

Encounter -- The Godrabbit: Art Appreciation

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Art Appreciation

I stare at the painting depicting a giant head of cabbage. I know fuck-all about art but I do know the piece of shit in front of me looks like something Hunny, my brother's little girl, could draw, and she's no artistic genius by any stretch of the imagination.

"Brilliant, isn't it, Monsieur Lapin?" A patronizing goth type female waves her lit cigarette at the canvas. Although her voice is emotionally flat, she avoids meeting my gaze, scared shitless by my well earned reputation. "It is a depiction of hope in an otherwise bleak and hopeless world."

"It is a piece of --" I stop, the sweet scent of clover disconnecting my brain from my mouth. I turn my head in time to see white lace float by. "Excuse me. I see a piece I'd like." *To stick my cock into.*

Slender stiletto heels click on the art gallery floor, and I follow, moving quietly because I'm hunting, hunting rabbit. My prey's ink black hair is upswept, giving me a tantalizing view of pale neck. My gaze drops down the proud line of her spine to her ass. Those lush curves sway back and forth, back and forth, as she walks, her skirt swirling around long legs.

Pompous asses greet her, blowing kisses in her direction, but she doesn't pause, smiling serenely at the unworthy fools. She's aware she's being stalked. One hesitation, one pause, and she'll be mine.

She leaves the safety of the crowd, hurrying down a deserted corridor lined with lesser known yet more colorful works. This is a mistake, and I grin, my inner bunny fucking ecstatic, because I know I'll soon catch her, and when I do, I'll fuck her senseless. Her long lace skirt disappears into an alcove, and I turn with her, blocking her exit.

"We have to be quick." Lady Grace pulls up her skirt, revealing the black bunny fur between her white thighs. She isn't wearing panties. All of her is open to my touch.

That's damn convenient because I never wear underwear. "We'll be quick as bunnies." I unzip my pants, freeing my hard cock, and grab her waist, pressing her against the wall.

Lady Grace lifts her right leg, hooking it around my ass to pull me closer, her silk-covered fingers wrapped around my shaft. She guides me into her hot wet pussy. "Flopsy," she cries out when I push my thick cock into her, burying myself completely.

"Hush, love." I cover her lips with mine, swallowing her sounds as I move inside her, fucking my high class beauty, while around us, the who's who of the art world talk in reverent whispers, spouting off fancy fifty cent words a middle class bunny shifter like myself doesn't understand.

As I mentioned before, I know fuck-all about art, but I know what I like, and I like fucking Lady Grace very, very much, her pussy a masterpiece of design, hugging my cock like a living sculpture. I could stay inside that tight pussy all day, loving her thoroughly, riding her body against the wall, sucking on the firm breasts threatening to break loose from her bodice, but I can't. We're in public, and we might get caught at any moment, so I slam into her hard and fast, rattling the frames on the wall, loosening the plaster.

Her body must have been primed by anticipation because she comes quickly, her pussy vibrating around my cock, her hips bucking against mine, her screams traveling

down my throat. It takes everything I have to suppress my roar of satisfaction. I shoot hot cum into her welcoming womb, convulsing against her, unable to control my limbs.

I rest against her, slowly returning to the land of the conscious, and I hear the pretentious prig before I see him. Partially cloaking Lady Grace with my big body, I smooth down her skirt, and tug up the bodice of her dress. When she's taken care of, I push my cock back into my pants, zipping up.

"Monsieur, Madame Lapin." The smarmy gallery owner dares to pat me on the shoulder. I glare pointedly at his hand, and he hastily removes it, swallowing hard. He fucking should be shitting bricks, because rabbits have died for less.

"Pierre." My wife extends her gloved hand, her expression icy cool, her hair impeccable. Only the scent of sex, her flushed skin, and the white layer of plaster dust covering her ivory shoulders betray our activities. "Flopsy and I are finding the show so very stimulating." Her blue eyes glitter with amusement.

I adore my fucking wife. I squeeze her waist, communicating my love.

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