

PLUSHIE LOVE

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Stevie closed his bedroom door behind him, making sure to lock it. Even though no one was at home, he still preferred a sense of security, on the off chance that someone would come home and find him. He moved over to the window, gazing for a few seconds at the neighbours' house before he pulled the garish purple and red curtains across, leaving the room in a weird purple-tinged twilight.

The young bunny, about halfway through his teenage years, sat down on his bed, which creaked a little under his weight. He hesitated a moment before he slowly slipped his navy blue trackpants off, then his underpants, which were already stretching with the bulge of his cock. He slipped off his 'Save the Whales!' T-shirt as well, leaving his body complete bare.

Standing up, he went over to the door again and flicked the light switch, banishing the crepuscular violet light with warm yellow. Smiling slightly, he stood in front of his mirror, admiring his slim body. Soft brown fur covered him from top to bottom, with the exceptions of a few white patches here and there, and cream fur from neck to groin. A small patch of singed fur on his lower right arm showed where he'd been a bit careless with a Bunsen burner in science class a couple of days ago. His cock, all of about five inches, was soft pink, with darker veins running through its length. Stevie stroked it gently, feeling it pulse with his heartbeat. His balls, dangling pendulously beneath his sheath, bounced up and down with his hand's movements. He smiled wider and used his other hand to lightly fondle them, mrring quietly in pleasure.

After a minute or so of that, he turned around, glancing over his shoulder to look at his cute pufftail, which he wiggled up and down. Then, with a bit of effort, he bent over, spreading his legs apart to look up under his raised tail, seeing the tight crinkle of his anus winking at him in the mirror. Dizziness soon got the better of him, and he straightened up, staggering a couple of steps as his centre of balance stabilised.

Finished with his personal inspection, Stevie then went to his closet and opened it, reaching inside to take out a rather worn plush elephant, about two feet tall if it were to stand up straight. It was an odd toy to his eyes; he'd rarely seen the likes of it anywhere else, so to him 'Funt' (as he'd called it when he'd got it many years ago) was unique. The poor thing was much the worse for wear. Years of cuddling had rubbed off a lot of his light grey and white fur, some of his stuffing was missing, and one of his eyes had fallen off long ago. Stevie still loved Funt, however, no matter what condition he was in.

The bunny carried him over to the bed, sitting down and giving him another cuddle, sighing softly as he once again recalled some of his best memories with Funt: the day he unwrapped him at Christmas (although the memory was almost nothing but a haze); nearly losing him overboard on a river trip; trying to feed him chocolate, succeeding only in getting melted chocolate all over his still plush fur....

Stevie sighed again and turned Funt around to face him with his remaining eye. He could almost imagine what Funt might be thinking. Then again, perhaps his imagination was running riot again.

He rested Funt on the bed as he got down on the floor and reached under his bed, searching through the numerous dust balls that inhabited the space until his fingers came across a plastic bag, which he then pulled out, coughing a little from the dust he raised. He got to his feet and sat down on the bed again, opening the bag to extract a blue- and green-striped handtowel and a small tube of lube (which a friend at school had given him). A quick flick of the tube's top opened it, then Stevie squirted a blob of the slippery yet sticky lube on his hand. Another flick closed it with a loud 'snap.'

Stevie smeared the lube over his erection, yelping a little at the sensation of the cold gel against his warm cock, giving it an all-over coating that glistened wetly in the light. He wiped his hand on the towel, then turned his attention to Funt, who stared back at him with what seemed like a baleful look, as if he knew what would happen next.

The bunny picked up the worn elephant, turning him around so that the hole under his half-gnawed tail was visible. Stevie had no idea how that hole had appeared there -- he certainly didn't remember making it -- but the hole was now a perfect way to satisfy his teenage urges. He adjusted his position, moving onto his knees, his cock bobbing up and down as he did so, then pulled Funt into position, the plushie's rump poised just above the bunnycock about to penetrate him.

A small jolt of guilt went through Stevie as he guided his cock into Funt's tailhole, feeling that it was mean of him to use his best childhood friend as nothing more than a fuck-toy. Though he'd emptied himself into Funt's insides many times before, it still felt wrong to abuse him in such a way, even if the intimacy of it made him feel closer to his toy.

Slowly Stevie's cock slipped into the soft stuffing that formed Funt's body. He didn't know what it was made of, but it felt wonderful around his lubed cock. It was almost like Funt was filled with fluffy clouds, he mused.

The bunny settled back on his haunches as he hilted himself in Funt's hole. It was just big enough to allow his cock entrance, so it stretched snugly around him. He took a few moments to enjoy the sensation of being inside his plushie again, stroking the elephant's head, before he began to move Funt up and down, moaning quietly in pleasure as his cock slid out of the stuffing then in again. He flexed his legs to push himself up against Funt, fucking his plushie friend with long strokes, holding his sides tightly as he thrust deeply.

Soon he changed into a more comfortable position, lying on his back with Funt on top, holding him still with his arms wrapped around him while he shoved his bunnycock hard up the elephant's hole, the incredible silkiness of the stuffing sliding easily over his sensitive flesh. His balls swung up and down with each thrust, causing little shocks of pleasure.

Stevie could feel that he was close to climax; his breathing had degenerated into hard pants as he pushed himself harder into Funt. He pressed harder on the plushie's body, tightening up the stuffing inside to grip his cock better. He reached down with one hand to grope his balls, rolling and squeezing them, which always brought him to his peak even quicker. Only a few seconds longer....

Then he was there, crying out in ecstasy as he spilled his seed inside his plushie friend, strong throbs of his cock shooting his thin seed deep into the soft, feathery stuffing. He pushed Funt hard onto his cock, forcing his cum deeper.

After what seemed like hours Stevie's mind cleared of the blissful fog of orgasm, and he opened his eyes to look down at his plushie lover, stroking his fur slowly, a smile on his face. His cock was still barely twitching, and he could feel the cum starting to leak down his shaft.

With a soft groan he pulled Funt off his spent cock, shivering as his now over-sensitive glans slipped free. He turned the elephant around, gazing at the hole he'd just vacated. Cum was slowly oozing out of it, its musky scent making Stevie's nose itch. He extended his tongue and lightly flicked it into Funt's hole, tasting his cooling semen. He mrrred quietly as he cleaned up as best he could, swirling his tongue around lovingly.

When he'd finished, he set Funt aside and reached for the towel to clean himself up, shuddering as he carefully stroked the rough fabric over his softening member. He put it back in the bag, as well as the lube, then picked Funt up again, raising him up to look into the one-eyed face. After a long silence Stevie cuddled the elephant to his chest, mrrring softly. "Thank you," he whispered.