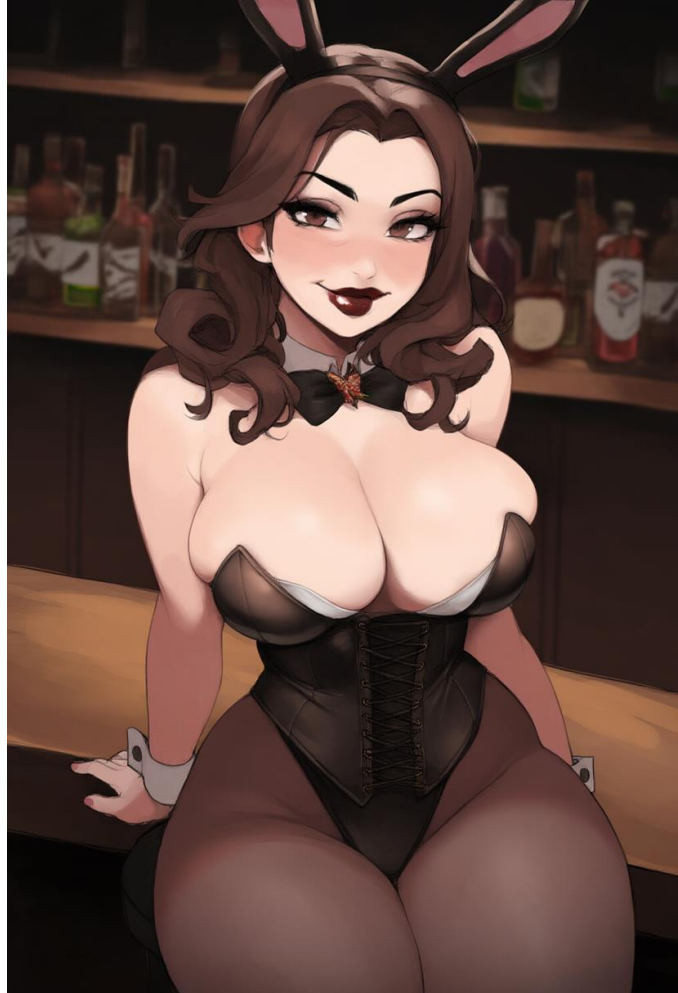




It infuriated Sif that people didn't appreciate the menace of a bunnygirl bar.

Oh sure, bunnygirls weren't the most dangerous fey. They weren't holstaurs who could turn a man into a brainless stud with their milk. They didn't have brainwashing pollen like alraunes, nor did they have a penchant for potions like goblin maids.

But they were still dangerous.

Insidious.

For though true, bunnygirls had no innate magic to corrupt a man, they were still fey.

Still dangerous.

Even if they were unbelievably dumb.

From his window in the *Pig and Blanket* inn, he scrutinized the *Hopalong House* across the street. A business, they said. He scoffed. As if. Bunnygirls were smart enough to run a business. Their only claim to fame was being easy.

No.

There was more to this. And as a ranger of the Amber Wolf, it was his job to ensure that monster girls weren't taking advantage of humans and corrupting them.

And *Hopalong House* was surely doing that.

The proof, however, had been a little hard to obtain.

He frowned, glaring at bunnygirl bar. He'd been staking the *Hopalong House* out for several days, interviewing men and women, recording everything he could find. Stories of straying wives and husbands. Of money splurged at the bar and changes in people who'd become 'special customers.'

He shook his head. Yeah, he bet they were special. But the thing was that though the customers went home in the evenings, they always came back. So there were no kidnappings. No deaths. No people vanishing and turned into brainwashed husbands or studs. Seemingly nothing that would warrant attention. But he wasn't fooled. Those dumb bunnies were up to something. Not that he should need proof. In the villages and countryside people still remembered the old warnings. The dangers of the fey and the way they preyed on people. But the city was different. More... cosmopolitan, as the captain of the guard had patiently explained when Sif brought up his concerns.

"*Hopalong House* is a very popular business, and we're very interested in supporting new venues from our fey neighbours," the captain said. "If we were going to kick them out just for being fey, we'd have to do the same to the holstaurs, the goblins, the doptarines, and more. Would you have us do that?"

"Yes, frankly," Sif had snapped.

The captain had given him an expression of forced politeness, and Sif realized that he had not been the first ranger the captain had been forced to deal with.

"Tell you what," the captain had said patiently. "You bring me some evidence of illegal magics, and we'll talk. Until then, *Hopalong House* is going to remain open. And unmolested," he'd added in a warning tone.

Sif had wanted to grab the man and shake him until he saw sense, but had resisted the impulse. He knew the bunnygirls were up to something, and assaulting the captain of the guard would have gotten him banished from the city, leaving the populace to their fate.

No worse than they deserved, he thought bitterly. Especially with how busy the bar was.

Sif had managed to drag one of the 'special' customers into an alley and worked the man over. Sadly, aside from some obvious extreme inebriation, Sif hadn't found any residue of magic or intoxicants. So it was something else those bunnygirls were doing. Some other way they were enticing customers to return again and again, and he sincerely doubted it was for the food. There had to be a trick. Had to be a spell! And it was up to him to find out what.

A whistle made him turn back to his room's lone table, where he'd assembled his alchemical array. A greenish potion hissed out a burst of steam, and Sif lifted it free of the burner, giving it a speculative shake. He grinned as the bubbles settled. Perfect. He wasn't sure just how those bunnygirls were drugging men, but this antidote would up his resistance to magic intoxicants. Between it and his natural resistance to fey magic, he'd be safe. He downed the potion, grimacing at the bitter aftertaste, then nodded to himself and rose. Well, he'd not learn anything more from the outside.

Time to enter the belly of the beast.

He made his way out of the inn and crossed the street, the music piping from within the *Hopalong House* in a trilling jig. He pushed open the door and stepped inside.

The interior of the bar was lit by the low glow of lamps hanging from the rafters. It was tight inside, with booths filling the walls while a smattering of tables fanned across the floor before a stage. Men and a few women crowded the seats, though Sif couldn't help but notice that though the bar didn't lack for customers, they seemed to have at least one server for every patron.

Sif stared. He'd never seen so many bunnygirls. Or in such... revealing attire. All were dressed in fishnet stockings that hugged plump thighs, while corsets cinched around waists, lifting the ample orbs of breasts. Long and floppy ears bobbed as the eager girls laughed or snuggled against the patrons, urging them to drink or gossip or just talk.

And the smell...

What was that smell?

Sif's nostrils flared as he inhaled deeply. It wasn't... unpleasant. But it was strange. Potent. Something beyond the aroma of too many bodies, ale and cheap fried food. It was also a bit familiar, but he couldn't quite place it.

What was it?

"Table for one?"

He snapped back to the present and looked to the side, finding a bunnygirl beaming at him from a stool behind a podium. Somewhat short, plump in a pleasing way, her brown hair was styled into a ponytail that hung over her shoulder. Her eyes were bright and her floppy rabbit ears perked up at his presence.

“Sorry?” Sif asked.

She giggled, ears and chest bouncing with her mirth, and Sif hid his grimace at the playfully feminine display. He knew too well it was merely a ploy by a fey creature to tempt humans, after all. “Are you sitting alone? Or with a party?” she asked.

“Oh. Alone.”

“Sure thing,” she said, though the sparkle in her eye made him frown. Like his answer revealed something. “Right this way!”

She hopped off her stool and spun before him, the cotton ball of her tail wagging with the rocking of her hips as she led the way. Sif followed, tense, as she brought him to a booth just off the stage where what appeared to be a bawdy strip show was taking place.

“Take a seat,” she chimed with an inviting gesture.

“Thanks,” he said, sliding into the booth.

“Here you go!” she said, slipping him a menu. “My name is Cherry, and I’ll be your server. It’s my job to make sure you have just the bestest, most wonderful time here at the *Hopalong House*! We have some really delicious drinks tonight! Especially the Peach and Fizz wine,” she chirped, pointing at the particular item on the menu.

“Is that right?” he said, his eyes roaming about the common room. A nearby table had a pair of men being fawned over by two bunnygirls each, who were giggling and leaning against the patrons adoringly. Sif narrowed his eyes, looking closer. The two men looked quite drunk. But was that all? Perhaps enchantment? Could be...

“I’ll have what they’re having,” Sif said.

“That’s such a good choice!” Cherry chirped, taking the menu. “Be right back!” she said, bouncing away.

Once more on his own, Sif peered about the bar. It wasn’t a particular well-maintained place. The walls were splintering. The floor sticky with spilled drink. Honestly, it looked like the servers were far too busy entertaining the guests than cleaning up. By all rights, the health inspector should have closed down the place long ago, if the health inspector probably wasn’t another of the ‘special customers.’

Sif felt a smirk work across his face. Oh yes. There was some sorcery going on here. He just needed to find out what...

"Here we are!"

Sif started as he found a platter of potatoes and bottle of wine placed before him. Cherry beamed down at him as she popped the cork and filled a glass for him, a scent of peaches wafting to him.

"Thanks," he said.

"No problem, master," Cherry said, before dragging a chair up beside him and plopping down.

He gave her a confused look. "Do you... need something?" he asked.

"Nope!" she said, squirming happily, her floppy ears twitching. "But our guests must never be long without a server. Just one of the things that makes the *Hopalong House* special!"

"Is that right?" Sif grunted, but supposed he didn't really mind. In fact, this could be handy, in case he had some questions he needed answering.

Turning back to his food, Sif picked up his fork and warily tasted the spiced potatoes. Hmm. He couldn't detect any drugs or enchantments in it. He eventually swallowed, then glanced at the glass of wine. Ah, of course! He should have known. Fey loved to enchant alcohol. Likely brewed from the fruit of an alraune to make men extra suggestible. He lifted the glass and very carefully took a tiny sip.

...Huh.

He moved the glass away, frowning at it, then took another sip. No. Not drugged. Not even very good. What the hell, then? He again glanced over at the other table where the men were being amused by their bunnygirl servers.

"Are the potatoes good?" Cherry asked sweetly.

"Sure," he said. "Fine."

"And the wine?" she asked, wriggling closer, her doleful gaze needy and eager.

He stole a quick look at her eyes, but saw no spirals or hint of hypnotic power. Only a desperate longing and desire for him. Which was somewhat flattering, he had to admit, even if she was a dumb bimbo of a fey. But hardly enough to break a ranger of the Wolf.

But... perhaps he could use that? For bunnygirls were notoriously horny. A problem usually. But a weapon in the right hands. And his hands were quite ready.

"It's quite good," he said, sliding his arm around her, tugging the bunnygirl against him. She squeaked, then sighed, wriggling in nearer, giving him a needy look as she practically slid into his lap. "But I was wondering about... something else."

"Else?" she asked coyly.

"Yes," he said, his hand sliding onto her chest, grasping the soft plushness of a breast. He squeezed and the bunnygirl moaned wantonly, her eyes lidding and lust pooling in her gaze like molten heat. "A little something."

"A-anything," she breathed, another wiggle slipping herself into his lap, the softness of her ass pressing down on his bulge. Sif grunted, body tightening as he felt himself harden further. Her scent was strong now. Something heavy and musky, but nonetheless appealing.

"Good girl," he said deeply. Roughly. A sound that seemed to quiver down through the lovely bunnygirl like a shot, her ears perking up sharply and a soft moan escaping her as her hips rocked, grinding herself down on his cock. He noticed she was getting flush. Even sweating a little, her scent becoming stronger. "I had a question about the business here."

"Ohhhh," Cherry moaned, biting her lower lip as she wriggled against him. Gods, she was so horny and shameless. "I don't um, know much about the business," she admitted hotly. "I'm just a silly dumb bunny!"

"That's okay," Sif said, his other hand reaching up, stroking her chin and tilting her head towards him. "I like dumb bunnies. Dumb... horny... pretty bunnies..."

Cherry's lips parted, breath fairly steaming from her mouth, her eyes molten with lust and her body trembling with desire as she pressed up against him. Sif eased down, roughly kissing her.

Cherry moaned as his tongue pushed into her mouth, plundering it with his kiss. The bunnygirl squealed, arching up against him, clutching his shirt like even that kiss was too much for her to resist. Again his tongue slid in her mouth, and again he detected no toxins. She was just a helpless, horny bunny.

A pretty, soft, sexy bunny whose ass felt absolutely incredible pressing down on his cock.

Their mouths parted, Cherry's trembling, her eyes molten and needy. Sif's thumb traced her soft lips, his palm cupping her cheek. Sif took in a slow breath, inhaling the spicy scent of her sweat and body. Gods she was so sexy. So cute and helpless. Absolute putty in his hands.

"You get so many customers," Sif breathed as his hand massaged her breast, his thumb rubbing her nipple where it pressed against her top.

“Uh... uh huh,” Cherry gasped, bunny ears flopping with her eager nod. “They love coming here.”

“Yes. And keep coming back. How do you do that, Cherry?”

“S-service with a smile,” she giggled, beaming at him.

“It’s more than that, isn’t it?” he asked, lazily moving his hips, rubbing the bulge of his cock against her ass. “I’ve heard something about... special customer privileges?”

Her face reddened even more. Cherry squirmed, licking her plump lips.

“W-well,” she said, her lashes fluttering, her delicate teeth nibbling her lower lip. “There is, um, maybe something. We only give it to our super special customers, though.”

Aha! He knew it. “What is it?” he asked, trying to keep the eagerness from his voice as he kissed her again. “What is it, Cherry?”

“Um...” she gasped, squeaking as he gave her nipple a tweak. “I um, I dunno. I’m not, uh, supposed to unless you’re a really special customer...”

“I can be very special,” he assured her. “How do I do that?”

“W-well, we gotta think that, you know, you’re worth it. That you meet the um... the qualifications of being kinda... um... studly. Right?”

“And aren’t I?” Sif asked.

She giggled. “Um, true. Okay.”

Sif chuckled, amused at how easy she was. Bunnygirls. So fucking dumb. “Good girl,” he said. “So, what’s the service special customers get?”

“Well,” Cherry giggled like some dumb bimbo. “I guess I can show you.”

“Do that,” he said, giving her ass a lurid squeeze.

Then he blinked as she suddenly slipped out of his lap. He pushed back his seat as Cherry slid between his legs, her brown eyes looking up at him as she knelt under the table and between his legs, smiling giddily up at him as she opened the laces of his pants.

He sucked in a breath as his cock sprang into the open.

“Ooooh, master,” the bunnygirl gasped admiringly, her fingers playfully working up and down his cock. “So biiiiig.”

“Cherry?” he gasped. “What nnn!” he groaned as her mouth took his tip and she began to bob. He groaned as her soft, delicate lips moved up and down him in passionate strokes, her eyes lidded and soft whimpers and moans escaping her.

“Oh... oh f-fuck,” Sif grunted, his hand resting on her head and between her floppy rabbit ears, his hips working as he pumped up into her mouth.

“Mmmm,” Cherry moaned, her eyes lidded in an ecstasy that rivaled Sif’s. One of her hands fondled his balls, the other between her thighs. Was she... she was...

“Fuck,” Sif gasped, his hips working with growing urgency, thrusting into the bunnygrl’s hot mouth as she sucked him off. He wondered for a brief moment if this was some enchantment from her. But no. That couldn’t be. She was just a dumb bunny.

A dumb, horny bunnygirl.

“Mmmm,” Cherry moaned, bobbing faster. Faster. Sif groaned, his hand tightening in her hair, his cock pumping in and out of her mouth in quick, sharp movements. Gods. Gods above her mouth was good. But... but it wasn’t magic. It couldn’t be. It was just... just a slutty bunny sucking him off. A slutty bunny desperate for his cum. A slutty bunny who needed... needed to suck... suck his cum.

And he...

He...

“F-fuuuuuuuck!” Sif groaned, head thrown back, hips giving a final thrust, burying himself deep into Cherry’s throat as he came.

“Mmmm,” the bunnygirl moaned, her eyes lidded as her throat worked, drinking down his seed in eager, heavy gulps.

Sif gasped, holding her down there until he’d emptied himself in her mouth. He looked down at the bunnygirl crouching between his thighs and felt a sudden surge of hot lust and power at the sight of her expression. Her eyes were fogged, her face slack with bliss like she was getting drunk off his cum.

Sif grinned, but his smirk tightened. Because as wonderful as that blowjob had been, it wasn’t magic. He eased Cherry off him, the bunnygirl’s lips popping off his cock audibly. She moaned and smiled dumbly up at him.

“D-did master like that?” she asked breathlessly.

Sif felt another shiver of pleasure. “Yeah,” he said roughly. “Master liked that very much...”

Cherry giggled. "I'm so happy, master!" she chirped.

He nodded, his eyes glued to the way her breasts bounced with her laughter. He took a deep breath to steady himself, inhaling that pungent scent more. Her scent, he was realizing. A very appealing scent. Very... very heavy and warm. Gods, he was starting to feel a bit hot. "Yeah. I bet," he breathed, loosening his collar and the top of his shirt. He stroked her cheek. "But there's more, isn't there?"

Cherry blushed, her head looking away nervously. "Um..."

His fingers gently but firmly turned her head back towards him, and oh how good it felt to see how easily she obeyed his touch, coming to look back up at him with wide-eyed desire. "Tell me," he said softly, firmly. Forcefully.

"Well," Cherry said, teeth nibbling her lower lip. "There is, um, another service we offer for... for our bestest customers."

Another? Sif grinned. Aha. That must be it! "What?" he asked.

Cherry giggled, her hands brushing her breasts, fingers rubbing the peaks of her nipples. "We um... Well, I mean, I don't know if I should... Oh gosh, we'd need to uh, go somewhere more private for that."

"Private," Sif said, nodding, his eyes glued to her breasts.

Breasts.

Of course! Milk. She must be like a holstaur and use intoxicating cream to enthrall men. He'd heard of such things. Fey who ingested... ingested enough holstaur cream they gained a measure of hypnotic powers. It was so simple! He just... just needed a sample now. Yes. He needed that. "Yeah," he said harshly. "Private. That sounds good. Very good."

"Then, um, this way," Cherry gasped, hopping up from under the table and taking his hand, tugging him out of the booth.

Sif staggered, forced to hold up his pants with one hand as he followed Cherry. He wondered if anyone saw them? Probably not. He didn't have time to check. Couldn't tear his eyes from the bunny girl's swaying rear and its bobbing cottontail. The way her ass wiggled with her steps. Gods, he wanted to just slam her against the wall and fuck her raw right there.

But no.

Sif took a deep, shuddering breath, again inhaling that thick, pungent scent that swirled in the room.

Mustn't... mustn't do that. Not yet.

But soon.

Fuck. So soon...

They climbed some steps. A door opened. Closed. Sif realized they were in a room. One of the ones upstairs? Maybe. He considered looking around, but then Cherry had turned to face him. Her fingers were undoing the straps of her corset. She groaned as she finally tugged it off, down, shedding it, letting it slide off her shoulders and pool on the floor, revealing her large breasts.

Large... soft breasts...

Sif licked his lips, breathing slow and heavily. Her scent was stronger now. Filling the room. Her skin glistened with sweat and she was breathing as hard as he was. Gods, that scent. Something tantalizing and spicy. Heavy and heady.

"We let our bestest customers play with our big tits," Cherry cooed, hefting those tanned orbs, giving him a shy look. "You um, you want to?"

"Yes," Sif said, advancing, the word coming out like a growl. "Very much."

Another tremble of fear and desire seemed to vibrate through Cherry, her floppy ears quivering. Looking so vulnerable. So sexy and needy.

Sif couldn't stand it. He practically tackled her to the bed, Cherry crying out in surprise and excitement as he pushed her down, kissing her breasts, tasting the saltiness of her sweat as he worked his way towards her nipples. Milk. It would be her milk. He was sure of it!

"Ohhhh masterrrr!" Cherry moaned, pawing at his head, arching, pressing her breasts into his face. "L-love you, masterrrr!"

Sif didn't answer. His lips kissed around her nipple. His tongue teased it, making Cherry's breath hitch and her voice moan and gasp. His other hand grabbed her bottom, tearing away the tight fabric and her fishnet leggings, revealing her thighs and lush pussy. His hand palmed her quivering mound, his finger strumming her pussy, making her moan in shameless delight.

"Mnnnn!" Cherry gasped, wriggling beneath him, squeezing him against her breast. "Oh. Oh master! That's... that's good. Ah. D-dumb bunny likes that. Dumb bunny looooooves that!"

"Yeah," Sif gasped, still playing with her nipple. Only... only something was off. There was no milk. Didn't she... wasn't she...

He felt her hand touch his head, prompting him to abandon her breast. He found himself over her once more, her trembling lips smiling. Plump. Her eyes hot and lidded and needy.

"Wanna... wanna kiss again?" she asked.

"Yeah," Sif breathed.

Bent down.

And kissed her hard.

Cherry moaned happily, her hands playing over his body. Going to his pants and pushing them down. Sif grunted as his cock came free once more, hard again. Throbbing. Heat burned in his veins. Pounded in his head. He needed... he needed to fuck. Dammit, he needed her so bad.

"Wanna know... wanna know the big secret for our s-special customers?" Cherry gasped.

"Yeah," Sif said, not really caring. Not sure why he should care. But dumb bunnies liked to talk. Let dumb bunnies talk while he... while he fucked her.

"See," Cherry panted, grinding herself against him, speaking between kisses. "Us bunnygirls don't... don't have any special enchantment to make... make men so... so randy they can't help but keep fucking us. All we've got... all we've got is being super easy and horny!"

"Yeah," Sif grunted, feeling hot. Burning. Trembling as he rubbed his cock against her thighs. "Yeah."

Cherry giggled. Moaned. Wriggling, her plump, perky breasts bouncing. "Right? But... but we are suuuuper... super immune to... to intoxicants! So we just keep drinking... drinking goblin wine. Tons of it! And it gets all up with our bodies. Our... our heat! We go into heat so much. We need to fuck so bad. And we just... just sweat it out. Makes our musk... our musk super horny. Puts boys into a rut. Makes them gotta... gotta breed. Hot and needy. Horny. Makes you feel... feel super good, right?"

"Right," Sif gasped, nodding eagerly as he palmed her breast, squeezed, delighting in the sounds and ways she helplessly wriggled under him. "Right. Good. Right."

Cherry moaned. "Mmm! So... so all you'd need to do to get... to get away is just... just stop grinding on us. Just stop... stop touching us. But you can't, right?" she giggled giddily. "You just gotta... gotta get more. Gotta f-fuck us. Gotta breeeed us!"

Sif nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, gotta... ah... gotta f-fuck!"

"Exactly! Oh fuck. We... we gotta fuck!"

"Yes!" Sif gasped. "Yes! Fuck!"

Cherry giggled and pressed another kiss against his lips. Sif groaned, his eyes lidding as he inhaled her sweet musk. Felt her hot, eager body rubbing against him. Heat surged through him. Consuming. He felt a fever. A need. His cock throbbed. His balls ached. He... he had to fuck. He had to fuck so badly! He needed her. Needed Cherry. Needed... needed...

"Ohhh!" he groaned, grabbing the bunny girl and spinning her around with a squeak so she was lying face down. He grabbed her hips and yanked them back, the scent of her arousal stuffing his nose. His head. Her plush ass wagging, her cottontail quivering. Her squeaks and moans of surprise and helpless pleasure sending almost animal desire and power surging through him.

His hands grabbed her hips, feeling the slickness of her sweat. The heaviness of her scent. His cock pressed against her flushed entrance, Cherry moaning wantonly and pressed back. The tip of his cock rubbed against her pussy and with an almost animal grunt he pushed home.

"Ohhhhh!" Cherry cried out, her body trembling, her hot inner walls tightening deliciously.

"Fuuuuuck!" Sif groaned.

"Yesss!" Cherry squealed, rocking back against him, her pussy swallowing his cock. Her juices slickening him like an oil. "Yesss! Fuck... fuck me! Fuck me hard! Breed your bunny. Breed the bunny! Bunny needs your cock. Bunny needs your coooooock!"

Sif had no chance of holding back against that. He slammed home, his hips spanking off her ass, his hands gripping her tight. His head spun. His pulse thumped. Again and again he thrust. Frantically. Desperately. The heat consumed him. Devoured him. Compelled him. He felt so good. Felt so perfect! He needed it. Needed to cum in this hot bunnygirl. Breed this whorish cottontail.

He pressed her down into the bed. Mashed her face into the blankets to muffle her needy cries and whimpers as his hips hammered her plump rear. The smack of flesh on flesh almost deafening as he plowed the needy bunny. His needy bunny. He needed... needed to breed her. Needed to fuck her so bad. Needed to cum. Needed to cum! He'd do anything to cum. His pace increased, his breath rasping. His cock throbbing. He had to cum. Had to cum!

"Cum!" Cherry moaned under him, her eyes rolling back, her mouth parted, every breath so hot it steamed as he pumped into her. "Cum! Cum in m-me! Cum in bunny! Cum! Cum in b-bunnyslut. Yes! Yesss! Cum! Please! Pleeeeeease!"

It was a request Sif couldn't help but comply with, pounding into the eager bunnygirl with a desperate need, his whole body throbbing with heat as he gave a final few desperate thrusts.

"F-fuuuuuuuck!" he groaned, shuddering as his body tightened, cock throbbing as he unloaded the hot heaviness of his orgasm into the moaning bunnyslut. Basting her insides with what felt like gallons of cum. His body shuddered, his eyes rolling as he bucked with the final few desperate bursts of orgasm before finally.

Finally.

He softened.

He slumped where he kneeled behind her, breathing hot. Hard and heavy. Coolness washed through him. A feeling of sated satisfaction. The feeling a man dying of thirst might have felt upon taking the first drink from a crystal clear fountain.

He felt Cherry unsheathe him. Felt her hands draw him down to the bed. The bunnygirl giggled, snuggling up against him, rubbing herself on him, coating him in the spicy sweetness of her scent. Her musk.

"Mmm," she moaned, nuzzling his chin. "What a handsome master I got," she sighed.

Sif nodded breathlessly, smiling dimly as his eyes slid shut with exhaustion.

He was a good master.

A good... good master...

#

Sif groaned and stared at himself in the mirror of his room at the *Pig and Blanket*.

Fuck, he looked an absolute mess.

He frowned at himself, annoyed beyond measure. He wasn't sure what had happened last night or how he'd gotten back to his room. He had vague memories. Flashes of a body. A cottontail and floppy ears and an eager, needy figure offering itself to him.

He shook his head. Blast. He must have drunk too much. Figured. And what was worse? He hadn't managed to find out how those bunnygirls enchanted their customers.

He frowned at himself. Or... maybe he had? If he had, he couldn't remember. He scowled at himself, and his eyes moved over to the window, the *Hopalong House* glowing with its arcane lamps across the street like a beacon in the night.

Sif licked his lips, inhaled deeply, scenting something spicy and tantalizing. A scent he'd been soaked in since last night. A scent that had lingered despite two showers.

A not... unpleasant scent.

Sif inhaled deeply, shivering at how that scent made his cock throb and thicken. He found himself smirking.

Well, no matter. He'd just have to try the *Hopalong House* again tomorrow. He was sure he'd be able to figure everything out after another visit to the bar.

Yes, he thought with a slightly dreamy smile. Another visit to sample what they offered their 'special customers' was just what he needed. He'd figure out how those dumb bunnies were enchanting their customers.

Even if it took a hundred visits...