We never said a word each time we met at the motel. More specifically, the Motel 9 in the outskirts of Crossroads City, just a dozen miles away from the small hamlet I reluctantly called home.

I had been an athletic Rottweiler growing up. I once played football during my high school years, and even helped win several games during college, but one bad knee injury was too many. The doctors told me I could no longer play professionally without crippling myself. So, I had to retire, and years later, I still woke up with a slight limp in my walk each time I got ready for the soul-crushing office job. My abs disappeared into a beer belly. My hairline disappeared and turned gray with my fur. All that remained of my jacked, muscular frame were my powerful biceps.

However, it was enough for the. handsome young rabbit. The one in his mid to late-twenties I’d been visiting in the dead of night once a month. Just as he instructed me each time, I parked on the opposite end of the lot, walked to the room without stopping, and opened the unlocked door as if I’d booked it myself. Locking it behind me, I quietly moaned at the sight every damn time; there, bent over across the foot of the bed with his knees touching the old carpet floor, an unclothed bunny pointing his ass in my direction. As always, he wore a black eye mask to obscure half his face, partially to protect our identities and to make my trips all the more alluring. Much more forbidden and tabooer, not that fucking a random man half my age that I knew nothing about wasn’t already.

By coincidence, it happened to be Easter. An hour or two after midnight, to be exact.

The first thing I did after hanging up my coat was step forward to play with him. I loved groping the blinded young man. I enjoyed fondling his exposed ass cheeks, his caged cock, the egg-sized balls beneath them, squeezing his teardrop-shaped tail that wiggled from my rough touch, and felt a strange thrill when my trimmed fingernails ran through the combed, creamy body fur all along his lithe build. He reminded me of a nerd back in junior year who loved giving a couple of the jocks a blowjob after each winning game. A really sweet guy, if unbelievably awkward.

Speaking of blowjobs, I started to unbuckle my belt when he silently took over. His delicate fingers expertly peeled my trousers down after effortlessly tossing the belt buckle aside, and I wondered how much he could see, or if the bunny did this kind of thing with multiple other middle-aged nobodies like me. Those thoughts went down the drain though the minute my short, yet thick cock felt his hot breath, and he swallowed me down to the root.

Herbivores somehow sucked cock better than omnivores and carnivores. I didn’t know if it involved evolution or how some species such as rabbits liked rivalling meat eaters in a field most would assume we’d be experts in. Either way, gasping and drooling as I fought to keep my words down, I didn’t care. At the very least, I probably needed to discard my personal biases.

Once in a while, within the throes of being deepthroated by the nameless rabbit, I wondered what his eyes looked like. Were they blue? Were they green? A shade of brown or auburn like mine? Did they look up at me through the obscuring eye mask or keep them completely shut as we relished our roles in the hookup? Whatever the case, I shrugged it aside, and buried my member until his whiskers tickled the underside of my beer belly.

Soon enough, I needed to pull back. His lips made an audible smacking when they departed from my cock tip, and his tongue panted like a feral animal thirsty for water. The image of him as a pet gave me an amused smile. Except mine grew like a crescent moon as I circled around the foot of the bed to where his ass was raised in the air. Two beautifully toned and soft globes of creamy white for tipped with a bushy tail the size of my fist. The smell of perspiration and strawberry scented lubricant filled my nostrils as I lined up my shaft. My own leaking pre painted his balls and taint until finally, I felt his tailhole tense against my tip, and I slowly plunged my Rottie meat into the bunny’s depths in several patient thrusts.

I fucked the bunny lad with as much stamina as a forty-year-old office worker like me could give. As in, quite a bit. Enough to make his gasps sound real enough to my ears. I’d had enough lovers in the past who faked liking me in bed, but with the nameless rabbit, he loved what I did to him. He loved how I dominated him. No words needed to be exchanged in order to let him know the feeling was mutual.

Minutes of vigorous pounding later, and I could feel my balls strain for release, my fingers squeezing and pulling at his loose floppy ears with each addicting thrust. His cotton-soft tail was a cushion between my stomach and his sweaty back. Our grunts turned into something resembling words. It wasn’t a language—it was complete gibberish, and it formed into a deep, resonating moan that vibrated down our spines as I emptied my load into him, and the rabbit emptied his load onto the sheets. How he could handle climaxing while locking himself in a chastity cage, I couldn’t tell.

We relished in the each other’s sweat and scents and warmth for several minutes until I could catch my breath. Like clockwork, I then took a quick shower and got clothed before leaving. However, I did perform one act outside our normal routine; I walked over to the spent bunny still laying across the bed, yawning and waiting for me to leave so he could clean up in privacy, and leaned down to kiss him between his drooping ears. Then, I whispered, “Thank you, and Happy Easter.”

“…Happy Easter to you too,” he spoke moments later, blushing below his eye mask as I left.

Was this lust or love?

Later that night, we’d continue messaging, and plan for the next month’s hookup, deciding to shorten it to two weeks. Maybe even include a coffee date too, if we were in the mood afterward. Who knows?