

Gazzy the Bun shivered in anticipation as he approached the sacred grove, moonlight flitting across his soft pink fur in blue and silver dapples as it reached through the filtering cover of the woods to caress him. It wasn't the moon's caress he shivered for, though its attentions were indeed appreciated. His nose twitched in excitement, he was nearly there.

All the rabbits Gazzy had ever met knew of the sacred grove deep in the wild Windy Woods, and whispered the legends of the Pumpkin King who therein would take his tribute. It was no place for a nubile young bunny, they winked, no place at all. His tail twitched with the thud of his heart as he walked, the tickling flutter of the wind through his fur teasing him onward.

What would it mean to meet the Pumpkin King in these cool, dark woods? What would it be like to come across him in the ink-stained night, while the full egg of the moon hung in the sky, like all the legends said? How would he feel to be the King's Tribute? He was sure he didn't know. But it was what he'd come to find out.

Ahead, the trees thinned. This was it, it had to be it, he was sure he'd followed the directions correctly. It was dark out here at night, but the path was well-laid. Funny, that. He shrugged to himself, he knew the hearts of his people, and the Pumpkin King filled them. The pale stream of the path caught the increased moonlight falling through the sparser trees ahead until it seemed to glow itself. He wondered if a truly glowing path could be implemented by the village. It wouldn't due for any wayward pilgrims to *actually* get lost in these woods, the Pumpkin King's domain could be honestly dangerous—though missing a date with the Pumpkin King himself would likely sting any bunny in the village far more than mere injury, or even death, at the claws of one of the monstrous spooks that guarded the King's territory within these woods.

He pushed the thoughts of other pilgrims aside. Tonight, *he* was the pilgrim. Tonight, *he* would finally get to meet and give service to the great Pumpkin King. His tail was raised as high as it could get, and he hadn't even had a chance to lay eyes on his liege, yet. Taking a deep breath, Gazzy took his first step into the sacred grove.

The grove was curiously round, as if cultivated by bunnies itself. Growing within was a small, luxurious field of the finest timothy grass, any self-respecting rabbit would salivate at such a sight. But Gazzy's attention was stolen by the large, *large* Jack-o-Lantern presiding at the grove's very center, swathed in pumpkin vines, clothed in wide pumpkin leaves. It came to the height of Gazzy's collarbone, and as he was not a small rabbit, it was quite a large gourd.

Gazzy began the time-honored ceremony of those buns who would be tribute. Studiously not looking at the large, dominating gourd at the center of the meadow, he uttered the sacred words, "Oh! What a large and lovely grove I have found! Oh my! This beautiful timothy grass just looks delightful! It has been such a long, lonely trek through the wild and windy woods! I think I will rest here for the night!"

The ritual now called for him to scan the clearing. "Oh! Look at that large, lovely pumpkin! I think I shall go inspect it!"

Gazzy's tail shivered, still skyward-pointed, his nose twitching wildly. He paced closer to the giant gourd, which now seemed to glow with an eerie green light...or that part could be his imagination. But the pumpkin presided with an ominous dignity nonetheless. Digits trembling slightly, he reached a hand-paw forward to caress the pumpkin. His voice was growing husky, as he breathlessly stated, "Ah, but look! Some-bun has carved a face into this glorious gourd! I do not know whether to chastise them or to praise! It is indeed a handsome visage!" A shudder ran down the whole of his spine, straight down to, and up out his tail again, "A handsome visage, indeed..."

And with the long-standing invitation given, the deal was struck.

A tremor ran through the pumpkin vines surrounding Gazzy's foot-paws, the great wide-spanned leaves shivering, and the green glow intensified. Ah, that answered that, then, he hadn't imagined the gourd's captured light. The green luminance gathered in the depths of the pumpkin's carefully carved mien, shining through the gourd's depths through its eyes and wide grin. A low, deep voice rose, smoothly chuckling, and Gazzy felt its rumbling resonate in his own chest, as a small vine reached up and began to caress his wrist, ruffling Gazzy's luxuriant, pink fur. A gasp of excitement laced with desire caught in Gazzy's throat, the vine twitched and swiftly ensnared the wrist in response.

"Who ventures upon the sacred grove of the Pumpkin King?" the deep, resonant voice asked. Gazzy relished the sound, the wait to meet his king had been far, far too long.

"It is I, Sir Gazzy the Bun," he said, voice hoarse with anticipation. He licked his lips around his bucked bunny incisors, and at last looked into the eyes of his lord. Up into the eyes of his lord, as the great gourd used its vines to lift itself higher, the dominating feature of this glade asserting its regal stature. "I come as tribute to my lord."

The Pumpkin King laughed again, and another vine lashed about Gazzy's other wrist, "And who is your lord, dear bunny?"

Gazzy's breath hitched again, "Y—The Pumpkin King, my liege...You are."

The Pumpkin King's howling laughter filled the night at this, "Oh and you, my sweet little bunny?" more vines lanced out, ensnaring Gazzy's hocks and lightly encircling his torso. The Pumpkin King lifted Gazzy to stare into the flaming green pits of his carved eyes, "We shall see about you, sweet Gazzy, we shall see..."

The vines turned Gazzy every which way as the Pumpkin King inspected his prize. Smaller vines caressed and explored the bunny's body, testing the tautness of his muscles, the fluff of his fur, and the softness of his belly. One began to wrap the bunny's penis, and deliver gentle, deliberately slow strokes. A quick flick groped his balls, and another tickle explored the bun's bum. Gazzy shivered as he let himself be plied, the blazing green light from his liege's eyes and

maw painting his pink fur in its own color. The sight did not escape the great gourd's notice, and his smile grew with his appreciation of the young buck he held, "Oh, yes...you are indeed a fetching prize, my little one," Gazzy twitched, an unbidden movement. "Ah, are you a fighter, my bunny? Ah, quite the tribute this night, indeed..."

The vine under Gazzy's tail continued its teasing caress, and Gazzy could not help but writhe as the ministrations built. More vines lanced out, further ensnaring his limbs, wrapping his extremities tighter in their imprisoning grasp. "Ah-ah-ah, my sweet bunny, that won't do at all...though you are welcome to show me how you fight..." the Pumpkin King's resonant voice shuddered down Gazzy's back to his tail, and yet another vine joined the first teasing the hole his tail was doing an excellent job of *not* covering. The vines on his arms and legs tightened again, plying them back to arch Gazzy's chest forward and address his proud cock, which seemed to demand attention itself. The Pumpkin King abruptly plunged the second vine at Gazzy's rear deeper, and further ensnared the rabbit's "carrot". Gazzy jerked hard, a helpless moan building in his throat. A third vine began to tickle at his ass, as those that encircled his cock began to work it in a strange, undulating motion, the small vines that had teased his balls earlier continuing their torturous light tickle. At his limbs, more vines explored, caressing the spaces between his digits on his hand-paws and toes, working his feet when they tried to kick out and twitch. The Pumpkin King examined his prize thoughtfully, turning the bunny until he was tail up, working the third vine into his ass, and bringing another two up to play.

"You are a pretty sight, my sweet Gazzy," he said contemplatively, as he played inside the rabbit's ass, and worked his dripping cock. "It has been some time since I had a true vassal of my own. I wonder..." the piercing green glow of the Pumpkin King's eyes sought Gazzy's.

"My-my liege?" The rabbit struggled to say, so en-wrapped and en-raptured was he. The forth vine wriggled its way into his still-skyward backside as the fifth continued to play and probe.

"Would you swear yourself, pet, to my service? The relative solitude between pilgrims grows wearisome, I desire a new knight to attend me. Would you, dear Gazzy the Bun, accede to me this night, and all thereafter?" the stroking around Gazzy's cock grew more intent, and faster, and the fifth vine penetrated him, the tendrils writhing inside him, filling him deeply, as a sixth and seventh came to play at his hole.

Gazzy could only make a thick, inarticulate gasp as he was plied. The Pumpkin King clucked at the sound, "My, my, we must have a better answer than that, dear Bun," and the sixth vine plunged deep inside him. Gazzy bucked and howled, no longer able to stifle his responses. The vines teased and wriggled, he was held, bound, and stroked, but somehow, he was still denied release.

"Your answer, dear bunny. Will you swear to me? Will you be mine for all time?" Six vines writhed and wriggled inside the rabbit, a seventh waited, teasingly waited, for entrance. His breath came only in ragged gasps, his limbs not his own in his King's grasp. He knew he should

think about the King's offer, knew he should know more...but enraptured by his beloved liege, held tail-up in the air by the great gourd, only one answer existed for him.

"Yes...YES! I WILL JOIN YOUR SERVICE!"

"THE DEAL IS STRUCK." The seventh vine plunged into Gazzy's ass, and the king's eerie green light flared. Borrowed glow blazed from within Gazzy's depths as he was finally plunged over the edge. Ecstasy thundered through him, his paws tried to clench, his feet tried to kick, only to be denied by the Pumpkin King's tight hold. A blush came over him as the fair pink of his fur seemed to darken in the moonlight as he thrashed, keening, in the Pumpkin King's embrace. The King's grasp rode him through his trip over that precipice of pleasure, plying him as he nearly sobbed with the sensation, fur standing on end and skin tingling. The seven vines filling him continued to thrash within with no sign of cession, and the vines at the rabbit's dick stroked faster and even faster, the pale splash of his cum slick as they mercilessly undulated against him. It seemed as if it would never abate, and in Gazzy's ecstatically oversensitized state, though the stimulation was nearly unbearable, he almost wished it never would. Darkness smeared his vision, and he collapsed, insensate.

The sky was bright, and birds were loud. One shrill, repetitive song in particular finally brought him out of his dreamy haze, and the bunny gave up on the prospect of more sleep. Sitting up, he noticed some pumpkin tendrils gripping his green-furred wrist. Wait, green?

A deep, dark chuckle came from behind him, and Gazzy turned to it, startled. Just behind him and the pumpkin vines he'd been sleeping in the Pumpkin King regally towered.

"My liege!" Gazzy exclaimed, and bowed from his seat on the ground.

Another vine reached up to trace his cheek, and Gazzy shivered at the caress. "Indeed, my sweet Gazzy, indeed. For you truly are *mine* now, and I have marked you as such." The Pumpkin King's carved grin grew with mischief, "We shall have to improve your endurance, the nights grow long, and you would not want to leave your King wanting."

Careful of the vines, Gazzy stood and picked his way over to the King, kneeling before his beloved lord to kiss the bottom curve of the gourd as any vassal would his liege-lord's feet. "I look forward, my King, to your service."

A vine cupped Gazzy's chin and lifted his gaze to his lord's, "Oh, sweet Gazzy, I knew I did right in picking you."

And thus it has been from that time unto this, and perhaps one harvest night, when the moon's pale globe is its roundest, you will stumble yourself down the path to the Pumpkin King's grove, or hear the cries of Sir Gazzy the Bun some dark night, as he serves his beloved master.