

LAYLA FAE

MONSTER  
EVER  
AFTER

BUMM

EASTER EROTICA

BUNNY: Easter Erotica

*Monster Ever After*

Layla Fae

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# Dedication

For Elena and Hailey, who ship this series so much and bring me delicious ideas for yummy monster treats. I didn't know which one to choose for this book, so I picked them all. Hope you don't mind!

Have a scrumptious Easter, guys!

# Chapter 1

I stared out through the patio doors with my head cocked to the side. Something definitely moved out there, which was strange so early in the morning. And I could swear I saw something pink...

“There,” I muttered to myself, locking on the quivering bush.

There was something behind or inside it, and it was making the entire bush shudder. I took a sip of my coffee and watched with a kind of peaceful ambivalence. It was before seven a.m. on the Easter Sunday. I didn't have to work today, and Derek was still in bed.

Even on a rainy morning, those circumstances would have made me happy. And on a glorious, sunny day like this? I was delighted.

The coffee was hot, the grass outside glistened with dew, and the freshly risen sun threw long, fiery beams of orange light on the garden.

It was bliss. Nothing save for a zombie apocalypse could spoil my mood.

The bush stopped shuddering and stood still, only a few leaves quivering in the fresh morning breeze. I concluded a pair of randy cats must have picked it as the perfect spot for some hanky-panky. Unusual in the morning, but then, what did I know about randy cats?

As the bush shuddered again, I felt a flash of jealousy for the cat lady, because she was getting some and I wasn't. But I quashed it immediately.

*Jealous of a cat? Please be serious, Alice.*

I opened the patio doors and stepped outside, wrapping my thin bathrobe tightly around myself. The air was cool but pleasant, and when I walked out of the shade and stood in the sun, the morning became absolutely perfect.

I smiled, closed my eyes, and turned my face up to the sun. In my life as a single mother working in customer support, this was as close as I could get to happiness, and I savored the blissful moment.

Oh, yes. I savored *the fuck* out of it.

The rare moments like this, when the world seemed kind and beautiful, when I was uplifted and full of hope, were the only moments I allowed myself to daydream. Normally, I held on to reality with a dogged determination, because to let go would be to tumble into despair.

The dissonance between the life I had and the life I wanted was too big.

Yet now, for one brief moment, everything felt possible.

Without opening my eyes, I imagined how my life could unfold from this morning if it was the way I wanted. For one, I would not be single anymore. There would be a man by my side, someone reliable, a good father, and yes, since I was daydreaming anyway, why not make him perfect?

He would be funny, and athletic, and he would drag us out on adventures: hiking, sailing, ice-skating in winter... Yes, he would be the complete opposite of Richard, my ex-husband, who preferred to spend his weekends sprawled sweatily on the couch with a can of beer.

I frowned, chasing the image of Richard out of my mind. *Not NOW.*

What else would my perfect man be like? He would turn heads, I decided. He would be so good-looking, everyone would be jealous, and whenever we made sex, I would never get enough of running my hands up his six-pack and perfectly developed chest.

I had never touched a male six-pack in my life. Suddenly, it felt very important that I do it before I die. At least once.

I smiled to myself, imagining how I could realistically go about it. Men with six-packs were out of my league, so what I would do was, I would go to the gym just once and go on a rampage, fondling male stomachs until security threw me out.

I laughed under my breath. Doable. Maybe even I would have done it—if not for Derek. A mother could not go around getting herself thrown out of places and gaining a reputation.

A mother must be responsible.

I loved Derek with all my heart. He was the joy, the light, the hope of my life, and I would do anything for him. Which seemed unfair, I knew. It didn't feel right to burden my son with the responsibility for his mother's happiness.

Then again, to go looking for things that would make me happy and could potentially hurt him was selfish.

So there we were.

*When he grows up, I comforted myself. It won't hurt him then.*

Oh, yes. When Derek grew up. It was the mythical future where all my vague dreams and hopes lived. I would start dating then, because he would be able to deal with that better, and I wouldn't be so afraid of bringing someone to meet him only to break up later.

I couldn't risk that now.

Derek had enough instability in his life, what with the divorce four years before. And Richard's unreliability, of course. My seven-year-old son was already as cynical about men as a middle-aged woman, because my ex had such an unfortunate habit of breaking his word.

But enough about Richard. I went back to my fantasy, painting the images in my mind. I imagined the glorious man of godlike proportions whom I would date as soon as Derek moved out for college.

He would be a gentleman, and he would always keep his word. Punctual, too. Oh, and he would cook! Yes, definitely. He would cook for me, wearing nothing but a cute little apron, with his shapely male ass out on display.

I frowned. Come to think of it, I hadn't fondled any perfect male butts, either. Something I would have to add to my stunt in the gym if I ever became unhinged enough to try it...

The bush rustled violently, and I smiled. Were the cats ready for round two? What a lucky cat lady, to have such a vigorous partner! There would be yowling any moment, I knew. Nothing yowled like two horny cats going at it in the bushes.

There was another loud rustle, and then a handsome, male voice suddenly spoke my name.

“Hello, Alice.”

I frowned and shook my head without opening my eyes. That didn’t sound like yowling or any other normal garden sound. Not like a neighbor, either. So who...

“It’s nice to meet you,” the voice continued in a polite tone. “You have a beautiful home. And garden.”

Then the manly, warm voice that sounded youthful, like a man in his twenties, lowered to a mumble. I listened with my eyes still closed, trying to decide if he was real—or if I was so sex-deprived that I was hearing things.

“What now?” the voice asked in an undertone. “You greet, you say nice to meet you, then compliment the hostess. But she’s supposed to say something back? Isn’t she? Not just stand there with her eyes closed... Oh, fluffy ears!”

He exclaimed that last phrase, and I snorted with laughter. It sounded a lot like he wanted to say “for fuck’s sake”, but wanted to be proper.

Absolutely adorable.

“So you can hear me!” the voice said, moving closer. “Did I bungle it up? Sorry, I’ve never actually introduced myself to anyone, and the book said to *let the conversation unfold naturally* after I’ve greeted you and said the compliments... Oh, blast. I forgot the most important part.”

He stood close now. So close, in fact, my face felt suddenly cold. As if a shadow fell over it and took away the heat of the sun.

I opened my eyes.

“I forgot to say my name,” he said, standing so close, I could feel his breath on my cheek. “I’m Bunny. Easter Bunny.”

## Chapter 2

I didn't say anything, because my brain refused to produce any dignified words. In fact, it kept squealing girlishly. And no wonder.

The man who stood in front of me was...

He was...

Flawless. Beautiful. Godlike.

Taller than me—so tall, I would have to stand on my toes and grab the back of his neck for support if I wanted to kiss him—not that I was thinking about kissing—but if...

Yeah, I was thinking about kissing him. Because he had the most kissable lips. Full and a bit pouty, and just so perfectly shaped. Smooth, too. And dark pink. What was it they said about the color of male lips...?

But before I could figure it out, I was distracted by the smoothly shaved skin of his chin and cheeks. Again, flawless, but with the barest hint of a shadow. And then his nose. Straight and noble, it complemented his face perfectly.

I opened my mouth, biting back a sigh when I looked up into his eyes. They were light brown, almost golden, and they seemed to shine with an internal light as he watched me back, openly curious.

He had the longest, most beautiful eyelashes I had ever seen.

And thick, well-shaped eyebrows. A broad, unlined forehead. And short hair that looked soft and just bristly enough to make me shiver if I ran my fingers through it.

I took a deep breath and released it with a shaky giggle.

"You're not real," I gasped out, while tears of laughter streamed down my face. "Oh my God, I did it. I fucking went and made myself crazy."

He frowned and cocked his head to the side. I kept laughing until I got a stitch in my side, and then I doubled down, holding my stomach, and laughed some more, while the top of my head brushed against his sternum.

Which felt undeniably real.

I straightened, my laughter cut as if with a knife. I looked at him more closely while he watched me without blinking.

No, he couldn't be real, could he? For one, he was too perfect. Not the exact male specimen I had imagined, but close enough. He looked like a male model advertising some high-end underwear. Add some black-and-white filter, a nice crotch-exposing pose, and voila.

And yet... All my senses kept telling me he was actually there, in front of me.

I inhaled and choked as the faint scent of a man's fresh sweat, a luxurious aftershave, and then something sweet and honeyed hit my nose. My backyard didn't smell like that. I certainly didn't, either.

I looked up again, noticing how clearly I could see him. Dream visions were fuzzy and sort of airbrushed. I could see this man's pores and the small beads of perspiration on his forehead. His nostrils flared slightly with every breath, and when he swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbed.

*Oh no.*

He was real, then. As my horror dawned, I looked down, biting back a whimper when I saw his beautifully shaped pecs, and lower down, a six-pack, his chiseled abdominal muscles perfectly even, with deeper shadows pooling between them.

There was one last test. Because while reason said this divine male could *not* truly exist in my garden, my senses told me he was here. I saw him, heard his voice, and I smelled him. All that was left was to touch...

*And lick him.*

I gurgled with a sort of panicked, nervous laughter and hesitantly raised my hand. It hovered between us, shakily, and

the man looked down at it, his breath fanning the hair above my forehead.

“Oh, right. Shaking hands,” he muttered, sounding a bit exasperated. “These human rituals are so complicated.”

He raised his right hand, positioned for a handshake. Without looking at his face, I bit my lip, knocked his hand aside, and laid my palm fully over his abs.

*Jesus.*

He gasped, his muscles flexing under my hand, and I jumped back, curling that palm into a fist.

*Oh God, oh God, oh God.*

He was real. And I had just touched his six-pack.

“Alice, why did you just...” he started, sounding breathless and confused.

I looked up, struggling to get my footing in this new situation. Because fondling a product of my imagination was one thing. But, as this touch just proved, this man was real. And I had just touched him inappropriately.

My cheeks burned with shame even as my body grew hot, while the imprint of his smooth, tanned skin lingered against my fingertips.

He had felt gorgeous. I would take that memory to the grave.

Scratch that. I would touch myself with that hand and come harder than ever.

“Oh no,” I moaned, taking another step back.

What was I doing? He was most likely someone who got lost and came to my yard to ask for directions, and I had not only assaulted him, but also kept fantasizing about him while he was still here!

“Alice, what’s wrong?” he asked, coming closer, concern marring his perfect face.

“Please stay back,” I said, raising an arm in front of me. “You really don’t want to come closer.”

He seemed so young, too. I was thirty-two, and he seemed to be... twenty-two? A sudden flash of terror swept through me, freezing my thoughts. What if he only looked like an adult and was actually underage? Had I just... fantasized...

*Oh God!*

“Oh, right,” he said, smacking his forehead. “Forgive me! What was I thinking? Stupid, stupid. Of course, you are afraid I am a burglar, a mugger, a rapist, or another type of criminal. I apologize. I assure you, I am a good person. I have never committed a crime in my life. Please, believe me.”

His words shook me out of my idiotic stupor. Dear heavens, he was right. I took a deep breath, stamped down on my panic, and told myself I was a fucking adult and should get a grip.

I looked up with the firm intent of telling him to leave and never come back, but my thoughts got side-tracked.

“...What are you wearing?” I asked, sizing him up.

I should have realized something was wrong, but my brain was so fuzzy with the recent daydreams, and then confused when I thought he was too perfect to be real, that I didn’t truly pay attention.

But now I saw him with cold clarity.

His chest and stomach were bare—obviously. He wore light-blue jeans that sat low on his hips, and there was the faintest trail of light brown hair above the waistline... Right. I sharply averted my eyes from his bulge—*I wasn’t looking, nope, not me*—and looked up.

His forearms and the backs of his palms were furry. Not covered with manly, dark hair, but... fuzzy with white fur. I looked further up, a kind of determined curiosity making me stand still and take him in.

There. On his head. A pair of big, pink, floppy bunny ears.

I cocked my head to the side, just watching while my brain hunted for explanations, when one ear twitched.

They looked absolutely one-hundred percent real.

“I also have a tail,” he said helpfully.

I snorted, partly with laughter, partly with hysteria.

“Here, I’ll show you.”

He turned around and, yes, there it was. A fluffy ball of a tail, blindingly white, peeked out through a hole in his jeans. I stared, and it, too, twitched slightly. As if to show me it was not a prop.

He turned back to me, his face clear and hopeful, and I stared, wondering if it was a prank. But who would want to prank me? And in such an elaborate way, too?

“Are you a serial killer?” I asked when that possibility popped into my mind. “Dressing up as a bunny to make people feel safe, and then murdering them cruelly?”

He opened his mouth to speak, a wounded look on his face, and I shook my head.

“No, never mind. You wouldn’t tell me if you were, and besides, serial killers think too seriously of themselves to pull something like this. Right. This has to end. I’m gonna ask you to...”

I was about to tell him to go bother someone else, because I wasn’t in the mood for practical jokes, when Derek burst out through the patio door. I turned to him, too startled to react.

“The Easter bunny! Mom, it’s the Easter bunny! I finally caught him!”

I opened my mouth to object that no, it was just a weird pervert who played jokes on people, but stopped myself before the words could escape. For one, I couldn’t use the word *pervert* because then I would have to explain what it meant. And two...

How the hell would I explain that the stranger wearing fluffy bunny ears and a tail was not the Easter bunny when it

was actually Easter? Derek still believed in Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, and all that magic stuff.

It felt cruel to take it away from him.

I looked back at the man and did a double take.

He looked different now. His ears had grown longer, and the hair on his head morphed into something softer and shorter. *Fur*. As I watched, it raced down his neck and broad shoulders, covering his skin with a white and brown fuzz. And his face... changed.

It gained a decidedly rabbit-like look while retaining the bright, sentient eyes and a certain human quality around the mouth.

His pink nose twitched, and I pressed a hand to my mouth, completely lost. *What. The. Fuck?!*

“Hey, buddy!” the stranger lit up, looking at my son. “Yes, you finally caught me. Boy, aren’t you clever! I did so well sneaking under your nose all those years, but you totally busted me today!”

Right, Derek was here. And that... creature... was pretending to be the Easter bunny. What if he was here to kidnap my son? Or hurt him? *Over my dead body*, I decided, finally overcoming my confusion.

I put my hands on my hips and strode forward, about to give him a piece of my mind. It was one thing to play jokes on me, but Derek was an innocent kid. And I would never let him hurt Derek, so...

The man-slash-rabbit turned to me, his face serious, and shook his head gently, raising a hand to stop me.

It did the trick. He looked so serious and suddenly commanding that I stopped, balling my hands into fists. I watched as Derek stood in front of the stranger, looking up and shielding his eyes from the sun that shone behind the stranger’s head.

The man-rabbit crouched in front of my son and extended a hand. Not a paw, I noticed. It was still a human hand, albeit

covered with thick, white fur on the outer side.

“I got your letter, young man,” he said to Derek, his face completely serious. “You know how to ask for big things. Did you give Santa the same kind of trouble?”

Derek grinned and shook his head.

“Santa doesn’t read my letters. He brings me random stuff. So I thought I would try you.”

*What the hell?*

I stepped closer so I could react in case something happened, but remained silent. This was getting interesting.

We used to write the letters together, because Derek couldn’t yet do it himself. He usually asked Santa for a long list of presents, and I did my best, but my wages were never enough to deliver everything.

We never wrote to the Easter bunny, though. Derek must have written a letter himself, then.

*Wait.* Was I actually entertaining the thought that *this* was the Easter bunny? He wasn’t real!

“So, did you bring him? For real?” Derek asked, bouncing with excitement. “Where is he?”

He glanced at me and then craned his neck to look behind me, as if looking for someone.

“I’m working on that,” the stranger said. “For now, you will have to find the rest.”

I opened my mouth to protest, because I hadn’t yet hidden Derek’s present in the garden, but the stranger, as if knowing what I wanted to say, threw me another quelling look.

So I stood there, fuming, and protected my son’s belief in magic. One must have one’s priorities straight, right?

Derek set out to look for the present. I moved closer to the man in case he wanted to follow my son around and grab him, but he stayed put, watching Derek’s progress.

“There are presents for him, don’t worry,” he said, glancing at me. “I might not know much, but this is my job. I do it well.”

“So you’re... the Easter bunny,” I said weakly. “I find that hard to believe.”

He shot me a smile, which lit up his strange face so much I had to blink rapidly.

“I will have to convince you, then,” he said.

I shook my head, watching as Derek darted inside the garden shed. I had once hidden a present there. A moment later, he came out, his hands empty.

“How did you do this?” I asked the man, pointing at his furry chest. “How did you change so fast?”

“It’s a skill,” he replied. “Comes with the job.”

I huffed, looking at Derek, who was prowling by the bush that had shuddered earlier.

“The job being...?”

“I already told you,” he said, stepping toward Derek, who emerged with a shout of triumph, clumsily holding a big, colorfully packaged box. “I’m called Easter Bunny.”

## Chapter 3

We were in the kitchen. Derek sat on the floor, pulling out things from the package, and I kept my mouth shut, throwing annoyed looks at the rabbit man. He was still covered with fur, and his ears twitched from time to time as he watched Derek with a smile.

There was a new game controller, a few games I could never afford, and a trademark set of blocks I had once looked up, knowing Derek wanted it. All of this combined must have cost a fortune.

Not only had the stranger not left, he was now in the house, and he'd given my son all the toys I couldn't buy for him. I couldn't throw him out without upsetting Derek and making him hate me. After all, what kind of evil person throws out the Easter bunny?

I had gotten myself into this one, too. I should have protested as soon as the stranger appeared. Before Derek even saw him. Or given my son a dose of reality to protect him. After all, his safety was more important than childish beliefs, right?

Boy, had I fucked up.

So I couldn't blatantly tell the stranger to leave. I also couldn't call the police.

*Yes, officer. He says he's called Easter Bunny. He has bunny ears, and he gave my son presents. No, it's not a prank, officer, I swear!*

And even if I said there was a stranger in my house without elaborating who he was, they still wouldn't do much. Unless he attacked us or something, which was why I watched him like a hawk, a handy frying pan waiting by my elbow.

Derek unpacked everything, grabbed the controller and a new game, and ran to the living room, squealing. I glanced at the pile of toys on the floor and the ripped packaging, and sighed.

“You can call me Bunny, you know,” the stranger said, turning to me. “And I will call you Alice.”

I gritted my teeth and threw him an ugly look. He flinched, looking confused, and his ears flopped gently from side to side.

“Unless... you don’t like your name?” he asked, blinking at me with wide, golden eyes.

“What I don’t like is the fact that...”

“BUNNY!” Derek yelled, interrupting me. “You have to play with me!”

He gave me an apologetic look and slid off the chair. I watched as his fluffy tail twitched, so adorable above that nice piece of male ass that I was not ogling. *Not me, sir. It’s the other crazy woman in the room that’s watching his ass instead of telling him to leave. Not me.*

I grabbed my frying pan, following. Crazy or not, there was no way I would leave those two alone.

“Here,” Derek said, giving Bunny a controller.

Bunny took it and turned it in his hands, looking at the buttons closely. He glanced at Derek and copied him, holding the controller exactly like my son.

The game started, and Bunny stared at the screen with his forehead pinched in concentration. Derek moved his character, jumping, gathering coins, and avoiding the baddies, while Bunny just sat there, holding the controller away from his body.

A moment later, his character turned into a ghost after being touched by a baddie.

“What are you doing?” Derek said. “Don’t just stand there, you need to jump over them!”

“Right,” Bunny said.

He got up off the couch and bent his knees, staring intently at the screen. Derek paused the game and looked at him with a shout of protest.

“No! In the game! You jump in the game! Here, I’ll show you. This button is for jumping.”

He tugged Bunny back to the couch and showed him the right button. Bunny nodded and gave me a sheepish look before returning his attention to Derek.

“Well, see... Where I come from, we don’t have any games like this. So I’m afraid you will have to explain it all to me.”

He glanced at me again, and his cheekbones, where the fur was fine enough to let the skin peek through, grew decidedly pink. Was he... blushing?

“But I learn fast,” he returned his eyes to Derek, bracing his broad shoulders with determination. “Will you teach me?”

Oh boy. He had just opened the floodgates. Derek adored his games and could talk about them incessantly if I let him. I didn’t care for the subject much, and quickly grew tired of his explanations, though I always did my best to listen.

I wondered how long Bunny would last.

Very long, as it turned out. I watched with mixed feelings as Bunny listened to Derek’s explanations, asked questions in an excited voice, and followed instructions with absolute trust. Soon, they were playing, both shouting with excitement. Just like two boys having the fun of their lives, except one was well over six feet tall.

I hadn’t seen Derek so happy in months.

Bitter tears gathered in my eyes, but I held them back, gripping my frying pan so hard, my knuckles turned white. What was I even doing? I had let this stranger in, and now he was stealing my son away. Not by kidnapping him, but by making him happy in ways I could never do.

*Stop this, I told myself firmly. Just make him leave, and everything will be fine again.*

But Derek laughed in such an unguarded, joyous way that I held myself back, faffing again without a clear decision. I couldn’t deprive him of this. Because who knew when he

could have this kind of fun again? Richard never played with Derek. He said his games were boring and childish.

“You are an excellent teacher,” Bunny said after they got through another level, and he put away his controller. “Your mom brought you up well.”

I flinched at the compliment. Derek groaned with disappointment and urged Bunny to do another level, but to no avail.

“No. You haven’t had breakfast,” Bunny said patiently. “Come on, you need to eat. And I could do with a bite, too.”

I pressed my lips together, my patience running out. So now he wanted me to feed him...?

But Derek positively ran to the kitchen, dragging Bunny along to treat him to his favorite cereal, and I reigned in my emotions once again. Normally, it took a lot of convincing to get him to eat breakfast on holidays, and at least now he went willingly.

Derek directed Bunny around the kitchen, telling him where his favorite cereal was, and which bowls to take. Derek put in the cereal and told Bunny to pour the milk. Which he did, splashing it around when it hit the spoon in the bowl.

Derek laughed and grabbed a dish cloth to help Bunny clean up.

“Don’t pour on the spoon!” he said, and Bunny only nodded solemnly without a hint of annoyance.

A sudden memory of Richard flipping out when Derek corrected him about something flashed in my mind. He had been so impatient, always convinced he was right about everything. If you corrected him, or even just disagreed politely, he would throw a tantrum.

I couldn’t help but compare. Bunny was patient, eager to learn, and... and he was a weird stranger wearing a bunny disguise, whom I should get rid of.

Right.

After they finished eating, I would ask him to leave. I watched, tapping the frying pan against my thigh, as Bunny ate, closing his eyes in pleasure.

“Thish ish good!” he said with his mouth full.

Derek laughed and wagged his finger at Bunny.

“Swallow before you talk,” he said, repeating the rule I had to remind him constantly.

Bunny nodded, swallowed with difficulty, and grinned.

“You know all the human rules, don’t you? Excellent, I need a teacher. I’ve never lived among humans, you know.”

Derek got all excited, telling Bunny about all the rules he had to follow at school. I listened, curious. Derek hadn’t been so talkative in ages, and usually I had to drag all the details of his school day out of him... Now, he shared willingly.

Finally, they were both done. Bunny cast a longing look at the cereal, but Derek was too excited to notice, and I refused to take the hint.

This was getting ridiculous.

“Right, I had breakfast, and it’s Easter, so I can have something sweet,” Derek announced, rushing out of the room.

Bunny looked at me with a smile, and I couldn’t help it. The corners of my mouth lifted in response, because the more he stayed there and interacted with my son, the less of a threat he seemed.

There was something hard to pin in the way he behaved with us. A certain familiarity, as if we’d been old friends. He seemed... authentic. I gripped the frying pan’s handle harder and tried to sort through my feelings.

His eyes were locked on mine, the smile still stretching his strange, yet weirdly attractive, face. I wondered what the fur would feel like, and I desperately wanted to give him a gentle flip on the ear and see if it bounced.

Derek came running in, a box of his favorite hard candy in his hand. He took one, threw it in his mouth, and offered the

box to Bunny.

“You offer first and only then take one for yourself,” I reminded Derek, watching Bunny’s twitching rabbit-like nose. Bunny lifted out a pink candy and sniffed it, finally putting it in his mouth.

I smiled despite myself.

Derek gave me a bright smile, opened his mouth to speak... and froze. The grin on his face remained, while his eyes grew round and startled. He tried to cough, and no sound came out.

I dropped the frying pan to the floor, the crash barely registering. I grabbed my son’s small body from behind and pushed at his diaphragm. Once, twice.

Derek still didn’t make a sound. He didn’t struggle against my grip, just stood there, his chest tense, his throat producing choking half-sounds that tugged somewhere deep in the pit of my stomach where the fear for my child lived.

It rose all at once, a dark, heavy shadow that had talons and fangs, and it filled me with a desperate clawing need to save my son.

I pushed again, harder this time, and Derek flopped in my grip, still choking. How long did I have? Two minutes, right. No time for an ambulance to arrive. If I failed now, it was all over.

As if through wool in my ears, I heard Bunny’s voice, muffled and distant. I struggled to understand his words as I stood up, lifting Derek with me, so I could push more effectively, a wild panic spreading coldly in my limbs and locking me in an adrenaline-fueled frenzy. I squeezed Derek, who hung helplessly in my grip.

Still no use.

“Is he choking?” Bunny’s question came again, making it through this time.

“Yes. The candy stuck in his throat,” I answered, my voice sounding strange and distorted as I tried the Heimlich

maneuver again, my child still not making a sound. I could see his head from above, his hair wet with sweat, his skin red.

*Oh God. Oh God, please. Please, let this work!*

## Chapter 4

Bunny was suddenly by my side. I held Derek, breathing hard, about to turn him upside down. My body shook, and I hoisted him up, my strength magnified by the threat. But before I could turn him, Bunny put his hands on Derek's neck and head.

There was a soft, clear clattering sound as the candy fell out and rolled over the floor. A moment later, Derek drew a gasping, shuddering breath and released it with a sob.

I held him with all my might, falling to the floor with my baby safe and alive in my arms. We both cried. The relief and fear poured out of me in waves, and Derek clung to me, crying and pressing his small, warm face to me. His tears soaked into my robe, and mine fell into his hair, and I had never felt so raw, so absolutely terrified, and so incredibly grateful.

When I got a tenuous hold on my feelings, and Derek stopped crying but still didn't let go, I looked up at Bunny, who stood a few steps away, looking worried.

"I'm sorry," he said at once, bringing his hands up. "I didn't know... I knew something was wrong, of course, but I wasn't sure what. I'm such an idiot, Alice. Please, forgive me. I'll leave. I'm sorry. You won't have to see me again."

Numb and confused, I watched as he turned. He walked back to the patio doors, hunched and dejected, and I cocked my head to the side.

It was good, wasn't it? I had wanted him to leave from the start. Well, not the start, exactly, but close enough. And now, he would be gone, and I would never see him again. He would never play with Derek, or eat cereal with him, or make him laugh, or save his life...

*And those heavenly abs would never grace my ordinary kitchen again,* piped in a small, hysterical voice that had better shut up.

Bunny's foot was over the threshold when I finally got a grip over my voice.

"Wait!" I said, croaking through my tight throat. "Wait, please!"

He turned, and his face was so open, so full of hope, that I couldn't help but smile.

"You can't go," I told him, shaking my head. "You saved him! If not for you, I... I don't..."

I started sobbing again, fresh tears flowing when I realized what would be happening right that moment if Bunny hadn't saved Derek. I would be holding my son's body and trying to summon an ambulance, already knowing there was no hope.

Bunny hopped over. In exactly two long, perfectly balanced hops, he was by my side, his furry arms around me, warm body pressing into my back. His breath was in my hair. We hugged like this, Derek in my arms, and I in Bunny's arms, and for a sweet, weightless moment I let myself stop thinking.

I let the tension flow out under the pressure of his warm touch and simply enjoyed it. Being held. Taken care of.

Finally not alone with the responsibilities of being a parent.

And then Derek stirred in my arms, looked at me with red-rimmed eyes, and grinned.

"Luc won't believe what happened when I tell him! Can I wear my superhero cape, mom? I couldn't breathe for five minutes and I'm still alive!"

I sighed, letting him go when he started struggling against my grip. There was Derek. As long as he couldn't see the injury, he wouldn't be upset for long. I would have to tuck my fear, hysteria, and feral relief back into its hiding place at the bottom of my soul and be normal again.

"First, it wasn't five minutes, more like a half," I told him sternly. "And don't you ever try anything like this again, do you understand? Not to show off. Not to prove anything. You could have died, Derek."

He nodded solemnly, his grin disappearing for a moment.

“I know, mum,” he said, only a hint of impatience in his voice. “But I will tell him it was six minutes, and he’d better believe me! So the cape?”

I relented, leaning my head against Bunny, who was still behind me, his lean bulk lending me strength.

“Fine, wear the cape. But put on something sensible underneath. And no more hard candy today!”

Derek threw an anxious look at the box of candy and nodded, swallowing.

“I don’t think I like them anymore, mom,” he said quietly.

So at least he had some sense, I thought, watching as he whizzed out of the room. Soon, I heard his loud stomping on the stairs when he raced to his room to get dressed.

“He’s going to stay until tomorrow with my sister, Carol, and her family,” I told Bunny, getting up with regret.

But the ordeal was over, and boundaries had to be reestablished. I had no reason to get all cuddly with a furry bunny-model hybrid.

“Lucas is Carol’s eldest and Derek’s hero. He’s eight. So obviously, Derek wants to brag to him about almost dying, as young boys tend to do.”

Bunny looked at me uncertainly. He stood up with me, and now I had to tip my head back to look at his gorgeous face. It was hot in the kitchen with him standing so close, but I didn’t feel like moving away just yet.

It was the choking, I knew. I was still shaken, vulnerable, and in desperate need of comfort. And he was right there.

*Just a bit more*, I told myself, shushing the nagging voice of responsibility. *He saved Derek. He’s a good guy. And I need this.*

“I know,” he said, shuffling from foot to foot. “I sort of... know a lot about you. I’m sorry I hadn’t told you earlier. But there is so much to say, and I don’t know how to explain most

of it, or I do, but the words don't seem right, and I just... Ugh."

His ears drooped in defeat, and he hung his head low. I turned my head to look at his face. He looked defeated and just so, so young. Whatever he said, I couldn't be angry with him.

"How did you do that?" I asked gently. "How did you make the candy just... pop out like that?"

He sighed deeply and looked at me from under his dark, long lashes, amber eyes glimmering.

"I am Easter Bunny, Alice," he said with a wry smile, his nose twitching. "You can see me. You saw when I changed. I can do a lot of stuff like this. It's magic, but I need to know what to do to use it. That's why I only acted when you told me what it was. Should have known he was choking. I have so much to learn."

"Hey," I said, laying my hand on his warm, furry cheek. "Stop saying that. You saved my son when I couldn't. You saved his life. I can never thank you enough. So thank you. Thank you. Thank you a hundred times."

His cheek grew warmer under my hand, and Bunny turned his eyes away, as if suddenly embarrassed. Then he pressed his face into my hand with a sigh. His breath fanned my temple, and I smelled a whiff of the sugary cereal.

We stood like that for a few heartbeats, and my heart swelled with something soft and fragile. It beat faster in my chest, and I watched Bunny with parted lips, trying to decipher what it was I felt.

Probably still relief after the choking accident, I quickly decided. Adrenaline was leaving my body, making me shaky and emotional.

"It's very kind of you to say so," he said after a while, his voice subdued. "So maybe you won't be angry when I ask you."

"Ask me?" I frowned, confused. "What do you want to ask me?"

“SUPER-DEREK IS COMING! ALL CRIMINALS SHAKE IN FEAR!”

My dear son, who almost died fifteen minutes ago, was back to normal. I sighed but couldn't hold back a smile.

“Hide, quickly!”

I grabbed Bunny's hand and tugged him behind the kitchen island where we both crouched, so close, our knees were pressed against each other, his warm hand still in mine. I gave him a mischievous look and pursed my lips, trying to tell him with my eyes not to move.

I didn't have to. Bunny was motionless, staring at me as if transfixed, his breathing fast but quiet.

“I WILL FIND YOU WITH MY SUPER-NOSE! ALL BADDIES WILL GO TO JAIL!”

Derek's screams were getting closer. He knew all my hiding places by now, since I could only squeeze into so many spaces in the house, especially when I had little time. I muffled a giggle, still looking at Bunny, whose hand became hot in mine.

I grinned, drawing my eyebrows up when Derek entered the kitchen, sniffing loudly to show us his super nose in action. Bunny squeezed my hand, shuffling quietly closer.

Suddenly, we were nose to nose, his leg pushed between mine, my inner thigh pressing against his knee. This close, his smell was overwhelming, and I gasped softly, surprised.

He smelled like nostalgia.

There was a strong note of cut grass overlaid with the cloying, dreamy scent of cotton candy. There were more things underneath, and I closed my eyes, trying to pin down the smells that I knew by heart. They called out to me from other times, long forgotten and buried under the weight of responsibility.

Cheap chocolate, the kind that left a sweet aftertaste in your mouth for hours. My mother's face powder, an exotic, dry smell that meant safety and cuddles. Milk and cookies.

The smell of raw honey from grandpa's hives when he spun it in the extractor. The broken off pieces of the honeycomb grandpa would give me and Carol to chew when we were kids.

I opened my eyes in shock and looked at Bunny with confusion and something that was like fear, only it didn't make me want to run.

It drew me nearer.

"What are you..." I started, uncertain.

"FOUND YOU!" Super-Derek screamed right above us.  
"You are going to jail!"

## Chapter 5

I closed the door and leaned against it, breathing deep, grounding breaths. My sister, Carol, had just picked up Derek. He would stay with her family today and for a sleepover, as was our tradition for Easter.

Carol always said I didn't need presents and family holidays. Instead, I needed a few days a year when I could be alone and just breathe. She was right.

Usually, I spent the free day and night gorging on nice food, watching romantic comedies, doing my nails, and taking baths.

This year, though...

I pushed away from the door and went to the living room, where Bunny sat on the couch. I did a double take when I saw him. He was back to his model persona, his tanned abs flexing at my approach.

"You changed again," I said, not as freaked out now. "Why?"

He blushed, the perfect sun-kissed skin of his cheeks coloring, and shifted in his seat. I watched as his muscles played under his skin, my mouth growing dry at the sight.

We had spent a lot of time hiding and running from Super-Derek, and thanks to having a partner in crime, I wasn't as exhausted as usually. Surprisingly, Bunny didn't mind at all. Once he got the hang of the game, he enjoyed it immensely.

And all that time, he had been in his Bunny persona, with fur, long floppy ears, and all. But now that we were alone again... Model boy with cute bunny ears was back, his six-pack tempting me across the room.

"Because you like this better," he said at once, his blush growing deeper. He didn't look at me. "And... I didn't want Derek to think I'd stay. After all, you can't expect the Easter bunny to stick around after Easter. He'll accept this."

A painful pang cut through my chest. I did my best to ignore it.

“So... You’re leaving, then?”

*Funny*, I thought to myself. Hours ago I wanted nothing more than for him to leave. And now... *Better not think about it.*

He shook his head, the cute bunny ears gently flopping. His eyes were still turned away, but now, even his neck was red.

“Hey, what’s going on?” I asked, coming closer. “Is something wrong?”

I sat down by his side on the couch, maybe a bit too close, but then, who was judging? I wasn’t. That gravitational pull he had on me had only grown stronger over the day, making it difficult to stay away.

I wondered what it was, and then I didn’t.

*Don’t think about it!*

“Will-you-have-sex-with-me?” he blurted out so fast, the words almost bled together into gibberish.

Almost.

“What?” I asked, completely thrown by his statement. “You... what? How?!”

Bunny gave me a panicked look, his gorgeous face now so red, he looked entirely too young for me. Like a cute twenty-year-old who had somehow never learned how to talk to girls.

“Well... How... I mean, I thought you knew how s-sex worked... But, well, if I have to... Ahem. Sex. With a penis. In your vagina,” he mumbled, casting his eyes down.

I burst into laughter at his helpful explanation, but when he shot me a horrified look, I choked on my giggles and started coughing instead. When I finally calmed down, I took a few long breaths and looked at him steadily.

Bunny’s fists were clenched in his lap, and he didn’t look at me, his blush still deep.

“I’m sorry I laughed,” I said, instinctively putting my hands on his to loosen them. “I was surprised. Because you... Hm. You behave as if you don’t have much experience talking to women, and yet you were so direct. That threw me. I’m sorry. So... It’s not a joke?”

Bunny released a long breath and looked at me, his glittering eyes capturing me at once.

*Oh dear God. So beautiful.*

“I don’t have experience talking to women,” he said. “Alice, I told you already. I am *the* Easter bunny. I don’t live on Earth. I don’t speak with humans, unless they are five year old and catch me hiding presents under bushes.”

I watched him, understanding slowly dawning.

“Oh. So that’s why you... Why you seem so...”

“So what?” he asked, bristling a little.

“Young.”

We watched each other. Bunny’s fists loosened under my touch, and he turned his palms, capturing mine in his warm hold.

“Alice, I’m over a thousand years old.”

“Oh.”

I looked into his uncanny eyes and contemplated that statement. If he was, indeed, *the* Easter bunny, and he was magical, and didn’t live on Earth, then it was entirely plausible he could be this old.

But he still looked like a young athlete who was completely out of my league. Not like a decrepit, ancient being for sure.

“I am way older than you think,” he said again. “Way past the age of consent, if that troubles you. I read about consent. Know all about it.”

I nodded, pressing my lips together to keep myself from laughing again. This conversation went from outrageous to bizarre, and I was reeling.

“So you read? In that place where you live?” I asked.

Bunny nodded, turning my palms the inner side up. He started massaging them with his thumbs, and I released a long, shaky breath. My palms were often tense from working at the computer too long, and he found exactly the right spots to knead.

“I live in a pocket reality. It’s a space side by side with Earth, but separate. There are many of those, most inhabited by supernatural being. Some gifted humans can see into our realms, and we can see into yours and cross over. Well, not always. I can only come here on Easter Sunday.”

“Oh,” I said, because that painful pang in my chest was back, stabbing like crazy and making it impossible to say anything sensible.

*He’ll leave. Of course he’ll leave! Don’t be a moron. Why would he stay?*

“And yes, I read there. I’ve been reading for a few years. Etiquette manuals, conversation guides, sex-education pamphlets, some other books... Novels. You have a lot of books here on Earth, did you know that? I don’t think I can go through them all in the next thousand years, which is a bit frustrating. After all, new ones appear every day.”

I nodded, trying not to point out how weird he sounded. No one lived for a thousand years!

Except, he did.

“I’m sorry, I still don’t get it,” I said, pulling my hands out of his, even though the way he was stroking my skin with his thumbs felt so good.

“What? Sex?” Bunny asked, his tone gravely serious.

I giggled despite myself and quickly covered my mouth with my hand.

“Sorry. Not that. I mean, I was married and gave birth to a child, so I must know a thing or two about sex,” I said. “No, what I mean is... why me?”

Bunny cocked his head to the side, reached for my right hand, and put it back on his thigh, returning to the massage. The full force of his amber gaze was on me when he asked, completely serious:

“Why not?”

I stared at him, because it was so obvious. Really, it was right there, perfectly on display, and why on earth couldn't he *see?*

He could, I realized. Of course, he must see, because it was impossible not to.

To make me spell it out seemed just cruel. That he would put me in such a situation was not only an unpleasant surprise, it actually hurt. I knew I should save my dignity and tell him to go fuck himself.

And yet, I snatched my hand back, tightened it into a fist to brace myself, and answered his question.

“Because,” I said, putting immense effort into keeping my voice perfectly level, “I am average. A single mom in her thirties, who is neither beautiful nor successful. There are thousands of women like me. Desperately trying to make ends meet, giving everything up for their children, and dreaming. Always dreaming, but never achieving.”

I took a forceful breath and released it slowly. It still sounded pissed off. I vibrated with anger at that awful, cutting question that reminded me of all the things I didn't like about myself.

Bunny looked at me with those glimmering, thousand-year-old eyes, and I continued, deciding to lay the whole truth between us in one clean cut.

It would hurt less if I did it fast.

“If you want to have sex with a human woman, literally anyone would be better than me. Why don't you get someone experienced? A high-end escort would make your every fantasy come true. You're the Easter bunny, as you say. You look like a young god. You can have anyone.”

*Anyone, I added in the privacy of my mind, who's worth you. So not me. I'm way below your level.*

“Escorts are smart, sophisticated, very good in bed,” I continued with a forced calm. “So that would be my first recommendation.”

My voice shook only slightly, but my eyes, I knew, were full of hurt anger. Still, I said more.

“Or you could go for one of the famous porn stars. They are perfect with their beautifully symmetrical, shaved pussies and bleached anuses. My pussy is not pretty. Neither is my butthole. I am unwaxed, unkempt, and generally unsexy.”

I gulped a long breath, closed my eyes for a moment, and came back to deliver my last line, now feeling weary and defeated rather than angry.

“So no, I do not understand why you would choose me.”

## Chapter 6

For a long, tense moment, neither of us moved. Our eyes were locked, and mine were dry, even though I had expected I'd cry. But there was nothing to cry about. I could own my truth like a motherfucker.

Bunny didn't blink, didn't even move when he started speaking in a quiet, lulling voice.

“One day, I came into your world on Easter Sunday. I heard rumors that Earth was changing fast, and wanted to see what it was all about. Because you see, I don't usually visit. Only sometimes. For Easter to happen, I don't have to be here, just exist.”

I swallowed thickly, balling my hands into fists so tight, my nails dug painfully into muscles he had massaged only minutes before. Here I was, having just bared my soul to him, and he was telling me a story about himself.

*So fucking typical.*

Easter Bunny or not, he was just a male. And they were all the same.

“I hopped around a few gardens, delivered some chocolate eggs, and was about to turn back, because it was all rather boring, when I heard a voice. There was something about it that drew me close. A powerful emotion that I couldn't name but that filled me with longing. So I followed that voice and arrived into a garden.”

He stopped speaking for a moment, glanced down at my white-knuckled hands, and sighed. He didn't reach for them, though. Good, because I could have slapped him. I was too overwhelmed to act calm.

“There was a woman sitting in a garden chair. She was pregnant, and she was stroking her big belly and singing. It was a lullaby for her unborn child, and her voice, and the love and hope filling it were so powerful, all my senses prickled. It

was magic, I knew at once. A kind of magic I didn't know. Very powerful."

I frowned, getting invested in his story despite my turmoil. My breathing calmed down, and I relaxed a bit, curious what he would say next. Because—magic? A pregnant woman singing was magic?

"I was spellbound," he continued, his eyes glimmering bright, still painfully focused on mine. "I sat there for the entire song, absorbing her voice, the way she touched her stomach. And then, I saw how it moved under her touch. She smiled, pressing her finger lightly into the protruding shape, and kept singing, and I..."

He broke off, glanced, and took a deep breath.

"And I realized I had never experienced anything as beautiful and numinous as that. It made me ache inside. I wanted to see and hear this powerful magic every day. I stayed there, in her backyard, looking through windows into her house and watching her until night came. At midnight, I went back to my reality, and spent the following year in suffering and anguish, waiting for another Easter, so I could see her again."

"Wait," I said, my voice suddenly hoarse, because something tugged at my thoughts. It was like a mental itch, a thought just on the tip of my tongue, but... No. It was preposterous.

"I came the following Easter," he continued in the same measured voice. "Her baby was already born, but she was sad that day. So tired. I remember the dark shadows under her eyes. Her husband was home, lying on the couch all day, while she did everything around their son, cooked dinner, did the chores.

"She shouted at him once, threatening she would leave him if he didn't help her, and he called her ugly names. She cried for a short while after that, but her son needed her, so she wiped away her tears, put a smile on her face, and played with him on the floor, away from the husband. Her hands only shook a little.

“And her magic was so thick in that room, the air vibrated with it. She was so strong and beautiful, and I ached for her, and wanted to comfort her, but above all, I admired her strength.”

“No. No, it can’t be,” I whispered.

I shook my head, loose tendrils of hair flying in my face. The way he said it... But it couldn’t be. It was too ridiculous.

“The next year,” Bunny said, “the husband wasn’t there, and she was happy, but subdued. Brittle, and yet, so, so strong. The magic trailed after her when she chased her toddler in the garden, helping him look for his presents. She was still tired. Still did all the work. But she didn’t cry once that day. And yet, I couldn’t help but want to be there with her, inside the house, helping her cook, load the dishwasher, or just massaging her tired shoulders.”

I shook my head, still not fully convinced, but the timeline fit too well. Richard moved out shortly before Derek turned two, and I remembered that first Easter as a single mom, mentally preparing myself for the divorce.

It had been a strange time, a sort of limbo, when I didn’t think about the past or the future, but instead focused on small tasks. Just the next small step. And another.

Survive this minute. This hour. This day.

“And then, there was that one moment when her son was already asleep, and she came out into the garden dressed in a warm sweater, a glass of wine in her hand. She stood there, the light of the waxing moon falling on her face, and suddenly...”

He stopped and looked away, his face reddening. He swallowed thickly, cleared his throat, and looked at me shyly from under his lashes.

“I wasn’t a sexual creature,” he said, his voice hushed. “It wasn’t in my nature. But that night it... I... I looked at her, and saw how soft her skin looked in the moonlight. How the light fell on her hair, silvery and bewitching. I saw the way she sighed, relaxing after a sip of wine. The way she bared her

throat, throwing her head back with a deep moan of relief, and for the first time...”

He broke off again, and I held my breath, because the vision he painted, of a woman basking in the moonlight, unaware that she was being watched and yet seductive and alluring, made my heart stutter. Was it truly me? Had he seen me... and thought those things he just said?

So poetic?

“I felt a rush in my body,” he said, his voice growing in confidence after the brief pause. “A strong pull to touch her, to be close, to smell her. And things stirred inside me. There was a deep, beating pulse. Right here.”

He trailed his hand down his stomach to the waistband of his jeans, watching me with eyes so open, so guileless, they had to be honest.

“It startled me at first. I fled, because I thought I was ill. That something was wrong. It took some time until I understood. But when I did... Well, it was too late. She had awoken this powerful urge inside me, and I’ve been living with it ever since. It grew stronger every year. More insistent. I learned from books to understand it better, and I did what I could to alleviate it on my own. But nothing helped. Because it wants her.”

He finally took my hands, enveloping my palms in his, and leaned closer so our noses almost touched. I looked into his eyes, spellbound and all tingly, because it was the most romantic, the most erotic thing I had ever heard. And he meant me. I knew he did.

“My body wants you,” he said, his voice lowering. “I want you. Nothing else will do. No one else. So this is why I’m asking you, Alice.”

I didn’t answer. All inside me, butterflies were taking off, a multi-colored cloud of electrifying delight, and I couldn’t speak, so filled with the intoxicating emotion.

Instead of answering, I leaned in and kissed him.

## Chapter 7

It was a very innocent kiss, all things considered. I pressed my lips to his and slowly moved them, but there was no tongue, no teeth, no grabbing at clothes. Just lips brushing against lips. A gentle question.

As I said, innocent.

Until he gasped, grabbed both my buttocks in his hands, and lifted me off the couch. A second later, I was straddling him, my crotch pressing into his, my stomach against his bare sixpack, his hands on my ass.

And his tongue in my mouth.

He knew how kissing worked, but I could tell he hadn't done it before. He thrust his tongue deep in my mouth, as deep as it would go, bucking his hips up with a groan.

I pulled back slightly, trying to regain control, but he wouldn't let me. As soon as I moved away, his hand was in my hair, pressing my head urgently closer while he moved his lips against mine, running his tongue over mine.

There was a momentary awkwardness when I had to fight laughter and push his tongue out of my mouth so I could breathe better. But after that... It was as if it clicked. Bunny made a deep, questioning sound in the back of his throat, slowed down, and suddenly...

Suddenly, we were kissing.

He got the rhythm, the angle, and the pressure right, and I melted. His lips were warm and soft, and I murmured against them with approval before we tangled our tongues again, this time in a way that didn't make me want to laugh.

No, not at all. It made me want to do other things. Lustful, wanton things a responsible single mom wasn't supposed to want.

*Fuck responsible!*

He made noises throughout, deep male moans and harsh gasps, and he moved his hips in a slow rhythm perfectly matched to the kiss, grinding against me so well I didn't even know when I got wet.

His hands played with my hair, traveled down my back, and dipped under my blouse to stroke against my lower back. He tried to push them under the waistband of my trousers at my back, but it was too tight, so he gave up with a frustrated huff, and focused on kneading my ass through the fabric.

And all the while, our lips and tongues danced, and he tasted...

Exactly like he smelled. Chocolate. Raw honey. Cotton candy. All sweet, safe things that reminded me of late summer afternoons.

He grabbed my ass and pressed me to himself with a low moan, kissing me harder, and I returned his kiss with the kind of fervor I thought was reserved for hormonal teenagers making out. I was over thirty, and this kind of passion was...

Exactly what I needed.

I kissed him harder, making sounds of my own, and pushing away all those responsible, nagging thoughts. Derek wasn't here. And Bunny was on Earth only for one day. He wanted me, I wanted him, and there was absolutely no reason to stop. Unless...

I broke the kiss, and he chased my mouth with an irritated groan until I pushed my hand against his lips.

"Wait," I gasped, out of breath. "Are you... I need to know if you're clean. I'm on the pill, but don't have condoms."

Bunny just looked at me, his eyes glazed over, lips parted. He was a vision. Tanned, beautifully flushed skin, disheveled hair, mouth red and swollen from kissing. A man filled with passion.

"Clean?" he finally repeated.

He raised his arm high and sniffed his armpit with a serious expression, and I collapsed into silent giggles, resting

my forehead against his.

“Healthy, I meant healthy!” I finally managed, doing my best to control my laughter. “I’m asking about your sexual health.”

“I see,” Bunny said, his eyes regaining some lucidity. “You mean venereal diseases. I can’t get sick, so it’s not a problem I’ll ever have.”

All my efforts to stifle my laughter went to nothing as soon as he said “venereal” in that serious voice of his. I shook with laughter, holding on to his sculpted shoulders.

“I’m sorry,” I gasped out before he could get offended again. “It’s just... You make me laugh. In a good way! It’s good. Every woman wants a man who can make her laugh.”

“You do?” Bunny asked, his voice suspicious. “But... Humans never laugh during sex.”

I pushed my laughter down and forced myself to calm down. For someone who could ask me for sex so brazenly, Bunny was incredibly innocent. *And a virgin*, I suddenly realized with a start.

A virgin. A gorgeous, thousand-year-old male, who could do magic, change his body on a whim, and wanted me of all people. And he was completely inexperienced.

My insides pulsed with excitement at the thought. It seemed I would be his sex mentor and teacher, and it gave me surprising pleasure even to contemplate it. I would teach him everything, and he would be one of the rare unicorns who would know what the clit was and where to find it.

“Why do you say that?” I asked. “I mean, it’s not that usual, I guess, but if both partners are comfortable with each other, sure, they can laugh during sex.”

Bunny looked away, twisting his lips hesitantly. Finally, his gorgeous amber eyes returned to me. He looked sheepish.

“When you talked about porn stars with bleached buttholes... Well, I knew exactly what you meant. I saw a great deal of... porn.”

I held back a groan of disappointment. My perfect vision of teaching an eager virgin male sex shattered when I realized he wouldn't be learning that much.

He would have to *unlearn* everything first.

“Porn lies,” I said simply. “It doesn't show real sex. Everything is fake. Even those juicy slaps you hear when they have sex on screen? They are fake. Usually, someone just slaps two pieces of steak off camera to make those sounds, well, more meaty.”

He stared at me with wide, surprised eyes. And then, faster than I thought he could process, he made an impatient sound and reached for my face.

“Porn lies, got it. Now kiss me.”

We collided again, and my mouth filled with his taste, my lungs with his breath, and my head filled with absolutely nothing at all. Thoughts disappeared, giving way to sensations. The pressure of his tongue on mine, impatient and searching. His hands, big and warm, and completely restless. They slid from one place to another, roaming me.

His scent, cotton candy and honey, became more intense, and as I ground into him, moaning, I could feel the hard ridge of his cock through his jeans. His breathy moans mixed with mine, and we were both panting, loud mess by the time he let go of my mouth and looked into my eyes with urgent need.

“Can we go to your bedroom, Alice?”

I nodded, feasting my eyes on his beautiful face, and those magical eyes that were so bright, they seemed to be on fire.

I squeaked in surprise when he picked me up, both hands firmly under my buttocks. He took the steps running, and I bounced against him, my core pressing into those gorgeous abs of his. Every step sent a pleasant jolt into my pussy, making me clench over nothing.

*Oh God. Am I really about to have sex with him...?*

Yes, I damn well would, I decided at once. This was a once in a lifetime chance. One had to grab those by the horns. Or

bunny ears.

My bedroom was dim and cool, the curtains half-closed. Bunny sat down on my bed, holding me close, and dove for my mouth at once. But I turned my face, so instead, he kissed down my neck, while I reached up. Up the back of his head, fingers threading through his hair, and higher, to the top...

*Gotcha.*

I ran my hand gently up one ear, releasing a shaky breath at how delightfully soft and warm it was. At once, Bunny stopped kissing me, his body tensing. He groaned, bucking his hips, and caught my hand in a firm grip.

“No. Please. I’ll come in my pants, and I don’t want to,” he said, his voice muffled against my hair.

Were his ears erogenous zones? I gasped, an excited thrill running through me. Oh, how I could tease him! I could brush my hand against his ear, pretending to be all innocent, and watch him squirm with arousal.

“The ears?” I asked. “It feels good when I touch them?”

He huffed and dragged my hand down, pressing it to his chest, right over his heart. My eyes followed, going to his nipple. It was dark, perfectly round, and completely hard.

“It feels good everywhere you touch,” Bunny said in a voice so low, it was almost a growl. “You have no idea, Alice. This is... sublime.”

*Oh wow.* No one had ever called sex with me “sublime”. And we hadn’t even undressed yet! What would happen when I finally touched his cock? The thought made me itch with curiosity, and I slid off his lap, standing between his legs.

“I know where it will feel the best,” I said quietly.

His upturned face flushed with more color, and he licked his lips nervously. Finally, he nodded once, breathing fast through his open mouth.

I knelt between his legs and unzipped him quickly, curiosity egging me on. What would he look like down there?

Would his cock look ordinary? Parts of him were different, so maybe this would be, too.

Bunny raised his hips, and I lowered his jean. Underneath, he had boxer briefs, stretched tightly over a significant bulge.

I blinked a few times to make sure my eyes weren't playing tricks on me. No, I saw right. His cock seemed to glow through the fabric. In the gloom of my bedroom, the glow was quite noticeable. Not entirely human, then.

His boxer briefs caught my attention next. They were pink, with tiny white rabbits printed on them.

I looked up with a smile, about to ask him about the decorations he had going on, but his face was drawn in such a tight focus, my amusement evaporated. He was breathing so fast, I was afraid he would hyperventilate, and his pupils were wide, almost obscuring the amber irises.

He really was a virgin, then. And this was the first time a woman would see his cock. It wasn't a time to make comments.

I looked back down. There was a big wet spot on the fabric right where the head of his cock was. And the shape... I frowned, leaning closer. The shape didn't seem to be quite the same as human.

I ran my fingertips over his shaft, just a light flicker of a touch, and he drew in a sharp breath. His cock was long. As for girth, it seemed thicker in some places, thinner in others.

"Oh, Alice," he breathed when I trailed my fingers down his length.

Yes, definitely thinner and thicker in a regular pattern. I drew in a breath, and more honeyed scent filled my nose instead of the usual male musk.

"Please," he choked out.

I glanced at his face. Beads of sweat glistened on his forehead, and his eyebrows were drawn together as if in pain.

I reached for the waistband of his underwear and tugged it gently down. Bunny's cock sprang out, and for a moment,

neither of us moved.

The entire shaft glowed pink, the light pulsing gently. Only the head was dark, its color such a dark pink, it was practically purple. The tip glistened with precum.

It glittered in the glow of the shaft.

“Oh, wow,” I murmured, glancing up at Bunny. “I really like your cock.”

He blinked, licking his lips, and only watched, completely transfixed. I wondered how my face looked bathed in the unearthly glow.

And then I stopped thinking about anything at all, because I was one thirsty girl, and here was one eager male, and his cock was so hard it glowed.

I wrapped my fingers around it, and Bunny made a choked, gasping sound, his hips thrusting instinctively. I stroked him, exploring the shape, which reminded me of a dildo shaped like anal beads.

Which was also a glow stick. *What a ride.*

Bunny groaned, his cock leaking more precum, and thrust in my hand as I moved it slowly up and down, fascinated by how the thicker parts bumped against my hand. I couldn't help but wonder how he would feel inside me, and was about to stand up and undress, when Bunny gasped.

His cock tensed and grew hot, and the next thing I knew, something exploded out of the tip, shooting out so fast, I only saw a blur. There was the sound of breaking glass and a few small thuds as Bunny thrust in my hand two more times.

Slowly, I looked at the window. There were three small, perfectly round holes where the curtain didn't reach. No shards on the floor—the glass was probably outside. There was something else, though.

Small, colorful shapes that glittered like gilded foil.

I looked up at Bunny, my mouth hanging open. He stared at the floor under the window, a look of shock on his face.

“This has never happened before,” he said in a dazed voice. “I mean, it did, of course. I ejaculated many times. But I’ve never shot this.”

He tugged on his boxer briefs and walked over to the window. He came back a moment later, something in his hand. He opened his palm to show me.

A small chocolate egg wrapped in gold and purple foil lay on his palm.

## Chapter 8

I took it and unwrapped the foil. I had guessed right, then. A small, perfectly shaped chocolate egg was inside. Its surface was decorated with delicate lines in an elaborate floral pattern. It looked rather pretty and very artistic.

I popped it in my mouth.

“What are you doing?” Bunny asked, his voice incredulous. “Didn’t you notice it came out of my penis?”

“Mmm,” I said to that, closing my eyes in pleasure when the best chocolate I had ever had slowly melted in my mouth.

Bunny crouched in front of me and took my hand, waiting in silence. When the last traces of the egg were gone, I opened my eyes and smiled.

“I will be happy to eat whatever comes out of your penis, magic boy. This was delicious.”

He blushed but smiled back. I leaned closer to get another kiss and see if maybe he would be up for making more of the eggs, when Bunny gasped and stood up. My lips, instead of landing on his mouth, pressed to his erection. I did not mind.

He jumped back as if burned, though, and then backed away some more, as if I was a threat he needed to keep at a distance.

“No, Alice. Please,” he said, his voice frustrated. “Argh, I need to think. Brain, focus.”

He faced away from me, keeping his distance. The glorious muscles on his tanned back flexed and shifted, and I had the impression he was trying to slow and deepen his breathing. Trying to control himself. And indeed, when he turned back to me, his bulge seemed much less hard.

“Right,” he said briskly, not looking directly at me. “What I meant to say was this: you may not care where these chocolate eggs came from, but they are somewhere in your

backyard now. And it's Easter. Do you really want Derek to find them tomorrow and get all excited?"

*"Fuck."*

He was totally right. I got up and looked out, but of course, I couldn't see the tiny chocolate eggs from my bedroom window.

Meanwhile, Bunny got dressed. I turned to leave, but he stopped me, grabbing my hand.

"I'm sorry, Alice," he said. "I really didn't know this would happen. And I'm sorry about this ending so fast. I suppose it's not how it should have been."

I shook my head and held both his cheeks, looking into his face. He looked really ashamed, and I didn't like it even one bit.

"I don't accept your apology," I told him with a smile. "Because there is nothing to apologize for. Though I hope your magic can fix windows... ugh, maybe later. Anyway, don't be sorry. I enjoyed myself and hope very much that was not the end at all. After we find those eggs, we're coming back here. I like you a lot and can't wait to see what else you have in store."

His smile lit up my bedroom.

We spent half an hour on the egg hunt. Bunny found the first egg almost at once in my vegetable garden. I found the second twenty minutes later in a patch of longer grass surrounding the apple tree. The third egg, however, was nowhere to be seen, and we finally gave up and headed back to the house.

"Can't you locate it using magic?" I asked, pouring lemonade into two tall glasses.

The afternoon was quite warm, and we were both winded after the intense search. Bunny accepted his glass with a grateful smile and drained it in a few big gulps before answering.

“I’m not omnipotent. If I don’t see or feel it, I can’t affect it. And thank you for the lemonade, it’s delicious. You have amazing food here on Earth.”

I drank my lemonade and put the glass away, excitement already buzzing in my belly.

“All right. Let’s forget that last egg. We looked everywhere Derek might find it, so it must have fallen somewhere beyond my lot. I wish many blessings upon whoever finds it and is careless enough to eat something they found lying on the ground.”

Bunny grinned, shaking his head. His ears flopped gently, and I just itched to fondle them again. But I couldn’t. We had to discuss something first.

“Okay, now that’s settled... We need to talk.”

Bunny nodded seriously and leaned toward me in a display of undivided attention.

“When you orgasmed, you basically shot your load so fast, it broke my window.”

“Oh, right,” Bunny said, nodding eagerly. “I will fix it once we’re back upstairs.”

“Thank you. But what I meant was, well... I was wondering what exactly will happen when you come, you know, inside me.”

A brief silence fell while we both contemplated it. Bunny’s brow furrowed and then his expression cleared. He gave me a bright smile.

“I feel pretty confident I can fix any damage. So don’t worry, Alice. You won’t even notice.”

*Oh wow.*

I closed my eyes briefly, imagining the scene. He would be inside me, having blown his load, and there would be four or five gaping holes in my belly, squirting blood. And he would be like, *Golly, look how many there are! Good sex, eh? Don’t worry, I’ll fix you right up!*

I decided not to feel offended that he treated my bodily integrity so lightly. I suspected it might simply result from cultural differences, and we had no time to delve into that.

“Thank you, but I would prefer not to risk any damage,” I said as calmly as I could, even though hysterical laughter threatened to burst. “But you said this happened for the first time today, and usually, you ejaculate differently. Right?”

He nodded, ears bouncing. God, they were so adorable.

“It’s usually liquid. I’ve never broken anything with it before, so I think it’s safe.”

I nodded once in satisfaction. So not all was lost.

“Great. So what I was thinking is this. We could try some other things first, sort of blow off steam, and see if your following orgasms become less intense, maybe? We could start right away.”

Bunny shifted in his seat, and I glanced down. Oh good, he was hard already. I smiled, taking it as a yes.

“I’ll do anything you want, Alice,” he said, his voice choked. “Can we go upstairs now?”

I took his hand to lead him back to my bedroom, but Bunny swept me off my feet instead and carried me up even faster than before.

“I could get used to this,” I murmured against his throat, running my hand over his muscular shoulder. “Walking is overrated.”

Bunny laughed breathlessly, his chest vibrating against me. He opened the bedroom door so fast, it banged on the wall, and jumped to the bed in one long leap. He laid me down on the rumpled sheets and straddled me, his lips falling on mine.

We made out, and he was delightfully vocal, moaning and groaning as we kissed. I got carried away fondling him, trying to get my hands on every inch of his gloriously smooth skin I could reach. With restless fingers, I mapped out his muscular back, the hard muscles of his arms, and finally, his shapely ass, as well.

Well, whatever happened after this, at least I would have touched a six-pack and a pretty piece of male ass. That was one important item on my bucket list ticked off, then.

Bunny wanted to explore, too. Soon, he kissed down my throat and collarbones, reaching the neckline of my blouse. He made a discontented sound in the back of his throat and put his hands on my favorite blouse.

It vanished.

“That had better be hanging in my closet right now,” I said when he froze, his eyes glued to my favorite bra.

“Anything you want, Alice,” he said, sliding his hands up my stomach. They landed on my breasts, squeezing gently. “Oh, goddess. You’re a vision.”

It was my turn to blush. To see him so obsessively fixated on my body was a kind of validation I hadn’t even realized I needed.

I still had it, it seemed. I was not just a single mom well past her prime.

No, indeed. My boobs could still reduce a man to... goddess worship, apparently.

“Don’t make it disappear,” I cautioned, sliding my hands under my back to unhook the bra.

Bunny hiccupped when he saw my tits. He became very still, breathing fast, and just looked with wide, fascinated eyes. Then, without blinking, he brought his hand to one breast, his fingers hovering an inch above my skin.

I waited, feeling flattered. Bunny’s attention, the way he devoured me with his eyes, and his uncompromising appetite felt new and exciting. It all fed my feminine vanity like nothing before. I arched my back, sticking my chest out, until I brushed against his trembling fingertips.

He drew in a harsh breath and grabbed my breast, swallowing hard. He cupped it in his hand, squeezed, and closed his eyes for a moment.

“Alice, you have no idea,” he said finally, still kneading my tit reverently while his throat worked.

He opened his eyes, changed his position so he could put his face close to my chest, and caught my nipple in his mouth with a moan.

He sucked on it as soon as it was in his hot mouth, and I cried out, my clit tightening with arousal in response. Bunny moaned in return, sucking hard, and I squirmed under him, suddenly as feverish as he was.

I reached down to undo my pants, but Bunny grabbed my wrist.

“Not yet,” he said, letting go of my nipple. “Let me savor it.”

I relaxed and let him feast on my tits. He licked every inch of them, letting out frequent murmurs of appreciation. He suckled on my nipples for a long time and caressed both my breasts with his hands until I was half-crazy with unreleased tension.

“Please,” I gasped, when it felt like I would explode. “I can’t take this anymore!”

Bunny raised his head, looking at me with glassy eyes. His face was flushed, lips dark pink, and he looked like I had torn him away from something crucially important.

“Huh? You don’t like...?” he asked. His voice sounded husky and so sexy, I suddenly wanted nothing more than for him to keep talking.

“I *love* it!” I answered, exasperated. “But I won’t have an orgasm from nipple stimulation. And I *need* to come. You’re making me crazy with lust!”

“I am?” he asked, sounding bemused. “*Fuck*, Alice. I want to make you come. You have no idea.”

He reached for my zipper, but I shook my head.

“No, not yet. Get off, please. It’s my turn to drive you crazy.”

“You already do,” he said, eyes gleaming.

But he slid off me, and I got up, my breasts feeling heavy and tender after getting more attention than they had gotten in my entire lifetime. I knelt on the floor by the edge of the bed and beckoned him to me.

“Take everything off, please. And sit here.”

He sucked in a breath, eyes widening in realization. He shoved off his pants and boxer briefs and sat with his legs on either side of me, his cock glowing.

I scooted closer on my knees, settling between his thighs, and just explored his shaft with my fingers while he panted above me, his muscles tense.

The head was entirely coated in precum. I swallowed, readying myself for the familiar, not-so-favorite taste of cum, and licked up one side of his shaft, gathering some of it on my tongue.

It didn't taste like cum at all.

I pulled back, smacking my lips, and looked at Bunny's face curiously. But he was gone. All reason had fled, and what was left was a wide-eyed, eager virgin, who was having his cock licked by a woman for the first time.

I wouldn't spoil the experience by asking whether he had tiny bees in his balls.

I leaned back down, licking up again, and circled the purple head of his cock with my tongue. I coated it in Bunny's honey and swallowed with a soft sigh of pleasure.

It tasted like summer. Sweet with a hint of meadows in full bloom, his cum was like natural honey, except better. It was the flavor I imagined the perfect, fairy-tale honey would have. Distinct, rich, and sweet but not cloying.

I licked up his shaft again, pressing my tongue carefully to the even, hard curves of it. When I reached the head, I took it fully in my mouth, sucking greedily.

We both moaned, Bunny from the pleasure of having his cock sucked, and I—from the glorious taste.

I released the head, sighing in pleasure, and licked up him again, wrapping one hand around the base of his cock and stroking up and down. Bunny was breathing hard, his thighs on either side of me trembling.

“Tell me when you’re about to come,” I said, looking up at him, my mouth pressed to his shaft. “And you are delicious, by the way.”

His only response was a wordless groan as I sucked him into my mouth again, taking him deeper while I worked the lower part of his shaft with my hand. I had a feeling it wouldn’t take long, and just knowing that I had so much power over Bunny was intoxicating.

I stole glances at his face while I worked him, sucking every drop of honey out of his smooth, swollen head. His cheekbones were dark with a flush, his eyes wide and all pupil, and he was breathing hard through parted lips.

He didn’t blink but watched me with absolute focus.

Suddenly, he gave a low, broken moan, and his cock seemed to thicken in my mouth. I sucked harder, because more honey flowed out, and I was determined to have every drop.

“Now! Alice, now!” Bunny choked out.

I barely had time to let his cock out of my mouth when glittering, golden jets of cum fell on my face, my naked chest and stomach, generously coating my thighs and the floor around me. Bunny groaned, pumping his hips, and I released a shaky breath, watching the delicious mess we had made.

His eyes were closed, and he was breathing hard. I laughed softly under my breath and gathered his cum off my stomach. I sucked it off my finger and got more, determined to save as much as I could.

Letting delicious things go to waste was not in my nature.

## Chapter 9

“I’m so sorry, Alice.”

I looked up, my finger in my mouth. He looked embarrassed again, his head hung low in shame. I swallowed his honeyed cum quickly so I could speak.

“Your ability to say sorry is very attractive, but I think you’ve been saying it too much. You did nothing wrong. In fact, you did exactly what I asked for. I’m grateful. Though if I knew you’d shoot honey this time, I would have kept you in my mouth and swallowed as much as I could. This stuff is absolutely amazing.”

Bunny sighed and shook his head.

“You’re strange, Alice. I thought it’s humiliating for a woman to get a, well, facial, as I believe it’s called.”

I licked my finger clean again and shot Bunny a mischievous look.

“Nah-uh. Just feels wasteful. But that’s okay, I’ll do my best to get the next one in my mouth.”

His cock, still hard though not as turgid as before, gave a happy twitch at that. I gave it an affectionate peck on the head, making Bunny gasp in surprise.

“Do you need a break?” I asked, licking more cum off my hand.

He shook his head, drawing my attention to his adorable ears again. *Blast*. Should have used them to tease him. There were so many things to do, and so little time... I clenched my jaw for a moment, released a long breath, and shoved the thought away.

Only the present mattered, and I would handle the fallout of him leaving later.

“But you probably want to clean up,” he said. “I’ll get the floor.”

I sighed, casting a regretful look at the puddle of golden cum around me. I really hated wasting it, but there was nothing for it.

Five minutes later, I was back, freshly showered and wrapped in a towel. Bunny waited on the bed, his cock at half-mast. The room was clean, and when I glanced at the window, I saw it was whole again.

“Thank you for fixing that,” I said, sitting down by his side and running my hand down his back. When I reached the fluffy ball of a tail, I grabbed it and squeezed gently, making Bunny jump.

His cock rose to a full-blown erection, and I grinned, fondling the tail gently. I didn’t know what kind of touch he liked best there, so I went with the way I would usually handle a ball sack. Gentle and careful.

“Alice,” he said hoarsely. “I think it’s your turn now.”

“Mmm, if you say so,” I said, kissing down his chest as I caressed his cute tail. “But first, I want to have a few more licks, so...”

It happened so fast, I didn’t even gasp. There was no time to react. A powerful, whipping force picked me up, shoved me on the bed, and the next thing I knew, I was sprawled on my back with my hands held above my head, my towel gone.

My wrists were bound by something soft and fluffy. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t free them.

Bunny knelt by my side, his gaze slowly sliding up and down my body. He looked intense and as passionate as before, but now, the power balance was completely flipped. He seemed much less like a blushing virgin, and much more like a man who was about to get exactly what he wanted.

“What are you doing?” I asked, my voice sounding scratchy in my suddenly dry throat.

“You know, ever since I wanted you for the first time, there was one thing I wanted to do. My fantasies would change over time, but this one thing remained constant. And I’ll do it now.”

My heart hammered in my chest, and I struggled against the restraints again. No use.

“What thing? What will you do?”

Bunny ran his hand up my side to my face, where he cupped my cheek and looked into my eyes.

“Worship you.”

My surprised gasp turned into a moan when he leaned over and caught my nipple in his mouth, sucking gently. He released it, kissed over my skin to my other breast, and sucked on my other nipple while his warm hands traveled down my stomach and hips.

After he was done with my tits, he trailed kisses over my collarbones and neck, while his fingers teased my nipples and caressed my skin. He claimed my lips in a long, passionate kiss, combing through my hair with his fingers.

I no longer struggled to get free, but my heart kept beating wildly. I never relinquished control in bed, and being made to just lie and take whatever he gave me required a level of trust I'd never thought possible between me and a man.

And yet, I lay there, waiting what would happen. Because we only had today, and since I wouldn't have to face him the next morning, maybe I could let go, after all.

“You are so beautiful,” Bunny murmured, planting ardent kisses across my stomach. “The sexiest, most beautiful creature I've ever seen.”

He kissed down, his chin trailing lightly over my abdomen, and I let my legs fall open, expecting him to go lower still... But he didn't. He turned left, planting kisses across my hipbone and up my hip, and I huffed out a frustrated breath.

“So full of magic,” he said, his breath ghosting over my ribs. “You have me spellbound, and you don't even realize it. I'd do anything for you, Alice.”

“Good,” I choked out, when he pinched my nipple. “I'd like to suck my clit.”

He looked up, amber eyes burning over the hard peak of my breast.

“All in good time.”

I let my head fall against the pillows with a whimper. This new Bunny was overwhelming, but also—sizzling hot. The way he teased me was erotic, romantic, and everything I could ever ask for. And yet, it brought me so far out of my comfort zone, I could barely handle it.

Bunny kissed back down my stomach, right to the edge of my pubic hair, and turned to my right hip. I clenched and unclenched my hands as a slow, deep pulse beat in my clit and pussy.

“I dreamed about this so many times. About you, your body, your voice... But reality is so much better. Nothing compares to touching you. I could do this all day, every day, and I would never have enough. You’re exquisite.”

I whimpered, turning my wrists helplessly in the restraints. Bunny kissed down my hip and thigh, and then went on to worship my knee, of all things. I spread my legs wider, trying to lure him to my clit. He kissed up my inner thigh, and then reversed the course, trailing more kisses down my legs and murmuring words of praise and admiration.

When he finally put his hands on my inner thighs and pushed them further apart, I was a whimpering mess. My muscles were tense, my nerves strung tight, and tears burned in the back of my throat.

Because apparently, too many affectionate words at once could cut as deeply as well-chosen insults. I was raw inside and out, my clit and heart aching with Bunny’s relentless adoration.

I waited with bated breath while he stared at my pussy, his face drawn in absolute focus. There was a blush high across his cheekbones, but he didn’t seem shy at all. He was determined.

“Let’s see how fast I can learn,” he said, flashing me an intense look, his eyes pure amber gold.

He buried his head between my thighs, his face so close to my labia, I could feel the warmth radiating from it. And then, he sniffed me.

“Hey!” I protested, immediately trying to close my thighs, and crushing his head between them. “This is no flower patch, mister!”

Bunny lifted his head, caressing my inner thighs soothingly. He looked at my face, slightly confused.

“Of course I know your vagina is not a flower,” he said. “Flowers are boring. And your scent is textured, unique, and intoxicating. Smelling you has just made me so hard, my penis hurts. Please, don’t deny me. I want to smell you every time I get a chance, fill myself with it. Please.”

That confession completely disarmed me. My reaction had been born out of shame, because I thought my natural smell wasn’t very pleasant. But the way he talked about it was so reverent, so earnest, I had to believe him.

“All right,” I said, relaxing my legs. “But I have a request. Could you say ‘cock’? And ‘pussy’? I won’t lie, ‘penis’ takes me out of it a little.”

“Cock,” Bunny said, his cheek coloring. “Pussy. All right. May I please smell your pussy, Alice?”

I shook with silent laughter at the formal request, but nodded. In a flash, Bunny’s head was back between my legs, sniffing, and as he did, more cracks appeared in my armor, bringing back that vulnerable feeling. I swallowed unshed tears and took a shaky breath, focusing on his ears twitching between my legs to get a grip.

This was sex, for God’s sake! People didn’t cry during sex. Right?

When Bunny’s tongue finally lapped at me, a shudder went through my body. I was aroused, all swollen, with nerve-endings just begging for touch. That first, delicate lick was mind-blowing.

He was so careful at first. He lapped between my labia, taking care to taste every inch of me there. He spent a long

time licking my pussy opening, and when he finally reached my clit and licked it, making the hood slide over it, I cried out from the sudden burst of pleasure.

He looked up, blazing eyes staring at me over my stomach.

“Right there, Alice?”

I nodded frantically, and that was all the encouragement he needed. Bunny lavished my clit with attention, focusing on it with obsessive intensity. He licked against the sides, attacked my clit directly, pushing the hood aside with his tongue, and interspersed quick flicks of his tongue with longer, deeper licks.

I directed him with words at first, but when he got the hang of what I liked best, I lost the ability to form coherent sentences. But apparently Bunny could follow my moans and pleading whimpers as well as words, because he performed flawlessly.

I shook, my clit feeling too big, too tender. It grew hot, so hot it seemed cold, and then slightly numb. Overwhelmed with sensation. My stomach was tense, muscles hurting, and all the time, it felt like my orgasm was just a moment away.

But it wouldn't come.

“Stop,” I finally said, shaking. “I'm sorry it's taking so long. Not your fault. I've never come from this, actually. So it's all right to stop now. You must have had enough.”

Bunny emerged, looking dazed and entirely not tired or frustrated, as I had expected him to look.

“I'll never have enough of this, Alice,” he said, voice hoarse. “This is my favorite thing in the world and I want to keep going. Do you really want me to stop?”

I licked my lip, undone again by his calm confession. Truth was... I wanted him to keep going. As long as I needed. I wanted to be the star of the show for once, and he was willing, so all that remained was for me to allow myself to enjoy it. Unapologetically.

“No,” I said. “Please, keep going. You can suck on my clit, maybe?”

He smiled with evident delight and pushed his face into me. His hot mouth enveloped my clit, his tongue running circles over it and then... and then...

“Oh God,” I moaned, when he sucked, at first gently, and then harder. I thrashed, driving my hips up, moaning loudly.

He was relentless, sucking hard and then lightly, caressing me with his tongue. I shook, my muscles so tense, I was afraid they would break. And even though my orgasm felt like it would come crashing any moment, it didn't.

But this time, I didn't stress it. I rode the wave, giving in to the rhythm Bunny set. My body followed him, the pleasure increasing when he went harder, and humming warmly when he slowed down.

I got lost in the sensation. The world shrank, and there was only me and my body alive with electric tension, and his warm, big hands holding my hips in place, his face pressed to me, his mouth sucking my clit, his tongue...

The orgasm crested and crashed, taking me by surprise. I arched my back high as violent shudders rocked through my pelvis and up my spine, electric charges going off inside me as my clit lit with ecstasy.

Bunny licked me through it. I was silent, my body so tense and hard, I seemed to hover above the mattress. The longest, most powerful orgasm in my life, it just went on and on until I finally flopped on the bed, breathless and boneless.

“No, stop...” I said weakly when he still lavished me with licks and kisses. My clit throbbed, his touch hurting in the aftermath of my orgasm.

Bunny slid out from between my legs and watched me with blazing eyes, looking very pleased.

“You did so well, Alice,” he said, caressing my cheek. “It was beautiful.”

I blinked. Another wave came crashing out of the blue, and I couldn't hold it back.

I burst into tears.

## Chapter 10

I lay in Bunny's arms, my face pressed to his chest, and I sobbed quietly. The worst was over, and I stopped wailing, but emotions still coursed through my bloodstream, squeezing fresh tears out of my eyes.

"It's okay, I've got you," Bunny soothed, stroking my head and back, his mouth pressed to the top of my head. "You'll be fine, Alice. Just let it all out."

I wailed again, wondering how on earth he was so perfect. I had once cried in front of Richard. He told me to shut up, because he couldn't hear his show on TV.

Whereas Bunny... Why, he not only comforted me, he also encouraged me to cry more! Which was exactly what I needed. Something very tight, very hurting had gotten loose in my chest, opening the floodgates, and it kept pouring out.

The tears were healing. Letting the emotion pass through me felt good. And being held through it, held with such care and acceptance, was healing, too.

Finally, no more tears came. My sobbing quietened. I blew my nose and returned to the haven of Bunny's arms, where I lay, raw and empty, and just breathed.

The thing about him, I thought as he kissed the top of my head, murmuring how brave and good I was, was that he didn't take me personally. It almost seemed like he didn't have an ego to hurt. He saw me crying, and he didn't immediately assume he was to blame.

Richard would have, I knew. He would have thought, very rightly, that I was crying because of him. That thought would make him uncomfortable, so he would get angry and tell me to shut up to stop the discomfort.

And Bunny saw me crying and didn't come jumping to conclusions or assigning guilt. He saw that I was in pain and came rushing to support me.

“I’m better,” I said, feeling more like myself. “And I wish you could stay. Not why I was crying, mind you. I’m not that dramatic usually. Just... wish you’d stay.”

Bunny didn’t answer, just kissed the top of my head again. I slid higher up to look at his face. He ran his thumb across my cheek, catching one half-dried tear, and leaned close.

We kissed slowly at first. Tender kisses that comforted as much as they aroused. But soon, his hands came to rest right over my ass while mine roamed over the muscles of his back, and the kiss changed. It became hungrier, more demanding, and finally, Bunny turned me so I lay on my back, and he was on top of me.

We didn’t speak.

He kissed my cheeks and eyes, returned to my mouth for more frenzied kisses, and licked down to the hollow of my throat, making low, masculine moans.

I opened my legs and arched my back, rubbing myself over his erection when he returned to my mouth for another searing kiss. He gasped when I pressed into his shaft, and thrust his hips on instinct, his eyes fluttering closed as he breathed through his mouth, his face twisted in an intense emotion.

I reached between our bodies and wrapped my hand around his cock, guiding him to me. His eyes flashed open, two deep pools of golden fire, and he groaned, adjusting his hips until the head of his cock pushed past my entrance.

He froze, motionless, panting. His jaw flexed, his eyes boring into me. Slowly, he pushed further in, every inch of his progress punctuated by gasping breaths. He stretched me open, his cock moving easily in my wetness despite its girth.

I let out broken little sounds, and when he finally filled me completely, our bodies flush against each other, I dug my nails into his back to stop him.

After my emotional turmoil, having him inside me felt much more intimate, more vulnerable than sex had ever felt. The emotions swirled inside me, a chaos of feeling so close to the surface, I was afraid it would tear out of me. I felt out of

control, gripped by passion I didn't understand, and he was the catalyst.

When Bunny moved, it was slow and hesitant at first. I kept my eyes open to watch the emotions playing across his face. First intense focus, closely followed by the scrunching up of his features as if in pain, and then a look of raw passion, his eyes squeezed shut, mouth loose.

And then I didn't watch any longer. I closed my eyes, too, because the pleasure radiating from his cock stroking inside me claimed all my attention.

His shape felt divine. The thicker portions of his shaft pressed into me, the friction setting off ecstatic sparks in my belly. Intense pressure built where I knew my G-spot was, stimulated by every thrust of Bunny's unique cock.

I arched my back, really getting into it now, my nails digging into his ass and urging him on. But suddenly, his rhythm stuttered, hips thrusting fast, then stopping. He groaned and pulled back, his cum pouring out of me.

"Oh," I said, trying not to sound disappointed.

It was his first time. Logically, I should have expected this. And yet...

Bunny thrust back in, picking up right where he left off. I cracked my eyes open and met his golden gaze. He grinned, reaching between our bodies, and brought up his finger coated in golden honey. He pushed it in my mouth, and I licked it clean with a moan.

He might be a thousand years old, but he had the body of a young stud, strong and virile. No wonder he could come and still be hard. Insatiable.

I would probably beg him to stop before he was done with me.

Our heavy breaths mixed with the sounds of our bodies sliding against each other. The air was redolent with the scent of his honey, and the traces of its sweetness still lingered on my tongue when he kissed me.

This time, Bunny truly fucked me, thrusting hard and fast. I worked my hips, meeting him halfway, and soon, my G-spot pulsed with a steady pressure, climbing toward an orgasm.

I dug my nails into his back, releasing a broken moan. He fucked me harder, positively slamming into me and groaning, and I crashed from my high, my pussy clamping on his cock.

Bunny groaned again, picked up the pace, and a moment later, when my orgasm was just petering out, the waves of pleasure still splashing through me, he stilled, buried deep inside me, and spilled his release again.

We stayed like that, both breathing hard, our foreheads pressed together. And then Bunny twitched, groaned with discomfort, and rolled off me.

“Ow. Didn’t notice it until now, but my thigh is killing me,” he said, reaching down to massage his leg.

“This was the best sex in my life,” I said with wonder, shifting uncomfortably when I felt a cramp in my buttock.

“Same,” Bunny said, and then chuckled. “Can’t wait to see what the next time will be.”

“Yeah, but bathroom first,” I said, rolling off the bed gracelessly. “Oh wow. I can barely stand. Good job, magic boy.”

He laughed, the sound so hearty, I paused, just watching him. He looked entirely relaxed, with his hands behind his head. His glittery, amber eyes were soft, beckoning. He looked stunning, like a magical creature and male perfection all in one.

I fled to the bathroom, quickly folding up my feelings and tucking them away to deal with later.

He would leave. I would stay. And maybe, just maybe, he would come back next Easter. And I would not break down and cry now, because we had a few more hours together, and I was determined to enjoy the fuck out of them.

When Bunny came in the bathroom, I was composed, already standing under the shower. He joined me, and we

spent a very pleasant quarter of an hour just soaping each other up. It was cramped, but we were both in a goofy mood, splashing water over each other's faces, laughing and kissing until my heart was full.

Soon, we fucked again, and this time, Bunny drove into me from behind, playing with my clit without breaking the perfect rhythm of his hard thrusts. Then we collapsed on the bed and just lay together, breathing. He played with my hair, I fondled his abs, and it was the most content I'd ever felt with an adult.

"You're mine, you know," Bunny said out of the blue, winding a lock of my hair around his finger. "I'll be back here next Easter. And the next... And maybe, one day, I could stay."

I turned to look at his face. He looked pensive, his eyes unfocused. Looking somewhere far into the future.

"You could stay? So... There is a way for you to do that?"

He sighed, let go of my hair, and turned to face me, propping his head up on his hand.

"There is. And we're not doing it yet."

"What? Why?" I asked, outraged that he was only mentioning it now. "If there is a way for you to stay, I want to do it."

He shook his head and reached to my face, but I knocked his hand aside.

"Talk."

He sighed and closed his eyes briefly.

"Fine. Just remember that I know you. And I don't expect you to agree, though I'll keep hoping. But whatever you decide, it won't change how I feel about you."

I squinted at him, trying not to be creeped out by the disclaimer. It sounded serious.

"There is only one way for me to stay on Earth. I can stay if I impregnate a human woman. There is an ancient covenant in place, a magic as old as life, that says if a creature begets a

child on a human woman, he must stay by her side and raise his offspring.”

We were quiet for a moment, in which I briefly entertained the fantasy: Bunny by my side, being a father and playmate for Derek, and me, happy beyond belief, singing lullabies to my pregnant belly.

But I could not sustain that vision. It shattered when memories poured in. Richard leaving me alone to deal with everything. Calling me names. Being a shitty father and a worse husband. I looked at Bunny, telling myself he would never be like that...

But I had known him for a day. And it wasn't just my life and future on the line.

“I can't,” I said, looking away. “It's a big decision. And Derek needs me to be responsible. He needs stability, and a safe environment, and I can't...”

Bunny pressed his finger to my mouth, looking at me with warm affection.

“Alice, I know. I know all your reasons to say no, and I support them. You're on the pill, anyway. Even if you wanted to, it won't happen this year, and I am glad of this. I want you to be absolutely sure first. And finding this kind of certainty takes time. I'm fine with that.”

We lay quietly, only our shoulders touching. I stared at the ceiling, a horrible longing growing in my chest. I was so tempted to just say fuck it—and ask him for a magic way to make me fertile. He was the Easter bunny, and I knew Easter was about fertility. He could do that, I was sure.

I wanted to, so much.

But he was right. To build that kind of trust, after everything I'd been through, would take time.

“I like Derek very much,” Bunny said. “He's a wonderful child. And it was your love for him that brought me to you in the first place. I know of a few ways to look into your world, maybe even interact a little... So I'll keep an eye on him. And

on you. We will all be fine, Alice. It's just a year for now. And then we'll see."

I turned to him. He enveloped me in his warm embrace, and I sighed, the longing squeezing my chest from the inside.

"Are there any bunny ladies in your land? Or other women? Female creatures? Goddesses?"

Bunny chuckled, running his fingers through my hair.

"There are. Goddess Eostre and her court."

He didn't elaborate, only pressed me close, and I squirmed in his hold.

"Don't go sleeping around with them," I grumbled. "And I won't fondle any male butts in the gym."

I pulled away to look at his face. Bunny grinned, looking much too pleased with himself.

"Yes, I'm jealous," I said, rolling my eyes. "Reassure me."

He laughed softly and then mussed my hair.

"Didn't you listen? You are mine. There is only you, Alice. No other woman, goddess, or bunny lady is going to turn my head, because all my thoughts and hopes are already full of you. I'll be faithful."

"Well, good," I said, pushing hair out of my eyes. "I won't date or have sex with anyone else, either."

After that, we stopped talking. It seemed like everything had been said, the goodbyes and arrangements made.

We had three more hours until midnight.

In that time, we made love two more times and cuddled afterwards, mapping out each other's bodies with curious fingers and lips. At one point, I dozed off, lulled to sleep by Bunny's even breathing and his warm, strong arms around me. He made me feel safe, supported, and loved, and I drifted away.

When I woke up, I was alone.

# Chapter 11

As I had expected, Derek took Bunny's absence after Easter ended in stride. He got busy making traps for the Tooth Fairy after he lost a tooth, but the money under his pillow was my doing. We didn't get any more supernatural visitors.

I held it together, and remarkably, life became easier after that Easter. Some things I had been carrying around in my chest, painful baggage and old scars, had dissolved under Bunny's patient touch, and I could breathe more fully.

I also didn't feel alone anymore.

Bunny had said he could look into our world and interact. I didn't know what that would look like, and soon forgot about that promise in the daily grind. Until, one day, he came through.

I was having my morning coffee in the kitchen one Sunday, enjoying the quiet moment. Suddenly, there was a clear, tinkling sound, like tiny fairy bells. When I looked down at my cup's saucer, there were three chocolate eggs wrapped in gold and purple foil.

"Thank you," I whispered, feeling stupid talking to an empty room. I ate them, of course.

It became our morning ritual, but it only happened when Derek wasn't in the kitchen, for which I was grateful. I would never let him eat those eggs.

Then, one evening, I found a vibrator in my bedside table. It was shaped exactly like Bunny's cock, didn't have to be charged, and it glowed pink. I laughed for a good while and then used it religiously every evening.

*A girl has needs, after all.*

Winter came. Derek's school organized a trip to a museum. In the early afternoon, I got a call from a guilty-sounding teacher, who told me Derek fell under a bus but was unscathed. They were already back in the school, and she was

calling to let me know before I came to pick him up so I would be prepared.

I rushed out of the office and drove with my heart in my throat, only to find Derek alive and kicking, and very happy.

He sat surrounded by a dozen of his classmates, regaling them with the tale of his accident. The teacher pulled me aside before I got to him, looking troubled.

“Don’t scold him for making things up,” she said. “It’s natural for children to process trauma by embellishing. And I’m very sorry, we did our best to keep them all safe. Another boy had smuggled a ball in his backpack. He dropped it by accident, and it rolled off the pavement. Derek went to get it.”

I nodded, looking over my shoulder to reassure myself Derek was really here, not a scratch on him. And still, the dark, consuming fear spread its tendrils in my chest, sticking to my ribs and wrapping suffocatingly around my lungs.

I would cry that evening and call my sister to rant about the imbecile teachers who let children run under buses.

For now, though, I needed to hold it together.

I approached Derek and caught a part of his story. It made me stop in my tracks, my mouth open.

“...and the bus was right there, and I couldn’t do anything! I was on my hands and knees, and it was so fast, coming right at my head! And then suddenly, someone invisible caught me and carried me aside. The bus missed me by inches! It was a superhero, I’m telling you. He was fast and invisible, and he saved my life!”

I leaned against the wall, closing my eyes in gratitude. The children were spellbound, listening to Derek’s every word. And just like them, I was convinced my son was telling the truth.

It was Bunny who saved him. Had to be.

That very night, I got rid of my box of pills. And when I masturbated with Bunny’s vibrator, for the first time I imagined him coming inside me to make a baby. I came hard,

and then slept like a log until morning, my mind finally made once and for all.

Christmas came and went. I called Richard to ask him if he wanted to use his right to take Derek on weekends more often than twice a year. I was met with a firm no. Richard had a new girlfriend and some kind of important job that demanded all his time, apparently.

“Next year for sure,” he said. “Maybe sooner. I’ll call you.”

I rolled my eyes. In Richard-speak, “for sure” mean “absolutely not”. I had learned it the hard way.

Still, I had tried, like I did every year. Derek didn’t know I made those calls. He had stopped asking about Daddy a long time before, and I was grateful. I hadn’t yet found a good way of telling him that his father didn’t want to spend time with him without crushing his budding self-confidence, and I knew if I tried lying, Derek would see right through me.

Yet now, Richard’s answer gave me more relief than grief. If it truly worked out with Bunny and me, Derek would have a father who actually cared about him. A superhero father, though he wouldn’t know that.

March came. I was on pins and needles, my excitement growing with every day. Sometimes, I felt so buoyant and eager, I got nauseous.

The first flowers peeked out, bees got busy pollinating them, and my heart soared when I breathed in the spring in the air. I tried to stay calm, because excitement and stress would mess with my cycle, and I was on track to getting my fertile window on Easter.

The thought of missing this year and having to wait another gave me cold chills at night.

This year, Carol took Derek on Saturday. When he was in the car, I handed her the presents for him and my nieces, which Carol would hide in her backyard tomorrow. I was certain Bunny would take care of the presents, but Carol didn’t

know that, and it would be weird if I didn't get the kids anything.

"He's already making plans about some sort of trap they will build for the Easter bunny," Carol said with a smile, taking the packages. "I love when he stays with us. They spend all day playing, and I can forget I have kids for a while."

As soon as they were gone, I went about preparing my own trap for Bunny. I was determined to be the sexiest, most smooth-skinned, perfumed version of myself. There were fresh sheets on my bed (purple, because I'd read somewhere purple in the bedroom helped keep things spicy), and a lacy lingerie set waited in the bathroom.

I took the final ovulation test. It was positive, indicating I would ovulate within the next twenty-four hours.

Then I went about an elaborate beauty routine. Logically, I knew he wouldn't expect it. He would happily fuck the ordinary, every-day version of me. But I was bursting with energy, and it needed to go somewhere.

My alternatives were gardening and cleaning, and they would both make me all sweaty and frazzled. No, thanks.

When I was done, I couldn't get enough of my reflection. My hair was silky, my body hairless and smooth, my nails gleamed with a delicate pearl pink sheen, and the light blue lacy bra hugged my boobs beautifully, making them really pop.

It was eleven at night, and I waited in bed, fretting. Would he come at midnight? Or after sunrise? The previous year, I only saw him in the morning. But he disappeared at midnight, which suggested the magic operated according to the clock.

I didn't know, so I lay in bed, so restless, I couldn't even read or browse on my phone.

And yet, I apparently dozed off into a fretful sleep, because the next thing I knew, the bedroom was dark, and someone was in bed with me.

My heart in my throat, I turned. Moonlight fell in through the uncovered window, and in its light, Bunny's amber irises

glowed like two jewels.

“You came,” I whispered, giddy, nervous, excited, and aroused all at once.

“I saw you preparing for me,” he said, his voice hoarse as his hand trailed down my hip to cup my ass. “The wait was excruciating. You drive me crazy, Alice.”

“Good,” I said, pressing my hands to his chest. “Then you know everything. We’re going to make a baby.”

His Adam’s apple bobbed when he swallowed, licking his lips nervously.

“Are you sure? It was only a year, and we didn’t even see each other, and...”

“Did you save Derek?” I interrupted. “When he fell under the bus?”

“Yes,” Bunny said simply. “It cost a lot of magic. I could only cross over for a few seconds. But it was enough.”

“Then I’m sure. You kept your word,” I said, sliding my fingers lower to fondle his six-pack. I’d missed it. “Come on. Pump me full of bunny batter.”

He shook with quiet laughter, and I reached for his cock, impatient. He caught my hand, though, and shook his head.

“No. Remember what happened last year? I think I’d rather the first time weren’t inside you. And I learned a new trick, so I wanted to show you first.”

“Trick? More delicious candy?” I asked with a grin, to which he laughed.

“By the way, you were right,” he said, sitting up on the bed. “I can really laugh during sex. I love that it’s so easy with you.”

“How likely is this new trick to break my window or a wall?” I asked, taking him in. He was naked save for a pair of boxer briefs, already bulging with a glowing erection.

“Not likely,” Bunny said. “I picked something soft and light.”

“Then lie back, magic boy, and let me get reacquainted with your scrumptious dick.”

I winked, and he laughed again, though there was a note of hungry expectation in his voice. He plopped down, reaching for more pillows to support his head. He wanted to watch. Good. I would give him a show.

“By the way, I though we’d catch up. Talk, you know. Watch a movie or something,” he said, sounding unsure. “I like you for more than sex. Much more.”

“Later,” I practically growled, pressing my mouth to his hard dick through his underwear. “Get your priorities straight. First, we make sure you stay here. We’ll have time for dating later.”

“Once you’re pregnant,” he said, swallowing thickly. “You know, usually dating should come before... *Oh, fluffy balls!*”

I looked up, mouth full of cock, and slowly let it fall out, stifling a giggle.

“Is this how you swear in Easterland?”

Bunny shook his head, watching me with wide eyes, his cheeks pink. I grinned and returned to his glowing dick that was so much better than the vibrator. It was warm and alive, twitching when I blew on it. Already, honey-sweet precum was pearling on the tip.

As I worked his dick, my pussy buzzed with arousal, and my chest filled with a light, glowing happiness. Bunny was breathing hard, jerking his hips whenever I sucked his cock deeper in my mouth. His hands were clenched into tight fists, mangling the fresh sheets, and I felt like the queen of the world.

*Still got it, baby.*

Soon after, he shoved me off his dick, and something exploded out of it, bouncing against the ceiling and falling with a soft patter on the bed. One thing, soft and light just as he’d said, hit me on the head.

I got up, closed the curtains, and turned on a sexy, pink lamp I had bought specifically for this night.

Bunny sat in bed, grinning. He was surrounded by a small army of yellow and pink marshmallow ducks.

“I can’t believe you went there. Though I have to admit: this is the genuine spirit of Easter,” I said, taking one in my hand and turning it to see every detail. And then I couldn’t hold it in any longer, so I burst out laughing, and Bunny joined in, tugging me on the bed and wrapping his arms around me.

“Happy Easter, Alice,” he whispered in my ear.

I ate the little yellow duck, the marshmallow sweet, chewy, and just perfect. Then, I gasped in wonder when all the other duckies rose off the bed and flew to a wicker basket that appeared on my dresser.

“You can have them later,” Bunny said hoarsely.

He pressed me to him with his forearm under my boobs and trailed the fingers of his other hand down my collarbone, stopping at the lacy edge of my bra.

“It’s very pretty,” he murmured, caressing my skin lightly along the edge. “I think we will leave it on for now. What do you think, Alice?”

I shivered, my skin breaking out in goosebumps under his touch. He was doing it again, asserting dominance after I’d had my fun with him. It was hot as fuck.

“M-yes,” I gasped when he palmed my breast and squeezed, making the material slide over my nipple.

“Now, these are just as pretty,” he said, reaching between my legs, where he ran his fingers lightly over my pussy lips. “Let’s leave them on, too. We’ll just... push them to the side like this...”

I moaned when he dipped his fingers under my panties and swirled them in my wetness. I tried to squirm, but he pressed me firmly to his chest, caressing me lazily. A moment later, he reached with the hand holding me up to my breast, and pinched my nipple rhythmically.

“Fuck! Bunny, how did you...” I asked, not finishing, because he picked just this moment to squeeze my clit between two fingers.

“I told you I’d watch you,” he murmured in my ear, rubbing me through the panties, which were quickly getting soaked. “And I did. You showed me everything I needed to know. And I had a lot of time to think about all the things I wanted to do to you.”

I stilled, breathing hard, as he flicked his finger gently over my clit. My skin grew hot, a blush spreading over my cheeks and collarbones.

“You... watched? Oh fuck. This is so wrong... and so fucking hot.”

“I like watching you,” he said, voice low and sexy, while his fingers dipped under my bra to tease my nipple. “In fact... we can both watch now.”

A mirror appeared in front of us, hovering in the air just by the foot of the bed. I gasped, seeing myself. I was flushed, wide-eyed, my legs wantonly open. Bunny’s tanned skin was dark against mine. His hand moved between my legs, his other hand playing with my breast. Our eyes met in the mirror, and he smiled, pinching my clit lightly.

“So beautiful,” he murmured, kissing the top of my head.

I gasped when he pushed his finger in my pussy, moaned when he squeezed my nipple hard, just the way I liked, and panted when he rubbed me in wide circles through my panties, the fabric moving over me making the friction almost unbearable.

And all the while, our eyes were locked in the mirror.

“My good girl,” Bunny whispered, making me shudder in pleasure. “You waited for me, just like you said. And you fucked yourself with the vibrator that looks just like my cock.”

He pushed two fingers in my pussy, curving them up to press into my G-spot. I moaned, throwing my head back, and Bunny kneaded at the spot relentlessly, talking in a low voice.

“I missed your pretty pussy. I can’t wait to slide in and fuck it. It’s such a good little pussy, so warm and wet for me. Tell me, Alice. Did your pussy miss my cock?”

“Yes!” I cried out, squirming in his hold. I was seconds away from coming, and if he only moved his fingers faster...

“Very good. You deserve a reward,” he said, moving his fingers quickly, pressing hard at the right spot. I exploded, clenching over his fingers, and Bunny caressed me through my orgasm, still holding me flush against his chest.

I opened my eyes, breathing hard, and looked into his eyes in the mirror. They were dark, his pupils dilated, his lips dark pink and swollen.

“I would like you to ride my cock now,” he said. “Just as we are now. I want to see everything.”

I raised my hips, and he guided his cock into me, holding my panties to the side. I sank down with a strangled moan, readjusted my position, and rose again, watching our reflection.

As his cock slid partly out of me, the pink glow appeared, bathing me in a soft, erotic light from below. As I lowered myself onto him again, the glow disappeared.

I moved slowly, breathing hard, my eyes glued to the place where we were joined. My pussy was still tight after the orgasm, and each protruding bump on his cock sent a jolt of pleasure through me.

Bunny breathed hard, letting out low, masculine moans. When we got into the rhythm, he returned to playing with me, squeezing my breasts and pinching my nipples, his glowing eyes watching our reflection unblinkingly.

“I will come inside you,” he said voice low. “I will pump you full of my cum, and do you know what will happen?”

I nodded frantically as his hands settled low on my belly, stroking my skin.

“You will have my baby inside you, and we will be together forever. We will fuck every day, raise our kids

together, and love each other.”

I keened, bouncing faster. It wasn't exactly dirty talk, but holy shit, didn't his words make me horny as fuck.

“And you want it all, don't you?” he asked, fingers dipping lower to tease my clit. “You want to be full of my cum. You want me to be with you. You want to have my baby, and you want me to be the father to your son.”

“Yes,” I whimpered, and he grabbed my hips and pressed me down onto himself, holding me there.

“Well then.”

He held me up and flipped us, so I was on my hands and knees. His cock stayed inside me, lodged deep. Bunny fucked me from behind, thrusting hard, bent low over me so he could rub my clit. He fucked me faster, his fingers pressing harder, and a moment later, I was coming and screaming his name as he thrust... and thrust...

“Now... Right... Now...”

He stilled balls-deep inside me, and I could feel his cum, warm and tingling. Magic cum. It splashed out of me, falling out down the sides and dripping onto the sheets as Bunny stayed inside me, breathing hard.

“Oh, Alice,” he said, letting his face rest against my back. “You have no idea.”

I shook my head, happy laughter bubbling in my chest when I realized we'd done it. I was fertile, and his cum was in my pussy, little Bunny swimmers hopefully racing to the egg right then.

“I think I do, you know,” I said, grinning like a maniac.

We cleaned up and got back to bed, and I lay in Bunny's arms, winding my legs around his and holding onto him like a clingy little barnacle. My hands rested low on his back, inches away from his tail. As soon as I got my breath back, I would tease it and get him to fuck me again.

“When will we know?” I asked for now, sighing with pleasure when he stroked my back.

“When it’s midnight and I am still here,” he said simply.

“Isn’t it a little too fast?” I asked. “I mean, it takes time for the egg to get fertilized, and then a few more days until it’s implanted...”

“I checked with a few friends who did this,” Bunny murmured, his voice deep and relaxed. “The magic will work as soon as the egg is fertilized. And magic sperm is faster. Should get there in no time.”

“Even so,” I said, sliding my fingers just a little lower, until the fur of his tail tickled against my skin. “I think we should spend the entire Sunday fucking like a pair of rabbits. Just to make sure. Wouldn’t you agree?”

He laughed warmly, and then gasped when I squeezed his tail gently. A moment later I was on my back, laughing, while Bunny hovered over me, pressing my shoulders to the mattress.

“You little tease,” he said, his eyes glinting. “Be careful, or you’ll get exactly what you asked for. And you really won’t be able to walk on Monday.”

I grinned, squirmed out of his grip, and got a hold of his fluffy ear, making him gasp again.

“Bring it on, magic boy.”

## Epilogue

It was Easter again. Bunny and Derek played one-on-one soccer in the backyard, and little April napped in the buggy by my side. Her nap would end soon, I knew, but it was okay. I had just finished labeling the jars and sat back, closing my eyes and raising my face to the sun.

“I won! I won! Dad, you finally lost!”

I looked at Derek sharply. He seemed not to be aware of what he'd just said, dancing happily in place. But Bunny noticed, I knew. He watched Derek with tender eyes, his hand pressed to his chest.

He looked at me then, and I nodded with a smile, giving him the thumbs up. It took a year, but we finally got to the point when Derek called him dad, and he did it so naturally, he didn't even notice.

Bunny wiped his eyes quickly, the gold wedding band on his finger gleaming in the sun.

Soon, April started squalling, and I took her out of the buggy and gave her a breast. When she was done eating, she tried to catch the loose tendrils of hair framing my face, and I leaned closer, letting her. A moment later she tugged a bit too hard, and I winced.

“Ouch! Be careful, you're one strong little baby!”

Bunny came over, picked up a clean cotton cloth from the buggy, and draped it over his shoulder. He took her from me with a smile and kissed the top of her head. He strolled off, walking under our blooming apple trees and talking to April in a quiet voice.

I watched him, my heart brimming with joy. He no longer had the tail and ears, but he was still a fine male specimen, and he was all mine. Well, Derek's and April's, too. Which was even better.

I still called him Bunny, though everyone else knew him as Ben. Close enough. And a perfectly normal name.

Even though April had Bunny's genes, she looked like a completely normal baby. But if Bunny's information was right, she would soon develop some magic skills. I worried about that, but Bunny felt certain she could quickly learn to control her magic. And he would be here to guide her.

He would always be with us.

Derek ran to me, got a glass of lemonade, and drank it all in one. I smiled and tried to muss his hair, but he jumped out of the way, laughing.

"I'm too big for that, mom!" he said. "I'm already nine, you know!"

"I know," I said with a smile. "You're a big boy, getting bigger by the day. But to me, you'll always be my little baby. Better make peace with that."

He came over, gave me a quick hug, and escaped before I could wrap my arms around him.

"Mom?" he said after a moment, frowning. "Big boys don't believe in Santa, do they?"

"I don't think they do," I said. "Though I have it on good information that Santa is actually real."

Bunny told me. I knew a lot of interesting things about magic and fairy creatures now.

"Yeah," Derek said, looking away. "I mean, I'm not sure about Santa. But the Easter bunny exists. I saw him once. And he made my wish come true."

I nodded, fidgeting with my wedding band. We hadn't told Derek yet, though we both agreed he would have to learn the truth one day. For now, though, we waited.

"Yes, I remember," I said. "He brought you all the games and toys you wanted."

"Oh, that," Derek said dismissively. "He did. But I asked him for one very important thing. A big wish."

"Really?" I sipped my lemonade, frowning. "What was it?"

Derek looked over to where Bunny stood with April, bouncing her gently on his shoulder.

“I asked for a new dad,” he said. “Someone good, who would take care of us both. Someone who would hug you when you cried, and who would play games with me, and tell Tony to stop taking my stuff at school... And you met Ben a year after I made that wish. I think the Easter bunny brought him to us. So even though I’m big, I will always believe in him. But I won’t tell anyone. They would think I’m stupid.”

It was my turn to discreetly wipe away the tears gathering in my eyes. Derek didn’t notice, he was too busy reading the labels on the decorative jars on the table.

*Oh, crap.*

“Mom, what’s semen?”

I closed my eyes, overcoming my instinct to giggle or try to deflect. It was my fault for prepping the jars where Derek could see, I knew. Bunny had warned me.

“It’s a kind of substance that comes out of a man’s penis. When he has sex,” I said, trying to keep my voice as even as I could. Derek knew what sex was, so I didn’t have to explain that, thank God.

Derek thought about it for a moment, frowning at the jars.

“But why do you put that in your honey? Can people eat it?”

I took a deep breath, my determination running out.

“It’s a bit of a joke,” I said, which was only partly true. “This honey has some, uh, medicinal properties. It helps women who want to get pregnant but can’t. And it’s a sort of joke that it contains magical semen.”

Bunny joined us at that moment, and he evidently caught the last part of our conversation, because he was grinning.

“Derek, will you help me with April? She needs a fresh diaper.”

“Sure!” Derek grinned, bounding off toward the house. He usually showed April various squeaky toys to distract her during the diaper change, and he took his job seriously.

I mouthed “thank you” at Bunny, who shook his head with a quiet laugh.

“You owe me,” he said with a wink before following Derek to the house.

I grinned and got up, putting the jars in a special crate. What I had told Derek was mostly true: Bunny’s honey was indeed a magical cure for infertility, as it turned out. But the warning “Product contains magic semen” printed neatly on every label was not a joke. That honey was not made by bees.

I carried the crate inside and closed the patio doors. I set about warming up the dinner Bunny had cooked that morning, and I sang to myself. The happiness and magic filling me burst out in a song, and all was well.

All that remained was to live happily ever after.

*Happy Easter!*

# Newsletter

Sign up for my newsletter to get the scoop on every new book and project: <https://sendfox.com/LaylaFae>

## Books In This Series

### *Monster Ever After*

#### **JACK: Halloween Monster Erotica**

Jack is a monster full of tricks... with one very special treat in his pants.

Suzy is feeling lonely on Halloween. She performs a love spell, hoping to summon a nice, perfectly safe Mr. Hunky to keep her entertained... but she fails. The creature that answers her summons is neither nice nor safe, but oh boy, is he hunky!

Jack-o'-lantern is a devious ancient monster who once tricked the devil himself into granting him immortality. Now, Jack is here, a grinning pumpkin in the place of his head and a thing out of this world in his very bulging pants. The monster will have Suzy in every way he pleases, filling her close to bursting with his fertile seed... and nothing can hold him back.

#### **Full Sack: Thanksgiving Erotica**

He can procure anything. His price? To be paid on her knees. When Jennifer's cat falls ill, her only chance to save him is to find Racoon, the elusive dealer in all things rare... or impossible. Some call him a wizard, because anything one asks for, he can give. For a price.

Which Jen is ready to pay. Racoon's secret power is her only hope so she will gladly take his magic wand in her mouth and do as he says. Except Racoon doesn't want her to kneel and open up. He wants to be Jen's date to her family's Thanksgiving.

And Jennifer would rather choke on him and be done because if Racoon keeps pushing, she might develop a case of feelings. He's just too perfect with that masculine physique, uncanny eyes, and a filthy mouth. Except, Racoon is not what he seems.

And falling for a monster man with a sack full of magic is the last thing Jen needs.

## **Mr. Jingle: a Christmas Monster Romance**

The faint jingling of bells is the only warning she'll get when he comes.

Mr. Jingle has been trapped for millennia, his only entertainment the faces flashing outside his prison, all as indifferent as snowflakes, all as cold.

Until her.

She captivates him. Her smile is as glorious as her tears. There has never been a more beautiful face, a more radiant personality, a more mesmerizing voice. She doesn't know he watches, so she lets him see everything. Her naked body. Her unguarded soul.

And he burns with passion. He's been trapped forever, cold and unused to affection, but for the beautiful woman who shines like his sun, he will break the walls of his prison.

Come Christmas Eve he'll break out and claim her. Because even if she does not know him, he knows her... And all her darkest desires.

## Books By This Author

### [DRACO: A Dragon Chef Romance](#)

My boss is a dragon and he tastes like magic.

When I say I'm clumsy, I'm not being cute. With the amount of things I have tripped over, dropped on myself, and fallen into, it's a miracle I am still alive.

So how did I end up working in a restaurant kitchen? And not just any kitchen. It is run by the notorious chef Draco Domanski, who cannot abide people tripping on asparagus or spilling coffee down his shirt.

Draco can't stand my klutzy ways. Sowing chaos in his precious kitchen, I've come to know the signs of his monstrous displeasure. Eyes gleaming red. Smoke fuming from his nose. Tail wrapping around my leg while he growls threats in my ear, making delicious shivers run down my body. But no matter how furious I make him, he won't let me go. Soon, I discover why he needs me. I learn his other mouthwatering secrets: that he is doubly endowed and tastes like heaven.

Draco is passionate, tenacious, and... I can't fall for him. He is my boss, keeps calling me Rabbit, and his fangs could rip me in half.

If I ignore the tension cooking between us, it will go away. Right?

### [Wed to the Ice Giant](#)

She is tiny, frightened, and all mine. I won't let her get away.

As king of the ice giants, I must have heirs. But our customs do not satisfy me. I do not want a giantess who will bear me a child and then leave to be with another. I would much rather pursue a union the human way: find a partner who will share my bed, bear my children, and stay by my side.

Until death do us part.

One drop of blood is all it takes to get a match. And when I see her, my cool blood rushes faster in a daze of heat. Only one thought is clear in my mind: she belongs to me. I must claim her before my subjects to prove once and for all this female will not take lovers. She will be mine forever.

I will show her vigorously how different I am from puny human males. And once she knows what it means to be with the king of the giants, she will never want to leave.