

Marvin sent a text as he parked his bike outside the house the ad listing depicted, though it had taken him ten minutes extra to find it in the dark. The stoat was glad he'd left early, it all mostly evened out that way, and ensured that the door opened to a pleased face and not an irate one. The bunny behind it was nothing but pure white fur and the warmest of smiles, though she *was* older than Marvin expected..

“Oh, excellent! You must be the babysitter. Come along inside, Andrew is just drying off after his bath and will be out of the bathroom any minute. I really *must* be going though – I've left money for pizza on the counter!”

The speed with which the plump, late-thirties or early-forties bunny was able to move past Marvin and right out to her car was *mystifying*, but it happened. She was there and then she was gone, with a number on a post-it note pressed into Marvin's hand just in case and plenty of funding for pizza indeed sitting right there waiting for him. That would be handy later. In the meantime, Marvin observed what he had to work with for the evening.

Big screen TV with a wide selection of movies, 'favorites' list laid out already. Toys in a small chest in the little living area near to it, no video games which was *a little* annoying but he could live without that for a night. Just him, his phone, and-

“Ooh! Are you da babysitta? Hi, I'm Andrew! We's gonna have pizza, yeah? I wanna do that, I'm hungry! Like.. like *six pizzas* hungry!”

Marvin turned his head to see the kid emerging from the hallway to the bathroom only to find himself staring at.. Well, the usual babysitting job didn't start with him finding out the kid he was there to watch was almost six feet tall and looked like he weighed a minimum of four hundred pounds. The floor shook gently whenever Andrew took a step, as he energetically did right up toward Marvin. The huge expanse of a bun jiggled wildly with each step as he rushed up to wrap his arms around Marvin and squeeze. It took the stoat a moment to recover from that and get himself breathing again. While he did so he checked the note again..

“H-hnnn-hello An-Andrew! My, you're.. certainly a b-”

It did indeed have a private number for Andrew's mom, and also a note on the back that said 'don't call him big' with two exclamation points by it.

“-Bunny, a hungry bunny – right?”

A vicious snarl from the rabbit's belly answered that before Andrew himself did.

“Yah! I wan pizza and.. and a snack after, and like.. uuuhh-”

Watching the *huge* baby, toddler maybe, something.. The actions *felt* like toddler behavior but watching a gigantic and clearly adult rabbit engaging in them was just doing a number on Marvin. The stoat pulled his phone out and started loading the app for the local pizza place.

“W-well let's uhm.. let's worry about the pizza first yeah? You got favorite toppings? We'll get the order placed, put on a movie, and chill. Yeah?”

This seemed like a plan Andrew could get behind. The *enormous* bunny baby started to bounce in place and nod his head, then hurled himself at a pile of pillows near the toy chest and the movie selection.

“I want one with pineapple and one with olives and one with sausage and one pepperoni and one with double extra cheese and another with uh.. W-well you can pick one, I guess.. B-but I want a soda too! Two bottles, big ones!”

Marvin was left blinking slowly after all that, and then realizing as he started to put in an order that he had been given a hundred more for dinner than he thought and it began to dawn on him – that rabbit was *enormous*. Six pizzas was probably a serious expectation.

“Uh.. I'll get right on that b- Little guy. You got a movie picked out?”

Bouncing up and shaking things, knocking a couple of objects off the shelves, Andrew nodded and held up a dvd case. Andrew wasn't even really looking at it, he was busy putting in an order for six pizzas and two 2-liter bottles of soda while he tried to wrestle with the reality of this night and why he now understood the reason it paid so suspiciously well. Andrew, at least, seemed easily distracted and satisfied. Mostly.. Even after the order was in and Marvin realized they were apparently watching Tarzan tonight (at least first, he suspected this was a two movie job) Andrew did start getting visibly restless after a few, his belly rumbling, fidgeting and staring at the door and then sometimes uncomfortably also at Marvin himself.

When the doorbell finally rang it was a relief to them both. In Marvin's case he had to ask himself why, it wasn't as if the bunny had been misbehaving. Right? Andrew had still been quietly watching the movie, that was way better than a lot of the kids he watched. Realizing he thought of the humongous rabbit as a 'kid' so easily right there did make Marvin pause briefly though, which led to Andrew beating him to the door and throwing it open, all on display, in nothing but his huge puffy diaper.

“YEEAAAH pizza time! Gimme those, I’m starving!”

Marvin was busy digging out the money as Andrew rushed off to the kitchen counter with the stack of pizzas and the two bottles in a plastic bag. Meanwhile, the pudgy little calico in the delivery uniform was just staring at the bunny in awe as he stepped inside and waited for Marvin to count out the money. Marvin heard him mutter 'that is the biggest bunny baby I've ever-' just before *something* knocked him over and left the stoat stunned. It took him a moment to recover.. by which point Marvin heard struggling, grunting.. maybe a muffled scream? Also a loud and worrying slurping sound. He got his eyes open and focused just in time to see Andrew struggling with a pair of calico legs, working to take the shoes off them while his throat was occupied with the entire rest of the cat and some visible bulging and distending in that giant belly of his happened. Marvin only managed a quiet 'ohgod' before the cat's entire body was finally coaxed into sliding the rest of the way down, inside of Andrew.

After that nightmarish display Andrew, entirely oblivious to the effect it had had on Marvin, just placed a hat and a pair of shoes, the ones the pizza guy had been wearing, on the floor and straightened out as best he could with his now *massively* distended belly. ..Then he promptly waddled right back to the pizzas to carry them off over to where the movie was playing.

For a few moments all Marvin could do was lay there by the open door and stare. He was *certain* he saw the massive swell of Andrew's belly twitch and jostle around a couple of times, and that he saw a hand print push out from the inside of it once, but then everything went quite still. Some seconds after that-

“Heeey, you coming and want some? A-and can you close the door? I’m gettin cold but I don't wanna get in my Pjs – I like naked time! Well, mostly naked.”

The giant bunny gave his thick padded rump a good patting. Marvin moved, mostly out of stunned fear. Shutting the door came first – then walking over toward Andrew in a daze while carrying the rest of the food. The one pizza that had been left behind, and the sodas. Marvin sat down with at least three feet or so between him and Andrew though he doubted that would be enough given how fast the bunny moved before. Still, it made him feel a little better. Though when the bunny scooted his massive butt closer and reached out to drop something in Marvin's lap the terror came right back again. Even after he saw what it was – a screw-on bottle nipple that would fit the soda bottles.

“Can you do that for me? I don't do so good at opening stuff and not spilling it.”

Swallowing and trying to ignore the sharp chill in his veins, Marvin nodded. It wasn't like it was hard, or it wouldn't be if he could get his hands to stop shaking, but when he was pretty sure he felt the cat inside Andrew's stomach touch him through the wall of the bunny's belly it almost sparked an accident with the drink. Marvin had to clutch the bottle with both hands.

“See? It's hard! Innit? But c'mon, I'm thirsty!”

Inside, Marvin was trying to calm himself down. Telling himself this would be okay, the bunny would be asleep soon after eating that much and then he could keep his distance and maybe just bail if he really had to. It wasn't like Andrew was *actually* a child, and clearly if anyone was in danger it was Marvin, not the kid. The stoat got the 'kid' their drink situated, handing a bottle of Mt. Dew off with a baby nipple attached to the end. Andrew lifted it and started to chug. Marvin, meanwhile, was able to watch the bottle's contents steadily drain away while realizing the rabbit had already polished off most of two entire pizzas – but he didn't seem to like eating the crust.

Some moments later the bunny set the empty bottle down by Marvin and patted it, clearly wanting the second one prepared sooner rather than later. While Marvin got around to doing that though, using pizza in his face as an excuse not to talk since he doubted he could be coherent right now, he had to deal with Andrew *immediately* tucking into yet more of the heavy, cheese-laden dinner. Marvin could hear all that digestion going on, he could *see* Andrew getting fatter, slowly but surely. The taut definition of the bunny's belly where that cat was entombed was softening by the minute and Marvin wasn't sure if that made it better or worse.

Handing over the second bottle, Marvin numbly worked his way through eating a little more and trying not to think about what happened. He just had to bide his time – change movies when it got around to that – wait for Andrew to get sleepy. Which *did* happen. The rabbit finally ran out of food and soda and ended up lying back on his cushions and letting out a tear-inducing *BWURPHB* before sighing contentedly.. and, if Marvin's ears didn't deceive him, wetting himself. Though after that much soda it was hardly a surprising thing.

The soft hissing of that accident was one thing, one minor hurdle in a very disturbing evening. The sound of Andrew snoring gently though? That was a relief. Marvin began to try and ready himself to move, tried to ease himself up slowly off the couch without doing anything to disturb Andrew in the process. Fear-drunk as he was though, something still spilled out of his

mouth before he had a chance to catch it.

“No paycheck fat enough for a maneating baby this big..”

It happened fast after that – again. Just a blur of white stained with cheese and sauce now, and an iron vice grip on his wrist that yanked Andrew off his feet and right into the *cavernous* mouth of the rabbit below him. He was so shocked, so off-guard, that by the time he remembered to try and fight back – to struggle – Marvin felt how doomed he was. The *total* lack of leverage or grip, the way gravity just sucked him further down that slippery, slicked up shaft of flesh and carried him into the cauldron of a belly below it. He couldn't see – he couldn't breathe – he just felt *pressure* from every side at once and then blackness..

And Andrew? Andrew grunted and plucked the shoes off the stoat on the way down, depositing them neatly on the floor before he leaned back a bit further and let out another belch, before letting go into his diaper a little more, and drifting toward naptime yet again.