

“No, really! The, ah, ‘Chocolate Torte’ package.” Baccus posed, shooing away the offered menu from the bewildered rabbit at the spa’s front desk. “I was told to ask for it by name! Off menu.” The big cat grinned his big white fangs, thick rope-like tail twitching behind him.

He loved secrets, and he was going to learn this one.

“I...ahh...are you suuuure?” The cottontail was blinking, rather a lot, twitching his nose with soem trepidation as he slid the menu back into place. “I mean, of course, we do offer that package to those that ask for it but it’s not really...”

“I’ll have to stop you there. Already asked for it lov.” Baccus frowned, brushing some lint away from his shirt. “Are you saying I can’t?”

“Not at all! I mean...if that’s really what you want!” The rabbit seemed in awe, jaw hanging open, perhaps rather blatantly at the flexing panther’s chest. And, and, that rather blatantly blatant bulge at his groin. He swore he saw it move, thicken, even as he stood there. “Just swipe your credit card - you’ll have to prepay for this, obviously - and now, if you’ll follow me to a back room, ah, we can get started!”

“Excellent! I’ve always heard this place has the best service.” The panther didn’t so much as walk as strut, tail flicked high and head tall and balls had to be dangling half out of those all-too-short khaki shorts, black fuzzy orbs juuuuuuust peeking outside of the hem. “And I have to admit I really deserve this sort of treat today.

Five minutes later he was stripping out of his clothes, slowly, blatantly, sensually, as if there were any other way a dark, sleek furred panther would take off his clothes. The cottontail rabbit seemed to be trying his absolute best not to stare, and was failing miserably as those shorts were not so much pulled off as slowly unwrapped.

The cat was certainly massive! Those balls had more in common with small eggplants rather than lemons, so turgid and weighty that it was a little difficulty pulling them back through the shorts leg.

Soon enough though Baccus stood in front of the full length mirror, studying himself with no small amount of feline pride, rubbing his paws over his chest, his stomach, his thighs, and of course, his big ol’ half-cocked cat cock! Good appreciative fondling. And of course that included a wonderful self-palming cupping of those huge, silky-black panther nuts, cupping and kneading in a growling, enjoyable matter as if to work the blood back into them. “That’s better! I’d think we should all go around nude, save that I’m afraid I’d be too much of a distraction for some.”

The rabbit blinked, ears flicking back along his head as he finally glanced away. “Sorry! Aaah, yes! We should get started in either case, ahem!” He backed, right into the table, nearly jostled a bottle of clear oil off to the floor before managing to right and straighten everything with that

frantic rabbit fashion before working to compose himself. “Aaaah, would you please lay face down on the table?”

The panther silkily flowed and poured himself onto the massage table, big tail flicking, setting himself into a comfortable feline flop. His balls rather blatantly nestled between his thighs, shiny orbs in the darkened, fake-candle-flickering interior. “Mmm...if it’s going to involve a cute bunny like you getting your paws aaaaall over my sexy body then I can see I already chose right! Just make sure not to miss aaaaany areas.” The cat’s grin gleamed fangishly, and the rabbit nearly swooned!

“I...of course!

“Not. One. Inch.” The big cat shifted, and soon a rather fat, dark-skinned cock was flopped out between his legs too. It throbbed, it flexed, and the bunny squeaked quietly to himself.

“Now...first, ah, we have a lovely vanilla oil I’m going to work into your fur.” Indeed, at least he got *most* of it into his paws, only shaking a liiiiittle, before starting to need the spicy, almost alcoholic vanilla scent into the big cat’s shoulders.

The panther started purring. “That’s perfect. Knead deeper. And lower. A good bit lower.”

The bunny readjusted his non-existent glasses with a puff. And did as requested. Soon the cat was on his back, how did he get like that? Soon the bunny was puffing and reaching and rubbing that beeeeeeg feline dick, kneading it lewdly, appreciatively, reverently! And of course, one hand cupped inadequately under that two-handful sac of cat spuds, so weighty, so much potency just swinging about as casual as a breeze!

Well, not swinging so much once the masseuse had both paws around them, kneading them like a baguette, biting his lip as he kneaded that oil into those silky balls, so massive, so open, so exposed, fondling, oogling, tugging and...and...and...!

“There’s always more of me to rub, cute bunny.”

Said cottontail look dreadfully embarrassed. “Sorry, sorry! Yes, I should finish you up!” But instead of jerking on that big panther cock as one might think, he continued with the vanilla oil, rubbing it deeply into those handsome thighs, calves, and even into Baccus’s toes and paws.

The big black cat laid back in total relaxation. Well, most of him did, a good portion stuck stubbornly up against his belly, throbbing lewdly, fat balls jostled fatly across his thighs.

But his whiskers twitched as he smelled chocolate. He quirked an eye open, ears still listening to the soft instrumental music as the rabbit pulled out another bottle.

He smelled chocolate. Some sort of chocolate liqueur. The spicy alcohol scent went right to his head, or perhaps, it was being absorbed into the skin as the rabbit happily started working it into his fur, his muscles, his arms, his shoulders, kneading the sprawled cat with a delighted fervor, wriggling all over especially as those bunny paws worked the slightly stinging liquid in against his balls, his cock, kneading both thoroughly, reverently.

Baccus was starting to feel strangely light headed, even giddy! Perhaps he needed a good massage more than he thought, luxuriating in the obviously nervously-aroused bunny's paws.

Oh yes, he was going to let this bunny rub aaaaaall over.

"That's good, that's a good kitty." The cottontail worked his jaw, as if unsure of himself. "Now, you big kitty, roll on your belly. Don't worry about that erection of yours, there's a niiiice hole you can let your junk hang through while I get your back. You just relaaaax."

And indeed he did! What better is there than laying back while some cute bunny rubs you all over? Baccus streeeeeetched, rolling in place, silly smile as he settled on his chest. Though the rabbit had to worm a hand under him to properly fit his junk in the opening. Hmph, rather snug!

"That's better! You just let those hang out." There was a paw under the table now, a nice bunny paw, with nice bunny fingers, kneading all over his dangling spuds, makign them sway, making them dip, tugging them loow in their sac.

Baccus gruffed, purring all the deeper. He didn't know whaaaaat was in that liqueur, but it waaaasn't just liquor. He felt...relaxed! He felt happy! He felt quite at ease. Chocolate vanilla cat. Heeee. He licked his own hand. Huff, delicious. He was delicious.

It made him sway his tail drunkenly.

"Mmm, that's a good kitty. You lay still. It's important that this is an eggless torte after all."

He frowned. He frowned deeply. What was that about tortes? The panther was trying to puzzle it out, puzzle with a mind all foggy and feeling like play doh. He enjoyed feeling those fingers under the table though! Enjoyed how they squeezed, how they pulled, how they stroked his big cock, admiring, appreciating, analyzing, a...well enough a's.

It wasn't just fingers he felt though, now he felt...lips! Cute bunny lips no doubt, kneading cute bunny fingers, wriggling in that cute bunny way as he sucked with cute bunny face. All around his sexy junk, just fatly hanging through the slot in the table.

It made him wriggle all over, made him stretch, made him growl and flick his tail! So sexy that the rabbit couldn't help himself, so studly that he couldn't help but admire and knead and set to work!

I mean, of course this happens. He's a panther! Why wouldn't a cute bunny masseuse not just start going down on him when exposed to so much catmeat? Only natural!

He started to rock, crossing his arms under his chin, feeling all that attention, the sharpness of the tease to his balls, the feel of cute bunny teeth against his cock, teasing and groaning rabbit groans!

So unaware, soooo innocent! Not that the bunny was all that innocent. Not when he was licking, slurping, nuzzling against that huge cat dick, teasing it, nibbling it, prodding it...

"No one can resist my fat kitty junk. No one!" he slurred, he grinned, he laughed, flexing his cock, staring relaxed at the floor through the headrest. "Mmm, and there's a lot of carrot there for a rabbit to swallow.

"Not a carrot, a candle." A deep, rumbling voice came from aside the table. Baccus frowned, turning his head to the left. A biiiiig lion-like creature hulked there, peering bemused. "It is my birthday after all."

The panther frowned. "Candle. That's silly. YOU'RE silly. Nnngh, this bunny sucking my cock is silly!" He tried to turn, tried to roll onto his side, but...ach! His balls seemed to be stuck in the hole. He frowned, tugged, and sighed. "Though I wouldn't mind if you sucked my cock too. Nnngh, when I can get out of here."

"Oh I will! I'll liiick your handsome panther cock." The huge manticore lion wriggled, broad raspy tongue hanging out. "But I plan on licking aall of you." And he did. He leaned in, and raaaaaaped a lick across the panther's back, a big heavy paw planting itself there in the dampness. "Delicious."

"Huff...well...I'm a panther! Of course I'd be delicious! More delicious than anyone!" He bit his tongue. "Mmmph! Bunny! I said keep licking!"

"What about your massage?"

"What about MY cake?" The manticore huffed, sitting on his haunches, big wings folding.

The rabbit peeked up over the table, quite embarrassed it would seem. "Sorry, I got carried away! Not often I get to eat panther, unlike some people. You're greedy!"

"I'm not greedy. I'm just hungry! Now, stop dawdling!"

"Hey, why am I stuck?"

"I'm not dawdling! I'm taking pride in my work!"

“You’ve not even plucked him yet, I did ask for an EGGLESS...!” The manticore leaned forward, huge paws planting against the side of the table. A large button had been nestled there, near the elevation controls. The button rather casually, flippantly, and painfully punny. ‘EGGSTRACTION’

“Hey, I wasn’t done you overgrown cat!”

A little motor whirred, a sudden latch released, and a weighty, ringing SCHING! Of a blade sliced somewhere. Baccus seemed confused, rolling partly on his side, frowning, his little happy grin faltering only a little. “Now what?”

THUNK!

The manticore was quick, quicker than a rabbit, ducking his huuuge beastly head under the table, and with all the sneaky casualness of a cat a big set of lips pulled up, up, up an impossibly fat, silky-black scrotum, dangling by his fangs.

The panther didn’t have much chance, didn’t realize what was going on, not as that big bag cas curled up atop a big carpet of a tongue, balls jostling, rolling, a fat sac tipping precariously, before falling, falling, falling back into a big manticore throat!

GULP.

“You...cheat!” The bunny gruffed, all frazzled. “You promised!”

“It’s my birthday.” The manticore huffed, sticking out his tongue. “I’m allowed to cheat.”

“Hey.” The panther frowned, finding himself oddly freed now, rolling, sliding, sitting upright before the big beast, the beginnings of a little frown on his face. He didn’t notice one bit how his huge panther cock didn’t seem to have nearly so much to jostle and bump against as he sat off the edge. “I think that was mine!”

“Nope.” The manticore quipped, leaning inwards, rasping a biiiiiig tongue against the panther, drawing on those flavors of vanilla, chocolate, dragging across that fat panther cock! “You’re ALL mine.” His tongue moved up, curling under the dark cat’s chin, hot breath rolling across Baccus’s face, his nose, his whiskers.

He couldn’t help himself from going limp, from relaxing into that heat, falling forward into a big carpet of tongue, face and chest against it, teeth pricking under his armpits. The big black cat felt himself relaxing all the more.

It really was quite nice actually!

“My cake.” The manticore rumbled muffledly, and in much approval! He mouthed, he cupped, he

slurped, he savored the silly cat, slipping forward to drag, to tug, and to pluck the stud cat right off the table, leaving him to dangle, to kick, and to let his 'candle' swing about fatly! Just with less to swing against!

"Cheat" the bunny pouted, finding a chair to pout within, and perhaps, oogle when the manticore wasn't watching. "You could have waited."

The manticore didn't reply, his mouth was full! Would have been RUDE.

Besides, his mouth was full of tasty, tasty panther, teeth tugging, tongue rasping across panther chest, panther belly, and soon, curling around fat panther dick!

Silly cat, humping like that, lewd and silly. Cumming aaaaall over his front, and that tongue. "Frosting." The big monster rumbled, and the bunny seemed all the more cross for it.

Big, handsome, proud, cumming panther cat was already half gobbled up! Just a cute rump, flicking tail, strong legs, and a big tongue curled between them. Lewd, simply simply lewd!

The rabbit was particularly cross as he watched those big panther paws get framed by manticore teeth, nibbling at pads, at toes, a big swipe of tongue, and then suuuuuch a yaaaaaawning swallow. No more panther, no more panther dick, and especially, no more panther balls.

The huge manticore belched, sillilly, with suuuuch a huge feline grin afterwards. "It IS my birthday."

"Hmph." The rabbit grumbled, eyeing that rather blatant bulge in the monster lion's tummy. A big bulge, full of delicious panther.

"I tell you what. You can rub against my belly, cuddle against it, if you want to fondle my balls and my cock too.

The cottontail squeaked! Ears flicked back and nose twitching, tempted, so very, very tempted. Such a very inviting belly indeed. "Wait, really? Or is it a trick to get dessert?"

The huge monster beamed. "Yes."