It didn't have to come to this...

But it did. Of all the innocent animals in the world to suffer the impending torture before them, it had to be Fergus. It was that very moment where the universe had come to punish him for his mere existence...

Fergus had no other mere options left but to pray that all of this was just a living nightmare that he desperately wishes to wake up from. Unfortunately for him, this is a reality he's forced to face. A cruel, soul-less, unforgiving reality that dropped in on his doorstep to smite the poor innocent fox with its twin sickles of punishment, and now he was forced to meet with the inevitable.

Oh, how Fergus wished Officer Pearl would trot in, pluck him straight from the ground and lock him in the slammers to relief him of this world-crumbling defeat! At least it would've been a better fate than this.

Why? Why!? Mother of P.C. Pearl, what did I ever do to deserve this!? Why!?

Was all that Fergus could think about in his feeble mind. The never-ending cries of "Why" echoed in his thoughts, over and over again for what seemed like a millennium. Oh, how fate had conspired against poor Fergus, starting with two, young canines, spotted in black...

"Ha ha! You just got Doll-i-nated, fox breath!" The voice of Dolly was heard, as the female Dalmatian pumped out her fists in triumph.

"As much as I find your pun lacking in originality sis, you are so right! You can't touch us when me and my sis act as one. Really Fergus, I thought you knew that by now." Dylan added, feeling smug and confident about outnumbering the fox from a hundred-one to one with their brilliant minds and teamwork.

This was probably the most uncomfortable feeling in the world, knowing that he has been outsmarted by Dylan and Dolly... or in this case, himself. And on Easter on the first Sunday of April! Of all days to be utterly humiliated in!

Fergus the fox had placed Dylan and Dolly in a bet to test the limits of his cunning mind, only to unwittingly end up outsmarting himself, thanks to the low, limited I.Q. that the fox possessed. The only true weakness of his thieving and cunning mind that leaves him vulnerable to gullibility. The loser has to dress up as the Easter Bunny in front of the entire Dalmatian family to see and this year, Fergus is the loser with a capital "L".

"Can you believe that this guy walked right into his own bait?" Dolly sniggered.

"It seems as though that this dumb fox is not as sly as he thinks he is", Dylan concurred.

"So much for your title as a sly, cunning, smooth-talkin' fox, eh Fergus?" He flashes Fergus a cocky grin.

The fox could only sit there, ears flattened and eyes narrowed, giving that familiar look of un-amusement when something doesn't work in his favor, as he's forced to listen to the two step-siblings do their celebratory gloating, all the while rubbing their victory in his foxy face. Even his members, Sid and Big Fee could only sit idly by and look at Fergus questioningly, as they know the whole bet was his own fault.

"Hey, bro. Does that look on Fergus' face tell you anything?~" Dolly said, with her tone full of sass as she smirked at Fergus' unamused expression.

"Why yes, Dolly. That there is the pure look of "Wow! You D-dawgs got me good! Looks like I'm your Easter Bunny for this year, now hand me that bunny suit!" Dylan replied, while shifting his ears to resemble Fox-ears, mimicking Fergus and pulling off the best Irish-accent he could muster.

"You know what we're talking about, right pal~?" He said, flashing him the cockiest of smirks.

"Urrrrgghhh!" Fergus growled, pulling his ears down in frustration, humiliated over his own stupidity.

"I don't understand! My bet was absolute FOOL-PROOF!! How did you and D-dawg even manage to sidestep that one!?"

"Err... Actually, mate...", Sid interjected, trying not to rub salt into the wounds of Fergus' defeat.

"Not to hold it against ya for it, but your bet.... how do I put it lightly... had holes in it. Probably more than Diesel... can... dig?" He nervously twiddled his tiny squirrel paws, smiling sheepishly at the foxy leader who shot his daggers at him.

"Not ta mention that it doesn't take an idjeot human to find an empty spot in ye bet." Big Fee added, rolling her eyes at her boss' sheer idiocy.

Fergus could only growl at the two traitorous Canal Dwellers for not defending him, but deep down, he knew that Sid and Big Fee were right. And all he could do was kick himself for lacking the basic knowledge to think through with his bet.

"Oh! Hey, Dylan. Why don't we pick the one that Triple D made?"

"That one? As in the one that Destiny put her love in every stitch in? That bunny suit? Oooohh-ho-ho, you are so mean today, sis!"

Dylan goes into closet to rummage for the said, specific bunny suit of which Dolly described. Fergus wished he could get a better peak on what Triple D's bunny suit would look like if the dorky Dalmatian's butt wasn't blocking the view.

"I'd better look cool in Triple D's fashion wear D-dawg, cuz otherwise, you're gonna be dealing with one anti-chill fox in this neighborhood!"

Dylan comes back out, holding the bunny suit that Fergus would be wearing in his mouth.

The suit was even worse than Fergus could even imagine. It was a pink bunny suit, stitched with different shades of pink fabric, with a blue bow ribbon wrapped around the neck, with the bow located on the back of the suit. Two, big, poofy pink ears sprouted from the hood in all of it's poofy, bunny glory. The white, fluffy bunny tail looked as though it was big enough for Fergus' fluffy tail to fit in. And to make matters worse... It was about the same size as the humiliated fox himself.

Everything about the bunny suit from the pink fabric, the bow-ribbon, and the adorable design and the toddler-like cuteness in every stitch was the exact opposite what Fergus envisioned.

And that fact he is forced to wear such a pink-stitched abomination added the additional embarrassment to Fergus' already blushing cheeks.

"Okay, Fergus. Put on the bunny suit", the smug stepbrother instructed.

"Ooohh-ho-hooooo, no! D-dawg, you are crazier than your sister, if you think I'm slipping into that thing!" Fergus replied.

"C'mon, Fergus. A bet is a bet~", Dylan said with more sass in his tone, while taunting his foxy friend by dangling the bunny suit in front of his face just to annoy him even further

"Plus, you can't deny that Destiny has a real knack for stitching."

"No way! Forget it! I ain't touchin' that bunny suit, let alone breathe on it. Heck, I wouldn't even use that thing for a pair of jammies, and there ain't nothing you D-dawgs can do to change my mind!" Fergus retorted, standing his ground in refusal to wear the costume. He

crossed his forelegs and shut his eyes, refusing to even look at the costume.

Sadly for him, he probably should've learned by now that Dolly was the unpredictable type.

"Y'know, Fergus. Our family really looks up to you. Our real hero, a fearless, tough-as-nails fox with a heart of steel! Even Dizzy and Dee Dee admire you! Would it be soooo heartbreaking if anyone were to tell them that the so-called "Tall Tales of Fergus Fox" were all lies made by a certain fox whose ego is bigger than his brain?"

She looks deep into Fergus, making the biggest, saddest, weepy eyes she could with those big eyes of hers.

Fergus recoiled; his eyes widened in panic at his tall tales suddenly being brought up in a negative light. The fact that Dolly is taking advantage of Fergus' own blackmailing tactics and using it against him was almost degrading.

"W-wot!? Dolly, don't ya dare bring your siblings into this! My Tall tales are legitimate, and you and Dyl know it!!"

"Riiiiggghht. The keyword being 'tall'", Dylan added, cockily.

"Oh, I can just hear the cries of sorrow of a hundred, sad, heartbroken puppies!"

Then, Dolly proceeded to mimic each crying pup, putting her best effort in sounding genuine and heartbreaking as possible.

"Oh, how could you lie to us, Fergus?" Dolly howled. "We thought you were our hero!"

Oof! Blackmail AND guilt tripping.

"Ooh, she's got ya right there, mate," Sid chimed in.

Dolly goes on mimicking each young sibling with dramatic fashion.

"Fergus' stories were fake!? Our hero is a fraud!!"

"Oh, Ferguuuuus!! You are sooooo horrible!! We trusted you, Fergus!!"

It had became increasingly obvious that Dolly was pushing every nerve at Fergus to get him to wear the bunny suit. Fergus had doubted that the siblings wouldn't be that hurt when they hear that his tall tail stories weren't true.

"You're so meeeaaan, Fergus!! Why would you do that!?"

And yet, he could only imagine the looks of shame on the young Dalmatians' faces, especially Dizzy and Dee Dee when they found out that his tall tales were fake.

Fergus tried to shake these thoughts of a hundred siblings crying because of his lies and struggled to keep under the sheer pressure of his usually chill composure, but Dolly's theatrics were only feeding into those thoughts of those sad Dalmatians more and more.

"DYYYYYLLLAAAANNN!!!" Dolly continued on howling.

"Fergus lied to us!! Why would he do that to us!? We thought he was our frieeeennnndddd!!"

Dylan could only snort and giggle at Dolly's overdramatic display, as he struggled hold back his contained laughter.

"FINE!!! I'LL DO IT!!" Fergus snapped, his snippy tone being evident that he was fed up with Dolly's overbearing antics.

And as if a switch was flipped, Dolly dropped her melodramatic act and flashed Fergus a smug, toothy grin. "I knew you'd care, foxy.~"

Letting out a huff, the reluctant fox storms over to Dylan, who's holding the bunny suit out for him to take.

"Gimme that stupid lifeless rabbit skin!"

He swipes the said bunny suit from Dylan's paws, receiving a chuckle from Dylan in response.

He went behind the couch to use for privacy and proceeded to stuff himself into the rabbit suit. All the while, the two stepsiblings and the two Canal dwellers could hear the disgruntled fox cursing and muttering underneath his breath.

"Raggin' fraggin' Dolly and her stupid... bratty attitude, and that stupid D-dawg, and this... stupid raggin' fraggin' naggin' bunny suit!!" Fergus grumbled furiously as he struggled to get his four paws into the costume.

After a bit of effort of fitting all of them into each limb of the pink-stitched piece of fabric, he steps back out from behind the couch to show Dylan and Dolly in his rabbit attire, in full display.

"There! You D-dawgs happy now?" Fergus said, his tone clearly dripping of annoyance.

The two top dogs of course were impressed over how Fergus looked, dressing up as a pink bunny. They expected Fergus to look ridiculous with the Easter Bunny get-up, but not to this extent. Needless to say, he looked absolutely ridiculous. And it doesn't help with the fact that he didn't look anything like a predator fresh from the wild, considering that the cotton tail was completely covering up his foxy tail. Fergus could only hope to pray that his already embarrassing moment of humiliation wouldn't get any worse.

"PPPFFFFTTTT!!! BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!"

His prayers have fallen on deaf ears, as Dolly burst with laughter, tears springing from her eyes. The cackling tomboy

Dalmatian fell onto her back and started rolling side to side and kicking her hindlegs, all the

while clutching her sides in her shriek-filled laughter from seeing Fergus in his ridiculous costume.

"O-Oh, dog!!" Dolly managed to speak in her fit of laughter.

"I-I didn't think i-it was possible! Y-You look.... RIDICULOUS!! So much for being WILD! Oh dog, m-my ribs!!"

Fergus' eyes were practically almost as wide as dinner plates at Dolly's reaction. He looked down at his predicament he roped himself into. The laughing canine was right! The pathetic bunny costume he's stuck in really did strip away any sign of wild that he possessed and replaced it all with the non-threatening pink, fluffy, baby adorableness, the last thing that Fergus ever wanted to be! His blush flared up even more, as Dolly's constant teasing further fueled his embarrassment.

"W-wha? I-!? No!! I-I'm still wild!!" Fergus stammered, gob smacked by Dolly's remark. "S-Sid, Big Fee, help me out here!!"

He shifted his gaze to the two Canal Crew members hoping the two would back him up and spare him the extra humiliation, only to find that Sid and Big Fee had joined in on the laughter too, adding further insult to injury.

"I-I'm sorry! I'm s-sorry-y-y-y!!" Sid struggled to apologize between his fit of giggles.

"I-I'm so sorry, Fergus!! I-it... the b-bunny suit... the c-cuteness, I... I c-a-a-an't! It's too much!!"

"HA-HA-HA-HA!! Baby foxy is baby bunny!!" Big Fee chortled, kicking her tiny rat feet in amusement.

Fergus could only sit there gob smacked at the squirrel and rat's lack of spine, as their snorts and giggles joined with Dolly's mock-filled laughter and ridicule. Now the fox was livid, with a mix of embarrassment and utmost fury etched on his face. It took Fergus every fiber of his being to fight back the growing urge to lunge at Dolly and strangle her right here and there.

"Okay, 'Mr. Easter Bunny'", the smug stepbrother spoke up, making quotation marks with the digits of his paws.

"You look cute. You look convincing. Our brothers and sisters are gonna love your adorable look! Now, go grab your Easter basket, why dontcha?"

He slides the said Easter basket over to the incensed fox. The Easter Basket was filled to the brim with colorful eggs painted in different colored palettes and patterns. There was even a Dalmatian spot-patterned egg buried among the few dozen, painted boiled eggs.

The blushing, bunny-costumed fox's poofy bunny ears drooped behind his head. Frowning, he plopped his rump on the floor and again crossed his forelegs, and basically sat there, fuming in both shame and embarrassment as Dolly, Sid and Big Fee continue their mocking laughter. From the way he was sitting, Fergus practically looked like a young child sulking in their tantrum over not getting any dessert.

"Bark off, Dyl! I ain't showing myself out there like this just to entertain your sibs! And tell your sister to shut up!" Fergus growled, as Dolly was still teasing the poor fox and laughing her head off.

"Tsk-tsk-tsk, Fergus. Who was the dumb fox that got himself outfoxed in his dumb bet?" The smug stepbrother tutted.

"Plus, it's already being recorded! ~" He was holding up a

digital camcorder in his paw and had set it on record to state the obvious. "C'mon, buddy. You'd do anything for our siblings, right?"

"Yea! Be a big man, and go out there!" Big Fee said, giggling. "Do yer bunny hop for the wee siblings~!"

"Yeah, mate. You don't want to look bad in front of those innocent pups now, do ya?" Sid insisted.

At that moment, with all options completely off the table and no sly tricks to help him slip out of this uncomfortable dilemma, Fergus knew that he dug a tunnel too deep, and has no way of getting out of it.

"Traitors!!" Fergus spat at Sid and Big Fee. He lets out an angry huff before picking up the basket full of Easter eggs.

Now holding the basket in his mouth by the handle, Fergus trots over to the backyard door, but not before taking the basket out of his mouth and grabbing Dylan by his scruffy chest, pressing his snout against his to shoot his fierce predator-like glare into Dylan's innocent eyes.

"So help me, Dylan... If this footage somehow ends up gettin' leaked onto the net, I'll kill you! You, and your annoying sister!" Fergus said threateningly. Dylan grinned sheepishly, although he knows that the fox was just bluffing.

"Relax, dude", Dolly said with reassurance, yet still prideful.

"This dog fam knows not to be a tattletale through the worldwide woof over embarrassing secrets. Dalmatians family's honor."

Fergus shoves his dorky-spotted friend back on the floor before letting out a heavy sigh. The fox had been friends with the two annoying stepsiblings for several years to know that as

overbearing as they are, they would never go as far as to hurt their friends.

Reluctantly, he picks up the Easter Egg basket again and stops at the slide door. He uses his paws to slide it open, and outside was a plethora of Dalmatian siblings playing about on the grass, celebrating their Easter in their own way. Some of them wore bunny hoods and

hopped around, while others played a nice simple game of Easter Egg hunting.

Da Vinci was spending her own time painting each Easter Egg in different colorful patterns while DJ played low-fi springtime music playlist on his sound mixer to make their holiday livelier.

Dimitri 1 and 2 on the other paw were tossing easter eggs over to Dimitri 3 to see how many he could juggle, while Dawkins was bust designing a blueprint for a robotic toy bunny for his younger siblings to interact with.

All in all, the Dalmatian family were having a thrilling time celebrating the most wonderful holiday during the time of Spring, unaware of the fox's presence.

It's no biggie, Fergus thought to himself.

These ankle-biters haven't noticed you in the bunny

outfit yet. I'll just set my paw on the soft grass, be casual, blend in, not attract any attention and step back inside unnoticed. Simple.

Fergus could only hope that this plan will go without a hinge and relief Fergus of any further humiliation than what he's suffering in. Nervously, he slowly sets his paw on the grass, going

virtually unnoticed. So far, so good. The fox still has the sneaky nature beside him. He just needs to not make much noise and get caught being seen in such an embarrassing predicament--

"Heya, faaammm!!" Dolly hollered out, causing Fergus to jump and almost losing control of balancing the colorful eggs in the basket.

OH, FOR THE LOVE OF DOG!! REALLY, DOL'!? Fergus growled in his thoughts.

The spotted siblings stop their activities altogether upon hearing their eldest stepsibling's holler and shifted their attention toward her and Fergus. The poor Fox froze in fear.

"You will not believe who came to visit~!" Dolly presented the flustered fox, fully dressed in the pink easter bunny costume in a huge "Ta-da" fashion to her brothers and sisters.

Fergus gulped as he braced himself for his impending doom. Not long after a moment or two, the backyard was already filled with the sound of cheering and overjoyed barking among the

crowd of siblings.

"It's the Easter Bunny!!" Dizzy hollered with delight.

"He's here! He's here!" Dee-Dee cheered after her.

Following her was a clamor of a hundred excited, spotty rascals chattering at once.

"Easter bunny! Easter bunny!"

"Whatcha get? Whatcha get for us?"

"Hey, stop pushing! I wanna see!"

"Hug the bunny! Hug the bunny!"

Of course, Fergus has to admit, it was not as bad as being laughed at by Dolly, but nevertheless, still a humiliating position to be in.

Welp... Fergus' pessimistic thoughts carried on. If I'm gonna go out there lookin' like an idiot, I might as well make it a good show. For these adorable ankle-biters.

Now having resigned to his imminent fate, he inhales through his nostrils and lets out another heavy sigh. Fergus assumes his position, puts on a fake smile while keeping the basket gripped in his mouth. He positions himself, sitting on his haunches, so that he's

standing like a real rabbit and proceeds to hop into the backyard. With each small leap in he air, he bounces across the soft grass with his own two foxy hindfeet. In turn, he earns himself another round of laughter from Dolly, who's standing right behind him watching the pathetic display before her.

And in no time flat, Fergus suddenly found himself swarmed in a sea of Dalmatians, as they crowd around him, shoving each other trying to give him a hug. Triple D were the first to make their remarks.

"OMD! You are so like"... Dallas cried.

"Tots ADORBS, Mr. Bunny!" Destiny added.

"Cuteness overload!" Deja Vu came in last.

In the meantime, Diesel popped out from underneath the burrows next to Fergus to interject.

"I heard the Easter Bunny is a super-fast tunnel dweller who digs 10000 tunnels a day around the world just to deliver plenty of kibble and doggy treats!" The digger pup spouted the facts enthusiastically.

"That's even more than I can dig!"

"Mr. Easter Bunny! How do you do all of that?" The curious Dizzy asked.

"Tell us, Mr. Bunny! We really got to know!" Her lop-eared sidekick Dee-Dee begged, desperately clutching her paws around Fergus' foreleg.

Meanwhile, the older siblings were observing the adorable sight of their younger siblings experiencing up-close interaction with the 'Easter Bunny'.

"Wait... that Easter bunny looks just like Fergus," Da Vinci eyes squinted in suspicion, as she watched Fergus getting literally dog-piled by her younger siblings from afar.

"Strange", a perplexed Dawkins said, tapping his chin in puzzlement.

"I don't think it's scientifically possible for rabbits to genetically develop a canine muzzle, let alone a fox's during their growth. This is obviously a rare case."

"Of course, it isn't, Dawkins. I think that Easter bunny is Fergus", DJ added, being one of the several pups to already recognize the fox in bunny's clothing.

"Wow! Fergus looks like he's been having his own string of bad luck," Dante said, somewhat feeling pity for the foxy victim."

"Huh. Looks like I'm not the only one then."

"Look at it this way, dear brother", Deepak said, reassuringly.

"Fergus' actions show that he'd do anything to make our family happy. I believe that his predicament may be a blessing for us...

and maybe for him."

With all of the cute, fluffy chaos happening in the backyard, Dylan watches through the camera lens, recording every adorable detail in sight. It wasn't long after Dylan held himself together with Dolly, Sid and Big Fee laughing their heads off at their foxy friend, did he burst

into a fit of laughter as well.

"O-ho, man! This is too rich. Looks like this Easter is gonna be written up in the archives, eh bro?" Dolly guffawed, slapping his stepbrother on the back and wiping a tear.

"I think I'll be remembering this one for a looooooong time!"

"It's not just us, Sis! I think everyone will have something to cherish their memories with", Dylan laughed. "And I got it all on footage! ~"

Meanwhile, Fergus was able to resurface from the sea of Dalmatians he was buried deep in. He took a moment to drop his happy-bunny facade to glare at the two stepsiblings who had

gotten their way and his two Canal goons who weren't helpful in the slightest.

Of course, this whole shebang didn't turn out bad as Fergus had made it out to be at all. At the end, he was glad to make Dylan and Dolly's siblings happy in his reluctant cooperation with the two step siblings. Doug and Delilah would no doubt be pleased about what the fox did, though they're sure to be in stitches when they see the recording later on.

Fergus though was still miffed over how the two sly top dogs played him dirty and is forcing him to endure all of this.

And yet, a glint of mischief could be seen in Fergus' eyes, which hinted strongly that the sly fox may have some kind of sweet payback brewing in his clever mind for next year.

Thought you can get away with making me your Easter Bunny of the year, eh D-dawgs? Fergus' thoughts took over again.

Well, enjoy your taste of victory while you can! You may think you've hustled ole' Fergus here, but this fox never forgets. I'm gonna get even with you two next Easter! Just. You. Wait.

Of course, he may have to think over what went wrong with his bet. But first, there was a number of spotty ankle biters that he plans to snuggle with...

-FIN-