

Epilogue: Bunny Knight (Anthro Bunny TFTG Preg)

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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?” Rodrigue 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 - mhmm!”

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 litter. 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