

DALIA  
DAVIES



RAILED BY  
THE  
EASTER BUNNY

*Railed by the Easter Bunny*

*Railed by the Easter Bunny*

DALIA DAVIES

*For anyone addicted to sugar.*

# *Contents*

## [Content Warnings](#)

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1. [Lily of the Valley](#)
2. [Never make deals with the Devil, or the old gods.](#)
3. [Down the Rabbit Hole](#)
4. [Have your Cake....](#)
5. [And eat it too](#)
6. [Like Rabbits Do](#)
7. [Right to Rule](#)

## [About Dalia](#)

## [Also by Dalia Davies](#)

## *Content Warnings*

Some elements of this book may be triggering to readers. Please see the following list of CWs to ensure that you are comfortable reading this book before you continue.

- Breeding
- Explicit sex
- Human non/human sex
- Implied abuse [verbal, controlling]

I DON'T NEED A MAN, I NEED A RABBIT.

- *ASHNIKKO*



# *Lily of the Valley*



THE VASE CRASHED AGAINST THE WALL BESIDE MY HEAD.

I force myself to hold still.

*Don't flinch.*

Ignore the sharp bite of the new cut across my cheek.

Ignore the blood sliding over skin.

Shrapnel scattered the way my thoughts had moments earlier.

I'd fallen out of love with Jamus months ago, and now, as I plan my escape, he decides to demand we get married?

*Demanded.*

As if five years of faked orgasms was a streak I wanted to continue.

*No.*

He's woven the particular trap I'm caught in tightly.

And the man with the Power gets what he wants.

But *not* from me.

I have more than enough money to leave him.

But no banker in the Valley would give it to me.

No landlord would offer me a lease.

No employer would consider my application.

Jamus had shitty aim with priceless vases, but he was descended from the old gods. His family ruled for generations.

They've been feared for generations.

But the rest of the Valley is full of people who don't know him.

The Power is a faint glimmer behind his eyes, not the dangerous flash in those whispered stories.

He takes a deep breath, closing his eyes and shoving his hands in his pockets—as if leaving them loose will only result in more broken ceramics.

“You try my patience, Lily.”

“I’m not going to marry you.”

His eyes flash when he opens them again.

The inherent gifts in his lineage are watered down to the point I’m not afraid of his anger. He likes to use those visceral signs of the Power to keep the rest of us in line.

But I know better.

“Goodbye Jamus.” I turn my back on him and see the two men in the corner shift uneasily.

Maybe they think they’re about to witness a murder.

But Jamus thinks he needs me. He’s not going to kill me until he has to... or he has my money.

Because that is what this is all about.

He’s days away from bankruptcy.

Not so powerful after all.

Maybe if he sold those vases instead of breaking them....

The lift opens as soon as I press the button and no one stops me from stepping inside. I ignore the way my hand shakes as I press the button for the garage.

“Where are you gonna go, Lily?” Jamus asks as I turn to face him. “Who in the Valley would take you in?”

And who in this valley would let me leave.

Jamus has never hit me. Before tonight, he’s never even raised his hand in a moment of anger.... But he has never hesitated to remind me how many people here owe him.

How many he owns.

I watch him as the lift doors close, hating the smirk that forms on his lips.

He won’t keep me from leaving the tower.

Jamus wants me to come crawling back to him. He wants that submission.

It’s a reminder that he controls us all.

But he doesn’t own me.

And there is one last option I haven’t exhausted.

One last door I’d hoped I wouldn’t have to open.

Jamus' people mill in the shadows of the parking garage. I recognise a few who've seemingly wanted to help before. But that wasn't real.

No one's coming to save me.

My car is still in its spot. The lights flash when I click the fob, and the engine turns over when I press the ignition.

Hubris is one of Jamus' many downfalls.

Of course, the tank has been drained to just under a quarter.

The little red needle on the gauge feels like it's mocking me.

He'll let me go, but he won't let me go far.

And I'd bet every cent I own, no one will sell me even a litre of gas.

But I don't need to leave the Valley to get out.

There's one place where even Jamus is afraid to go.

One place where the old gods play with us mere mortals. And making a bargain with the woman in residence... may be my only option.

I drive out of the garage and into the night. Whether I'll escape my problems, or find worse ones ahead... only time will tell.

*Never make deals with the Devil, or the old gods.*



JAMUS' TOWER SITS IN THE CENTER OF THE VALLEY.

But it lies in the shadow of a taller, brighter spire.

A spire that most avoid, even as it draws at us all like a beacon.

The road beneath my tires turns from asphalt to cobbles as the buildings melt away and I drive through the kilometres-wide lawn that separates Ester's domain from that of her legacy.

There is no place to park, and when I roll to a stop before the wide front doors, my engine finally giving out, I have to wonder if Jamus wasn't the one who drained my tank after all.

My door handle snaps as if someone is trying to open it from the outside, but there's no one on the other side of my dark window.

Anywhere else in the Valley, that would have scared me.

But no one dies in Ester's private domain.

The ill fates offered here are worse than death.

When I unlock the door, it's hauled open by one of her creatures. Possibly the result of one of her worse than death deals.

The creature is a twisted attempt at a man. Its face an ugly misshapen mass that's a bit too red. Its hair a bit too green to actually be blonde.

When it speaks, its words are rattles and hisses, even when they contain no letter that would make sense to allow it.

"Come," it says, the word followed by a croaking deep in its throat. "She is waiting."

For a moment, I watch it walk away.

Backward knees.

Backward ankles.

My heels leave me unsteady on the cobbles as I follow him around the front of my car. I don't feel like I'm on solid ground again until I step up onto the blonde flags of the entryway. And even then, I don't feel like I've got a handle on the world that used to be crystal clear to me.

When the creature hauls open the door, I glance back at the Valley one last time. This choice could be the worst one I've made since moving in with Jamus.

"In." Again, the word is followed by the sound of a snake's rattle deep inside the creature.

It sweeps its hand in front of it, like it's trying to brush away a tricky pebble. And that is likely all I am to it.

The door leads to a tiny vestibule, a cube with a single table and chair to one side. Another lift door at the other.

Everything is pink and green, like a spring time tea set in the shape of a room.

The creature hops up onto the chair, turning to a puzzle on that table... the colours are bright... but the pieces, too few.

It waves its hand toward the lift. No words or commands this time. Just the belief that I'll go.

What other option do I have?

Those doors slide open before I reach them.

The interior is pink too... but not pastel. It reminds me of bubble gum. Dusty enough that it's not dark.

There are no buttons. Nothing to control where I'm going—not that I think that's an option anymore.

I rise through the tower until, with a momentary feeling of weightlessness, the lift comes to a stop.

The doors don't open right away, and I clutch my purse a little tighter.

I haven't requested an audience. And I have no idea what happens when you just show up to the door of the old gods' domain.

I don't even know if any of the other old gods remain.

I wait as the doors—I only just notice they and the walls around me are actually padded—remain shut, barring me from leaving, no matter what waits for me on the other side.

It feels like an eternity passes before a too-cheery ding echoes and the doors ease open to a dimly lit space.

I step out onto a stone path lined by what I first thought was carpet. But it's grass... real trees form a canopy over my head, and as I walk further into Ester's domain, a pale fog creeps at the edges of the undergrowth.

The lift dings behind me and when I turn back, the line of light from inside compresses until it disappears. There is nothing but dark forest where it would have once been.

Wherever I am now, it's still night, and a cool breeze washes over me. But the path leads very definitely in the direction I started, and there's no chance of going back now.

I walk further and further into this strange forest. Blossoms closed for the night shaped like heavy eggs hang from the trees in long strands. Butterflies and firebugs dance through the air, flirting close to me, but always skittering away when I look at them.

The forest opens up almost as suddenly as it appeared from behind those lift doors. And the meadow laid out before me is bathed in light from the wrong sort of moon.

But the woman I came to seek is here, she stands in a long robe. White and gauzy, it falls from her like a gown meant for a wedding night. The flowers she touches bloom under her fingers, and she smells them as though they are each a lover.

I've seen her once before, but at a distance.

Paintings do her no justice.

Skin the colour of midnight, her hair is a white halo around her head.

The path ends at that meadow, stones getting smaller and smaller until they are almost nothing at all. One more step, and I know my heels will sink into the soft grass.

My hesitation is momentary before I simply take my shoes off.

I'd dressed with the intention of going out to my favourite club—a different way of escaping Jamus. I hadn't imagined I'd need an audience with the goddess of spring.

Still....

I put one foot in front of the other, walking down the gentle slope toward a throne made of pale pink roses, surrounded by a riot of daffodils and tulips.

And I am a dark smudge in the middle of it all.

"I expected you sooner, child."

Her voice is like wind chimes. High, melodic, and seemingly gone before it's there in the first place.

I have no answer to that, so I don't speak at all.

Leaving her blooms to sleep once more, she turns to me and I have to look down. Her face is too blindingly beautiful.

"I know who you are, and what you run from.... But what do you want, Lily? What do you truly desire?" She drags a pale pink nail along the line of my jaw. "I don't think it's merely your freedom."

"I want...." I'm not sure what answer she wants to hear, but if I can only have one thing... "I want to belong to myself, with no one else thinking they have a claim on me."

She studies me. I can feel her gaze, even if I can't meet it. "And you will never be able to do that while Jamus is alive."

"I did not come here to ask you to kill your descendant."

"No... but you wouldn't be sad if I did."

That makes me look up and I'm trapped by her eyes. An unearthly pale pink, they watch me, waiting.

"No. I wouldn't."

I don't know why she smiles. I don't know why it scares me so much.

"What would you offer me to be free of the Valley?" she asks, watching my face. "If that was all I would offer you."

"Anything I have...." and, because I'm not sure even that would be enough, "Everything I am."

"I don't need money, or a maid." Her eyes travel down me. "But I do need someone with more sense watching over the people of my valley.... Someone to take Jamus' place."

"No one would accept that."

"Not as a queen... but as queen regent."

The only way to usurp that nonexistent throne would be to.... "I will not have his child."

"No, of course not. That line is far too diluted." Her scrutiny feels like flames on my skin. "But you had planned to, once."

"Once, but no longer." I had every intention of following the relationship through to those logical steps when it started. Marriage and kids... I'd wanted both back then.

"Would you take his place if I let you?"

“You can’t give me those powers.” As soon as I say it, I realise how foolish it is to assume I know anything she’s capable of. “Can you?”

“I’m an *old* god, dear. I can do whatever I want.” She smiles at me and it’s not cruel... it’s certainly not kind either. “But nothing comes for free. And you will need to bear my progeny for this to come to pass.”

A child... just not Jamus’. It sounds too easy.

“How?”

“The first to rule in the Valley was not my son, but my grandson... a century has passed since those days.” She sits in her throne, flowers sprouting in the path of her train. “Do you know *why* it had to be my grandson?”

“No.”

“Because those born of gods cannot walk the earth freely. But those born of both god and man...” This time the smile is unmistakably cruel. “You may have your freedom, or you may have control of the Valley.

A child is a lifetime’s sacrifice... one I was willing to make before. For a lot less in return.

“The first requires only a small sacrifice. A year’s service, entertaining my guests whoever they might be. You will remain under my protection. No one will harm you. No one will *touch* you. No one will be able to take you from this place.”

“And the second?”

“You can have everything you want in the Valley... with the simple sacrifice of your body. Carry my son’s child into the mortal world, and rule in his stead until he is of age to take his rightful place in the Valley.”

“Do I have any time to think about it?”

“No.”

“And if I change my mind after I meet your son? Is the other offer still on the table?”

“No.”

Freedom would be too easy to take.

But the Power she offers is infinitely more tempting.

And she knows it.

“You already knew which option I’d take before I came here, didn’t you?”

She shakes her head, the movement jarring a butterfly loose from her hair. “I did not. But I’ve observed you enough, I *thought* you’d be willing to



make the bargain I hoped for.”

“Where is your son?”

Her lips twist in a smile so smug, I start to think I may have made a mistake.

“If that is your choice,” she points toward an arch in the trees to her left, ringed in a pale blue halo. “Follow the path to its end and you will belong to him for however long it takes.”

It could take longer than I want if....

“I need to see someone about—”

She snaps and looks at the small T-shaped implement suddenly between her fingers. “This would have gotten in the way... wouldn’t it?”

Throwing it aside, it bursts in a puff of purple smoke and flutters away, another butterfly among so many in the space....

I can’t help but pause, wondering what the others used to be.

“I am not one of the cruel old gods, Lily. I will not trick you to keep you here any longer than I must.” She brushes a finger over her cheek.

The cut heals on mine. The pain vanishes as if it was never there.

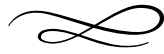
“Consider this a reward. I’m certain you’ll enjoy it.”

I take a deep breath, knowing that she could lie if she wants and I have no power to hold her to her word.

But I have no power anyway.

Not yet.

## *Down the Rabbit Hole*



WITH EACH STEP I TAKE, THE SHADOWS SEEM TO DEEPEN.

The trees slowly start to disappear, until they're replaced by thick curtains that fall from the nothingness overhead and seem to turn into black sand when they touch the ground.

This part of Ester's domain has forsaken nature in favour of something else.

Something darker.

But I see the path's end.

A door, all tufted dark leather, set into an ornate black frame.

Between me and it....

A rabbit mask dangles on a string.

I don't need instructions to know what that means.

*Wear this.*

The mask is no doubt some homage to Ēostre—Ester's holiday—where children chase after eggs hidden by a rabbit and the humans of the valley come to pay their respects to their queen protector.

It's Jamus' least favourite day of the year

Glittering black, the mask will only cover half of my face, but it was moulded to resemble one of Ester's favourite creatures. Hard plastic ears rise, one straight, one bent as if flopped over three quarters of the way to the top.

I study it as I slip my shoes back on.

Plucking it from the air, I tie the ribbons around the back of my head, and wonder if Ester was the reason I felt like the high ponytail was the choice I had to make with my hair today.

Whatever the true reason, I secure the ribbons and go to that door.

There's no handle, but when I press against that supple leather, it swings wide and I'm pulled inside by invisible hands that slam it shut behind me.

It takes a moment to get my bearings. My eyes need to adjust to the dark struck through with blue and purple neon.

What I see...

Couches filled with people lay in strange configurations. Bodies draped over one another, half of them look asleep. They exhale a heady smoke in long streams before lifting corded pipes to their lips. Others watch me intently, black eyes shining through that hazy veil.

They all wear masks like the one I was given.

I don't know how many are here for the same reasons I am. I don't know how many are even real.

Flickering from vibrant pink to neon blue and back again, a sign on the far wall reads: Babel.

It has a club vibe, and I expect there to be music, but there isn't .

The silence is so loud—

“Hello, sweet thing.” A woman in a black cat mask slips her hand over my shoulder. “You look lost.”

“I may not know where I am... but this is definitely where I'm supposed to be.”

Her smile is so bright at my response, I'd swear her pupils strobe with hearts.

A giggle behind me makes me flinch. Another woman, this one in a white cat mask, drags her hand along my shoulders, walking with me, turning me, so she is always at my back. “This is where the mortal meets the immortal, the space where gods and those of us with expiration dates can coexist.”

She reaches up to draw a line over my mask's ears. “You're here for the Eeebie. How fun.”

“I think Jack's been lonely for too long.” I don't know which one says it as they circle me. “He's going to like you.”

“What's your name?”

“Lily.”

They both blink, looking at each other and then back to me. “As in *Easter Lily*?”

“Sure.” I don’t have a clue why my parents named me the way they did. And I’m distracted by the shadowy suggestion they both have tails.

“She always has a plan.” Snickering, they shake their heads and then link arms with me, one on each side.

“I’m Calico” says the one in black, “And she’s Minx.”

I don’t point out that of the three of us, I’m the one with the least ironic name.

Because they don’t give me the chance.

Leading the way through the various couches and strewn bodies, they take me on a wending path, chattering about this person and that. I don’t remember any of the others’ names.

I try to keep my bearings as they steer me round and round, and when they stop, it’s in front of a darkly curtained door.

“Whatever you do,” Calico says, leaning close, her lips brushing my ear. “Don’t take off the mask when you’re with him, or you’ll never be able to leave.”

She presses a kiss to the side of my jaw and steps back.

“And above all else, have fun.” Minx hand moves to the centre of my back, “Hopefully his cock isn’t too terrifying.”

“*What?*”

There’s no chance for an answer. Minx shoves me forward through that curtained door and I fall into darkness.

I only scream for a moment before my mind catches up to me.

Ester wouldn’t have done this just to let me fall to my death.

But still, I close my eyes and wait to hit whatever waits for me at the bottom.

Only... when my fall is over, I don’t land or crash or hit the ground.

One moment I’m tumbling in the darkness, the next, I’m standing on solid ground. I open my eyes to find I’m in another dark room.

This one feels vast, and even without being able to see, I know I’m not alone.

The voice is a deep rumble from the darkness. “You know why you are here, pet?”

“Yes.”

The light blooms around him and Ester’s son—*Jack*—watches me from a dark throne.

Where Ester's throne room was cluttered with life, Jacks is empty. It's almost as different as they are to each other.

He's more man than anything else... at least, that's how it seems from here, but his face is white fur, dark eyes, whiskers...

"What are you?"

His lip snicks up in something like a cruel smile, long front teeth catching the light, and he flicks something at me.

I would have sworn his hand was empty, but I catch the card and when I look down at it, I understand the cats' amusement at my name.

It's a pastel greeting card: Happy Easter.

Eeebie.

Easter.

Bunny.

That name feels wrong. Bunnies are cute and small and snuggly....

He is at least two and a half metres tall, though the last half metre of that is his ears. And there is nothing "fluffy" about him.

"What brings you to sacrifice yourself?"

"Not a sacrifice. A bargain."

There's a pause, like he didn't expect that answer. "You might feel differently by the time this is over."

When he stands, my gaze trails over him, following the white hair that spreads across his chest and down... down....

My mouth drops open and I gasp despite myself. The quiet sound seems to echo off a hundred invisible surfaces, doubling back and growing louder each moment it hangs in the air.

"Does this change your mind?" He asks, stroking himself and taking a step toward me.

Then another.

It should change my mind.

I'd expected something monstrous or strange. But it's not hooked or spiked, or covered in fur.

Still... it's very definitely not human.

It's a very pretty pink, deepening until the tip. A rosy colour, flush with arousal.

But it's startlingly long. And worryingly thick.

So why does a bolt of pure lust strike through me?

"No, it doesn't change my mind."

“Good.” With a deep laugh, he goes back to his throne, sitting before he looks at me again.

He studies me, a long perusal and for a moment I worry that maybe he is the one who’ change his mind.

“Knees.” The word rolls over me, deep and heavy with a command.

I struggle to comprehend the strength of my initial reaction, and barely choke out the word, “What?”

One brow raised, he points to the floor in front of him. “On your knees, Lily.”

I take a step toward him, but don’t move quickly enough.

His voice is hard when he says, “Do as you’re told.”

The floor is sharp on my knees, the pause as he looks me over is sharper.

“Good girl.”

I shouldn’t like that so much.

It shouldn’t send a bolt of pure excitement through me.

But now that I’m on my knees, with his cock in line with my face, I start to worry....

Wanting something, and being able to take it are two *very* different things.

“It will work.”

My gaze rises from his cock to his impossibly dark eyes. “Can you read my thoughts?”

“No. But your face is an open book, Lily.” He holds out his hand, and I take it, letting him lead me forward, walking on my knees. “Do you like sucking cock?”

I nod, the weight of the mask’s ears pull me forward more than I expect them to.

“Good. I’d hate to have to train you from the start.”

I shiver as the soft fur of his legs brush my arms. The floor seems to rise up beneath me, placing me exactly where I need to be to take him.

I’ve given dozens of blowjobs before. This isn’t going to be anything like those.

I can’t look away from his cock as I wrap my hand around the thick base. No amount of lying to myself is going to make his just like the others I’ve played with.

It's enormous and the end tapers to a point, not the round bell of a mortal man's.

It's just as soft and so much harder.

"Are you taking your time? Or delaying the inevitable?"

I look up at him and wonder how much of the bravado I could get away with. That kind of impatience usually makes me tease them long enough they squirm with want.

But I don't know if I should tempt that fate.

This is a game I've played.

One I know the rules to. It doesn't matter who's on the receiving end....

Stroking him once, twice, I lean forward just enough to press a hot kiss against his shaft.

The skin is warm and pliant, and smells... faintly of sugar.

It *tastes* like sugar when I drag my tongue over him, and I have to bite back a proud smile when he hums a pleased note.

He only lets me play for so long.

A hand, hard and heavy on the back of my head presses me forward.

I can't put it off any longer. I have to find out how much of him I can take.

Why does that send a bolt of pure desire through me?

Why do I lick my lips before I wrap them around the tip of him?

I don't know why I expected that point to be sharp. It's soft and pliant, like a taper designed to guide the rest of him into me.

But I'm not ready for that.

*Not yet.*

I swirl my tongue around him, getting used to the taste, to the feel.

Jack watches me the whole time, dark eyes never blinking. That strangely toothy smile doesn't leave his lips.

"Such a tease, Lily. Who taught you how to play with a man's cock?"

It's not a question I think he actually wants an answer to.

Sliding down him, I have to remember to breathe.

I can only take him so far. I'd have to learn how to dislocate my jaw to get all the way down.

He might be the biggest I've ever taken, but he's mouthwatering, and he slips between my lips so easily....

I don't know why I like this so much.

My underwear are slick with the wetness of what my imagination has supplied.

The idea of taking him into me... my body wants to be ready for him.

When I look up at him, there's a darkness in his eyes that makes me wonder if I'm not the biggest sort of fool.

One hand under my chin, he guides me forward again. "You can take more of me, Lily."

If I had the ability to speak, I'd deny it.

"Be a good girl."

I moan. It's a sound of disbelief and he makes a clicking noise, as if he's disappointed. "Don't worry. I'll help you."

Hands clasping the ears of my mask, he pulls me forward, drawing me close and making me take even more of him.

Stuffing me full with his cock.

I have to close my eyes. He presses so deep they water.

I have to relax, or I really will choke on him.

He seems to know.

His hands release me and I pull back, gasping, searching for the breath I've lost, and he lets me. Hands on his knees, I hold myself up... I hold on for dear life.

"Have you met your limit already, pretty little mortal?"

My mind spins, but I don't want to stop. I shake my head, keeping my eyes screwed shut. "More."

His chuckle washes over me and I shiver when his hand brushes down my shoulder. "If you want more, Lily. All you have to do is take it."

"I don't think—" I draw in big gulps of air, my lungs knowing I won't have the luxury for much longer. "I don't think I can get what I want."

"Do you want me to fuck your mouth for you?" his thumb pulls at my lower lip and his eyes search mine. "Do you think you could handle that?"

I have no idea, but I nod, because I want the answer to be yes.

His hand fists in my hair drawing my head back, his grip biting at my scalp. His whiskers drag along my cheek as he says. "If it's too much... bite me and I'll stop. Do you understand?"

I nod, and his fist tightens, making me gasp. "I understand, Jack."

I say his name with more vinegar than I might, considering he's giving me what I want.



“Let’s make sure you can still take me.” Holding my head immobile in his tight grip, he uses the fingers of his free hand to draw my lips open and I relax my jaw as much as I can when he brushes that soft tip of himself against me.

The words he says next are in the old tongue. A language no one knows unless they were born with that knowledge.

And I wasn’t.

But I don’t have the chance to ask him what it means.

He presses into me, that soft tip so hard as he parts my lips....

Eyes wide, I watch him smile down at me as his cock touches the back of my throat. He holds still, watching me like he still expects me to bolt.

And maybe I should. It’s awkward, and my jaw threatens to cramp....

But when he moves, that sweet cock sliding between my lips, my hands tighten at his hips and as he thrusts in, I lean to meet him.

His grip loosens as I work with him, as I swallow him. My pussy pulses each time his cock presses into my throat.

I *want* to make him come. I *want* to drink him down... even if that extends my contract.

The dress I’m in is too long and I’m kneeling the wrong way to ruck the fabric up and touch myself. But I know that I could come just from sucking his cock with my hand between my legs.

I’d thought I was full of him before, but he does what I wasn’t able to, moving me on his cock as he fucks my mouth slowly at first. But old gods are not gentle.

My eyes fly wide as his rhythm turns ragged, as his pace turns merciless.

I never thought I’d be so close to coming, just from *this*.

He growls something. I don’t think it’s a word and a hand slips down to twist in my hair, holding me still.

The flicker of his abdomen is the only warning I get before hot come spills onto my tongue.

He fills my mouth, sugary, sweet... like thinner marshmallow fluff.

There’s so much of it, it spills from my lips and down onto my chest, staining the dress and covering my breasts, dripping to my thighs.

I swallow what I can, licking my lips and wanting more.

*I’m fucked.*

And worse... I might love it.

## *Have your Cake....*



I KNOW I'M A COMPLETE MESS.

That marshmallow fluff come is just as sticky as the sweet treat it makes me think of. It's saturated the front of my dress. My lipstick is a smeared mess.

Thank Ester for waterproof mascara.

Even still...

I look like I've been facefucked by a monster.

And maybe I have.

After all, is there a difference between the old gods and monsters?

When Jack releases me, I weave a little on my knees, but the floor is just a floor again, and when I slump to the side, it's onto a solid flat surface.

For a moment, I think he's going to leave me there, but Jack picks me up, cradling me in front of him as he walks through the darkness. I must fall asleep, because the next time I open my eyes, I'm in a plush nest of pillows and blankets as Jack slides my shoes from my feet.

"No rest for the wicked?" I ask lifting my leg as his fingers trail up my thigh to slide the hem of my skirt up.

"Not tonight."

A thought occurs to me... there are no windows, or any sign of the world outside. "How long does night last here?"

"As long as I want it to."

I help him get the dress up over my hips and wiggle it over my breasts and shoulders. It takes a moment to weave it up and over the mask, but I don't take that off. I don't know why I'm not supposed to, but this is not the place for breaking rules.

“You know why I’m here, right?”

He traces his warm, soft nose over my stomach. “I do. You don’t have to worry that this is some kind of trick, Lily. I’ll give you the Power you came for. But we are both going to thoroughly enjoy it in the meantime.”

Hand spreading over my stomach, he watches his fingers as they slide up over my ribs. He turns his hand to hook a finger under the thick fabric at my sternum. “Get rid of this.”

I have to wiggle to get to the clasp in the back, but as soon as I do, he takes it the rest of the way off, flinging it into the ether.

When his palms ghost over my nipples, I draw in too sharp of a breath. “*Jack.*”

His teeth drag down my stomach, and then hook on the front of the lacy thong I’d worn. I shouldn’t be surprised when—a snick later—he bites through the thin strip of fabric holding the lace together and it’s thrown away too.

I try to close my knees out of habit, but he doesn’t let me.

“You belong to me now, Lily. And I will not be denied what is mine.”

It takes a fractional second, but I ease my legs open to him, eyes never leaving his.

“Good girl.” He says when I’m fully open to him again. “You drank my come so prettily, it’s time you got your reward.”

His tongue traces over me and I can’t stop the shiver of desire that flickers through me. The rumble that echoes from him is lusty and full of approval.

Spreading my legs wider, he presses forward, delving his tongue into me and I squirm as he fills me.

I can’t stop the sharp sound his ministrations pull from me, and I don’t want to. He toys with my clit so expertly I might cry.

Each breath comes with a sharp inhale and for a moment, I think he might bring me to orgasm right now.

But he doesn’t.

He presses a thick finger into me and I draw a tight breath.

There’s nothing soft about this invasion.

Nothing gentle.

“I tend to forget,” Jack says, “That small mortal things like you aren’t nearly as delicate as you look.”

He pulls his finger from me, putting it to his lips and sucking his fur clean. "I expected you to bite me."

"I still can, if that's what you want."

Head tipped to the side, one of his ears flops. "Perhaps later."

But any thought of what might come later, or even just next, flees my mind when he sets his mouth to me once again.

I try to squirm back, but he doesn't let me move a millimetre.

Hands hard on my hips, Jack keeps me on his mouth. His tongue keeps me panting, and I arch against the feel of him.

I want to take more.

Not sure I could handle it.

I say his name once, and then, it's as if it's the only word I know.

"Good girl, Lily. Don't forget where you are. Or who you're with."

As if I could.

As if each stroke of his tongue—each brush of his fingers—would let me.

He drives me straight to that edge, backing off at the last second. His name turns into a plea with each torturous wave of pleasure he doesn't let me crest.

Over and over and over again.

"What do you want, Lily? Do you want to come?"

"Yes." It feels like the first word I've uttered in hours that wasn't his name. "Please."

"I told you. All you have to do is take it."

I meet his eyes.

*Take it.*

Somehow, doing what he says feels like defying a god. But....

This time, I'm the one who takes hold of his ears, pulling him to my pussy. I swear I see a smile before his mouth finds me and I have to screw my eyes shut against the first tremor.

Jack doesn't give me what I want. He seems fully intent on making me work for it. But fuck if it isn't worth it.

I hold him to me, grinding my pussy against him. The softness of his furry face tickles my thighs.

I'm so close, but I can't....

I almost let go.

I almost give up.

*Take it.*

There are so many ways I could interpret that. So I choose the one that should get me what I want. The one that could backfire big time.

Holding his head so he can't look anywhere but at me, I hold his gaze and push any hint of fear from my voice. "Make me come, Jack."

Issuing a command to the old gods might as well be asking for death.

*A little death....*

Jack stills. He watches me for a moment. And for that moment, I think it may have been a mistake. But he shoves me back and this time, there's no slow rise to the peak.

Jack fucks me with his tongue. He grazes my clit with his teeth and once again, the only word I seem to know is his name.

Jack. Jack. Jack. *Jack!*

My orgasm is earth shattering.

But maybe that's because it was delivered by a god.

Whatever the reason, I float back down into myself as though I'm made of nothing more than feathers,

Jack curls me close, holding me against his warm skin and soft hair....

"You have been denying yourself, Lily." He tips me onto my back, holding himself over me as he studies my face. "Why was that the first time you've come on something other than your fingers in years?"

"Because the man I was sleeping with is far too mortal."

Eyes narrowed, he doesn't look like he's going to say anything else. He holds up a small chocolate egg. "You'll need to gain your strength back."

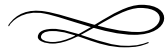
"With sugar?"

One brow raises and he presses the smooth chocolate to my lips. I take it, despite my skepticism.

I let it linger on my tongue, melting, mixing with the taste of him.

He could be as addicting as chocolate.... And twice as deadly.

*And eat it too*



IT QUICKLY BECOMES CLEAR THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS MORNING here.

I'm not even sure time passes at all. But when I wake, it's against Jack's chest. His fingers draw circles over my back.

The mask should have dug into my face or shifted while I slept, or something, but it acts like it's made to mould seamlessly with my skin.

"Did you know you talk in your sleep?"

"No." I hate the flicker of panic that shoots through me. Not because of what I might have said here, but what Jamus might have heard before.

"They're not real words. Just fractal thoughts and confused noises." Detangling from me, he stands and pulls me out of the messy nest of cushions and pillows.

When he waves his hand in front of me, and a dress like a dark veil covers me. Shimmering, see-through. It slides over my skin with a tease of friction.

"We're going for a walk."

"A walk?" I don't voice the tiny suspicion he's stalling to keep me here longer.

He guesses anyway. "You'll win your prize soon enough, Lily. But there are rules here."

"Rules I'm allowed to know?"

"Just know, you'll never be at risk. But you will need to do as I say. And —" He brushes his fingers along the underside of my chin. "Remember that Ester's bargains always require more of you than you thought you agreed to."

He holds out his hand, and I don't hesitate to take it. "I've gotten everything I want so far.... Do your worst."

He brushes his thumb over my hand—the gesture oddly gentle, considering—and leads me through a door that definitely wasn't there before.

When we step through, the space that was his bower disappears and we're back with the couches and the smoke...

*Babel.*

I see Calico and Minx in the corner, heads close as they snicker about something.... tails twined together as they pull smoke from the same wand.

"They will be your friend up until it's no longer convenient for them." Jack says quietly, a moment before they see us.

"Isn't that everyone?"

He doesn't agree or disagree with me, instead, he sits on one of the couches that is more or less in a corner, and drags me down to straddle his lap.

The dress covers everything and nothing all at once.

"Here?" I ask, even as his erection knocks against my stomach.

"They need to know you're mine."

"Don't the ears give it away?" I ask, smiling as I touch them even though I don't *need* to reassure myself they're still there.

"No. They need to understand you are *only* mine." His hand is tight on my jaw when he turns me to meet his eyes. "And they need to see it to believe it."

There's something too possessive in the way he's got his hands on me, in those words....

"You don't own me." I say it low enough no one else will hear and my smile is as sweet as his come, but I know he understands how I mean to say it.

"Don't I?"

"No."

His lips snick up again, a smile catching on those white teeth. "Not yet, Lily... but soon."

"It was a bargain, not a bill of sale." But even as I say it, I know it might have been exactly that.

His hand lashes out so quickly, I don't have time to react before it's fisted so tightly in my hair that I gasp. He uses that anchor to lean me into

him, to hold me just so....

"I thought you wanted this." His words are a warm breath on my ear. "I thought you wanted to be the one to carry the next of us into the mortal world and take the Power that comes with that."

"I do."

"And this is a part of the cost, Lily."

He uses that hand in my hair to force me up higher onto my knees. "I'm going to let you go now, Lily. And you are going to fuck me in front of everyone here—the ones that are pretending they aren't watching and the ones that don't care how eager they look, trying to get a peek at your pretty pussy."

"And then?"

"And then, I'm going to fill you up with my come again and again."

"Until it takes."

"Always in front of them?" I ask, because I have no earthly idea.

"No." There's the smallest growl before, "This is a sacrifice we both have to make. But only once."

His jaw twitches under his fur.

Because he's *jealous* and possessive and he doesn't like sharing me even this much.

"If," I say leaning into him, "they require a show... we'll have to give one to them."

I have no idea who is behind me, or how much they can see as I reposition my hips. Like this, the dress wouldn't hide much, even if it was opaque. But it is hotter than I thought it would be.

Jack might think I'm his, that he's the one sharing me—whether it's forced or not—but *I'm* sharing myself.

It's a different kind of power, and I'll take every bit of it I can get.

"Don't you want to show them I'm yours, Jack?" I whisper the words against his fuzzy cheek, dragging myself over him.

The growl that leaves his lips is quiet enough I know it's only meant for me.

A threat.

But I'm not afraid of him. I'm already convinced there's nothing he could do to me that I wouldn't beg for. "Don't you want to convince *me*?"

He doesn't let me tease him any more.



Strong arms—hard fingers—pull me against him. “Lily? Do you want them to know how pretty you sound when you come?”

“Maybe.”

He moves me around, positioning me so his hands hold me open to anyone behind me. I’m on flagrant display.

My eyes don’t leave his. Our locked gazes are both a challenge.

“The question,” I ask, my breath hitching and my pussy clenching as his finger dips inside of me. “Is whether you want the assembled crowd to know how quickly you can get me to come... or how high you can keep me without tipping me over that edge.”

“I have a feeling Ester gave you to me to punish me.”

“Just what everyone wants to hear when they’re about to get fucked in front of strangers.”

His cock presses against me, and a moment later I’m convinced I definitely got the better end of that proverbial stick.

I can’t help but cry out when he slams me down onto his cock.

“Make sure you can take what you ask for, little mortal.”

I don’t offer him any chance to question what I want. He won’t let me rise, but I rock my hips on him. “You’re not going to break me.”

His grip loosens, like he doesn’t believe me.... Like he thinks, maybe, he already has.

It’s enough freedom to work myself on him. It break the tension that held me down to him. Fused so closely, I didn’t feel all of him. The moan it elicits....

When I rise on him, the twitch of his jaw has nothing to do with irritation, and even though I see him grimace. Even though I know he wants to bundle me up and take me back where no one can see us... he lets me ride him.

If the old gods need proof that he has taken me... they’ll get it.

If they need some proof I am both willing and able to worship Jack in this way, they’ll have it.

How many times had sex been about doing everything I could to get my pleasure before Jamus got his and was done?

How many times had I been left wanting and frustrated enough I’d taken my anger out on the punching bag in the private gym?

If I knew the number at one point, I no longer do.

But this isn’t about that.

I move on Jack the way I know will get me there, not because I'm in a race to come, but because I know that orgasm is what our spectators need to witness. Maybe they need to know I'm here by choice and that I want him. Maybe it's just a perversion.

It doesn't matter.

His soft fingers slide up my ribs to brush over my nipple, and I can only imagine what I look like as I moan. The feel of him forces me to close my eyes.

I'm a creature made of need and lust and each time I rise on him, my only thought is that I need to drop back onto his cock. That I *have* to get more of him.

"Open your eyes, Lily." Jack's fingers tweak my nipple. "I want you to *know* who's fucking you."

I let my lids flutter open and let the wicked smile slip across my lips. It comes from my very soul.

"I know who *I'm* fucking, Jack."

It may have been the wrong thing to say, if that dark grin is any clue. "Now that you're used to me...."

Any control I had in this game evaporates like candy floss in water.

I may still be on top, but he drives into me from below and all I can do is hang on.

Hands tight on my waist, he lifts me, up and down.

Up and down.

Over and over.

Head dropped back, I can't voice any of the encouragements that want to leave my lips. I don't have the breath for them.

I draw my hands up my stomach to cup my breasts.

Jack fucks me mercilessly and it doesn't matter how many people watch us, he's the only one in the room that matters.

I come with a cry that's broken—shattered to pieces—and the bright points that spark through me are purely electric.

The tremors flutter through me and it takes a moment to realise, Jack has me held tight to his cock.

He's still hard inside of me.

This game isn't over yet.

"Look at me, Lily."

His voice is thick with command and... something else. When I look down at him, his hand slips into my hair and he holds me there.

Nose twitching, his whiskers flutter across my skin. "You are mine. No matter how much you pretend to fight it. You'll learn that eventually."

"If you say so." I kiss his chin and squeeze tighter on his cock.

Only to gasp a moment later when he hauls me off of him.

The dress evaporates.

I land on the couch on my hands and knees and before the confused question can leave my lips, he pushes into me from behind.

That gasped breath leaves me in just a quick of a rush.

He presses into me... so much deeper than I was able to take him while I rode him, and my fingers claw at the couch cushion, but I find no purchase there.

Jack slams into me, his grip on my hips is the only thing that keeps me from flying forward.

The others are still there.

Still watching.

And I know they can see every part of me now. I know that half of them want to be in Jack's place... and half of them in mine.

I can't blame that half. It's so delicious to be fucked like this.

To be claimed and filled.

I'm so wet, he moves inside of me with no resistance. My wetness covers my thighs and the sharp slickness of it changes the sound of his insistent rhythm.

I want so much... and Jack gives it to me without needing to ask.

His fingers are brutal on my clit. The perfect pressure to slake the need that courses through my veins.

The edge of delirium creeps up on me and my arms give out. I drop to the couch on my shoulders, my neck at an angle I know I'll regret later.

With my ass high in the air, the angle he enters me at is so divine I start to see spots.

But I refuse to pass out from the pleasure. I refuse to give way before he comes.

The angle is awkward, but I reach behind me and manage to brush my fingers against the softness of his balls.

The jerk that elicits is exactly what I'd hoped for. One more stroke... two....

Jack's fingers are brutal against my hips, frantic against my clit, and I can't squirm away from the pleasure that builds until it bursts.

I come apart with his name falling from my lips, and everything that comes after is sensation and delight.

He moves me, each touch startlingly gentle, and I expect him to haul me up and take me away from this room and the dozens of eyes that are still on us, but he bundles me close and when I have the wherewithal to open my eyes again, I look up at him, still trying to steady my breathing. "Thank you."

His brows quirk and I almost think he's going to say something, but a shadow falls over me.

"Yes?" Jack's still looking at me, but he says it to the shadowy figure I can't focus on.

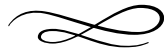
"Would you like me to clean her up for you?"

I keep my eyes on Jack. Even if I rebel at the idea... to get what I want, I have to at least pretend I am what they all think I am.

*His.*

"Take your tongue back to your patron, Minx. You'll have none of my bride today."

## *Like Rabbits Do*



I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT AS LONG AS I CAN, BUT THE SECOND THE curtain falls behind us....

“Bride?” I ask it as he sets me onto the pillowy expanse of his bower.

Jack pauses, looking down at me with a confusion I wouldn’t expect from a god. “She didn’t tell you *all* the rules... or course she didn’t.”

He lays down beside me, plucking another chocolate egg from thin air. “She likes to bait her traps well.”

“What trap have I fallen into?”

“Not you, Lily. Me.” He nuzzles the spot behind my ear and I shiver at the sensations it drives through me.

His next words are a whisper. “You may not belong to me, but I am yours.... For however long you live.”

He doesn’t let me ask anymore questions. He doesn’t ask for any promises or confessions.

He distracts me with his tongue and teeth and cock.

I vaguely hear whispers, jokes, the words “like rabbits”. This may be Jack’s domain, but others pass through, observers of the industriousness of Jack’s quest to give me the Power I came here for.

I don’t know how much time passes.

I lose track of how many orgasms I have, of how many times I cry out his name.

But at some point, a door forms where once there was only darkness. Four letters scrawled in neon over top.

A tiny part of me no longer wants that exit. Heaven may exist here in this bed. In a pair of strong, furry arms.

“I don’t have to leave right away, do I?”

Jack stares at the doorway as though it will eat me if he lets me go.  
“You don’t have to leave at all.”

He’s wrong.

Ester will want her grandchild on the Valley’s throne.

“I can come back, right?”

“As often as you want.” He slips a necklace around my throat, the metal is cold and I shiver as it touches my skin. “Whenever you want it, all you have to do is press a kiss to this, and you will be collected.”

The pendant that rests where my collar bones meet is an egg. Delicate metal twined together to form the shape around a black gem.

I turn to him, needing to feel my fill of him one last time, and I relish this different kind of power. Because old god or no, he wants something only I can give him.

It’s over too soon.

Somehow, I know it always will be.

“Rule your kingdom, Lily.” He traces his fingers over my shoulder.  
“But come back to me when that time is up. So long as you’re here, you’ll never age... never die.”

“All that and hot sex too?”

“If an eternity pleasuring you means I never have to give you up again, I will happily oblige.”

He kisses me. It’s a soft sweet thing full of regret and longing.

“I’ll come back once I’m sure everything is settled out there.” I press another kiss to his lips, and realise... I’m not lying. I want to come back... to him.

## *Right to Rule*



WHEN I GET OUT OF THE BED, IT DISAPPEARS.

Jack too.

And I'm left with a pile of neatly folded clothes instead.

The dress I wore when I arrived isn't among them, but they're soft and black and exactly what I would have chosen when it was time to go back and face Jamus.

I'm almost dressed when two figures form out of the shadows, their tails twined as they slink toward me.

"Such a pretty little princess." Minx says, her words accompanied by a purr. She plucks the shirt from its place and slides the cool black fabric over my head. I tuck the silken hem into my pants before taking the shoes I'd come in back from Calico.

"You're going to have fun, aren't you?" Calico holds up a mirror and I see the red slick of the Power behind my eyes.

"As long as things go to plan."

"They will." Her smile is sharp, almost as if she's actually a cat under the mask as well.

"How long have I been gone?"

Calico snickers. "Just the night."

I almost tell her that can't be right, but... time doesn't matter here.

Minx brushes invisible dust off my shoulder. "Don't forget to take the mask with you. A souvenir."

"A second one." Calico titters as she takes Minx's hand and leads her away.

When they're gone, I untie the mask and look at myself in the mirror.

With the exception of my eyes, I don't look any different.

It feels like I should.

Setting the mirror down, I take a deep breath and, mask in hand, I step out of that blindingly bright doorway.

It's mid morning, and Jamus' penthouse clatters with noise. A game's commentary echoes from the TV in the empty living room.

But Jamus is definitely here. And his ever present entourage is as well.

It's a sign of weakness I hadn't noticed until now.

He surrounds himself with others to protect him, because he can't protect himself.

I place the mask on the sideboard and step into the main space.

Those men won't save him now.

"I knew you'd come back." Jamus says it from the door to his bedroom. He watches me with a lazy smile on his lips.

He doesn't seem to realise I didn't come in through the door.

The three guards do.

They watch me nervously and when I turn to them, I know there's a flash behind my eyes.

I know it's brighter than the one in Jamus'.

They're scared.

They should be.

I turn back to Jamus who has no clue. He watches me with a smugness he hasn't earned. Leaned against the door, he hasn't even gotten dressed yet.

"I didn't come back for you." I put my hands in my pockets and look out over the Valley. "I came to tell you to get out."

He snorts as if it's the most ridiculous thing he's ever heard. "Who do you think you are?"

"I'm the one in control now, Jamus." When I look at him, his eyes widen, just enough that I know he sees the Power. "And I'm feeling benevolent, so I'll let you pack your things before you go."

It will save me the trouble of throwing them out.

"You bitch. What did you do?"

"What I had to." And I enjoyed every second of it.

The vase that flies across the room would have hit me in the head. But I hold up my hand, and it stops. It hovers in the space between us.



I don't need to see his face to know the disbelief writ there as I pluck the thing from the air and set it on the table beside me.

"You're no longer in charge of the Valley. You no longer have the right to this tower or any of the things that Ester has given you."

"Who the hell do you think you are?"

"I am Ester's daughter in law and I am the one who rules here now."

"Bullshit."

I shrug one shoulder. "You can sputter all you want, but the fact remains. I have the Power you so desperately wanted. And now, you're out."

"Out? You can't kick me out! This is *my* valley."

"Not anymore." I know the guards shift nervously behind me. I almost tell them to get out. But I need them to bear witness.

"Go to your great-great-grandmother, Jamus. See what sort of deal she'll make you after all these years you've hid behind the Power she never actually gave you."

Hands clenched, he stalks toward me. I see the intent in his eyes, know exactly what he'd do if he reached me.

But he doesn't.

With a snap of my fingers, he doesn't even break stride before he collides with the lift doors.

"See this man out." I say, waiting to see if the guards really do understand what's going on. "If he wishes to go to Ester, deliver him to her. If not... leave him on the street to fend for himself."

"Where am I gonna go, Lily?" Jamus asks as I turn to face the windows and the sprawl of my new domain. "Who in the Valley will take me in once they find out?"

"That's not my problem."

The guards take him by the arms and drag him into the lift when it opens and I listen to the sound of the car descending.

Alone—finally—with a peace and quiet I've never had within these walls, I walk out onto the wide balcony that looks out over the Valley and across to the spire that disappears into the clouds.

I might be free... but I'll never lie to myself. I belong to an old god.

The only question is *when* I'll go back to him.

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## *About Dalia*

Dalia Davies came up with the title for “Railed by the Easter Bunny” as a joke. But that joke grew legs and hopped right out of her brain and onto the page for you to read and enjoy with her. She writes fantasy romance that pairs old gods and monsters with mortal women who get exactly what they want and maybe a little more than they came for. Living in the southwestern US, she’s let the outside heat permeate her stories and hopes they leave you panting.

*Also by Dalia Davies*

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