting by the window, was equally frustrated. But she had discovered something very interesting: a friend of hers in the Computer Club had hacked Legoshi’s search history for her.

“Juno... You may want to take a look at this.”

“What?! What is it?”

Juno stormed over in a huff, and her jaw dropped as Mizuchi explained what she’d done. The two of them scrolled in horror through Legoshi’s porn history: the website videos all had names like **BIG BEAUTIFUL HARES, GAS-N-ASS, HOT RABBIT MUKBANG FUCK**. All of them featured girls who were hugely obese.

For a long time, Juno stared into space, her mind reeling. She was finally forced to question: how deep *did* her love for Legoshi go? How much was she willing to sacrifice?

As it turned out, the answer was quite a lot.

“Mizuchi,” she said, retrieving her phone and pulling up a list of local restaurants, “get the Drama Club credit card from my desk.”

Mizuchi raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

Juno smiled, the toothy grin of a wolf who had finally found the perfect way to hunt her prey.

“Because I’ll need to *expand* my wardrobe, this semester...”

BEASTARS

“The Perfect Prey,” Part 2

CW: Scat, slob, flatulence / eructophilia kink, weight gain, public sex, public scat



It was a new school year, and all the students at Cherryton Academy were abuzz with rumor. There were whispers going around that one of their prey-animal peers, a rabbit girl named Haru, had... changed, over the summer.

Last year, she'd not only become an official item with Legoshi--the socially awkward wolf student--but had also piled on a ton of weight, going from pint-sized bombshell to waddling eyesore. And the murmurs around town indicated she hadn't lost a pound over the summer...

"I hear her parents tried to send her to a weight-loss camp..."

"Doesn't she have irritable bowel syndrome now? A friend of mine said he heard her passing gas *openly*, in a sushi shop..."

"Legoshi can do *soooo* much better than her, I can't believe he settled for that fat lard..."

But all the rumors paled in comparison to the truth. On the first day of school, everyone found out just how much worse Haru had gotten, in every way, over the summer.

Their first warning was a heavy *thud, thud* sound approaching the classroom. Then a massive shadow fell over the sliding door.

And then... *She* appeared.

Barely four feet tall if you didn't count the ears, Haru was a white rabbit-girl of standard height. But onto that tiny frame, she had poured hundreds and hundreds of pounds of fat. Easily a hundred fifty pounds of her gelatinous, jiggling mass had been added over the summer, fresh wobbling rolls dangling off her, bulging out of her school uniform.

The waistband of her school skirt was groaning with the strain of containing her massive belly, and her wide, bloated rear end wiggled and wobbled, an obscene sliver of panties visible on the bottom of her blubbery ass, which had pushed her skirt up with its sheer size.

"Sorry I'm *huff, huff*... Late... Had to stop for breakfast... Well, a couple breakfasts. *Huff*..."

And followed by the horrified stares of her peers, Haru jiggled to her seat, barely able to squeeze into the tiny desk, fat legs with their chunky thigh-rolls dangling off the seat as she squirmed and heaved her body into place. Her arms, laden with blubber, jiggled heavily as she reached into her schoolbag for her books, and her massive bosom heaved atop her dome of slovenly rabbit-gut as she finally settled into place, her desk creaking.

One of her classmates, a shapely Leopard student, goggled at her as she unbuttoned the top button of her uniform, her fuzzy flabby cleavage spilling.

"Haru, you uhh, you look..."

"Great," filled in a nearby antelope student, nudging the leopard with her elbow. "Did you have a good summer?"

Haru nodded, still breathing heavily as she arranged her notebooks.

"Legoshi and I did a food tour of the entire country... Mmmm, it was delicious. Although, there is something I should share with you, I've got a bit of a condition going on lately..."

FRAAAARPTF...

Everyone stared in abject horror as Haru passed gas loudly, in front of all of them. This would have been social suicide at the school... but Haru fished in her cleavage and pulled out a sweat-stained medical document.

"S-sorry about that... Apparently our food tour wasn't too gentle on my insides... I've got a doctor's note for it, I may need to be excused several times today... Just, you know. Letting you know."

The teacher, a graying sheep who was feeling a bit too old for this job, took the note, grunting.

"Irritable bowel syndrome... Taking medication..."

The last word was muttered under his breath, but a few students heard him and audibly gasped or giggled.

"Incontinence? My, my... This does sound serious..."

He straightened, scowling at the gaggle of giggling students nearby.

"Well, it shouldn't hold up our lesson plan too much. Just let me know when you need to, ah... Use the facilities. And quiet, all of you. It's rude to mock a student with a medical condition!"

As he returned to the chalkboard, preparing the day's lesson, Haru's expression went from embarrassment to smug satisfaction. She pulled her phone from between two thick belly-rolls and texted Legoshi.

They bought the fake doctor's note... Now I can let 'em fly whenever I want, and nobody can do anything. You're a genius, Legoshi. <3

Legoshi, who had just settled down in his first class, smiled as he glanced at Haru's text. Waiting for the teacher to turn their back, he texted in response:

This school isn't going to know what hit it. We're going to stink up every classroom in this place...

Legoshi paused, biting his lip with excitement at the thought.

Speaking of stinking places up... I noticed the janitor's closet next to room 3B is pretty roomy. Meet there after lunch?

Haru squirmed with excitement as she read her boyfriend's message, and sent back several peach emojis and squirting emojis, with none of the modesty she had once displayed when flirting with him. They were long past that stage now, openly kinky with

few boundaries, and it was so blissful. Truly liberating... if a little embarrassing for everyone around them. Not that Haru and Legoshi cared about such things.

Yes please. Fuck the gas out of me until they need to fumigate the whole room...



Later, that same day...

"Ah! Mmf! Yes, harder, harder, harder..."

FRAPPTF! BRRFT. BLRRRTF!!

Legoshi had to admit, the newer fatter Haru was very difficult to make love to--especially in a dark, cramped janitor's closet filled with mops and other sundry equipment. But where there was a will, there was a way. And Legoshi certainly had the will.

He hadn't been able to keep his hands off Haru, when she first got fat. Their roleplay as a Sexy Predator and Vulnerable Prey had grown more complex with every pound, as Haru loved leaning into the role of "rabbit who's gotten too fat to get away." And with a little appetite suppressant medication, Legoshi could now finally contain his desire to devour his bloated paramour. Which meant less time grappling with his conscience, and more time grappling with Haru's massive, sweaty, jiggly, meaty ass.

He currently had his girlfriend bent over a washing machine, and was slamming his shaft into her over and over, the air around them growing increasingly rank as Haru's gas blurted and sputtered out of her.

He hadn't been sure how to feel about her flatulence, at first. But as time went on, it became clear Haru was deeply aroused by the act of behaving like a filthy barnyard animal--and feeding on her energy, Legoshi found himself getting into it as well. Now he would affectionately call her names like "cute little gasbag." In true James Joyce fashion, he had gone down the rabbit-hole of weird kinks with his girlfriend and found he enjoyed every single one of them.

The two often spent late nights on the internet looking up the most devious videos they could find, and texting them to each other for mutual perverse enjoyment. And now they had brought all that deviance to school with them... Heaven help the students at Cherryton, because Haru and Legoshi were now unrestrained, flying their freak flag and unafraid of anyone. It was going to be a very messy year.

"URRRP, fuck yes, fuck me fuck me fuck me..."

The rhythmic THWAP, THWAP of Haru's fat ass against his loins, plus the sputtering spurts of her gassy backside, sent Legoshi into a perverse breeding frenzy. He put one foot up on the edge of the washing machine and began jackhammering his girlfriend, her fat rippling and quaking every time he slammed into her, Haru's dark little rabbit eyes glazing over as her boyfriend's cock sent her already supercharged rabbit libido into overdrive.

"*Mmmmmf* yes yes YES ohh fuuuuuck--Oh, shit! Uhh, Legoshi, you might want to pull out--"

Legoshi did so just in time, and Haru grunted in embarrassment and arousal as several large rabbit-pellets plopped out of her ass.

BLORPLOPPRRRT...

She had been mid-orgasm when the bowel movement started, and found herself quaking with its aftershocks as she pushed out more and more foul excrement, the already stanked-up closet now smelling of rotting vegetables and fecal matter.

"Oh fuck, I'm so sorry... It was a big lunch, I didn't mean to..."

Legoshi grunted, stepping around the mess and slapping Haru's ass. At this point, he was so horned-up and he'd seen so much weirdness with Haru that this was, at most, a minor inconvenience. Besides... It was kind of cute, that she could no longer control her bowel reflexes.

He told her as much, leaning over and whispering in her quivering ears.

"Someone's turning into so much of a sloppy fatass, she can't even hold in her own loads... Just taking a fat dump wherever you want, like a farm animal. Pathetic..."

He squeezed her ass as Haru squirmed, whimpering at his teasing... but clearly excited about it.

"Don't make fun... Remember, I have an **urrrrp**, a condition. Ah, sorry, there's more coming, you better move your hand..."

PLOP, PLOP, PLOPLOPLOP. A steady patter of baseball-sized pellets spurted from Haru and she moaned with mixed relief and erotic delight.

Legoshi chuckled, pulling up his pants and buttoning them.

"We'd better get moving. That smell is gonna bring the janitor, and it'll be... Difficult to explain this."

Haru moaned but nodded, tugging on her school uniform as she glanced shamefully at the mess she'd made.

"I feel bad just leaving it... But that's what janitors are for, I guess... Besides, I'm hungry now. Wanna skip class and go get some beers and ramen?"

"Absolutely."

And they left the disaster scene just as it was... much to the chagrin of the school's cleaning staff.

As the weeks stretched on, the predators around the school began to pay more attention to Haru. Because despite how huge she was already, despite how seriously, shed' let herself go... the rabbit was doing the nearly impossible. She was actually making herself even fatter.

She never stopped eating. Whether it was sneaking candy in class, doubling up on school lunch, sipping clandestine sodas in the afternoon or gorging on dinner at home, Haru had become a consummate glutton. She would often gobble and snack late into the night, sending Legoshi pictures of what she was eating, or recordings of her more juicy flatulence sounds for him to enjoy. She was becoming a true deviant, a gorged pervert who ate both for arousal and the sheer pleasure of it, even as her bowel issues became more and more serious every day.

A rabbit's body was designed for greens, not for the fried and greasy treats Haru was constantly forcing into herself. Her bathroom breaks became more and more frequent, and there were more and more "close calls" where she barely made it to the bathroom before the results of her disgusting feasts started to force their way out of her body.

This race against her own body's functions, despite its dangers, aroused Haru even further. Throughout the day she would text Legoshi about the shocked reactions of her classmates to her flatulence, and whipped into a frenzy, the two of them would meet between class and furiously make love in an abandoned stairwell or janitor's closet. Soon the secret corners of the school were reeking with clouds of Haru-gas, or worse, speckled with the splattered remains of her meals. And Legoshi encouraged her to gorge even more every day, so those left-behind piles of rabbit pellets grew larger... and larger... and larger.

The thrill of the chase, of almost getting caught, was an aphrodisiac to the two of them. Both exhibitionists, they lusted for more and more risque opportunities for public sex. And that was how Haru came to suggest the local boardwalk to Legoshi.

"Are you sure?"

Legoshi stared at his beloved over their school lunches--Haru's tray was, of course, piled high with as many different foods as the rabbit had been able to fit. Legoshi's, meanwhile, was a humble platter of fish-sticks.

"Walking around all day seems like it might be... A lot, for you, lately."

Haru belched and looked down at herself, reflecting on this. It was true, she had not seen her feet while standing up for almost a year, and extended walking now made her exhausted and flushed and sweaty. But she had plans for this fair, big plans, and she wasn't about to let her own mobility issues get in the way of that.

"I'll rent a scooter, or something. They have them on the boardwalk, for those overseas tourists who are too fat to walk around. And I'll tell you if I get too tired, promise."

Haru winked at him and Legoshi felt butterflies in his stomach. His bloated beloved was growing so flabby and out of shape that as she bit into her pork-bun, her cheeks actually jiggled as she ate.

Her arms and legs had become useless tubes of fat--at over three hundred and fifty pounds, she was a mess, barely recognizable as the girl she'd once been. An obscene mass of jiggling rabbit-flesh. She was such a fat, borderline helpless prey animal... He couldn't help but feel himself get hard again, as he looked at her.

"Alright... Just let me know if you need the bathroom. I know you've been having trouble lately..."

Haru blushed, but leaned in, giving in to the flirting urges within her.

"You've noticed, huh? I can barely hold in my big, thick loads lately... It's *your* fault for making me so goddamn fat that I'm getting incontinent..."

Legoshi squirmed with perverse desire as Haru farted deliberately, clouding the area around their table with a invisible fog of stench. Other people had long since learned to sit far away from them, for fear of Haru's "medical condition."

Legoshi, for his part, didn't mind the stink... in fact, it just made him more amorous, a fresh reminder of just how much Haru was out of control. She was a waddling, perpetually glutted gas-bag, a fat sack of blubber and flatulence. And he couldn't wait to sink his shaft deep into this jiggling, belching fart-blob again. His claws dug into the table as he imagined her farting with his every thrust...

But he reigned himself in, recalling that now wasn't the time or the place. He would soon have his chance to fill her up again. For now, he wanted to make sure her guts were groaning with excrement and bubbling with gas. He wanted to absolutely ruin her insides, so that when they went on a date later, Haru would be an utter embarrassment...



That night, at the boardwalk...

The boardwalk was a cavalcade of delicious temptations—fried dough, cotton candy, all the greasy and sugary treats Haru loved. And Legoshi was happy to spoil her, feeding her delicacy after beach-side delicacy until the bloated rabbit's gut was churning and groaning.

Legoshi winked at her as Haru pulled the hem of her skirt up over her gut, which was gurgling its protest after Haru had devoured three foot-long hot dogs.

“Can you hold it in?...”

Haru bit her lip—she could already feel her guts rearranging as the countless meals she'd been enjoying slowly moved southward.

“Urrrp... Y-yeah, I'm good... At least for now.”

“Good. Now let’s see what rides you can fit on,” said Legoshi, flashing a mischievous grin. He’d been excited to try this little experiment for a while, and Haru’s eyes lit up at the idea of cramming her fat, blobby body into a too-small ride.

As it turned out, *most* of the rides were too small. Haru, blushing and aroused, was politely told again and again that she was too fat to ride. The local roller coaster, the “Ferocious Tiger,” couldn’t even handle *half* of her newly massive ass in one of its seats. The Tilt-a-Whirl was no good either, because the ride operator grew worried Haru’s sheer mass would imbalance the ride. And finally, even the teacup ride—an old amusement-park standby, usually so reliable—couldn’t even fit her, with fat rabbit-rolls spilling over the sides.

Haru emerged from the teacup with heavy footfalls as the operator stopped the ride and patiently explained the situation, much to Haru’s arousal. As the two walked away, Haru groaned and clutched at her stomach again.

Legoshi raised an eyebrow at her. The restrooms were close by—it seemed odd that his paramour wasn’t making a beeline for them.

“You still holding it in okay?”

“Y-yes... Oof, that ride shook my belly around so much... Ugh, I need to take a dump so bad...”

“Then why don’t you?”

Haru winked up at him, and in her flabby fat-laden face he saw the vestige of the old Haru, mischievous and quick-witted.

“Because I want to see what happens when I hold it in all day... Heheheh.”

Legoshi smirked.

“Are you sure? What if you just drop a load on the boardwalk?”

Haru bit her lip, imagining the horror of strangers as this obese rabbit squatted and pumped out filth all over the walkway.

“Mmm, that’s a risk we’ll just have to take...”

Their next experiment was walking on the beach—an activity that caused the other beachgoers no end of irritation, because by the time Haru had jiggled her way down the steps, her flatulence had gone into overdrive.

PRRT. PLLRRFFT. FRRRT...

She was creating a wide empty space around herself and Legoshi, as tourists retreated from the rabbit’s obscene funk. The cloud of stench around her made even Legoshi’s eyes water, although it was occasionally relieved by the sea-breeze.

“Damn, you’re becoming a public nuisance...”

Haru nodded, panting heavily as she jiggled along, struggling to heave her massive body across the sand.

“Isn’t it... URRP, great? No one’s ever going to call me tiny or delicate again, now that I’m this big, fat HUORRP... reeking mess... Huff, huff...”

In short order, they were asked to leave the beach—as it turned out, Haru’s stench had been reported as “pollution” to the boardwalk’s security office.

As they were making their way up the broad wooden staircase back into the boardwalk proper, Haru suddenly doubled over with a whimper. The reeking blasts of gas from her bloated buttocks lifted her skirt as they intensified.

Legoshi took her arm, his fingers sinking into Haru’s flabby flesh.

“You okay, babe?”

Haru nodded... but the look on her face was very familiar. It was the now-regular Haru expression that said “I need the toilet, *right now*.”

The rabbit grunted as her ass pushed out another horrendous cloud of stench, warm reeking funk wafting over both of them.

“Legoshi, I gotta drop a load... Like, *now*. Help me to the bathroom...”

Legoshi made to help her up the stairs, and then stopped. A wicked smile spread across his features as he had an idea—the meanest, cruellest idea he’d yet had as Haru’s full-time dominant partner.

“I think you’ve got this, Haru. Let’s see how fast you can waddle...”

Haru’s eyes widened, even as her flabby pussy grew wet with the realization of what Legoshi was doing to her.

“Legoshi, I... I’m not playing around, I need to take a dump *now*, h-help me up these stairs...”

But he stepped away, still grinning, and held up his hands.

“You wanted to publicly let one drop on the boardwalk, no? Well, you will unless you hustle that fat ass to the can... Let’s see if you can make it.”

There was a dangerous growl from Haru’s guts, and she felt the flatulence coming out of her grow *wetter*, a dangerous sign. Blushing and whimpering and wetter than she’d ever been in her life, she struggled up the stairs, every step carrying the risk of shaking loose the massive load of bunny-crap inside her.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck...”

She reached the top of the stairs with difficulty, and under the paper-lantern glow of the boardwalk, she saw her destination: the restrooms. She jiggled towards that squat, whitewashed building as if it were the last chopper out at the end of a war, her blubber quaking, families and lovers staring at her in disgust as she wobbled past.

Oh god, I’m not gonna make it...

PLLRT. PLRRBBT!!

Her flatulence seemed to grow *angrier* as she jiggled along, heart pounding, sweat

collecting between her countless rolls. As she wobbled through the doorway, pushing several women out of the way, she felt the heavy load inside her pushing its way out...

“Ohshitohshitohshit–”

She burst into a stall like a racer crossing the finish line and didn’t even wait for the door to swing shut before she hauled her XXXL panties down and crashed onto the toilet-seat, moaning with pure erotic bliss as the biggest load she’d ever dropped splattered out of her massive ass.

SPRLLLTTPPPffft...

“NNNnngnghhh, *fuckyes...*”

Several minutes later, when she finally emerged from the bathroom, she saw Legoshi relaxing on a bench in the corner of the boardwalk, beyond the cotton-candy stand. Her loins still pulsing with lust, Haru waddled over to him with great difficulty... and leaned over him. Whispering in his ear.

“That was very, very mean, Legoshi.”

The wolf growled with appreciation as his lover kissed his neck, and he squeezed one bloated, flabby hip as Haru pressed against him.

“I thought it was fun.”

“Mmm, you jerk...”

And then Haru surprised Legoshi by reaching down and unzipping his fly. Her massive body blocked passersby from seeing what she was doing... which was fortunate, because her next act was to pull Legoshi’s erect cock out of his pants and turn around, lowering her massive smelly ass onto him. Legoshi realized a moment before she slid his cock under her FUPA that she wasn’t wearing any panties.

And then he was lost in bliss as Haru eased him inside her, her massive weight blocking anyone from actually seeing the penetration. As far as the passers-by were concerned, Haru was merely a morbidly obese rabbit sitting on her boyfriend’s lap—they

walked by the pair, blissfully unaware that Legoshi's cock was twitching inside Haru's bloated, fat cunt.

"Time for a little revenge," said the rabbit, grunting as a few thick farts escaped her. "Two can play the teasing game, Legoshi..."

And she slowly began grinding on his dick, her fat body jiggling and wobbling in tiny, barely noticeable bounces as she fucked him. Legoshi bit back a groan as the pair consummated their first public sex act, Haru's flatulence filling his nostrils even as his cock pulsed and then erupted inside her, coating the fat bunny's womb in thick, gooey wolf-spunk.

PPPPLRRT...

Haru also had to restrain herself from moaning as she came, the shame and filthiness of what they were doing carrying her over the edge. When she was satisfied Legoshi had dropped his entire load inside her, she carefully and slowly eased off him... and quickly turned, tucking his cock back into his pants and kissing him on the cheek.

"There... Now you know how it feels to be messed with in public. Now let's eat—I'm starving."

Legoshi smiled as he stood, knees wobbling, and took his lover's hand. Somewhere out there, a restaurant was about to get its evening ruined by his gassy, disgusting blob of a girlfriend... and he couldn't wait.



-END-