

He finally lost it.

Being pent up for years has driven him to the edge. Such a minuscule need was rotting his mind more and more and he couldn't take it anymore. Never having been laid, ever even having had a kiss, the closest he'll ever get is his hand and porn... until he decided he will do what he knows he'll regret for the rest of his life.

Edgar doesn't remember when it started, but he remembers it being out of blue, never having gone away since. A stalker, one who constantly perches on his window and watches him at his most vulnerable (jerking off). Managing to always tell when he was present (jerking off), everytime he was distracted (jerking off), never peering in when fully aware (not jerking off). Everytime he opened the curtains to confront them, they didn't budge, continuing to stare at him with their disgustingly crooked bug eyes, their torn up ears twitching as an ugly grin spread across their face. Damn rabbids.

He never had an issue with any of them, not once. Sure he was terrified of them, but what human wasn't. It's become common knowledge to avoid acknowledging them to keep yourself from becoming their next target, and it's worked for him for as long as he could remember... until now. He never did anything to warrant this broken rodent's attention, never once did he see them or their worn out bikini prior to the stalking, but it's unfortunately become an everyday thing.

The small creep always sneaks up whenever he is busy (jerking off) just to watch and yowl, teasing him by touching themselves in front of him, begging to be let in, well no more.

The moment he heard the thing settled against his window. He threw the curtains open, unlocked the window and... let the vermin inside.

The moment it sat foot on his bed, he shut the window and closed the blinds. He then froze. What the fuck am I doing?, he thought to himself, the shame already beginning to suffocate him. The regret paralyzes him in place, unable to do anything more than stand by the edge of his bed like an idiot which was exactly what he was.

That's until he would be startled by the rabbid tugging at his pants.

Their grubby paws fidgeted with his zipper, of course struggling to comprehend the very idea of a zipper while they were at it.

The loser was unsure how to react, internally combating himself on the matter. He still had time to redeem whatever sense of dignity he lost by tossing the rodent out, but this has been the closest he's ever gotten to the possibility of losing his v card. Which of his two heads should he listen to?

Edgar would gently remove the rabbid's paws from his zipper... and undo his pants himself. He has decided to listen to his second head.

A delighted "bwah" would emit from the rabbid, the loser may have kept his underwear on but it was more than enough for the stray. Their paws lightly squeezed his crotch, feeling it from above the fibers that covered it. It would send a wave of heat across Edgar's entire body, never would he have anticipated such a reaction from such gentle fondling.

He would gasp as the rabbid abruptly pressed their snout against his crotch, nuzzling it as its breathing tickled his concealed junk.

He could feel himself begin to stiffen, the rubbing making him hard relatively quickly which added to his near crushing shame. Even then he continued, with most of his blood now circulating his lower half not enough was left atop for common sense.

As the pest continued to rub her face against his crotch her paw would slither under the leg openings of his underwear, feeling around before it settled on his erection. Edgar shivered as her warm little hand made contact with his skin, it was an unfamiliar sensation, more so with the rabbid's fur accompanying it. His palms would grow sweaty, his heart ramming against his ribcage as adrenaline began coursing through his body.

Was he nervous? Excited? He couldn't tell, but he didn't want it to stop.

He would feel the rabbid's paw wander, lightly caressing his girth and squeezing his tip. The loser's legs began to lose its strength as he was fondled, deciding it best to gently guide the rabbid backwards as he slowly kneeled on the end of his bed.

However before he could relax the rabbid would jerk backwards, their paw being pulled out from his underwear. For a moment Edgar believed he may have accidentally discouraged the thing, but he'd be both relieved and startled when the rabbid suddenly pulled his underwear down, revealing his junk completely. Somehow, the loser was flustered by this. He's never had himself in full display like this, even when he was jacking off. It was strange, humiliating almost.

He was not very well endowed, at least that's what he believes, just barely reaching 4.6 inches in length. Until now he never had to think about putting his cock to use, now that it's on his mind though it was really beginning to sour the mood for him. Fortunately for him though he'd be distracted by the rodent grasping his dick with both paws. They gripped him quite harshly, not as harsh as he usually does but it was harsh enough for his entire body to flinch.

The rabbid chuckled in response, quite amused by their sensitivity which would cause Edgar's hatred of it to resurface for a moment. What is this abomination laughing for?

As one paw tightly held onto the base of his length, the other would pull back it's hood to expose its head. They appeared to admire it, "ooh"-ing at it before giving it a slow, slobbering lick. Their hot saliva coating it and rolling down his shaft, creating a line of heat from the head of his cock to the center of his scrotum. The loser would find his breathing not only getting heavy, but far too audible for his liking. His attempts at suppressing them would only result in pathetic groans.

His cock would throb within the bunny's grasp, encouraging it to not only give his tip another lick, but to give the rest of his shaft the same treatment. Licking it, suckling it, getting into any

and all corners. Lowering their focus more and more until their balls began getting some of that loving as well.

It was so much, the suction from their kisses, the heat from their saliva, their hard grip against them. The shame would be drowned out completely, he didn't care anymore, all he had in mind now was lust in its most disgusting form. He was ready to lose it all, to release it all!

He would allow himself to breathlessly moan as his cock was engulfed, a hand absentmindedly patting the rabbid's head. She would pull back to catch her breath, glancing up at the man eagerly before pulling a move she has been doing ever since she first sat on the other side of his bedroom window.

She would shove one paw deep under her thong, touching herself as she quietly barked her strange gibberish. Edgar couldn't help but be turned on by it, his cock throbbing in the air as he watched the small thing excitedly please herself. However, as much as he'd like to simply sit and watch, he wanted more.

He would cautiously grab the rabbid from under their arms, interrupting their display as he moved himself further onto his bed. He'd push his pillow onto the wall behind it, creating a spot for him to rest his back.

He would adjust himself against it, finally sitting on his bed completely. Gently he would sit the rabbid in front of him, their small back resting against his body and somewhat squeezing against his dick as well.

The pest curiously glanced up at him, muttering a quiet "buh?". Edgar would find it adorable, instinctively petting her which she seemed to enjoy. However he didn't reposition himself just to pet her. The hand that patted the rabbid would drag toward her thong, slipping underneath to feel the rabbid for himself. The small thing's stumpy legs shot upward as they were touched, trembling and whimpering excitedly as she was teased.

However while it may appear like teasing, in reality it was just Edgar struggling to find her genitals. As he felt around, he wasn't exactly sure what he was looking for. The fur quite frankly confused his senses. Stumped, he hunched forward to get a better view of what he was working with (the upsides of having a chronic shrimp posture).

With his other hand he would pull the bottom of the thong to the side and finally he would see his target. A gaping slit that stood out a lot more than the tiny anus underneath, there he redirect his hand towards, really only needing to use his index and middle fingers to play his part, he needs only to recall his favorite pornos to know what to do... which was taking him a little too long to do. As a result the rodent themselves showed him what they wanted.

She would grab the man's fingers, sliding it only a bit upwards against her slit before pressing them against her bean. Her small body trembled from the pressure alone, even more so when she proceeded to rub it. Edgar would take mental note of the circular motion she was doing, eventually moving his fingers on his own in the manner she showed which would make the

rabbid release a loud yelp. It would startle him enough to pull back, but the small thing would quickly retrieve his hand, proceeding to hump it as his fingers continued their work.

Watching the pest's desire for him made him feel strange, a good strange, one that made him really enjoy every sound that came out of them. He would rub her out at a faster pace, turning her small gasps into short moans. He's never felt so hard in his entire life, especially when gazing upon the flushed expression of the sex drunken rabbid. The desire he felt for this abomination flooded his every thought. He needed to be inside of this thing, and it would seem like the stray too wanted him inside of her.

Her trembling paws would desperately grab the man's hand, beckoning them inside of her which Edgar gladly obliged.

He would slowly slip his fingers as deep as they would allow, the rabbid's insides gripping them tightly as the rest of their body trembled excitedly.

"Bah!" she exclaimed, "Bah!! BAH!!". The rodent became feverishly needy, exclaiming over and over again, only getting even louder as Edgar rammed her insides with his digits.

She struggled in place as she endured the pleasure, her paws flailing around as they attempted to grasp the air, drool profusely seeping from their screaming mouth as their eyes became completely unfocused. God what a sight it was, and it only got better as the loser grew rougher with their fingering.

Edgar felt lucky to have been a porn addict, otherwise his hand would've gotten exhausted by now. He was surprised with how needy the rabbid was, especially how rough they enjoyed it, crying out for even rougher.

He would get lost in the action, his mind only returning when he noticed the rabbid making a new noise. Short trembling cries that got quicker and higher for each interval, getting more and more intense before they practically erupted. Hot fluids would hit Edgar's palm with pressure, startling him into pulling out of her.

He watched as the rodent convulsed in place, mute and squirting short streams that Edgar couldn't help but be reminded of a broken spray bottle. Straining as her body pulsated slower and slower before she was finally able to breathe... but she wasn't done just yet.

She'd turn to face Edgar, stumbling as she removed her thong and fell on her back, presenting her gaping slit to him.

She still wanted him inside of her.

"Bah.." she would pant. Seems like her needs weren't met just yet. She came harder than any porn actress he's seen and she still yearned for more.

And the loser, of course, was more than willing to provide.

He would gently move her further along his bed, making space for himself to fuck her from atop. The man practically towering over her and he lowered his torso until his cock was resting on her belly. He'd be a bit surprised with how big it looked compared to the rabbid's body, in a way it made him feel quite good about himself.

With one arm keeping him up, he used the other to grab a hold of his junk, keeping it in place as he pressed it against the rabbid's slit.

The small thing trembled as his shaft struggled to get in, only taking a few more pushes to get it to successfully slip inside, he and the rabbid gasping simultaneously as they felt one another's flesh.

Edgar's free hand would then be used to grasp onto the rodent's hips as he slowly pushed himself deeper inside. The moisture, the heat, it felt amazing tightly squeezing against him. He could feel the small thing contract around him, pulling him deeper inside. His heart felt like it would explode, more so now that he's able to feel the small critter's as well.

It felt like a tiny jackhammer was beating inside the small thing, it was a bizarre sensation to have the vibrations of it ripple across the rabbid's insides.

He could feel himself getting hotter inside as his cock throbbed only to be met with another contraction of muscles around it. Nothing could ever top this, nothing at all, this was the highest of sensations hell ever achieved, and boy did it get even better the second he began fucking the damned thing.

He'd gently pull and push himself into the rabbid, each thrust making the small thing loudly exclaim inexplicable gibberish. While he couldn't understand her for shit, the tone alone assured him that she was enjoying it just as much as he was. Though even with how insanely flushed he was from fucking her, he had a hunch that the rodent was enjoying it waaay more than his virgin ass.

They whined and squirmed in his grasp, jerking their hips at a faster pace than he was moving. As amazing as it felt to finally be fucking the tight, hot insides of something that melted under his girth... he would lose stamina mere minutes into it.

He already sucked absolute ass in a planking position in any scenario, fucking while in missionary made it no different. He would stop for a moment to catch his breath, which the stray was more than dissatisfied about.

"Ah?.. Bah??" She barked in both visible confusion and frustration, her whining becoming less arousing and more humiliating.

The rabbid was getting too needy for his tastes. But he didn't let it get to him, shit was getting good and he isn't giving up just yet.

With his dick still inside the rabbid, he'd sit up, picking up the small irritated runt in his arms as he decided that perhaps laying on his back will keep him from getting tired so quickly, sitting the rabbid on him.

He'd shift himself around to find the most comfortable position he could, all the while the rabbid would babble. Once he found himself comfy, his hands would grasp the small thing's torso, prompting them to lift their stubby legs in anticipation, proceeding to excitedly whine as well.

He'd gently lift the rabbid, feeling and watching as her tight insides pulled his dick before slamming her back down on it. While he was hoping for a loud moan he was not at all expecting an ear piercing scream, it practically startled him. However he would forget about it pretty quickly the moment he felt the small thing get unbelievably wet in response. Just when he thought he couldn't get any harder.

"You really love my cock, don't you?" Edgar remarked... which he'd regret saying almost immediately, cringing out of his own skin. Though surprisingly he was met with a response from the rabbid. They babbled and nodded furiously, their paws gesturing a conversation he couldn't understand in the slightest. But, even then he took it as encouragement.

Gently lifting the small thing once more to instead fuck it were it stood. Most of his energy being put in lifting his hips, which despite still being exhausting to the unfit man, he'd manage to sneak himself moments of rest by abruptly bouncing the rodent on him. The rabbid's need would be put on hold no longer, loudly panting and exclaiming nonsense as they were rammed silly.

As the pace grew quicker, Edgar would lay the rabbid on his stomach, allowing it to ride him just as feverishly as he fucked it.

"F-fuck.." he panted, the rabbid exclaiming gibberish in response, finding similar pleasure in watching him melt further and further into mind numbing pleasure. He'd find it quite funny.

"Y-you like watching me moan for you huh?" He'd pant, the rabbid responding in a drunken nod.

"God, you're such a little whore" He'd pant, "You enjoyed watching me from the window, didn't you?" He'd continue, a hand inching up the small thing's back.

The trembling rodent would mumble a coherent "uh-huh" before they were harshly grabbed by their scruff. Oh how insanely wet that made them, if it were possible her eyes would become nothing but hearts. She will never feel anything as good as this for the rest of her unknown lifespan.

"Such a disgusting f-freak" the man stammered in his own words. He couldn't think coherently anymore, he was so close, he could feel it, and man was it building up to be the hardest he's ever burst.

As distorted as his brain became, he would manage to hear one familiar sound. The trembling barks of rabbid on him, getting more desperate, louder, faster for each interval.

"Shit shit shit" He'd mutter as his cock throbbed intensely at the sound of the rabbid's yelps.

The rabbid suddenly forced themselves upright, arching their small body as they got closer and closer before cuming loudly, squirting profusely on Edgar's chest as her insides contacted harshly against his throbbing dick. Pumping him for the load he was itching to release inside of her.

He continued fucking her without mercy, the small thing yowling and convulsing as their insides continued to be rammed.

"O-Oh god!" He exclaimed as he felt himself burst inside of her, shooting the biggest load he wouldn't never have thought possible. Bucking his hips erratically as his hands instinctively pressed the rabbid as tightly against him as possible.

The rodent released one ungodly groan of relief as they felt themselves being filled with Edgar's hot fluids. Still trembling furiously from the overstimulation they received.

After five minutes or so, both would be able to catch their breath and compose themselves the best they could, Edgar gently pulling the rabbid off of him. He watched as his cum profusely leaked out of her, her continued spasms only making it seep out heavier. Until now the realization of the mess he's made from this would hit him. The rabbid's fluids staining his sheets, his fluids staining his sheets... the rabbid's presence **alone** staining his sheets **and** very likely infected him with a few dozen diseases, how the fact it lived in the unkept streets went over his head was baffling, it almost made him sick to his stomach thinking about that (as if considering and now having fucked a rabbid alone wasn't sickening enough). For now however, he'd focus on cleaning up the rabbid, who by the looks of it lost all functions of their body.

It would have been a week since Edgar's poor choice, and it would only take a week before he'd lose his deep sense of regret. Having not jacked it once since that day, feeling sick to his stomach anytime he felt mildly horny... but now that time had passed, his sex drive would return. Abstinence never worked for the loser, in fact it only made him more depraved. While he had the fortune of a job that could distract him, he also had the misfortune of having that job be centered around rabbids. Being a verminator instilled a sense of extreme caution around these freaks, but after the incident he's had.. new feelings creep up on him. It'd be impossible to forget about that day, and for every day he went without jacking, it only made his depravity worse.

He couldn't help but be reminded of that day every time he got close to those freaks on the job. At first he'd feel sick... but now he gets one intense hard on at the very thought of getting a call at work. This is what he gets for being a shut in, for being so anti-social, he knows that

developing these thoughts were his own doing for not talking to others. Sure he works alongside many verminators, but he never talks to them outside of work. His only friends live hours away from him, he only sees them once every other month.

The loneliness, the isolation, it was inevitable for him to develop some sick obsession, but never in his life would he have anticipated that his forming porn addiction would redirect itself to...

Edgar shook his head, he came out to the park to get his mind off of that, not to dwell on it more. He sat on a bench far into the park, facing a nearby lake that separated the public park from the golf course on the other side. He'd watch the games from afar, as well as the ducks that wandered by the lake. It was refreshing to finally touch grass after a long time.

Despite still struggling to shake off these thoughts, at least it was easier to do so in this beautiful setting instead of his cramped room. Perhaps if he does in his free time, he'd be cured in a few days. He felt confident about this... but then something tugged on his shirt beside him.

It was a rabbid. And not just any rabbid, it was the fucked up stray that he..

It sat on the bench beside him, her body turned towards him as a paw tugged on his sleeve. She looked up at him with a crooked grin, happy to see him. She was no different than how she was last week, other than the fact she doesn't seem to be wearing a bikini this time. Unfortunately for her he wasn't happy to see her at all. This persistent pest has been relentlessly knocking on his window, waiting and whining to be let in another time. She's the reason he doesn't feel comfortable in his own house anymore. He glared at her, yanking his arm from her grasp in disgust.

More than anything he was startled, how the hell did she manage to sneak up on him like that?? Maybe he got way too distracted, up in his mind about his ongoing problem to not notice the source of his problem casually sitting next to him.

"Shoo! Get! Beat it!!" He'd flap his arms, trying to deter the rabbid, but all it did was make her lean back a bit. Her smile only grew bigger as her tongue hung from the side.

Damn thing probably didn't understand a thing he was saying. Freak. Abomination. God he hated these things so much, but no longer because of their damaging nature, but because *he now can't get off without thinking about them*.

He wanted to push the damn thing away but he knew that wouldn't be the best choice. He was cornered and far from any possible help, though it's not like anyone would bother helping if there was a rabbid involved anyways.

The stray would scoot closer to him, reaching their paw towards his crotch. In a panic he covered himself with his hands, preventing the rabbid from doing whatever the hell they were planning to.

The rugged rodent quietly whined in annoyance as their paw grabbed Edgar's hand instead of her intended target. Even after a week of having been ghosted, they still think they'd be allowed to touch him in this manner. Another very clear rejection, but she wouldn't falter, instead poking the hell out of his rib as to force him to remove his hands from his crotch, which worked quite well.

"wAh! Quit being a jackass!!" Edgar squealed as he was poked, swatting his hands at the rabbid in frustration. Which would finally get the small pest to move back, giving the man space on the bench.

He was panicking, but most of all pissed. Why was this damn rabbid so infatuated with him, what could he have possibly done to deserve its unwanted attention.

The thing would only sit there, staring at him with a stupid smile on its face. He hated it so much but there was nothing he could do unless he wanted to end up in the hospital. He could walk off, but the rabbid is sure to follow him. He deeply sighed in defeat, deciding he'll stay seated.

Perhaps this can be a good test for him, exposure therapy like some call it. Yeah.

As he sat in silence, trying to ignore the rodent by focusing on the distant golf game, the rabbid would mirror him, however they weren't sure what he was watching. Nothing ahead looked interesting, maybe the ducks were but they were all busy swimming far away.

The rabbid would slowly become restless over sitting around, attempting to call Edgar.

"Ba!" She'd bark, "Aba!". No response from Edgar other than another deep sigh. The rabbid was confused, was the man hard of hearing now? She'd bark again.

"ABA!!" She'd exclaim, shouting at the man which would be impossible to ignore, hell Edgar appeared to jump a bit from it, "ABA A-FBADA!!" She'd scream. Edgar jumped again before deciding to cover his ears with his palms.

The rabbid would huff, finally realizing that she was being ignored. She didn't like that. She didn't like it at all. Why would he do this? Were they not friends? After all the effort she put to hang out with him he's just going to pretend she doesn't exist?

The rabbid began huffing, their fur standing on its ends as both of her eyes fixed themselves on Edgar. She hated being ignored, hated. hated! hated!!

Edgar would grow curious to the rabbid's silence, glancing at her only to be met by two piercing red eyes attached to a puff ball of a rabbid. He wasn't even given a chance to process what he was looking at before the rabbid lunged at his face, feeling the rodent's teeth clamp onto his cheek as its paws painfully pulled at his hair. He shot up from his seat, shaking as his hands attempted to pull the rabbid off of him.

"JESU-GET OFF OF ME GET OFF!! HELP SOME- GET OFF!!! LET ME GO!!" Edgar would scream as the rabbid bit his nose, ears, lips and throat, their paws pinching and tearing what it could as it circled around his body.

He'd stop, drop and roll as if the rabbid latched onto his face was a flame, trying to pull or crush the rabbid off of him. It would be until he managed to pin the rabbid on the concrete path that she'd let go. Edgar panted and winced in pain as he felt his bruises begin to inflame, glaring at the rabbid that now laid angrily on its back.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" He spat as he held the rodent's arms down, the damned thing struggling to get up, barking and hissing as it attempted to kick Edgar with their stubby legs that obviously didn't come close to reaching him. Slowly, the rodent tired itself out until its fur would finally settle, its eyes returning to their purple and crooked state as they once more stared up at him... and grinned.

The rodent spread their stubby little legs, arched their back and moaned in apparent excitement, attempting to entice Edgar to commit another mistake. Immediately flustered but most of all enraged by her behavior, he jumped to his feet, and right before the rabbid could stand as well, he'd kick the pest with as much force as he could muster, throwing the misguided rodent into the lake ahead.

With a pathetic yelp and a heavy splash into the water, Edgar decided perhaps it's better if he tried touching grass in the safety of his home. Buying indoor plants is probably a good equivalent.

He left in a rush, not looking back to see if the rabbid resurfaced from the water, it can drown for all he cares, maybe his problem will finally go away if it did.

He'd arrive home quickly, shutting his door and its various locks, closing every curtain in his home and illuminating every light in every room. From his room he'd check his desktop for the status of his hoards of anti-rabbid security.

All active, especially the ones specifically installed to keep the broken rabbid away from his window. Perhaps this time it will do its job. But for the time being, he was stressing out. He paced around his room, periodically sitting on his bed to bounce his leg out of anxiety before getting back up to pace. He had no hobbies to distract himself with. He sucked ass at games, hates reading books, can't draw or craft for shit. He had nothing, but fucking porn. He had to find something, he knew he had to, letting himself fall back into his addicting jerking is sure to fuck him up on the long run.

He'd sit on his bed and pull out his phone, looking through various online forums to get his mind off of any possible thought. First he'd look at posts regarding photography, then astronomy centered blogs, then blogs about history, then conspiracy theories... and then to rabbid blogs. Edgar felt like crying, he couldn't escape this no matter what he did. It was all pointless....

He'd continue scrolling, through the forum he now had the misfortune of stumbling upon. A lot of the blogs were reasonably hateful, they all despised rabbids, maybe even more than Edgar did. He skimmed through a post describing how a man purposely swerves his car to hit a rabbid, even if they drive off the road, it was intense but then it was frustrating upon remembering that rabbids can't really die from that. Who knows what is able to kill them, seems like the folks of this blog have tried everything.

He'd continue scrolling through paranoid rabbid conspiracies and rabbid focused hate, before suddenly stumbling into.. a very strangely formatted post. A very familiar format actually.

"Watch this slut get bred like a rabbid" it was titled with a url to a video. It wasn't to a site, just a video. No doubt about it, he was looking at a link to a porno.. but the title seemed to have a typo. Or at least he hoped it was a typo.

Though he promised himself to not jack off until he fixed whatever was wrong with himself, being a tap away from porn was simply too much to resist. He'd sigh in defeat, knowing he'll be spiraling back into his addiction. He didn't care anymore.

He opened the link.

Based on the placement of the camera as well as the quality, it was easy to tell this video was homemade. Pointed at a queen sized bed occupied by a very curvy woman. Her tan body fully exposed, showing off her breasts and pussy. The only thing not visible though was her face, obscured by a white bunny mask. This was the first Edgar had seen a sex worker hide their identity in this manner, fitting considering the title, but the irony would not hit him until the guest of this video crawled into view. It was a fucking rabbid. Edgar had to pause the video for a moment to fully process what he was looking at.

Was this.. rabbid porn? Is this what he was looking at? He'd glance around his room, making sure he was truly alone in watching this. Was this even legal? He couldn't wrap his mind around this.

Eventually, he'd play the video to continue watching. As the woman laid on the bed, the rabbid climbed up from the side, visibly happy to see her, the woman reaching her hand to pat the rabbid's head. Scratching the back of its ears and its scruff. The pest's foot stomped happily before it moved closer to the woman and landed a very visible kiss to her mouth. The woman caressed the rodent's cheek as she let it, kissing it back as well which would quickly go from a short peck to full on frenching. Edgar paused the video again. He didn't know what to feel. He thought he'd feel sick, maybe even angry, but he didn't. He found this hot, maybe it was from not jacking it for so long, or because it wasn't him committing this disgusting act, or maybe because along with finding the woman overwhelmingly attractive, he also found the rabbid attractive. He knew it was sick, but this video was really doing more damage to his psyche than every porno he has ever watched combined and it hasn't even been a minute.

He'd play the video.

Soon they'd pull apart from their saliva exchange, the women rubbing the tips of her fingers against the rabbid's crotch. It would shiver, their hips jerking as the woman's light touch slowly roughened, its panting being quite audible in shitty quality. However she would not insert her fingers, instead returning to her light touching. It was strange foreplay, perhaps she was edging it? Nope, in fact Edgar would learn that whatever this strange spell was is to erect what he could

only assume was the rabbid's dick. He didn't even know they had dicks, and by the looks of it.. they were packing more than what he carried, which would ick him a bit.

The woman would rub her fingers under the rodent's member, dragging her digits up and down the slimy thing until the rabbid decided it wanted something more. As if reading its mind, the woman would assist the rabbid, moving it between her legs as it almost immediately inserted itself inside of her.

It wasted no time to feverishly fuck her, humping her just as fast as one would assume from a 'rabbit', such an impossibly fast pace that the woman enjoyed immensely.

Edgar's own breathing became heavy as he watched, his hand subconsciously pushing down on the tent that formed in his pants.

The woman would reach for the camera, holding it in her hand and pointing it at the rabbid that fucked her. With the camera much closer, the loudest sound in the video became the slapping of flesh and the raving moans of the pest.

Edgar could feel himself get harder from that angle, he no longer bothered overthinking on whether it's because of the woman or the rabbid, he already knew. It was because of the rabbid. The pest didn't last too long before it came inside of the woman, its orgasm being as dramatic as the broken one's.

"Good Boy~" The woman said behind the camera, her hand petting the rabbid as it rested its head on her stomach. The video would fade into black, displaying a url to a page dedicated to posting more videos as such. Of course, Edgar wouldn't give it a second thought before clicking on the link. He'd be blinded by quite the site, messy and straining to the eye, but once his eyes could adjust he'd be able to see the hoards of videos centered around fucking rabbids. The thumbnails of almost all the videos available were shit in quality, which shouldn't be all to surprising with how taboo this activity is. All videos were home made, none seeming to bother to buy a camera with better quality. Regardless, it raised Edgar's interest and groin. He'd start off on a random video, showing a man in a public bathroom receiving head from a rabbid. As disgusting as it was, Edgar couldn't help but enjoy it. He'd click onto another video, showing a poor angle of a man pounding a rabbid in skimpy clothing and messy make up. He'd click on another video which showed a woman riding a rabbid. There were so many videos, a concerning amount showing no regard for fucking in a public space.

Edgar scrolled and scrolled until he caught a glimpse of a very particular thumbnail.

The video was titled "This Bitch Cums Like Crazy!", and in the thumbnail was very clearly the roughed up rabbid he fucked a week prior. His heart probably skipped a beat seeing that pest again, especially seeing her in this scenario for a second time.

He'd snap out of his sick scrolling for a moment, remembering how disgusted he felt not only of the rabbid, but of himself. He would've lost his hard on if it wasn't for the video suddenly playing automatically. A preview of the video that Edgar couldn't even prepare for, immediately being

slapped in the face with the visuals and sounds of the stray being fingered intensely as they sat on the lap of a large woman, the camera zoomed in on the pest and the pest only. She screamed and writhed, the woman struggling to hold her still as she went insane over the finger fucking. The familiar sound of her short barks coming from the video before she erupted with an intense orgasm, squirting everywhere as the woman refused to pull out. She continued ramming her insides, forcing a new sound out of the stray that Edgar hadn't heard before. It sounded crying, loud crying and gasping as she was overstimulated beyond hell. Convulsing terribly until she would quickly orgasm again, squirting just as much as the first.

It aroused Edgar, so much so he didn't even need to touch himself to get off to it. His heart began racing as he watched the stray cum over and over again, her mind visibly deteriorating more and more until she couldn't move naturally anymore, her limbs flailing like she'd been paralyzed, desperately gasping and crying as her fur got more and more messed up. Edgar didn't even realize he'd gotten so close to coming until he pressed his crotch one last time and.

"S-shit!" He gasped as he stood up from his bed, "my fucking underwear!" He spat to himself as he quickly changed his clothes. He couldn't even relish in his finish, immediately sent into a panic not only for soiling his boxers... but having cum so easily over the ugliest thing this earth has had the misfortune of sheltering...

He went to work like the day before didn't happen, finally relieving himself making it a bit easier to cope with his newfound addiction. With him no longer pent up, he can instead feel the more reasonable emotions... fear. He didn't know what to think of himself, but most of all he didn't know what to think of what others would think of him. They don't know... but what if they did? What if they knew what he had done? What if..

The day went by quickly, and in a way was a bit of a vacation from dealing with rabbids... at least until he returned home. As he parked in his driveway and glanced up at the roof of the first floor, right below his room window, he'd notice that it had been left open by a crack. While anyone could've just assumed that they forgot to close it after letting in some air, Edgar wasn't anyone, he was a loser. A shut in. And never has he opened that window since that fateful day.

He felt a knot in his stomach as he left his car to enter his home, quietly opening the door, closing it, and walking towards the steps that take him upstairs. He'd tip toe to his bedroom door and press his ear against it, listening to movement.

clikclakclittyclickclack!

He knows that sound better than anyone, the keys of his laptop were being messed with, and he would not allow this small intruder to touch anymore of his stuff for as long as he lived.

He slammed the door open, startling the broken rabbid that sat on his bed. They were using his laptop, pressing buttons at random no doubt.

"When will you ever get it!? Leave me alone!! Get out of my fucking house!!" He shouted as the rabbid scurried across his bed, giving him a shit eating grin as she stayed in his room. She had no intention of leaving and Edgar knew it. But he had been driven to his edge.

He'd lunge at her, trying to grab her but failing every time he did, the pest dodging him every time, tripping him a few times as well which only drained him more and more until he inevitably gave up. He'd collapse on his bed from exhaustion, panting and coughing as he suppressed his urge to cry or vomit. He'd glanced at his tampered laptop, expecting to see a broken screen or a hoard of opened tabs, but instead he saw the Google results of "Verminator buildings near me".

The rat has been stalking him, he was never safe from them no matter where he went. He'd catch a glimpse of the rabbid in the corner of his room, staring at him with a crooked eye.

"WHY?? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME!!" Edgar would scream at the rabbid, pushing himself back up as he stomped toward it. Damn thing was cornered this time, and they knew. "WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU?? WHAT COULD HAVE POSSIBLY-... wait." Just when he was going to grab the rabbid by the ears, he froze. He'd rush back to his bed, turning the laptop screen towards him.

"Wait.. wait how.. I never searched this up, wh-" he would mumble to himself as he looked through his browsing history. He didn't recognize any of it, and it stood out from the rest of his results with how poorly the question was typed the first time before they potentially clicked on a suggested search.

'Wer m l?' Would be the first search before likely having clicked on the suggested 'Where am I?', which would display his location. Then it would be 'Wat dey is it?' Then 'What day is it?'. Then pictures of birds for some reason. The history goes on and on, every question in doubles with the poor spelling. But it wasn't too much the searches that intrigued but instead the simple fact that..

"You can read? A-And write??" Edgar stammered as his eyes searched for the stray, making himself jump when finding that she had moved right beside him, standing by his bed. She'd nod. Edgar didn't know whether to believe her or not, but he wanted confirmation.

"Uh.." Edgar thought, before his eyes lit up with an idea, "Yesterday! T-Type down what you remember from yesterday!" He'd open his laptop's notes app, moving the device closer to the other end of the bed to invite the stray onto his bed ahead of him. He didn't have to wait to pat the surface of the bed for the rabbid to quickly start climbing on.

Now sitting in front of him, he'd move the laptop to them, watching for what they'll do next. The rodent stared at the keyboard, lifting her paws in anticipation before she'd finally start typing. She'd type fast, yet even so her grammar was still just as shit as her writing.

'Wok up. aet bergr. Sa u on bench. I mizd u so I go to u. U maed me mad, den u thro me in laek. I foun fish an aetd it. Den park rangrs kik me out of park so I sleep in da watr street hol.' They'd type out. Edgar had to focus twice as hard not only to read it, but to actually make sense of it. For half a second he thought she wrote gibberish but the moment it became legible, as if it were a reflex he'd suddenly laugh, making the small rabbid jump.

"Oh sorry, sorry I just... It's crazy for me to finally get a glimpse of your minds!" He'd say, the wording without context confusing the stray, making them think they have many minds, placing her paws on her head trying to feel for those additional minds. Edgar would be puzzled by their reaction before quickly realizing what they were looking for.

"Er, I mean the minds of your kind not-" he sighed, the broken rabbid lowering her paws in apparent relief.

He'd laugh a bit, he didn't know if it was out of fascination or he was simply going mad. Either way, he wanted to maintain this strange communication.

"This is great! We can finally talk to one another and understand one another!!" He'd exclaim, his excitement rubbing off on the rabbid as they became excited too, despite not really having gotten the gist on why communicating is essential, "Er, actually, more to just finally understand you, since it seems like you're pretty good at understanding me without me typing anything down. Like how you responded to me when we were-" he'd cut himself off. Did he really want to talk about that event now? Perhaps he should wait on that, it probably wouldn't do him any good to jump right into that topic... but too bad he couldn't decide that because the rabbid began agreeing with his cut off statement, knowing exactly what he was going to mention and was in fact typing a response to it. She'd turn the laptop screen to him and display, 'o yis yis I leikd dat very much yis. I wana to it again. We do agaen yis? We do now?'. Edgar didn't even finish reading before he saw the stray crawling towards him, her paw reaching for his crotch again.

"Wh-hey hey wait, no no no!" he'd stammer as he quickly grabbed the rabbid's paws and gently moved them back onto herself, "I don't want to do it again, so please don't touch me like that" he'd say as politely as possible to not ignite the rodent's wrath. However unlike last time, she'd calmly obey. Well, not completely, she'd grab the laptop to type what she had to say in response, which would of course, be a singular, 'y?'.

Edgar would hesitate, not at all expecting that he'd have to explain to a rabbid why he wasn't going to fuck it again.

"I.. I just don't want to, not anymore." He'd answer, the rabbid not appearing fully convinced.

'Was las taem not gud?' She'd type.

"No no it was..." he cleared his throat in humiliation, "it was.. good.." he whispered, "nothing bad. I just, don't want to do it anymore".

The rabbid's ears twitched, their beady eyes darting around, likely thinking.

'K' she'd type.

Edgar was surprised on the lack of aggression, he thought rejecting her advances was what got him mauled in the first place, but seems like it was just miscommunication... or a lack of communication in general.

Edgar could feel a smile forming on his face, he feels as if he's made progress on his sinking life for once... but then the rabbid started moving to the window.

"Wait, you're leaving?" He'd blurt, making the rodent pause, one leg already hanging on the other side.

"Buh?" She'd bark in confusion. She wouldn't get an answer, Edgar having frozen in place.

Why is he calling to it? He finally found a way to get rid of her once and for all yet he's calling to it?? Why?? Edgar battled with his thoughts of reason and depravity. Was he lonely? Did he just need friends to fix this? But he didn't want friends, he wanted to talk to this creature. Or did he just want to use it again? What did he want? Why is he letting it stay??

"You don't have to go, we can talk.. maybe watch some shows or play games." He offered. He could feel his soul further crumbling into pieces, why was he asking this rabbid to hangout like it was a person??

The rabbid would be just as baffled, having not been invited to stay for longer in.. any place.

She'd step back inside of the room.

Despite likely having made the worst mistake of his life, he didn't regret having asked the rabbid to stay. It's been a long time since he felt like he was with friends again. Hanging out in the living room in the first floor. He'd feed the rabbid some of the leftover pizza in his fridge, the small thing retrieving the rest themselves with his permission of course (he wasn't going to eat them anyways). They watched a few movies together, playing some games on his console as well. It surprised Edgar how familiar the rabbid was to these activities, like they do them just as often as he did. For the first time, he felt a legitimate connection to these pests.. before it was followed by discomfort. Where all rabbids like this? Small individuals that have just been ostracized from society for being hyperactive? Treated like vermin? He'd learn that this rabbid had a name that they chose for themselves, "Jackass". Upon asking why they've chosen this name, they responded with 'I herd it a lot wen humans takd to me'. Many negative feelings coursed through his body, fucking up his mood more than any porn addiction will, shit was heavy for him to digest, but before he could continue with his existential crisis, he was suddenly distracted by light tugging at his shirt.

The rabbid had snuggled to his side, pressing as closely against him as they could before falling asleep. He'd glance at the clock in the kitchen. Five hours had passed.

Just this morning he was dreading the weekend and having to find ways to ignore this rabbid as his thoughts, but now, he's kind of looking forward to having this newfound sense of peace.

He'd turn off the TV and console, clean up the best he could with the sleeping rabbid in his arms, and would head back upstairs to his room.

The rabbid's grip on his shirt was tight, not wanting to let him go even the slightest. But since he didn't want to wake them up, he decided to just get ready for bed in his outdoors-clothes. Gently laying down and letting out a big sigh. The stress that has been crushing him for months was finally lifted, and man did it give him the most refreshing sleep he's ever felt.

If it weren't for the fact that he awoke to darkness, he would've assumed that he had a full night's rest, and he probably did with how early he went to bed. He could use a few more hours of sleep, but something was urging him to stay awake and he didn't know why. He'd carefully turn to his side, facing the small rabbid that slept beside him. She also laid on her side, facing Edgar. He'd stare at the strange critter, watching them as they slept. They looked cute, he never thought it'd be possible to see them that way.

Gently, he'd rest his hand on the rabbid's fuzzy cheeks, caressing it. The rabbid would make a quiet noise as its head jolted a bit, but she didn't wake up. It would be until he began petting her body that she'd slowly awake, staring at the human that touched her, not saying anything at all. The rabbid would slightly turn their head to watch Edgar's hand, curious to why they were being pet to begin with. It isn't often that they get pet, the only times they do is when they end up in the grasps of a child against their will, or they've been used by a stranger they found interesting. This was new, and they were unsure of what it meant.

"Beh?" The rodent quietly mumbled as they glanced up at the man. He wouldn't respond. As with all strange and touchy interactions, she'd assume that he is trying to relay a very specific and all too familiar message.

She'd suddenly turn to lay on her back, spreading her stubby legs apart as she waited for the man to make his approach. She wouldn't even be a second before Edgar would finally say something.

"Oh I didn't mean to-!" He'd exclaim quite loudly as he immediately sat up, which would startle the rabbid enough to shut their legs. "Sorry I just.. wanted to feel your fur..." He'd apologized, "I've only ever held a rabbid with gloved hands so like..." he'd continue, hoping it'd be enough for the rabbid to understand, who unbeknownst to him, forgave him the moment he said 'sorry' and is now puzzled to why they're rambling on.

"I... I wasn't trying to have sex with you." Edgar would clarify, which was enough for the rabbid to simply yawn and turn to her side again, this time however facing away from Edgar.

Seems like she only woke up to be fucked, but now that it's not on the table, she's off to sleep again. Edgar was worried of having creeped out his small companion, overthinking it a bunch and creating himself a new problem, which would turn his nice sleep into a restless one. Despite having planned a very looong day of sleeping, he'd be awoken by his ringing phone at around five in the morning. Irritating both him and the rabbid. He'd wake up laying on his stomach, spread across the entire bed leaving no room for Jackass. She however found a much better spot to rest, laying across the back of Edgar's head. Belly up and twisted up like a bridge, despite the visibly uncomfortable and maybe even painful position, it was heaven to the stray. At least until Edgar began sitting up, making her flop to his side like a ragdoll. But she didn't wake up fully, only groaning for the man to turn off his phone.

Forced to get up from his bed, he grabbed his phone and answered the call.

"Yeah?.... Oh! Kev how're you doing I-... wait, this week? For how long?... No yeah I have spare rooms... Yeah they moved out a long while ago... No it wasn't a hand-me-down." As Edgar talked and talked, Jackass decided that sleep time was over, sitting up and stretching her little body as loudly as possible, which Edgar did not like at all.

"Wh-Shsh what are you-.... huh?... That was nothing, it.. it was the TV.... No, and I probably never will... why? Because I don't want a 'someone'... no not even a 'one night somone'..... okay so when are you coming? Okay let me know as soon as possible, work can call me at any moment and they aren't the type to take last minute calls... 'k, see you s-.... you're bringing Antonio??... No no it's no problem at all, there's a lot of room... alright... alright alright, I'll see ya'll soon, bye."

Edgar would sigh in with an audible tone of stress, which alerted his rabbid roommate.

"Bah?" She'd bark in concern. Edgar only glancing at her for a moment before proceeding to pace around the room. He was frustrated, both of himself and of the rabbid.

"Okay, so, I'll be having some friends over-" He'd be cut off by the rabbid's excited babbling and clapping, "B-But you can't stay!" He added, putting a stop to the rabbid's enthusiasm, "At least, not while they're here." He backpedaled.

"Bwa?" She'd ask.

"I just... it's hard enough to hang with them without feeling weird, and having you in the house won't help in the slightest. It's not that I don't like you, I really like you being here but I just... won't be able to think you know?".

She in fact did not know, because she was a rabbid. But she understood well when she has overstayed her welcome. She got on her feet and stumbled to the window, again being stopped by Edgar.

"Wait, you don't have to leave now!" He'd exclaim suddenly, startling Jackass again, this time irritating her. And she'd make her anger clear with a few stern bwahs.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I should be clearer" He'd apologize, unusually desperate in his pleas. He quickly composed himself upon realizing his reaction. Taking a deep breath in, and out."I'll be tidying up the house, shout if you need or want anything." He said as he left his room, leaving the rabbid on his bed, on its own, in quite the rush. So much so he made the most easily avoidable mistake any rabbid fearing man could make. Do not lose sight of the rabbid in your home.

She wasn't sure what she wanted to do, the first day spent here was fun, but now Edgar was going to be occupied. She'd think to herself on what she wanted to do, and soon an idea would come.

He'd be cleaning for a while, having let a lot of junk pile up on every countertop and every table. After practically having built a mountain of garbage bags on his singular garbage can, he'd finally be done with clearing his home to make it appear as if he never neglected it in the first place. Staring at the pile really flustered him, how did he let it get this bad?

"Hey! Edgar, was it?". His thoughts would be interrupted by the calls of his next door neighbor. An old white man with a skill for gardening, his yard was gorgeous, making Edgar's yard look like a dump (maybe that's why he always gets rabbids).

"O-oh, yeah! Hi, um-" Edgar stammered.

"Rodger." The old man said with a warm smile.

"Rodger, of course" Edgar sighed.

"Wanted to check in to see how well you've been holding up on your own" the old man would say, visibly confusing the loner. Seeing such confusion the man would further clarify.

"I was close with your folks before they moved out, I helped them out every now an then." He'd say, "They talked a lot about you and your brothers, especially about how close knit ya'll were, I was almost envious of how inseperable ya'll seemed." He joked, "I was surprised to see you stay instead of leaving with you family. It's nun' of my business to prod around on the why's and how's, I just want to make sure you're doing alright."

Edgar was silent, humiliated in a way to know that his deteriorating health was being surveyed. But he also felt a sense of relief, like he's been hoping that someone would take notice of his struggling. That someone would care.

"I've... I've been doing alright." He'd lie through his teeth, "just trying to figure things out, you know?" Edgar forced a smile.

"Ohh I've been there." The neighbor laughed, "You'll figure it out soon enough, it may take a while but what's learning without making a mistake or three." He chuckled, Edgar giving a light laugh as well, oddly feeling reassured by that, "It's a rough journey, if you ever feel cornered, don't hesitate to give my door a little knock, I'd be more than happy to help you out."

"R..Really?" Edgar asked.

"Of course! It's the least I can do for your efforts in keeping this neighborhood clear of vermin" the old man smiled.

"Right" Edgar laughed nervously, "I uh, gotta get going. Th-Thank you, Rodger."

"Anytime, Lil' Edgar!" The old man waved, returning to their gardening.

He'd quickly scurry back inside and shut the door, locking it and closing all the blinds as if he was being followed. He felt like he was being followed. He feels the burning gazes of people who aren't anywhere nearby. Why did he open his bedroom window?? Why?? Buying a fleshlight would've been less shameful than fucking a godforsaken rabbid...

Wait.. the rabbid. What was he thinking?! He let a rabbid in his home and just let it roam free for hours!!

His perversion really led him to believe that he could trust the pest, as if the wild thing was a trained pet! He felt like a sex obsessed dunce letting his thoughts rot his every braincell. He'd practically dash up the stairs and burst into his room to see... the rabbid exactly where he left it. On his bed, almost having dropped his phone out of fright. Edgar would exhale out of relief... before sharply gasping upon realizing the rodent was messing with his phone.

"Uh-hey hey, no! Give it!" He said sternly to the rabbid as he snatched back his phone. The rabbid of course spits a few foul words that Edgar would not understand, but based on the tone alone he can assume that they're not kind in the slightest.

He'd glance at his phone and almost drop it, being immediately flashed with porn. For a moment he thought he somehow left a few tabs open, but would quickly remember that he hadn't opened anything after his last escapade. He'd close the tab out of disgust.. before looking through his history once more to see what this rabbid was typing out.

Porn, many many links to a variety of sites, so many that Edgar didn't find familiar in the slightest. Seems like whenever they got their paws on his phone, they just immediately browsed for porn.

He'd glance at Jackass, who nonchalantly stared at him without an ounce of shame, it was almost terrifying to Edgar.

"Why are you watching this stuff?" Edgar would ask, Jackass giving a casual 'bwah' and shrug. He didn't have to understand what she said to know that it wasn't a big deal to her. This would irritate him. Why? He wasn't entirely sure but he felt the need to discourage her behavior, to scold her like she was some naive teenager.

"This isn't healthy! It rots your mind! Makes you believe that real life is exactly like this! But it's not, it's gross!" He huffed, the rabbid's face scrunching up in confusion. What could have provoked this once chill human to get all worked up over porn? She's seen how much porn he watched on a daily basis, the time she spent was only a fraction of what he's done.

Her judgmental look would give Edgar the self reflection he needed. He was projecting... on a rabbid. Edgar sighed in defeat, sitting on the bed beside Jackass.

"I'm really fucked in the head, huh?" He'd mumble, both to himself and the rabbid. The stray in question would feel sympathy for Edgar, she too would feel spiteful if he watched porn without her. She'd scoot closer to the man, gently placing her paw on his thigh, caressing it a bit to reassure him. He'd glance at her paw, fond of its touch. Gently, he'd place his hand atop of hers, feeling its soft fur.

He just kept committing mistakes after another, he felt lost, so lost that he managed to find solace in a goddamn rabbid. He didn't know if there was anything that could even begin to help him. It just keeps getting worse.

The rabbid could sense this, perhaps it was a rabbid thing, or an alien thing, or maybe simply for the fact that it was painfully obvious to see how pathetic this man was. The pity she felt for him was intense, she's never seen such a hopeless, pathetic excuse for a human being. She wouldn't know how to cheer him up... or at least, she wouldn't know how to do it other than to.. do it. She knew he no longer wanted to, but surely a simple gesture of affection wasn't off the table.

The stray would stand on the bed, pulling on Edgar's shoulder as support. The man would only watch as the small thing proceeded to gesture for him to lean a bit closer. He'd oblige, no longer caring about what would happen... until he suddenly cared again when without warning, the rabbid kissed him on the lips. And not even a simple peck, the rodent jumping right in with tongue. He'd quickly pull back, startled and disgusted, wiping his mouth desperately as if he was poisoned. Jackass would surprisingly not take offense to that, assuming his reaction was because he's never been kissed before... which wouldn't be too far off of an assumption.

"WHY DID YOU DO THAT??" He'd exclaim as he spat and coughed.

The rabbid wouldn't respond, staring at the dramatic man as he wrapped up his tantrum. However after, he would not scold her or even ask her to not do that again. Instead, he sat on the bed, and silently thought to himself.

He was flustered again, conflicted on how to feel. Sure it was disgusting... but part of him.. enjoyed it. He knew he shouldn't be feeling that way but he did. He wanted more but he had to

repress it... but did he really? He'd glance at the rabbid again, its ears perking up when he made eye contact.

So what if he made another mistake? It's not like it's hurting anyone. Hell, the rabbid enjoyed it too. No one would know, and no one needs to know. Maybe after enough times he'll get tired of it and return to normal. What's another mistake?

The rabbid couldn't tell what could possibly be going on in the man's mind, but the longer he silently stared at the floor, the redder in the face he got. Eventually, he'd move further along his bed, facing the rabbid completely. She'd only stare as he hesitantly leaned toward her, and returned the kiss. However it was barely a kiss, more like a light peck near her lips. He'd rub his face along hers, feeling her fur against his cheek. She'd be confused but not unwilling, allowing him to feel her fur and even finding enjoyment in it as well. No one has ever really focused on her fur as much as Edgar, it was an interesting sensation.

The man cupped the rabbid's cheek in his hand, gently pressing her towards **his** cheek, squishing her face in between his hand and face.

A small noise would come out of her as she was squished, making Edgar laugh a bit. He'd pull back, smiling as he looked down at the curious rabbid who mirrored his smile. He'd feel relieved to have pushed aside all of his regrets and disgust, such stress was pointless. He'd lean back in for an actual kiss, partially nuzzling the rabbid as well. The rabbid would easily take the lead, kissing as intensely as she did before, Edgar simply mimicking her the best he could, and before he knew it, he was kissing her.

He could feel himself warming up, his heart beating so intensely that it was basically punching his chest. He enjoyed this feeling, this excitement, this passion for this anomaly. As he kissed the small thing, he'd inch his hand toward its crotch, pressing his fingers right up against her slit, making the stray gasp. He felt as her body began to tremble, likely becoming as overwhelmingly excited as he was.

He felt the rabbid get wet as he teased her entrance, wiggling his fingers as his other hand held the rabbid still.

The rabbid did not sit, or lay, still standing as she was fingered, her legs struggling to maintain their strength. It wouldn't be long before she became restless, pulling back from the kiss and freeing herself from Edgar's grip to lay on her back, presenting her slit to him just as she had done the day prior.

"D-Do..." Edgar swallowed, "Do you want me to have sex with you?" He'd ask. While the answer was obvious, he had to ensure the rodent was just as willing.

"Aba-Aba!" She nodded, panting as she eagerly waited for the fucking she's been looking for.

Edgar would quickly begin to remove his clothing, starting with his shirt, then pants, then of course his underwear. The heat was just too much to be clothed for, never having gone nude in his life (other than to shower of course). However the second he moved on top of Jackass, he'd

suddenly feel too exposed to go on. Deciding to cover himself with his blanket before finally going down on the rabbid.

He hadn't noticed how hard he got from the kissing alone, surprisingly himself when he caught a glimpse of his member. It was very awake and very ready, throbbing in anticipation as Edgar positioned himself right where he needed to. With one hand he held onto the rabbid's hips, not bothering to guide his cock into the right place, deciding it'd just be quicker to aim, thank goodness he was as hard as he was, otherwise aiming would've been useless. His tip would land on her stomach, making the stray squirm as he slowly moved it lower and lower, right until it was right on the slit. He'd slowly push himself in, struggling for a moment with how tight the rabbid was before he would finally feel its hot flesh engulf his cock. Her innards throbbed, giving the man a hellish squeeze which was precisely what he enjoyed.

"G-God you feel amazing.." Edgar breathed, the rabbid whimpering a response that would tell him that she felt the same.

Once he was able to insert all of him inside of her, he'd start fucking her, the first three thrusts being slow before he picked up the pace by a lot. Heavily breathing as he watched the rabbid underneath him writhe and moan. Her legs kicked excitedly as her back arched in pleasure. Her dramatic display gets Edgar more worked up than he has ever been before. He'd fuck her even harder, practically bouncing her on the bed as she only got louder. It would nearly be ear piercing, and as painful as it was, Edgar savored it.

"Fuck!" He'd pant, "Do you know how hard it was f-for me to not fuck your brains out e-everytime you looked at me.." He'd drunkenly say, the rabbid only babbling incoherent screams in response. He'd feel her get even wetter, her insides loosening as he talked to her. Seems like she enjoyed dirty talk.

"Always t-teasing me like I couldn't just grab you and.." He'd lose his breath for a moment, but it didn't fluster him, he went on, "Always teasing me like I couldn't just grab you and use y-you like the.." He had to think for a moment, "-And use you like the whore that you are".

It would sound very unnatural coming from Edgar, he knew it was weird to say it, but he didn't say it for his own enjoyment-

"A-Ahh-b...~!" The rabbid gargled as her white face began to flush red, "Ahah-Abnghh~!".

A very odd sound, if Edgar didn't know any better he'd think he was somehow choking her. But alas, the reaction he was anticipating happened. Her insides became slicker, throbbing in quick intervals for just a short moment. She really like being called a 'whore' it seemed. Edgar would find it funny, laughing a bit before he decided to humor her even more.

"You like that, huh~?" He'd laugh, barely coming out as serious as he wanted it to, but it didn't matter, the rabbid enjoyed it!

"Uh-huhnghhaah~!" She'd nod as she gargled another wonderful impression of a drowning toad. Edgar has never seen a rabbid get so red in the face, her drunken eyes just barely focusing on his.

"Fucking s-slut~!" He'd say to her, his tone barely serious at all, as if it was a joke. Even so, Jackass still enjoyed it immensely. Always babbling in response as her insides throbbed.

However the more he called her names, the more he felt himself get closer.

"Sh-Shit I'm getting close." Edgar laughed, the rabbid's all too familiar short barks coming from her at the sound of that, "You're cl-close too huh?" He panted, the rabbid nodding feverishly in response.

"D-Do you want me to cum in you?" He'd ask, the rabbid bearly nodding as her senses visibly clouded, "O-Okay I'm going to cum in you. I'm going to cum in.. I'm going to~"

"SURPRISE, LOSERR!!"

Edgar's soul nearly jumped out of him as his room was suddenly busted into, it was Kevin, they were early, three fucking days early.

"WH-KEVIN?!?" Edgar squealed as he covered himself with his blanket.

"And Toni!" Another exclaimed as they peered from behind Kevin. It was Antonio. While Edgar was absolutely mortified, his two friends had the biggest shit eating grins imaginable.

"I knew your ass was fucking lying when I heard that yawn!" Kevin laughed, "I didn't think it was possible for you to get laid this hard".

Edgar became redder than a burnt victim, he didn't know what to say, he couldn't even get angry because they weren't busting on some casual passionate one night stand. He couldn't let them see-

"Dude...." Antonio breathed, both his and Kevin's smiles dropping faster than a fly. They were staring at Jackass, who sat up to look over the blanket Edgar was trying to cover her with.

Shame. Shame shame shame. Why was he like this? Why did he let himself go this far? Why Why Why. He couldn't even look his friends in the eye, but he knew this intervention was exactly what he needed, as painful as it was. Clothed and seated in the couch of the living room, he'd allow himself to be hit with the needed scolding for his behavior. His friends sat on the sofas diagonal from him, glancing at each other in extreme worry before their gazes returned to Edgar as he slouched on the couch, looking down at the floor in humiliation. Leaving Jackass in his room, alone and unoccupied again.

"So uh.." Kevin started, "How long has... this, been going on?" He asked as his hand gestured to all of Edgar.

"Not that long.." Edgar would answer, "Maybe just... two weeks?"

"Jesus.." Kevin muttered as he rubbed his face, humiliating Edgar even more. "Have you... have you been doing it with different ones or just that one?"

"Just that one." He answered before suddenly feeling defensive on how his friend worded his question, "And I wasn't doing it every day... this was only the.. the second time." He grumbled.

"Hey look man I'm not trying to be rude or anything, but this shits just... it's a lot." Kevin would quickly remark.

"I know I know, I'm sorry.." Edgar sighed. They'd sit in awkward silence, before suddenly Antonio decided to join the conversation.

"Did it feel like a woman?" Antonio would blurt out, catching Edgar so off guard he looked up at him.

"Huh?" Edgar stammered.

"Did it feel like a woman? Like, the inside." He'd repeat himself before suddenly being hit in the chest by Kevin.

"Dumbass he doesn't know what a woman feels like" Kevin would spit, indirectly insulting Edgar with that.

"Okay? But what if it did and he technically knew what a woman could feel like" Antonio continued.

"Just because it might've felt like a woman doesn't mean his virgin ass would know It's like a woman. Don't you have any common sense up in there?" Kevin barks back at Antonio. The topic suddenly shifting from what he assumed was an intervention, and instead a Q&A.

"Fuck off, dude. I just want to know if it felt good, y'know?" Antonio spat back.

"Well obviously it'd feel good, why the hell would he be fucking that thing to begin with? I don't stick my dick in holes for shits and giggles." Kevin argued.

"Psh! Well I do. I'm just asking questions so get off my dick, dude"

"Guys.." Edgar would attempt to intervene, but somehow they started an entire argument about him?

"And I'm asking the more important questions, the essential shit, you get me? Something to help him because obviously whatever this is it's not making him happy at all!" Kevin interrupted.

"You don't know that." Antonio barked, "Maybe rabbid pussy is insanely good! Give him immunities or shit. They're aliens aren't they? Like the History Channel says!"

"Dude, what the fuck are you on?" Kevin huffed.

"Guys." Edgar tried again to no avail.

"You remember Tiffany from the pool? When I first got with her, I was a different man, a sad one. I ain't ever felt that type of sad before, but her pussy, shit fucking cured me, bro. Felt more alive than ever! Like I can conquer the world! Probably even took away my lactose intolerance!"

"Dude you were fucking high."

"GUYS!!" Edgar would shout, finally getting their attention back, "What the hell are you two talking about?? Aren't you going to shame me? Tell me that the-shit I've done is fucking deplorable?? That i should turn myself in to the cops or the feds or whoever!"

Kevin and Antonio glanced at one another.

"No?.." Kevin would say in visible confusion, "I mean, if you were fucking an animal, yeah. But this is a rabbid, shits like a lil street druggie. It knows what it's doin, has its own shit going on but like, too crazy to become more than what they are, you get me?"

"That feels like a very gross comparison." Edgar would say.

"Whatever. Basically it's not an animal, but also it's like, not really a person either." Kev would clarify the best he could.

"Basically fucking bigfoot. Its not really wrong but its fucking weird." Antonio would add, which Kevin would surprisingly agree on.

Edgar was speechless, was he really overthinking all of it, or were his friends bigger degenerates than he was. He'd rub his eyes in visible stress, exhaling sharply. This visit is starting off great.

"Soo..." Kevin would breathe, "We take whichever room on this floor right?"

Edgar glanced up at him, surprised by that question.

"You're... still staying?" He'd ask.

"Well duh! We didn't prank you for nothing, we miss you, man!" Kevin smiled, which would manage to simultaneously relieve and stress out Edgar. Were they taking this seriously? Did they feel bad?

"We also bought the newest Brother Bunch Basher Crashers! We can all play it together!" Antonio exclaimed as he pulled out a game from his backpack, before slowly tucking it back inside, "er... whenever you're free that is, you did call work right?"

He forgot to call his boss... again. Edgar's surprised expression told the two friends what they needed to know.

"You didn't call?!" Kevin exclaimed.

"You just called me this morning!" Edgar shouted back, "I was planning to sometime today but I got caught up on the cleaning and the..." He'd grumbled to himself as he massaged his temples. Deciding to get up from his couch and head back to his room, "I'll call right now, hopefully they'll give me the week off."

"Just a week?" Kevin asked.

"So when are we gonna tell him about our plan?" Antonio whispered to Kevin, who quickly shushed him.

"What plan?" Edgar said, only having taken one step up the stairs. The friends wouldn't answer, making the loser even more nervous, "What. Plan?" He'd ask more sternly.

"It's not a plan per say, more like a proposal" Kevin stammered, "We... we were wondering if we could... move in with you?"

"move in???" Edgar had to repeat, his tone a bit too harsh which would cause his friends to slightly recoil, "Why? What happened?"

Both friends hesitated before Antonio decided to speak up.

"We lost our jobs" He'd say.

"Okay? Then look for new ones? Why move here? And why my house specifically??" Edgar barked.

"That's what we've been doing for the past few months! No ones looking to hire in our cities, and those that are aren't looking for guys like us." Kevin answered, "We were planning to move anyways, didn't know where until we remembered your fam' moved out a while ago and-"

"And what, you were looking to move in? Have a roof over your head and wifi for free?" Edgar spat, putting off Kevin by a lot.

"Woah woah hey, when did I say we wanted to live rent free? We are looking for jobs, Edgar." Kevin reassured, which would fall on deaf ears, Edgar only becoming more erratic.

"I should've seen this coming, you always come here to ask for favors, every single fucking time. Do you even like hanging out with me? Is every 'plan' just coated in a sweet layer of deceptive gifts and games to trick me into thinking you're my friends?!"

"We are your friends!" Kevin would shout over him.

"Sure you are." Edgar huffed, ticking off Antonio.

"Dude what the hell is your problem? We're just asking for a bit of help." He'd interject, only agitating the loser more.

"You're always asking for help! Always! There hasn't been a moment without one of you asking me for fucking favors!".

"Ohh I'm so sorry that we're intruding on your comfortable life. We've grown up together, struggled together, and I just assumed oh y'know, our oldest friend knows what's up! He would happily lend us a hand, not accuse us of being leeches just like he-" Kevin would cut himself off, but it'd be a few words too late.

"Like I what?" Edgar spat, closing the distance between him and his friend "Go on, say it!"

"...That was too far, I shouldn't have said that." Kevin apologized, stepping away from Edgar, "Look, we just need a place to stay until we find a job and we'll be out of your hair, 'k?"

Edgar only glared at him, as well as Antonio. It was quiet for a few seconds before light footsteps moving down the stairs would distract all three men. It was Jackass, hopping down from the second floor holding onto Edgar's phone. She'd walk past the tense circle and head to the kitchen, opening the fridge and snatching herself a few weenies, hogging them down in an instant.

She didn't bother looking at the men, visibly irritated and only focused on the phone that would very audibly be playing what sounded like cartoons.

They'd watch the small thing hop back upstairs, it's little footsteps moving back to the room.

"Does it live here..?" Antonio would ask, shifting the topic completely, either to avoid the fight or being legitimately curious of the situation, "Or do you let it stay or-?"

Edgar's shame would completely overcome his irrational anger, grumbling as he gave Kevin space.

"I asked her to stay.." He'd answer honestly, averting his eyes from his 'friends' once more.

"I don't think it understood you, maybe it just decided to get comfortable" Antonio said.

"No she understands, she can uh, write and we uh... talk to each other that way." Edgar mumbled. Hearing himself say it out loud doubled his shame, he sounded fucking insane.

"Is it... nice to you?" Kevin would ask suddenly.

"She's friendly, yeah" Edgar would answer before he was interrupted.

"No No, I mean, is it 'nice' to you. Like, do you know if it's not using you for the food and stuff?" He'd ask.

Edgar's face scrunched up in mild offense before realizing that he's never considered if he was being taken advantage of by the rabbid too.

"I... why are you talking about her like I'm in a relationship with it? It's just meaningless fucking." Edgar sneered, not at all convincing his friends and neither himself. Did he catch feelings for the rabbid? Was it so obvious that his friends could tell?.. Did his friends care?

"Okay okay..." Kevin raised his hands, "I just know you tend to be a little touchy about this stuff, and I'm happy to give you space to breathe but I don't know if this thing will do the same if you've really, you know, have gotten attached."

Edgar shook his head, this was all ridiculous, why was he letting it get to him. Maybe it's the lack of sleep.

"Extra blankets, pillows and towels are in the closet down the hall to the right." Edgar would conclude the conversation, retreating back to his room where his rabbid companion waited, sitting on his bed and angrily watching toons from his phone.

Edgar would quietly lock the door behind him and sit on the bed, watching as the rabbid ignored him even while facing him.

"Are you mad?" Edgar asked her, the rabbid responding with an incomprehensible mumble. She'd exit out of the cartoon she was watching, opening the notes app of the phone and began typing down.

'I don laik dem' she'd type, 'Dey rooind sex. Maek me mad. I don wan do aneethin aneemor.'

Edgar sighed, sort of understanding her. They were pretty close, it could've made for a nice finish..

He'd gently pet the pest, caressing her head and scratching the back of her ear. Though she was about to pull away, the ear scratched reeled her back in, she'd practically leaned against Edgar's hand as her leg twitched excitedly. Similarly to the rabbid in the adult video. Despite having exploded at his friends mere moments before, being in the presence of this rabbid calmed him. Though he knew it was wrong to not only feel this way toward it, but develop what is likely a sense of dependency on it, he would stop caring... so much so he'd decide to finish what he started.

He'd grab the phone from the rabbid's paw and move it aside, almost immediately leaning down to land a deep kiss onto the rabbid's mouth. He'd feel it flinch, likely not at all expecting him to lunge at her so quickly, but just as fast she'd get into the mood. Desperately pulling at Edgar's shirt, trying to force him lower as she laid herself onto the bed. He'd only lower his pants by a portion, making room to pull out his member and quickly reinserting it into the rabbid. He'd barely given himself or the rabbid time to breathe, the moment he slipped inside he'd be startled by Jackass howling in response, impulsively pressing his palm against the pest's mouth.

"I'm... I'm sorry. I just need you to be quiet, okay?" He'd say. The rabbid did not resist, even after being visibly frightened by what practically felt like a hit on the face, in fact, they became wetter. Perhaps it was the aggression, maybe even the restraints, but whatever it was the rabbid enjoyed it greatly, flushing red at the face again.

Edgar proceeded to fuck the small thing as quietly as possible, not caring to pause to hear if it was too audible. Even while being careless, there's only so much care he can put when relishing in the tight, warm innards of this disgustingly alluring monstrosity. It wouldn't take too long before he felt the rabbid orgasm, rhythmically squeezing his cock as the sound of her fluids spraying against his clothes was the second loudest thing in the room. The very loudest of course being the shitty bed creaking as he rammed the rabbid's insides.

Despite yearning to fill the rabbids insides another time, he wanted to watch Jackass cum again. He'd slow down, giving both himself and the rabbid a short break before he'd abruptly slammed himself inside of her.

"MHMM~!!". The muffled cries of the rabbid would manage to slip from Edgar's palms, no matter how tightly he covered their mouth. He enjoyed this, their struggle, looking down on their strained expression as she experienced the discomfort of having her face squished tightly while simultaneously enduring Edgar's purposeful overstimulation. However as rough as he wanted to be, he knew it'd be a bit too much noise than he'd be comfortable with.

He'd pull out of the rabbid, letting go of her face as well which left a visible print of his hand on her messed up fur. Gently lifting it from the bed as he laid himself onto it instead, placing the rabbid on top of his chest. His head resting against the small thing's shoulders, allowing both him and her to watch as his fingers crept from under her leg and into her slit. To no surprise she'd howl again, only a second of a noise being let out before his other hand quickly covered her mouth. He'd push the rabbid's head against his, feeling her fur rub onto his cheek again as he slowly pushed his fingers as deep as they could. He could feel the rabbid's body tremble with pleasure, its heartbeat vibrating throughout her entire body. It almost tickled.

As he nuzzled the rabbid's head, he'd pull his digits but a bit before shoving them right back inside her, causing another muffled moan to erupt from her.

He'd move his fingers from the inside, feeling the walls and their texture, pushing against them as the rabbid writhed and kicked at him. The rabbid's breathing was getting heavy as he messed with her insides, and while he wanted to finger fuck the pest to oblivious, perverted curiosity would strike him first. He'd pull out of her before deciding to try to insert three fingers inside of her. It would be a struggle, just enough to make the rabbid's muffled moans more persistent. After enough effort they'd slip inside, the flesh contracting around his fingers from the rabbid's pleasure. He'd reach as deep as he could, feeling her for a bit before pulling out again.

He'd wonder if the pain is what's giving her the most pleasure, deciding to try four fingers. Just as before, it'd be a struggle, but with enough pushing and wetness from the rabbid herself, it'd be given entry, greeted by a few tight contractions.

Edgar would then flinch at something wet making contact with his cheek, turning to look at the rabbid's face the best he could before realizing what it was.

The rabbid was crying, and no simple single tear, this was full on crying. Edgar's heart would sink, was he hurting it this whole time? He'd slowly pull out in genuine concern, however the moment they popped out, the rabbid orgasmed. Edgar would confusingly watch as the rabbid jerked and squirted all over him, her muffled moans now sounding more like cries. He was deeply confused, was she hurt? Did she enjoy that? He'd almost decide to end this session completely before the rabbid's trembling weakly grabbed his wrist and moved his hand right back onto her crotch.

Despite appearing as if she'd been tortured, it seems like that wasn't the case. Or perhaps it was. Edgar didn't know what he did, but he did know that Jackass enjoyed it.

While it definitely seemed like the rabbid wanted more, Edgar would lose his drive. He was far too worried to continue, slowly and gently letting her go and placing her on the bed beside him.

Her watery eyes only squinted at him, her expression blank.

"Are you okay?" Edgar asked, not having realized his voice cracked a bit, "Are you hurt? Where does it hurt?".

The trembling rabbid only pointed at his phone, Edgar quickly handing it to her to understand what happened. She typed slowly, painfully slow. But once she was done she turned the screen toward Edgar.

'Hrt alot. But ok. I leik it alat.' She would've typed. It didn't reassure him.

"I'm so sorry I won't do that again, I don't know what I was thinking I shouldn't have covered your mouth I'm so sorry I-" Edgar could feel his throat shut itself, he felt awful. Was he going to cry too? Why was he crying?

The rabbid typed on the phone again.

'Am ok. Don wori. Yu did non rong. I had fun.' She typed. She'd attempt to sit up only to be prevented by Edgar.

"No-d-dont move, please" Edgar begged in a shaky voice. He was panicking, he could feel himself panicking. Why was he stressing out? She's okay!

The rabbid frowned, now having become the one consumed with concern. She wants to reassure him but assumes the best way of doing so is to remain on the bed. She'd only watch in worry as the man cried to himself. She wasn't sure what could be coursing through his mind. Perhaps it's something else, she did tell him she was fine more than once. It was strange hearing a human cry. Now she has heard them cry in pain, and it's usually funny, but in this instance it was... not funny. Now it didn't exactly pain her, but it was uncomfortable.

It'd take him a while of sniffling before he'd finally compose himself. By then Jackass would have recovered, getting on her feet and moving beside Edgar. She'd sit beside him, leaning against him as her paw gently caressed his thigh.

It would've been the only thing he responded to, his hand resting atop of hers, fidgeting his her fur. She'd look up at him, and he'd glance down at her.

He was blank, as if he never cried to begin with.

"All of this stress is messing me up" he'd finally say, "maybe I should get therapy.."

Jackass wasn't sure if he was talking to her or not, but she attentively listened regardless, her ears and eyes on him the whole time, which Edgar would find calming.

He'd pet her head, fidgeting with her damaged ear for a bit.

"... did you enjoy this too?" He'd ask a question directed at Jackass, and though she'd catch onto that, she didn't understand what he was asking. "And this?.." He'd gently rub a finger under her lazy eye, "or this?.." he's stuck his finger in her maw, poking at her chipped tooth.

She still didn't understand what he was asking, giving him a confused look.

"Do you enjoy it when others hurt you?" He'd ask again. An obvious question with an obvious answer right? Well, to the rabbid it wasn't. She didn't know, and her face would show it.

She had never thought about that, and now that she's thinking about it, she doesn't know if she can come up with a simple answer.

Edgar's worry festered. Has he been hurting her this entire time? Was he abusing her and mistook her reactions as consent? Why did he open that window, why. Why. Why. Why. He'd hide his face with his palms, the stress driving him to tears again. Being consumed with shame from being a pervert is one thing, but believing he had committed a harmful act upon this creature and tricked himself into thinking they were enjoying it sickened him to his stomach. Something was wrong with him, he was a monster.

Overthinking and overthinking, and who could blame the loser, it's quite the unique situation. How is someone supposed to reason with themselves after having fucked a rabbid? Having hurt one was a different thing, a highly encouraged yet discouraged action, but for Edgar? Suddenly every sense of crushing guilt he's felt after learning more about Jackass would come crashing down on him. He's hurt plenty of rabbids in his job and felt nothing, but suddenly he is now feeling everything. He hated it, he couldn't live with it.

"I'm sorry I scared you." a text-to-speech voice suddenly spoke. It was from Edgar's phone, Jackass deciding to have her words spoken out loud than read. While her writing was still shit, the pronunciations were good enough to sound like the phrases of a well spoken human, "I should've told you the stuff I liked and the stuff I do. I forget how much I scare others when I get too comfortable. Anything that you think you did, you didn't do. I'm okay and I had a lot of fun. Please don't be sad. I promise I will be more careful next time."

Edgar didn't know why, but hearing it outloud would actually calm him. It felt like she was talking to him, as if she were just another person. Edgar would take a few deep breaths.

"I don't know what to do. I don't think this is normal, I don't think it's healthy but... I don't want it to stop..." He'd say.

Jackass didn't understand, she didn't know what crisis he was spirling in. She'd type.

"It's okay to feel lost." The Text-To-Speech said, "I can help."

"But I don't think you should, I think you being here is making it worse" Edgar said.

"I can leave." She'd respond with.

"But I don't want you to leave... I don't know what I want.." Edgar sighed.

Jackass didn't know how to respond. None of her words were helping. She was never good with words. She'd put aside the phone, and press herself closer to Edgar, hugging and nuzzling his arm as an attempt to soothe him. She wasn't sure if it was working, though she could feel him petting her head with his other hand.

The night would be a blur, at some point they would lay on the bed, Edgar spooning the small rabbid, holding her tightly as they both drifted to sleep, the man not bothering to turn off the lights.

He wouldn't know how many hours he had slept, but from how exhausted he was the day prior, he definitely slept much longer than he's used to, the only thing having woken him up was the rabbid's snores. Slowly opening his eyes to.. the wall against his bed. The rabbid was definitely still present, he just didn't know where.

He glanced between his arms, nope, she unspooned herself at some point. He looked down his bed. Nope, nothing.

He'd sit up, believing he was somehow going insane, but right then he heard where the snoring was coming from. His pillow.

He'd peek under his pillow, and there she was, spread out like a rug and snoring like a hog. How she managed to squeeze herself right under him he wouldn't know, but he'd find it adorable. Silently chuckling to himself as he pet the pest's fully exposed belly. It was soft, squishy even, Edgar would've started to wonder if his pillow only felt more comfortable because of her round belly. Jackass would make some strange guttural noises from the touching, eventually coughing a bit before turning to lay on her side, her storing having ceased and now sleeping a lot more silently.

It was late in the afternoon, probably having slept for fourteen hours, and he could feel it. Groggy as he walked down the stairs, headed to the kitchen before almost having run into Antonio who was just leaving it.

"Shit! My bad." Antonio nervously stammered, Edgar having simply frozen in shock.

He forgot all of last night, and now that he remembered he started to feel a bit sick. There was no fixing this, he has ruined his friendships and in the worst way possible. How could he be so selfish, so perverted, so utterly fucking usele-

"You wanna play?" Antonio asked, snapping Edgar out of his shock.

"Wh-huh?" Edgar breathed.

"After you eat your brunch I mean" Antonio added, not clarifying at all.

Edgar didn't know how to answer, shrugging hesitantly.

"Aight. We can wait till you done so you can watch us, I don't think you'll want to miss this new BBBC, I heard they're bringing back Pretzel Pete!" He'd said excitedly, patting Edgar's shoulder before walking to the living room. Edgar kept where he stood, confused.

Why were they treating him like he didn't say horrible things to them? He practically screamed at them. Oh God he was close to getting physical with Kevin! Why did he do that?

He didn't know for how long he'd fight with himself, but eventually he'd finally step into the kitchen, making himself a simple ham sandwich before awkwardly walking to the living room.

There they were, sitting on the sofas, waiting for him to join.

"Morning, Sleeping Beauty!" Kevin greeted Edgar with a grin, "We were close to betting on who would kiss you to get you to wake up" he'd joke.

Edgar stared in disbelief, numb almost. Was he dreaming? He couldn't muster anything to say except...

"Please don't leave."

"Okay." Kevin shrugged, "So you ready to watch?" He'd ask.

More hours would pass, how many? Who knows, the rabbid didn't know how to keep track of time all too well. She'd writhe and twist around the bed, forcing her body to crack at every angle, sitting up once she's felt that she's cracked every stiff bone, releasing an ungodly yawn while doing so. She forgot why she was in a house, not bothering to remember until it naturally comes back to her, she doesn't like stressing for nothing. She'd look around the room, staring at the drawers, the pile of clothes next to them, the pc and.. the window.

She could really go for a rotting cheeseburger. She'd sit up, stumbling to the window and sliding it open, pushing aside the shitty screen that she thought she had thrown away a while ago. Carefully she slipped onto the steep roof top, letting herself slowly slide down the tiles before she eventually lost all grip and tumbled off the house.

She'd land harshly onto the grass, an audible thud coming from it that surely no one can miss. Though the air was knocked out of her, She'd collect herself relatively quickly, getting on her feet and looking around the neighborhood. It was very nice, she was fond of how clean it was, though from the many times she's come here she's never seen another rabbid. They must be more attached to the trash burgers than she is. However as she ran to the streets and toward the neighborhood's exit gate, she stopped.

Something in the air, it smelled... good! Delicious! She couldn't help but follow this savory scent instead, turning to run further into the nice neighborhood.

Jackass wouldn't bother sneaking around, even in broad daylight, stopping and lifting her head as high as she could to pinpoint where the delicious smell was coming from. At some point she'd give a driver a heart attack by standing in the middle of the road. She wouldn't even turn to acknowledge the car, still trying to track down her target. The driver having slammed the

breaks in a panic, either by the fact they almost hit something or the fact that there was a Rabbid in the neighborhood. They didn't know what to do, staring horrified at the critter as if the wrong move would get them mauled despite being in the protection of their car. Jackass would eventually rush out of the way, finally finding the source. A backyard barbecue, filled with families and dads showing off their grilling skills. So many grills, so many smells, so. Much. MEAT! Hotdogs, burgers, cooked steak, ribs, pork! Oh so much!! Jackass couldn't believe her eyes... and neither could the neighbors.

"Shit!" Edgar hissed, he had lost five rounds in a row against Antonio, "I've really gotten rusty." He laughed.

"When was the last time you played, dude?" Kevin laughed, "Even a toddler could drag Toni's ass!"

"Fuck off, dude" Antonio laughed. They'd start another round in their game, laughing and cheering for every hit, combo and defeat. Edgar would feel relieved, happy even, it would be the best he had felt in a long time. Perhaps this will help him, his friends moving in, being in constant company of his closest friends. He'd hand his controller to Kevin, letting the two bros fight against one another as he sat back and watched. This is how he wanted to live his life everyday, this feeling of.. not being alone warmed him up inside, he felt relaxed, confident even, like he could take on the world! He'd laugh to himself, enjoying the moment just as his bros were.

Until there was a knock at the door. It'd catch Edgar off guard but he'd ignore it... before the knocking became so frantic that it forced the two men to pause the game.

"Uh... I think someone's knocking on the door." Antonio pointed out.

"You think?..." Edgar mumbled, he was confused, neighbors barely visited him and sellers were prohibited. He'd get up from the couch and cautiously walk to the door, the knocking still frantic and loud. He'd peer through the peephole. It was Rodger, and he didn't look happy, hell he looked concerned.

Edgar would open the door, and before he could ask what was wrong the neighbor would interrupt.

"Th-There's a rabbid rampaging through the neighborhood!" The man exclaimed.

Edgar would rush upstairs, breaking into his own room and to his horror, finding that not only was his rabbid missing, but the window was wide open.

"Fuck!" He breathed.

Rodger would have thought nothing of Edgar's sudden rush, assuming he was quickly retrieving his uniform, his assumption only being supported when Edgar quickly walked downstairs in full gear. It was intimidating, it's resemblance to a medical suit and plague doctor really unnerving any who stood in his presence. Such a spectacular presentation for such a ridiculous job such as tending to pests.

"Fucking sick.." Antonio whispered in awe. Both dudes stared at their armored friend as they approached the panicked neighbor.

"Where's the rabbid." Edgar's muffled and somehow altered voice spoke from within his mask.

"Get! Get out here!!" One of the dads of the cook out yelled, using their spatula to swat the rabbid away. But it wasn't deterred, only growling as it simultaneously tore through packets of raw meat and attempted to grab the spatula being swung at them.

"Daddy stop its going to get angrier!" A little girl cried as they tried pulling their father inside of the house, only to be quickly rabbed by another relative to retreat into the house. The dads and drunk aunts stayed out to combat the rabbid, trying to trap or shoo away the pest however they could. Some would try slamming a broom at her, but she'd dodge it, and as she did so another tried tackling her with a table cloth, but she'd run past them only to be kicked by another dad. But instead of being sent flying, the rabbid grabbed onto his leg and began quickly climbing up his leg. The muffled screams of children could be heard from inside the house as they watched the dad get pinched and bitten by the rabbid.

"GET IT OFF GET IT OFF GET IT OFF-!!" The dad panicked, running around and shaking his body around trying to desperately shake them off, but Jackass held on.

"Dammit hold still!!" One of the broom wielding aunts said as they swung the broom as the dad, hitting him right on the back and missing the rabbid entirely. The rabbid would then leap off of the bruised man and into the face of the armed aunt, who only began swinging the broom everywhere as they frantically spun to get the Rabbid off.

It was such a loud commotion that almost every neighbor would leave the safety of their homes to see what the alarm could possibly be about... only to quickly turn heel and shut themselves back into their house when they realize what the problem is.

"Where's the Verminator!!" One neighbor frantically called to another.

"Did you call the Verminator!?" They would say to another.

"They won't pick up!!" They exclaimed, "Do you know where they live?!" They asked another.

Panic swept throughout the entire neighborhood, however even so, none contacted Verminator services, they were all trying to reach Edgar.

After some struggle and loss of hair, the team of dads, aunts and uncles managed to trap Jackass under a laundry basket. Even with the largest dad sitting atop, he would struggle to keep the basket in place, the hellish strength the rabbid displaying intimidating them all. Only turning into horror when the rabbid began digging into the ground. Not only had the rabbid escaped from under, but had also ruined their perfect yard! As it dug back up to the surface just a few feet away, it snarled an ugly sound and kicked at the dirt like a mad dog.

"LEAVE US ALONE!!" A dad howled, nearly in tears from the terror and the pain of having half of his mustache torn off. They shielded themselves with a garbage lid that Jackass would lunge at, she'd grab onto it, climbing it as she tried to reach for the dad's remaining mustache. Her paws grabbed the air as she was just a few inches from being able to yank that tuff of hair off. However before she would reach, she'd feel a sharp sting on her shoulder, throwing her off just enough for the dad to toss her and the garbage lid far from them. She'd hit the grass harshly, taking her a moment to sit back up to examine her shoulder.

A dart. She pulled it out, wincing at the burning it left behind. Then a whistle, her ears perked at the sound as she lifted her head towards it.

A Verminator. And not just any verminator, Edgar. A massive smile formed on the pest's face, she was excited to see him!! Oh how she missed him!! (Despite only remembering him right now). She'd quickly pick herself up to run to him, but before she would fully stand, she'd feel the strength of her legs leave her. She'd fall to her knees in confusion, she doesn't get tired this easily. Maybe the meat is getting to her. Oh well, might as well crawl. But lifting her arm suddenly would feel so.. heavy. Oh wow, everything was spinning too. She blinked harshly, rubbing her eyes as her vision came and went. This was really weird, but it must be nothing. Her head swaying side to side, she'd try her damn hardest to look up at Edgar, her cooky smile still plastered on her face. She'd push against the ground the best she could, she could feel herself walking forward, not very well but enough to finally start walking to Edgar. Everything felt numb... far.. she couldn't tell if she was getting closer. Quiet, weak laughs would come from the small pet as it slowly waddled toward the verminator.

She'd stretch her paw toward him, wanting to grab him before she fell. But she'd only see Edgar raise his gun at her before shooting another dart. She could feel it's cold needle hit her on the hip. Yelping as she tried her best to see the dark attached to her. She'd pull it out, letting it drop to the grass as she inevitably lost her balance and fell to her side.

Her labored breathing would be the last sound to come from her before she'd finally be knocked out for good.

Edgar looked down at the unconscious rabbid... he should nail his window shut next time.

"Holy hell!!" One of the uncles exclaimed as they and the rest of the defending relatives closed in on the rabbid.

"I've never seen one so damn relentless!" An aunt said as they cautiously neared the rodent,
"Do you think it has rabies?"

"Probably! It was practically foaming at the mouth!" An uncle chimed in.

"Do we have to get rabies shots?!" A half-stached dad exclaimed, causing the families to erupted with more worrisome murmuring.

"I doubt it's rabies, but you should get your injuries checked regardless to prevent any infection" Edgar said coldly as he reached for the rabbid. The family would collectively gasp as the verminator picked it up by the ears, half expecting for the thing to jump awake. But it only dangled under his grasp, its purple tongue hung from the side of its gaping maw.

"D-Don't ya'll usually have crates and a-a van to take that thing away?" An aunt asked.

Edgar didn't answer, quietly retrieving the used darts and carrying the rabbid back to his house. Many eyes watched as he took the rabbid with him, frightened but not questioning his method in the slightest. Perhaps he had crates in his house, they thought.

"Whew, what an ugly one.." Rodger breathed, watching from the safety of Edgar's yard, Kevin and Antonio standing beside him. All three men just watched as the verminator began approaching them.

"He fucking killed it?!" Antonio gasped.

"No, dumbass" Kevin barked, "He put it to sleep."

"So he killed it." Antonio repeated before being shushed by Kevin.

"Solved the problem" Edgar mumbled under his mask, walking past the three men and entering his house.

"Shouldn't he toss it in the dumpster?" Antonio asked Kevin in a whisper.

"Wh-? It's not dead!" Kevin whispered back.

"Thank you for your service!" Rodger would shout into the house, before turning to face the two men before him, "So, you boys must be lil' Edgar's friends, right?" He'd asked. The two men jumped a bit, not expecting to engage in conversation with the neighbor.

"Uhh, yeah!" Kevin answered for them, "We all grew up together, actually."

"I knew ya'll looked familiar!" The old man laughed, "Hard to forget the three little trouble makers that rode their bikes around these streets."

The two men perked up, happy to hear of someone who's lived here before they renovated the neighborhood.

"Wait.. Oh! Oh oh oh! I think I remember you!" Antonio barked, "You rode the ice cream truck, right?"

"Indeed I did." The old man smiled.

"Wait so you've been living next door this entire time?!" Keving exclaimed in a gasp, "No wonder we always got the best ice cream before they went!"

"Sometimes I'd purposely run a little late when you boys sleep in." Rodger laughs, causing the two men to laugh with him. They were giddy to meet what was essentially a childhood hero!

"This is crazy!" Antonio laughed, "Do you still sell ice cream?" He asked, the old man releasing a bit of a saddened sigh.

"Not anymore." He'd say.

"Why?" Kevin asked, "Did the van break down?"

"No no, ol' Sandra may be old but she can still run like she's as good as new! No, the HOA that set its roots prohibited the activity of any street vendors, including myself." The old man said.

"Don't you have a permit? I'm sure with a permit you can continue selling" Kevin said.

"That was the first thing I brought up in their classy little hearings, but I was still denied. Now I didn't go down without a fight, believe me! But it would all be in vain." Rodger said, "They've ripped away one of my greatest joys, and in my age it's really difficult to find another job as fulfilling as bringing smiles to the young, so I found myself a new joy!" Rodger would gesture the massive garden on his front yard, flourishing with the most beautiful of flowers.

"Nice" Antonio said, giving the man a very encouraging thumbs up.

"God, what else has changed since we've moved out?" Kevin breathed.

"A lot" Rodger said, "It's nothing like how it used to be, and in a way it's a good thing... but this flawless standard that has been set by the HOA really killed any magic that was once left in this small community. You never see kids playing outside anymore, you never see casual outings

made on a whim, you never see laughing families taking a casual walk or even the occasional stranger that visits to enjoy what was once a beautiful neighborhood." Rodger said, "This neighborhood is still beautiful, no doubt... but it's lifeless. A very strict and very closed community, nothing can happen without the HOA Board's approval, and there are very few things they let slide. The cook out a few houses down would be the first in a while that has been permitted... I just hope that rabid attack didn't ruin our chances in requesting another for a later date."

"Uh... do you think the 'HAO' has anything in their rules that wouldn't allow us to move in?" Antonio asked Rodger.

"Move in?" The old man barked.

"Yeah, we were planning to move in with Edgar, and what you've described makes it sound like they'd mind a bit"

"Oh they'd mind quite a lot." Rodger warned, "They're especially biased with who they welcome in, a clean record ain't gonna be enough for them to allow it."

"What would we need to do to get their approval?" Kevin asked.

"Loads of paperwork, loads of meetings, repetitive background checks with very picky lenses. If they think of you as useless, they'll shut the gates on you and never look back." Rodger listed.

The two men would begin to stress at the idea of such a painfully long process that can be all for nothing.

"Man... I assume that two unemployed men with highschool education isn't going to bode well?" Kevin said, Rodger answering with a nod.

"And the penalties are heavy, if they find you doing something they don't like, they can legally get you in cuffs" Rodger added, stressing the men out more.

"Shit no wonder Edgar freaked out." Antonio remarked, "This shit is insane."

"That poor boy." Rodger shook his head in dismay, "He's been in a rough spot these past few months, cooped up in that house of his after his family departed. Today would've been the first I've heard him laugh in quite a long time, it ached me to have taken that moment away for a stinking rabid."

Both young men glanced at each other, knowing how much worse his condition had really gotten. The old man's eyes wandered off, deep in thought before seemingly having decided on something.

"Tell you what, boys. If the HOA catches wind of your extended stays, I can cover for you, make it seem like you just love visiting your dear friend. To give ya'll enough time to get yourself a decent job to heighten your chances of being permitted to live here." He smiled, the two men not expecting such an out of the blue offer.

"Wh.. but the penalty-" Kevin stammered before the old man quickly reassured.

"Don't worry, I don't think it'll look good for them to incarcerate an old man who mistakenly gave some misinformation." He laughed.

Locked in his room again, whatever sense of happiness he felt before would've been forgotten. His clinginess to the rabbid worsened. Sat on the bed, Edgar watched the unconscious rabbid on his bed. He had cleaned her of the grass and meat stains that covered her body, gently bathing her, brushing and drying her fur as if she hadn't escaped at all. In a way she looked even cleaner than before. The white of her coat shined brighter, the tuffs on her ears feeling as soft as silk. She looked beautiful.

Edgar had only removed his mask, his jumpsuit unzipped but still on him. He dwelled on his darkening thoughts, his thoughts of dependency, depravity, which bit by bit would feed into what he would soon recognize as an obsession.

He'd stare at her, for a while before suddenly recalling the video he had seen of her. Everytime he remembered the sounds, the visuals, made him feel hot inside... but a new heat would form in his gut, one a lot less enjoyable than plain lust. He didn't recognize this feeling right away, but he knew what this feeling was making him do.

He pulled out his phone, searching through his history until he finally found what he was looking for.

The rabbid porn site.

His eyes would strain from the poorly made website, but even so he didn't wait before quickly tapping the search bar and looking up a few key words.

"Female Rabbid", "Torn Ear", "Chipped Tooth", and then hit enter. The site buffered for a few seconds, but eventually loads of results popped up. He looked at the thumbnails of the first page. All rabbids he didn't recognize. However the second he selected the second page.

It was all Jackass. Scrolling and looking at each thumbnail one by one, going as far as to reaching the third page which only showed more Jackass. He went to the fourth. Then the fifth. Then the sixth.

There were hundreds of results. And almost all of them were the rabbid that now laid on his bed.

The heat that tugged at his stomach began to burn. He knew what this feeling was. He was jealous. Extremely jealous. He could feel himself starting to hate the rabbid again. Hating her for how used she is, hating her for how much of a tease she was to what nearly seems like every fucking human she encounters.

She was smarter than this, she's capable of that, but she chooses to be some street whore. God why was he thinking like this? This is worse than any depraved thought he had ever conceived. Why did he feel heartbroken? Was he really in love with this pest? Is he that far gone?

He couldn't stomach any of these feelings, and did it get worse when he forgot about the site's fucking autoplay option. It began playing one of the videos he hovered above. Fortunately his volume was incredibly low, *unfortunately* this video presented Jackass with a jacked up man. The camera propped by a large and admittedly beautiful bed. Something that you'd expect newlyweds to spend their wedding nights in. But instead of a loving couple, it was Jackass. She wore the bikini Edgar had come to know her with. Sitting on the bed and eagerly staring at the man who towered the bed ahead of her.

It was bad enough this dude was absolutely ripped and smooth skinned, but he was easily packing over 8 inches of rod.

He couldn't look away, subjecting himself to a torturous five minutes of watching a giant plow through Jackass like a fleshlight, and the rabbid took it with ease, in fact she was visibly loving it to the point of tears. And boy did Edgar feel himself grow pale when catching a glimpse of the date of this video's upload.

It was one day after he first fucked her. One fucking day.

He was fuming, upset beyond belief, he wanted to throw the rabbid out this very second. But he'd be forced to cool it when he heard the rabbid begin to mumble in her sleep.

She twitched and jolted around before she seemed to slowly wake up. Though of course, not completely. She'd squint as she slowly looked around the room. She seemed half awake, and while she could sleep it off some more, she instead began.. crying. And not like the cries of the day prior, these cries were of clear distress. They were quiet with occasional gasps, the strong darts are still taking effect on her, and perhaps to some extent have made her emotional.

Edgar almost immediately forgot about his initial hatred and quickly moved to comfort the crying rabbid.

"Hey hey hey it's okay." He gently hushed, caressing the small thing's head, "You're fine, you're fine. It'll pass, just go back to-"

Jackass would suddenly pull herself to the edge of the bed as vomit shot out of her maw, startling Edgar enough for him to jump back. He did not like vomit. At all. He felt himself gag at smell alone, shielding his mouth and nose with his wrist. The rabbid only continued their weak cries as her face hung on the edge of the bed.

Quickly, Edgar retrieved a bath towel he didn't care for, using it to cover the vomit that now stained his carpet before placing his garbage bin right under the sick rodent.

"I'll be right back okay?" Edgar said as he quickly left the room without a second beat, heading to the kitchen for cleaning supplies and to prepare a remedy that has helped him when he was sick.

Weak and disoriented, Jackass could only cry. She didn't feel sad, she knew she wasn't sad, but she was frustrated. She can't move, she can't scream, she can't even open her eyes completely. She hated it. And her feast!! All lost. Oh how angry she was, but she was too weak to tear something apart. She could only cry. How could such a perfect day be ruined?

Her ears perked as she heard Edgar walk up the stairs, returning to the room with a laundry basket with a few cleaning items that the rabbid couldn't bother trying to recognize. She'd weakly watch as the man discarded the towel into the basket, spraying the stained carpet with what smelled like strong chemicals. The man scrubbed the carpet ruthlessly with an odd looking brush. Hearing how harshly it scratched against the floor made Jackass's back itchy. They wondered how nice it would feel on her back.

She could hear Edgar say something, very likely directed at her, but it was muffled and echoed to her ears, none of it comprehensible, and it almost hurt her ears, as if his voice became as loud as VerminTech sirens. She'd groan as her ears drooped to her sides, trying to drown out any of Edgar's talking.. or any noise for that matter. The scrubbing made her uncomfortably itchy, she could feel the fur on her back rise on its ends from it.

"God why did I have to open that fucking window" Edgar mumbled to himself as he put all of his strength into scrubbing the stains and smell of vomit off of his carpet. Using a lavender scented product to really ensure that the only strong odor will be that of the purple flower. It'd be until a layer of foam covered the ruined carpet that he'd begin wiping it off with another, wetter towel. Scooping up the foam and the remaining mess. It would be a tiring process, enough to make Edgar consider changing into some shorts and a tank top. But he'd wait until he's completely done with the cleaning, scrubbing and wiping a few more times before finishing it off with a vacuum.

The cleaning would've fortunately taken long enough for Jackass to gain a bit more energy and control, just enough to be able to cover her ears as Edgar vacuumed the patch of carpet that, by the end of it, seemed good as new... so much so the rest of the carpet looked like shit compared to it. Either way, all traces of vomit were gone, and Edgar could finally tend to the small rabbid that had buried her head under Edgar's blankets and pillows. He'd lock the bedroom door and

remove his uniform, finally changing into more comfortable attire. A white tank top with fox themed pajama pants.

He'd sit on the bed, looking down at the rabbid's exposed tush and curled up legs, which was the only part of her not buried under cloth. He'd gently pet her back, but would be startled by a small hand emerging from the pile to slap his hand away from her. Scooting deeper under the pile until only her tush was visible.

Edgar sighed, not at all surprised she hated him for what he did. He could feel his hate for her returning, but he kept it tucked inside. He had no right to be angry, the only one that had been a victim was the dizzy and pissed off rodent that laid beside him.

"Oh shit." Edgar mumbled to himself as he remembered that he needed to call his place of work, searching around for his phone and once having found it, leaving a message requesting a week off.

He didn't know if he'd be getting the days or not. Maybe going back to work will help his mental state. Maybe it won't. Edgar didn't know anymore. Before he could return to the bed, the sound of a kettle whistling loudly would force him to return back downstairs.

Gone again, Jackass felt some relief. Her head was still spinning and the ringing in her ears frustrated her, having Edgar linger around her not helping in the slightest. He is one stressful human, never did she think it was possible for a full grown adult to be just as much of a pain to be around as a human child. It made her sick, he could feel her stomach growling, wanting to expel more but Jackass made sure to keep everything that wanted to come up, down.

She began to understand why no rabbits were in this neighborhood, they were all such joy-kills, especially Edgar. A deceiver!! Pretending to be a fun person only to turn around and treat you like everyone else. Just like everyone else. She hated it, hated hated hated!! She wanted to hurt Edgar, but she couldn't fucking move. She felt like crying again, but just being upset made her stomach hurt, so she tried to ignore it the best she could.

Edgar would be gone for a while, long enough for the ringing in Jackass's ears to fade away, as well as the dizziness. However even then, she still felt too weak to move.

She'd hear the muffled footsteps of Edgar return, as well as the sound of the door being closed and locked for the third time in a row. The repetition irked her, she just wanted silence.

The light tapping if glass could be heard, Jackass wouldn't know what it was. It was a mug of tea, Edgar mixing the herbs and honey he had put into it with a silver spoon. Blowing it as he gently sat on the bed, not wanting to spill the tea and not wanting to irritate Jackass anymore than she already was.

"Are... you able to sit up?" He'd quietly ask the buried rabbid, who only responded in a short growl, "I made some tea, it'll help with the nausea." He said, responding with another short growl.

The man would sigh.

"The sooner you drink the tea the sooner you'll feel better."

He was persistent, and it annoyed Jackass. Was this a habit of his? She didn't care. She hated him now... but she did want to move comfortably again.

She'd slowly pull herself out of the pile, sitting up with visible dizziness in her motion. She couldn't stay upright, her head swaying side to side, having to rely on Edgar to keep her head still. Leaning it against his arm as she continued huffing and growling, trying to make sure that he knows she's not happy and he would easily catch on.

She tried lifting a paw to reach for the mug, but began huffing in frustration when she could barely bring it above her shoulder before giving in. She'd keep trying and trying, forcing herself just enough for her to start sniffling. She was going to cry again.

Edgar would quickly disrupt her, most of all out of fear of being puked on.

"Hey hey, don't force yourself, I'll hold the mug, okay?" Edgar reassured, the rabbid still sniffling but finally gave herself a break.

He'd gently move his arm out from under the rabbid's head, scooting just enough for her to only be shaken a little before resting her head on Edgar's rips, his now freed hand gently holding onto her shoulders to slow her swaying. Raising the mug just close enough for her to attempt to take a sip. She'd flinch upon feeling her lip get burnt by the hot water, but she wouldn't pull away, forcing herself to at least sip a mouth full before turning her head away as to signal Edgar that she was done drinking for the moment.

She continued silently pouting, feeling her shoulder being caressed by the man as he raised the mug to his own mouth to blow. Cooling down the tea the best he could before lowering the mug back toward Jackass. She'd cringe.

"C'mon you have to keep drinking it" Edgar pushed, Jackass being unable to do anything else but that. She wouldn't flinch this time, the tea having cooled down enough to allow her to more comfortably sip on it. It still burnt as it went down, but how it went in was all that Jackass worried about.

The cycle would repeat a few more times until finally, the mug was fully drunk. Jackass could feel her stomach ache go away, some strength being regained as well, just enough to not be painfully out of balance. She was still weak. Edgar seemed to be partially aware of that, deciding to better accommodate the bed for her. He'd gently lift her, carrying her with one hand

as if she were a toddler. She'd grasp onto his shirt, not expecting to be held that way. In fact she's never been held in this manner period. Sure she has been carried, but often by her under arms or ears or by the scruff. One time she remembers being held with one arm, but she was being held more like someone would hold onto a wooden log with one arm.

She watched as Edgar unraveled the blanket and pillow nest that Jackass had made, folding them well enough to create a decently angled back rest for Jackass to rest somewhat upright, but low enough to comfortably fall asleep to.

As Edgar put everything in place, Jackass couldn't help but look up at him. Almost enamored with him. She was not familiar with the warmth that formed inside of her. Was she horny? Hungry? Or did she simply feel... safe? Feeling his warmth practically surrounding her entire body was unlike anything she had ever felt before, she felt small, but this time feeling small didn't make her feel bad, it made her feel good? She couldn't figure out what this warmth was, but she deeply enjoyed it. So much so that when Edgar leaned to the bed to place her down, she held onto his shirt even tighter.

"Don't worry I'm not gonna drop you, I'm just going to put you down okay?" He calmly reassured as he slightly tugged at Jackass's paws to get her to let go. But she'd only tighten her grip, suddenly panting in distress as she refused to let go, pressing her face into his chest.

"Jacka-.. er, Jackie you need to rest, and I have some errands to run so I can't keep you with me!" He'd whisper a bit more sternly, having finally referred to her by her name. Or more so a modified version of her name. Calling anyone "Jackass" felt wrong, more so considering why she was named that in the first place.

She did not falter, starting to cry into his shirt as she refused to be put down. Worried that she might puke on him, he gives in and keeps her on his arm. The moment she felt him give up, she'd loosen her grip just so she could lay her head on his shoulder, releasing a big yawn against the man's neck.

It felt weird, uncomfortable almost, but for the sake of the rabbid recovering as quickly as possible, he shrugged it off.

He continued thinking of his regret in opening that damn window, however the rabbid in his arms, for the first time in the past few days, she'd be grateful of having been let in.

The two men would have finally returned to the house, closing the door behind them and feeling confident about their situation as well as Edgar's. When they heard him come out of his room, Kevin quickly moved to greet him on the bottom of the stairs.

"Hey Ed! You would not believe who lives next door! They offered to help us with our living situation and-..." He'd cut himself off, being caught off guard seeing Edgar meet them in the bottom holding the rabbid in his arm as if it were a toddler. Edgar didn't like how he was being looked at, but instead of getting confrontational, he accepted it. He needed the shame.

"Oooh can I pet it?" Antonio asked as his hand reached to touch the rabbid's head, Kevin quickly slapping his hand away.

"Dude don't fucking touch it, you don't know where it's been!" Kevin said, indirectly insulting Edgar as well. He'd take it... as usual.

Edgar would sigh in mild defeat.

"Wanna order out McDonald's or something?" He'd ask the two men, Jackass almost immediately raising her paw to Edgar's face, rubbing the tuff of hair on his chin.

The two men wouldn't respond, distracted with the rabbid messing with Edgar's beard.

"Huh?" Kevin asked as his eyes jumped back to Edgar, almost jumping as if he was focused really hard on the rabbid's strange behavior.

"I'm just going to order from McDonald's." Edgar said as he turned on his phone, opening a delivery app as to avoid even attempting to talk to strangers. He'd walk to the living room, sitting onto the couch as his two friends sat on each side of him. Each friend pointed at what they wanted, managing to start a conversation about what the trio used to do in McDonald's playgrounds as kids. Chasing one another and finding a way to climb to the top from the outside, resulting in them getting stuck and having to be carried down by firefighters. A reminder of old memories would sadden Edgar a bit, but they'd mostly cheer him up, he had forgotten the thrill he felt as a child, doing things that he wasn't supposed to out of sheer curiosity. The fun he had in their mischief.

As his mood improved, Jackass's would as well, pointing at the food she wanted, as well as joining the conversation (as much as she could without communicating by text anyways). Eventually, an order would be made and the driver would've arrived relatively quickly, Antonio jumping off the couch to retrieve the food.

All four would eat together, watching a few movies and reminiscing about their childhoods, while it was far in the past, being in the same house they used to hang out in only brought them joy, even more so that they no longer had any parents telling them it was time to head off. They live together now! There was no break in the fun!

Edgar could feel his inner child in glee, just as those as Kevin's and Antonio's. The future felt bright again.

At some point Jackass would allow herself to be put down, sitting on Edgar's lap eating two cheeseburgers and hogging down Edgar's coke. Every so often being patted on the head by Edgar... and Antonio. The man couldn't resist any longer, wanting to feel the texture of the strange pest. Jackass wouldn't mind, but only because she believed it to be Edgar petting her.

For once, Edgar could end the day in peace, having played till he and his friends dropped. The TV left auto playing YouTube videos as the three men made themselves comfortable on the sofas of the room (One recliner, One long sofa and one single sofa). Edgar, of course having claimed the longest for himself and the rabbid, Kevin leaned all the way back on the recliner as Antonio laid uncomfortably across the short sofa, his neck and legs on each armrest. All full of junk food, huddled in their respective piles of pillows and blankets. All was well.

In only an hour, the sun began to rise, the men not bothering to get up from their self made beds, deciding this will be where they get their sleep. Jackass however would be mildly annoyed by the sunlight that began beaming into the living room, deciding to squirm out of Edgar's tight hug to shut the curtains.

Stumbling off the sofa like a squirrel who got hit by a bus, managing to not wake up the men as she dropped half of everything on the table ahead of them. Thank goodness it was all just McDonald's wrappers.

Slouched like a cave dweller she walked to the curtains, barely bothering to open her eyes as she aimlessly reached for where the curtains probably were, missing four times before finally getting a hold of them. She'd pull it close the best she could, being the loudest process imaginable, but she didn't care, she wanted the sunlight gone.

The men were visibly bothered by the sound, but the moment the living room became comfortably dark, they'd slip back into their deep sleep.

The rabbid's face would lean against the wall, still standing and still gripping onto the curtain. The moment the sunlight was blocked, she fell asleep.

It would be around the afternoon that the rabbid awoke, having stained the wall with her drool from having her face so pressed up against to support her weight, for she was still on her feet all of those eight hours of sleep. Enough saliva was collected on the surface that the entire half of her face was messed up, the drool having hardened her cheek fur into wacky directions. She'd stretch upright, finally letting go of the curtain. She has gotten her night's (more like morning) rest, but even so she was feeling particularly lazy. Being a house-rabbid for three days has made her quite the slob and she knew it, but she didn't care all too much. Sooner or later she'll find herself wanting to travel, but until then, she'll take her time.

She tiredly waddled back to the long sofa, climbing up the backrest and gently crawling onto Edgar's stomach. It will probably a while before he and the others wake up, giving Jackass the lazy time she wanted....

But after 20 minutes, she got bored. No longer was she tired, she wanted some fun, but if she woke up the men now, they could end up too groggy to play anything.

She'd fidget with Edgar's shirt, lifting it a bit to poke his stomach, resting her face against his skin to feel the heat that came off of him. She'd remember the way she felt when Edgar carried her, swooning from that memory. Never did she think that having something three times her size hold her would be such a wonderful feeling. Perhaps it was the skin. Of all her times being grabbed by rabbid soldiers or butchers, never did she feel anything as close to what she experienced yesterday.

She sighed, her paw drawing circles on Edgar's stomach before her touching became more.. intrusive. Poking his belly button before her paw began feeling lower and lower, right until she began fidgeting with Edgar's pants. Somehow she had forgotten that pajama pants were meant to be soft. Enamored with the texture as she rubbed the cloth in between her fingers. She'd move herself closer to his crotch, pulling the man's pants to feel its texture on her face. Very soft. She loved how soft it was.

As she messed around with Edgar's pajamas, something would catch her eye. Having pulled the sleeping man's pajamas far enough, she'd see his blandly patterned undies, but something would be off and she couldn't tell if she was seeing things right.

She'd slightly sit up to glance at Edgar still deep asleep.

Huh. Strange, she was expecting to see him fully awake with how extraordinarily hard he was. Must be a dream of his. Jackass would almost find it funny.

Without a second thought, she'd poke at his undies, messing with the covered hard on, yep, it was hard indeed. Setting her paw atop of it before she applied just a bit of pressure. She'd feel his member throb as the rest of Edgar jolted a bit, slowly being stroked out of his sleep.

Edgar would feel as pressure on his crotch turned into rubbing. The warmth of something covering him suddenly being replaced with the cold sensation of being exposed. He'd be half awake at this point, not all too aware of what was happening to him. But as the heat of something else engulfed his member, he'd feel himself get more worked up. He knew he was making noise, he knew he was enjoying it. It felt so real. However the pleasure would slowly wake him up. Squinting his eyes open, the first thing he'd be met with was the wooden ceiling. For a moment he'd feel refreshed, but then he just felt so unbelievably pent up. Was his wet dream that good? Wait, he was still feeling it. He'd glance down and to his horror he was being sucked off by Jackass, and man was she going to town. He'd watch as the small thing bobbed their head up and down as they slobbered on his member, one of their paws gently caressing his balls.

As rude of an awakening it was, Edgar didn't mind it, in fact he enjoyed it, the only thing that was a teensie bit bothersome was the fact that Antonio was fully awake and watching.

Edgar loudly gasped, quickly sitting up and covering himself, accidentally kicking Jackass in the face in the process, as all of her and Edgar's body was covered by the blanket that had fallen to the floor.

He and Jackass's noises of shock would appear to awaken Kevin. He gently pulled the recliner to sit upright, stretching his arms and legs before opening his eyes to greet the other two men.

"Morning, fuckers." Kevin yawned, expecting a response or even a small laugh, but he'd be surprised to see that both men were silent, awkward and pale.

"Uhh.. ya'll good?" Kevin asked.

Antonio would barely muster a pathetic "uh-" before Edgar quickly answered for the both of them.

"Y-Yeah yeah we're good! We just uh, we really overslept huh?" He'd anxiously laughed, Antonio quietly laughing as well.

"We did?" Kevin blurted before grabbing his phone from the table top, turning it on to see the time, "Shit, we really did, it's almost three in the afternoon hah!" He'd laugh.

"Wait, are you serious?" Edgar asked, "Shit, I don't think my boss gave me the days I wanted, I'm probably late as fuck by now, jesus-" he grumbled, pulling up his pants from under the covers before getting up and quickly dashing to his room, the dazed rabbid left visibly struggling to find a way out from underneath the heavy blanket.

"Maybe they called at some point and we didn't hear it?" Kevin shouted before glancing at Antonio, "Did a phone ring at anything last night?".

Antonio remained pale and frozen, slow in his response time as he slowly shook his head and muttered, "noo..?"

"Damn, I guess we'll be chilling in here... with that." Kevin huffed, gesturing at the rabbid who finally found a way out of the weighted blanket. Stretching obnoxiously before scratching her unsavory regions, the two men only stared in awkward silence.

Edgar's assumption was right, they did not give him his requested days, in fact they did not check on the message he left days ago, more likely than not they didn't bother to. As quick as he dashed upstairs would be as quick as he left the house and drove off to work, leaving the two men and one rabbid with the house to themselves. They weren't given any errands, and as far

as rules go, the most obvious they assumed to be to not get spotted by nosy neighbors that are not Rodger.

"I'm going to make something to eat, you want anything?" Kevin asked as he sat up from the recliner.

"I'm cool with three corn dogs" Antonio would answer, "I saw a box full of them in the freezer." Just when Kevin was about to turn to the kitchen, Jackass would exclaim some gibberish as they pointed at Antonio, almost as if they were requesting the same meal he chose. Though as obvious as that gesture was, Kevin didn't really get the message.

"I.. don't know what that means." Kevin muttered.

"I think she wants corn dogs too" Antonio shrugged, Jackass nodding and continuing to point at him.

"Ah, I'd might as well get corn dogs as well, just to have something in my stomach before thinking of what to have for dinner." Kevin said, awkwardly rubbing the back of his neck, visibly uncomfortable about the fact the rabbid is still here. Surprisingly, Antonio didn't seem to share that discomfort. Sure the first thing he sees when he wakes up is this rabbid messing with his friend's junk as he slept, but the initial shock of witnessing that wore off after a few minutes. As Kevin left to the kitchen to prepare a pile of corn dogs, Antonio would move himself beside Jackass, the pest glancing at him with a look of confusion.

Without an ounce of hesitation, he reached toward the rabbid, and though the rabbid gave a bit of a light growl to the approach, she'd quickly cooled it when Antonio scratched the top of her head. Touching the rabbid seems to really fascinate him, and who would blame him, it's not everyday you get the opportunity to pet those bastards. With a few more scratches behind the ears and air kicks of the rabbid's leg, the pest would quickly move herself right on top of the man's lap and sit as if he were her new sofa. He'd be startled, nervously laughing as he continued to pet it. It would be loud enough to catch Kevin's attention from the kitchen, who as the corn dogs cooked, decided to check in on what was going on.

"What are you laughing abou- OH MY GOD WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?" Kevin gasped, startling the hell out of Antonio which really ticked him off.

"Jesus, dude! what?!" He huffed as Kevin kept by the living room's doorway, visibly hesitating to approach.

"Get that thing off of you!! You don't know what kind of diseases it could have!!" He shouted, flailing his arms in panic as if his friend had been holding onto a corpse, which considering where the rabbid had been it wouldn't be too far off.

"If Edgar fucked it then whatever it has shouldn't be that bad!" Antonio argued, Jackass looking up at him as he spoke, catching Antonio's attention. To which he decided that the best way to find out if she was dirty... was to lean down and sniff her head, which made Kevin squeal in frustration.

"DUDE-?!?!" He barked.

"I'm checking if she's dirty, relax!!"

"ARE YOU FUCKING STUPID?!"

He continued to take huge whiffs of the rabbid's fur, as if one sniff wasn't enough to determine whether or not the rabbid was in fact "dirty". He'd pull back, thinking to himself.

"She smells like shampoo, so she's probably pretty clean, right?" Antonio said.

"Fascinating, now put it down!!" Kevin continued to shreak.

"Why?? She really likes it" Antonio protested as he used both hands to scratch the pest under the cheeks, making her kick her leg so fast it practically looked like a blur.

"I don't care that it likes it, it's fucking weird." Kevin continued, "If this thing has enough intelligence to talk and fuck with Edgar's head, then it's basically some little person. You have a little person on your lap. You're petting the little person like it's an animal. A little person that fucks, mind you."

"Oh so suddenly you speak for rabbids? Is this culturally insensitive oh wise rabbid speaker". Antonio would lay Jackass onto his lap, leaving her belly fully exposed to a good scratching which he would excitedly provide. The rabbid writhed and barked as both legs kicked the air, laughing from the sensation as Antonio made direct eye contact with Kevin, smug as ever despite it only making Kevin even more disturbed.

An uncomfortable stare down before the ringing of the oven timer gave Kevin an excuse to walk away. He retrieved the corn dogs, stacking them all on one plate for all of them to eat from. Antonio continues to cuddle and play with Jackass so intensely that the rabbid almost appears like some unfortunate plush. An unfortunate plush that surprisingly was enjoying the rough treatment.

As the plate was set on the table ahead of the sofas, Kevin retrieved the controller to watch something on the TV, hoping it'll be enough to drown out the sounds from the two weirdos beside him.

All three would grab a corn dog to eat, Jackass hogging it down in almost an instant, stick and all before reaching for another corn dog.

"Wait wait, stop!" Kevin said, making both Antonio and Jackass freeze. The man quickly jumped off of the couch and dashed to the kitchen. Coming back with another plate and stacking 5 corn dogs onto it.

"This will be for you." Kevin announced slowly for the rabbid, pointing to the plate and her as to better get the message across. The rabbid's ears twitched for every word spoken. She got the hint. And it ticked her off. Why did she get so few and they get many more?? Not fair.

Antonio would pick up the rabbid and sit her on the end of the sofa across from her plate. Both men proceeded to eat from their large pile, Kevin momentarily returning to the kitchen to retrieve some ketchup and ranch. They didn't bother asking Jackass if she wanted some, putting the condiments out of reach from her. Her ears twitched again, she was starting to get mad, angrily eating her share of corn dogs as slowly as possible.

While she could take more corn dogs by force and get back at the men for neglecting her very obvious needs, she was too lazy to attempt to, preferring to take a more silent and petty route, hoping it'll sour the atmosphere..

Unfortunately that wouldn't work, the men easily forgetting her presence, perhaps even worst of all Kevin regained his composure.

As she was left to her own thoughts for more than an hour, she began to realize how long it has been since she's seen another rabbid. It was only three days sure, but it was enough to begin to bother the rabbid. The amount of energy that has pent up inside of her was overwhelming, she needed go chase something, to bite something, to hurt something, to fuck something for many hours until her entire body went numb.

She needed to leave. But if the neighborhood spotted her again it's sure to get her knocked out, and she dreads feeling that sensation again. She continued silently thinking to herself, kneading a pile of blankets on the sofa and rotating herself as a lazier alternative to pacing. The fun she seeks is not here... but perhaps she can bring the fun to her.

"I saw a few veggies in the fridge, I think they're enough for a vegetable soup." Kevin said as he pulled out his phone, "Let me just text Edgar to see if he's cool with that."

"Veggie soup?" Antonio exclaimed in disgust, "Why don't we just order out, maybe some wings? I could really go for some wings"

"Dude we're broke enough as it is, we can't be spending money everyday. Plus, it's good to eat something fresh every once in a while, you don't want to have your arteries clogged before you even hit your thirties."

As the men rambled on, the rabbid would turn to watch them, specifically focused on Kevin's phone. She needs it.

Her eyes locked on the phone, waiting for the moment it's put down, waiting for a tiring amount of time, ears twitching as the men continued their strange argument. Her eyes began feeling heavy with how long she had been staring the phone down (10 minutes), she almost began to consider taking a nap and enriching herself later.

"Aww, she's sleepy." Antonio cooed as he patted the rabbid's head, making Kevin stammer in disapproval.

"can you please stop touching it??" he harshly whispered.

His quieter pleas would be ignored, Antonio continuing to pat her on the head and back as she tiredly loafed on her blanket pile. For the first time, being pet for this long began to bother her, adding to her pent up energy but she wouldn't resist, no matter how much it frustrated her, Antonio was just too good at scratching her sweet spots.

She thought to herself for a moment.

Antonio seems to be a natural at touching.. perhaps..

"Hm? What's the matter?" Antonio asked as he watched Jackass crawl toward his lap, whining as she laid her chin on his leg. She raised her bum in the air, swaying side to side in a provocative manner, making direct eye contact with the confused man. It would be the first time Kevin catches onto her intentions before his friend does.

"EY EY EY NO! NO DOWN!" Kevin shouted, making Jackass jump back in surprise, but her simply pulling back wouldn't be enough for the man, "SHT! DOWN!! SHT SHT!!" He spat, standing up and confronting her, swiping his hands to better deter her.

"Look who's treating her like an animal now" Antonio sneered.

"DUDE ARE YOU DENSE? SHE'S TRYING TO FUCK!" Kevin shouted at the man's face, who would only respond with a-

"Oh word?"

The rabbid growled and attempted to nip at Kevin's swiping hands before deciding to get off of the sofa. But not before shoving past both men and dashing upstairs. A very dramatic scene that would relieve Kevin of the pest's presence, sighing deeply as he sat back down on the sofa. Antonio would sit in silence for a moment before breaking it.

"Do I tell Edgar that his rabbid just tried whoring herself out to me?" He asked in full seriousness.

"Dude I don't know" Kevin sighed.

Eventually, it would be agreed to make soup, both men getting to it and returning to a calmer atmosphere. Whereas upstairs, Jackass would've finally yoinked a phone to use. With focus being on Kevin's phone, it would be very likely Antonio wouldn't even notice his phone had been swiped. She was very fortunate the man didn't have a pass code, which would be surprising considering his lock screen was a partially nude cartoon woman. Finally, she can set her plan of enrichment in motion. She'd open chrome, and begin typing on the search bar.

"RvRStream.com/xX_URDAD5B0YFRIEND_Xx"

Hours would've passed and the men did the most they could with a game console, three games and a few frozen meals. As Kevin shut down their console to mindlessly scroll through his phone, Antonio would pace around the living room searching for something.

"Dude, what are you looking for?" Kevin huffed as he sat up, staring down his friend as he continued to circle around the room.

"My phone." Antonio muttered, "I swear I had it with me." He'd scratch his head, pulling up the sofa cushion that he already looked under five times.

"You checked there already man, just! Here just let me call you."

As he started to ring up the lost man's phone, they both stood in puzzlement as they heard Antonio's phone blare the most foul excuse of a song upstairs. They glanced at one another, coming to the same conclusion to how it got there.

They'd climb upstairs as quietly as possible, noticing Edgar's door being partially ajar they anticipated the worst. They snuck to the door, expecting to hear the sounds of "entertainment", but to their surprise they instead hear a voice. A man's voice.

"You have no idea how happy I am to hear your beautiful voice again."

Kevin would grasp onto Antonio's sleeve, preventing him from walking any closer to the door. Before he could audibly protest, Kevin would quickly gesture to him to keep silent, the dense man catching onto his friend's plan and quietly listening to whatever the rabbid was listening to on the other side.

The rabbid would quietly giggle, responding shyly in rubbish, a tone nowhere near the brash and loud babbles it let out around the men. It felt unnatural.

The men thought that perhaps it was some strange, touch-starved ASMR video.

"You've got to stop slipping away, it makes me crave your taste that much more~!" The voice laughed, making the rabbid laugh as well, "When we meet again, I'll make sure your legs won't have the strength to walk for weeks, keeping you from leaving my loving embrace.~"

The men glanced at one another, they were both confused but especially disturbed. A very strange video. They almost preferred they walked in on her watching porn on full blast.

"So how long are you staying with your new friend?" the voice asked, "What was it.. Edgar, right?"

The men were startled, giving one another a fearful glance as they realized this wasn't some odd sexually charged asmr, this was a call.

They'd hear Jackass answer, the rubbish impossible to translate, waiting for what the voice has to say about their reply.

"Ha! I told you you can bag a verminator! Your irresistible curves were bound to get one hooked to you~." the voice exclaimed as the rabbid laughed in response to their excitement, "I'm so proud of you, my love~"

"My love?" Antonio repeated in a whisper, and though quiet, it was enough for the conversation to go silent. He covered his mouth in terror as Kevin held his breath, hoping they had not just exposed themselves.

"Something wrong, my love?" the voice asked, the rabbid answering with a dismissive tone, she likely shrugged off the sound that had slipped from the men. They quietly sighed in relief.

The rabbid would talk to the stranger, likely asking a question.

"Come over? Why? Is your new friend eager for double the trouble~?" They cooed, however the rabbid would not respond with the type of engagement they were giving during his previous flirtatious remarks. The stranger would be quick to notice this.

"Love, what's wrong?" They'd ask, which would be met with some quiet bwahs.

"Of course I'll be careful, when haven't I been~?" the stranger joked.

Kevin had heard enough, but instead of walking back downstairs, he shoved Antonio aside and swung the door open. The rabbid jumped back, not given a second to prepare for Kevin stomping toward her and swiping his friend's phone from her paw. She couldn't even protest before immediately being silenced by the man.

"NAH NAH YOU DON'T GET TO BE ANGRY!" Kevin shouted, "I WAS WILLING TO PLAY A LONG AND LET EDGAR BE HAPPY IN HIS OWN SICK WAY BUT IN NO WAY IN HELL AM I GOING TO LET MY BEST FRIEND BE PLAYED BY SOME RAT WHORE!!"

Jackass would scream gibberish back, her fur puffing up in frustration as she lunged at Kevin, trying to wrestle the phone back from him. Kevin would manage to fight back, keeping the phone in his grasp as the rabbid attempted to climb on him.

"What the hell is going on??" the stranger on the phone exclaimed, distracting the rabbid enough for Kevin to grab a hold of her scruff and yank her off of him. Worried she'd lunge again, he held onto her, using all of his strength to keep her from writhing free, and man did she struggle, it was almost like trying to keep grip of a heavy big mouth bass.

Having been a bystander long enough, Antonio quickly opened Edgar's closet and shouted after Kevin.

"KEVIN!!" He exclaimed, signaling the closet. Kevin would act quick, running to the closet, tossing the rabbid in and quickly shutting the door. The men held the door shut as the rabbid slammed against it, trying their best to break it open instead of using the doorknob. The men eventually realized that they didn't even need to put their weight against the door, stepping back and leaving the rabbid to exhaust itself.

They'd both exhale in relief, however that relief wouldn't last for too long.

"Hello?! What's going on?!" the voice on the phone shouted. The call was still going. The men didn't know what to do. Or at least, Antonio didn't know what to do, Kevin on the other hand acted on impulse and answered.

"Who the hell is this?" Kevin huffed. The stranger was quiet for a moment.

"Who's asking?" the voice asked.

"The guy who owns this fucking phone is who!" Kevin shouted, ignoring Antonio who quietly tried to correct him.

"You should consider getting a better phone, the picture quality is really bad." The stranger said with a light chuckle.

"Answer my fucking question!" Kevin spat, "Who the fuck are you?"

"Your step-dad." The voice joked, pissing off Kevin even more.

"What the hell is wrong with you? Do you have any shame? Are you fucked in the head?" Kevin insulted.

"duh" the voice scoffed, followed by the loud slurping of a plastic cup.

Kevin was speechless, rage having blocked his throat from producing anymore words, his thoughts interrupted repeatedly by the stranger obnoxiously drinking and chewing chips. He'd glance at Antonio who would mouth 'what the fuck' to his fuming friend.

"So uh, can you hand the phone back to my girlfriend? We were kind of in the middle of something" the muffled voice of the stranger asked. The audacity of this freak continued to baffle the men, it was almost terrifying.

"The fuck you mean 'hand the phone back'?" Kevin squealed, "I'm fucking blocking your number and if you so step foot into this neighborhood I'll fucking kill you before the cops can send your ass to jail for trespass, you rabbid fucking freak!"

He'd hang up on the stranger, and as he did so, the unknown chatroom the rabbid was contacted from would reveal itself. Just as he feared, the fucking pest sent Edgar's full address to this stranger.

"Jesus, she fucking sent this freak her location" Kevin breathed as Antonio walked over to him, looking over the screen as Kevin slowly scrolled up the chatroom. It was jarring to read a legible conversation between the rabbid and this stranger, as if they were just two people... two very perverted people. Going back and forth describing in graphic detail what they'd do to each other, for a moment the men worried they'd be hit with unsuspecting nudes. Surprisingly though, the entire conversation would be void of any pictures but one. A selfie from the rabbid would be the very start of the conversation.

"Can you check my gallery very quickly?" Antonio asked, "I just want to make sure she didn't take any weird ass pictures."

"Fine." Kevin sighed, closing the messaging app to open the man's gallery... then proceeding to be flashbanged by a shit ton of dick. Human dick.

"Fu-Dude are you fucking serious?!" Kevin exclaimed as he practically tossed Antonio's phone back to him.

"Shit sorry man, I forgot about that" Antonio laughed nervously.

"How the hell do you forget almost thirty fucking dick pics being in your gallery?! And here I was worried I'd see rabbid dick or something but no!"

As Antonio scrolled through his phone, he'd make a discovery.

"Dude look-"

"I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT RABBID COOCH, MAN!" Kevin backed up from him.

"That's not what I want to show you, dumbass!" Antonio huffed, "Look! She got the number off this profile from RiverStream, a pretty big account too." Kevin perked at the sound of that.

"Lemme see-" he said as he moved himself beside Antonio. Both men would stare at the account for a while before both started to find this profile eerily familiar.

"Dude.." Antonio muttered.

"No yeah I think I've seen them before" Kevin said, "I swear I have, check his highlights maybe it'll ring a bell"

Antonio did just that, starting with what appeared to be their most popular highlight. A Brother Bunch Basher Crashers clip...

The men couldn't believe their eyes. The freak was the most feared, international BBBC player, a force to be reckoned with, a master in his craft, the two men's idol, who's tag name always went by-

"GoldenAss?!" Both men gasped.