

## Nervous Bunny

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25701343) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25701343>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Christopher Robin (2018)</a> , <a href="#">Chronicles of Narnia (Movies)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Aslan (Narnia)/Christopher Robin (Winnie-the-Pooh)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Christopher Robin (Winnie-the-Pooh)</a> , <a href="#">Aslan (Narnia)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Christopher has PTSD and Depression</a> , <a href="#">mentions of eating disorders</a> , <a href="#">PTSD</a> , <a href="#">Depression</a> , <a href="#">anniversary sex</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Modern Setting</a> , <a href="#">Bunny Play</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-04 Words: 2,626 Chapters: 1/1

# Nervous Bunny

by [robinasnyder](#)

## Summary

Christopher Robin has bought some new toys for his anniversary with Aslan. He just has to get the guts up to use them. Good thing about boyfriends with the power of a god, they tend to know when you're planning something and give you the space to work up the courage on your own.

## Notes

This is a Modern AU of [Bears and Lions](#), which is the so far much more chaste story where Christopher's wife dies, he goes to live in Sussex with Madeline and meets his neighbors, Aslan and the Pevensie children. In that story, Aslan came to be the Pevensie children's parent after their parents died. Also, the Hundred Acre Woods is part of Narnia. This story is just me separating this plot as much as possible from the books.

In this story, which is set in the modern day, Christopher is divorced from Evelyn following the break down of their relationship after he did not treat his post-war depression and PTSD. At this point not only has he gotten therapy, but he and Aslan have been dating for two years.

Christopher bought a gift for Aslan. Well, it was for himself too, but it was mostly for Aslan. It was hard to not be nervous about it. He'd had it for over three months, locked up in his bedroom, waiting for an excuse to use it (or the nerve to pull it out). It was white, it was amazingly fluffy bunny tail, it had a pretty pink bow and came with a pretty set of bunny ears. The set was hiding in the back of Christopher's drawer.

This was their two-year anniversary though, so he needed to really, really try this time and not chicken out. After the first year, he and Aslan had just gone and found a set of apartments which were connected. Technically they were separate apartments, but they had unblocked the connecting door and constantly slept in Aslan's bed. Aslan kept what amounted to a jungle on his balcony while Christopher dried their clothes on his own balcony. Aslan was home when the kids got home and Christopher made dinner. It was homey.

Peter was, of course, at University and very specifically did not come home to visit that weekend. Susan wanted to stay with her girlfriend. Evelyn agreed to take Madeline, Edmund and Lucy. It was almost silly at 15 to consider Edmund needing a babysitter, but Edmund had been struggling to make friends this year and loved Aslan and Christopher enough to go stay with Madeline's mother and go shopping with the girls this weekend.

Christopher loved the kids so much it made his heart ache. He was so grateful that none of them said anything, just cleared out and didn't plan to come back until Monday after school. This left him and Aslan free from Friday morning (Christopher took Friday and Monday off) until Monday evening. A glorious and rare time for just the pair of them.

This left Christopher on Friday morning trying to get his courage up while Aslan watered his plants. Christopher normally liked to watch Aslan and his plants. It was meditative and therapeutic. Aslan loved each plant very much and gave them such attention and affection. Watching him treat his houseplants with such care reminded Christopher that he was dating a god and that his god loved basically everyone no matter what.

But Christopher was the only one he wanted to take to bed.

He watched Aslan for a moment more before turning on his heel and heading to the bedroom. It would take time to prepare himself. He just knew that Aslan wouldn't bother him until he was ready, so Christopher didn't try to rush. He went to get his tail and ears and stripped out of his clothes. He took his time in the bathroom, getting himself clean and cleaned out and properly. He took time stretching and prepping himself, holding himself on the edge until it felt like his skin was buzzing. By the time the pretty white tail was settled comfortable between his cheeks, and the ears positioned properly on his head, Christopher was practically vibrating with need.

It was probably better that way. The desperate need to be touched beat out his fears. Christopher stepped up behind the door and took one very deep breath. Then he slowly let it out. He let his shoulders drop, forced the tension away. He put on a smile and opened the door.

Aslan had closed the blinds. Really, if Aslan didn't want them seen, they wouldn't be seen, but Christopher appreciated it. It was still early and even with the blinds closed, the rooms were will filled with light, but this was so much easier for Christopher's nerves. This way he won't accidentally see one of the neighbors outside and lose his nerve.

"Finally decided to let me see?" Aslan asked, stepping into view. He was in jeans and a tea shirt, barefoot and extremely handsome with his hair braided back exactly as messy as it had been when they'd woken up that morning. His eyes slowly ran up and down Christopher, taking in every piece.

Christopher let out a laugh. "How long have you known?"

"When did you decide to do this?" Aslan asked, quirking a brow. Christopher laughed.

"About four months ago," Christopher said. It felt a little easier to breath now. He found himself grinning, bouncing on his toes, excited for this. "I should have known you knew. You could have told me."

That was, after all, what he got for dating an all-knowing god.

"You seemed to want to work yourself up for it," Aslan said. He took three long strides, closing the distance between them. "And I did not want to deny myself the chance to see this for real."

"Bastard," Christopher said fondly.

He took a step back and slowly began to turn around so Aslan could get the view he'd been craving. That was something he liked about Aslan. Yes, he did know everything, every possibility, but he still always lived in the moment. He was also infinitely patient, waiting for everyone to take their time. Christopher doubted he would be so patient if he knew for certain a sweet treat was waiting for him while his loved one waffled about if he would give it or not.

"You look quite... delectable," Aslan said very carefully. His tone made the words hilarious and Christopher suddenly devolved into a fit of giggles.

"Dumb lion," Christopher gasped out, slapping his boyfriend's chest. He could feel the rumble of Aslan's laughter there. He felt it more when Aslan grabbed him in a tight hug against his chest.

"Ah, but I am your dumb lion," Aslan said. "And you are my very adorable bunny rabbit."

Christopher tried to suppress his giggles. He pressed his face against Aslan's chest until his laughter was reduced to occasional spasms in his chest and not much more. Aslan didn't seem to mind, though Christopher was pretty certain that was because Aslan got to look down and ogle his bottom.

"It's a very nice bottom," Aslan said. "Very cute."

Christopher had a few more tummy spasms but managed to get himself under control after that. "I love you." Fear was the furthest thing from his mind now.

“I am extremely tempted to have you stay dressed this way all weekend,” Aslan murmured. “I am also tempted to let you go, give you a head start and chase you.”

“Maybe later,” Christopher said. Now would be the perfect opportunity for both, except that he wasn’t ready for that level of commitment to this. If they had talked about it ahead of time... but no, Christopher had kept this a surprise.

“Later,” Aslan said. Again, he was infinitely patient. But sometimes he wasn’t that, that patient.

Case in point, Aslan swept Christopher off his feet and carried him to the bed, growling as he went. Christopher laughed again. That needy feeling was back, thrumming through him and telling him that he was in for it now. He couldn’t have been happier about that prospect.

Aslan dropped him on the bed, where Christopher bounced on his bunny tail, making Christopher gasp. “Fuck,” he gasped out, his vision getting funny for a second as the pleasure of it jolted through him.

“Not quite yet,” Aslan teased.

“Shush, you,” Christopher said.

Aslan just looked amused. He was still standing, which meant Christopher got a lovely view of his tummy when he pulled his shirt up over his head. Aslan was well built of course, but he had a bit of loose skin and fat which was comfortable for Christopher to pillow his head on. It also made Christopher feel a little better that he had put on some weight in the last two years. He knew logically that it was good, he’d been too skinny after the war and his not eating and been a symptom of his trauma. Still, it was hard to feel good when he looked at himself in the mirror, but harder to feel bad when his boyfriend managed to look so hot with softness on his body.

The pants come off almost as quickly as the shirt had. Christopher swallowed. Aslan had a large, thick cock. Christopher liked it that way, but this still it made him feel a bit like prey this time. Maybe it would be fun to let Aslan chase and catch him. Maybe he would want to do that later in the weekend.

“My adorable snack, as the kids say,” Aslan said totally deadpan that Christopher burst out laughing all over again.

“Please don’t say ‘as the kids say’ right now,” Christopher said, still chortling.

Aslan was smiling as warm as the sun. He crawled onto the bed and into Christopher’s waiting arms. Their mouths met, crashing together like the tide against the shore. The laughter just made Christopher want to be touched even more. Outside of the headband, they were both entirely naked able to run their hands over each other. They’d touched each other a million times, but always seemed to want to touch more.

“Roll over,” Aslan growled in his ear. He knew how much Christopher liked those growling orders. He couldn’t resist. He scrambled over onto his stomach and put his ass up in the air.

That earned a real, true growl from Aslan.

Christopher felt his boyfriend grab two fistfuls of ass, spreading his cheeks and letting out a low whistle. Christopher tried not to just preen under the attention, but it became impossible as soon as Aslan next spoke.

“Look how beautiful you are. You are so perfect. Christopher Robin, everything about your is perfect. You’re perfect for trying to surprise me and finding the courage to show me something so lovely. I’m going to give you everything you want. I’m going to fuck you exactly the way you want, my beautiful, perfect boy, dearest to my heart.” Aslan’s voice was full with emotion and love.

Aslan’s words lit his heart. He was cut open and laid bare by them. Christopher sucked in a breath, blinking back tears before they could form. Sometimes he was reminded like a sledgehammer to the face that Aslan was so powerful and so all knowing and so loving. He was so much bigger and better than Christopher depression-and-PSTD-riddled Robin. But Aslan loved him, and not only in the way Aslan loved all living creatures and people. He loved Christopher as his lover, his partner and his boyfriend. The reminder that someone as big and wonderful as Aslan loved him in all ways possible was almost too much to bear. Worse was the knowledge of just how much Christopher loved in return. His own love burned up his heart and remade it every day.

“Happy anniversary, Aslan” Christopher said as clearly as he could and not sound like he was as teary as he felt.

“Happy anniversary, Christopher.” Aslan’s tone was still loving. The kiss pressed on his shoulder was also loving.

Aslan pulled the toy out of Christopher’s hole. It was a big toy. It needed to be to help Christopher prepare to take Aslan. He was looser than he was when they first started dating (even with his and Evelyn’s love of pegging, though it had been over a year before the divorce since they’d had sex). It had taken time to work up to taking Aslan’s cock. Now he did it often, though they swapped off pretty regularly and Aslan loved getting railed about as much as Christopher did. Tonight, though, was Aslan’s turn to be on top and he didn’t seem to mind at all. Some part of Christopher’s brain, giddy with the feeling of the plug being pulled out and the building anticipation, wondered if maybe Aslan would like to wear the bunny tail later.

Christopher heard deep purr. He grinned. Apparently, the answer was yes.

Large fingers slipped inside him, making Christopher pant and press back against those familiar digits. “I prepped myself for you. Please, Aslan, just have me. I’m yours. I’m yours.”

“Fuck,” Aslan murmured. “Okay, my dearest.” He removed his fingers, quickly replacing them with the head of his cock.

Christopher let out a loud groan as Aslan slowly entered him, going slowly until he was fully seated in Christopher, bottoming out. Aslan, ever patient, took his time. Christopher, being merely human, was a panting mess by the time Aslan was fully inside him.

“Move, please?” Christopher whined.

“Of course, my sweet bunny,” Aslan said. He did begin to move.

It started with short, shallow thrusts, which still felt like so much simply because his boyfriend was so big. With time, slow, agonizingly slow time, Aslan began to pull out further with each thrust. Even though he was taking his time, each thrust seemed to snap up against him. It surprised him each and every time. It felt so good.

Years back, Christopher had been terrified of anyone hearing him, either because he was afraid of getting caught with whatever boy he was with, he didn't his and Evelyn's nose landlady to get angry at them, or because his fear of being found and shot robbed him of his voice all together. But Aslan was safe. Nothing in the universe could get through him and Aslan loved hearing him. So, Christopher wasn't just a little loud, he was extremely loud.

Each thrust sent him higher. Each time Aslan's hips snapped against his bottom he was shouting. He pushed back into each thrust to make it faster. Each time he got closer and closer to screaming. And once he was screaming there was no turning it down. He would be howling, shouting as loud as he could how much he loved Aslan. There was no stolen voice with Aslan. There was just every feeling and every word and everything he had lost in a life of pain.

Most comforting (and easily one the biggest turnons) was that no matter how loud Christopher was, Aslan's purrs were always, always loudest. Christopher could hear the purrs over everything. It was something Aslan changed to make Christopher happy (before Christopher realized lions didn't purr), and when they were having sex, this part always came out the most. It was like the things that Aslan made for him went the most wild. They were calling out to Christopher and Christopher was screaming right back.

The slow fucking became faster as they lost themselves in the feeling of each other. Everything melted away and all Christopher could do was feel. Aslan's hands were on his hips, holding him tight, going as fast as he dared with Christopher's human body, though Christopher was still begging for more.

All the sensation just came and came and came until it came to a head. His orgasm almost surprised him because it hit so intensely and just carried him away. Distantly, he felt that Aslan was still going, but not for too long before Aslan came, filling him up the way Christopher craved. Christopher collapsed and Aslan followed him. He was laying on top of Christopher, like a very wonderful living blanket.

“That was amazing,” Christopher panted out. His words earned him a warm, happy laugh that he could feel against his back.

“It was, my dearest. You are amazing.”

Christopher hummed happily, settling into the pillows. He caught a bit of movement out of the corner of his eyes and realized that Aslan had his headband in his hand. It must have fallen off during sex when Christopher was too busy to notice.

“Good anniversary present?” Christopher asked, sounding smug.

“Absolutely, my dearest. And absolutely worth the wait.” Aslan pressed a kiss to his neck, which Christopher accepted with a happy sigh. It really had been worth the wait.



Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!