

achievement

Bobby reached the start of the last hill leading down to his house, he still had a little over a mile to go. From this vantage point he could easily make out his house, as well as that of the Harpers. A car was in the driveway, hood open, and there was someone hunched over the engine. He smiled.

Normally, he would use that last mile to wind down from his run, this time, he sprinted it. He wanted to be nice and sweaty when he stopped next to Russel.

"Morning, Russel," Bobby said, panting hard.

The rabbit looked up from what he was wrestling with. "Good morning Bobby. Had a good run?"

"Yeah, nice cool morning for it." He went next to Russel and leaned in over the engine. "I didn't know you were into car repairs."

"I'm not, but I'm trying to save some money and do this maintenance myself. Well, trying to figure out why the car's been sputtering." He nodded to the open book on his other side. One of those book that explained how to do just about everything to a car.

"Is there knocking, with the sputtering?" Bobby asked.

"No."

"Trouble accelerating?"

Russel thought about it. "Now that you mention it, yeah, a bit. You know about cars?"

"Not really, but my dad was a car nut. I couldn't help but to pick up a thing or two." He moved closer to the rabbit and tapped the spark plugs cover. "You should start with checking those. If the problem is a spark plug, that's an easy fix." He looked at the other male, and was pleased to note he was panting lightly. He leaned in close and whispered in his ear. "Always start with the easy stuff." He made sure to let his breath linger.

Russel swallowed, and then chuckled. "Good advice." His ears were turning red.

Bobby moved back, stopping a smile from forming on his lips.

"You know," the rabbit said, "I hope you don't think I'm prying, but what exactly do you do for a living? You always seem to be home."

"I'm retired."

Russel looked him over, surprise on his face. "What are you? Fifty? How did you manage to accomplish that?"

"I'm forty eight," Bobby corrected. "I was an investment banker. By the time I was forty I had a significant retirement fund. At forty three I decided I had enough of the rat race."

"Do I have to blame you for the crash of oh-two?"

Bobby shook his head. "No, I kept away from the risky stuff. My job was to make money for my clients, no to gamble with it." He studied Russel. "Did you lose a lot of money?"

"No, I had just started putting money away for retirement, so it was a minor hit. And I really can't complain too loudly. I did take advantage of the housing crash to buy multiple properties. Which I sold once the market picked up. That's how I was able to afford this place."

Bobby placed a hand on the rabbit's arm and squeezed it. "If you ever want me to look over your retirement funds, let me know. I'll be happy to see if I can help increase their yield."

Russel swallowed again.

"Dad! Can I go . . ." Lum skidded to a stop next to the car. "Hi Mister Orr."

"Hello Lum."

"Can I hang out with Mister Orr, dad?"

It took a moment for Russel to manage to look away from Bobby, to his son. "I don't know. I'm sure Mister Orr has things to do. You don't want to be a bother."

"He is no bother," Bobby said. "Actually, I'm going to be going through the attic, so I could use an extra pair of hands. If that's okay with you, Russel." He smiled at the male.

The rabbit couldn't seem to help but smile back. "Yes, of course, it's okay."

"Yay!" Lum ran toward Bobby's house.

"Be sure to be back for dinner!" his father yelled after him. "He really seems to like you."

"He's a great kid. Helpful. Well behaved." He squeezed the rabbit's shoulder. "You have a wonderful son."

"Thanks."

"I better run after him, before he crashes in the locked door." Bobby jogged back to his place.

As soon as they were in the house and the door was closed, Lum's hands were under Bobby's shirt, fingers running through the sweat soaked fur.

"I love how you smell when you're sweaty."

Bobby hugged his little bun, making sure to cover him with his scent. "There. Now you'll be able to smell me while we work."

"Work?" Lum eyed him. Over the last six month, he'd grown five inches, and his muscles were filling out nicely. "Are you saying you weren't making up that thing about the attic?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying. Come on, take off your clothes. You don't want to them get all dusty." Bobby took off his t-shirt and sweatpants, and threw them in the hamper as he walked by the laundry room. His tail was swaying happily knowing a naked little bunny was following him up the stairs.

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Two hours later, Bobby was basically the same gray as Lum from all the dust in his fur. They had gone through half the boxes and made four piles; one to donate, one to throw away, one to keep, and one to give to owners. It was the first time he'd gone through the attic, other than to move boxes to fit more

things, in the twenty years since the house had been built. He had no idea he was such a pack cat.

"What's this?" Lum asked, pulling out dvds with hand written titles in marker. One was 'picnic 64' and 'family' another was 'graduation party', and a third 'Christmas 89' there were a lot more in the box. Bobby had completely forgotten that he'd been the one to end up with those after his father had died.

"They're movies of various family events."

"Really? Can we watch them?"

"Sure," Bobby said, and Lum ran out of the attic. He looked at the trail of dust left in his wake. "Okay, I guess we are watching them now," he chuckled.

He pulled his little bun away from the entertainment system, and carried him to the shower. After a quick rinse and dry, and inserting Lum's current practice dildo in, it was seven and a half inches long, and an inch across. They went back to the living room. Lum sat on the couch, squirming and moaning, his penis hard and leaking. Regularly he would gather the precum with a hand and lick it off.

With the picnic dvd in, and remote in hand, Bobby sat next to him. Lum leaned against the tiger's side, rubbing his balls and cock with a hand. It didn't take long for Bobby to reach full mast. Bobby had a hand down the little bunny's back and under his rump, using a finger to move the dildo about a little.

In his free hand was the remote. He started the movie playing.

The first thing that was visible, was grass. It went monochrome, then the green was over saturated, before it turned a more normal color. After that was trees, upside down, then the sky, moving too quickly to really see anything.

"He isn't very good," Lum commented.

"My brother, Byron, is the one holding the camera. Back then, he wasn't the film maker he became when he was older."

"Your brother made movies?" there was the image of a picnic blanket, with plates and a basket, it went out of focus.

"He made a few, but he was mostly involved with television. He's a producer now."

"Wow," Lum said, and then he stood straight.

The camera was focused on two naked tigers. One adult, seated, leg extended, against a tree, one straddling his lap, moving up and down his cock.

"Who's that?" Lum asked in wonderment.

"That's my father," Bobby's voice was wistful, "and me, impaling myself on him." His ass quivered at the memory. Gods he missed that cock.

"Your father fucked you?"

Bobby nodded. Over the last month he'd let his little bun get away with using 'fuck' as a verb, since he was growing up, but not as a swear word.

"Yes, he's the one who showed me the joy of sex, with my brothers' help." The camera panned down to show a tiger sucking on the camera male's cock. "That's my other brother, Brian." He pulled off the cock, flashed a wide smile, and said something they didn't hear. The movie didn't have sound. With Brian having moved away slightly they could see both males penis, and it was obvious Brian had the larger one of the two.

The camera male moved to the side to show a profile of Bobby moving up and down on his father's cock, his own cock hard and leaking. The child Bobby's head lifted and it was obvious he screamed. His cock twitched and cum flew over his father's chest. Immediately Brian was on all four licking the chest clean, sucking on the cock a few times before kissing his father deeply, and then Bobby.

"That was a clearing about a hour from where I lived when I was a kid. We'd go there a few times a month when the weather allowed," Bobby explained.

There was a cut, and then the image was inside a house. A tiger in his early teen was posing for the camera, as if he was a body builder. He already had good muscle definition.

"You're coming along nicely," the camera male said, making Lum look from the screen to Bobby. Yep, he'd been the one handling the camera that day. "Why don't you show me your biggest muscle of them all?" the camera panned down slightly. The teen grabbed his already large cock, and stroked it until it was fully hard.

"Who's that?" Lum asked, amazed at the large penis on such a young male.

"That's Dietrich, and before you ask, at that age he was already ten inch long. He's the biggest in the Orr family I've ever known, even dad said as much."

Dietrich moved close, and the camera moved to the side to show him and Bobby kissing and groping each other. Bobby was also naked. The camera turned away to show two other tiger, two years younger than Dietrich, hugging and caressing an older Brian.

"That's Donald and Daniel. As you can see they're identical twins. I still can't tell them apart, even after all these years, until they start pleasuring me. Daniel always handles the front, while his brother handles the back."

They went to their knees, one of them licking Brian's balls and cock, while the other buried his muzzle under the tail. Brian's face showed ecstasy.

The camera turned again to reveal a living room. With a tiger in his late teen bend over the armrest while Byron fucked him, and another one, a year younger, fucked Byron.

"The male on the bottom, is Dominic. Don't let his name fool you. Dom is a complete sub. His brother's name is Damian.

All three of them were moaning loudly.

"Who are they?"

"They're Brian's sons."

"Do you have kids?" Lum asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't need kids, I have you," he chuckled, ruffling his little bun's head fur.

The truth was that he and Byron had just been too busy with their careers to make the time to build families. Brian had been the only one going for a simple life. He'd become a mechanic, a successful one, found himself a female, and had five sons. The two of them had loved each other deeply, but their relationship didn't last passed the birth of the fifth son. She had wanted daughters. She didn't mind having sons, but she had also wanted daughters. She should have brought that up from the start, that way Brian could have explained to her it wasn't going to happen. No females had even been born from Orr seeds.

The camera was put on a tripod, letting Bobby and Dietrich join the others. Bobby ended up on his back, legs in the air. It reminded him he needed to go visit his nephew soon.

He looked down to find his little bun looking up at him.

"Can we try it?"

"Try what?"

It took Lum a moment to find the words. "You, in me." His eyes were pleading.

"You're not ready," Bobby said. "The dildo's still a little smaller than my penis."

Lum climbed on his lap, never breaking eye contact. "Please Mister Orr. I am ready. I see how much they enjoy it, and I want to feel that too." He moved closer, so their lips almost touch. "Please Bobby, I want you to show me such pleasure."

Bobby swallowed hard, the desire in those eyes nearly overwhelming him. He wanted this. He had wanted it since that day his little Lum's rump had appeared between those broken fence planks. "I don't want to hurt you," he said softly.

"I'm not afraid of a little pain. You said a little pain was okay."

"You're not ready, it might not be just a little pain."

"It's okay. I'm brave, remember. I'm your brave little bunny. I want this. I want you to show me this pleasure."

Bobby's hands shook as he placed them on each side of his little bun's face. A voice in his head was screaming at him 'he said YES! Throw him on the couch and bury your cock in his tight little ass. What are you waiting for!' but another part, the part the genuinely cared for the little bun, that cared for all the cubs he had inducted into the pleasures of sex, kept it in check.

"Are, are you sure," Bobby's eyes were getting wet.

Lum nodded.

Bobby kissed him tenderly. He picked him up, stood, and lay him down on the couch. He removed the dildo, and took out a

bottle of lube from the side table. He knelt between his Lum's legs. If they went through with his, he wouldn't be his little bun anymore. He'd be a man. A handsome man. A man in full possession of his sexuality.

He wanted to ask again, if he was sure, but the look in the bunny's eyes answered the question. He wanted it.

Bobby lubed his cock. He lubed Lum's ass again, even if it was already from the dildo. His cock was hard and throbbing as he put the tip against the bunny's star. "Please Lum, my courageous little Lum, don't let me hurt you."

"You won't, I promise."

Never taking his eyes off his bunny he slowly pushed in.

Lum moaned as his rear was stretched. His eyes rolled in the back of his head, and he stretched a 'yes' into a long sigh.

Tears fell down Bobby's face as he continued to push in. "My wonderful little bun," he whispered. "My beautiful and brave little bun."

He gasped as his head popped in, and Lum let out a small cry, immediately followed by "keep going".

The tiger kept pushing in, constantly praising his little bun, as the part of him who wanted to protect this precious cub warred with the part that wanted to possess him fully, and exclusively.

Bobby never stopped looking his Lum in the eyes, and each time the little bun cried out a little, he made sure those eyes told him to continue, and then he praised him.

Lum grabbed his back, digging his small claws in and pulled him against him. He let out a whimper, but didn't say to stop. Bobby still wanted to stop, but that part of him was too busy keeping him from just shoving his cock all the way to the bottom, making sure he was moving slowly, to be able to get him to stop.

With a low grunt, the tiger bottomed out. He was panting, and covered with sweat again. "Tell, tell me you're okay. Please tell me your okay," he barely manage to say between pants.

Lum didn't reply immediately, and Bobby started worrying. He would never forgive himself if he had hurt such a precious being.

"I'm okay," Lum's said weakly, still holding on to the tiger tightly.

Bobby heard the pain in the voice. This had been a mistake. Gods, he should never have agreed to this. His little bunny wasn't ready.

"I am so sorry," he whispered.

"Don't be," Lum said, his voice more confident this time. "I've wanted your cock inside me for a long time. It feels wonderful." He released his hold on the tiger, and they looked in each other's eyes.

Bobby leaned in, pressed his lips against his, and kissed him. Tenderly at first, but as his Lum responded, more

aggressively. His hips started moving of their own volition, pulling out slowly, and then pushing back in. Both of them moaned in the kiss. In and out his cock moved, in and out their tongue moved against each other, moans and groans filling the room.

Lum broke the kiss. "Fuck me, Bobby. Make me feel what those males are feeling. Fill me with your power, your malehood."

Again he searched those eyes, and there was no doubt in them. He had asked to be fucked. Not made love to, fucked. Bobby wanted to tell him there would be some pain, but found his voice didn't work. The part that cared wasn't in control of it anymore. He gave his little bun a toothy grin, which if it had been in any other situation would have sent him fleeing in terror.

Bobby picked up speed. He thrust deeper, making his bunny gasp, making HIS bunny moan. He changed the angle and *HIS* bunny screamed, before exploding cum over his chest. The tiger didn't care. HIS bunny had asked to be fucked, he was going to give HIS bunny exactly what he had asked for.

He fucked HIS bunny hard.

When Lum opened his eyes to look into Bobby's it wasn't caring that looked back at him, it was need, hunger, want. There was no fear in Lum's eyes. He continued moaning and groaning . . . and asking for more.

The tiger's thrusts were now long and hard, and should have made the recipient scream in pain, but the sounds that assaulted his ears were sound of pleasure, of want of their own. It drove him on harder. He owned the bunny under him.

He felt him shudder, and the scream told him Lum had another orgasm.

The tiger growled, teeth bared, almost trying to scare the bunny under him, but pleasure glazed eyes met his. He fucked HIS bunny as hard as he could.

With a yell of pleasure Lum pulled himself tightly against the tiger, and then bit his shoulder, hard.

The tiger's eyes went wide, and a moment later he was roaring, his body shuddering so hard the couch moved. Buried deeply inside HIS bunny his cock exploded and filled him.

As his orgasm left, so did his strength, and he slumped down, using his elbow to avoid crushing his little bun.

"You're so courageous Lum," he whispered. That part of him had only been let loose once before, and fortunately it was with an adult. That male had fled as soon as he was able to walk again. There was no fear in his bunny's eyes, only pleasure. He kissed him tenderly.

"Wow," Lum finally manage to said, and Bobby found himself laughing. He stopped himself when he realized that he was about to start crying.

Lum looked at the screen. It's showed eight males stretched

in a living room, tangled together, and happy. "Thank you," Lum said. "For sharing this with me."

"You are wonderful," Bobby replied. "I'm going to pull out. Tighten your rectum as I do it. You don't want to lose any of the precious milk."

Lum nodded and smiled.

Bobby stood, his spine popping, and then sat. Lum awkwardly maneuvered himself so he could rest his head on his lap. Bobby slowly rubbed his back. He switched the TV to a channel, not caring what was on. He had his little bun, and for now that was all he needed. He knew that in a few years, his little bun would find himself someone, a male to take him on the next part of his life. Bobby would never be forgotten, but in time, he would become simply a cherished memory.

Bobby chided himself. He didn't have to maudlin right now. He still had years with his little bun, and still things to show him, if he would let him.

There was also Russel, Bobby smiled. He figured that a few years was enough to get those two to share a much deeper love.