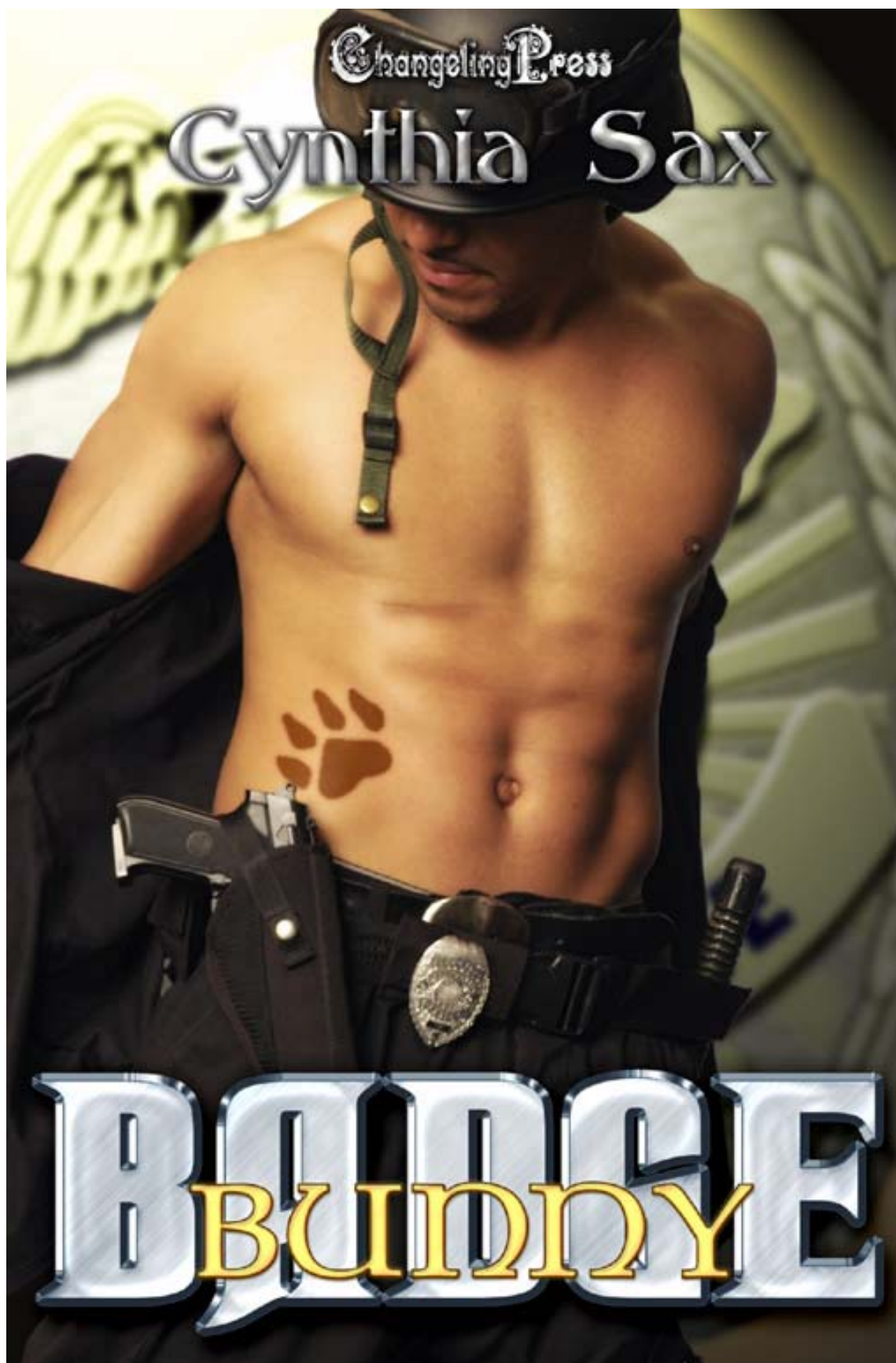


Changeling Press

Cynthia Sax



BADGE BUNNY

Protect and Serve: Badge Bunny

Cynthia Sax

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Protect and Serve: Badge Bunny

Cynthia Sax

Getting arrested has never been so sexy.

My name is Officer Drake. I'm genetically enhanced to be the best damn policeman there is. I can snap a werewolf in two. I can outrun a car. That's not boasting. Those are the facts.

I'm designed to protect and serve, and when I spot a plush little bunny shifter by the name of Hunny Lapin, that is exactly what I do. I protect her from a strip club owning vampire and serve up her every desire in bed. 'Course, that lands me in a whole heap of trouble, but it's nothing I can't handle. I'm a supercop, remember?

01 Drake's Blog

"When was the last time you got laid, Drake?" This is my partner's idea of clever conversation. Shoot me now. To clarify, that isn't partner in the sexual sense. Hell no, I don't swing that way and even if I did, I'd never be that desperate. We're cops. Wright's got my back, most times, when he isn't juggling two exotic dancers on his lap.

When was the last time I got laid? When was the last time Wright groped a waist wider than a toothpick? Two dancers are needed to fill up the man's lap. I eye their skinny bodies with disinterest. It would take five of those chicks to satisfy my larger appetite.

I'm a big guy. I prefer to play with women my own size. That means yummy mommies with hand-filling curves, not little girls with pokey elbows and ribs I can count.

"Fuck off, Wright." I sip my scotch. The other undiscerning dickheads come here after hours for the tits and ass. I come here for the drinks. The Fox Hole doesn't water down their alcohol like other strip bars do.

"There's your answer." Sarge laughs like a hyped-up hyena shifter. Before you give him respect he doesn't deserve, his rank isn't sergeant. The asshole just acts like one, barking out orders any sensible cop will ignore if he wants to stay alive. "You know, Drake, you'd get lucky more often if you didn't act like such a scary son-of-a-bitch." Sarge pats down his lap mate. I've seen him handle his gun with more passion than he's touching his nearly nude stripper. "Hell, even the badge bunnies leave you alone, and they'll do anyone in uniform."

I grunt at his piss poor advice. It doesn't warrant a proper response, and for your information, I don't act. I am a scary son-of-a-bitch -- genetically enhanced to be the best damn policeman there is. I can snap a werewolf in two -- those furry buggers are

notoriously hard to subdue. I can outrun a car, even one jacked up on rocket fuel. I sniff the recycled air. I can smell strawberries in a room full of sweat, pussy, and cum.

I turn my head slightly. There she is. Golden brown hair frames a round face dominated by a pair of big brown eyes and a twitching nose. That's a woman. Hunny Lapin -- despite her porn star name -- is everything I consider fresh and clean and wholesome. What's she doing here? I have no idea. I've seen her before so I know she isn't lost.

She sure doesn't fit in though. Why? She's fully clothed, for one. Her plush body is clad in a fluffy pink sweater and a knee-length skirt. For another, she starts at every loud noise. This is ridiculous as she's in a strip bar, not a library. The tone-deaf DJ throws on a new hip-hop song and she jumps. Naked bodies smack together as they tend to do in strip bars and she trembles. Krag Fox's men holler at each other, and she flinches.

Meatheads are positioned at all doors tonight. Someone is in deep shit. I'd step in and ensure this someone doesn't die a slow and painful death in one of the vamp's backrooms. But this is the Fox Hole. Anyone here I'll end up either arresting or killing. Fox, bless his non-beating heart, is simply doing my job for me.

The scent of strawberries intensifies and a wave of horniness engulfs me. Hunny is hurrying this way. She doesn't glide like some high-class chicks do. She bounces and all body parts -- I drop my gaze -- I mean all body parts bounce with her. Damn, she has a fine pair of breasts. I lick my lips, hungry for a taste.

Some men claim that more than a handful is a waste. I think they're full of shit. The bigger, the better, and Hunny's pair are at the top of my big breast list. They're even finer because they're real. One blast of cold air and those nipples can be listed as deadly weapons. They also jiggle when she jiggles, which is what she was doing now. I'd sit back and enjoy the show except every so often she fervently glances behind her at Fox's approaching goons. The girl is in trouble. *Help me*, she mouths. Those brown eyes widen with fear.

This is none of my damn business. I recognize that. I don't know her and if she messed with Fox bad enough to warrant a death sentence, she can't be as sweet and innocent as she appears. But I'm trained to protect, and Hunny needs my protecting. The cop genes kick in. I pull her onto my lap so she straddles me – panty-covered pussy to pant-covered cock. I grow hard 'cause I'm human. Soft angora rubs against my face. The pastel pink sweater, as nice as it feels, unfortunately has to go. Fox's men can spot it a mile away. I yank it upward over her head and drop it on the permanently sticky floor.

"Whoa, Drake." Wright gawks at me, his big mouth open. "It was just a suggestion. I didn't expect you to get laid right here."

Oh, happy day. I exceeded an asshole's expectations. "Fuck off." I repeat my earlier advice and concentrate on Hunny's situation. The goons are drawing nearer. I cover her bare back with my big hands. She buries her face in my neck. She's scared. Her large silk-covered breasts shake against my chest. This drives me a bit nutso, my cock twitching like her cute little nose. She's soft and warm, and she feels like she belongs to me, which is indeed nuts because I don't do relationships. I prefer my sex like my scotch, straight up with nothing else added.

I don't know what the fuck is going on, but I hold her until the men pass. When the coast is clear, I murmur, "Not that I'm complaining, Hunny buns, but to what do I owe this pleasure?" against her cheek. Unable to resist, I trace her perfect pink shell of an ear with my tongue.

Her reaction almost makes this tough guy lose control. The musky scent of her wet pussy floods my nostrils. Heat radiates from between her legs. She trembles. There are no mixed messages here. The woman likes her ears touched. That's just fine because I like touching her ears. I'm a bit freaky that way.

"Slide your hands into my bra," she whispers, looping her arms around my neck. This lifts her breasts, offering them up for my inspection. "The future of mankind may depend upon it."

Sure thing, double-oh-sexy. I don't need the saving mankind excuse to touch her breasts. I've dreamed about cupping them since I first saw her. Every dream ends the same way, with me waking up, cock in hand.

She's fully into this spy business, kissing my forehead, a tender gesture a man like myself isn't treated to very often. Her honey brown curls fall forward, shielding my search. Duty calls. I slip my hand between silk and skin, two of the softest materials on earth. Her nipples tighten.

"The other one," she pants, wiggling in my lap, her fingers digging into my bald skull. My cock is pulsing steel. There is only so much wiggling a man can take.

Not ready to give up my prize just yet, I sweep my callused thumb over her nipple. She gasps. I grin. This is, hands down, the sexiest search I've ever performed. Put this in the police brochure and we'd get a hell of a lot more recruits, that's for sure.

She frowns and I switch breasts before she gets pissed. Hot damn, the second breast is as heavy and full as the first. This woman is doubly blessed. I take my time circling her nipple. My fingertips bump up against something hard. I scoop the foreign material out. Fuck me. It's a data magnet. "What --"

She swallows my words, kissing me deeply, her sweet tongue filling my mouth. The questions can wait, I decide. I palm the data magnet with one hand, and pull up her skirt with the other. Interrogations can be done later at the precinct. Feeling her ass has to be done here and now.

02 Hunny's Blog

I'm not a whore, if that's what you're thinking. I'm not even a stripper. I'm playing tonsil hockey with Officer Drake because I like kissing. I also like Drake, maybe a bit too much, and this might be the last kiss I ever share.

Krag Fox, my vampire boss, is going to kill me. I wasn't blowing smoke up Drake's fabulously tight ass about the future of mankind depending on this data transfer. Taking the data magnet from Drake's hammer hands, I put it in his shirt pocket, right under his shiny silver badge.

Well, maybe a little bit of smoke. I lift my hips so Drake can trail his now free hand over my panty-clad pussy. I don't know what information I copied, only that it is in code. That, alone, is cause for concern. Fox is not a discreet crime lord like my Uncle Flopsy. Fox is open, verging on proud, about his pimping and drug running and mafia-style executions. I can't even fathom what he considers so bad he needs code to hide it.

I clutch Drake's bald head to my admittedly magnificent pair of breasts, his tongue slipping down the crevice between them. Curiosity killed the cat, and it looks like that saying holds true for bunny shifters. The supposedly reformed hacker in me couldn't resist copying the code so I could crack it. The only thing that will end up cracked is my skull because I got caught. My exceptional hearing bought me a couple minutes to shake my powder puff tail out of the back office.

Running into Drake was a stroke of luck. I'm not a fan of the boys in blue, having spent some time in the clink myself for the aforementioned hacking, but Drake, for all his tattoos and skull-splitting ways, is one of the good guys. That Fox hates him says it all.

He'll do the information right, and he'll do me right. "Fuck me." I unzip his pants and unbutton his boxer shorts. Wow. That is one hard, large cock. I eagerly stroke it. This last fuck is my final gift to myself. I deserve it for saving the world.

"Here?" Drake comes up for air. His bald head is rosy.

"Here. Now." We'll have to fuck in public, in front of his friends. We don't have much choice. Once I leave the strip bar, I'm dead. I'm nervous, as exhibitionism isn't my regular style. Like I said before, I'm no whore. I usually don't even kiss on the first date. But I've never faced death before.

The possibility of a public fucking doesn't faze bad boy Drake. He hardens even more, his cockhead turning a deep purple. I pump his thick shaft, my thumb spreading the dab of cum on his tip. He isn't moving though, which is concerning. "Please hurry." I don't know how long I have.

One flick of his fingers and the ribbons holding my panties together snap. Damn, he's a beast, all muscle and power. "You're not going to self-destruct, are you?" His normally grim face lightens with humor.

He is no dummy. His wit is quiet but there. I grin. "I might." I get down to business, positioning him as he lifts me. The self-destruct thing isn't bullshit either. If he doesn't fuck me soon, I'll explode.

"Can't have that." He thrusts me down on him like I weigh nothing. My eyes roll back in my head. He is so large, he stretches me to the point of pain. I like it. I love the feel of him inside me. I clutch his shoulders. "Did I break you?" he asks, genuine concern tinting his voice.

Has he broken women before? My pussy hums in anticipation. I do like it rough. "Not yet." I wiggle, suspecting that I'm in for a treat. "You'll have to try harder. I'm no delicate flower." I'm well aware that I'm four times the size of the naked stripper dancing around a nearby pole.

"Thank God." He doesn't seem to mind. He cups my ass, raising and lowering me in long, deep strokes. My breasts jiggle. My extreme support bra is doing nothing so I pull it down, exposing my nipples. He shows the proper appreciation for their bounty.

His grip on my skin tightens. As he lifts me, he bends his head and licks a breast. His tongue is hot and wet and rough. I shiver. My pussy quivers. I am so close.

He is too. His jaw clenches. A vein pulses in his tattooed neck. "I can't last, Hunny," he apologizes. "You're too tight."

There is a reason for that. "It has been a while." I want him to know that, that he is special, that this isn't a casual fuck in some seedy strip bar. Maybe then I'll be remembered by someone, if only for a moment.

I stare into those genetically enhanced black eyes as I ride him, memorizing his rugged face. I'll think of him as Krag takes my life. Yes, I'll think of this exact moment, Drake's thick cock pistoning in and out of my hot pussy, his uniform rubbing against my breasts, his hands on my ass cheeks.

The tremors increase in strength until they sweep over me in hot and cold waves. "Drake." I arch my back, my hair tumbling over my shoulders. I love my hair. It is one of my best features. That and my breasts, which he's suckling on, his lips sealed over a nipple. The pressure draws a second swell of ecstasy.

With one final thrust, his hot cum floods my pussy. "Fuck." He collapses, his face resting against my heaving breasts. "Fuck."

That says it all, right there. I hold him to me, gulping sex-scented air, my brain fried. Gradually my heartbeat slows and rational thought returns.

"Give the data magnet to someone in the department you trust," I instruct. It's unnecessary. Drake is no dumb ass. But I'm dying for this information so I want it handled correctly. "The communication is in code. It needs to be cracked." I wish I could be the one to do it. A couple more hours and I would have beaten it, but I hadn't been given those couple more hours and now time has run out.

I also wish I could sit here forever, on Drake's lap, his cock limp and spent inside me. I can't. I glance at the door. Only one man guards it. If I make a dash for the exit, I might have a chance. It's a lie. I am so dead, but I'm telling that lie to myself so it doesn't matter. I take a deep breath, inhaling Drake's manly-man scent. I swing my leg over. Wet heat rushes down my leg. I am a sticky mess. What I would do for a shower.

Or another day of living. Or one more fuck. "Thank you for everything." I kiss Drake for the very last time, caressing his blunt face before I turn and run.

03 Drake's Blog

"Shit, man. She was a freebie?" Wright's mouth drops.

I forgot that jackass was watching and no, she wasn't a freebie. I zip up my pants, tucking in my floppy and very happy cock. My gut tells me I'll end up paying a high price for this encounter. I pat my shirt pocket, ensuring the data magnet Hunny was so paranoid about is secure, as I watch her sprint across the room. Damn, for a plush woman, she is fast. She makes it out the door before Fox's men react. They yell at each other and follow, guns blazing.

It's none of my damn business. Shots ring out and cop mode kicks in again. Oh, hell. I leap after them, my gun in my hand, moving so quickly my surroundings blur. I slam the door open, making a big entrance. Men scatter. The alley empties. There is no sign of Hunny. I sniff and smell gunpowder, urine, and strawberries. The strawberries can only belong to one woman. I follow the scent, my stomach twisting, dreading what I'll see. I don't smell blood but she has to be dead. She can't outrun a bullet.

The scent lingers by a dumpster. It would have to be a dumpster. I hate the dirty, smelly things. I flip open the lid and rear back as stench fills the air. I look. "Hunny?" I can't see anything. There is no body inside.

Papers rustle to my right. "Who is there?" I swing around. There is no one. I laugh softly, feeling like a jackass. The dark alley has me skittish. Vampires like alleys, as do shifters. Hell, anything nasty likes alleys.

A plastic bag moves. It must be a rat or some other rodent but I'm a cop, I can't not investigate. I kick the garbage. A caramel-colored rabbit hops out.

That's right. A rabbit hops out. I can't remember the last time I've seen a rabbit in the city. I thought the werewolves had eaten them all. "What are you doing here?"

Yeah, I'm talking to a rabbit. What of it? I talk to Wright all the time and he has the same intelligence level.

The rabbit doesn't answer. I'm not crazy. I didn't think she would. Her fur is too clean to be a street rabbit. She must be someone's pet. I crouch down, putting my gun back in its holster. The poor thing is shaking with fear. I reach out. She hops back. "Don't move, bunny," I use my softest voice, the one I use when calming small kids and old ladies. It doesn't work unless the kids and old ladies are seeing-impaired. My appearance isn't for the faint of heart. "I won't hurt you." I try again.

The rabbit cocks her head, looking at me with big brown eyes. Something about those eyes seems familiar. I pick her up by the scruff of her neck, supporting her legs with my other hand. Her fur is silky, as silky as Hunny's hair. And it is the same color. It could be a coincidence, but I'm not one for coincidences.

I breathe in. The bunny smelled like strawberries and me. My scent is on the rabbit. I've done some kinky things in my life but even I draw a line at fucking rabbits. I lift her until we're nose to twitching nose. "Hello, Hunny." Hunny had to be a damn shifter, my least favorite paranormal. I hate them all, don't get me wrong, but I distrust shifters most of all. One minute, they're animals. The next, they're in human form. I wish they'd make up their fuckin' minds.

"Drake?" Wright calls out. Sarge grumbles behind him. The boys may be jackasses but they have my back, wandering into dark alleys to cover my ass.

I unbutton my shirt and tuck the bunny close to my stomach. She feels nice there. She's warm and her fur brushes against my skin as she trembles. I know what you're thinking but just because a man likes some softness means nothing. I'm still a bad ass. "Here." I straighten to my full impressive height. I can beat both of them one-handed, even with a bunny huddled near my belly.

"Hell, man, what happened?" Wright saunters into view. "One moment, some plus-sized honey was fucking your brains out, the two of you putting on a bump and grind show that made even Sarge's dick hard." He pauses as Sarge obligingly cusses

Wright out; the dick jokes are a common routine. "The next moment, you were running out the door like blood demons were after you."

There is no shame in running. Blood demons are nasty son-of-a-bitches. They can drain you dry within seconds. Anyone with half a brain will run when faced with one. "You heard the shots." I avoid answering his question. I march along the alley, to the parking lot.

"It is the Fox Bar." Wright and Sarge follow. "There's always shooting." Suspicion is written on my partner's face. "What do you have in your shirt?"

"A kitten," I lie, cradling my shifter rabbit. I don't know why I lied. I trust my partner. Wright has saved my life more than once. "She has a tag. I'll return her tomorrow, during daylight hours." I unlock the car, relieved to see it was in one piece. In this neighborhood, you never know.

"A kitten?" Sarge snorts, filling the backseat. He's drawn the short straw, not being my partner. Wright has earned his place up front. "When do you fuckin' care about a pet?"

I'm not a cold-hearted bastard. I care about pets, but I care about humans more and recently when I had to choose, I protected the humans. A mangy dog died. Three snot-nosed kids lived. I would make the same choice again. "I have a weakness for pussies." And for rabbits. I stroke the bump in my shirt. "Do you have a problem with that?"

There is no answer. The guys know me well enough to shut their traps.

04 Hunny's Blog

Fucking the man of my dreams and then outrunning bad guys with big guns is exhausting. I almost fall asleep, cuddled safe and snugly against Drake's flat abs. He has to drag me out, nibbling and kicking. The heartless man plops me on a cold, bright kitchen counter. I stare up at the cage also on the counter. A cage! A cage! I back away. No way in hell is he putting me back in the clink.

"Relax." He takes two plates out of the cupboard. The apartment smells like burgers and, my nose twitches, carrots. "That's only if you're a bad bunny."

I glower at him. He must find facing an irate rabbit amusing because he laughs. He wouldn't be laughing if I were a bear shifter. I'd maul his beloved face off. I paw the ground.

"You can shift back now, Hunny. No one else is here." He sets up the plates on the coffee table between a black leather couch and a huge TV. This is definitely his place. There isn't a single piece of art on the wall. He doesn't even have curtains. Drake puts a salad on one plate, topped with gorgeous orange carrots. On the other, he stacks four burgers. When he ordered, I thought he was picking up a late night snack for his cop friends. Nope, all those burgers are for him.

He leaves me on the counter. Alone. I peer over the edge. It is a long drop, and I'm a small rabbit. If I could, I'd shift but I haven't the energy left. I am stuck in animal form until I get some sleep.

Big rough hands pick me up. Drake sighs. "You're a stubborn bunny." The way he says bunny almost sounds like an endearment. He pets me. I would purr if I could, but I'm not a cat. I'm a rabbit. I grind my teeth as best as I can to show my appreciation. He brushes my side against his cheek before setting me down on the coffee table. The affectionate action makes my back legs thump.

We eat. Rather, I nibble. He inhales the burgers, licking the grease off his fingertips. He eats the way he does everything else, with nothing held back. My eyes droop. If I wasn't so sleepy, I'd ask him for a repeat performance of what happened at the club. Without the shooting, of course, and the stinky alleyway.

He must have read my thoughts because he sniffs the air and grimaces. "Time for a shower." He peels off his clothes as he moves through a bedroom dominated by a massive bed and heads toward the bathroom. I follow, hopping as quickly as my little legs can take me, my eyes big.

I'm tired but I can look, and look I do. Every inch of his six and a half feet frame is covered with muscles. The tribal tattoo that starts on his neck runs right down his left arm. There are silver nicks along his chest attesting to his dangerous job. He drops his pants, kicking them out of the way, and my heart stops. The clothes don't lie. The man has an ass unlike any I've ever seen. We are talking award winning.

He runs the water. I approach tentatively. I don't like water. He keeps the shower door open but doesn't look at me. He knows I'm there though. He slowly soaps up from head to toe, thoroughly washing, putting on a show. I dab my feet in the water and clean myself, watching. His chest is hairless like his head. His private parts are not, dark hair curling around the base of his cock, over his balls. His cock hangs down his leg, impressive even when flaccid. When erect... my hind legs thump.

He rinses and turns off the water. "You are a peeping rabbit, Hunny." He tsks me. "If you shifted, I'd have your cotton tail pressed against the tile."

That sounds nice. I yawn. Rabbits do yawn, you know.

He laughs, drying off with a towel. "I understand. Time enough for that in the morning." He scoops me up with one large hand. I've been dropped before and normally being carried scares the shit out of me. Not so with Drake. I know he won't drop me. He places me on a pillow. Yum, it's covered with Egyptian cotton. My tough guy likes an obscenely high thread count. Drake tumbles beside me, unashamedly and gloriously naked. I can't do anything about it. I am too tired. My eyes flutter shut.

05 Drake's Blog

I'm in a fucked up *Alice in Wonderland* dream. It isn't a new dream. I sometimes experience these after a long day of busting drug dens. Hunny's in this one though. That's different. She wears a blue dress with a white apron and is looking hot. There's even a bow in her caramel-colored hair. I'm following Hunny down a rabbit hole except I can't go very far. I'm too big. I don't fit. All I can fit in the hole is my cock. I pull a dumb ass move and risk that important piece of equipment by sticking it in the opening. The hole is tight and wet. It feels like paradise. I buck into it, needing more of that sweet heat.

There's a popping sound as my cock is freed. "Whoa there, cowboy." Fingers pinch my thighs.

I open my eyes. Hunny has her mouth inches above my cock. She is looking up at me like I did something wrong, which I guess I did if I thrust that hard into her throat. I feel my face heat up. Hell, she's lucky she can still speak. "Fuck, Hunny. I thought I was dreaming." Last I knew she was a rabbit, snuggled up on the pillow next to me.

"Do you want me to stop?" She frowns. Her brown eyes are watering. Because of me and my thrusting hips. I am such a dirtbag.

"Yes." Two more licks and I'll cum. That'll be a disaster as there is another place I'd like to stick my cock. Her pretty face deflates. "I have a taste for rabbit this morning." I grin and pull her up, over my body, her nipples rubbing against my chest. There isn't a sharp angle on this woman. She is all curves.

"I'm an acquired taste," she tells me as prim and proper as a queen.

"I plan on acquiring it." I laugh and flip her onto her back. I like that I can touch her without worrying she'll snap in two. I like that she makes me laugh. I lift a breast to

my mouth. I like how I am around her. I suck a large strawberry nipple into my mouth. I've already acquired a taste for Hunny. I can lick her breasts forever.

I snake a hand down her round little stomach, threading my fingers through her fur. That's what it is. It isn't coarse, curly human hair. It is soft bunny fur. My cock knows what it likes, and it likes bunny fur. It bobs in appreciation.

She's wet for me. My fingers delve into her heat.

"Drake."

She arches, pushing more gorgeous breast into my mouth. Something inside me clutches when she calls my name. It happened in the strip bar. It is happening now. I don't know why. Everyone calls me Drake.

She says my name again, her words breathy. Okay, maybe they don't call my name the way she does, like it is an orgasmic battle cry.

It calls me to action. I regretfully leave her breasts. I'll come back to them later. I lick and suck my way down her body. She squirms, wiggling her ass into the mattress. She knows where I'm going, where any male with a healthy hunger for pussy would go.

I spread her soft folds, taking a good look at her pinkness, using all of my supercop powers. In case I ever have to identify Hunny in a lineup of pussies, I can do it. Hell, I can do it blindfolded. Her scent is that distinctive. Her pussy glistens with moisture. I lick every last drop off. She tastes as sweet as her name, my hot Hunny bunny. I nibble on her the way she nibbled on that lettuce leaf last night. Her squirming increases. Her thighs shake. I uncover her clit with my lips, exposing that jewel. Then I suck it deep and hard, her soft fur brushing my cheeks.

She screams. Her fingers dig into my bare scalp. I release her for a minute, allowing her to recover. Then when she is nice and relaxed, I suck once more. She can break glass with that second scream. I'm getting complaints from the landlord for sure.

It is worth it because I have her right where I want her. The suspect is delirious with passion underneath me and ready to be apprehended. I travel back up her body. I will have another taste of her later. Right now, my cock is throbbing like a head wound.

I dip my cockhead in her heat, ensuring I won't look like a jackass by missing that tight hole, and thrust.

Her third scream might permanently deafen me. Rabbits are supposed to be quiet little creatures, aren't they? Hunny isn't. As I pump into her throbbing pussy, she pants and whimpers, repeating my name over and over like it's a magic orgasm bullet. It might be because my balls draw up, trying to retreat into my body and I explode, bathing her womb with my cum.

I give her everything. I have nothing left. I don't even have the energy to roll onto my back. I flatten her, pinning my number one suspect to the mattress, and lose consciousness.

06 Hunny's Blog

I tape another crime photo to the map, growing excited. That's the fifth photo fastened to the wall. Drake insists there is no such thing as a coincidence. I'm not as certain, but if he's right I've cracked the code.

"I like what you've done with our place." Drake looks up from the foot high stack of pancakes he's inhaling. Between feeding him and figuring out Fox's code, I've been busy. That's good because Drake still won't let me leave the place.

He won't let me leave our place. My stomach grows warm at his words. It has been a week, and I feel like I belong here, with Drake. "I think I have it." I beam at him. He's not looking at my face. He's looking at my legs, the dress shirt I'm wearing pulling up as I move. It is his dress shirt. Drake also nixed returning to my apartment to pick up clothes. He claims Fox will have men stationed there. He's probably right. Fox is nothing if not thorough.

Which is why we're both worried. Fox must have figured out by now where I am, yet he hasn't tried to retrieve me. I don't know what he's waiting for, but I don't doubt he'll come after me eventually. Hopefully when Drake is at work. I don't want anything to happen to him.

"What do you have, Hunny bunny?" Drake grins. He knows that nickname drives me crazy. "Other than me wrapped around your little finger?"

That's not the body part he's most fascinated with, believe me. "I've cracked the code. This is the date and time." I tap a section of the string of numbers. "This is the location." I tapped another section. "This is the crime." The crimes were all perpetrated by multiple vampires. Did I just say perpetrated? Hell, I'm starting to sound like Drake. "Krag Fox is sending his minions out to create chaos."

"Why?" Drake doesn't look as impressed as he should be.

"I don't know." I stare at the wall. That is another code to be broken. I see no connection between the crimes, except that the areas were completely destroyed by the violence. "I do know when and where the next attack will be though."

This gets his attention. "When?"

"Tonight at midnight." I plot out the coordinates on the map. My fingers shake. No, that can't be right. I check again. There is no mistake. "City Core Children's Hospital." The blood-sucking bastard is going after kiddies.

"You're sure?" Drake stands.

I'm not. "He knows I have the information. He could change his plans." I put my hands on my hips, staring up at the map. To move all the kids will be a project. "Or he could not. He may not think we'll crack the code in time to take action."

"If we're wrong and we evacuate, the police chief will have my balls." Drake paced the room. "If we're right, and we don't evacuate..." Children will die. He doesn't have to say it. I meet his gaze. I see the turmoil in his eyes. Drake may act like a coldhearted killing machine but underneath the tattoos and muscle, he is a softie. "Thank you, Hunny." He kisses my forehead. "I'll handle it from here."

He'll do what? I glare at him. "We're a team. We're working together on this one." He's not shutting me out now.

"We are," he agrees a little too quickly for my comfort. "I will handle the hospital situation. You will stay here, as you promised, and figure out what Fox's master plan is. That way, we can anticipate his next moves, whether we have the clues or not."

I narrow my eyes. Although that sounds like a sensible plan, I don't like it. It's better if we stay together. "I'd rather go with you. You'll need all the bodies you can get to fight the vamps." Bloodsuckers had swarmed the previous crime scenes.

"As much as I appreciate the body you're offering." Drake's lustful gaze makes me want to slap him. He's not taking my offer seriously. "I'll feel better with you here safe." He hugs me close. His cock rubs against my belly. How this conversation is turning him on, I don't know. "You gave me your word, Hunny, not to leave the apartment. I trust you."

Damn it. He knows I won't betray his trust. My shoulders slump. "I won't." I am defeated. I can't fight by his side, not that I'm a good fighter. I should be, what with my family and everything but I'm not. With my family. An idea sparks to life. "But I'm sending some people to help you out."

"Shifters." Drake twists his mouth when he says the word.

"My family." Family is a rabbit shifter's biggest asset, as Uncle Flopsy likes to say. I took his words to heart, not ratting him out when I got busted for hacking. He didn't return the favor, however, letting me go to jail. This will be the first time I've spoken to him since that ugly misunderstanding. "Treat them nicely."

"I'll treat you nicely." Drake lifts me onto the arm of the couch, spreading my legs. "How about that?"

I look right into his black as night eyes. "I'd rather you not." I unzip his tight fitting police pants. They drop to the floor. His white boxers are the next to go. "Give it to me hard and fast, Officer Drake, just the way I like it." I like every way he gives it to me.

He has that intent expression that tells me I'm about to get what I'm asking for. "As you request, ma'am." He puts both hands on the waistband of my panties and pulls. Fabric rips. My pussy contracts.

He skips the foreplay and slams into me with such force that only his hands on my hips keep me upright. His balls slap against the leather couch. I gasp. He grunts. He pulls back. I grip his smooth head. "Harder," I instruct. It is one of those things a woman says. I don't actually think that's possible.

It is. His second thrust moves the couch, the legs grinding against the hardwood floor. His cockhead bumps against my cervix, he is so deep inside me. I shudder with pleasure. "Better." Much better. My world spins merrily.

He grins through gritted teeth and gives me more of the same. The couch is rocking. I'm rocking as he pounds into me. My body is pulsing in rhythm with his thrusts. He grunts, his actions a strain even for my genetically enhanced police officer. I make encouraging noises. Okay, more than encouraging. I'm getting the fuck of my life

and am happily screaming my appreciation. It doesn't take long before I'm coming so hard, the room is bathed in light.

He yells my name as he finds release, propelling his hips so far forward I'm airborne, my ass clear off the couch. That's okay 'cause he's holding onto me as though I'm the last pancake and he hasn't eaten for an hour. He smacks my ass back into place. It stings, the shocking action drawing a last set of tremors from me. That's it though. I'm done. My head flops forward and connects with his shiny metal badge. What the... I look up, dazed. It is only now that I realize he's still partially in uniform. I smile. I do adore my bad boy officer.

07 Drake's Blog

I sit in the police cruiser, looking down the street. It is my street, nestled in a tough part of town I call home, sweet home. Hunny is so close, I can almost smell her, and my gut says something is wrong. She could be in danger. I consider driving by the apartment for a look-see.

"She'll be okay, Drake." Wright reads my mind. "Sarge is with her. He won't let Fox get to her."

"Sarge? He can't protect his own ass." We both know I don't mean that. Sarge would give up his life for me. Friends like that are rare. I shouldn't second guess their abilities. I ignore my gut and drive in the opposite direction toward the children's hospital.

Chief decided not to evacuate. I told him he was making a mistake. I also, in the heat of the argument, called him a jackass. Neither was good for my career. I don't care. If kids die tonight, I'll never forgive myself. My knuckles ache from gripping the steering wheel.

I pull into the crowded parking lot. It must be flu season. The lot is filled with shiny black cars. Some of these are patrol vehicles but most aren't ours.

My yelling might have done some good because Chief relented on the staffing. Along with Wright and myself, the off duty cops have been called in to help protect the hospital. Losing precious time off will make my fellow officers very unhappy with me. They'll be even more pissed when they hear the odds of survival. If the vamps show up in force, we're dead men walking.

"Whoa, did you see that?" Wright's head whips around. "Two people are fucking like rabbits against the streetlight. Outside a children's hospital. Now that's horny." He slaps the dash, as tickled as a two-year-old.

"Do you have your shit in order, Wright?" I ignore his observation. Tonight we might all die. That's some serious shit.

This question earns me a sharp glance. "You think we might lose?"

I get out of the car, preparing to do a walkabout. I have to figure out where to position our men. The area isn't secure. There are windows and doors everywhere. "We're good, but we don't have the numbers. Even I can't take five vamps at the same time." Three is my max. And the vamps won't be sloppy. They'll be organized. All that thought-sharing shit is a bitch to deal with.

I smell rabbit. I brush my fingers against my nose. It could be me. Knowing I might not live through the night, I had spent every spare second I could fucking Hunny. I left her in a semi-comatose state back at the apartment.

I sniff the night air. No. I smell rabbit everywhere, strange rabbit. We turn the corner. A man dressed all in black is standing, arms crossed, in front of a limousine. He is short and round but mean-looking. He's not a man to mess with.

"Officer Drake?" Fuck, he would be waiting for me. "The boss would like to have a word with you." He opens a car door.

I glance at Wright. He shakes his head. No shit, getting into the car is a bad idea. Forms detach from the darkness. I don't have a choice. We're surrounded. "Make sure the limo doesn't move," I tell my partner. I enter the vehicle.

A well-dressed man is examining an array of guns spread out on the leather seat. I sit across from him. He turns his head, taking off his sunglasses to look me over thoroughly. Something about his eyes strikes me as familiar.

"Drake." His voice is deep. His accent is French. "You may call me Uncle Flopsy." Uncle Flopsy? What kind of ridiculous name is that? It is hellishly difficult to keep a straight face, but I manage it because I am very fond of breathing. "I understand from Hunny you need the family's help." He extends his ringed fingers.

Does he expect me to kiss them? Mafia rabbit or not, I don't make those pansy moves. I shake his hand instead. His grip is solid. "Thank you." I'm always polite to people with more firepower than me. "But I have the situation under control."

He snorts. "Five hundred vampires against fifty cops is under control?" Five hundred vampires. Shit. This is suicide.

Hunny's uncle picks up a bullet. It glows blue. "Liquid sunlight," he explains as though I've never hunted vamps before. I have. I've staked. I've shot. I'm a bad ass, remember? This relative of Hunny's scares the shit out of me though.

He slides the bullet into a revolver, spinning the cylinder. "Normally I look the other way at Fox's dealings. They are beneath me." The shifter wrinkles up his button nose. "But this time, he's messed with the wrong rabbit. No one endangers a member of my family." By the way he's holding my gaze, I know he's making a point. If I didn't love Hunny, I'd walk, no, run the other way. "I can lend you three hundred experienced vamp hunters, thirty-three tourists." He winces. "I apologize for the thirty-three, but I have to train them somehow, understand."

Hunny has three hundred and thirty-three relatives. My jaw drops. She'd mentioned family but before now, I hadn't understood the full extent of it.

My surprise amuses the uncle. He laughs. "We're rabbit shifters, Drake. Welcome to the family."

08 Hunny's Blog

The prison guard turns the hose on the naked inmate. Water sloshes down his wide shoulders, tracing his spine, and drips between tightly clenched ass cheeks. "Against the wall." The guard's voice is gruff. "And spread them."

The prisoner, a large black man, faces away from the camera, his fingers splayed over the gleaming white tile. His skin glistens with moisture. He is one hunk of a man. My pussy grows wet.

"I said spread them." The fully-clothed guard kicks the inmate's feet apart, widening his stance. His balls hang down between his legs. His cock doesn't. It is fully erect, seven and a half inches of glorious man meat. The prisoner's ass is tilted up.

The guard spreads those ass cheeks. The camera zooms in on the puckered hole. Pants are unzipped and fall to the guard's ankles. He is also hard and equally well equipped. There is a close up as that white cock slams into the dark hole. Bodies slap together. The inmate's ass is brutally ravaged. He doesn't seem to mind, moaning loudly, pushing back in order to take the guard deeper.

I shift on the couch, imagining that Drake is the guard and I'm the one he's taking up against the wall. It is a fantasy I should be indulging in private. I don't have privacy. I'm not alone in the room.

Sarge watches the man-on-man action from his seat at the other end of the couch. This movie is very different from the horror flick I watched last night with Drake's other friend. I suspect that's because Sarge has different tastes in areas other than movies. The bowl of popcorn in his lap presses against an erection. I'm not the only one turned on.

"Is that how it is in prison?" I ask softly. That was his excuse for this film. He framed it as an educational look at the prison system.

"Oh, yes." Sarge sounds wistful. "Sometimes..." The inmate turns around and Sarge stops talking. I stop thinking. The man has an impressive hard-on. The guard drops to his knees, the floor now mysteriously dry, and takes that black cock into his mouth. No one knows a cock like another man. Watching these men go at it, I learn a few new things to try on Drake.

"How many prisoners have you subdued that way, Sarge?" The devil in me makes me ask this. I don't really want to know the answer.

"None! Me? Hell no!" he yells, his face red. There's an awkward pause. "You don't think I'm gay, do you?" Sarge sounds hurt, like being gay is a death sentence or something.

"No, of course not," I lie. Sure you're not gay, sweetheart. Most straight men watch man-on-man porn in their spare time.

"Good because I'm not." Sarge stands, the bowl held in front of his crotch. "I have to take a leak." He hurries to the bathroom, taking the bowl with him. I make a mental note to discard the remaining popcorn. I'm not a fan of that brand of special seasoning. I turn to a music channel, increasing the volume to give him some privacy.

"That is most considerate of you."

I start at the distinctive voice. Krag Fox stands in the doorway, dressed all in black, his trench coat swirling around him. Fear sizzles through my body. How did he get in? "Mr. Fox."

"It's time to go." Two of his henchmen appear behind him. "I trust you've enjoyed your stay?" Krag is all consideration.

"I have. In fact, I would prefer to remain here." If I leave with him, I'm dead.

"I'm sure you would." A smile creeps across his pale face. Krag Fox is a handsome man, but then, I don't know that many ugly vampires. "It was kind of Drake to take care of you for me. I should do something in return for him, don't you think?"

"Like what?" I stand.

"Relieve him of his pitiful human existence, of course." Krag's eyes glow red. "It will be a small compensation for the plans you've heedlessly scuttled." He straightens

his cuffs. He is old school, wearing black onyx cufflinks. “You’ve been a very naughty bunny, Hunny.” His anger rolls through the air.

I’m in big, big trouble.

09 Drake's Blog

I go through four clips before the vamps slow. Wright is to my left, dropping them like flies or, in this case, bats. Neither of us can keep up to Uncle Flopsy. He's on my right, his left foot thumping with each shot. Hunny's feet thump when she's turned on. I guess her Uncle Flopsy must get off on killing the undead. He's certainly skilled at the task, icing vamps like no one I've ever seen.

We've formed a circle around the hospital. Uncle Flopsy is true to his word. His shifters follow our orders without any backchat, reporting to the police stationed at even intervals. I have new respect for shifters, bunny shifters, that is. The rest of them clearly can't be trusted.

"This has been a pleasant evening." Uncle Flopsy holsters his gun. He appears disappointed that the killing is over so quickly. "Any time you want me to kill off more rivals, let me know. Hunny has my number." He shakes my hand.

"Thank you." That is sincere gratitude, not sarcasm. Wright shakes Uncle Flopsy's hand too, looking shell-shocked like he can't believe we survived. We wouldn't have survived without the rabbit shifters. One big bunny swaggers by with a female wrapped around his waist. She's giving his ear a victory lick.

I know what that does to rabbit shifters. Our vamp-fighting team disperses. I look forward to licking Hunny's ears once I wrap up here. That won't be soon. I have paperwork to do. It comes with killing a few hundred vampires in the middle of the city.

It is easier to fill out the paperwork on site. Usually this is unpleasant with the blood and guts and gore. Not so tonight. There are no dead bodies to clean up. That's one nice thing about vampires. They burn into ash. I'm on my third stack of forms when

a breeze lifts the papers. It is the first hint of a wind this evening. I look up. I have the creepy sensation I'm being watched.

"Bravo. I'm impressed."

I am being watched. Damn it. I recognize that voice. I pull my gun. How come I didn't smell him coming? Then Fox steps out of the shadows, and I know why. He has a gun pressed to my sweet Hunny's forehead. Her scent has lingered around me like a comforting blanket all night.

Hunny's eyes are wide with fear, and a red killing haze threatens to overwhelm me. I can't allow that. One mistake and the love of my life is dead. "You promised me you'd stay in the apartment, Hunny."

She blinks. Her cheeks flush. "Plans change, Drake." Good, she's thinking. I'll need her help to get us out of this. "How is work?"

"I had a better night than some." I shrug. "You'll require some new recruits, Fox." Five hundred vampires dead will put a dent in his future plans.

"Are you volunteering, Officer Drake?" Red eyes glint.

He would like that, the bastard. "I'd stake my own self before that happens." I aim right between his eyes, my finger itching to squeeze the trigger. I can't. He is a vampire. They have lightning fast reflexes. He'll kill Hunny before the bullet reaches him.

"But would you stake your girlfriend, I wonder? Hmmm..." I don't like the contemplation on that pale face. "I considered killing her, slowly and painfully. Where's the fun in that? No, it would be more interesting to turn her." His fangs elongate. Hunny trembles.

I want to kill the bastard. I will kill the bastard. I circle him slowly, looking for an opening. "You'd create a vampire bunny? Aren't you scared of her animal nature, Fox?" I drop hints like bombs. "The second you're not paying attention, she could turn on you."

"I create her; I control her." The vampire tsk-tsks. "You kill us, yet you don't understand us. Shame on you, Officer Drake."

I understand vampires quite well. They think of themselves as more evolved than the rest of us. They constantly misjudge humans. Fox has misjudged me. All I need now is a distraction.

"Drake, you're going to kick my ass, but I lost --" Sarge, that incompetent jackass, supplies it.

Fox's eyes flick in Sarge's direction for only a second. That is all we need. Hunny shifts. I shoot. Fox squeezes a shot off too. My aim is bang on. I pop him in the forehead. He glares at me like he can't believe he's been shot. The hole expands, a bright beacon shining from it, until the entire parking lot lights up. Poof. He's ash.

Hunny's caramel-colored body lays on top of that gray ash. Sarge reaches her first. "Hands off my rabbit," I holler. No one touches her but me.

She's not moving. My heart stops beating. I feel dizzy. I drop to my knees, the force cracking the pavement. Pain shoots up my legs. "Hunny," I whimper. I don't care that I sound like a sissy. I feel like a sissy. My woman, my love, she's not moving.

"What the hell?" Wright, my missing-in-action partner, runs toward us. I pay him no attention. I have a bunny down.

I scoop her up. I feel her tremble, her soft fur rubbing against my palm. "Hunny buns, have you been shot?" I run my fingers through her fur, searching for damage. There's nothing. "Hunny, you're scaring me. What's wrong?" I touch her cold nose with mine. She twitches. Her eyes open. "Thank the good --"

"Hey man, you know we have your back, but if you kiss the rabbit, I'm out of here." Wright looks at me as though I'm some sort of sick pervert.

"She's a shifter." Why am I offering him an explanation? The dumb ass knows this.

"I don't care if she's the magic orgasm fairy." My partner is puffing like a pack-a-day smoker. He must have run from the other side of the building. "Over the years, we've seen some sick shit. I draw the line at bestiality. Follow Sarge's example and pet your rabbit in the privacy of your own home."

That comment draws some cussing from Sarge. While they're distracted, I do the unthinkable and buss my bunny.

10 Hunny's Blog

"Freeze or I'll shoot." Officer Drake stands, his feet braced apart, his imaginary gun in hand. He is in full uniform, looking extremely powerful and overwhelmingly sexy.

I'm at a disadvantage, being naked and unarmed. "You'll never take me alive." I sprint as fast as I can toward the bedroom doorway.

I'm not fast enough. I'm caught and flung face first against the wall. I raise an arm to protect myself. The plaster cracks with the impact. "I didn't hurt you, did I?" Drake sounds worried.

"No," I gasp out once I recover my breath. I'm not hurt. I'm aroused. "No delicate flower, remember?" I like it rough. "Besides I'm resisting arrest." I wiggle, peeking over my shoulder, giving him my best come hither look.

"Right." His black eyes gleam. "We can't have that." He bends my arm behind my back, pressing my cheekbone against the wall. "Spread 'em, scumbag." He kicks my feet apart. Both my pussy and my ass are exposed. Which will he subdue this time? I grow wet. Drake is skilled at subduing. He's proof that a life of crime does pay.

"I didn't do anything, officer," I plea. He releases my arm. I place my palms above me on the wall. "This has been a big misunderstanding."

"Silence." His police baton whacks against skin as he paces behind me, his boots heavy on the hardwood. "You have the right to remain sexy." That baton slides between my ass cheeks. It is cool and hard. I shiver. "Anything you pant or moan can be used to make you come." He slowly pushes the thick stick into my hot pussy. I instinctively pull away. A strong hand on my hip prevents me from moving far.

The baton slides in deeper. "What about my right to have a lawyer present?" I tilt my hips so my clit rubs against the rubber. It is a special baton Drake ordered for me. It feels so good.

He pumps me with it. I pant to the rhythm, my pussy humming happily. "Fuck the lawyer." Drake leans close, kissing the nape of my neck. His manly scent tickles my nose. The baton is lodged inside of me. His erect fabric-covered cock presses into my right ass cheek.

"Yes, Officer Drake." He is right. The lawyer scenario is role-playing for another day. Right now, I prefer to fuck my policeman. He works me over with the baton until I am gritting my teeth, trying not to come.

Then he stops, damn him. He unzips, the sound loud in the silent room. Fabric swishes to the floor. There is a juicy *pop* as the baton is removed. I whimper. I feel so empty. "You are my detainee." His cockhead, broad and wide, prods between my pussy lips. "Mine." He lifts me off the floor as he thrusts. I scream with shock and joy and carnal passion. I'm full again, his cockhead tapping my cervix.

I push against the wall as he surges into me again and again. "I'm yours, Officer Drake." I'm not simply saying this because he's pounding me into submission with his big cock, though that alone is incentive to lie. No, I mean the words. I'm Officer Drake's permanent pet, forever and ever.

"Mine." With me fully impaled on him, my body held up by that steel cock, he strokes my ass. "No one arrests this cottontail except for me." I quiver. He bends over me, his badge cold against my spine, to lick my left ear.

I thrash. His tongue in my ear drives me absolutely wild. "No one but you, Officer Drake." Why would I want anyone other than my gorgeous supercop? "I love you."

His cock, if possible, hardens even more inside of me. Other than that, he goes completely still. "What did you say, Hunny?" His voice is scary soft, like I confessed to a murder or something.

"I love you," I repeat. There is no sense in lying. He heard me. He has better hearing than most bunny shifters. "Is there a problem, Officer Drake?" I retreat back to the role-playing.

"Fuck no." He rides me with renewed enthusiasm. "You love me." Skin slaps against skin. "My Hunny bunny loves me." He sounds in shock, like I have a choice about loving him. "Me. You love me."

As he moves, I care less and less about his reaction. We can talk about this later. I need to come right now. My trembling increases until I'm shaking all over. I'm close. I reach down. Drake brushes my hand away. "Drake --"

"Mine, Hunny." He puts those coarse fingertips on my clit, and I explode. I scream. I buck back, my head barely missing his face.

"You're mine." He doesn't relent, his cock pushing in and out of my throbbing pussy. "Mine," he finally yells, thrusting forward, his cum filling me.

"I love you, Hunny." His knees buckle. He falls backward, taking me with him. The floor vibrates. He groans. I'm unharmed, landing on his chest, safe in his arms. "And you love me," he repeats, dazed.

"I love you." I place my hand on his badge. "I will always love you." I am one reformed rabbit.

Cynthia Sax

Although not always a rule follower, Cynthia Sax has a healthy respect for the law and the hunks... ummm... officers who enforce it. Policemen and women put their lives on the line every day to keep us safe. That's Cynthia Sax's definition of a hero.

Cynthia thanks Lena Austin for originating this wonderful series. She had handfults of fun writing this story. Cynthia also thanks her wonderful hubby for putting up with her hopping around the house like a bunny shifter. Research does get a little bit crazy in the Sax household. You can learn more about Cynthia by visiting her website at www.CynthiaSax.com or emailing her directly at Cynthia@CynthiaSax.com.