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A Brief History of Easter Candy

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A long, long time ago in a magical place called Birmingham, England lived a poor man named John Cadbury. John spent his days brewing tea and making treats with cocoa beans to sell to the friendly townsfolk around him. John loved serving his neighbors with flavorful drinks of his design. The problem was that most of the people that came to his shop browsed and quickly left, clearly uninterested in John’s tea blends. John would regularly get discouraged when people would come and go without making a purchase. He had faith though, that one day he would gain the respect a honest entrepreneur deserved.

After one particular evening after an ordinary and uneventful day John sat rocking in his chair, before a sweltering fire with his newest pet rabbit in his lap. John loved rabbits, their beautiful ears, their smooth and furry body; they felt so good in his hands, he loved them on his body.

This particular rabbit was a new guest in John’s house, after finding it cutely posed outside his door on one of his barrels of tea. Seeing this friendly beauty, John quickly scooped it up to bring inside where would become it’s home.

John sat in his rocking chair, rocking of course to and fro with his new friend in his lap considering his business. Why were people not buying his tea and chocolate treats? Was he charging too much? Did they taste bad? John’s thoughts drifted trying to determine a way to become more successful and make his dreams come true.

The fire burning strong, John was warm as was his new cuddly friend planted firmly in the middle of his lap. Bringing his large hand from the arm rest to pet his rabbit brought pleasure to them both. The rabbit’s fur felt so good in his hand; so very soft and welcoming. John was a little surprised at first in the most pleasant kind of way when his friend wiggled in his lap!

“Ohh, you’re a wiggly one!” Enjoying the feeling the movements made, John continued his caressing of the rabbits fur. The rabbit enjoying the feel kept wiggling and rubbing it’s behind into John’s lap. It wasn’t long before John’s penis took a liking to the sensations grinding down into it.

More and more John would pet the rabbit, and the rabbit would reciprocate by grinding its soft body into John’s penis which continued to grow. John’s penis growing and growing quickly became fully erect; pushing up and into his furry friends behind. Panting John’s hips started pushing the firmness in his pants up into his soft companion on his lap.

“I wonder..” John though as he brought his other hand behind the rabbit to slowly lift its tiny and cute tail to satisfy his building curiosity. “Oh my!” John exclaimed as he saw it, the flowering folds dripping with sweet nectar.

John’s penis urging his exploration on, he slipped his index finger slowly into his friend. Gliding in easily, it felt like an oven. Surprisingly spacious, however firm convulsions would spasm around his invading finger as it went further and further. Upon finishing its trip into his rabbit friends female flesh John found no bottom. “How deep could it be” he wondered.

Enjoying his rabbit friend’s flesh grasping his finger over and over John began to withdraw it. With more than half of his disappointed finger out, his rabbit quickly hopped back. “You like that don’t you?” John asked. Not one to deprive himself, or a woman in need he thrust his finger back inside his rabbits flower.

Giving his finger in full back to his friend, she quivered around it. Quickly he removed it to re-insert it once more. The feelings of the rabbit’s walls around his finger shook, sending vibrations throughout the creature’s body and into his demanding cock.

Pleasing his furry lady had brought thoughts to his mind. Thoughts he could not ignore, thoughts that compelled him to satisfy his manly needs. Slowly he stood, careful to not scare his friend. Regrettably he withdrew his finger and loosed his pants while he carefully held his companion with his other hand. His pants undone they quickly fell to the floor.

John stepped out of his slacks, his penis springing free with a hard slap up hitting his stomach. Kneeling on the wood before his fireplace John carefully set his white haired friend on the floor. Worries of her running quickly evaporating as she lift her tail, exposing her opening to John’s lustful gaze.

Aiming his penis down at the small beings opening, John squatted as close to the floor as possible to gain access to the flowering furnace egging on his advance. With one hand on the floor to add forward balance John spread his knees as much as he could to allow his hard-on to dangle low to the ground. Gripping its base he neared his rabbits behind, and slid it inside, under his friends raised tail.

In he slid, his penis entering his new rabbit lovers reproductive canal. He dared not question how or why but concentrated on the milking motions of the raw flesh gripping his rod. Pushing forward, in he went, the rabbit’s tail fur tickling his penis as he continued his trip.

The sensations in his penis once fully deposited inside his new lover prevented him from considering how his new friend was not hurt or even dead. Instead the rabbit shook, clearly enjoying the feel. Sucking on him and humming inside, John began to withdraw to be sucked back inside. His penis unable to fully escape, he withdraw and thrust forward intent on the course. The beautiful white rabbit pushed back at his flesh, even her ears were tensing with each thrash.

It wasn’t long before the pleasure was too much, John continued thrusting as the rabbit’s wet folds held tight. With a mighty final thrust John bottomed out in his furry white friend and began delivering his seed. He pumped, and pumped his rabbit friend with his cum. The rabbit tunnel held to his penis keeping it deep; the hold rippling along him drinking him into her core.

The pleasure intense, eventually wore bringing John a need to rest. John withdrew himself from her loosening folds. Pulling him free he noticed the slime. Rubbing some off his wilting penis, he brought his hand to his nose, “That smells good, like chocolate” he disclosed. Unable to resist John brought his finger to his mouth. Sticking out his tongue he rubbed the substance from the rabbits behind on his tongue.

“I don’t know why, but that tastes just like chocolate!” He didn’t understand why a bunny’s lubrication tasted like chocolate, but he didn’t care. He would value his chocolate producing friend. Surely he learned from another man’s mistake of cutting open his prized goose that laid eggs made of gold; oh no, no he would not make the same mistake. Fully content, John lay on the floor. One arm over his lover, he fell asleep.

The next day

Waking up where he drifted off, John opened his eyes to a hearth of spent wood. Sitting up groggily John considered the past evening. What a wonderful night he thought, as he noticed his friend was gone. Getting on his feet, John looked around his home. Going to his bedroom, he found his rabbit friend; on his bed with a very plump belly.

“Is it possible?” John thought. Could she be pregnant by him? He struggled with the thought. Sitting near her, he pat her head “Are you ok?” he quizzed. With eyes she looked up at him as if they were a smile. He determined she needed rest, whatever it was that made her stomach bulge so greatly. Standing up, he went out to sell his tea. He would make some money and buy his rabbit lover a fancy bed.

Returning home late that day with little luck, John went to his room to check on his rabbit. Entering the room his eyes nearly bulging out, the bed covered by a colorful assortment of things. Colorful balls, to brown solid bars; it made no sense, where did this all come from? He looked to his rabbit who sat on the bed, with those smiling eyes she was back to normal watching him.

Picking up a colorful egg, it had words he quickly discovered, “Cadbury Egg.” What does that mean he thought? It made no sense to him, what could it be? Finding that there were folds, he started to peel away. The material a thin metal of some sort, he removed it eager to see. Having the egg bare, it was a dark color like, “chocolate?” He slowly brought the curious thing to his mouth, opening his mouth he put it inside.

Bringing his teeth together slowly, he penetrated the egg. Giving away under the force the egg began to spill it’s load forth. Cream springing from the fissures filled John’s mouth. The taste overwhelming his shock, John bit down harder.

Finishing his treat, John turned to the bed. The bed overflowing with more of these eggs with other clearly edible treats, John remembered his dream and had an idea. Going to the bed, he leaned down kissing his rabbit; he then found a barrel and filled it full of his rabbits offspring.

Leaving the house John went to the market with a confidence in his step, he knew what to expect, and that was respect.

Returning home with an empty barrel and a fist full of money, John went to his rabbit relaxing on his bed. “I sold them all!” he yelled. Knowing who he owed for this success, he went to his rabbit and leaned down to give her a kiss. “I love you baby.”

Then John had a thought, “We need more candy!” He looked to the rabbit on his bed, and felt his penis start to enlarge. The rabbit sensing his need, turned around to raise her tail, asking for his seed.

John removing his clothes, got on his bed; positioning himself at her folds once more to deposit his load. Finishing the deed John rolled over and once more fell asleep.

Waking up the next day John viewed to behold, there was his rabbit stomach full once more.

The End,

Happy Easter!