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RepliKate and the BunnyGirls

by Fidget

RepliKate impatiently waited for the patrol to walk by, activating her powers as she stepped into the hallway behind them. The classy, dark evening gown that molded itself to her smooth curves vanished suddenly, leaving her ample assets fully nude for an almost-imperceptible instant as she strode down the hall before rough Kevlar materialized around her body, wrapping her in dark blue body armor as a standard-issue visored helmet obscured her elegant features. She adopted the no-nonsense gait of a professional paramilitary guard, and reached a manicured finger down to switch on the radio at her hip, whose intermittent barking would allow her to avoid guard hotspots as she continued her infiltration.

Her first stop was the air defense control room, where she quickly disabled the automatic defenses once the single technician on duty had been dispatched. She now only had a limited amount of time before her presence was discovered, but it should be more than enough to complete her mission.

RepliKate made her way to central command, saluting the few soldiers she passed along the way, who had no reason to suspect someone who looked so much like they did.

The final test was the gaggle of guards outside the double doors that led to the Commander's office, but to her surprise, her flimsy claim that she had an "urgent message from Communications for the Commander. Eyes only," was somehow enough to merit being waved through with only a glance at her badge. Kate had been prepared for a firefight at this stage of the operation, but she would certainly settle for disappointingly lax security instead. Still, she couldn't really blame them. They had no reason to believe that someone could have gotten this deep into the compound without notice. But, RepliKate wasn't just anyone.

Commander Conquer looked up in surprise from his desk as an ordinary guard burst into his private office.

"What are you doing in here? There better be a good reason for this interruption," the tall man with the impressive mustache stated imperiously as he looked down at the interloper over folded hands, believing himself to be entirely in charge of the situation. His green and yellow camouflaged fatigues clashed severely with the dark blue body armor worn by all of his soldiers, and for just an instant Kate thought his crimes against fashion were already more than enough to warrant taking him in.

"Sir, there's no time! We have to secure the room!" RepliKate insisted as she bounded toward his desk.

"What? Who are you? What's your operating number?" The flustered Commander spluttered, losing his carefully cultivated composure as the guard quickly rounded the desk, drew her pistol, and placed it against his temple. She was glad to have chosen a uniform with a sidearm this time. It made things a bit less messy. Or more messy, depending on the mission.

"Commander Conquer, you are under arrest for organizing an armed insurrection, and will now accompany me back to the International Court to stand trial for your crimes", she stated matter-of-factly, lifting her visor to reveal her famous features.

"RepliKate! I should have known! What makes you think I'll-," the commander started, before slumping over as Kate injected a tranquilizer into his neck. Her target incapacitated, she deftly reached down to switch her radio frequency to the one used by her International Alliance allies.

"Command? It's RepliKate. I've got our man and we are clear for exfiltration," she said, dragging the limp body of the commander out onto his private helipad. Seconds later, a helicopter dropped onto the pad in front of her as a pair of IA troopers hopped down to help load the unconscious prisoner. With no alarm from air defense, by the time the commander's guards realized something was wrong, their leader was already gone.

After strapping herself in to her jumpseat, an instant later Kate was once again wearing the elegant evening gown from before the mission. The eyes of the other soldiers in the helicopter widened at the change, not only because of RepliKate's reputation or their own awe at seeing her legendary powers in action, but also because of the flash of creamy skin they thought they saw during her clothing's transformation.

Used to the stares, Kate settled in to enjoy the ride back to base. It was just another successful day on the job for RepliKate, valiant copycat superhero of the International Alliance.

"Another job well done RepliKate. You've just saved the lives of the hundreds of thousands of people who were under the thumb of that deranged warlord." Her department chief had a proud smile on her face as she congratulated her.

"Only doing my job, ma'am."

Kate was currently replicating her official IA uniform, which she kept stored back at her locker. RepliKate hadn't actually *put on* clothing in decades, but the duplicated garments themselves were completely real and perfectly accurate as long as they were on her body. Even so, however, she often had to be a bit careful, because though she could adopt any clothing and accessories she wanted at any time, her face remained the same, and she was very recognizable.

"It looks as though there's no rest for the weary, however. A new job has come in - it's a shady organization running a series of bunny-themed brothels, but not much is known about them. We think they may be engaging in sex slavery, but, like I said, we have no proof. We need you to infiltrate the largest of these brothels and collect intel on their operations."

How disgusting, Kate thought to herself, more than eager to help with taking down such a heinous organization. "You can count on me, ma'am."

The squat, nondescript building had no windows, but it wasn't overly difficult to sneak through the loading dock and conceal herself in the back of the lobby, where she was able to catch enough of a glimpse of the bunny girls inside to activate her powers. Kate had wanted to replicate a technician's uniform, but after a few hours of observation it was clear that none of the technicians ever made their way into either the loading dock or the lobby, and she currently had no other way of seeing what their uniforms looked like.

Still, after actually seeing the bunny suits in person, RepliKate was horrified at just how obscene they were. She had a job to do, however, so she focused her concentration on one of the girls walking by and instinctively activated her powers.

An instant later RepliKate shuddered in disgust at the latex wrapped around her torso, encasing some of it, but leaving the majority of her body bare. It was slightly reassuring to know that her suit was a manifestation of her own powers, but the amount of skin it put on display still bothered her, as did what the suit stood for. She didn't need to give herself a once-over, since her powers always replicated uniforms perfectly, but she did so anyway. Sure enough, she was now in a pornographic black bunnysuit, complete with long ears, a puffy tail, and even a tiny bowtie, mirroring all of the other women flouncing around the lobby.

The headband from which her new ears sprouted felt oddly tight against her head, almost as if it were connected to her somehow, and it sounded like there was a low hum coming from where it met her scalp. *Probably just motors for animatronics or something*, Kate thought, directing her attention toward the rest of her ridiculous getup.

The "bra" portion of the suit was a quarter-cup, which, with the perfect fit her powers guaranteed, meant that her large, fully-revealed C-cup breasts and naked nipples stood proud and perky off of her chest, jiggling and bouncing on their small shelf whenever she moved. This was also as high as the suit's coverage went, leaving the entire rest of her chest and shoulders exposed up to her choker bowtie. From the sides the suit dove down to the small of her back, revealing everything to the eye, from her shapely shoulder blades to her toned lats to the soft, smooth skin of her lower back. Moreover, as was perhaps to be expected from a brothel, the BunnySuits were all crotchless, allowing easy access to her vagina as it and the lower curve of her asscheeks hung out the bottom, emphasizing just where the BunnyGirls' value to the Company lay. Black stiletto heels completed the outfit, ensuring that Kate would be putting the creamy skin of her toned thighs and tight ass on display with every step.

Despite technically never wearing clothes, Kate still felt a deep embarrassment at being forced to wear an outfit that was so revealing and objectifying in front of so many people. Still, she knew that it would be more than worth the discomfort to take these bastards down, and so she adopted a confident stride as she stepped out from behind her potted plant into the large lobby that served as the customer reception area.

"Sister!" she immediately heard from her left, and upon turning, saw a busty bunny whose smooth motions practically *oozed* sex gliding across the floor toward her. Her breasts were unrealistically large for her frame, and her thick nipples stood out proudly above her deceptively strong shelf bra. Kate would have assumed they were implants if not for the obviously organic way they jiggled as she walked, and the way the bunny swayed across the floor gave an arousing impression of erotic, welcoming eagerness, as though one only had to ask to be whisked off to a private room where one could experience all of the pleasures of her tantalizing flesh. Under any other circumstances Kate would have been jealous of the woman's overwhelming sex appeal, and with her own bisexual tendencies, Kate couldn't deny the lust the mere presence of this woman evoked within her. Her eyes briefly flicked down to the tasty folds advertised by the woman's crotchless bunny suit, inviting and encouraging Kate's guilty glance.

This bunny didn't act like a woman who had been unwillingly sold into sex slavery and was just playing a role to avoid punishment. On the contrary, even with just the two of them present, she still seemed all too eager to stoke the lusts of those around her, just like all of the other bunnies RepliKate had seen in her brief glance around the room, who also seemed genuinely excited to offer themselves for pleasure to the few men milling around. The girls seemed like a team of trained professionals who prided themselves on, and *thoroughly* enjoyed, their work. More than anything, though, the girls seemed... happy. Fulfilled even. Something wasn't adding up.

"Yes Sister!" RepliKate immediately responded, pushing her initial thoughts and impressions of the bunnies out of her mind. This was it. The job had officially started. Kate basked in the addicting rush of adrenaline she always felt at the start of a new mission, and steeled herself for her performance. From this point on, for all intents and purposes, she was a BunnyGirl.

"A Customer in Room 12 requires your services," the enchanting vision dressed in a sexy bunny suit said, turning to lead the way.

"Yes Sister!" Kate fell into step behind the woman, doing her best to imitate the impossible sway of her exaggerated hips.

She was soon led into a small room off the main corridor, where a fat, balding, middle-aged man lay naked on a bed eyeing the two bunnies' uncovered breasts and vaginas hungrily.

RepliKate watched the other bunny seductively stride over to the bed on her tall heels and bend over at the waist to gently take a stack of cash from the man while he buried his face in her breasts and roughly groped her. When he had finished, the bunny turned around,

presenting her thick ass so that he could stick an eager hand between her legs for a few seconds as well. Kate viewed the euphoric smile on the bunny's face with utter disbelief as he felt her up, before the bunny finally straightened up to walk away. As she did so, however, the man gave her ass a resounding SMACK, but even that only resulted in the bunny turning halfway around as she retreated to give him a coquettish look of flushed arousal, and then she swayed the rest of the way out of the room as the handprint on her bouncing asscheek turned bright pink.

Kate was disgusted at the display. How could that woman allow herself to be treated like that, much less *encourage* it? She didn't have time to let herself dwell on the thought though, as she now had more immediate problems to deal with.

Ok, I have to get out of-DING I have to please this customer, right? she finished asking herself, already knowing the answer. Of course she had to please the Customer. That was her function, and the Customer had paid very well for her use, Kate thought to herself, suddenly finding a new appreciation for the sexy transaction she had just witnessed. How else could BunnyCorp cover the cost of Kate's upkeep and maintenance, so that she could continue to serve their Customers' sexual needs?

This time Kate was the one who swayed over to the bed, her toned curves flexing and bouncing enticingly as she bent over and cupped her breasts in the Customer's face, waiting for his approval. The Customer's eyes lit up, and he dove into her cleavage, suckling and biting as Kate moaned encouragingly, stoically ignoring the pain, before sliding her soft, elegant body into the bed alongside him.

She waited for the Customer to take the lead, but he just lay back on the bed, looking up at her impatiently. This was exactly the answer Kate needed to get to work, of course, and so she swung one leg of her BunnyBod over his torso, straddling him, before leaning forward to dangle her breasts in his face once again as her left hand fished around behind her leg for his small, erect phallus. Finally finding it, she eagerly placed it against her tight entrance and slowly slid down, engulfing him in her warmth and wetness, which before had only felt the touch of the most attractive athletes, actors, and models in the world.

Even so, Kate felt right at home pleasing her Customer, her soft skin gliding over his torso, her nipples tracing up and down his chest as his stiff little cock slid in and out of her tight superhero body. Her Customer lay limp beneath her, satisfied to let her do all of the work. Instead, he stared up into the enchanting face of the BunnyGirl riding his cock while her ears bobbed at her efforts, until sudden recognition came into his eyes.

"Hey, don't I know you from somewhere?"

"Of course you do, Sir. I'm your Bunny!" Kate insisted without slowing her pace as her self-preservation instinct kicked in. Even so, however, her statement felt oddly appropriate.

The man chuckled and lay back down as RepliKate continued her work. She was glad to be able to relax a bit after her close call, and turned her attention back to the enjoyable

sensations of pleasing her Customer, continuing to slowly slide his small dick in and out of her silky pussy as it twitched weakly inside of her.

All too soon, the inevitable happened, and the Customer gave a series of high-pitched wheezes as he lost control inside her body. Kate was just glad the Customer was enjoying himself, and tried to get as much of his small penis inside her as she could as it continued to feebly ooze his seed into her shallows.

Once her BunnyPussy had done its job, she waited patiently and dutifully as he enjoyed a few final thrusts between her slick folds before pulling out. The instant he did so, RepliKate was finally able and ready to spring into action-*DING* ready to slide off the bed and sink down onto her knees. As always, Kate had performed her role perfectly, but even so, it had been the temptation of *her* sexy BunnyBod and slick, enticing BunnyPussy that had caused the customer to pleasurably spend himself inside of her, and now that the customer's cock was covered in their combined juices, it was her responsibility as a dutiful BunnyGirl to see that his valued equipment was properly cleansed of the residue of her actions.

She gently took the Customer's small, slimy, flaccid penis into her mouth and began to suck and clean with her tongue, happy to be of such use. She was careful not to overstimulate, because the Customer's cock was still sensitive from using her body, and even though it gave a few weak twitches in her mouth, the customer was older, and of below average fitness, so there was little chance of a repeat performance from her ministrations.

When she had finished, she felt a certain odd freedom after completing her task, and decided to leave the room. On her way out, still brimming with pleasure at having satisfied her Customer so thoroughly, Kate suddenly remembered that she needed to infiltrate-*DING* needed to spend some time in the cleaning closet before interacting with the other customers. She abruptly turned around in the middle of the room and walked back across to the small door set in the opposite wall. Inside was what looked like a futuristic janitor's closet, complete with a cleaning pod.

She briefly thought about using this chance to do something drastic, but she did really want to clean herself out after her time with the Customer so that she would be ready for re-use by her next appointment, so she lowered herself into the cleaning pod, noting that her mind was free of *DINGs* as she decided to do so.

Once settled comfortably into her pod, Kate was finally free to think about her exertions with the man in the room as her cleaning cycle began. Her actions had felt perfectly natural at the time, but now that she could reflect on them, she recognized that not only were they antithetical to who she was as a person, but they also perfectly matched the behavior she had seen from her BunnyGirl companion. She had been acting like a BunnyGirl herself without even meaning to, up to and including fucking an ugly old man bareback for money, and she hadn't even realized how out of place it was at the time.

Heck, even now thinking about how her Customer had used her body felt somehow normal and appropriate, (*and even sexy*, she thought as the machine deftly cleaned the cum that was running down her legs, leaving pleasurable tingles in their wake), and only in hindsight with the benefit of her training did she recognize that anything about the situation was amiss.

Oh no. That could only mean that they were using some sort of mind control technology, Kate realized as the cleaning pod inserted what felt like a small metal dildo into her vagina. She felt a tingle of pleasure as it cleaned her out, preparing her BunnyBod for her next Customer before finally releasing her. Kate noticed a second door in the small room, and upon going through it, found herself in the main hall once more as she continued her ruminations.

The mind control tech must be stored in the BunnySuit, and then when my powers perfectly replicated the suit, it began affecting me like it had all of the other girls! Even in her panic it now felt perfectly natural for Kate to throw a seductive sway into her walk like a horny Bunny in heat, swinging her puffy tail around above her powerful glutes that flexed as she strutted, shown off by the tight latex they were encased in. That didn't bode well. It seemed like each mental adjustment was permanent, and also likely cumulative.

She also vaguely recalled hearing a *DING* whenever she had decided to do something out of character for a Bunny. *Hmm, as long as I do what I'm supposed to, I don't get corrected*, she thought as she swayed back to the central lobby, before recoiling in disgust and correcting herself. *As long as I act like a Bunny prostitute, my suit doesn't override my mind and add another layer of mental compulsion.* No wonder the Bunnies seemed to enjoy their jobs so well.

I just have to make sure to not-DING ignore the other Customers! she thought, heading out into the central greeting room to tempt the men there with all of the appealing skin she had on display. She joined the many other BunnyGirls circulating the room, showing off her body however she could, and it wasn't long before her efforts were rewarded with quite a few eager gropes, for which she happily stuck out her chest or ass so the potential Customer could accurately gauge her services.

Unfortunately, while her BunnyBod garnered significant attention as she mingled over the next hour, along with significant exposure to prodding, exploring fingers that had left Kate burning with arousal, it was inevitably the other BunnyBods on display that ended up leading the customers away to sate their desire for the female form. It was too bad she didn't have a bigger chest and ass like the other girls. *Why did the other girls have such large assets?*

After she had greeted every potential Customer and made them all very aware of the sexy features and value provided by her BunnyBod, Kate finally felt like she had sufficiently accomplished the task set before her, and allowed herself a few minutes to reflect on her situation as she flushed with pride at having done her duty so thoroughly.

Oh no, it happened again! Kate realized in panic as the reality of her situation came crashing down on her once more. She hadn't even been able to tell that her mind had been changed

until after she'd completed her instructions! And even now, it had felt so good to show herself off that, rather than feeling embarrassed about her shameless, half-naked flirting, she just felt helplessly aroused instead, and secretly wished that her tits and ass had been big enough to convince one of the Customers to purchase her services.

Recognizing the increasingly perilous nature of her situation, RepliKate redoubled her determination to resist her sexy BunnySuit's mind control. *I just have to be careful to-DING go to maintenance, for regularly scheduled WaBBuT-augmentation*, she thought to herself calmly, before heading into the labyrinth of hallways branching away from the lobby with singular purpose, on her way to a destination her conscious mind had no way of knowing the location of, all while her headband fed her brain information about her regularly scheduled Waist, Breast, Butt, and Thigh augmentation.

Apparently, the swelling effects of the chemical growth treatment led to undesirable stretch marks when undertaken too quickly, so BunnyCorp had developed a regular process of gradual inflation, to ensure that the skin had time to recover its elasticity as it stretched around the more and more exaggerated breasts and hips of the hypersexualized BunnyBods over time.

RepliKate was impressed by the simple logic and effective implementation of the idea. Hopefully once she was in the maintenance room she could find a way to fix these poor girls- *DING* she couldn't wait to receive her next treatment, so that her increasingly busty body would fill out her sexy BunnySuit even better, and make BunnyCorp's highly valued Customers want to fuck her BunnyBod that much more.

She finally reached the maintenance center, eager to receive her treatment, but in the meantime she looked around the room to check for security weaknesses. *Maybe before my treatment there will be time to-DING assume the position for WaBBuT-augmentation*, she thought to herself. She fell in line beside the other motionless BunnyGirls awaiting their treatment and excitedly struck a T-pose to facilitate the technicians' access to her Company property, with her back arched to emphasize the curve of her breasts for the technicians' convenience and pleasure.

They continued their work on the girls ahead of Kate, but when they finally got to her, they were surprised to discover that she didn't show up in any of their systems when they scanned her identification chip. This was the one major shortcoming of RepliKate's otherwise remarkable powers - she could perfectly replicate the technology of a suit to make her a unique member of an organization, but she couldn't change the organizations's records to account for her presence.

"That's odd. She's not one of ours," the first technician technician said, checking his datapad as Kate continued to stand motionlessly with her breasts thrust out in front of her, silently and eagerly waiting to become more of a sex object.

"She's *looks* like one of ours though," the second tech noted, appreciating the way the BunnySuit's quarter-cups propped up her naked tits, "and she's acting like one of ours."

"Better tell the boss, just in case," said the first tech, heading toward the door.

"Good call. I guess there's no harm in carrying out the procedure in the meantime." Kate's mind flooded with relief as the second tech filled a syringe and headed over toward her. She wasn't sure what they had been talking about, but she had been terrified that she wouldn't get her treatment.

The tech injected her boobs, ass, and hips with the clear liquid, taking the time to appreciate and squeeze her appealing curves as he did so. Kate ignored the slight sting of the needle and motionlessly welcomed the tech's attention. That was what she was for, after all.

She could feel the potent chemicals coursing through her, and a few seconds later she could tell that her superhero body had begun reacting to the treatment as intended. She closed her eyes in happiness at the uncomfortable sensation of her tits and ass irreversibly plumping up, wanting her BunnyBod to become even more of a desirable asset for the Company so that she could continue her work of freeing men from their sexual desire for her.

Kate had to admit that it was a bit of a counter-intuitive system, as she opened her eyes and watched her tits continue to swell further into her line of sight. Her breasts and ass were being technologically enhanced, being made curvier and more feminine to inflame the desires of her Customers, only for Kate to then encourage them to relieve that very same inflamed desire inside her enticing BunnyBod. She did seem custom-designed for that purpose, with her slick pussy that clearly felt great to slide a cock into, but the whole thing still seemed oddly circular. If BunnyCorp really wanted men to be free of their lust for her, there had to be more efficient ways. *It's almost like BunnyCorp is designing my sexy BunnyBod to cause the very problem they're charging men to solve*, Kate thought briefly, but she was just a lowly BunnyGirl, and it wasn't her place to question the wisdom of her betters. And letting Customers use her body for their pleasure felt so good and sexy and right that it was easier to just go along with it all.

Kate jiggled out of the room a few minutes later, feeling like a whole new BunnyGirl as she looked down over her heavy tits in pride, appreciating the way they pressed out noticeably further from her body than they had before her treatment. She had briefly considered using her powers to replicate one of the technician's suits, which would both allow her to access BunnyCorp's systems as well as free her from her own BunnySuit's built-in mind control, but the thought of how disappointed her Customers would be at not seeing her new, sensual curves displayed in all of their naked glory made her immediately give up the idea.

This was no time to dwell on how much better her new body would please the Corporation's customers, however - now that her treatment was over, it was finally time for action! *Ok, time to shut down the-DING to give the CEO some personal attention*, Kate thought happily, turning toward the wide hallway leading to the very center of the building.

As she enthusiastically flounced her BunnyBod down the hall toward the executive suite on her tall heels, ears bobbing, eager to show off her bouncy, swollen assets to everyone she

passed, Kate was excited to finally be completing her infiltration. Soon she would be in the presence of the executives themselves, the real power behind BunnyCorp.

After a brief search by the attractive young door guard, who spent an awfully long time hefting and squeezing her breasts as Kate demurely arched her back to encourage his attentions, she was shown into a large, gilded conference room. She made a mental note to visit the guard again later to relieve some of his desire for her, before turning her attention to the Executives of the Company arrayed around a long conference table, all completely naked and being serviced by their own individual groups of BunnyGirls. Kate shuddered at being in the presence of these gods among men, and her own BunnyBod tingled with need as it silently begged to be used for their pleasure.

"Ah, RepliKate. We had anticipated that you might eventually stick your nose into our operations. How does it feel to know that your very own powers to perfectly replicate clothing and uniforms are what got you into this situation?"

What situation? BunnyKate wondered to herself. She was just a BunnyGirl, and had no reason or desire to ever use her powers again unless BunnyCorp desired it. Still trying to process his words, she noted that the speaker was Baron von Tycoon, a billionaire crime boss and longtime nemesis that she had put behind bars multiple times already. Somehow his chiseled features seemed more powerful, attractive, and *masterful* than they usually did, however, and BunnyKate counted herself incredibly lucky to be in his service this time around.

"Your powers are exceptional, and also exceptionally well documented," the Baron continued, "which is why we decided to build the mind control tech into our suits themselves instead of using simpler, more efficient solutions. It cost more, but I see that the extra investment has certainly paid off."

Knowing that it wasn't her place to respond, BunnyKate eagerly presented herself for her Master's pleasure instead, bending over the conference table in front of him so that her BunnyPussy would be maximally enticing and available, and then waited for the ever-present *DING* that always helpfully corrected her impetuous actions. This time, however, all she heard was silence and all she felt was blissful pleasure as the supervillain CEO of BunnyCorp slowly parted her labia with the tip of his thick cock before sliding himself deep into her slick depths.

"I've been waiting a long time to see what this pussy felt like," the Baron grunted as he bottomed out inside the sexy body of his submissive superhero nemesis. She felt just as fantastic wrapped around his cock as he thought she would, and as he grabbed onto her enhanced hips to pull himself as far into her as possible, he noted that RepliKate's first treatment looked great on her voluptuous figure, and made a mental note to schedule her for another soon.

It was silly of him to wait! BunnyKate thought to herself as her Master pleased himself inside her. *He could have tried out my BunnyPussy whenever he wanted!*

As Kate's Bunny body did what came naturally to it, pressing back into the CEO's thrusts to ensure that his cock sank as deeply into her stimulating pussy as possible, she had some free time to review the information she had gleaned from her successful infiltration.

First off, whoever gave me my initial intel was obviously wrong about this place, she reflected as the Baron continued to pound her horny BunnyPussy through the hole conveniently built into her high-tech BunnySuit. That was such clever uniform design - everything sexual about her body should always be visible and accessible to Customers and to her superiors. Clearly everything going on at BunnyCorp was perfectly normal and above-board.

She stole a glance around the room at all of the other half-naked BunnyGirls, chemically-swollen tits and asses on display as they enthusiastically rubbed their busty bodies all over their Corporate overlords, as was only proper. One lucky Bunny at each station had the pleasure of directly stimulating each executive's cock within herself, encouraging him to release his carnal urges inside of her and temporarily free himself of his lust for their bodies. BunnyKate was only too lucky that that privilege had fallen to her, and with the Baron no less! She felt a swell of pride at being chosen to experience the satisfying presence of his thick cock inside of her, squeezing itself in and out of her tight BunnyPussy in a comforting rhythm as she drove him toward his own release.

Finally, she looked at all of the other executives having the time of their lives around the table. This was a company that prided itself on meeting the needs of others, and BunnyKate was proud to be a part of it. It was like a Red Cross for sex, and she was one of their horny little Bunny nurses, she thought to herself. She allowed herself a slight giggle at the ridiculousness of that image, and just enjoyed feeling the cool surface of the table pressing against her bouncing tits as Master's pounding picked up speed.

Everyone was here because they wanted to be, and that especially applied to her. BunnyKate basked in the deep, primal glow of satisfaction that only came from having a horny BunnyPussy stuffed with Corporate cock, while the Baron slid fully into her once more and held himself there for a few seconds, clearly enjoying the luxurious texture of her slick receptacle as he too began to feel the urge to empty himself into her willing superhero body.

She could feel him tensing inside of her, of course, but that just meant she would get to worship his cock more directly, so it was really a win-win. She honestly had no idea how anyone could construe the Company, or especially Master himself, as "evil", "villainous", or even anything other than completely virtuous. *And generous*, she giggled to herself as her exquisite BunnyPussy finally drove her arch-nemesis past the point of no return, and he began filling her with his seed while the two Bunnies on either side of him jiggled their enormous tits in his face encouragingly.

BunnyKate, of course, remained stoically silent as her Master's gooey cum drained into her so as not to distract from her Master's pleasure with her own, even as her pussy was on fire with ecstasy for serving her purpose so well. Afterward, this time completely unprompted by her helpful headband, BunnyKate slowly slid herself off her Master's deflating cock, turned around, and knelt between his legs, eager to use her mouth to clean off the residue of his

desire for her BunnyBod. Her head bobbed in his lap, and the long ears containing the tech that had taught Kate her place lightly bounced against the Baron's chest.

It was just another successful day on the job for BunnyKate, loyal, horny BunnySlave of BunnyCorp.

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at fidget1@protonmail.com. If you find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at www.patreon.com/fidget1. Patrons get a full two months of early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!