

Cumbunny Pt. 01

Story Info

Eliza gets addicted to the cum of her hubby's worst enemy.

[RabbleLaid](#)

Hello!

I write a wide variety of stories, some lighter in tone, some darker.

This is just fair warning for people who enjoy my lighter stories that this story is dark, filthy, and extreme.

In particular, has some extreme humiliation and domination themes. If those things make you uncomfortable, one of my other stories might be more your speed!

I hope you enjoy!

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Everyone has their own reasons for the decisions they make in life. Some people are motivated by glory. They want to be widely known and admired. Others are motivated by love; They want to find their soulmate and live in harmony.

Eliza Meyer had always thought that people with nobler motivations had a better chance of reaching happiness. A sort of karma, although she didn't think in exactly those terms. She herself had only the purest desires. She wanted love. She wanted to help her fellow man. She wanted to make a difference in the world. And her good intentions had awarded her with a good life. She had married Mr. Right, got a job at a prestigious accounting firm in the HR department, bought a beautiful house, and was already choosing decorating options for the future nursery.

She didn't attribute all of her good luck to her motivations, but she tended to believe that doing things for the right reasons led to better results.

On a Friday afternoon about six months after her wedding, Eliza ran a few copies of the revised breakroom fridge rules. She radiated the cool, confident calm that had been her trademark since junior high. Many of her detractors and even some of her friends in college had called her "The Ice Queen", although that was only partially because of her unshakeable poise. Her looks also added to the impression, with her tall, supermodel build, straight, glossy dark hair, and skin so pale that it almost had a translucent glow, she looked like radiant, icy royalty as well.

As she waited for her copies to complete, Eliza caught a glance of Gene across the office floor and shuddered.

Eliza, like all decent people, was motivated by pure desires. But other people were driven by... baser urges. Lust. Gluttony. Petty spitefulness. Gene Crowder was like the poster child for all the less savory motivations that could carry you through life. The very sight of him was repugnant to Eliza. He was an older man in his mid-forties, with a hanging gut, thinning hair, and a perpetual broad, leering grin that showcased his gold-capped tooth. As if he somehow sensed her eyes on him even from this distance, he glanced up from the secretary he was bothering.

And winked.

Eliza stiffened in affront, wondering whether this constituted a violation of the no-contact order. But before she could even think about it further, she heard a warm voice in her ear say, "Fancy meeting you here! What are the odds?"

With her usual self-possession, Eliza turned smoothly to her husband with a raised eyebrow. "At the copier?" she asked dryly. "I would say the odds are pretty good."

"Can't you ever jump like a normal person?" asked David with a roguish smile. "I really thought I had you that time. You were staring into space and..." He turned to look in the direction that Eliza had been looking. Eliza tried to grab his arm to distract him, but it was too late. David saw Gene across the office and his sunny expression went sour. Well, perfect, there went his mood for the rest of the day.

Eliza's husband had a complicated relationship with Gene. Well, no, that was inaccurate. Their relationship was actually dead simple. They loathed each other. Before she married him, David used to come home from work every day with stories about how Gene tried to haze and bully him. It had become a sort of personal crusade for David to defeat and one-up Gene. Eliza used to think it was a little... silly. Gene was no doubt abrasive, rude, and competitive, but surely David was exaggerating the horror stories he told.

Then Eliza finally got a job in the same office as David and saw the truth for herself. If anything, David had probably been underselling the lengths Gene would go to to annoy and tear her husband down. But her arrival had felt like a good opportunity. As a member of the HR department, she would be able to call Gene into her office and force him to shape up.

Doing so turned out to be a major mistake.

In addition to being a swaggering bully, Gene was a serial sexual harasser. Most of the old-school creeps like him had been cleared out long ago as workplace harassment became less and less acceptable, but Gene was a cockroach... the one percent of germs the hand sanitizer didn't kill. He was careful and subtle. He knew exactly where the line was and exactly how to toe it.

And the fact that Eliza was the fiance of his biggest target made her his new project. His visits to her office became a daily affair. His eyes wandered, but not in a way that could be proven. He used double entendres that could have, if reported, been easily explained away. The fact

that it was widely known that David hated Gene actually made it harder to report his behavior... It could be seen as a weaponization of Eliza's position in HR.

Eliza knew she was being used as a pawn in Gene's ongoing rivalry with her fiance. Both she and Gene knew that if David heard about the way Gene was openly, aggressively flirting with his fiance, he would be furious. That was the entire point of the exercise.

So Eliza simply didn't tell David. That seemed the easiest way to solve the problem. Once Gene realized that his little plan was a flop, he would lose interest and look for a new way to fuck with David.

So Eliza was subjected to weeks of demeaning flirtation from her fiance's worst enemy. Things came to a head when David accidentally walked into Eliza's office while Gene was giving a long-winded, leering speech about "pretty young women" who were "wasting their lives with wimpy betas".

Long story short, David instantly understood the situation, snapped, and punched Gene's lights out.

As much as Eliza disapproved of violence as a solution to life's problems, things had actually worked out. Eliza had been worried that David would be fired, but it seemed like her explanation of the circumstances rang true to the head of HR. David wasn't fired... but neither was Gene. At least not right away. Because the dispute involved a member of HR, and the evidence against Gene was slim, the entire issue had become an intense investigation, with both Gene and David being put on probation.

But things looked promising. Although he was always covering his tracks, practically everyone in the office had circumstantial evidence about how much of a creep Gene was. As the investigation worked slowly, it became more and more clear to Eliza that David would receive a slap on the wrist and Gene would be fired. The company needed to cover their legal bases first, but she was confident everything would land in their favor.

"Was he looking at you?" asked David as his face clouded over. "Did he try to speak to you or something? God, I'm ready for round two. I'm going to punch that smug look right off his face again."

"No you aren't," said Eliza firmly, physically turning her husband's face back to her. "You're going to patiently wait until the HR investigation finds in our favor, and then..." She looked around slyly and whispered in his ear, "...Then we're going to celebrate. With champagne."

David grinned at her and said, "Yes, ma'am. May I have a kiss to make me forget that troll?"

"HR policy forbids public displays of affection," said Eliza airily, then gave him a quick peck anyway. "Now get back to work. I need to hang up these notices and stop the fridge bandit." She bit her lip, holding up the stern notice on only eating food that you brought and labeled as your own.

David snorted with amusement. "I can only hope we catch that menace before they strike again," he said dryly. "I'll see you later, Sweetie." He cast one more venomous glance across the office, but Gene was no longer hanging out at the secretary's desk. "Try to to look at him. Or even think about him, ok?"

"That goes for you too," said Eliza gently, patting her husband on the arm, "You can't let him get under your skin like this." She knew that this process had been hard for David. Her husband trusted her implicitly, but Gene had been dropping infuriating hints to anyone who would listen that the reason Eliza had kept his visits quiet was that she welcomed his advances. David's loathing for his older rival was so deep that just the thought of Gene pursuing her was enough to drive him into a white-hot rage.

David huffed, smiled at Eliza to let her know it wasn't her he was angry at, and moved off toward his desk.

Eliza moved toward the breakroom. She started a cup of coffee brewing, then dutifully posted the notice on the outside of the fridge. With a sly look behind her to make sure that no one else was in the breakroom, she opened the fridge to see if there was anything good inside.

Yes, Eliza Meyer herself was the culprit in the ongoing food thefts. Although in her mind even calling them that was blowing the issue out of proportion. It wasn't like she was ever taking anyone's whole lunch. She would just sample little bits of food that looked interesting. She did it more for the thrill than anything. One naughty little secret that no one knew except her and her husband. There wasn't much interesting today... except for the fact that someone had bought a new bottle of creamer.

Perfect. A little treat to supplement her morning coffee, and it would be very difficult to prove that any was missing.

Eliza grabbed her steaming cup of coffee and popped open the cap of the bottle of creamer, pouring a small portion of cool, off-white cream into her coffee. She glanced at the bottle and wrinkled her nose a little. "Mixed Nuts" didn't sound like an appetizing flavor.

But when she took an experimental sip, her eyebrows rose in appreciation. It was a delicious combination of salty and sweet. She might need to "borrow" some of this tomorrow as well.

Eliza went about her day, forgetting about the creamer. But when she had her second cup of coffee in the afternoon she remembered. Since the breakroom was empty again, she took a little more creamer.

It was just as good the second time.

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Eliza moaned against her husband's lips as he thrust inside her, slow and deep and tender. His hand sought hers and their fingers entwined. David's breaths were getting deeper and shakier. Their tongues slipped against each other in warm, loving passion.

David came, pulling away from the kiss and letting out a ragged gasp. Eliza smiled up at him, flexing and working her hips through his orgasm to give her man the deep, satisfying climax he deserved. She could feel him twitching deep inside her as he bent back down to resume their kiss.

After a few minutes of sweet nothings and cuddling, Eliza excused herself to the bathroom to clean up. She loved her husband and enjoyed the intimate, loving act of sex with him, but she could really do without this part.

Eliza's nose wrinkled in distaste as she sat on the toilet and thoroughly wiped herself. Cum. The sticky, smelly residue of male sexual pleasure. It was like a man blew his nose all over your most intimate parts when he climaxed. Disgusting.

David was the only man Eliza had ever been with. She hadn't exactly saved herself for marriage, but she and David hadn't started having sex until she was sure that they would be together forever. Sex had definitely been a learning curve. By now they had a wonderful sex life (though a little vanilla, if her conversations with her friends were anything to go by), but Eliza still struggled to deal with the aftermath.

She had tried to sell David on the idea of using condoms. He had tried to sell her on the idea of cumming on her breasts.

They ended up with a compromise. David could cum in exactly one place, and Eliza would learn to live with it.

When she returned to the bedroom, David was lounging back in bed on his phone. His toned, muscular body looked incredible. And he was all hers. Eliza got into bed and snuggled up against him, putting her head on his firm chest with a sigh of satisfaction. Everyone out in the world got to see Eliza the cool, competent professional, but her warm, loving side was only for David and their close friends. That was the way it should be.

"So," said David with amusement, looking down at her, "Everybody was talking about those new signs today. Do you think that they'll be enough to stop the lunch thief?"

Eliza tried for a stern look, but broke into a giggle that would have surprised most of her coworkers. "Probably not," she admitted. "They sort of have the fox guarding the henhouse."

"Well if stealing food is ok, maybe I should just go and take that slice of cake out of the freezer and have a little snack," teased David.

"Don't you fucking dare," said Eliza firmly, slapping him playfully on the chest. "And stop joking about that. We are waiting a full year and that's that."

"It's going to be so stale by then!" groaned David in mock annoyance. Apparently he had never heard of the tradition of saving a slice of wedding cake in the freezer to eat on the first anniversary before Eliza told him about it. He seemed to find the idea funny, although it didn't seem so strange to Eliza.

"The point isn't for it to be tasty," explained Eliza again for the millionth time. "There's more to life than eating and drinking. It's about the sweetness of our relationship and our first newlywed year together."

For once, David didn't argue back to tease her, he just pulled her into a warm, loving kiss.

That night, they had a rare round two.

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Three weeks later...

Eliza hummed to herself as she prepared her morning cup of coffee, reviewing her tasks for the day. It was a busy time of year with the holidays coming up. People would need reminding of what was and wasn't acceptable about asking for PTO.

Without thinking, she went to the fridge and pulled out the bottle of creamer. It had become a daily habit that she had increasingly started looking forward to. Oddly, she even found herself missing the "Mixed Nuts" creamer over the weekend. No other creamer she had ever had tasted the same, with the tantalizing mix of salty, sweet, and nutty flavors.

All that came out was a tiny trickle. Shit. Maybe she should have been a little more careful about the amount of creamer she used. She had been using a bit more each time lately, but it was hard to resist. It just tasted so fucking good. She set the creamer back in the fridge with a sigh. Hopefully whoever owned it wouldn't put two and two together and realize she had used most of it.

She would just have to buy her own bottle of the stuff. It was that good. The idea of just going without it wasn't even an option.

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The next day, Eliza unwrapped the crinkly plastic from the top of the new bottle of creamer and poured a healthy shot into her coffee. It hadn't been easy to find. She had been forced to go to three different grocery stores before she found it in stock at a small health food grocery in the city.

But the taste was worth the effort. Eliza closed her eyes, took a deep sip of her coffee... and frowned. Her eyes opened.

She took another drink.

It wasn't the same. It didn't have the taste that she had grown to love. Eliza went to the fridge and took out the empty creamer bottle she had left there yesterday. Yes, just as she thought, the labels were identical.

So why didn't the freshly-bought bottle satisfy her the same way?

There was nothing Eliza could do but take her inadequate coffee back to her desk. She tried her best to drink it, but it was so viscerally disappointing that she let it go cold and poured it out after lunch. She felt cranky and on-edge the rest of the day, inexplicably bothered by the disappointing mismatch in taste.

That night, in a foul mood, she drove back to the health food store and bought three more bottles of the "Mixed Nuts" creamer. David tried to get her to come to bed, with the mischievous grin that said he had sex on the brain, but Eliza was in no mood tonight. She brewed herself a cup of coffee, poured it into three cups, and tested all three creamers.

None of them were right.

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The next day, with bags under her eyes and determination in her heart, Eliza made a beeline for the breakroom. Whoever owned the creamer must have added something to it. Some sort of spice or flavor syrup. Eliza needed to know. It would be embarrassing to admit she had used someone else's creamer, but that would be better than having this constant, nagging desire for its flavor buzzing in the back of her head.

Luckily, whoever owned the creamer still hadn't realized it was empty apparently. It was still sitting in the fridge.

Eliza had never checked who had labeled it. She typically didn't when it came to the sneaky bites she stole from her coworkers. It made the whole thing feel a little less personal, and helped Eliza not feel guilty about it. But she didn't even remember seeing a name on the bottle of creamer, let alone reading it.

There was a reason for that. Carefully scanning the bottle, she saw that the name written on it was tiny, almost like he had been trying to hide it.

Near the bottom of the bottle, beneath the "best by" date, was a name that made Eliza's stomach sink.

"Gene Crowder"

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Eliza did her best. She really did. It would be stupid to ask Gene about the creamer. He was a total asshole, so he was likely to make a big deal out of her creamer theft. Maybe even turn her in as the lunch thief.

Even more important than that, Eliza and David had been told to not speak to Gene at all while the investigation was ongoing. Breaking that directive could have even more serious consequences than outing herself as the one stealing things from the fridge.

Most importantly of all, there was no way that her current explanation would make sense to David if he found out she had deliberately sought out Gene to talk with him. He could barely

stand it when she accidentally glanced at his hated rival across the room. Gene was well aware of this. If Eliza went to see him, he would be sure that the word got out that David's wife couldn't resist talking to him.

So she resisted. For three whole days.

Despite the excellent reasons to leave the issue alone, the thought of the tasty, salty-sweet creamer was constant in her head, distracting her. She probably looked stupid to her coworkers with the amount of time she spent staring into space and the way she kept losing track of conversations.

What tipped the scales was the dark suspicion that something was seriously wrong with her. Food cravings shouldn't be this intense, deep, or prolonged. Maybe Gene had tainted the creamer with some sort of addictive drug. If that was the case, she would need information, if only to know what to tell her doctor. That was the excuse she told herself as she marched up to the door of Gene's office. But in the back of her mind, beneath the excuses, all that she wanted was to feel that creamy coffee hit her tongue again.

When Gene looked up from his computer to see her standing there, there was smug pleasure in his eyes, but no surprise. That immediately made alarm bells ring in Eliza's brain... but she had come too far now to be put off.

"Well, well, well," said Gene in his low, raspy voice, kicking back and disgustingly putting his feet up on his desk. "I knew you couldn't resist crawling back from a little more of my charm. What can I do for you, Lizzie?"

Eliza felt a wave of icy distaste for the crude man and his slimy, leering grin. She hated when people shortened her name, and Gene knew that. As usual, he was relishing the opportunity to get under her skin. She could almost feel the physical sensation of his eyes as they crept up and down her body. She needed to wrap this conversation up soon, or she would be the one in trouble for attacking Gene.

"I'm not here to chat, Gene," said Eliza in a clipped tone, "I'm here to discuss your use of the community fridge. There was an anonymous complaint about the creamer you left there. Someone believes that you may have spiked said creamer with an illicit substance."

It was a thin excuse, and Eliza could tell by Gene's nasty chuckle that her pretense was useless. "Well sweetie, in this case, the 'anonymous complainant' was right on the money. I definitely added a substance to the creamer, and it was certainly "illicit" ."

Eliza felt her heart beating faster as she prepared to learn the truth. Had she been drugged? Was painful withdrawal in her near future? Rehab?

Gene's grin was wide and oily as he leaned forward, his eyes blazing with filthy lust.

"I came in it."

Eliza stared at him blankly. The words he said to her were so repulsive and unacceptable that for a moment, her mind simply refused to process the concept. "Wh-what?" she heard her numb lips say. "You... you...?"

"Jesus, Lizzie, I knew you were innocent and inexperienced, but this is too much," said Gene with an earthy chuckle, scratching his gut with a smug look painted on his face. "Cum. Jizz. Splodge. I jerked off and shot a few nice squirts of baby batter into the creamer, shook it up, and put it in the fridge. Well... that and one other secret ingredient."

The horrible things Gene was saying finally penetrated Eliza's resistant brain. She felt a roiling wave of disgust as the truth dawned on her. She had been unwittingly ingesting the sperm of her husband's worst enemy for a month. And licking her lips at the creamy taste.

"You sick bastard!" she snarled, her eyes alight with fury, her normal cool, calm exterior shattered for the moment.

"Keep your voice down," said Gene with his infuriating smile plastered on his face. "Or do you want your loving hubby to hear this conversation? Wouldn't look good if he lost his cool on me again, now would it?"

"What you did was beyond illegal," hissed Eliza, drawing closer and wrapping her arms around herself tightly. "You're not just going to be fired, you pervert, you're going to prison."

"It was my creamer," said Gene with a shrug, "Maybe the infamous lunch thief should have known better."

"That's not how it works, you idiot," said Eliza, swallowing down another wave of nausea. "For the same reason you can't just put poisoned cookies in the fridge to kill a thief! Ugh... it's even worse than fucking poison. You're going to be sorry you ever had this twisted idea, you sicko."

Gene just shrugged, not looking the least bit concerned. "Yeah, maybe. If you called the cops they might put me away... But then you would never get to taste my special creamer ever again."

Eliza was about to give a scathing response when she was suddenly gripped once again by a powerful craving, rising up and overpowering even her deep disgust. Shit. Even knowing the tainted origin of the creamer, she still wanted to taste it again on a deep primal level that warred with her repulsed ego. The contemptuous response she had for Gene died on her lips as her face reddened.

"God, you're really jonesing, aren't you, Cumbunny?" asked Gene in a dark, amused voice.

The crude name meant nothing to Eliza, but she bristled at the obscene, casual way that he said it. He really thought he held all the cards. He knew why Eliza had such deep cravings for the tainted creamer. And she intended to find out what he knew.

"What was this mystery ingredient?" demanded Eliza, trying with only partial success for a tone of cold control. "Besides your... semen. What did you put in the creamer? I'm warning you, Gene, if you don't tell me I'll..."

"They call it the 'oil of mjölkhare' online," said Gene casually, surprising Eliza into silence. Why was he so willing to give up this information? "I thought it had to be an urban legend. Just a bunch of horny perverts making up kinky stories to get each other off. I ordered some as a gag once I found someone claiming they could make it for me. I'm glad that I did." Once again his eyes made a slow pass down Eliza's professionally-clothed body. "You and I are going to have a lot of fun."

"Whatever," said Eliza coldly, refusing to give Gene the flustered reaction he clearly wanted. "You just gave me all the information I need to bust you. Goodbye forever, Gene. I'll let the cops do the talking for me from now on."

"See you soon, Lizzie," said Gene with a careless wave of his hand, already turning back to his computer.

"And remember, if I'm in jail, you won't taste the creamer you love so much ever again."

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When Eliza got back to her desk, she immediately called up a form to file a formal complaint. She was sure that this would speed along the process of getting Gene fired. After she filled it out, she could make a police report as well.

Speaking of which... Eliza got up and hurried to the kitchen. It was important to gather the physical evidence that she needed to nail that sick fuck. Her heart pounded as she moved quickly to the fridge. What if Gene had thought of this first and gotten there ahead of her? But her worries were unfounded. The empty creamer bottle was sitting right where she had left it. She snatched it up and brought it back to her desk, holding it between thumb and forefinger like the filthy thing it was. Now Gene was as good as convicted. His disgusting DNA was all over this bottle.

But as she sat typing, her fingers slowed and stopped. Something was bothering her. It was the same thing she had been feeling all week. The dull, aching buzz of desire. A bone-deep craving for the salty-sweet taste she had grown used to. She raised a shaking hand and covered her eyes, trying to force down the taboo hunger. Now that her conscious mind knew the true origins of the taste that haunted her, she never wanted to even think about the tainted creamer again.

But it seemed her body hadn't got the memo. It didn't care where the creamer had come from. It just wanted more. Eliza's eyes were drawn to the creamer bottle like a magnet. There was a tiny drip of creamer oozing out from underneath the flip-top of the cap. No doubt it was swimming with Gene's grotesque little tadpoles. She had always been disgusted even by her husband's cum. Her distaste for Gene's sperm was on a whole other level.

Eliza's stomach growled and roiled with a strange mixture of powerful disgust warring with equally powerful hunger. A war with herself, Eliza reached out, hesitated, then wiped the foul droplet onto the tip of one slim finger.

This was it, the disgusting mixture she had been tricked into consuming for a month. The sperm of her husband's hated enemy that he had gotten her to drink as a sick joke.

It disgusted her.

It attracted her on a deep level she didn't know how to resist.

She raised her finger to her nose and sniffed. A low animal moan escaped her throat as the scent assaulted her senses, dilating her pupils and filling her mouth with drool. This was the taste she had been missing.

Eliza's breaths were harsh and ragged and her face was flushed as she stared cross-eyed at the creamy droplet on her finger. She couldn't. Being unknowingly fed Gene's cum was one thing. She was a victim. But tasting it when knowing what it was... purposefully taking the sperm of her husband's worst enemy into her drooling mouth... That was a betrayal, A filthy, slutty betrayal of the worst kind.

But her finger was moving on its own. Her hunger wouldn't be denied. She let out a pitiful whimper as her plump lips sealed around her finger. Her tongue swirled and licked, lapping up the sweet, salty cream. The satisfaction that she felt in that moment cackled down her spine and directly to the moist heat between her legs, unexpectedly but undeniably sexual in nature. She released her finger from her mouth with a gasp, grappling with what she had just done.

It hadn't been enough. One drop didn't even go part way toward satisfying her craving.

The taunting words of Gene echoed in her mind. If he was locked up, she would never taste the tainted creamer again...

After staring at the half-done report on her computer in a sweaty, nervous daze for twenty minutes, Eliza deleted it. She still planned to see Gene brought to justice, but she needed more information first. She would do a little research and figure out a way forward. Then, when she had figured out how to manage these horrible cravings Gene had somehow given her, she would have him locked up.

She brought home the bottle for safekeeping that night.

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It took a little while for Eliza to find anything to do with "oil of mjölkhare" online. First, she had to figure out the spelling, which wasn't easy. A "mjölkhare" was some sort of monster from Swedish folklore, but it had very little to do with what she was going through, so Eliza spent little time researching it.

Searching for an "oil" specifically didn't turn up much. A few scattered references to some sort of oil or herbal preparation that could make another person addicted to your cum. She wasn't surprised that Gene had dismissed it as made-up initially. Eliza wouldn't have believed it either if she didn't feel the insistent dark hunger growing inside her.

All of the references she found read more like urban legends. "A friend of a friend" type of bullshit, no firsthand accounts. She finally found what she was looking for in a shady link to a Kaos server. She had never used Kaos before, but it was simple to download and set up an account, and using the link, she was able to access a chat server titled "Cumbunny Farms". The title immediately struck Eliza with a shock of dread. It was exactly the same term Gene had contemptuously called her in the heat of the moment. This must be the place.

While she knew that this must be where Gene got his information, it was frustratingly difficult to get a handle on what exactly the members of the chat room were talking about. Most of it seemed to be people whining that no one would send them any oil and asking for sources on how to get it. Beyond that, the members all seemed to already be intimately familiar with the subject they were discussing, and used specialized terms and phrases like "Cumbunny", "Jizzy Thinking", "Jackrabbit" and "Hop for the Carrot" without bothering to explain what they meant.

For example, one message read:

[Hey all you donors. Could use a hand with my newest addition to the stable. She is definitely in the jizzy thinking stage, but I just can't get her to hop for the carrot. I think it might be a jackrabbit attachment issue, but I'm not sure how to proceed. Any help?]

The reply was just as cryptic.

[All Cumbunnies will hop for the carrot at some point if you motivate them correctly. Jackrabbits shouldn't be a barrier at all. Put her on a diet. No carrot juice until she hops. That's almost always the answer if a Cumbunny gets stubborn.]

It made no sense, and Eliza had neither the patience nor the stomach to scroll through years of back-and-forth messages by these perverts to get the necessary context. There was a section of the chat board labeled "troubleshooting" that consisted of questions and answers. Her account was anonymous... she might as well ask and see what she could discover.

[I was wondering if there was a way for someone to cure their addiction. Is there a way for someone to stop being a Cumbunny?]

It felt gross to even type the repulsive word, but she needed to know the answer. It took a few minutes for someone to reply.

[Holy shit. A fucking Cumbunny found the server.]

A laughter emoji popped up under her message. Then another.

[Holy shit! She must be early in the process too, if she's this clear-headed. Listen, Bunny. Everything is going to be ok. You just need to get used to the fact that you belong to your donor now. That's probably hard to accept, but trust my word as the proud owner of a three-bunny stable. The harder you fight, the worse it will go for you. Giving up now is the best thing you could do for yourself.]

Eliza felt a furious flare of anger at this condescending pervert. Of course he would say that. He had a vested interest in believing it was true. She would never submit to a disgusting asshole like Gene, the man she and her husband hated most in the world.

[Bullshit. Are you going to tell me the way to reverse this or not?] She typed, punching the keys viciously.

More and more laughter emojis were piling up on both of her messages, with users commenting what a "dumb bunny" she was.

[Sorry bunny, there is no way. You're fucked. In more ways than one.] replied the user. Then the application went blank. A message popped up in the application, informing her that she had been banned from the server.

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Eliza was thirsty. So fucking thirsty. And hot. The sun beat down on her mercilessly.

Luckily, in her hand there was a cool, creamy iced coffee, beaded with condensation and frosty against her palm.

She gratefully closed her lips around the straw and sucked, drawing the sweet, creamy liquid into her parched mouth. Its flavor burst on her tongue, sweet and rich. A nostalgic, mind-blowing flavor that made her suck harder and deeper.

But something was wrong.

For some reason, as delicious as it was, the creamy drink wasn't satisfying her thirst at all. If anything, it was making her even more thirsty. She sucked harder and harder, and her perceptions began to warp.

The straw grew bigger in her mouth. The coffee grew warmer and thicker... almost soupy. The taste was delicious, but it didn't satisfy the desperate craving within her. She heard a deep, rumbling chuckle above her and looked up to see that it wasn't the hot midday sun that was beating down on her with overwhelming heat, it was Gene's smug eyes.

And she didn't have a straw in her mouth at all. It was...

Eliza woke up to see David leaning over her with a look of concern. The sheets around her were tangled and sweaty. Her heart was beating with a frantic rhythm, and most disturbingly, she could feel a tingling wetness between her thighs.

Are you alright, baby?" asked David gently. "You were thrashing around in your sleep and groaning. I caught a few kicks before I realized what was going on."

Elize raised the heels of her hands to her eyes, hoping the darkness hid her heavy breathing and the hot blush on her face. "It's nothing. Just a nightmare my love," she said shakily. "Just go back to sleep."

Giving her a worried look and tenderly smoothing back her hair one last time, David obeyed. He turned over and was lightly snoring again within five minutes. But Eliza lay awake, her mind racing and her pussy throbbing with traitorous heat.

..

By the next morning, Eliza had made up her mind.

She needed one more hit. Just to clear her head and get her back in the game. Once she tasted just a bit more of the... the creamer, she would be able to focus and make a plan to stop whatever Gene had done to her. It was just so hard to focus with the constant growing hunger distracting her all the time.

She was disgusted with herself for sinking this low... and betraying her poor husband. He would never be able to understand the unholy hunger that she had been going through. All he would see was her willingness to eat Gene's cum. So he could never know. She would allow Gene to defile and mock her just a bit further, and then turn things around on him.

Gene once again looked more smug than surprised as she entered his office and slammed down a fresh bottle of creamer on his desk.

"Do it then," she said in a tight angry voice. "If this is the sick shit you get off on, then fine."

Gene's eyes were infuriatingly amused as he said, "I'm afraid I don't understand what exactly you want from me." This fucking asshole. Eliza took a deep breath and retreated to the icy calm that had served her all her life.

"Take the creamer," she said stiffly, folding her arms tightly over her chest as an unconscious shield from Gene's leering eyes. "And do your filthy business. I'll play your sick game. For now."

"You're so shy about asking for what you really want," said Gene condescendingly. "But you'll learn, Bunny. You'll learn to beg me."

"Don't call me that," snapped Eliza. "I'm not some bimbo slut for you to toy with, pervert. I don't care what lies you read on the internet. Now taint that creamer like you so clearly want to. I'll be back to pick it up later."

Gene smirked. "No," he said simply.

Eliza looked at him with a blank, lost expression, her gnawing new hunger roaring back in full force as her heart skipped a beat. "D-don't play games with me, Gene," she said with a slight

edge of desperation in her voice. "This was about making me... About humiliating me, right? Well, I'm playing along. I'm letting you win. What else do you fucking want?"

"I'll tell you," said Gene, kicking back with his arms behind his head, revealing pit stains in his shirt. "First, you're going to go to the panel investigating my conduct and take back your testimony. You're going to tell them that your husband got irrationally jealous and convinced you to make up lies about an innocent office friendship."

Eliza felt white hot, purifying rage momentarily overwhelm her perverse cravings. "Who the fuck do you think you are?" She hissed, her cool facade shattered once again. "I would never in a million years...!"

"Second," said Gene, holding up a finger to stop Eliza's tirade. "I'm not going to jerk off all alone in my office. I want you to be here the entire time as I add the... "Special ingredient"."

"Fuck you," said Eliza with all the dignity she could muster. "If you think I'm just going to surrender my dignity and betray my husband like that, you are an even worse judge of character than I thought." She snatched the bottle of creamer off his desk and moved rapidly to the door.

"It's a standing offer, Lizzie," said Gene placidly, his hands now folded on his gut and his expression one of patient confidence. "Let me know when you change your mind."

Eliza was too angry to speak at this point. She left the office trembling with rage. This fucking chauvinistic pic though he could just order her around? As if his disgusting sperm was some sort of reward she would do anything for?

She found it almost impossible to focus on her work that afternoon.

Damn... she could really go for a coffee...

...

The answer came to Eliza as she and David were driving home. He was in the middle of a long story about how his latest project would finally show how much better he was than Gene. Eliza's leg jiggled with nervous irritation as she half-listened. But then her idly wandering eyes fell on her husband's crotch.

Of course!

Gene had somehow gotten her addicted to the taste of cum. But semen was semen, right? And she happened to have an unlimited source right at home. She still wasn't thrilled at the prospect of swallowing cum, but David's was infinitely better than Gene's.

Her body heated up at the thought of finally satisfying her deep, perverse longing. And it was perfectly acceptable for a wife to give her husband a blowjob! True, she had never let him cum in her mouth before, but it wasn't that strange to try something new.

She didn't hear another word David said the rest of the ride home. Her head was too busy obsessing over the delicious, creamy flavor that she would soon taste.

When they got in the door, she pounced immediately, pinning him against the entryway wall with a wild look in her eyes.

"Eliza!" He yelped, confused and panicked for a moment while she fumbled hastily with his belt. "Wh-what got into you?"

His open-mouthed shock turned to stunned pleasure as his wife shucked his pants roughly to his knees, stroking his cock rapidly to stiffness as she planted a deep, forceful kiss on his lips.

"I can't hold back," she said in a dazed, lust-roughened voice, trailing hot little kisses down his body as she sank to her knees. "I need that cock in my mouth right fucking now."

David certainly didn't resist. His wife had always been a strictly "in bed with the lights off" kind of girl, but he was thrilled and intrigued to see a wilder side peek out from beneath her cool, collected exterior.

The brief kissing and stroking were all the teasing that Eliza could stand to do, Her husband was hard and her mouth was already drooling with anticipation. She sucked her husband's dick into its warm, wet embrace with enthusiasm.

"Oh G-god," moaned David, leaning back against the entryway wall for support. "It's so fucking good baby!"

Eliza could count the blowjobs she had given in the past on one hand. One unsuccessful sexual experiment with her high school boyfriend, and three dutiful treats for David on his birthday. But despite her lack of experience, her desperate enthusiasm more than made up for it as she gave her husband a rapid, sloppy dick-sucking that would put a pornstar to shame.

"W-wait, slow down," panted David suddenly, his legs shaking a little. 'If you go that fast I'm going to...' But Eliza ignored his protests. This blowjob wasn't about pleasure, although her body pulsed with a filthy heat as her tongue swirled and her lips gripped. It was about hunger and primal desires that she could no longer deny. She moved even faster, desperate to receive her creamy reward despite her husband's whimpers.

David grunted as his cock twitched and jerked in his wife's mouth, spurting a hot, fresh load of cum down her throat.

Eliza swallowed... waited...

And then felt a crushing weight of disappointment. Her husband's sperm was the same disgusting warm goo it had always been. She felt nothing but distaste and annoyance as it slid down her throat.

Worthless.

She knew it wasn't his fault, but as she pulled back, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand in disgust, she couldn't help but feel a stab of annoyance at David, panting and leaning against the wall with his cock dribbling and softening between his legs.

The hunger still squirmed and roiled inside her like a living thing. David's cum hadn't affected it in the slightest. She should have known it wouldn't be that easy.

She spent the rest of the evening frantically researching. David caught her foul mood after the first few times she snapped at him, and diplomatically stayed out of her way. There wasn't much more to find. Clearly the men who used whatever awful substance had done this to her kept their discussions discreet.

She even created a new account and rejoined the Kaos server she had been booted from, scrolling back through months and months of discussions. But what she found wasn't encouraging.

The men talked about "Cumbunnies" that were stubborn or defiant... but the rebellion never lasted long. The common knowledge (on the board at least) was that once you found a way to trick a woman into consuming the oil and your cum at the same time, the hard part was already over. She would be yours completely in the end no matter what.

She also picked up on some of the slang the board members used, although she wished she hadn't.

It all added up to a tidal wave of despair. The mind-numbing craving inside her had felt unbearable a week ago. By now it was maddening. She could barely think. She was being a horrible wife to David.

Her defeated daze lasted through to the next morning as she sat at her desk, mechanically drinking flavorless coffee. She had gotten such little work done the past few days she might even be fired.

If she went to the head of HR and told them how Gene had tainted the creamer, he would be fired and likely arrested. It would be deeply satisfying to see the smug look wiped off his piggy face.

For a moment.

But the hunger would last forever. And Gene would be locked away somewhere where she couldn't ever see him. How long before she went insane? Or she wasn't able to function at all?

The choice was heavy. One way meant endless hunger. The other meant betrayal of her husband and herself.

She stood up from her desk decisively. She had made her choice. It was time to talk to HR.

...

Around an hour later, Eliza silently entered Gene's office, her face calm and neutral.

Gene's eyes flashed to hers as she entered and closed the door behind her quietly. He was on the phone, twirling the cord around one finger as he swiveled back and forth in his chair. Eliza walked slowly up to his desk.

"Great to hear," said Gene, a broad smile creeping across his face. "Why don't we do it this Friday? Mmmhmm. Sounds good. Glad we could get this worked out. Yeah. Yeah. You too." He hung up the phone and turned the full weight of his attention toward Eliza.

"I just got the most interesting call from HR," he said, holding back a laugh.

With a trembling hand, Eliza lifted the bottle of creamer to his desk and set it down gently, licking her lips. "I... I did what you asked," she said miserably. "N-now it's time to hold up your end of the bargain."

"You need to tell me exactly what you want, Bunny," said Gene, leaning forward with a smirk. "I'm not doing anything for a prim and proper princess who can't even say what she's begging for."

Eliza took a deep shuddering breath, then, looking down with a flaming blush, she whimpered, "I need your cum." it wasn't just empty words. She could feel the need burning inside her like a devouring flame. She felt her heart begin speeding up as Gene reached lazily for the bottle of creamer, casually removing the lid and seal.

"Over here, Cumbunny," said Gene with a sneer. "You did your job well. Time to watch me make your reward." Eliza approached slowly, hating the fact that her mouth was watering. She didn't want to see Gene jerk off his disgusting cock, but the fact that she was finally going to satisfy her monstrous craving made the whole obscene scenario exciting. As she circled the desk to stand above Gene, he for some reason handed her the bottle of creamer.

She looked down at it, confused, but she had no time to question what he wanted. Gene's broad hand reached up, gripped her shoulder, and exerted pressure downward, pushing her to her knees.

"Gene, I... you never said that I would..." spluttered Eliza, staring up at the horrible older man with wide intimidated eyes from her position on her knees in front of him.

"Relax!" chuckled Gene, unbuckling his belt. "Jeez, you're a cute little Cumbunny when you're nervous, aren't you? Your begging for my cum, right? I just thought it would be better if you begged from a humbler position, that's all. Really get you into the spirit of things. You always were a stuck-up bitch, after all."

He unzipped his pants and tugged them and his boxers down with one confident motion. Eliza gulped as his monstrous cock flopped out. Huge, veiny, and thick, it was a blunt weapon

throbbing with masculine power. Eliza tried desperately to feel the repulsion for it that she knew she should, but all that she felt was anticipation for the creamy treat she knew would soon spurt from its tip.

"Hold the bottle up Lizzie," said Gene commandingly as he wrapped his palm around his meaty cock. "It's a small hole to aim for. Wouldn't want to miss and splatter your cute little face."

"You b-bastard," muttered Eliza, but she obeyed, holding out the creamer bottle in supplication.

"I forgot to tell you the best part," said Gene with a wicked smile. "The HR department was so eager to make things up to me after you admitted you lied about my offenses. They basically gave me a blank check... I had a long list of course. But I'm especially looking forward to your husband's public apology."

Eliza's eyes widened. "No..." she whispered.

"Oh yes," said Gene with a devilish chuckle. "Not only did I flirt with poor little Davidy's wife, not only does everybody know that I did, he's going to have to bow and scrape to me anyway in front of the entire office. And that's just the beginning of his humiliation. You really delivered your husband right into my hands, Cumbunny."

"I... I didn't want to!" whined Eliza. "I just... I just..."

"Couldn't resist," said Gene smugly, his hand pumping up and down his massive hairy cock.

"Why?" asked Eliza with a spark of anger in her voice. "Why can't I stop thinking about... your c-cum?"

Gene looked deeply amused by the question. "Have you ever heard of the hierarchy of needs, Bunny?" he asked with a grin.

"No," admitted Eliza, feeling ridiculous but perversely turned on, on her knees in front of her masturbating enemy.

"Don't worry Bunny," said Gene condescendingly, "You don't need to be a big thinker anymore. Leave the tough stuff to me. It's the idea that people have trouble pursuing higher goals when their basic needs haven't been met. People find it hard to give a shit about self-fulfillment when they can't get enough food, for instance."

Gene switched to his left hand and leaned forward suddenly, making Eliza gasp in surprise. He reached out and tapped Eliza's forehead firmly with a finger slimy from precum, filling Eliza's belly with a squirming mixture of arousal and disgust.

"I just gave you a new basic need. Like food or water. When you can't get my cum, you won't be able to think about anything else. Not love, or loyalty, or dignity. Nothing. Only how you're going to get your next goeey treat." Gene leaned back with a look of smug satisfaction on his face. "Trying to quit would be like trying to quit oxygen."

"I'll find a way," promised Eliza. But her voice sounded weak even to her own ears.

Gene scoffed. "No, Cumbunny, you won't. You're mine now. Get used to it."

As much as she wanted to resist, Eliza couldn't keep her eyes off the hand pumping up and down Gene's thick cock. She licked her lips unconsciously and held up the creamer. She needed this. Just one sip, and then she could get back to planning. She could see her husband's rival was getting close. His big, hairy balls were tightening closer to his shaft, and he was letting out soft grunts of pleasure as he stared down at his new sexual plaything.

And then suddenly he stopped. He took his hands off his throbbing, ready-to-cum dick and folded them behind his head.

"What is this?" demanded Eliza nervously, her eyes darting between Gene's beady eyes and his stiff prick, "What are you doing?"

"I'm doing nothing," said Gene stoically. "I don't feel like finishing myself off."

"That's bullshit," whined Eliza. "You said that if I did what you said, you would... you would give me what I need!"

"You want my cum?" asked Gene in a hard, uncompromising voice. "You're going to have to be a good little Cumbunny and work for your supper. Finish me off and you can have what you want so badly."

Eliza wanted to throw the creamer at him and storm out. Backstabbing her husband by secretly sabotaging the investigation was already a deep betrayal. Physically making his worst enemy orgasm was a step further than even that.

... But the hunger was like burning hot chains she couldn't escape. She couldn't go one more night without tasting the semen her body had been forced to crave. She couldn't go one more hour.

With a moan of despair and mounting arousal, Eliza unclasped one sweaty hand from the bottle of creamer and reached out slowly...

... Clasp her delicate fingers around the hot, throbbing flesh of Gene's cock. She began stroking slowly, staring up into Gene's gloating eyes with a curious mix of hatred and soft submission. This was the man who she loathed. The man who had pestered her for months behind her husband's back. It was humiliating to give in like this. To stroke him off while humbly on her knees at his feet. Soon her fist was pumping with feverish, desperate speed, slick with her enemy's precum. Perversely, her body was heating up even further as well now that she could feel the rock-hard power of Gene's cock in her hand. Her body struggled to tell the difference between her desire for cum and genuine lust, and a twisted moist heat now throbbed between her thighs.

"Beg me," rumbled Gene above her. "Tell me what you want, Cumbunny."

"Cum for me," panted Eliza, feeling the sickening throb in her palm as Gene approached orgasm. "I need to taste it."

She held up the creamer bottle just in time, holding its small opening to the tip of Gene's swollen cock just as thick ropes of cum began spurting out. They landed with gooey plops in the nut-flavored cream, pump after pump of semen filling all of the headspace of the bottle in Eliza's hand. The shame and anger Eliza had felt was a distant, unimportant annoyance right now. She couldn't keep her eyes off the potent, pearly semen spurting in thick ropes from Gene's hairy cock. She was about to taste it. The obscene source of that taste wasn't even a downside anymore in her fevered mind. The fact that it was cum that she was craving just made her twisted lust burn brighter.

As Eliza released Gene's cock, a drop of cum from his cock fell onto her hand.

Just weeks ago Eliza would have been disgusted. Now she gasped and shuddered, but not with disgust. For some reason, just touching the cum was amazing. It tingled and warmed her where it made contact, causing buzzing, intense pleasure to flood her brain. Gene looked down with amusement at Eliza's look of dazed pleasure and chuckled. "Oh, did I forget to tell you, Bunny? It's not just the taste that gets you off. The sight, smell, and touch of my semen will be utterly pleasurable to you from now on. He reached down and wiped off the small drop of cum with a finger, then brought it to Eliza's mouth. She stared up, with a half-hearted spark of defiance, but when he pushed his blunt finger forward, she parted her lips to admit it, her body obedient even if her mind wanted to resist.

Eliza's pupils dilated and a ragged gasp tore out of her throat as Gene's cum-smearred finger hit her tongue. Her back arched instinctively, pushing her hips forward to obscenely hump the air, and her hands flew up to grab Gene's hand, pulling it deeper into her mouth. All dignity and resistance forgotten, she madly swirled and licked her tongue around Gene's thick finger, her pussy pulsing with filthy wet heat between her legs. Forget the cheap nut-flavored creamer, this was the taste she had craved. It was like whatever she found most delicious of the creamer had been distilled down to an ultra-powerful concentration. She couldn't have stopped licking if she tried.

"As you can see," continued Gene smugly, "Taking my semen orally is far stronger than skin contact." Her withdrew his finger from Eliza's greedy mouth with a wet pop and pulled his hand out of her clutching fingers, reaching down to grab the now full-to-the-brim bottle of adulterated creamer.

"Of course," he added with a nasty chuckle, staring down at the desperate Cumbunny at his feet with leering eyes, "Oral ingestion isn't the MOST intense way to feed your addiction... but you'll learn all about that in time."

Eliza didn't want to think about the implications of what Gene was saying. Her eyes were locked on the bottle of creamer that Gene was now sloshing back and forth in his hand. The

drop of cum on Gene's finger had only served to whet her appetite. She couldn't wait to finally drink another satisfying cup of coffee. Finally, Gene held it out to her. The prize she had paid so much to get.

"You earned it, Cumbunny," he said in an infuriatingly condescending voice. "Let me know when you run out and we can work out another arrangement."

Now that the ordeal was over, Eliza couldn't get away fast enough. She snatched the bottle from Gene's hands and got shakily to her feet, retreating to the doorway as fast as her wobbly legs could carry her. She tried not to notice Gene staring at her ass on the way out.

When she left Gene's office, she made a beeline straight to the breakroom. Her breath felt hot and ragged in her chest and her hands fumbled things clumsily as she tried to make a cup of coffee as fast as she possibly could. Come on. Come the fuck on. Had it always taken this long? The drip of the coffee from the upper reservoir seemed torturously slow.

Eliza stared down at the full creamer bottle in her hand. Her eyes flicked to the open doorway. Fuck it. She needed this more than anything she ever had in her life. She hurried to the restroom attached to the breakroom, locked the door, and popped open the creamer bottle. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror just then. She looked like a woman in heat, face flushed, glossy lips parted, eyes wide. Miles away from the cool calm exterior she prided herself on.

But that didn't matter. Self-image was secondary to basic, primal needs.

She put the bottle of creamer to her lips and threw back her head, taking a long, thick, creamy swallow. Immediately, the most intense satisfaction she had ever felt in her life flooded her body with moist heat. She couldn't help it: suddenly she was right on the edge of orgasm. Her hand plunged down the front of her pants and worked frantically on her pussy, still hot and wet from her submissive ordeal with Gene. She swallowed again, letting the sweet rich flavor she had craved for weeks soak into every inch of her tongue.

Her pussy clenched hard around her fingers and an animal moan rumbled in her throat. Her thighs weakened and shook, forcing her to collapse onto the toilet. She was cumming. She was fucking cumming just from the taste of Gene's filthy sperm flowing down her throat. And as humiliating as that was, the deep relief of having her itch thoroughly scratched made the entire thing feel worth it.

After her orgasm subsided, Eliza managed to lower the bottle from her lips with a great effort. She panted and groaned, looking at herself again in the mirror. Thick sticky cream dripped down from her chin, and her hand was shiny with her own juices. If Gene's goal was to turn her into a pathetic slut, it looked like she was already most of the way there.

But she had to fight back. There had to be a way out of this. And, as humiliating and disgusting as it was, the new bottle of creamer gave her some breathing room. Eliza slished it and winced

to hear that at least a quarter of it was gone already from her little self-indulgence. She would have to ration the rest wisely.

By the time she needed a refill, she had to have some sort of plan.