

Bunny Bewbies

by: Vixxy Fox

illustration by:



Scale



There is something about a breast.

Small, medium, large, all shapes and sizes, luscious and tasty, warmth on the cheek, comfort to the eyes, muffins to be buttered.

‘Muffins to be buttered?!’ Adam thought, looking at the words he’d just written in his notebook. Slapping his forehead, he made a disgusted sound and yelled,

“CARROTS!”

Ripping out the paper he’d been writing upon, the young Rabbit wadded it up and tossed it to the floor. He was supposed to be composing a newspaper article critiquing an art exposition as an assignment by his lit professor.

‘You must learn to describe in words what your eyes and mind see; translating it for the benefit of your readers who will peruse your words looking to you for the emotions they will feel through your pen. Like the artist who created the art you view; you must transcend empty space and instill this emotion into your readers.’

“That’s a load of crap,” he muttered at the thought of this explanation.

“What is?” asked a voice behind him.

Turning he found the exhibit hall’s custodian regarding him and the painting he was standing in front of. Like him she was a Bunny and wore the plain blue pair of janitorial coveralls seemingly required by the job. Her cleaning cart stood all yellow and beat up behind her like a trusty pet.

“What my lit professor said,” he told her feeling compelled to explain himself.

Suddenly he felt guilty for tossing his paper to the floor and not in a trash can. Bending to pick it up he found himself head to head with the doe as she did the same; though she beat him to it. As they were in this position, she unraveled the page and he saw his words as she slowly read them.

Someone pulled his tail and he stood to accost them... but found no one there.

“I think there is merit to these words,” the janitor said slowly as she too stood. This made it obvious to the student that she had her job for a reason. His brain sarcastically told him that she could read at all was a small miracle.

How so?” he asked, a touch of red creeping into his inner ears as he blushed; embarrassed at his own preconceived notions of the Bunny in blue.

The doe nodded to the painting. “She does have a fine figure, and the one breast you can see is quite pleasant to be looked upon.”

“You like looking at breasts?” he asked and then realized he should engage his brain before his lips.

“Why not?” she countered. “I have a pair of my own and ain’t nothing wrong with looking at them either. They might not be as round as the one in the picture, but I believe them to be quite nice. Why do you suppose she has the one covered? You think she’s covering a birth mark or something?”

Adam looked back to the painting and felt the Bunny on the canvass was smiling at him. Odd that he hadn’t thought to form the query about her covered breast. It was sort of like the question about that little fellow who near took over the world and the painting that had him tucking one hand inside his jacket.

He felt two paws lightly running up the back of his ears and a third tracing a finger just over top of his tail. Jumping a good foot in the air (because that’s what Rabbits will do), he spun about and looked at the custodian. She wasn’t quite close enough to have touched him like that and by all means it would have had to be two people in any case.

“Did you just goose me?” he asked her.

“You’re a twitchy one ain’t you?” she replied with a hint of a smile in her eyes.

“Am I close enough to have done that?”

“You could have and then jumped back.”

“I suppose I could have,” she replied, “But my fast days are long behind me. Now things are slow like and more comfortable.”

In his mind he had the sudden and very graphic thought of this Bunny laying back and holding on to his ears as she gave him a very deep kiss. As this was happening another pair of arms wrapped around his middle pulling him tight as he thrust...”

He blinked.

“What just happened?” he asked.

“We were talking and then you just sort of went blank,” she told him. “Tell me what you were thinking of.”

“Ahhhh... I was thinking of this painting,” he lied. Turning to it he seemed to realize for the first time the Bunny depicted had four arms. “She has a pen,” he muttered.

“The better to write delicious words with,” the doe whispered from behind. Her breath was warm on his neck.

Adam refused to turn again, keeping his eyes on the painting. "She's... got... scales," he managed.

"Fish have scales," the voice whispered, moving around to the other side of his neck. Fingers danced upon his hips while the claws of other fingers found his shoulders causing an eruption of pleasurable thoughts; one of which was those same claws digging into his flesh coupled with the writhing pulsation of warm flesh under his...

Turning he looked at the custodian, his eyes accusing her of lurid trickery. Her expression had not changed. Nor had the distance between them.

"Twitchy," she told him.

Slowly unzipping the front of her coveralls, she then dropped his piece of paper on the floor and bent to pick it up. The coveralls dutifully bloused open exposing her breasts... and then she was standing again. Looking to the paper, she read with emotion, "Small, medium, large, all shapes and sizes, luscious and tasty, warmth on the cheek, comfort to the eyes, muffins to be buttered." Looking right at him she said, "I kinda like that description. Butter can be quite the flavor enhancement, adding just a hint of salt."

"I did write that, didn't I?"

"Yes you did; and I bet you never even knew the emotions those few words would bring to the reader, did you?"

Adam turned quickly and pointed at the painting. "The pen."

"To better record all that exploded within soft walls of pleasure."

"The scales?"

"All things being even. Pleasure for pleasure. You please me... I please you."

"But they're tipped."

"Sometimes that happens, though pleasure is often derived more through the giving than the taking."

"And the covered breast?"

He felt lips nibbling at his neck as they whispered the words, “She massages her nipple. See the pleasure in her expression? Let it flow over you that you might too feel that same rising passion.”

“Carrots?” he just managed. “Why are there carrots?”

Two arms came from behind and worked their way under his shirt to massage his chest while playing with his nipples. A third arm came around to cup his Bunny parts through his pants and he felt the response of a rising hardness he’d never thought possible in his most fervent imaginings... and yet a fourth began to massage the area just below his tail.

“Carrots,” the voice whispered as the lips moved upward to an ear, “Are the abundance of the earth given to all Bunnies that they may eat... and thrive... and make wonderful Bunny love; sometimes with the aid of that same carrot, yes?”

Adam turned to look at the doe. Her position hadn’t changed and neither did her expression.

“I have a closet where I keep my cart,” she told him, “And the door locks.”

Adam’s paper got an A+.

The original crumpled piece of plain yellow notebook paper was smoothed and placed in a small frame which now hangs where he can see it whenever he lays in his bed. It is there to remind him never to take things at face value... especially when there is a door that locks.