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Fun in a Bun: Chapter 1

"What… What was I doing?" A petite, redheaded woman wearing jeans and a hoodie groaned, staggering through a playground in the wee hours of the morning. She pulled out her phone, struggling to put in her PIN a couple of times before getting it right. "Smash as many Eas… Easter eggs as I can at Ki-- Kingston Elementary before 10 AM comes around… I believe in you Greta xoxo," She slurred a little bit, squinting as she stared at a Discord message from her bestie.

Why am I doing this again? Greta pondered, furrowing her brow. It took a little time, but she finally recalled. "I'm fuckin' drunk, and Cassie said she'd give me two-hundred bucks," she snorted, stifling her laughs as if this was hilarious. Without further delay, the inebriated one began her hunt. It was only 5:00 AM, so there was plenty of time.

Greta remembered her last Easter egg hunt at Kingston when she was eleven. *Has it really been ten years?* While lost in thought, she found a colorful egg behind a rock. With an unceremonious crash, she stomped her foot down and smashed it to bits. At Kingston, they had the kids find painted hard-boiled eggs and exchange them for prizes at the end of the hunt. "This school sucked; why am I getting sentimental?" She shook her head with a sigh, beginning to sober just a little. School had been miserable for her; bullies and uncaring teachers made life hell back then.

For the next hour, Greta continued her path of carnage, leaving no egg left unturned. She was starting to think all eggs had been found but decided to check one or two more places for good measure. "Maybe there's some over there," she muttered, walking behind some bushes. "There you are," a smirk spread across her face as she sauntered toward a colorfully striped egg.

CRRRACK!

The ground gave way beneath Greta's foot as she attempted to step through the shrubbery. A scream bellowed out from her lungs as she flailed her arms in desperation.

Ultimately, her struggles were in vain. Greta fell through the foliage and then continued to fall. *What the fuck is this!?!?* Panicked cries continued as she fell and rolled majestically through what appeared to be a tunnel of dirt. After a good ten seconds of cursing and crying, the redhead flopped out onto an even surface.

While relieved to no longer be falling, Greta felt a deep pang of anxiety. *Where the hell am I?* She looked up and saw that she was in what appeared to be a log cabin. No-- that wasn't right. There were chairs resembling tree trunks around a table with a teapot. Carved wooden ornaments and decorations adorned the walls along with bookshelves and other furnishings forged from trees. "I know I was pretty drunk, but did I fall into Lord of the Rings?..." Greta put a hand on her forehead. It looked like she had descended straight into a Hobbit Hole.

"Ah-ha! You're here, miss Greta!" a Jovial, male voice chimed.

The redhead nearly leaped from her skin, letting out a surprised yelp. "Who are you!?" She staggered to her feet with some difficulty, scanning the room frantically.

"By the fireplace, my sweet!"

Greta turned toward the fireplace directly opposite her, noticing a leather chair that faced it. From behind, she could see a hand holding a long churchwarden pipe pulling toward what she assumed to be the mystery man's face. Through her mental haze, she recalled a thought about this being a Hobbit hole. Then, that pipe-- could it be?

"Gandalf?" The petite female asked amidst her stupor.

"Lass, how drunk are you?" With another jolly laugh, the man finally stood up and turned himself, walking out to face his visitor. "I can't have a drunk girl repent, now can I? Let me help you!"

As Greta shifted her eyes up to look at the stranger, a ray of soft blue light enveloped her body, causing her to glow. "A-- Ahh!!" She yelped as her insides warmed. In an instant, her mind cleared. Completely sober; no hangover or anything. How was this possible? "How the hell did you--" she began to bark while staring but quickly fell silent upon laying eyes on him.

Greta immediately noticed a thin layer of glossy, white fur covering this peculiar man. He must have been over six feet tall, with a nicely tailored black and white suit with a tailcoat. Most striking were the long, white rabbit ears sticking up from his head, along with his facial features that appeared somewhere between human and rabbit.

"Can't talk since you're admiring my good looks? I can't blame you; I'm rather dashing, aren't I?" The rabbit man asked innocently. "Believe it or not, I can be even more dapper," he grinned, reaching over to a nearby end table and grabbing a monocle. After affixing it over his right eye, he turned back to his guest. "See? Do you think it's too much? I love it."

“Who are you!? What’s going on; where am I?” Greta demanded, withdrawing as her body trembled. What the fuck was going on? Those ears, that mask-- all of it looked completely real. Through her fear, something else welled up within her. That white fur, those ears… She admittedly found him a little appealing through her shroud of fear.

“Hmmm… I suppose we don’t have too much time for idle chatter if we’re going to replace all of those eggs before morning comes. It seems I have been forced to indulge your inquiries,” the man sighed, shaking his head. “I’m the Easter Bunny! The name’s Cyrus! You will be replacing all of those eggs you so lovingly shattered.”

This had to be some kind of joke. “Easter Bunny?... Yeah, no,” she said dully, backing away closer to the hole. “Why the hell is some fursuiter living in a hole under a school??” demanded the frustrated redheaded girl. She shifted her gaze to the man’s ears momentarily, noticing how silky and expressive they looked.

No, this situation is fucked. I can’t let my mind wander, Greta chided herself.

“Oh, didn’t you know? Furries live in underground colonies just like this. Now that you know our secret, I’m going to kill you,” Cyrus said in a dramatic voice, staring at her intensely with his dark eyes. After seeing the look of befuddled horror on his visitor’s face, he chuckled. “It’s a joke; I won’t kill you or anything! I am actually the Easter Bunny. The truth is that you’re going to help me replace those eggs. I started your transformation with that same magic I sobered you with; pretty nifty, huh?”

This whole situation was insane; there was no way she could remotely process any of this. “Dude, are you on drugs or what?? How the hell do I get out of he-- o-oohhh…” a strange tingle manifested in her chest and quickly spread to her stomach, catching the young woman off guard. Her body warmed, sweat beading across her lithe frame.

“First, let’s put a little meat on you,” Cyrus grinned, crossing his arms over his chest.

“What are you doing to me, you-- f-fuuuck!” The strange sensations reached her ass and breasts, amplifying in potency. Rapid spasms shot through her most sensitive areas. “What-- are you doing to me?...” She moaned out pleadingly. She felt like something hot was filling her body, causing it to stretch. As her butt and breasts grew, the fabric of her jeans and hoodie strained, creaking sounds echoing through the burrow. Shaking, Greta leaned against the wall for dear life, continuing to let out little mews and grunts. During the process, her nipples hardened and chafed against the sweat-dampened fabric. How was any of this possible? Did someone spike one of her drinks from earlier? “Stop-- whatever you’re doing, please…” begged the expanding girl, shooting a defeated look toward Cyrus.

“We’re just having a little fun! Making new eggs will be easier with wider hips; you can consider the nicer tatas a bonus,” the rabbit waved his hand. “Don’t stress yourself. You’ll

change, help me replace the eggs, and at the end of the day, you can return to your normal life after having learned a valuable lesson."

"This-- this is messed up!" Greta wailed as tears streamed from her face. "They were just stupid eggs! It's freakin' Easter; why are you doing this??"

The rabbit man raised an eyebrow, "Look, sweetheart. Easter has a bad enough reputation without your help. Is it a Christian holiday? Pagan? Why the eggs and rabbits? People only care about Halloween and Christmas while asking these same dumb questions." She didn't quite seem sorry for her actions yet.

Greta attempted to take a couple of steps, but her now rotund ass fit her jeans so tightly that movement was now strenuous; her flesh now spilled over the waistband. The worst part was each pulse through her body felt so good. A lovely, fluttery feeling swelled within her breasts and loins as the sensation akin to being filled with warm fluid continued; this was Greta's absolute strangest experience. She felt her skin stretch like rubber but felt no pain. Reaching a hand up, she unzipped the front of her hoodie; the circumference of her growing chest was making it difficult to breathe. As the zipper descended, her now upper B cup tits sprung out from their confinement, spilling out from her inadequately sized bra; her erect nipples imprinted against the cotton shirt underneath, exposing themselves to the rabbit. Anxiety gnawed at Greta as she stared down in disbelief.

This is real; this is really happening, she thought as her heart rate picked up.

Cyrus enjoyed the show but noticed something peculiar; an intoxicating fragrance leaked from this young woman as she perspired. He had taught a few other individuals a lesson like this in the past, but it never went beyond producing new eggs, teaching said person some good morals and then letting them go on their merry way.

What could this be? Pondered the Easter Bunny, stroking his chin. "Come on. You don't look too stable! Why don't you have a seat in this chair?" He asked with a smile. It seemed that she was too stressed and confused to heed his advice. "Come on, miss, this way," he moved over and lifted her into his arms.

"D-- don't you touch me!" Greta spat, struggling in vain against the strange male. A peculiar odor coated Cyrus and penetrated her senses, causing her heart rate to increase. For a moment, she melted into the fragrance and forgot her worries. "What… Did you do to me?" She murmured after regaining her composure. A small fire ignited below her abdomen, numbing her senses.

Did I make a mistake? A slow realization crept over Greta; she had been an asshole tonight toward a bunch of kids.

“I’m a magical rabbit demigod! I can use my powers for quite a lot, you see,” the bunny beamed happily. He assumed she was referring to the transformation magic, not his lovely rabbit musk. This woman’s scent was all over him now, causing a mild erection.

“What’s going to happen to me?... You damn Alice in Wonderland reject,” Greta growled, repressing her moment of self-reflection. *There’s no way I deserve this*. All thoughts were interrupted as the throbbing in her breasts and ass intensified. It wouldn’t stop; they kept expanding, straining her clothing further and further toward their limits.

“I’ll have you know that Lewis Carroll appropriated Easter Rabbit fashion for that series. We had tea once, and now everyone suddenly thinks I’m a poser,” Cyrus lamented, taking a hit of his pipe. *She’s leaking pheromones like crazy; this hasn’t happened before…* The increasingly horny male mused over the situation.

“Ahhhh…” small moans flowed from her lips as she arched her hips forward and gripped the arm of the chair hard enough to show the whites of her knuckles. Her pants quickly became too tight, feeling as though they could burst at any moment. Greta hurriedly moved her shaky hands down to undo the button of her jeans; unfortunately for her, this task proved difficult. C-- Come on…” She begged, tears streaming from her face. Just as she got the button aligned with the hole, a powerful ripple surged through her rear and nethers, permeating her quickly dampening vulva.

Cyrus watched with great amusement. Would she undo the button on time? He blew a smoke ring and continued to watch, having willed himself into regaining some composure.

Greta couldn’t concentrate through the waves of pleasure intensifying below her navel and consuming her insides. “Ooooh…” she continued to make lewd noises, reaching down to undo her button. *It’s right there…* Being crushed to death by her pants wouldn’t be optimal.

Ping!

The poor girl looked in horror as the metal button flew across the room and clanked against the wall. *What’s going to happen to me?* She thought to herself in desperation. What could she do to escape from this waking nightmare? Greta closed her eyes tightly and thought as hard as she could, combing each neuron of her brain for a way out. There was no bullshitting her way out of this one.

“I-- I’m sorry…” Greta choked, letting out another slight moan as her tits throbbed and sent ripples down through her pelvis. “I shouldn’t… I shouldn’t have broken the eggs. I was terrible-- I… I am sorry, I’m not usually this bad,” she cried out, remorse dripping from every word.

Cyrus’ visage softened immediately; he had been waiting for this. “I know you aren’t usually this bad. I think you misunderstand me. I’m not here to torture you for all of eternity. I

will simply have you replace the eggs and learn some humility; afterward, I'll let you go." Well, that was if she ended up *wanting* to leave. Cyrus raised his hand and sent a wave of bluish light over the girl. "There we are, no more growing since you apologized. However, you're still nowhere near done with the actual changes.

Greta quickly recognized the sincerity of his words. He didn't seem malicious at all. If he was the actual Easter Bunny, then she just walked right in and stomped all over his holiday without a second thought. She felt some relief now that she wasn't blowing up like a balloon any longer. Her ass took up more of the chair now, and her breasts seemed to have stopped at a larger C cup.

"What do you mean I'm still changing? What's happening to me?" Greta asked cautiously. Every second she existed in the presence of this tall, toned rabbit man stirred up increasingly primal sparks within her. It had been hard to notice it during her state of terror, but a sensual furnace now burned within her abdomen.

"It's quite simple. Much like myself, you will be a rabbit for the morning. And you will replace the eggs," Cyrus said to Greta simply. "If you feel pressure in your tailbone and around the sides and top of your head, that means the first phase is underway. The changes start from the inside," he was very curious to see her transform. To be honest, he found the process rather exciting to witness.

"What?" was all Greta could muster, staring at the man with a stunned look. Adrenaline pumped through her as her breathing became ragged. *Am I going to look like him? I'm transforming?* The line between exciting and horrifying had blurred. Despite her best effort to hide it, Greta had parts of herself she felt great shame over. All the while, the oven inside of her raged, saturating her crotch with throbbing need.

"Oh yeah, another thing. This hasn't happened before, but it seems you are in heat. There's nothing I can do to stop it," Cyrus said in exasperation, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'm in-- heat??" It took a moment for those words to register. This would explain the balmy heatwave assaulting her insides. Simultaneously, the sides of her head began to tingle, followed by her tailbone just as Cyrus prophesied. "I really am sorry. Can't we please stop this?" She squeaked her cheeks a deep shade of crimson.

"Sorry! Until the eggs have been replaced, that's not going to happen," Cyrus paused to think for a moment, his ears folding down. "Look at it this way. It seems I ended up punishing myself as well; what do you think happens to a male rabbit-like myself when he's stuck in close proximity with a female rabbit experiencing her estrus cycle?" He was doing his best to suppress an erection and keep his heart rate under control.

Greta's eyes widened as she interpreted the man's words. "W-- wait! Are you going to try to violate me?" She demanded, her breathing growing heavier as she shifted uncomfortably

in the chair. She would never say it out loud, but she had already been somewhat attracted to this rabbit man before he used magic on her. With her womb now screaming, the woman's primal lust grew in potency. The line between right and wrong blurred; an all-consuming miasma of arousal seeped into her loins while a dull throb ached within her clitoris. Even the slightest touch might set her over the edge.

Cyrus felt himself growing mad but refused to break his creed. "No, my dear. Believe me when I say I would love to, but I don't sexually violate girls against their will. Transform against their will? Sure! But, we all have our morals," he sighed, cursing himself for being so upright and courteous.

"You-- oh…" A pulse coursed through Greta's abdomen, radiating out to her tits and vulva. It felt good and painful at the same time. Her eyes met the gaze of Cyrus, desire flooding her senses. It was enough to distract her from the ears and tail that would soon develop. "My clothes…" Her words stopped suddenly, realizing her thought process was very wrong. *I don't want anything from him; I just need his help,* she reasoned. "Because of your magic, my clothes barely fit. They're too tight."

Cyrus perked his ears. Where was she going with this? "What do you need me to do?" He asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Do-- do you have a bedroom? I need to get these clothes off," she winced as her tight clothing chafed against her erect nipples and swollen sex. "This chair is too uncomfortable, p-- please help me…" Her words panted out between breaths. *What the hell am I doing!? What's wrong with me?* Greta cursed her waning willpower.

Am I the one being tested? Cyrus frowned, wondering why he had to undergo this tribulation. If he carried her to the bedroom, her feminine musk could cloak his body and push him toward insanity. *No, I must not falter.*

Greta watched as the elegant male approached her and leaned over to lift her into his surprisingly muscular arms. Immediately, the man's warmth enveloped her. All five of her senses processed the various ways this creature oozed masculinity. Through some combination of her developing rabbit traits and her hormonal cycle, this man's aroma tantalized her in a way she couldn't quite describe. He cradled her like a precious treasure, bringing her back to his den to protect her.

"No…" A pang of anxiety struck Greta as she reminded herself of the situation. *He's doing horrible things to me! Even if I deserved it a little, I…* Her musings tapered off as she struggled to think further. Trembling, she shook her head and bit her lower lip in frustration at herself.

Cyrus had already brought the woman back to his den, laying her on his luxurious king-sized bed. His room had a similar rustic, wooden aesthetic with dim lighting and an office.

The furnishings added to the aesthetic. Greta couldn't help but think it looked exactly the kind of room you would expect someone who smokes from a pipe and drinks scotch to sleep in.

"No?" Cyrus asked, crossing his arms over his chest. "Since you just told me no, I'm going to have to have you confirm that you do indeed want me to help you out of those clothes," yes, he wanted her to want him. The man's sexual desire wrapped its claws around his very soul; her pheromones were too much to resist. If she admitted to liking him, he would give her the outlet she needed.

Greta laid on the bed, her body still shaking and far too sensitive. Every time she adjusted, her crotch rubbed against the seam of her pants; with her nethers so engorged and raw, little jolts shot through her each time. "A-- ahhh…" She panted, opening her mouth as she let out a tiny moan. Her legs felt so weak; it was doubtful the poor woman would have much luck trying to stand right now. "I need your help, please…" As she uttered these words, she also cursed herself.

"Well, that tail is going to need some room after all," Cyrus said every so innocently, walking to the bed. He admired her writhing form beneath him. She now had lovely curves along with such pale, perfect skin. Each time this woman breathed, her sweat-dampened body expanded against the tight clothing and strained. He couldn't hope to hide his erection at this point but also doubted she was in any condition to notice.

Greta closed her eyes for a moment, trying to focus on keeping calm. She knew instinctively that her ears and tail would soon sprout. Upon opening her eyes, she saw the handsome rabbit descending upon her. The human attributes of the man's face looked rugged and well-formed; he would be the type of lady killer women go for when they're done dating boys. However, the more bestial aspects of this bunny were what truly imprinted a deep desire to breed upon Greta. Cyrus slid his left knee between the horny female's legs and brushed it against her pussy through the denim of her pants. Cheeks burning, the young woman let out a startled squeak, her legs quivering and buckling against the man's leg.

"W-- what are you doing??" Greta attempted to yell in anger, but her words instead dripped with a sultry timbre, feeling her nipples throb sympathetically with her hot slit.

"I'm not doing anything. I'm trying to help you while you're choosing to lay on your back like this," said Cyrus simply, keeping his right knee on the outside of her leg.

A nagging in her uterus screaming for her to breed made any attempts at resistance futile. *Why can't I tell him to stop? Oh god, I… I need to be touched…* She must have been losing her mind. She felt his fingers slip to her waist, eliciting a gasp of anticipation. Her pupils narrowed as Cyrus slid his fingers under the band, tracing over her perfect, pale flesh. He hooked his fingers and pulled down, carefully adjusting the jeans over her swollen backside. While remaining stealthy, Cyrus used a little magic to loosen the garment. Greta's body tingled wherever the man's soft fingers went. She could feel the sticky fabric of her pants peel away

from the hot, steamy crevice between her legs. As the pressure receded, a gasp of relief flowed out from her lungs.

As Greta basked in the afterglow of being stripped, significant discomfort formed in her backside. “Uggh…” She groaned, arching her hips upward to alleviate the tension. The young woman moved a shaky hand up to the side of her head, finding that her ear had nearly disappeared. “H-- Holy shit…” This was really happening; she momentarily forgot how painfully her nipples rubbed against her clothing.

“Oh dear, we’ll need to speed this up,” Cyrus quickly stated, reaching a glowing hand up to her hoodie. He placed a hand on her shoulder and enveloped the girl’s torso in soft light.

Greta’s eyes widened as she stared down at her body. Her hoodie and the shirt underneath dissipated, burning away into nothing. She could now tell how poorly her bra fit; each nipple poked out from the cups, her tits barely contained by the undergarment. “If you could do this, to begin with, why didn’t you just make my pants disappear!” She huffed between her increasingly heavy breaths.

Cyrus looked away from her, his ears folding down a bit. “Well… I just kind of forgot in the heat of the moment, you see.” He laughed a little and scratched his head. He wouldn’t admit out loud that he enjoyed the show. The musty fragrance ejecting from every pour on this woman’s body made his head spin; it was addicting, and he needed more. “We’ll need to get you onto your stomach to make this easier,” Cyrus insisted, moving over to help her.

Greta let out a small cry as the male pulled her up into a sitting position and positioned himself behind her. His deft fingers efficiently unclasped her bra and tossed it aside to the floor. Her now girthy melons sprang forth and bounced as the warm bedroom air caressed her hardened nipples. She stared down in awe at how well-shaped and perky they were and found it hard to be genuinely upset about this change. She felt Cyrus nimbly slide his fingers over her bare back, sending a shiver down her spine. Everything this man did sent pangs of longing through her moistened sex. Using his strong arms, the Easter Bunny gently pushed her forward onto her stomach.

“There we are… And finally, these look rather uncomfortably wedged as well,” Cyrus insisted, moving his hands up to the woman’s pink cotton panties, pulling them away from Greta’s ass and vulva.

“Oh!!” Greta’s cheeks turned a deeper crimson as she buried her face against the pillow in embarrassment. As her panties dislodged from the crevice, a spark of pleasure shot through her clitoris and quickly faded. She could tell how wet she had become; a small trickle of lubricant seeped from her opening and dripped onto the bedsheets. “F-- freaking hell…” She muttered, feeling two eruptions at the top of her head. As this happened, she felt similar sprouting on her tailbone. All three points elongated slowly, forcing their way out. Greta felt a mix of fear and exhilaration, gripping the bedsheets with a trembling hand. Soon after, her head

grew fuzzy, an overwhelming sensation of vertigo consuming her. The insides of her skull rearranged, the structure of each inner ear relocating to either side of her head's top.

Cyrus couldn't help but admire the sight beneath him; her hourglass figure was exquisite. The sprouting ears and tail appeared to be snow-white in color, much like himself. *She's going to be stunning with a full coat of fur*, the male grinned, watching as her butt puff grew fluffier by the second.

I need to be touched… Oh god, my body hurts. Greta's lady parts screamed at her for stimulation and sweet release. As her ears completed the transformation, becoming long, fluffy, and white, they picked up new sounds. She could hear Cyrus's heartbeat and breathing; both sounds resonated with the primal, animalistic nature that overcame her. Everything about this male made her burn with lust. She didn't want to admit that she was into furries and beastly men; it was a part of herself she repressed long ago to avoid getting hurt. Being put into heat and turned into a rabbit only served to amplify these repressed urges. Laying face down like this gave Cyrus a fantastic view.

"P-- please touch me… Help me," the lewd woman mewed in desperation, her new rabbit tail swishing back and forth. She spread her legs apart shakily as her breathing grew erratic. Each side of her dripping slit separated, exposing the engorged inner labia. Her folds twitched and yearned for attention. *Why can't I stop?*

"Twist my leg, why don't you?" Cyrus muttered. He pulled back for a moment and used magic to undress himself down to his boxers. There would be no breeding for at least a few more minutes, but this would be far more comfortable. Grinning, Cyrus positioned himself as he did previously, a knee pushed up between her legs from behind as it pressed against her female flower.

"O--ooohh… Y-- yes…" Greta moaned, pushing her hips down to meet the man's knee. Without thinking, she rubbed her crotch up and down, coating his fur in her viscous fluid. Spots of silky, white fur popped up on her shoulders and back, spreading gradually.

"Eeep!" Greta felt the rabbit man slide a hand over her inner thigh, right below her butt. He rubbed slowly, only centimeters from her vulva. With a smirk, he gave the flawless flesh of her thigh a good squeeze. Crashing waves of warmth and desire assaulted the woman's lower body. His fingers so skillfully stroked her skin, applying the perfect amount of pressure. A sudden nip upon her neck caused Greta to cry out, tilting her head to the side to allow easier access. Her body was putty in the Easter Rabbit's hands; she didn't know if there was enough willpower left to say no.

Cyrus bit down on her soft flesh, just hard enough to be erotic and not painful. The man sucked and nipped, letting out a low, primal growl. That gorgeous, silvery layer of fur inched down this young woman's arms and legs, building great arousal within the rabbit man. "What magnificent flavor," he purred, running his tongue up over Greta's neck.

“Mmmmm…” Content noises flowed out from the transforming rabbit girl. “Please don’t torture me…” A shrinking part of Greta screamed that this whole situation was wrong, but her estrus cycle proved too much to resist. With great excitement, she felt Cyrus honor her request. A fingertip pushed in through the wet folds right above her vaginal opening. Greta’s heart rate exploded, adrenaline and unyielding sexual desire ravaging every cell of her pale, quivering body. She pushed her hips down as the man’s finger traced down through the crevice and toward her clitoris. Cyrus added a second finger and applied some pressure, pinching her engorged clitoris between the tips. Rapid bursts of ecstasy went off within the nub, throbbing almost painfully. “AHHH!!” She wailed in bliss, her legs quivering with weakness. Her clit had never been this sensitive before; how bad was this heat cycle? The male continued to rub the nerve bundle, forming slow circles as he continued to nip and kiss the woman’s tender neck and shoulder. Greta squirmed, breaking out into a sweat as the fur blanketed over half her body. Further thinking halted upon Cyrus tilting her head, pulling her into a deep, lustful kiss, and forcing his tongue into her mouth. Spasms shot through her pussy as a buttery cascade of warmth washed over her. It was too much; she barely noticed the structural changes in her face as her first climax as a rabbit girl hit its peak. Greta screamed out into the fragrant bedroom air as the throws of euphoria overtook her. She couldn’t even see straight, her mind going utterly blank as all thoughts unrelated to physical sensation left her brain.

Cyrus pulled away from Greta and helped move her onto her back. Now complete, a gorgeous rabbit girl with pure white fur laid beneath him. That soft, pink nose of hers was utterly adorable; everything about this woman screamed at him to breed. She still had her red hair but was now somewhere between human and bunny, with soft, pink, paw-like pads at the end of her fingertips.

“You’re complete, my dear! We’re not done yet, however,” he still needed to breed with her and collect the necessary eggs. “Sex as a rabbit girl will be much different than anything you have experienced before. You’ll need me to show you the ins and outs of this body,” he said lustfully, growing tired of ignoring the pleas from his dick.

With a mix of excitement and trepidation, she stared up at Cyrus. *I shouldn’t let him do this… I have to tell him to stop.* She lamented her weakness, opening her mouth to talk. “Please… Please show me how different my new body is,” her words disobeyed, showing how far her resistance had fallen.

All the while, a strange churning erupted within her womb. Greta hadn’t thought to ask just where he would get his replacement eggs.