

Help Wanted

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A married couple make an extreme request.

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Chapter One: The Proposal

Passersby might be wondering what I'm doing walking with the Voeldahn couple and their child. Perhaps they think I'm a friend of the family, or maybe some sort of male nanny, but the truth is far more intriguing. They leave me sitting on a bench in the mall, watching the child while they peruse Victoria's Secret. I take the little furry baby out of his stroller, holding him in my arms as people walk by. As a human, I occasionally receive funny looks from both humans and Voeldahn, but it doesn't bother me. While it isn't necessarily unusual for a human to have a Voeldahn child, people often need to see the mixed couple for it to really register. If only they knew the truth...

It all began one day when I received a call from a co-worker named Ricky. Though we worked in the same office and often talked while at work, we had never managed to ever to spend time together outside of work. To say we were close friends would be an outright lie, but we were certainly more than acquaintances. He sounded genuinely concerned or worried, saying that he had an important favor to ask me, and that I needed to come over to his home right away. I had never been to his house before, or even had coffee with the guy, so I was understandably apprehensive. He text me his address. Unsure what he was going to ask me, I prepared myself for pretty much anything; I couldn't have been prepared enough.

I found his home rather quickly; he didn't live very far from my own house. I could have walked there had I wanted to waste thirty minutes. As soon as I approached the door, motion activated lights turned on and Ricky swung it open, as though he were waiting by the door since he called me. The somewhat short Voeldahn with cream colored fur stood in the dim light of his doorway. His tall rabbit-like ears were spread apart like an old TV antenna as I approached. His amber eyes stared intently at me, making me feel a little uneasy. He

quickly invited me in, locking the door behind me. He was home alone, though I knew he was married. His wife, Vanessa, was not home.

Vanessa is a part-time model and full-time editor for a cheap tabloid magazine, but is attractive enough to live solely on modeling, if she were so inclined. She's the one person everyone still remembers by name from last year's Christmas party. I had always wondered how a man like Ricky, as nice a guy as he is, scored such a beautiful bunny. I think it blew everyone's mind when they met her last year. He offered me a drink, and seemed pleased when I turned down beer in favor of a Coke Zero. Everyone knows that I don't drink or smoke, but perhaps he forgot? He sits me down on the couch and passes me the black and red can. As I take a drink, I nearly choke when he speaks.

"I'm impotent." Ricky says to me.

"Excuse me?!" I ask in surprise as I cough.

"I mean, it works and all, but I'm shooting blanks." Ricky continues.

I looked at the guy and didn't know what to say. I brushed my shaggy brown hair from my face, pulling it from my hazel eyes as I looked him over. What was he telling me this for? Am I being punked?

"I uh... I'm sorry, man..." I finally say, patting him on the shoulder.

"Thanks..." He mutters.

"Seriously man. I'm not going to tell anyone. I am curious though, as to why you're telling me."

"My wife and I... Well..." Ricky hesitates. "We want to have a baby."

"I'm sorry man... That's some bad lucky. I know you'll like trying though." I can't help but joke.

It's not entirely my fault. I often make light of bad situations as a defense for not having anything more constructive or proper to say.

"It's no use!" He yells, pushing my hand off his shoulder. "We've decided that we have to try something else... A 'Plan B', if you will."

"What sort of 'Plan B'?" I ask.

"Would you consider donating sperm?!" Ricky turns to me.

I was stunned, shocked, floored, flabbergasted, and any other word you can think of to describe my natural reaction. I turned away, trying half hazardedly to hide my expression from him. This just had to be a prank, but when I looked back and saw his eyes, I knew that either he was a much better actor than Brad Pitt or Johnny Depp, or he was genuinely serious. Is scratched my head, setting the can down on a coaster on their coffee table.

"Why would you pick me? Why not go to a clinic, or ask another friend of yours? I mean, I'm not trying to be a dick here, but we're more or less work buddies. We've never hung out once in the two years we've been joking around at the office." I say to him.

"Because my other friends are all Voeldahn, but you're human. If your sperm impregnates her, no one will know because it'll be a Voeldahn that looks just like her. If my other friends donate sperm, there might be some noticeable differences that we'll have to always explain away, especially when the kid grows up. Shorter ears, maybe a radically different fur pattern, whatever. As for a clinic, we can't take the chance that they might make a mistake and give her the wrong sperm, or that the applicant lied and they didn't screen him

properly. I don't want people to know about my issues..." Ricky explains.

"Alright... While that all makes sense, what makes you so sure that I'm safe?" I can't help but ask.

"We both know that you're single. You have no STDs or STIs because you don't sleep around. From two years of talking at work, I know that you don't have a mental illness or any known cancers running through your family line. You don't drink alcohol or smoke. Hell, you're one of the only straight edge guys I've met since elementary school. All that and you're human? You're the perfect choice!" Ricky exclaims.

Now extremely flattered and somewhat proud of myself, I can't help but smile. Though I'm nervous, I guess I really didn't mind playing the seed farm for this guy and his hot wife. It would be an interesting experiment actually; a dirty magazine, a cup and a turkey baster and then nine months later I could see what the results were. Though my heart raced, I nervously accepted the offer. Ricky latched onto me like a child, hugging me tightly. I thought he would be happy, but it was downright weird. He asked me to return tomorrow around seven in the afternoon, when Vanessa would be home. I took the can of delicious caramel colored fizz and left the house, returning to my car and quickly driving home.

It took the entire drive and the walk to my front porch just to process what it was he had told me only minutes earlier. I finished the can, tossed it into my kitchen sink, and sat down on my bed. As I grabbed my laptop and turned it on, I immediately wanted to look at Voeldahn girl porn, but recalling the conversation, I set it aside. I never thought I was actually going to need my sperm. We both had the day off tomorrow, so all I had to do was get to bed. That was easier said than done. As I tossed and turned in bed, my mind raced back to

his proposition. For a brief moment, I wished for something that later made me feel exceptionally filthy and yet incredibly aroused.

The next day passed more slowly than the first day of college after spring break. Every time I looked at a clock in my house, only a few minutes had gone by. It didn't matter what I did, it just wouldn't move any faster. Suddenly, at about six in the afternoon, I received a text from Ricky saying that they were ready for me to come over. I can't be sure, but I think I was in my car and driving down the road before he had time to put his cell phone back into his pocket. I try not to run to the front porch, in case they are watching through the windows like last night. I rang the doorbell, and after a short pause, it swings open. Ricky lets me in, but his wife Vanessa is nowhere to be found. I grew nervous, worrying that I was the butt of a horrible joke.

"There's something I need to tell you." Ricky begins as he leads me down a hall. "I wasn't very forthright about the circumstances."

I was preparing myself for the worst humiliation of my life as he led me to a room at the end of the hall. His house's layout is completely different from my own, so I have no clue where I was being led. He opens a door and we step inside, entering a dimly lit room. He flips on the lights, temporarily blinding me. I hear the door close behind us as my eyes take a moment to adjust. There, on a bed before me, and covered by a silky looking golden sheet is Vanessa. One of her legs is bent at the knees and holding up the sheet, while the other is bent but spread wide. I can see her soft light brown and cream fur of her upper body; no visible straps cover her shoulders. I stand there in awe at the model lying in a pose, clothed only by a golden silk bed sheet.

She slowly sits up, the sheets falling from her body. She is nude underneath, revealing to me her perfect hourglass figure. Her large, perky breasts are easily D-cups, and quite full; probably implants, as they are so perfectly formed, but she was born with the body of a goddess, so who's to say? Her light brown fur outlines her body, covering her head, arms, sides, back and legs. The cream fur covers her chin and lower jaw, running through her neck, over her ample breasts, flat and toned belly, and over her groin. As she shifts, I can see that her inner thighs and buttocks are covered in the cream fur as well. Her long, straight brown hair is quite dark compared to her fur, and runs down to her pink nipples. She gazes at me with a lustful smile, staring me down with her dark brown eyes.

"Woah, what's going on here?" I ask, turning back to Ricky, the husband of the nude woman sitting before me.

"You're here to impregnate my wife... Naturally." Ricky says, looking down at the floor. "You need to... Have sex with her... Until it takes..." He says, struggling with his words.

From his expression and tone, I can tell that he isn't too happy bringing me here. He sounds even more humiliated than when he told me his sperm wasn't any good. I turned back to his wife, who ran a hand over her absolutely perfect body. The blood rushed to my loins as fast as it did the night I lost my virginity; I was hard in seconds. I hated that she turned me on so much, while her husband stood right there. I looked back at Ricky, who stared at the floor. On his hand he wore a wedding band, which gleamed in the light. I turned back to Vanessa, and as her hand ran down to gently stroke the pink lips of her vagina, I could see her wedding band. I felt so bad for Ricky.

"I don't know if I can do this, bro." I say quietly into Ricky's tall ear.

He turns his head up, looking rather surprised. It actually surprised me, the look he was giving me. I half-expected him to look pleased.

“N-no... You *need* to do this for us.” Ricky said to me, grabbing my arm.

He pulled me closer to the door as he quietly spoke to me.

“You aren’t offending me by doing this. I asked you because you were my pick. She and I talked this over and you were my prime choice. Remember what I told you yesterday? If you aren’t going to be the one, she’s going to find another human to fuck her off of the Internet or something. We’ll have to scour the area for a human or rabbit Voeldahn who doesn’t care about having sex with my wife.” Ricky explains.

I couldn’t believe my ears. Did Ricky even realize what he was saying to me, or was I just having a really perverse dream?

“And you’re okay with that?!” I quietly exclaim.

“Fuck no! I really don’t want this to happen, but my wife is *very* willful. She has never cheated on me before, because she is honest and loyal, but if you don’t give her what she wants, she will, and I’ll have to suffer the consequences of disobeying her. Who knows what weirdo is going to cum inside of my wife.” Ricky says, his voice quivering.

“God damn, dude... Not gonna lie, Vanessa is a goddess.” I mutter.

He turns his head to look up to me, a faint smile across his face. I had assumed he was just really grateful a stranger wasn't standing in front of him.

“S-so, you're interested?” He asks so pathetically.

“I don't know... It doesn't feel right...” I say, turning away from his nude wife.

“Look man, I told you how it is. Please, do me this favor; put your moral compass away in a back pocket or a drawer, and fuck my wife.” Ricky says sternly.

I was appalled. I wanted to tell Ricky that he shouldn't be married to a woman like this. I wanted him to know that he didn't need to be so emasculated because he had faulty sperm. I wanted to say so many things and be a good person, but I turned back to his wife, who's moist tongue caressed her lips. My heart was beating faster, more from the thought of sleeping with her than of his outrageous offer. I turned to him and tried to say something proper.

“What are friends for?” Is all that came out of my lips.

Ricky rested his head on my chest, sighing as though relieved. He unlocked and opened the door, stepping out to give us privacy. As he pulled the door closed, he turned back and whispered to me.

“Hey... If she tries to use condoms, don’t do it. Go inside of her bare, and absolutely *do not* pull out of her when you’re about to cum. Stay balls deep, alright?”

My face flushed as Vanessa’s own husband gave me verbal instructions on what to do if his wife tried to make me wear condoms while I fucked her. Clearly, he was worried that she was more interested in personal pleasure than business. Perhaps there was something else wrong with him that he didn’t feel like sharing? I was unable to speak. I simply looked at him and nodded.

“Alright, Ricky... I’ll do this, but as soon as Vanessa is pregnant, we’re done; we won’t ever speak of this again. Agreed?” I demand.

“Sure thing, Vic.” Ricky says before closing the door.

Chapter Two: What Are Friends For?

I turned back to the room and looked over at Vanessa. She is a vision of beauty. Hugh Hefner would cream in his pants if she so much as walked by, yet here I was, standing in her bedroom being asked to make her pregnant; no turkey baster, no masturbation, just old-fashioned, primal sex. She looked down and grinned, though I wasn’t sure what she was staring at, as I was still fully clothed. I walked up to her and felt how tight my pants were. Looking down, I could see my erection was running across my pelvis and reaching nearly to my hip, as it often does when I wake up in the morning. Even in dim light it was blatantly obvious how aroused I was by her, and now she knew it.

She lay back on the bed, her hand covering her bare pussy as she gently stroked her lips. She shifts her body, presenting a glistening vagina to me. She was visibly aroused, as I was. I reach down and impulsively touch her loins. She's burning hot, nearly scalding my fingers. I've never felt such heat before from a woman, and she isn't even the first Voeldahn I'd slept with. A girl named Trisha was my first, and she purred like a kitten; it was made easy as she was a feline Voeldahn. As I touch Vanessa's nether lips, she sits up, pressing my fingers hard on her clitoris. She moans softly as she grabs at my belt, quickly unbuckling it. She undoes my pants and drops them to the ground.

She hooks her fingers at the sides of my hips, quickly gasping and apologizing as her claws bump the head of my penis. I tell her it's alright as she pulls the elastic band away from my body and down my legs, revealing my equipment to her. Seeing my erect penis for the first time, she gasps, bringing a hand to her mouth. She seems quite impressed. I've seen that look before a few times, from my other long-time girlfriends after the first few dozen times they see me naked; she's never had one quite so large before, and now she is briefly wondering if she can even use it or not. The look is the same on every girl, and it's so damned cute!

"Wow... You're uh... Damn..." She says.

She stares for a moment before taking my phallus in her hands. It's too fat for her to touch her thumb and middle finger together with, and when she uses her second hand, covering as much flesh as she can, at least a half a hand width is completely uncovered. The head of my substantial prick stares back at her. She reaches down and feels my shaved balls, holding the pink skin of my full scrotum in her hands. She feels my balls, each about the size of a chicken's egg, giddy with excitement.

“Holy shit, Vic... You’re so much bigger than Ricky!” She happily exclaims.

For a split second, I feel guilty, but it melts away when she slips the head of my penis into her warm mouth. Her tongue glides over the underside of my head and shaft, then tries to wrap around it. As thick as it is, her jaw is already as open wide as it can be to fit me. As her head gently bobs, I let out a groan and rest my hand on her head, my fingers weaving through her silky-smooth hair. I simply couldn’t help myself. As I help her feast on my member, she turns her big, beautiful brown eyes to a wall with a bookshelf on it. She turns, keeping the first quarter of my large phallus within her mouth. She directs me to shift. I look at the wall, but see nothing but random knickknacks and a few books on a shelf. At the time, it didn’t make sense; I assumed she needed to be more comfortable, a leg off the edge of her marital bed.

She works my penis, both hands stroking the last half of my shaft, while her mouth sucks, licks, and kisses the top half. I’ve been as solid as a bar of tempered steel since before she even touched my belt. I looked down as she kissed the head of my penis, opening her mouth wide to suck on it some more. She gazed up at me with her big brown eyes, looking so pleased with herself. I don’t know what possessed me, but I reached down, grabbed one of her perfect breasts, and began to stroke and massage it.

“You want to take my big cock, baby?” I suddenly blurt out.

I couldn’t believe what I had just said to Ricky’s wife, but she wasn’t the least bit upset. She giggled and nodded, never taking me from her mouth. She pulls back and gasps for breath, her saliva trickling over her fingers as holds my phallus in her hands.

“Did Ricky ever walk in on you in the bathroom or something?” She asks with another giggle.

“No.” I replied honestly.

“Hm... Interesting... I guess I just lucked out!” She winks.

As I watched the beautiful bunny girl working so fervently on my package, a sensation I hadn't ever felt before washed over me. I grew more dominant, like an alpha wolf mounting one of the pack females, while everyone else watched. I suddenly pulled away from her, leaning over and placing my hands on her hips. To her surprise and delight, I laid her down on the bed, her butt hanging just off the edge with her digitigrade feet planted firmly on the rug. I knelt down and placed my face between her legs, examining her vagina. It's quite small, even for her dainty body; I hoped that she was elastic, because I didn't want her to not enjoy me when I took her. I smelled her pussy, and her scent was amazing. It was like a field of budding flowers. I don't know how else to explain her scent.

I leaned in and very gently licked her nether lips, working her the way I had worked my girlfriends before her. A previous girlfriend was something of an oral sex connoisseur and taught me everything she knew about pleasing a woman; I've never failed to make a woman orgasm with my tongue since her training, and tonight was no exception. After gently sweeping and swirling my tongue over her lips and clitoris, pretending to spell out English vowels over and over again, I could both see and feel her contracting as white cream oozed from her little pussy. She screamed in pleasure, gripping her large breasts tightly; I hadn't even put my dick in her yet. I could only imagine how that was going to feel, for the both of us. I tried to fit some fingers into her as a test run, and struggled with two.

I stood and placed my two fingers over the top of my cock, only to see that it was just about half of my width. She was going to take nearly all four of my fingers in girth, and about eight inches in length. I briefly worried that she wasn't going to get much farther than the head. As I pondered this, I suddenly heard a sound. Looking up, she was shakily digging through a drawer of a nearby nightstand. From that drawer, she produced a string of normal sized condoms. I laughed as I took the condoms from her trembling hand, holding them up.

"First of all, these would never fit me." I began.

"Yeah, you're probably right." She grins wide.

"Secondly, you want my cum, and I want to give it to you." I said as I dropped the condoms on the ground.

"Oh god, yes!" She exclaims.

Lying back, she presented herself to me. I have yet to see a more perfect woman. I tried to shift her on the bed, but she insisted that I enter her as her butt faced the wall. I obliged, pulling her from the bed so that her little fluffy tail could sway freely. From the small of her back and down she was hanging off the bed, held up almost entirely by me. Thank God I work out daily at home. With both of my hands on her hips, holding her up, she used both of her hands to direct me. She made sure that my penis was right where it needed to be. With the head pressed firmly against her steaming hot, hungry, and small vagina, I pushed my way in. She let out a loud cry of mixed pain and pleasure as my dick spread her little pussy wide. I quickly drove in my fat cock-head; it made a cute little popping sound as her lips pulled hard behind the rim. Soon, I shove in my exceptionally thick shaft.

"Oh, fuck! Why the hell were you keeping this thing to yourself?!" She asked with labored breaths.

Deeper and deeper, I drove my phallus, impaling the bunny girl on my big meat; she was as tight as a virgin. She screamed, then groaned, and then finally moaned. I pulled back a bit, drawing my glistening shaft from her. She gasped, trembling as I pushed back in even deeper. I'd pull back again, and then push in even harder. Soon, my pink balls were being tickled by the soft cream fur of her firm ass cheeks. Before we both knew it, her body had swallowed all eight-ish inches of my oversized meat, stretching her to her limits and squeezing me like a vice. My heart struggled to keep the blood within my member as she clamped on me so hard, I felt as though she would push it all back out. She tilted her hips to meet me, looking down to watch with the most blissful look on her face that I had ever seen on a woman.

If a rich movie star had proposed to a middle-class girl with a diamond ring worth more than her parent's house, she couldn't smile the way Vanessa was. She grinned from ear to tall, pointy ear, watching my large penis as it violated her cheating, married pussy; she loved every second of it, and so did I. I pumped it into her, slowly but hard, working several inches at a time. I tried my best to fuck her like a porn star. Soon, my arms began to burn, but I accomplished the first part of my job; Vanessa orgasmed, thick white cream oozing from around her pussy and over my moving shaft. Somehow, she became even tighter. I lifted her up and slid her back on the bed, our sides facing the wall that she seemed to favor.

I kicked off my shoes, stepped out of my pants and underwear, and pulled off my orange t-shirt. I climbed onto the bed and laid over Vanessa on my elbows and knees, gently necking her and fondling her perfect breasts. I couldn't help myself as I so passionately made love to my co-worker and friend's wife. I gave it to her as though she were my wife. Her hands felt the flesh of my body. She seemed even more turned on as she touched my furless human skin. Her arms wrapped around me as I pressed the head against her loins, quickly

returning to work. As I drove my member in and out of her, she clawed at me, scratching me with her brown nails. Every dragging nail on my back burned in the most exciting way, making me work even harder.

I shifted her pelvis, turning it upwards as I thrust down into her. I can hear her fluffy tail brushing the golden sheets as we fucked each other like animals. Grunting, groaning and gasping as I gave her everything she needed and isn't getting from her inferior husband. She moaned and panted as I worked her. Soon, she had another creamy orgasm. Every dab of white slime lubricated my penis and made my job much easier. After quite some time, I wanted to change it up. I grabbed her husband's pillow and set it by her side. Withdrawing myself from her stretched and used flesh, I grabbed her hips and rolled her over, onto her toned stomach. She giggled and her tail swayed so gleefully as I laid her on her belly, the pillow holding up her hips to meet me.

She looks back over her shoulder, gazing expectantly at me. She is unbelievably cute, swaying her hips as her fluffy tail danced from side to side; she was not done with me, and she demanded my attention. Who was I to deny her? I held my slimy, cum covered phallus in my hand as I guided it to her waiting pussy. I shoved myself back inside of Ricky's wife, my arms on either side of her waist as I pumped her. My balls pressed hard against her clitoris as I drove myself into her. She writhed beneath me, her tail swaying so adorably as she took me like a real champ. She cums yet again, but this time I can feel something else. As her white cream oozes over my shaft and smears all over my balls, I can feel them tightening; I'm growing closer to my own release.

"Oh, fuck. I'm gonna cum!" I said to her between grunts.

"Fuck yeah! Give me all of it! Hold it in!" She demands.

I held out as long as I could, but I was no match for her. Vanessa's body worked me in ways I had never felt before. I couldn't fight it for long, and soon our carnal act bore fruit. I came, harder than I had ever cum before. Jet after powerful jet filled her adulterous hole. One, two, three jets and I kept going. She gripped the sheets tightly with both hands, screaming in pleasure as she stared at the headboard. Four jets, then five, and a smaller sixth. A mirror in the headboard revealed to her the man who gave her the best night of sexual gratification in her life, and it wasn't her husband. She grinned sinisterly at the sight of the human mounting her little frame, her bunny tail still swishing from side to side. I gripped her hips as I held myself balls deep, the soft fur of her tight ass rubbing against my pelvis. The sensation of her fur on my skin made me want her more.

"Wow! ... I've *never* been fucked like that before... Ever..." Vanessa giggled.

"Neither have I." I said as I gasped for breath.

"You had *sooo much* cum!" She happily exclaimed.

"I've heard that before." I grinned as I pulled back.

"And your stamina! ... Wow! I've never been fucked for so long before. That was amazing!" She gushed.

"You were great too." I chuckled.

"Really?! You liked it?" She asked, as though surprised.

I simply nodded as she looked at me over her shoulder. I removed my rock-hard penis from her quivering hole, amazed to see how much I had stretch her. She wouldn't have even felt her husband if he were to try and use her right now. I turn to the clock, seeing that we've been having sex for just about forty-five minutes. I laid down beside her, resting my hands behind her head. She took the pillow beneath her

head and passed it to me, taking the pillow at her belly and bringing that up to her face. She laid her head down on the pillow, smelling a wet spot on the pillowcase as though it were fresh flowers. It was a little weird, but cute at the same time. She slid closer to me, keeping her legs pressed closed tightly as she pressed her body against mine.

Sliding an arm around her, she laid her head down on my shoulder, her large breasts pressed on my side and chest. She ran her claws over my chest softly, looking so pleased with herself as she cuddled up to me as though she were mine. She seemed almost enamored with me, like a smitten schoolgirl. Her fur was so soft, and her body so soothing as it pressed against mine; Her touch was very relaxing and I soon fell asleep, my arms wrapped around Ricky's wife. When I eventually woke up, it was very late at night; the clock read three thirty in the morning. Vanessa woke up as I shifted; she's a very light sleeper. We said our goodbyes and I put on my clothes.

Walking quietly through the house, I found Ricky asleep on the living room couch, the Species films playing on repeat on their DVD player. Without waking him up, I crept outside and to my car. Vanessa quietly shut the door behind me, wearing only a silky pink bathrobe. She blew me a kiss as I opened my car door. It was rather touching, all things considered. As I sat in my car, driving the few minutes back home, I wondered what this was going to do to our relationship. Would Ricky be upset when I saw him at work? Would we even talk anymore? Little did I know that was only the first of many, many visits; Ricky and Vanessa weren't done with me, by far.

Chapter Three: The Test

The next few days played out as the others had, before that fateful night. After a hot shower, a microwave cheeseburger and a Coke, you'd be surprised how fast you can recover from something so bizarre. I'll admit, as I saw her cream-colored fur washing off of my chest and groin, I did feel a tinge of guilt, but the running water flushed it down the drain in short order. After a good night's sleep, I thought I would be fine, but as I lay alone in my bed, it was surprisingly hard to sleep. I actually missed holding that goddess of a woman; I envied her husband for being able to see her daily. Eventually though, I was able to rest enough before work the next day.

While at the office the next day, I saw Ricky working on a stack of papers. He saw me, flashed a pleasant smile and said hello. I think I was the one who had a hard time adjusting. Not long into our shift, he came up and engaged me in a conversation about video games, as though nothing had ever happened last night. His calm and casual attitude made it that much easier to forget about it. I thought I was done, but just over three weeks later I received a call from Ricky. He asked me to visit him at his house, though he wouldn't say why. When I arrived, Ricky left me alone with Vanessa, who told me that she wasn't pregnant yet. I couldn't help but notice how excitedly Ricky asked me if I would breed her again. The words rolled off his tongue so smoothly, and Vanessa seemed just as delighted for another try.

The beautiful temptress was too much for me, especially after having already experienced her two weeks ago. In no time at all we were back in her marital bed, kissing passionately. Her sheets were still silky and shiny, but they were changed to a blood red set. For a moment I worried that my cum might stain such lovely sheets, only for me to chuckle when I realized how ridiculous my concern was. I looked

down and watched Vanessa, Ricky's wife, feverishly tear at my pants. We played with each other like we did before, but this time, I wanted to be more creative. After pleasing each other with our mouths, we did it again, but simultaneously while lying over each other on the bed. I had never tried sixty-nine before, but it was worth the effort.

I wondered if she had ever done it before, because she seemed so nervous. I loved watching her little tail bounce as we played with each other. Ever talented, she nearly brought me to orgasm before I even had a chance to penetrate her. Not wanting to disappoint, I stopped her before I could go off. We laid in bed, cuddling with each other and making-out, tasting our collective juices on each other's lips. I fondled her breasts and pussy with my hands and fingers, gently massaging her. She melted like a snow cone in summer as I touched her, caressing me almost lovingly. She kissed my neck, and it suddenly felt different; less like carnal pleasure and more like romantic lovemaking. I certainly wasn't going to complain.

I pulled her atop me, resting my hands on her hips as she knelt over me. Taking a brand-new bottle of warming KY jelly, she lubed up my penis until it glistened like her silky bedsheets. She set the bottle aside and grabbed onto my slimy phallus, positioning it beneath her and pointing it right at her tight, married hole. Even kneeling above me, she had to stretch a bit as the head of my large member rubbed against her clitoris. She slowly sat down on me, taking the whole of my girthy cock into her, wincing and groaning as she slid herself over me. She was just as tight as the first time; I couldn't believe we had done this without lube. She sat atop me, placing her slimy hands on my shoulders as she leaned in.

We kissed so passionately as she slowly rode me, struggling with my large package. I groaned from how tight her little pussy felt, squeezing my like a vice. She rested her snout alongside my face,

moaning into my ear as she wrapped her arms around me. Her large breasts smooshed against my chest as she held onto me for dear life. I wrapped my arms around her in turn, resting my hands on her firm buttocks. I could feel her tail brushing each wrist as it swayed side to side. With a cheek in each hand, I helped her ride me faster and harder, even thrusting up to meet her halfway. She moaned louder and louder, and soon gripped my shoulders tightly, her claws digging into my flesh. It hurt, in a strangely arousing way.

I laid back, looking down at the splendid sight of her small vagina feasting on my exceptional penis. Her lips seemed so strained as they stretched far apart to fit me. If she wasn't moaning so loudly and riding me so hard, I would have thought it was hurting her. She pressed her hands hard into my chest, scratching me and leaving dark red marks behind as she bounced harder and faster. Her fur softened the blows, but even so we could hear my balls slapping against her butt as she drove herself down onto my cock. I gave her butt a hard smack, making her giggle as she used me.

"Of yeah, baby. Fuck me!" She cried out with a wide smile.

"Ride that cock, Vanessa. Show me all the things you don't do with your husband." I said back to her, now consumed by the lust.

She looked down, gazing at me with her beautiful eyes. Her grin was so lustful and sinister. She wasn't the least bit offended by my words; her loins actually seemed to grow warmer. She leaned in, kissing me rather roughly. She moved from my lips, kissing and licking my neck as she bounced her pelvis over mine, moving at least four of my eight inches in and out of her with each stroke. She clawed my flesh as she licked me; it was a bizarre cross between a violent assault and passionate love-making. I held her tightly, my hands gliding over her body as I felt her soft fur and touched her perky

breasts. This woman was everything I had ever needed, and it was time I showed her that.

I sat up, giving her a moment to wrap her legs around me as she sat on my lap, my member deep within her and my balls pressed tight against her perfect buttocks. She rocked her hips back and forth, not actually moving my penis in and out of her, but simply shifting it within her; she absolutely loved it. She wrapped her arms around me, holding tightly as she kissed me so passionately. She quickly brought herself to orgasm, creamy white ooze coating my scrotum. She was so passionate, so carnal, so tender, and yet so demanding. I had never had a lover like her, and I envied her husband even more; the Alpha within me came out again.

Taking control of Vanessa, I rolled us over. Her legs wrapped around my waist and crossed at her ankles. I could feel her furry feet brushing my butt as I swayed my hips back and forth, enjoying every inch of her. Soon, though, I tired of that, right around the time she had her second orgasm. Pulling from the trembling woman, I tried to place her on her hands and knees. She was far too weak for that, so I pulled her from the bed, rested her chest and head on the edge. I bent her legs at the knees, which touched the rug on the floor. I knelt down behind her and the rug was surprisingly soft, considering the hardwood beneath it. I took Vanessa like an animal, my hands on her hips as I thrust into her. Over and over again, my scrotum smacked into her clitoris as I used her adulterous little hole.

She writhed beneath me as she moaned in pleasure. Clawing at her bedsheets, she soon gripped them tightly in her hands, drool pooling beneath her snout as she moaned and groaned. After some time, my knees grew weak, even on the soft rug. I pulled away from her and sat on the bed, pulling her to her feet. I directed the wobbly bunny until she stood before me. Remember her preference for facing

the wall with the bookshelf, I turned her toward it. I held my member in one hand, the other on her firm behind. I directed her to sit atop me, reinserting my large phallus. It was still quite slimy from KY jelly and her cum. She placed her hands on my knees and slowly rode me, first with her legs closed. She was so tight that way that I couldn't hold back. I grabbed her hips and pulled her down onto me.

I reached around and held her thighs, pulling them apart as I rested her legs over my own. With her now in position, I rocked Vanessa back and forth, quickly reaching the crest. Holding her down onto me, my testicles pulled closer to my body as I released my seed. With each squirt, my hot cum traveled deeper into her body, racing to fertilize the married bunny girl. As I came, Vanessa did as well. It was as though she was responding purely to the sensation of my sperm filling her. She trembled as she fell back against me. I held her, necking the girl as my hands worked overtime, fondling her large breasts and gently massaging her clitoris. She gasped for breath, her hand caressing my cheek as she sat atop me. The base of my penis and scrotum acted as a seal, holding my seed within her. I could feel the hot ooze resting atop the head of my penis, trying to escape her.

"That was amazing." She said as she gasped.

"Yeah, it was. You're built like a goddess." I said to her.

"If you can work a goddess so well, then what does that make you?" She cooed.

She turned her head to face me, giving me the most loving, tongue-free kiss that I've ever experienced in my life.

"Are you my Adonis? My human stud?" She asked me between passionate kisses.

"I'm everything you want, baby." I said to her. "I'm your Adonis, your stud, your lover, and your master."

"My master?" She grinned wide.

"Mhm..."

"So, what does my master want?" She asked me.

"To finish." I said.

I pulled her down and tilted my pelvis, somehow pushing myself even deeper into her. She groaned at the sensation and caressed my cheek. I felt my seed being pushed past the rim of my head, filling every gap. As I realized that my sperm had nowhere else to go, I couldn't help but think that the pressure she must have felt within her was astounding. I rose to my feet, holding her by her legs. Though my arms were weak and my muscles sore, I managed to stand, keeping her suspended in the air with our organs fused together. I turned and laid her face down on the bed before resuming my work, having never lost my erection. Though it was a strange, almost icy cold sensation as I resumed the carnal act, it soon grew warm and pleasant all over again. Lying over her back, she hugged a pillow as I used her like she was my personal property; she loved every millisecond of it.

After over an hour of on and off love-making, we slept in her marital bed. Her husband was forced to sleep on the couch, as there was no room for him, either on the bed or in my own mind. Vanessa did not complain. She snuggled with me like I was her own teddy bear. Before I succumbed to my exhaustion, I worried that perhaps this would be the last time. Part of me was bothered that I even felt that way. After a very pleasant sleep, I awoke to find the husband watching us lying beside each other. He stared at me with a strange little smile across his face, as his absolutely gorgeous wife lay beside me, a large breast visibly pressed against my chest as she draped an arm over me. It was a very uncomfortable feeling, and I impulsively

demanded that he leave the room. To my surprise, he obeyed me without saying a word.

When Vanessa finally awoke, I began to speak to her about her husband's behavior. It was a somewhat difficult conversation to have, as she promptly began to fondle my package. Though she seemed to be listening, she slid down and inserted me into her mouth. I struggled to tell her that he made me uncomfortable as she bobbed her head up and down on my quickly growing erection. Soon, I couldn't remember what I was talking about. I sat up, rested my hands on her breasts, and gently pulled her toward me. She obeyed my every command, lubing up my equipment before inserting it into herself and sitting atop my lap. After bringing her to orgasm, I rolled us over, pushing my large phallus deep within her as she lay on her back. I pumped my hips, in and out, over and over. We finished together in short order. She laid beside me, a hand holding in my sperm as she gasped for breath.

"I'll talk to Ricky. I can just come over to your house from now on, then he can't bother you, Master." She said to me.

I was amazed that she was even paying attention, but I made sure not to show it.

"Good girl." I said to her, kissing her on the lips.

After seeing Ricky at work the next day, he acted perfectly normal. He didn't gaze at me in an uncomfortable fashion or even mention his wife to me. It was as though the previous night had never occurred. After several days, Ricky slipped me a note at work. In the note, he asked me to visit immediately after work, suggesting I follow him home. After our shift, I decided to follow the note's instructions. I

followed Ricky home and parked behind him in his driveway. Entering the house, I was met with a well-dressed, ever beautiful Vanessa. She sat on the couch, legs crossed and gazing at me with a most intriguing grin. True to her word, Vanessa was ready to go home with me, right then and there. Ricky didn't seem to have a problem with it. Aside from picking her up from Ricky's house, there was only one thing they needed from me.

"What are the rules, Master?" Ricky asked me.

"Rules?" I raised an eyebrow.

"Yes. You're our Master, so what are your rules." Ricky asked.

I wasn't sure what to say. I took a moment to think it over, looking back and forth between Ricky and Vanessa. They looked so eager to do as I said; it bothered me that Ricky had a nearly identical, lustful expression to Vanessa. For a split second, I almost felt bad for the guy, as I'm heterosexual. I finally opened my mouth to speak, turning to look at Ricky.

"Vanessa is to see me at my house from now on. When she is at my home, you are never to call either of us unless it is a genuine emergency. You are never allowed to accompany her unless I give you permission." The words poured out of my mouth so casually.

"What about sex?" Ricky asked.

"What about it?"

"Am I allowed to have sex with Vanessa, *my* wife?" Ricky asked.

"No!" I snickered. "Vanessa is mine to use as I see fit... I'm surprised you even asked that question."

"I'm sorry, Master." Ricky said as he lowered his head.

“Apology accepted. You are allowed to watch any videos I may make of us, but only if both Vanessa and I agree to allow you. You can masturbate to those. One day, I may even allow you to watch me fuck your beautiful wife; *my* little whore.” I demanded.

“Thank you, Master!” Ricky gleefully said.

I turned to Vanessa, who looked so intrigued by our dialog. She slid a hand down, resting it on her inner thigh with a finger pressing against her loins. She gazed at me as though she wanted to sleep with me right there on the living room floor. With a wave of my hand, I brought her to me. I draped an arm over her as though she were mine, leading her out of Ricky’s house in broad daylight as children rode bicycles down the street and a man watered his lawn. She climbed into my car, and I quickly took her home, where she remained for the next 48 hours. We spent our nights together, either making passionate love to each other, or enjoying raw, carnal sex. Often, one morphed into the other, and then back again. To this day, I’ve never experienced anything remotely like it.

Chapter Four: Confession

Ricky never called, or asked about his wife when I saw him at work the following day. When I returned home, I was greeted by Vanessa cooking my dinner. I was surprised at how good a cook she is. We ate together and she asked me about my day. She no longer used my name, always calling me ‘Master’. As we spoke, she never once asked about Ricky, or seemed to care about him when I mentioned seeing him at the office. I wasn’t sure what to make of the situation, but I wasn’t going to turn back. It was a bit late to redevelop a moral compass. That night, Vanessa and I tried yet again to impregnate her. We eagerly worked, and even filmed our experience.

Before bed, I copied the raw footage onto a thumb drive for her to take back to her husband. Eventually, I took Vanessa back home to her husband; she seemed somewhat disappointed as we pulled into Ricky's driveway. By the time I had returned home and parked my car, Ricky was already calling me. I answered my phone as I entered my house.

"What's up, Ricky?" I asked him.

"Oh, thank you Master! Thank you so much for the videos you made with my wife! You have no idea how much this means to me, Master!" He exclaimed through the phone.

The man sounded so ecstatic. In the background, I could hear Vanessa's moans.

"You aren't touching my girl, are you?" I demanded.

"Oh, no! Never, Master!" Ricky promptly replied.

As I listened, I could hear myself grunting as I pleased the bunny girl. Ricky was already playing through the videos.

"I have no idea your penis was so big, Master! My wife is so lucky to have you!" He gushed.

"Thanks... I do what I can..." I didn't know what else to say.

"And your balls are huge too! You must give her so much delicious cum! God, I can't believe she can even fit that cock! What a trooper." He continued.

I blinked, my eyes widening in surprise as I listened to him. He continued to speak about my genitals, extolling the size and shape of my shaft, head and testicles. It was flattering, embarrassing, and unnerving all at the same time.

“Are you finished?” I suddenly asked him.

“Yes, Master! I’m sorry. Just... Thank you. Thank you so much! This means so much to me! I mean us! See you soon!” He said before quickly hanging up.

Two weeks had passed since I had become their master. In those fourteen days, I brought Vanessa home to be with me for nine of them. It was Sunday, the tenth day that she was with me. Vanessa seemed uneasy from the moment I had seen her sitting on the couch of Ricky’s house. She seemed better as soon as she hugged me, but was never truly herself. Once we were inside my home, she took a seat on my loveseat. I sat beside her and began to kiss her, necking her tenderly. It wasn’t the first time we had sex on the loveseat, but this time, she seemed much more nervous. It bothered me that she was so different; my chest actually hurt when I looked at her sullen expression.

“What’s wrong, Vanessa?” I asked her.

“Master... I... There’s something you should know.” She said.

“What is it?”

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, slowly exhaling.

“I’m pregnant...” She said softly.

“Oh! That’s great!” I exclaimed.

She smiled, but it seemed forced. It bothered me even more. I could tell that something was wrong, and couldn’t help but press her.

“Is it someone else’s baby? Have you slept with Ricky? Has he asked you to be with others besides me?” I asked her.

She looked more hurt than insulted as I asked the questions. I immediately regretted it, as I had already developed feelings for my little bunny girl. I knew I shouldn’t have, but it was too difficult; she is much too sexually talented and beautiful.

“No!” She sorrowfully exclaimed. “It’s definitely your baby.”

“Then what’s the problem? Are you worried this will end?”

“Are you?” She looked to me.

“Yes.” I admitted to her.

She smiled again, but this time it felt genuine. She leaned in and kissed me passionately, her hands stroking my cheeks.

“I need to tell you the truth, but Ricky doesn’t want me to. *You’re* my Master now, so I’ll tell you if you’ll allow me.” She said.

I nodded my head, resting a hand on her shoulder.

“Be a good girl and tell your Master everything.” I said sternly.

She took another deep breath and began to speak. Not only was she pregnant, but she had been carrying my child for nearly five weeks. When we slept together the first time, Vanessa and Ricky had chosen the date to match with her cycle. She took an at home pregnancy test, and it came back positive. Even so, they wanted to be sure, so Ricky called me over again. She later missed her period, and soon visited her OBGYN, who confirmed it. I wondered why she seemed so worried as she explained that fact to me, but as she spoke, it became clear. It started when she first caught Ricky watching swinger porn, after coming home early from work on afternoon. Soon, he revealed to her that cuckold pornography was a considerable portion of his collection.

She was willing to roleplay his kink, as she loved Ricky and wanted to please him. I couldn't help but think that Ricky was so lucky to have such a woman in his life. Eventually, however, he was dissatisfied with roleplaying. He constantly urged her to consider a lover, which she absolutely refused to do. After months of a strained relationship, she heard him watching a video. To her dismay, there were no female voices coming from the speaker of his laptop in the other room. She worried that he was bi-sexual, or even homosexual; the condoms in the drawer were at her insistence, as she didn't want to catch something from her own husband. She had even stopped kissing him on the lips, though she still refused to take a lover. She continued to sleep with Ricky, but only if he wore his condoms.

Later that same year, she went to the Christmas party with Ricky. That's when she first saw me. I was speaking with my boss and several co-workers. I immediately remembered that night; I couldn't help but gaze at the beautiful bunny who smiled at me before walking away. As Vanessa smiled at me, she couldn't help but envision me

ravaging her. The thought of feeling my skin on against her fur and my hands caressing her turned her on. When she walked away, she had actually excused herself to a private office bathroom to masturbate. It was the first time she truly considered taking a lover. I couldn't help but be flattered as she continued her little speech. She shared her thoughts with Ricky as they drove home from the party; he was so pleased to hear that she was interested in carrying out his fantasy, but she still wasn't sure if she was ready to take the next step.

It took several more months, when her marriage became even more stale. Soon, Ricky denied her sex, only willing to sleep with her without condoms. Vanessa's paranoia and dominance, however, prevented her from going through with it; he was never allowed to touch her with his bare penis again. She went at least a month with only her fingers and a small vibrator to please herself. When the frustration and unreleased sexual tension finally became too much to bear, she agreed to take a lover for Ricky, but only under her own terms. At this point, I was so curious that I couldn't help but interject.

"So, what were your terms?" I asked.

"Well, I really wanted sex. No, I needed it! Ricky wasn't giving it to me, and dildos aren't the same; it had to be real, so now I needed another man. I didn't want to feel like a whore, so I agreed to take a steady, long-term boyfriend." She replied

I was shocked. I had no idea that their relationship was so poor.

"So, your husband didn't choose me to impregnate you?" I asked.

"Oh no, he did... Sort of... I asked for recommendations and he mentioned you as a potential lover, listing off the men he knew and was thinking of. After several other names, I heard yours and

immediately jumped at the offer, to his delight. Honestly, I think he just wanted to see a man naked in front of him. I don't know if he even remembered what I said about you that night of the Christmas party. I told him that I'd take a lover, but *only* if it was you. If he couldn't get you to do it, then I was going to divorce him. He knew I meant it when he saw the look on my face." Vanessa continued.

"And getting you pregnant?" I reiterated.

"Getting pregnant was actually *my* idea. I was stunned when he was so excited about it, but I wanted a baby, and he sure as hell wasn't giving me one. I wouldn't have let him, even if he had wanted to do the honors himself. Who knows where his dick has been since we stopped having sex." She remarks.

"So, what does he do for himself?" I wondered aloud.

"Who knows, when he isn't home. When he is though, he just watches the tapes we've been making... He's been doing it since the first day, with the hidden cameras in our bedroom." She said to me.

"Excuse me?!"

I couldn't believe that he had secretly filmed Vanessa and I having sex in his marital bed, but then I recalled how she insisted on certain positions that first night; our sides or genitals were always facing the shelf. She knew all along, and wanted him to get a good view. I felt used, like a piece of meat for them to devour and discard when they were finished.

"You know about that, didn't you?" I asked her angrily.

"I'm really sorry about that! I told him to tell you, but he didn't think you'd like it. It's not like I did it only for him though. I was lonely, and you made me feel so wanted, so desired, and so loved. I felt even better than when Ricky and I first married." She grins.

"But don't you still love Ricky?" I looked down at her.

She leaned in and kissed me again, sliding closer to me. She sat atop my lap, her legs hanging just past my own as her side rested against my chest. We held each other, her arms squeezing me tightly. She set her snout near my ear and kissed my jaw.

“Ricky started this over a year ago. He pushed me away, and right into your arms. I love my Master now.” She cooed.

She sounded so genuine as she nuzzled my face with her snout, her pink nose sliding over my skin.

“Your Master loves you too.” I said to her, stroking her back.

“You’ve given me everything I have wanted and more; the feeling of being loved and desired, a baby, and that big dick is a nice bonus.” She giggles, kissing me again. “You’re so talented, and have so much stamina; you’re such a generous Master.” She says sweetly.

“I like rewarding such a good little girl.” I whisper softly to her ear.

“So... You’re not upset?” She asks.

“Not with you, but a good girl won’t keep secrets from her Master again.” I say with a wide grin.

“Oh, thank you Master! You’re so understanding.” Vanessa giddily exclaims.

“Ricky on the other hand... Well... He won’t be receiving any videos for a while.” I add with a wink.

“As you wish, Master.” She coos.

Part Five: Living The Lifestyle

Once Vanessa revealed the truth about her marriage to me, I took it upon myself to truly embody the roll that they had given me. Vanessa truly enjoyed being submissive to me, as did her husband, Ricky. I took it upon myself to move Vanessa and Ricky permanently into my home, demanding that they sell theirs. They didn't question me. We picked only the best furniture between the two houses and sold the rest in a yard sale. Their personal attachments meant little to me at this point. I claiming their marital bed for myself, as it was much larger and more comfortable than my old one. I moved Vanessa into my room, where she sleeps beside me every night. Ricky, on the other hand, uses my old bed; he sleeps alone in what was once a guest room.

By the second month of her pregnancy, my bunny's slender, perfect body was beginning to show. Vanessa was able to edit for her magazine from my home, and began to model full-time as well, also from my home. When she started showing, she was still so beautiful that she was able to continue modeling. Her work keeps her close to me, her beloved Master, while Ricky and I continue to work at the office. I had long since ceased treating Ricky with any real respect or curtesy; he is merely my servant to do my bidding. I no longer call him by his name, instead only calling him 'slave', even in public. Whenever Vanessa and I mate, *and* I'm in the mood for it, I make him film us. On better days, I allow him to masturbate as he watches, rare though they are. When my slave is bad, I lock him in the closet where he can only hear Vanessa enjoying her Master's touch.

My new role in their lives has only made me more dominant and aggressive; Vanessa certainly enjoys it. Ricky does as well, and if he

doesn't, he dares not speak against me. Whenever friends would come over to visit, I was honest about my relationship with the couple. A true Master doesn't have to hide anything. The few friends who had a problem with our unique arrangement I no longer speak to, while the remainder are quite envious. When we play video games online, they often like to ask how my bunny girl and her emasculated husband are doing. Sometimes when they ask, Vanessa is already busy pleasuring me with her hands or mouth, as per my instructions. Often when that happens, I can't resist; I use her married pussy right then and there, simply going AFC, though I may conveniently forget to mute my headset. If he's lucky, my slave will be watching us. This whole thing has ruined my kill/death ratio, but who cares?

Life is actually quite pleasant this way. If someone had asked me months earlier, I'd have never expected this lifestyle to be so easy, or so comfortable, let alone comprehending how it could even work. My bond with my bunny girl has grown increasingly stronger; Vanessa truly loves her Master, and her Master loves her too, rewarding her often. Initially I made my slave tend to her, fetching her things and maybe rubbing her feet, but never pleasing her sexually; that is a task reserved for her Master, not like she would have allowed him to touch her anyway. My bunny is far too loyal to her Master. As Vanessa required ever more attention, due to her pregnancy, I wanted to reward her for being a good girl and tended to her needs myself. My little bunny enjoyed the attention of her Master, soaking it up like a sponge.

I made sure that I was the one to accompany her on every visit. Though her doctors knew she was married to someone else, we were open about it being our child. The looks of shock never faded as the visits continued, but we never allowed it bother us. My slave never came to any of the appointments; I made him wait out in the car after he drove us there. When it came time for my bunny to finally give birth to our child, I took time off work to be with my bunny. I made sure that my slave went to work; he wasn't allowed to witness the birth. When our son was born, I named him Jacob, and signed the birth certificate

as the child's father. My little bunny was so elated. She couldn't help but take family pictures with her Master and newborn son, texting them to Ricky, who sat at a desk at work.

Once my bunny recovered enough to return home to me, my slave took over the bulk of child care services, aside from what can only be done by Jacob's mother. I made sure that my bunny began to use birth control as soon as she was able. Though we plan to have more children in the future, I'll breed her again when I'm good and ready, and not before. Whenever my slave was well behaved enough to earn a show, he has to make sure that Jacob is asleep, before he can come in to watch. My bunny and I will not wait for him; when I reward her, it is her gift to accept, and she is far too eager to wait for the lucky slave to watch. This has been the arrangement for over a year now, and I wouldn't change a single thing.

"If your mommy doesn't come out soon, one of us is going to have to go in there and get her." I say to my little boy.

I place Jacob back into his stroller and gently tuck him in. I turn to see Vanessa, my bunny and the mother of our baby. She leaves Victoria's Secret accompanied by Ricky, her husband and my slave. He holds a pink bag as I stand to my feet and stretch my arms.

"I was wondering how much longer you were going to make us wait." I say to Vanessa with a smile.

"I'm so sorry, Master. I wanted something special for tonight, and I want it to be a surprise." She winks at me.

"Good. You know how I love your surprised, my little bunny." I say to her as I wrap an arm around my lover.

"Master?" Ricky begins.

“Yes, slave?” I turn to him.

“Do I get to watch, tonight?” He sheepishly asks me.

“Only after my little bunny and I get started. I don’t want to share my surprise with you. In fact, take that time to make sure Jacob gets to sleep.” I tell him.

“Yes sir!” He chirps.

We return to the car, where my slave drives us home. As soon as we arrive, my little bunny is quick to feed Jacob, preparing him for a nap. My slave and I ready the bedroom for her reward, setting out the lube, tripod and camera. One Jacob is fed, Vanessa slips into a bathroom where she puts on my surprise. Ricky takes over and tries to put Jacob down, while I turn on the camera, readying it for my little bunny and I. I sit on the bed, my hand feeling the silky, emerald green sheets. I’m not waiting long before my little bunny appears in the doorway wearing a long bath robe. The light brown coat of fur on her slender legs shines in the soft yellow light of the nightstand lamp.

“Well? Press record and surprise your Master.” I demand.

“Yes, Master.” She grins.

She walks over to the camera and pressed the little red button. The light at the front begins to flash as the camera records our session. She walks past the lens, her back facing the camera as she opens and slips off her bathrobe. It falls to the floor, exposing her beautiful pink lingerie. The fishnet stockings slip over her digitigrade feet, toe holes allowing her four toes to poke through without her claws damaging the delicate material. They ride up and over her knees, leaving a gap of a hand width between her stockings and panties. Her panties ride through the crack of her buttock and dip at the back, to allow for her fluffy tail to sit over them. They leave a

large diamond shaped gap over her vagina, the pink flesh of her loins already glistening from her arousal.

Her top is a very skimpy corset that clips together at the front. The corset hugs her slender frame, which has nearly returned to normal after having borne Jacob. The corset ends at her breasts, leaving them entirely visible, but is held upright with the aid of spaghetti straps. She reaches up, gazing lustfully at me as she pinches the pink flesh of her nipples. On her neck is a pink choker that I have never seen before. I stand and walk over to her, the blood already rushing to my own loins. I feel the head of my penis burning as my shaft begins to grow stiff. I look down at her pink silk choker as she bites her bottom lip so cutely. At the front of the choker is a golden pendant, curved to sit comfortably over her throat. The sideways oval is engraved with the words 'Master's Little Bunny.'

"I had it custom made. Do you like it, Master?" She asks me softly.

"I love it. I think you deserve something special for that." I coo.

I lean in and kiss her neck, my hands feeling her plump breasts. She moans, closing her eyes as she feels my hands caressing her perfect body. Her short fur is so soft in my hands; it's incredibly soothing.

"May I please you, Master?" She asks me sweetly.

"Of course, my little bunny, but I'm still wearing clothes." I reply.

My little bunny's hands caress me as she undoes my belt and pants. I slip off my shirt as she pulls down my pants, dropping them to

my ankles. She takes her time, staring at the large bulge in my boxer briefs with the most adorable little smile. I stroke her hair with my fingertips, gently running my hands through it. I stroke the inner edges of her ears with my pinky finger and thumb, gaining her attention. She looks up to me with her beautiful brown eyes, that adorable smile still spread across her face. She looks down and unties my shoes, carefully pulling them off my feet. I step out of my pants, now wearing only my underwear.

“Are you ready?” I ask her.

“Always, Master.” She coos.

Her hands slide up my legs, gently creeping up to my waist. She coils her fingers and tucks them underneath the elastic band of my underwear, slowly pulling them down to my ankles and revealing my impressive package. As I watch my little bunny admiring my length and girth, I can’t help but admire her beautiful body and her gorgeous outfit. As I recall the diamond shaped opening in her panties, I decide that I am not going to remove her clothes when I reward her. She lifts my penis as she holds it in her hands. She presses her nose against the side of my shaft, smelling it before giving my phallus a very loving kiss. She kisses along my shaft, moving lower and lower.

“Slave!” I suddenly call out.

“Yes, Master?” Ricky says, quickly rushing into the doorway.

Ricky’s eyes widen as he sees me standing naked before him, his wife on her knees as she holds my endowment in her hands. Her pink nose sniffs my scrotum, her tailing swaying so happily.

"I'm so sorry, Master! I-I didn't realize! I didn't mean to see your gift!" Ricky apologizes so pathetically.

"It's fine." I say with a groan.

"Ooh, Master!" Vanessa coos.

She sticks out her tongue and glides it along the underside of my shaft, starting at the base and working towards the tip very slowly.

"Mmm... That's a good girl." I say to her, running my fingers through her hair.

"Uh... Master?" Ricky speaks up.

"Don't interrupt me, Slave!" I snap. "I have half a mind to deny you the show now..."

"I'm so sorry, Master. Please forgive me." Ricky bows his head.

Vanessa moans as she holds my shaft with both hands, her mouth wide open to fit me as she bobs her head back and forth. She works me so fervently, as she always does, saliva seeping around her stretched lips and running down her chin. It drips down onto her large breasts, which bounce gently as she worships my cock.

"Put Jacob down and then you can watch. My little bunny and I will warm up, but if you take too long, I'm not going to wait. My bunny deserves her reward." I say to Ricky with a wide grin.

"Yes, Master!" Ricky says.

He quickly darts out of the room to tend to my son. My little bunny Vanessa never stops working. I can hear Ricky in the other

room, speaking softly to my son as he tries to put him down to bed. I pull away from my little bunny; she looks up to me with wide eyes, as though I had insulted her by pulling back. Staying on her hands and knees, I walk to the bedroom door and slowly close it. I turn back to her; she looks over her shoulder to me, her tail swaying quickly as I approach her. I set a hand on her arm and gently lift her to her feet.

“It’s your turn now.” I say softly.

“Yes, Master.” She grins.

As Ricky struggles to get my son to sleep, I lay Vanessa down onto the bed, her legs bent at the knees and her digitigrade feet planted firmly on the floor. I lean in and smell her adulterous pussy, inhaling the pleasant, flowery aroma that radiates off her flesh. I gently lick my little bunny’s moist vagina through the gap provided in her panties, teasing her clitoris with the tip of my tongue. She wriggles on the bed, moaning loudly as she grips the sheets. My hands caress her body, gliding over her large breasts and flat stomach as I taste her flesh. In the time since I became their Master, I have memorized my little bunny’s body; every inch and every curve is mapped into my brain. I can please her faster than I could ever please myself, and certainly more thoroughly than Ricky could have.

I immediately realize when I’m bring my little bunny to orgasm; I can feel her body reacting to my every touch and caress of my tongue. I don’t want her to cum until she has first taken my penis into her married pussy. She writhes and groans, gripping the sheets tightly as she draws closer to her peak. I pull away, giving her little hole a single, hard lick. She looks down, her mouth agape as she gasps for breath. I grin at her, letting her calm down for a moment.

“M-ma-master...?” She stammers.

“You aren’t allowed to cum until I’ve been inside you.” I say sweetly.

I stand up and hold her toned thighs, slipping her up and completely onto the bed. Standing beside the bed and near the nightstand, I make my little bunny lube me up. The lube is both scented and cherry flavored, our favorite kind. Once my phallus glistens with the coat of light pink, edible gel, she wipes her hands onto the fur of her breasts. I climb up onto the bed, my heavy shaft resting on her belly as I place myself between her legs. It drags along her fur and hangs between her spread legs. It points toward her pussy as I hold myself up on my elbows and knees. I lick and suck on her large breasts, tasting the delicious lube. She moans and holds onto my endowment, teasing her cheating hole with the head of my package. I slowly push my big cock into her little pussy.

It never ceases to amaze me how elastic her body is. Even though she gave birth to our son a few months earlier, she always struggles to fit me when we play together. I grunt as I feel her tight hole stretching over my impressive equipment. To our collective surprise, I’m so thick that the diamond shaped gap in her panties rubs along the sides of my shaft, chaffing me and pressing hard into Vanessa’s nether lips. I try to ignore it, as does my little bunny, but it soon annoys us both. I stop pumping into her, my balls pressed firmly against her tight buttocks. Trying to improve the dynamic, I roll us over, lying on my back and pulling her atop me. She slowly begins to shift, bucking her hips as her breasts press firmly against my chest.

At this point, Ricky quietly enters the room. As I had previously given him permission, he quickly strips naked and moves to his designated chair to watch me enjoy his wife. and masturbating. He grips his penis firmly with his hand, stroking himself as he leans in to get a better view. My slave’s equipment is sub-par by comparison to

my own, barely longer than the width of his hand and less than half as thick as my own. The first time I saw it, I wondered why Vanessa wasn't more eager to find a more adequate lover. The blade of his hand presses into his small scrotum and little testicles as he masturbates, watching his wife struggling to fit me.

"Master, your cock is so fat and veiny that it's pushing my panties into my pussy lips. May I please remove them, to please you better?" My little bunny asks me, still slowly riding me.

"You may, but don't keep your Master waiting." I reply.

Vanessa climbs off me, my fat cock flopping onto my stomach with a loud smack. She stands at the side of the bed and hooks her thumbs underneath the straps of her panties. She slips them off, dropping them down to her feet before stepping out of them and climbing back onto the bed. As she steadies herself, I stop her from touching my penis. She looks up to me, surprised and confused.

"Slave, put some more lube on my cock, and then let my little bunny work it on. When she's done, guide me back into my little bunny's tight pussy." I order Ricky.

Vanessa's lips curl into a sinister grin as I demand her husband lube me up for her. Ever the good slave, Ricky obeys. Taking the same bottle of light pink, cherry scented and flavored lube, he stands beside the bed. He seems quite nervous as he reaches out to grab my phallus. Vanessa swats at his hand, which he promptly pulls away.

"Hey! What do you think you are doing?! You can't touch Master's cock! Only I can touch it!" She growls at him.

“Yes, Master’s little bunny.” He says, bowing his head.

“Good boy... Now lube him up for me!” She orders him.

“Mmm... You’re so sexy when you order my slave around.” I say to her.

She leans in and passionately kisses me, while Ricky dabs the lube onto the head and underside of my shaft.

“I do as you please, Master.” She coos.

“You better... Now rub it in.” I say sternly.

“Yes, Master!” She says happily.

“And let my Slave guide me into your pussy.” I add.

“But Master?!” She exclaims.

“No buts. I want him to help us violate your marriage. I want him to see and feel what it’s like to have a real man pleasure his wife.” I explain to her.

She grins wide as she rubs in the lube, bearing her pearly white teeth. She leans in, kissing me passionately again.

“As you wish, Master.” She says.

“Don’t worry. Once he puts me back inside of you, he’ll never touch it again.” I assure her.

“Good.” She speaks softly.

Once Vanessa is ready, she and I both lick her hands clean. She rests them onto my chest and looks back at my slave, who waits patiently.

“Well?! Put him in me, Slave!” Vanessa demands.

I grin wide as I watch her; the look on her face is utterly priceless as she orders her husband to help her cheat on him. Ricky nods and holds up my member, pointing it up toward her hungry pussy.

“Damn, Master... Your dick is so heavy!” Ricky comments.

“Shut up, Slave.” I bark at him.

“Yes, Master!”

Vanessa sits down atop me, pushing my member back into her trembling flesh. With her hands resting firmly on my chest, she quickly resumes riding me. Ricky sits back, using the lube leftover on his hand to masturbate. He strokes himself fervently as he admires the show. My little bunny leans over, resting her hands on my cheeks as she kisses me passionately. Our tongues wrestle with each other as she bucks her hips, moving several inches of my shaft in and out of her. Her plump breasts are smooshed against my chest, the pink flesh of her nipples rubbing against my chest. I reach down, placing my hands on her tight ass. I give her a spank as she bounces, making her groan even louder.

Ricky doesn't have even a fraction of my stamina, and cums long before either of us do. Soon, his member falls limp, unable to go twice in a row, as I often do; he watches with a flaccid penis. I squeeze her buttocks tightly as I sit up, making her take me balls deep. She lets

out a cry of pleasure as she plops down, my sack pressing hard into her firm butt. She wraps her arms around my neck, kissing me passionately and even giving me a few licks. She looks back at my slave, her eyes teasing her husband Ricky as she shifts her hips, bouncing up and down atop my lap. Whenever we let him watch, we often can't help but taunt the pathetic little man.

"Oh god! You never filled me the way our Master does." She says to him.

"How did you ever please such a beautiful woman with that little thing?" I ask him.

"He never did." She says to me, licking my neck.

"That's my little bunny. Ride that big cock like a good girl." I say as I smack her ass.

"Ooh! Now this is how you make a baby!" She groans.

She claws at my back and bites into my shoulder as she cums, her cheating hole squeezing my package like a vice. I grip her even tighter, pulling her harder onto me as her creamy white ooze coats my member. It matts her fur and smears onto my scrotum as I lick more of the flavored lube from the fur on her breasts. She sits down on me, unable to keep moving. She groans loudly as I suck on her nipples. I quickly roll us over, lying her down on her back as I hold myself over her on my elbows and knees. I pump my meat into her, fucking her missionary so that I can enjoy her more thoroughly, and so that Ricky can watch. I move slowly, drawing myself in and out of her. She writhes beneath me and claws at my back, striping it with dark red marks. Vanessa can't hold out against me, and soon cums again.

I lick her neck and nuzzle her face as my scrotum smacks into her furry buttocks. Her vagina is so tight on me, quivering from her

pleasure, that I soon reach my crest. It's time I gave my little bunny her real gift. I pull my cock nearly completely out of her, leaving in only the head as I cum. Jet after hard jet fills her with my hot, fertile seed. She screams in pleasure, bucking against me as she writhes on the bed, her claws digging into the flesh of my back. After seven hard jets, I leave myself inside of her for a moment. We both gasp for breath as she rests her hands on my shoulders. She lovingly strokes the back of my head as we kiss.

"Ready for your real present?" I ask her.

"Yes, Master." She coos.

I straighten my back, kneeling between her legs. I pull myself back, removing the head of my member from her thoroughly used and stretched pussy. As soon as I'm out of her, I reach down and cup a hand against her butt, just underneath her gaping hole. Huge gobs of my sticky cum seep out of her, quickly filling my palm. Soon, my hand overflows with white ooze and I need to use a second hand to contain it. Vanessa holds herself up on her elbows, gazing longingly at me. I lean in and kiss her before present my hand to my little bunny.

"Enjoy your reward." I say softly.

Vanessa smiles wide and leans in, licking the cum from the palms of my hands. She moans softly, clearly enjoying the taste of my sperm and her own juices. Ricky looks on, his mouth agape and his eyes wide in amazement. He stands, his small penis hanging limp between his legs. He moves toward the camera. The SD card is nearly full; it has been running for nearly 45 minutes, including almost 10 minutes of foreplay. I lie down beside my little bunny, snuggling with my lover.

“Thank you, Master. You are a very good Master.” Ricky says to me.

“Yes, you are.” Vanessa adds, kissing my cheek softly.

“I do what I can.” I say with a smirk.

She nuzzles my cheek with her pink nose, gently stroking my chest with her claws. I turn to face her, planting a tender kiss on her lips as she rests a hand on my chin. We kiss several times and hold each other tightly.

“I love you, Master.” She coos.

“I love you too.” I say softly back.

Ricky stands by the camera, smiling as he watches us. He reaches up and presses the button, turning the camera off.