**Tea Time**

by ariesjinx, SoEffinMajor

**Summary**

Punctuality, Presentation, and Pristine. These are the 3 most important requirements for being the messenger to the Queen. Wendell R. White has lived by this code all his young life. Jack. H. March however wouldn't know a thing about that. But he does know a few things about some other subjects that The Royal Messenger to be might find interesting enough to slow down for.

**Notes**

Yes, this is 'technically' an Alice in Wonderland Ever After High Fan Fanfic. So clearly there not straight up Rabbits.....though the irony of the phrase 'fucking like bunnies' is not lost on me. Use your imaginations people, make it as Furry as you want. I'm setting this up before the dark queen or any of Current Cannon has taken place. I'm not an dedicated watcher, but I do like the idea of the show.

Comments are like hugs, and should be given freely.

Beta'd by ariesjinx!

See the end of the work for more notes
Wonderland was a wonderful place to be. Everything from the rolling checkerboard hills, to the warm purple grassy moors, to the gentle singing of the wild flower fields. Yes, Wonderland was a wonderful place, if you actually slowed down enough to catch it. Unfortunately, Wendell R. White never seemed to have the time. He never seemed to stop running from one place to the other. Things have gotten worse ever since his mother told him he would be training to be the queen's new assistant. ‘Punctuality, Presentation and Pristine. That’s what it takes to serve Her Majesty,’ his mother would say. The Whites come from a very long line of Royal Messengers and Wendell is elated to join the ranks. Even if it meant running the small insignificant tasks that his mother simply hasn’t the time to do. Wendell doesn’t mind. Even on days like today when his task takes him all that way down near Chatting Brook and past the March Hare household.

“Oi! Winnie! Care for a cuppa?” Jack. H March calls to him from atop the short cobblestone wall that separates his garden from the rest of the world.

“No, sorry, Jack. I’m afraid I don’t have time for your foolishness today.”

Jack. H March is and always was a slacker and a trouble maker. They used to play together as bunnies, but then Jack got involved with the wrong crowd. You see Jack hangs out with the Hatter and the Cheshire Cat, who are the very definition of mischief. If Wendell wants to have the best chance of making Royal Messenger, he cannot be chance suffering their company.

“Aw, come on now, Winnie. I neva see ya anymore.” Jack pushes his glasses up his face and smiles. “I’ll make it worth your time.”

There was a time when Jack’s smile could have melted the young rabbit's heart. His long proud ears and his dark black fur were always something Wendell could stare at for hours. But that was then. Now he had a job, a purpose.

“It’s Wendell, Jack, not Winnie and maybe some other time.” Wendell wrestled with his messenger bag, found what he was looking for and began to walk off eyes focused on his checklist.

“No time like the present.” Jack hops off the wall. He sticks his leg out. Wendell goes flying over it.

“Uff.” Wendell falls on his face. His ears twitch in annoyance when he hears Jack laughing at him. He jumps up, ears tall and rigid on his head, fur ruffled and dusty. “How dare you!”

The black rabbit laughs in spite of his friend.

“I’m sorry mate. Just thought you needed a good chuckle.” Jack shrugs his shoulders. Wendell looks in horror at the dirt and grass stains all over his vest and shirt and trousers.

“Oh Nononoonono! Mother can’t see me like this. She’ll kill me!”

“We ought to get you all cleaned up then, huh?” Jack takes his hand, pulls him into the yard and around to the back of his house.

Wendell still remembers the back of the March Hare house from when he was a bunny. Mrs. March’s vegetable garden over to the right, the water well is some little ways off from that, and finally the huge sighing willow tree where the family gathered to have their tea. They tried a weeping willow, but the treats kept getting over salted by the tears.

As always there was a tea table set for 15. Jack was one in 12, after all. Wendell admired the chaos of it all, a right fine setting. The tea cup stacks looked especially high, and there was even a
four spout pot out. The Marches had always taken great pride in their tea and cakes. Which they
should, they made the best in all of Wonderland. The Queen had Mrs. Wendell on special order
for every Royal Tea party.

Wendell smiled at the faded memory of playing hide-and-seek in the lily bushes, sneaking treats
from the kitchen windowsill.

“Are you expecting someone for tea today?” He asks his host.

“Not waiting really just . . . hoping you’d pop by.” Jack smiles. He turns to the table and pours tea
in a cup. That’s when Wendell sees the tea cakes, each cut into a little heart, with a blue rose petal
delicately placed on top. He was waiting for someone special. Wendell had heard that Jack and
Tammie Cheshire were an item. Wendell feels a bit of a burst of pain in his chest though he isn’t
sure why.

“Heads up!” Jack throws the cup of hot water all over Wendell’s clothes.

“Jack! What’s wrong with you? Are you mad!”

“Stalk raving. Why do you ask?” He politely set the tea cup down with a smile and quirked ear.
“Aw come off it mate. It was just warm water and some soap. Helps loosen up the stain.” Wendell
shoves Jack just a little for the unnecessary scare, Jack was always a joker. “Right then, off with
the waist coat.”

“Excuse me?”

“The waist coat, vest, trousers, the lot of it. I can’t right wash it with you in it, now can I?” Jack
places his hands on his hips and taps his foot impatiently.

“Oh . . . right . . . well . . .” Wendell tries to steady his hands as much as he can while he undoes
the button. His coat comes of first, then his vest, and finally he lets his white shirt fall down his
shoulders. He knows Jack is right there.

“Geeze mate, do you ever get out of that castle? I’ve never seen fur so white.”

Wendell can feel the hare’s eyes on his body.

“Here.” His ears fall when he hands off his clothing.

“Trousers too mate.” Jack smiles. Wendell bites his lip. He doesn’t notice what it does to Jack.
“S’matter? Embarrassed to take um off? Would you like me to help?”

It’s an odd question. But before he can think too much about it Jack is coming in closer, with a
look in his eyes that gives Wendell butterflies. Jack grabs onto his hips and set him against the
table. He stands close and Wendell doesn’t push him away. He should of course. This is a bad
idea. Jack is making him late, he’s ruined Wendell's clothes, and more importantly, standing
shirtless in the back yard of a known trouble maker is not something his mother would appreciate.
However, none of that is at the forefront of his mind because with Jack this close to him it’s almost
impossible not to feel small and vulnerable. Jack is half a head taller than him, not counting his
ears.

Wendell isn’t sure if it’s boldness, or insanity that sweeps him first. It could be both.

“Ja-ack?”

“Yea love.”
“Ki-” Jack’s lips meet his before Wendell finishes the word.

Wendell initially melts. It starts slow and tentative. Like Jack is waiting for the slightest hint of resistance. He won’t find any, in fact, Wendell is the one who turns the kiss hot. He slides their tongues together. Jack nibbles on his lips, down his jaw, to his neck. Wendell’s nose is twitching like crazy and his foot is probably thumping on the ground just a bit.

When they break they’re both still panting. Wendell’s a little drunk on the smell of arousal and Jack’s got a hunger in his eyes.

“Hmmm. Let’s see about those trousers now, ehh?”

Jack lowers himself to Wendell’s waist and begins undoing his belt. Wendell pants as the trousers come down. He knows he’s already keyed up and hard, he could feel the strain against his trousers, when Jack started on his neck. It’s still a bit embarrassing when he springs forth, bobbing and happy to be free.

“Someone’s right eager to get started, huh Bunny?” Then he puts Wendell’s cock in his mouth all at once and the poor little rabbit might not be able to take it.

It’s warm and wet and slick and so different from when he touches himself. Jack swirls his tongue around the head and Wendell makes the most pathetic noise ever. He wasn’t prepared for this. This slow hot wet torture. He’s not actually sure he’ll survive if it keeps going. He has to lean back against the tea table behind him. The entire set shakes and clatters. His hips start to thrust a little bit, and one hand flies to his mouth to muffle the moans. They are in Jack’s back yard after all, anyone could hear, anyone could walk out and god help him, but that part makes it so much better. So much more intense.

“Now, now, there’s not need to hold back if you’re enjoying yourself. Are you Bunny?”

No one’s called him Bunny since he was a baby. He hates that hearing it from Jack’s lips makes him shiver so much. It’s most likely because of his voice. Jack has such a deep voice, even for a hare, and right now it’s almost low enough to be a growl.

“Y-yes . . .”

He puts Wendell back into his mouth. There are so many sensations humming through Wendell right now he’s not exactly sure what’s going on. Jack’s tongue is swirling around his head, but he’s raking his nails down Wendell’s butt and thighs, reaching up to grasp his tail and pulling just hard enough to sting and oh god it’s doing so much.

“You have such a pretty little face like this. You look delicious.” He said stroking Wendell’s cock at an agonizing slow pace. “I want to taste you. Can I?” All Wendell can do is nod.

“Alright Little Bunny, then turn around and lean forward on the table.”

He does as he’s told.

Jack pulls his pants down to his ankles, and then smacks his hands onto Wendell’s ass, making the poor thing yelp. He did it twice more and Wendell has to squirm a little. He hears Jack chuckle behind him and feels soft lips press to the sting.

So he might have a thing for slight pain. He can’t think about it for too long because then Jack spread his cheeks and pressed his lips to his puckering whole, and it’s all the rabbit can do not to moan out loud. It’s such a strange sensation, not outright pleasure but warm and ebbing. Getting
head was just a warm feeling that spread throughout his body but this, this is all concentrated on that area.

Jack is licking him open slow and nice and easy. He feels so dirty, so slutty, he can barely hold in his noises. He’s fisting the table cloth and trying his best not to knock over the tea set. Jack’s hands are massaging and squeezing his cheeks. He can feel the wet spot, from his own leaking member on the white table cloth, he knows it’s ruined, he knows he should care.

“Is my little bunny enjoying himself?” Jack voice is low and husky. Wendell can feel his instincts telling him to run, telling him that he’s going to get eaten, reminding him that that is the timbre of a predator. “I want to hear you Bunny.” He can feel Jack swirling a finger around his hole, teasing him. Then it goes in and there’s no muffling the groan.

Jack scissors his finger in and out and he grits his teeth. It’s not an entirely bad feeling. There are layers to it. Dull pleasure, under the numb burn. Jack adds another finger, so Wendell has three finger inside him now and he thinks this has to be as good as it gets. But then Jack crooks his fingers and it feel like he’s searching for something, pushing in deeper and deeper until . . .

“Oh Fuuuuucckkk.” Wendell can’t hold it back. It loud and impulsive as the feeling rings through his entire body. His back arches almost painfully.

“I found the button.” Jack says keeping pressure on that spot, teasing it and swirling around it.

“Jack . . . oh god . . . Jack wait . . . I can’t . . . I’m too . . . I don’t . . . mmmhhhh fuck.” He wants to tell Jack something important, but words are fuzzy right now. The only thing he knows for sure is that he won’t last long if this keeps happening. Nothing has ever felt like this in his entire life. “Jack . . . so good. . . . Please . . . oh god, please.” He's sobbing and moaning like a spotted whore and he can’t stop himself. He wants to cum. He knows that’s where this is going. He knows Jack is who he wants to make it happen.

“What do you want, Little Bunny?”

“You . . . Jack . . . I need it . . .”

“Need what? Use your words, Bunny.” Jack puts his weight on top of Wendell and kisses his bare shoulders, even nips at them a bit. Wendell grunts in frustration. He can’t make a sentence, his brain is scrambled and fuzzy. He pushes back on Jack's fingers, he wiggles his bum just a bit, trying to relive some big of tension. “Now, use your words darling.”

Wendell has to focus, granted it’s hard with his ass so full and his dick so hard and Jack's breath hot on his ear, but Jack sounds like the type to enjoy prolonging this.

“Fuck me.” He pleads. “Please.” Wendell's an innocent and virgin sure. But innocent and pure are two different things. He’s wanted this for a while. He just never thought he would get it. He had his fantasies. He’s had to muffle his moans and pants late at night when his hand found it’s way down between his legs. He knows what he wants. “I want you in me.”

It’s almost comical how surprised Jack is when he hears it, or the spike in arousal that is evidently clear. Jack removes his fingers almost immediately and Wendell sighs at the sudden emptiness. Jack takes his time, pushing in the head as slowly and gently as he can. They both feel the pop when the head manages to go in. They moan in harmony and just sit there for a moment.

Wendell is floating, overstimulated and unable to deal with it correctly. Jack’s cock fills up so much more of Wendell then his fingers did. He just tries to breath, that’s all. “Can I-?” Wendell just nods. Jack draws his hips back slowly and then thrusts forward. It might be the most nerve
sizzling feeling Wendell has ever experience.

“Hah... Jack...”

“Oh god Bunny, you’re so tight. So fucking perfect. I knew you would be. That beautiful plump little ass. God!” Jack reaches down and pulls him up off the table so that they are back to chest.

“Do you know what you do to me?” He nuzzles his neck, then his cheek, then his ears. It’s a strangely endearing gesture to do right now. Sceniting. “You’re so fucking perfect.”

Everything about the situation should make him feel wrong and dirty. Being outside with his pant around his ankles, begging like a little slut to be filled. But knowing it’s Jack, that just makes him feel safe and warm.

The thrusts gets deeper, a little faster too. Wendell’s loses track of every semblance of time, he’s just anchored to the idea of Jack, the sensation of Jack’s dick dragging over that one spot over and over. He can hear his foot thumping hard on the ground like he’s losing control and yet he’s also aware that Jack is literally trembling with the effort it’s taking not to fuck him into the table. Because this is intense, this is all instinct, and lust, and longing. Hares are bigger than rabbits, rougher with their mating. Wendell knows this. Even when they were little Jack was stronger, bigger, he’d have to play gently with him. Jack had always taken such good care of him.

“Harder.” He turns his head to Jack and kisses him from over the shoulder. “Want it harder.” Jack’s hips sputter just a bit like the idea alone could make him come.

“You sure?”

“Yes please... I need it harder.”

“Anything for my bunny.” He says with a snap of the hips and a kiss to his shoulders. Then he’s going fast and hard and almost angry. Sucking a bruise onto Wendell’s neck, claiming him. All Wendell can do is take it and be consumed, be used.

“Fuck... Oh... oh god...” He has no time for shame now, not when he’s so close. The clattering of tea cups and the slapping of bodies into one another. “So much. Jack, I’m so full. Jack I can’t...”

“Go on Bunny cum for me... cum nice an-Oh fuck.” Jack reaches down and wraps a hand around his dick.

That’s it, that’s the last straw. Sensation overload and he can’t hold on. The world goes white, and sparkling, his body seizes and even his foot stops thumping. Wendell comes, spasm-ing around Jack’s dick calling out his name like it’s the only thing he knows. Arching his back and whimpering like the innocent little slut he is, splashing his cum on the tea set, and that’s all Jack can handle. Wendell feels him come, hot and fast inside of him.

They stay like that. Painting leaning on the table. When Jack slips out it’s almost sad how empty the he feels. Jack crouches down again and begins to lap at Wendell’s freshly used whole, getting the cum out with his tongue. “You taste like me.” Jack chuckles and it’s maddening how his cock begins to stir again. Jack keeps lapping, he tugs Wendell’s tail just a bit.

“Jackie...” He whines. Wendell hasn’t called him by that name in ages.

“Alright Bunny, don’t worry I won’t push you. This time.” Jack comes back up and turns Wendell around. They kiss. Slow and sated wrapped in each other’s arms. It’s a strange feeling, whatever is happening in his chest, the warm bubble growing there. In the back of his mind he knows he’s late. He knows his mother will be very disappointed. Then Jack nuzzles his ears
again, his mind stops and he, the White Rabbit, Royal Messenger in training, just want to slow down.

“Well that should do it.” Jack hands Wendell his petty coat from the line where it had been drying. He holds it up to see that his shirt is surprisingly good as new, maybe even a bit brighter.

After they were finished. They say down for tea and carrot cake (on the other side of the table) It was really a beautiful day. The breeze, the scent of spring, even the sound of the garden songs. He hadn’t listen to the lilies sing in what felt like ages.

“I guess you’d better get dressed and be off then.” Jack looks a bit like a kicked hound as Wendell puts his clothes back on.

“I was supposed to meet with mother today. She’ll be terribly worried and I’m still not sure what I’m going to tell her.” He shrugged into his vest and fixed his color.

“Well.” Jack turns him around and instead on buttoning his shirt for him. “You could just tell her you joined me for a cuppa and got a little messy. She’ll understand that won’t she love?” Wendell smiles and presses his lips to Jacks. It wasn’t the fire that had gotten them into trouble but it did make him tingle just a bit. “What are you doing later on tonight?”

Jack asked against his lips.

“Coming over for another cup of tea if you’ll have me.” Wendell has never had a problem asking for what he wants. Now should be no different.

“I’ll have you all right, in the kitchen, the bed, the den, just you wait love.”

Wendell finds the self-restraint to tear away from Jack and his kisses. He began to skip off.

“Oh and don’t be late.” Jack calls after him. Wendell hops clear over the cobble stone fence and back onto the dirt road. He glances at his watch and panic hits him. He had no idea he was this late. His mother will skin him alive. She truly did hate tardiness.

End Notes

Yeah I did it fight me!

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