

## I Died and Came back as an OverSexualized Bunny Boy

“I have come to lay the Bunny!” A voice shouted from beyond the tavern door. Conversation halted, and heads turned to the door, waiting for yet another hero to make their entrance. It was a common occurrence, one that still charmed the patrons. I did not feel the same way about it.

“Did he mean slay?” An ogre asked their human companion. He shrugged his shoulders. Neither of them were regulars.

“No. No, he didn’t,” I grumbled under my breath. My heightened bunny ears twitched as they heard the subtle sounds of the man beyond the door, stepping back and lifting his foot. Seconds later, the door exploded inward, raining broken pieces onto the nearest customers. A young Dragonborn came inside, grinning at his show of strength. His shiny red scales and confidence held everyone’s attention. Dragonborns were rare but heroes—they were a dime a dozen.

“I have come to lay—”

“Go sit!” I said, interrupting his announcement. I pointed towards the corner at a table occupied by a group of equally angry-looking heroes.

“I have no time for drinks. I have come—”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, I heard you.” I rubbed my temples, feeling a migraine begin to form.

*Four. How did four heroes find me today?*

“I’m off at six! Either sit and shut up or leave. Either way, I am charging you for that door.” The Dragonborn froze at my unexpected abruptness. Few would have the confidence to stand up to a Dragonborn, let alone a Bunny. His confidence faltered as I glared into his midnight eyes. He wasn’t in some dungeon or storming a castle. He was in a tavern, full of people and one especially angry bunny—who was quite obviously working.

“Oh-oh, sorry,” the Dragonborn stuttered as he fumbled for his pouch of gold. “I can pay.”

I strolled over to him. My hips swayed with a rhythmic nature, drawing attention to my exposed sides and the bouncing pair of cheeks that followed. I remembered when I could just walk—just put one foot in front of the other and not draw every eye in the room. At least, I believe it was real.

The Dragonborn fumbled with his moneybag, offering a single coin. I snatched the entire bag before he could wrap it back around his belt. His elongated jaw parted as if he was about to speak but instead remained silent.

“Sit!”

“Yes, sir,” he said as he looked to the floor and walked away in embarrassment. The other heroes laughed at his shameful display, joking at him before he even sat down. I turned to the tavern, addressing them.

“What are yall looking at? Drink or get out!” And the tavern unfroze.

“Humper! Order up!” A deep voice rumbled from the back kitchen. Plates of steaming hot meats and bubbling stews appeared at the window.

“Right away, Sir!” I called back, feeling the dominance slip away from my tone as I rushed towards the window for the customer’s food. While my mind was on the customer, I still felt the bounce and sway of my cheeks with every step, a constant reminder of what I had become.

EverWorld Online was the most popular game in the world for thirty years. It went longer than World of Warcraft, Final Fantasy, and Runescape. It was unlike any other game, nearly life-like in the way that put the player into the game.

It was hard to remember how it happened—flashes of images and people that I thought were my life before. Sometimes I wondered if it was all a dream, that the memories I tried to hold onto were just fantasies. But what I do remember was the God that did this to me.

*“Enjoy the life you created,” he said to me. “Enjoy it, for it shall be yours.”*

*“No! Let me go back!”*

*“But this is you? What else would you want?” His not answer was a mockery of my confusion. “But I will give you a chance to return if you so desire. You have until the 100<sup>th</sup> seed is implanted before your life is sealed forever within this world.”*

*“Seed? What seed? Like a tomato?”*

*“You’ll see.”*

“Humper! Do you have cotton in your brain! Get to the customers!” The deep voice barked, summoning me from the daydream that constantly drifted within the back of my mind.

“Yes, sir!”

The day turned into a blur as I ran from table to table, taking orders, delivering food, fending off the hungry advances of the men that frequented my workplace. For the millionth time, I regretted the choice of clothing I chose for my character.

Though much of my memory was hazy, I remembered creating Humper. The sexy bunny boy with more charisma than anything. His long point ears. The fluffy rabbit tail. The unnecessarily revealing clothes.

Why did I not give him pants?!

The thong dug deep into my plump cheeks as if it knew I thought about it. No matter how many times I tried to put on different clothes, they always transformed or merged into a much sluttier version than anything I would have ever chosen for myself. A hand grasped my underwear’s fornt pouch, causing me to jump in surprise.

“You looking for any fun to Humper?” A regular slurred. I felt my small cock throb at the idea. He had offered himself often. The heavy front pouch that he dragged against my backside or forced against me when I ended up on his lap. The idea was tempting, but I only had so many fucks to give.

“Not tonight, Gregor,” I answered . . . begrudgingly.

His hand traveled around to my backside, squeezing a handful of my soft buttocks.

“Oh, Humper, you tease.” His hand moved deeper into my cheeks. I didn’t pull away, though I knew I should. His finger played with the base of my tail. Every flick of his finger sent a thrill of excitement through my body, inflating my cock and forcing me to precum. “You sure, Humper?” His large finger stroked along the backside of my thong, pressing firmly on my hole with every passing. “Seem’s like someone really needs it.”

I bit my bottom lip. I couldn’t open my mouth. I knew if I did, I would moan.

The man pulled back his hand. I let out a heavy breath, thinking it was over, but his hands only grasped the sides of my thong and pulled me into his lap. I fell into his lap, feeling his erect cock press firmly between my cheeks. Which spread with an ease that said my body knew what I needed.

“Come on, say you want it, and I will take you into the back room and fuck that hole until your little bunny brain can’t handle it.”