

Run, Rabbit, Run

By Blue Jay

A rabbit awakens to find himself stranded far in the woods, but he's far from alone...

This story is part of an art trade with Snoe72 (he can draw worth a damn, whereas I can write worth a damn). He gets to draw a tentacle monster, I get to write gay rabbit sex, the world keeps turning. Today's little adventure stars Uroe the regular rabbit getting some attention from Vick the saber-toothed rabbit. Aside from those two players, I was given a few simple instructions and pretty much told to go crazy, so I did.

...I totally rock.

As he came to, naked and with a fading headache, Uroe swore to never drink like that again.

A minute later he realized that he never drank like that to begin with.

The headache slowly receding, the rabbit rolled over, feeling the cool, damp earth and grass all around him. He groaned in annoyance and huffed, slowly mustering the strength needed to push himself up onto his hands and knees. Blinking away some of the residual drowsiness, he looked around to get a good look at just wherever he was.

A moment ago, upon feeling the grass and dirt, he would have figured that he was on someone's lawn, possibly having suffered a bout of sleepwalking (though he never experienced such in his life). Now, though, he saw that he was in a much hotter pot of water: all around him, stretching on far as the eye could see, were trees and other flora. The chirping of birds met his ears, though it was difficult to spot more than a couple of them with all the branches blocking his view; certainly the bright, early-morning sunlight didn't help, all but blinding him.

"Hello?" he called out. There was no response, and Uroe felt his stomach tighten in nervousness. Just where the hell was he?! "Anybody? Is anyone here?" Again, no response. Panic rising within his breast, he took a deep breath and yelled as loudly as he could, "For god's sake, is there anybody around!" And again, not a single voice that replied to his increasingly-desperate cries.

Running his hands through his blonde locks, feeling afraid and extremely confused, Uroe tried to come to grips with his situation. He was alone in the goddamn woods, apparently miles from civilization, with nobody even doing any wilderness survivalism nonsense to aid him. Hell, he'd settle for one of those cross-country hiker twits, he just wanted out of this nightmare!

Sighing, he lowered his hands, and it was then that he realized he was completely nude.

“The fuck?” he asked himself. He quickly did a self-examination, checking for any cuts or abrasions, but found that, aside from being a little dirty, he was unharmed. He made a mental note to wash up when he found a river or creek or something, get his fur clean. Normally he kept himself well-groomed, his yellow fur with its rich brown spots excellently complementing his white secondary coloring. His messy blonde hair clashed a bit with his coat, but he liked to think he wore it well, and beggars couldn’t be choosers.

Scowling, Uroe thought about his next move. He had no idea where he was, or how long he’d been out, so he could be anywhere in the forests. Tracking the sun wouldn’t do him a whole lot of good, because without the slightest idea of just where he’d been dumped, he could end up becoming even more lost than he already was. He figured his best gamble was to find a river or some such and following it. Sources of water were frequented by outdoors types, and it would mean liquid sustenance and, should he be fortunate enough to catch a fish, something solid to eat. Then again, fishing (or catching any game, actually) meant figuring out how to prepare and cook it with zero resources. Shit, he really wished he’d paid more attention in home ec class.

With a sigh he turned around, reasoning that having the sun at his back was better than in his face...and he saw it.

It was towards the base of a tree, low enough that he would have noticed it upon waking if he had rolled in the other direction. The message was carved crudely but effectively straight into the bark, the pale inner wood of the trunk exposed to the air, the single word unmistakable.

RUN.

The shouts woke him up.

Grumbling, bursts of hot air blowing away fistfuls of dust from his earthen bed, Vick rose. He stretched where he sat, his joints cracking and popping (especially his back, always making him feel limber afterwards). With a yawn he stood, ankles also cracking crisply as he moved to the edge of the ledge-like area where he’d spent the night. It was fairly well-concealed by trees and bushes and other plants, and the ground was soft (if gritty). Best of all, he was within earshot of his latest prey.

Oh, he’d have heard the shouts for help even from the other side of the valley he called home, the yellow one was so noisy. If the cries hadn’t roused Vick, he just would have found the other male missing anyway upon a visual check; ultimately there was little difference. All that mattered was that his prey was on the move, and the hunt would soon be on.

The saber-toothed rabbit yawned, shaking away the last vestiges of sleep and readying himself for the day. He was tall with a caramel coat that was decorated with brown stripes over his body and ringing his tail (which was nearly as long as he was tall, and sported a large tuft of bright red fur). A spikey stripe of that same red adorned his scalp, right between his half-feline/half-lapine ears. His frame was lithe, the

muscles made for serious running, strong pectorals and a moderate abdomen above his large sheath and tennis ball-sized scrotum.

Absentmindedly picking one of his fangs with a claw, Vick retracted the feline instrument and started to climb down from his perch.

It was time to start the hunt.

Finding a stream was proving harder than it should have, Uroe learned. He'd descended from his starting point, reasoning that water would obey gravity and therefore he'd have better luck locating a metaphorical lifeline below instead of above.

The entire time he kept an ear and eye open for whoever—or whatever—had left that creepy message. Whichever maniac the world had decided to throw at him was probably stalking around with a goddamn axe, looking to add Uroe's head to the trophy wall in a disheveled cabin or something freaky like that. The more he had thoughts of that sort, the more he realized it had been a really bad idea for him to scream for help; his abductor was probably on his way to the dump site, a stun gun and hacksaw in hand.

Shit, why did this have to happen to him? He was a nice bunny, he graduated high school and got into a good college with a decent job, he paid his taxes ahead of the yearly deadline, he even avoided voting straight-party during elections, damn it!

"I hate the woods," he grumbled.

The ground sank lower a few yards ahead of him before leveling out, the trees ceasing to heavily populate that part of the wild. Thank god for small favors, the buck thought. He exited the woods and entered the bottom of the valley. Being that the ground was flat, he was much relieved that he didn't feel as if he was going to fall down a slope and bang his head on a rock, die like an idiot or something.

Then again, the way things were looking, he'd die like an idiot anyway.

"Oh, wonderful," he groaned, "more trees."

Perhaps a mile or two ahead the trees were back in full force, rising up en masse over the slope of the valley's other side, blanketing it like a dark green veil. Oh well, at least he could drink from that stream right in front of the tree line and—wait a second, stream!?

Uroe stopped his drone-like trek and stared, ears twitching as they picked up the sounds of running water. Breaking into a sprint, he reached it, all but throwing himself into the cool liquid. The feeling of being soaking wet, even if it was unfiltered water, made him happier than he could remember being in the last few weeks, like he'd found a life preserver.

He dunked under the water as best he could, the stream barely a foot deep and three wide, washing himself as thoroughly as possible. His hair took the longest—god, it was impossible to deal with dirty hair, especially when it was long and the crap made it feel like hardened plastic on one’s head—but he eventually got everything just right and climbed out.

He shivered for a moment, realizing he’d been a little foolish doing that, because it risked illness and hypothermia; he had no blanket out here, after all.

He caught the direction of the water and slowly followed it, letting the warm sun dry him. Uroe was sure that he’d stumble across some pop-and-son camping trip at some point if he just following the river and giving himself one last shake to get a few more drops off, he set off again.

Vick knew he’d find the dump spot vacant, but he wasn’t disappointed: far from it, he was quite pleased. The other buck had set off at a good clip, moving downhill, his scent twisting through the trees and bushes. The sharp-toothed rabbit figured that he was headed that way since it was easier to walk downhill than up, and he’d have more ground between the two than if he tried to get atop the valley’s ridges.

The predatory male paused where he was, admiring his handiwork. It wasn’t just how he used his fangs to carve the warning, it was the entire matter: sneaking far away to the edge of the domestics’ town, prowling about until he found just the right male to claim, stalking that prey-male until the right time to strike, and then hauling him off through the wilderness until they were quite some miles away from the rest of the world, nobody to interrupt their little game.

Vick flexed the bicep of one arm, grinning. He was completely refreshed, the previous night’s long haul (and with a near-dead weight on his shoulders) not leaving even a trace of exhaustion upon him. He’d never needed much in the way of rest, always energetic. Conversely, the sleep he did get was deep, coming easily to him and leaving him largely dead to the world; it was everything he needed to regain his lost stamina.

Thinking along these lines made him think of how easily the domestic folk became tired, and he snorted in derision. They slept far too long (all damn night, it seemed), and required constant feeding, as if doing nothing drained them of their vitality. It was pathetic.

Well, no matter. He’d caught a young one, and in short order he’d have the little bastard trained up, able to stave off boredom for hours at a time, loving it all the while.

A deep growl rumbled up from his chest, and Vick resumed his hunt, following Uroe’s scent step after step.

He would not escape.

Said prey had actually made it fairly far beyond the river (nearly half a mile through the wilderness) before he was caught. In the thick of the woods, the misplaced male didn't hear Vick stepping on a twig and giving away his presence, nor did he hear a sudden and profound silence overtake the immediate area.

No, Uroe simply went still, the hairs on the back of his neck going still as he felt the presence of something dangerous nearby.

One leg over a fallen tree, the canary-colored lapine held himself in place, trying not to panic and run (as his instincts screamed at him to) or look back (as the marginally more rational part of his brain told him to). He took a few breaths and tried to calm down; he could run, but while that was probably the best idea, it would be playing into whatever power-mad captor-captive fantasy his kidnapper had.

Stop freaking out, he told himself. He's smart enough to communicate, that means you can reason with him. Just tell him you'll insist to the cops that aside from being grabbed, disrobed, and dumped, he did nothing to you and some leniency should be thrown his way. This isn't the goddamn Dark Ages, he'll get a decent prison and be out in a few years and get a job and apartment and all that shit. It'll be okay, you'll see.

With another deep breath to cool his nerves, Uroe looked cautiously over his shoulder, mustering his voice.

"L-look, I'm not going to run and you're not going to chase me, okay? That is *not* happening. You're going to come out where I can see you and we're going to go to the police and I'll tell them you didn't do anything seriously harmful to me and it'll be good between the both of us. Deal?"

For a moment, dead silence met his ears, and he hadn't the foggiest what to make of it or what to do next.

But then a low, predatory growl rose up from behind the leaves of low-hanging branches, and the yellow rabbit's fight-or-flight instincts took over.

"Fuck this!" he shrieked.

Turning he took off at as close to a dead run as one could reach in the forest. He dodged through trees that were upright and jumped over those that were fallen, his entire being focused wholly on escaping the maniac behind him. As dirty, tired, and starved as he felt, he still found the strength to push himself to move faster, toes clawing the ground and arms knocking aside branches in his wild flight.

Vick, now nearly fifty yards behind the scared-out-his-wits abductee, decided to give chase.

Being part predator of the feline make, the saber-toothed male was even better at running than his current prey. His muscles powered him along relentlessly, not a sign to be seen of impending fatigue from the hard chase. While the smaller male scrambled madly, Vick weaved through the trees, practically flowing over and past every obstacle in his path to the fleeing other.

His growls sounding closer and closer to Uroe only made him try that much harder to get away, but it wasn't enough.

In a pounce that his big-cat ancestors would have been proud of, Vick leaped onto Uroe's back, driving him down and into the dirt. The chase was over. He had won.

Natural instincts flaring, the pursuer felt the urge to use his fangs to stab into the smaller male, to embrace the savage end of his hunt, but he forced the dark desire back into the recesses of his mind; he had better uses for this one than filling his belly for a night or two.

Uroe, fear taking completely over, froze underneath the larger lagomorph. He didn't move even a centimeter, his breathing ragged from the run and his nerves shot totally through from the terror-borne adrenaline, offering not a shred of resistance as Vick easily hefted him over a shoulder and turned to head for his cave.

"Why are you doing this?"

Vick swallowed the last of the snake he'd caught and looked over to Uroe. The yellow rabbit was lying on his belly a few feet away, looking at his captor. The saber-tooth had bound the other's hands behind his back, tying them at the wrists using a durable vine that seemed to grow upon trees like veins. He had briefly considered using the blonde's torn clothes, but given how easily he had shredded them, he reckoned they would not last as long as the vines. He'd also made sure to grab a bunch and tie his prey's ankles, keeping him spread and immobile.

"I don't even know you," Uroe said. "I don't have any ex-girlfriends with angry older brothers, I don't owe money to loan sharks, I'm not some big-name activist pissing off shadowy corporations, so who the hell are you and why the hell am I here?"

"Vick."

A confused expression came over Uroe's face. "'Vick'? What's that supposed to mean?"

"It's what I call myself. You just asked me that."

"Okay then, Vick, mind telling me why you kidnapped me?"

The red-haired male shrugged. "For fun. It's boring out here sometimes."

"Fun? Fun!? You tore me away from my life *for fun?!?*" Uroe snapped, his anger rising in spite of his situation. If he wasn't tied up, he would have tried to strangle the other lagomorph.

"No females out here, and your females are ugly."

Uroe had been about to hurl more outrage at his assailant, but his ire stalled at the words. "Wait, what? You're not from a city or anything?"

Vick shook his head. "Out here in the wild, there's only me and animals. Sometimes I see your kind, the city-dwellers, but I never feel the need to greet them or let them see me. I don't even bother stealing their things anymore, it was disappointing enough the first time."

While he had been furious moments before, Uroe could only feel a measure of pity for the other male now. "My god, don't you have anyone? A family?"

Another shake of the head. "Too long in the woods, and I don't remember what they were like."

"Hey, hey look," Uroe spoke, becoming a little excited. If he could talk Vick into freeing him and finding a town, they could both go home. "You're not a monster, Vick, and I'm sure your family is out there worried sick about you. Look, I'll offer you a deal: untie me and we can go back to town, and with just a bit of time and effort we'll find your family and you can stop being so alone. Doesn't that sound good? Here, cut these vines, will you?" He tried to adjust himself to offer up his bonds, but failed to do anything other than make his muscles ache. But at least there was a way out of this nightmare now! At least he might actually get back to the real world and his blog and—

"No."

Uroe blinked. "No? No what?"

"No, I'm not freeing you. I brought you here for fun, and I will have it."

Uroe, realizing he was losing his chance at convincing Vick to do the right thing, tried to scramble away. With the bonds, though, he only succeeded in flopping about like a fish on dry land, barely getting even one foot away from the approaching predator. "Vick, for god's sake, think about what you're doing!"

"No more thinking right now," the taller rabbit said gruffly.

He crouched down behind Uroe and grabbed his hips, pulling him up and back into position, the blonde's face in the dirt of the cave. Glancing over his shoulder, the victim could see in the evening light the gleaming fangs and narrowed eyes. He whimpered.

Vick could almost smell the fear Uroe radiated. He didn't need it as a boost to his sex drive, but he enjoyed it all the same. Licking his lips, he let his sheath pull back as his erect cock jutted out. Vick flared his nostrils as he ground his meat between Uroe's cheeks a couple of times, and then lined himself up for penetration.

"Don't..." the timid male weakly protested.

Vick thrust into him. Without lubrication, only the head and the first inch went inside the bottom's tailhole, but the intrusion was more than enough to summon a cry of pain from Uroe. He'd taken a few before, but never dry and never without wanting it. Vick wasn't his biggest, but he was large enough, and the sensation of fullness only grew as more and more of the predator's rod slid into him.

For his part, Vick was pleased with his catch. The other male was loose enough that he didn't need to resort to force or greasing up, but tight enough that Vick could still lay proper claim to him. After all, he didn't want to rut with a male who had been used by every cock under the sun.

It took a couple of minutes, but finally he hilted himself inside the rear passage. He paused and let Uroe briefly grow accustomed to having him within, and then slowly withdrew until only the head was sheathed. Vick then pushed all the way back in before pulling back out and repeating the process. He kept this going, the entire time steadily increasing his pace, until he was pumping the ass like a machine.

Beneath him, Uroe felt like he was burning up. It was the horror of his entire situation, the future of ridicule and shame for being victimized by a wild lunatic and being too frail to fight back, and worst of all, the arousal. Even if he didn't want it, his body was betraying him, reacting to the anal stimulation, the prodding against his prostate forcing his member to react the only way it knew how.

A shudder of carnal satisfaction rolled along his spine, a splurt of pre dripping out from his cock. Just like he knew would happen, his ass squeezed down upon Vick's rod, his habit kicking into gear. Damn it, why did he have to be a subby little slut for the hot guys back home?!

Uroe opened his mouth to try and plead with his assailant again, but all that came out was a moan, a vocal yearning for more.

"Your kind always complains," Vick grunted, picking up the pace and starting to pound the other bunny harder. "You said you didn't want this, but I hear your moans and smell your juices, I feel you gripping me tightly. You want this more than I do."

Another attempt to refute the comments was drowned by yet more gasps and whimpers of pleasure, and Vick was only driven to greater heights. The dominant male felt the heat in his loins intensify, focusing to a point, and moved his hips even faster. It was almost as if he was trying to bury more than just his cock inside of the bound rabbit.

With a cry, Uroe came, his back arching and his modest prick disgorging its contents onto the dirt-packed floor of the cave; a few drops had managed to grace the upper edges of his chest, but thankfully being pressed to the ground prevented anything much being decorated with his seed.

Behind him, though, Vick kept going. He was apparently unfazed by his partner's climax, and it didn't seem as if he had even been the least bit affected by the clenching of Uroe's ass upon his cock. The larger bunny was hammering his pelvis against the other male's, pushing himself along as much as possible.

When Vick peaked, it was like a lion had come. He smashed one last time into Uroe, his eyes squeezing shut as he expelled a roar from his chest, the sound filling the cave like a roll of thunder. His cock belched shot after shot of hybrid cum, coating the walls of Uroe's intestines with layer after layer of kit batter. With no partners and no addiction to masturbating, Vick had plenty stored up in his sack, and now he was giving all of it to his abductee.

Uroe swore he felt every drop his dominator gave him. If he let his thoughts focus too much on the cum, on the heat and the weight, he also swore he could feel himself fattening up from the load, even though no such thing was the case.

The fight now completely gone from him, Uroe could only blink and stare into space numbly, his mouth slightly open as he inhaled and exhaled softly. Exhaustion from trekking through the wilderness, the chase, and the rough fucking, all of it combined to pulled him closer and closer to the sweet release of oblivion.

But his attention came back as Vick started slowly resumed thrusting.

“What...what are you...?” the blonde asked as he tried and failed to even look awkwardly over his shoulder at the larger male.

“Not done yet,” was the reply. “Going to use you some more. Hole still feels good.”

Enough being enough, Uroe succumbed to darkness, the saber-toothed rabbit ignoring the sudden slackness of his captive as he continued pounding in and out.

The End