

It Must Be Bunnies

By Nickylion

It was a Friday night, and the Elysium was already hopping as the bunny made his way in. The bear bouncers nodded, politely parting the crowd for the small lapine as the other opened the 'barrier' that kept out the press and unwelcome guests. Sylph smiled as he patted the bear nearest him firmly on the rump.

"Thanks Bruno. I'm sure all that work at the gym will pay off for some fine lady tonight, but you got my number if it doesn't." He winked as the bear grumbled half-heartedly and pushed his way into the club through the heavy oaken door, the pulsing, pounding, music poured through as the door closed behind him.

The bunny smiled, shucking his leather jacket to reveal a mesh shirt that revealed more than it hid, exposing the small loops of metal that jutted out from his pierced nipples to the brisk club air. Already the beat worked its way into his system, his foot-paws hopping slightly as if to accentuate his tight leather pants that hugged his legs like a second skin. A small hole in the rear of the pants let his white puff tail hang poke through, bobbing against the sea of black leather enticingly.

He surveyed the bar briefly, his powerful legs already bobbing unconsciously to the music. The bar was packed, with almost half a dozen furs already on the dance floor, and a good number in the bar area. Above him, at least another dozen or so couples kissed and groped each other among the mezzanine's edge. Sylph smiled as he noticed a familiar feeling of eyes upon him, and started towards the dance floor slowly, giving those eyes plenty of time to take in the harmless, gentle looking bunny.

Sylph closed his eyes and allowed the pulsing pound of the beat sink into him, letting it pull him onto the dance floor. The bunny grinned to himself as he opened his eyes a crack and noticed that several other furs had followed him onto the dance floor. He spun about a little to face one of them, a rather handsomely well built wolf, and looked him over as they danced.

The wolf was a tad bit taller than Sylph, not that the bunny minded any. As he mingled he kept an eye out for the wolf, knowing he was close by most of the time he was dancing. Sylph raised his hands towards the ceiling and closed his eyes again, feeling the rhythm of the song as he bobbed his virile looking body two and fro. A moment or two later the bunny felt the presence of another dancer, the large wolf by the feel of him, pressing against his body gently yet firmly. Sylph marveled at the large bulge that pushed against his tail-tuft. Clearly the wolf was well hung and quite aroused at the prospect of taking the young rabbit home.

Sylph smiled to himself as he felt the wolf lean down, whispering, "Hey there, sexy thing. Looking for a hot piece of wolf this evening?" into his ear.

“Why yes, I certainly am,” whispered the rabbit back, grinding his rear against the wolf’s crotch, eliciting a low rumble from the wolf, “But why don’t you buy me a drink first, okay?” He smiled, hopped off of the dance floor, swinging his ass enticingly all the way.

Still bouncing slightly as he padded over to the bar, the rabbit smiled as his long ears picked up the padded thump of the wolf’s heavy footpads along the hardwood floor of the bar. Pulling up a stool, the rabbit waved the bartender over, smiling as he nodded to the lion tending the bar, winking slyly and holding up a pair of fingers. The lion nodded, a broad grin shining on his face as he fetched a pair of bottles from under the counter, popping the tops and handing them to the bunny and wolf. Unnoticed by the wolf, a tiny pill dissolved in his bottle, the extra fizz it created going unnoticed amongst the dark liquid. The wolf handed the bartender a bill, smiling as he gulped down a bit of the soda and turned to the bunny, “So, sexy thing. I’ve bought ya a drink.” He moved a bit closer, towering over the little bunny, “Your place, or mine?”

The bunny took a swig of the soda and set it on the bar, “Oh, I think mine’ll be better,” he paused, flashing a stunning smile at the wolf, “Assuming you’re okay with being driven home by a harmless little bunny.” He smiled again, looking up at the wolf’s features with his bright blue eyes as the wolf shrugged.

“As long as you’re as tight as you look, and I get what I want,” he smirked as he tilted the bottle again to his muzzle, “I don’t much care who drives.” He clapped his hand about Sylph’s midsection, “Ready to go,” he whispered predatorily into the rabbit’s ear.

Sylph nodded, pointing towards the far door. The two made their way over amongst the now crowded bar. As they approached the door the wolf gulped down his last bit of soda, tossing the empty bottle into the trashcan as the two walked out, the wolf’s hand resting firmly on the bunny’s rear end.

The rabbit smiled inwardly as they reached his car. The wolf was blinking rapidly now, a sure sign that the pill was doing its job. He produced a small key ring from his pants, and with a push of a button, the car doors unlocked and the pair were on their way.

“So, since we’re gonna be sharing a bed tonight, isn’t it fair that I know your name?”

The wolf nodded, still blinking and yawning a little, “Kevin,” he paused a moment, “So what’s yours, bunny?” He shook his head a bit, trying to clear it. Sylph knew it was a hopeless effort, but he still liked it when they tried.

“The names Sylph,” he said, his voice just a few decibels lower than it was a moment ago, “My house is still a ways away, so if you wanna stretch out and relax, feel free.” He watched the wolf lean his chair back just a smidge and smiled. Everything was

going according to plan. The bunny turned the car onto the highway, heading out of the city, reaching a paw down as he did so to stroke the wolf's thigh, "So what do you do for a living, Kevin?"

The wolf frowned slightly. Answering this simple question was quickly becoming a chore, "I do...something," he mumbled, "I work...at an office..." He was staring off into space now, eyes fixed on the stripes of the road.

Sylph smiled, noting that the two were now out into the rural outskirts of town, speeding along towards the rabbit's home. No one would bother them along this stretch of highway, "We're almost there, Kevin," he whispered now, "why don't you close your eyes, and listen to me talk for a while." His voice had a commanding edge to it, and the wolf nodded and let his eyes fall closed, a dopey, relaxed grin sliding across his face.

"That's a good wolf," Sylph whispered as he slowed down slightly, popped open a compartment in the vehicle and pulled out a pair of headphones. The rabbit plugged the headphones into the stereo and slipped them over the sleeping wolf's head with a deft motion of one hand. Sylph reached back down into the compartment and began pulling CD after CD up into his field of vision until he came upon one titled 'Wolf.'

With another quick motion, he popped the disc out of its container and slipped it into his car's in-dash player. The rabbit turned down the volume just a bit, not wanting to startle the wolf, and began the CD playing. Satisfied, he sped back up to full speed, rubbing his crotch as he savored the thrill of a captured prey.

The car pulled up to the quietly up to the small suburban home. The garage door swung wide to allow it entrance. Sylph's paw played lightly upon the wolf's inner thigh, feeling the outline of the wolf's rather large package underneath the denim layers of his jeans.

"Such a good boy," the bunny's voice purred into the wolf's ear, "Just keep relaxing and letting go. Going deeper and deeper. Let yourself be lost in my voice. Floating away," the wolf had heard these phrases countless times. Indeed Sylph had even driven a bit out of the way just to give the disc time to reinforce the wolf's training, "You are a good wolf. You are an obedient wolf. You live to obey, live to serve." The wolf's package stirred at that language, growing thicker and thicker under Sylph's tender touch.

A soft click of the CD player signaled that the wolf's training was complete. The headphones were removed, with a soft sigh, the sylph turned and faced the wolf.

"Now, wolf, you're going to open your eyes and obey." The wolf's glazed and dull eyes opened and turned Sylph, "Follow me into the house Kevin."

"Yes, sir." The reply was always soft, and never failed to make Sylph's night.

The rabbit led the way into the house, past a comfortable couch, into a single bedroom. A closet full of matte black leather stared back at the wolf and rabbit. Sylph grinned.

“Strip.”

The wolf nodded silently, powerful arms wrapping around his chest to bring his shirt up and over his head. Shoes were quietly kicked off. Then came fingers, fumbling with zippers and pants, revealing the white of a jockstrap. Sylph grinned. He loved it when they came pre-accessorized.

“Kneel.” Kevin sank down to his knees, his tail wagging softly in the moonlight streaming in from small windows in the bedroom. Sylph turned from his closet to face the wolf. A simple leather collar, cuffs, and a hood fit for a wolf just about Kevin’s size sat in his hands. Leather slipped over Kevin’s head and his eyes got just a little glassier, his mind went a little further away.

“You’re going to be my puppy tonight, my good little puppy aren’t cha?”

“Yes, sir.” Sylph wagged a finger at him.

“Uh uh uh! Puppies don’t speak words.” The rabbit’s soft paws came down affectionately on Kevin’s hooded head, “Now pup, speak!”

“Wrowf!” Kevin’s face was a mix of happy bliss and confusion, some part of him wondering why in the world he could no longer speak. The larger, happy puppy part of him pushed that curious part of his mind down and out of sight, and Kevin ceased to be for the night.

“Good pup!” There was a tugging of the leash, and pup bound forward to sit at the rabbit’s feet, “Now pup,” Sylph grinned and unzipped his pants, letting his lapine cock spring forth from the tight leather, “Suck!”

Kevin-pup bound forward to take the member into his mouth. A warm moist muzzle wrapped around the bunny’s cock, suckling it in a tight embrace. Sylph slipped a hand down to perch on the pup’s shoulder while the other steadied the canine’s head, guiding the muzzle to pleasure him in all the right ways.

The rabbit leaned his head back, tongue rolling about with a grin and giggle of almost feminine glee, “I do soooo enjoy a good puppy cock-sucking,” his head rolled back down to look at the wolf-pup, “And you are such a very good puppy cock-sucker, aren’t you now?” His voice had taken on that overly happy, patronizing tone one might use on a domestic animal, and the rabbit nodded his head, eyes locking onto Kevin’s own glazed orbs. The former wolf nodded meekly, the bunny’s cock never leaving his mouth through the entire ordeal.

The thin little rabbit let his puppy suck away for a good few minutes. The wolf was a pretty talented oral pleaser, he noted to himself. Pup knew a few good ways and places to lick, and that moaning thing he did with his tongue, well...it was a rare pup that could teach Sylph anything new. Eventually, Sylph leaned himself back, the hand on the back of Kevin's neck, gripping and tugging the leather-clad wolf muzzle off of the bunny's dick.

"Enough sucking, puppy!" Sylph clapped his hands together gleefully, "Wouldn't want you to have all the fun, and you've been such a good puppy, getting me all ready like that. I think you deserve a reward." That last word slunk out of the bunny's muzzle, hanging in the air just enough, tempting the Kevin-pup with all it's meanings and subtle hints, "Why don't you be a good puppy and get on all fours for your Master."

Kevin didn't need to be told twice. The former wolf got on his hands and knees and turned, head towards the front of the bed. Sylph smiled and patted the wolf-pup's head, "Good puppy! Now close your eyes!" The bunny slipped off of the bed and over to one of the nearby toy chests. A small bottle of lubricant slipped into Sylph's paw, along with a condom. Lubricated fingers pressed against the pup's tail-hole, much to Kevin's chagrin. The dazed, confused, and utterly helpless wolf sat there while the first, then second set of fingers pushed into him. His mind was awash in conflicting emotions and desires. To submit or resist; pain or pleasure; pup or wolf. The lines were blurring before him now, fading into the reality of his situation just as Sylph's rubber clad cock-head replaced the sets of fingers within him.

"Oooh, tight puppy!" The bunny just about cooed as he sunk, little by little, inch by inch into his pup-wolf. Kevin moaned and shifted, gritting his teeth as his tailhole was used in a manner the normally toppish wolf was unaccustomed to. Sylph on the other hand, was only gentle up to the point where his balls lightly slapped against the wolf-pup's own fuzzy orbs. "I love it when the puppy's are this tight!" His voice was cheerful, yet soft and somehow insidious, just as it sounded when he leaned down, putting his muzzle up close to the confused wolf's ears.

"It just makes them that much more fun to break, don't you think puppy?" He giggled again, "Oh wait, puppies don't think. They just obey! Isn't it great puppy?" He nodded, and again Kevin found himself nodding. He was a good puppy after all, and good puppies don't think! They just obey! Sylph began to pull out and push back in, ever so gently, and Kevin found himself smiling in spite of any discomfort he may have been feeling. In fact, the little pain that he felt initially was fading into something warmer, a constant happy full sensation that just seemed to emanate from that bunny's cock plowing his ass.

"Wrowf!" Kevin barked his affection for his bunny Master out, begging him with eyes and voice to breed him anew. He began to thrust backwards, meeting Sylph's motions halfway, along with a whimper of pleasure. A rhythm began to develop between the two thrusting bodies, grinding, grunting and groaning. Kevin thrusting against Sylph, the bunny gripping his puppy's cock as it bound and swung between his soft furry thighs.

Sylph leaned in, his soft fur brushing up against the wolf's rougher coat. Kevin was so focused on the sensations pouring into him, he barely noticed the change in angle until the rabbit began to take small little nibbles into his shoulder. At those, the pup could only moan and lean into them as best he could.

"You taste like carrot, puppy," Sylph grinned. He could feel his puppy getting closer. The moans were coming faster now, the spasming around the bunny's cock was getting more erratic too. "And I love eating carrots..." It wouldn't be long now, no....

"Puppy, you're going to cum soon, aren't you?" Kevin shivered and nodded, ears flat down, even as a thrust from Sylph made him yelp in delight. "Oh good puppy puppy! Let's see if you can do it on three, okay? One..." Sylph pulled back, almost out of the canine, "Two..." He slammed into Kevin with as much force as he could manage, "THREE! Cum little puppyslut!" The rabbit bit down hard on Kevin's shoulder. The wolf leaned into it and howled, his body shooting jets of hot seed all over the waiting bunny's paw.

Sylph's own orgasm came a moment later, while the confused wolf was still riding his climax out. The sudden influx of the rabbit into him made the puppy writhe just a little bit, which in turn just gave Sylph one more thing to smirk at. He loved deflowering the virgin domish types like this. And he could tell, this one would be back for more. For the moment, however, Sylph tugged his puppy down onto his side, resting against that side, cock still softly imbedded in the canine.

"You were a very good good puppy!" Kevin panted and smiled, letting out a sleepy, "rowf!" Sylph patted the former wolf on the top of his hood, "Good puppy's get to sleep with their Master in their Master's bed. Would you like that, puppy?" Kevin's vacant eyes and muzzle nodded happily as the pair snuggled up together, both puppy and bunny drifting off into formless, contented sleep.