Innocent? I know it's hard to apply that term to a warrior like myself. I was raised a Prince of the Trevath; a chilling prospect. When I was just a tiger cub my father, the King, showed me neither love, nor kindness. All I knew growing up was the way of the warrior. I slept on the ground, trained night and day. When I was ten years old I made my first kill. By the time I was of age to be called a man my paws were seeped in the blood of over a dozen men. Two of which were my brothers, who made a foolish attempt on my life.

Why? Well as the Crown Prince I had a target on my back. Had I been weak enough for my siblings to kill me they would have been considered strong enough to take my place. Someday I would have grown strong enough to challenge my father. If I killed him it would have been deemed the will of the gods and I would have been king. Three of my elder siblings had already tried and failed, the old cat was as tough as they came. Still age is the one enemy he was not able to cut dead and turn into a rug in his bedroom. I was taught that the gods would send me a sign when it was my time to rule, to prove myself worthy I would have to kill my father. Until then I was to be a loyal son and soldier.

Then why do I think I was innocent? Seven foot of muscle and fur, bathed in the blood of my opponents? Well there were some things I did not know of growing up. I may have killed, but never without reason. It was not my choice, they were trying to kill me. I led troops in battle from the front, like a Crown Prince should. I was a warrior, a loyal soldier, I was told who the enemy was and I never once questioned it. After all, the King is chosen by the gods, he alone knows the truth, he guides us in all things. How could he be wrong?

Well I know now, he can be wrong and he can make mistakes. Like the one he made with me, sending me to the L'vanth as ambassador. My first assignment in the world of politics. Ah, if anything taught me how innocent I was it was politics. The L'vath is the small Lapine kingdom to our east. They live in a valley, mountains protecting two flanks and walls at either end, defended by huge castles and determined men. Thirty foot walls, that had proven invulnerable for over a hundred years.

We really wanted the valley, it was rich in fertile farming lands, but the strategic value was its true prize. The other end of the valley faced the Ursine domain. Those bears had ever been the thorn in our side. Our border stretching from the sea to the mountains, patrolled heavily by both sides. There had been skirmishes in recent years, I won the ones I led. However, if we could take the L'vath our armies could pour out into the heart of our enemy. We could have their capital by the throat, before their King even knew we were coming.

My father had been very explicit in how he would enjoy putting the old bear to death. To add his hide to the collection of rugs in his bedchamber. Looking back I wonder how much pleasure my father took from sleeping among hides of his defeated enemies. How many females he took pleasure in, upon those who had once stood against him. I still prefer the floor.

I arrived in L’vath alone, but for my steed a mighty black warg from the purest Defire blood line; Pivor. His beastly rank was something, I could scent him on the wind a mile away. If I could smell him I knew he could hear me, one whistle and he would fight his way to me. Something I had trained him to do, feel pity for those who stood in his way, thought they would not have suffered long.

The castle guards cowered before me, only their captain had the nerve to stand and look me in the eye. I saw the fear in those eyes, fear of the tiger, of the beast. Still he read the letter I had and knew I had been given passage. It wasn't long before he gave the order to lower the gate and I rode into their valley. My predecessor had been somewhat gentler than me, he was an old general and far more worldly than myself. He had shown them the softness of our paws when our claws were sheathed. Maybe that was why my father distrusted him. I hear he gave a good accounting, when the assassins came. A spirited fight for one so old. That is how it will be with me I suppose, I am far from old and I will give an accounting that will be the stuff of legend. Let them come, I have nothing left to lose and oh so much pain to share.

There was no escort, for I needed none. I may have never set a paw in their valley but I knew the maps as well as any. They were blazoned on my mind, with the tactical significance of every farm, village and town. Pivor raced through the valley and I must admit to chuckling as I saw the startled peasants and townsfolk that used the road. Some ran, others just ducked and cowered. The children though, they mostly just watched in awe, some of them even smiled. I have been told at my best I cut quite the heroic figure, clad in plate armour, shining in the noonday sun, with my shield strapped to my arm. On the shield was an image of a tiger with a bear by the throat, my family's symbol, and a glimpse into what has driven my people for generations.

It was long into the afternoon before I reached the city, the capital of the L’vath kingdom. It wasn’t much really white houses set against the mountains, surrounded by forests and meadows. Even at its best it was no match for Kair, the least of the twelve tiger cities. However, it was the walls of the valley that kept the strength, kept the rabbit’s of the valley safe. Weak they may be, but they were good with the bow and worse the crossbow. Even my finest plate armour could be pierced by a bolt from one of those at close range. It was a coward's way to fight, kill the enemy at a distance. I was taught to look my opponent in the eye while I took his life, so I could see the moment of defeat.

I rode through their streets, ignoring the scared looks of the peasants. The streets were paved with white cobbles, to match the stonework. The path to the palace led through dozens of stone arches, cut from marble. Resting above the keystone of each arch was a statue of a different rabbit, former kings I assumed. Although none of them looked strong enough to have been called by the gods. I snorted with contempt at their royalty, I wondered what weak gods would call such weaklings to lead their people.

Pivor was left in their stables, along with the horses and other wargs. The pedigree of the creatures was not bad, but nothing compared to Pivor. I think he knew it as well, I could sense

an easy confidence coming from him as he looked at his lessers. The palace was huge, white marble walls and high windows. Many columns and a door large enough for two full wagons to roll inside. Although given the delicate carpet covering the great hall just beyond the huge black oak doors I doubted anyone would. The halls were packed with petitioners, the guards called for them to make way and I stalked through the great hall to the king's throne, set on a raised dais in front of a huge circular stained glass window. With the sun filtering through the glass in rainbow colours, illuminating him. I was impressed it gave him almost a regal look. One could believe he was born to rule, if you were weak minded.

The King of the L'vath was welcoming enough. He praised my appearance and said he looked forward to dealing with me. I had neither the wit nor the skill to see any lie behind his eyes. Warriors do not lie, they do not hide from anything, words least of all. Our first meeting was short and I was sent to the estate their people had gifted our for the embassy. We were not allowed more than a single tiger inside the walls, the ambassador on his own, so I knew that, for all of the rabbit king's pretty words, he wasn't stupid enough to trust my people.

By the time I reached the embassy it was turning early evening. I had not eaten since I left my home three days ago. My father had commanded I head to my post without delay, my chest still burned with the clawmarks. He had tore a gash in my chest so that I would remember my duty, a bond of honour it was a promise to the King to fulfil my duty. When a warrior of my people takes such a command he will not deter from his path, even to save his own kin. In time it would heal and when the fur returned it would be white, I would bear the mark the rest of my life.

My nose was filled with the smell of fresh cut grass mixed with the scents of burning wood. I could see smoke coming from one of the chimney's. The building itself was huge, sprawling along the mountain side, the view from any of the windows looked out across green fields and forests for miles. This was how the royalty of most people prefer to live, on high looking down on their subjects. It was at least beautiful, though my eyes were not yet able to see it, all I could see were targets, cover and the road to victory. Surrounded by well tended gardens, flower beds in full bloom. I could see bushes trimmed into vague tiger shapes, one huge bush in the centre was cut in the shape of a leaping warg and rider.

I stabled my warg in the large empty stables attached to the house. I was shocked to find the nearest stall filled with fresh straw and a large feral deer carcass. My nose told me it was a recent kill, a fine meal that my steed would be grateful for. With an experienced paw I had his saddle off in moments and he tucked into his meal like any ravenous warg would. While I have no qualms about blood, I had no intentions of watching the rather gruesome spectacle of his meal.

With my entire body heavy with the weary of a journey almost at it's end, I walked to the main door. It opened as I reached it and that is when I saw him, the instrument of my downfall. If you had told me that the tiny rabbit in front of me would topple me, the Crown Prince of Trevath, I would have laughed in your face.

He was tiny compared to me, maybe a few inches above five foot tall, if you didn't count the foot and a half of alert ears. His fur golden, like fields of barley just before it is cut. A pink nose, quivering with excitement and eyes of azure blue. They looked at me without fear, a first for me, even their king had shown some nerves. However, he smiled and bowed as he opened the door. Then I heard his voice for the first time, his wonderful musical tones as he introduced himself.

"Welcome, Prince Karde, I am Pris your Cathal servant," his eyes looked at me expectantly. However, I was ignorant of the meaning, I knew little of this land save for it's tactical significance and defences.

"I asked for no servant," I snarled as I barged past him into the house, treading the mud from the yard onto the floor as I did so. The house was lavish, tapestries hanging from every wall, statues placed about the place, many nude of both tiger and rabbit forms. Gifts of honour I was too stupid and too lacking in culture to notice.

"Yes... well the King assigned me to you," again his eyes looked at me expectantly, as if waiting for a moment of realisation. He could have waited until old age set in, I was not aware and I cared less than he imagined. A Cathal servant is akin to a slave, he was trained from the age of ten to serve a noble. They are loyal to their master until death, he could speak a dozen languages, play many instruments and sing like a member of choir of the gods. He was a skilled cook, an accomplished accountant and he had training in more personal aspects of serving his master.

I was the person he had been waiting his entire life for, his master. He had no choice in the matter, but among his people Cathal servants are treated with much honour and regard. A rabbit would have greeted him with a kiss on the forehead and a welcome to his family, for that is what he was to become. Of course for him to become a member for my family, I would have to have the concept of family explained to me. I was aware, vaguely of blood relations, though I lacked any real understanding of the mechanics.

So our relationship did not start as well as he envisaged. I slammed my helmet down on a table, "I am Prince Karde, heir apparent to the throne of the Trevath, what possible uses could I find for a scrawny mongrel servant such as you?"

The question cut him far deeper than my sword could have, yet he stood resolute, "well, I can keep the place clean." As he spoke his eyes dipped down to where I had trailed in mud. "In the dining room you will find a selection of Trevath dishes," the poor boy had spent some time trying to learn to cook like my people. We are not exactly known for our culinary prowess and our food literally is just roast meat, maybe with some vegetables and breads should we feel the need. "I can shop in town for you, unless you wish to haggle with the shopkeeps yourself, a lord such as

you may get their cheapest prices, but it is time consuming work." There was a twinkle in his eye as he said that, a little humour falling on my deaf ears.

"I can read seven languages, I know every house and lord in this valley, as well as the lords and lines of all the major kingdoms. I can play music to entertain you, sing the songs of your people to remind you of home. I of course and fully trained to match any sexual needs you have, or procure additional services should mine not be sufficient." With this last bit I could see his nose quiver and his licking his lips lightly. However, once again he was preaching to the deaf, I knew nothing of sex, or of servicing. I assumed it was something akin to scribing, if you can believe. "Plus I have the permission of the King to hire new staff for the embassy under your instruction. This is a large estate and takes many people to care for it, unless Master wishes to spend his day's weeding the flower beds."

"Lastly my Lord, I could draw you a bath, my nose tells me you have had a long journey and could use a good soak. I have a range of oils that I could use afterwards, a good massage is often a blessing after a long journey." This was something so far beyond the scope of my understanding that my mind just failed to grasp it. No underling back home would have ever hinted that I stank, I knew not what massage was, or why it needed oils. I bathed in the river; ice cold water, for an ice cold heart. Or so the old saying went.

With three days of fatigue playing on my body I decided that a meal at least would be welcome. I could figure out if I needed the rabbit the day after. To this day I wonder what would have happened had I threw him out there and then. Probably he would have cried, sat by the door all day and night waiting for his master to accept him. Instead with a stomach grumbling I walked in the direction my nose told me food was waiting.

What a spread met my eyes, the boy had gone out of his way. Dozens of different dishes, roast pig, venison haunches, beef flanks and even some fish fresh mountain carp, poached. I slammed myself down in the head chair and reached out with my paws. The look of shock on his face, oh it still brings a smile to my lips. He had learned to serve lords and ladies, dignified people. Here I was a Prince and I ate with my fingers, throwing the bones of the floor and belching loudly at need.

Nervously Pris approached me with a flask, "would my Master like some wine to…" he did not finish as I snatched the flagon out of his paws and began to quaff. The wine was potent and yet sweet, delightfully refreshing. I chugged until the flagon was empty in my paw, then belched once more as I cast it aside and snatched at the mountain carp. A very rare delicacy in my lands, poached to perfection with some wild garlic and sage. It was succulent and delicious and I washed it down with another flagon of fine wine.

My stomach full to bursting I leaned back in my chair and purred with satisfaction. Pris was watching and I saw him smile with some satisfaction, he had served his master. "So were you the servant for General Tavious?" I asked and he recoiled in shock and horror, Cathal servants

have only one master in their life, the implication that he might have a second was the most grievous insult I could have thrown at him.

“N...no that was another, he has retired now. I never met him or his master,” Pris replied nervously. “Would you like a bath and then a massage before retiring for the evening?”

With a shrug I accepted, as I picked bits of meat out of my teeth with my claws. “I suppose I should bathe, is there a river or a lake nearby?”

Once more Pris looked shocked, although this time his shock held an amused edge to it, “no Master, I will fill a bath for you in your bedroom. I have set a fire there as well to keep you warm as the evening draws in.”

A bath inside? It was something I was aware some of the older lords enjoyed, often with their servants, or mistresses. For some reason I had never been able to put two and two together. Once again though it seemed like I had little choice if I wished to clean my fur, and even I could admit, under my armour, I smelled far from clean. “Oh very well, I will try it I suppose.”

He scuttled off as only a rabbit can, leaving me to pick at the remains of my meal. The wine was certainly having a nice warming effect in my stomach. I glanced around the dining hall, a long table with many chairs, in a room filled once more with tapestries, paintings and statues. Along the wall there was a series of huge marble columns, covered in carvings. Between each column was a window looking out over the valley.

While I waited I began to inspect the room more closely, first checking out the windows. Looking to see if there was much of a fall, should I need to take an unexpected escape. Assassination was a part of my life, I knew sooner or later one of my younger brothers would make another try for my place. In theory I was safe here, however, the previous ambassador had thought the same. Ursine mercenaries had done for him, thus fulfilling my father’s will, laying the blame at our enemy and paving the way for his son to take up the post.

My eye was drawn to the carvings on the column, rabbits dancing and celebrating, nude. Some of them were embracing and once couple appeared to be laying down together. It was a curious image, the male above the female, her legs around his waist and her face was twisted in joy. I ran my fingers over her marble breasts and his marble buttocks curiously, I could not fathom why they were entwined in such a way. What I could understand even less was why I was drawn to the image so, I studied every line as it they were the tactical plans for my next sortie.

It wasn’t until a polite cough behind me awoke me from my study that I realised time had passed quickly. Pris was standing in the doorway, “your bath is ready, do you need help removing your armour?”

I snorted arrogantly in response, I needed no help with my armour, it was my second skin I wore it every day. “I need not your help.” I snarled, feeling slightly woozy from the strong wine; that had taken far more hold of me than I would care to admit.

Pris led the way up to my new bedroom, once again it was lavishly decorated and there was a huge four posted bed dominating the middle of the room, with silken sheets and blankets. By a roaring fire sat a metal tub filled with hot water. Having no modesty or shame I began to disrobe immediately. Pris did not look away, had I been not so innocent I would have noticed the look in his eyes, the look of lust. I was and am a handsome tiger. Almost seven foot tall and broad of shoulder. My frame is gilt with muscles aplenty and covered with silken tiger striped fur. Expect for my chest where my father’s clawmarks could be seen.

“Oh my! Master is hurt!” Pris exclaimed as he saw the wound. “I will fetch a poultice and some bandages at once!”

“No leeches! I have no need of medicine!” I bellowed angrily, you do not try to heal a mark of honour such as that. I know now he meant no disrespect, but had he been in my home I would have killed him for such an offer. He flinched and stopped in his tracks as I finished removing my armour. I have to admit it felt good to be free of it, to feel the air in my fur.

My servant was both impressed and a little disgusted, three days of sweat and toil clung to my body. I daresay, much like my steed, I could be smelled a mile away. However, I didn't much care for his or anyone’s discomfort. The bath itself held an aroma, something floral and not in my experience manly. With a little trepidation I sniffed at the waters, the steam in my face let me know this was no cold, river-water scrub.

With a shrug I stepped inside, the hot waters assaulting my leg immediately. The muscles burned and then relaxed at the warmth. The splash I made as I rudely lept into the bath almost put the fire out, the embers hissed angrily. Hot waters pulled on my aching muscles wonderfully, I had never felt anything so wonderful in my life. I could feel my muscles relaxing in a way I had never felt before. I found my chest rumbling as I purred with content.

My eyes closed and I lay my head against the edge of the tin tub as I sank deeper into the waters.Then I almost jumped out of the tub as two paws reached for my shoulders, “what are you doing?” I demanded, my paws having reaching up instantly to grab his wrists, I was none too gentle. His wrists were tiny in my paws, I didn’t know his age, he was young though, maybe twenty years. I never did find out exactly how old, it never seemed to matter, he was young enough and old enough.

“I… just… thought you might like me to rub your s..shoulders, maybe scrub your back…. It is expected,” his voice held a huge dose of fear and pain. My grip relaxed a little as I saw no ill intent, nor any lie in his eyes, although I know now I was no judge of honesty back then.

“Very well, if that is the customer,” I agreed grudgingly, letting his wrists go. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him rubbing the life back into his paws. The strength of my paws was something I was not used to holding back on. If I wanted I could have broken both his arms with barely any effort.

Still, even my vicious reception did not deter him. His paws returned to my shoulders and that was my first real experience of his touch. Of anyone’s touch really. I had beaten others in sparring and in battle, but never had anyone touched me in the way he did. It was loving and gentle and yet firm in the right places. His fingers skillfully worked on my neck and shoulders and I found myself purring loudly from his ministrations.

My eyes closed and I melted, the warmth of the water, the perfume, the warm alcoholic glow inside me and his wonderful fingers relaxed me in ways I had never understood. I barely noticed when his fingers stopped rubbing on my shoulders, they weren’t away long. Then they returned to my chest, stroking through my fur and scrubbing firmly and delightfully. I gasped softly as he lathered my chest with soap, my nipples growing pert and tingling as his fingertips brushed over them.

His paws working the soapy lather lower, down my stomach and I felt something inside me stirring. Opening my eyes I spied something pink sticking out of the water, like a lewd island in a soapy sea. “Damn it!” I cursed as I saw it, the frustration heavy in my voice. “Great, now I have the sickness.”

“Sickness, Master?” Pris asked his eyes confused. Under his simple white tunic I could make out the lump of his own erection. I grew angry for I thought he had made me ill. Yes, I’m aware now, it was no illness. It was my body's natural reactions to the touch of an attractive male and the natural pent up desires of any tiger of my age.

You have to understand, when I was but a cub exploring my young body I was caught by one of my minders, a priest. He taught me that arousal was a sign that you were ill, that if I continued to touch myself I would grow weak and die. As a prince I was kept apart from my people, even my fellow soldiers and officers. I never saw animals in the field and I could not think why anyone would lie to me. So until I met him I never knew what sex was, I was aware that you needed to mate to have cubs, but I had no idea how. All I was told was that when I was matched up to a female everything would come naturally. I feel stupid looking back on it. Like I said, I really was an innocent, or maybe naive is the word, or stupid.

I growled and stood up in the tub, soapy water cascading down, splashing over the sides of the tub and soaking his tunic. My erection bobbed right at his eye level and I gestured to it. “The blood sickness. Bring me ice-water, quickly!” What I didn't notice was the look of surprise and amusement on his face, I didn't even see the look of lust he gave my maleness. However, I didn't have long to see it, as he scurried away quickly, because his master had given him an order.

Pris wasn’t gone long, he returned with a bucket filled with water from a mountain spring that served the house, the water was almost frozen. As I let that frozen water cascade down my body, so cold it was almost painful, I bit my lip to keep from whimpering, I didn’t want to look weak in front of my new servant. The ice water quenched the flames of lust that were newly sprung inside me and my tigerhood shrank back into my sheath.

“Here, sit by the fire Master, it will warm and dry you,” the rabbit pointed to a large plush chair beside the fire, he had already prepared it with many towels for my fur. That is one thing I quickly learned to appreciate of my servant, he always thought ahead. I did as he suggested and was grateful for the towels, which had been warmed through and for the soft seat. After three days on the back of Pivor my ass was aching, even after years of training and military campaigns my rear was still sensitive enough to hurt.

My eyes couldn't help but slip down to watch as Pris stoked the fire. His cute tail was lifting up the back of his tunic, my eyes traced part of his golden valley and I felt my sickness returning. Fortunately for me he stood up shortly afterwards and turned to ask, “would Master like anything to drink?”

“No, I just want to sleep, leave,” once again I did not see the hurt in his eyes. He had expected to stay in the room with me; Cathal servants are rarely far from their master, especially at night. Of course he said nothing he just left the room, leaving me alone. I basked in front of the fire for a while, my eyelids growing heavy as the warmth lulled me with it’s gently caresses. I resisted as long as I could, putting up a valiant rearguard action. However, once I knew defeat was inevitable, I organised a steady retreat.

Pulling myself to my feet I found the weariness of the day's travel had sank into my very bones, walking itself seemed akin to a might feat. Still, I was a hero and so I set about this great labour, wandering to the bed. My hands pressed down on the soft mattress doubtfully. I had slept on the floor for as long as I could remember, I did not wish to sleep on something soft. The floor of the room was covered in rugs, except a small area by the door.

It was in this small island of cold stone that I lay down, the coolness of the stonework actually felt reassuring against my body. Sleep did not wait long before it began its psiren’s call and my eyelids began to droop. My ears and nose were trying to tell me something, but I was too tired to listen and it was days later before I remembered what it was. I could hear the sound of someone breathing and smell Pris’s scent coming under it. He had chosen to sleep outside my door, I don't know if he ever knew, that he spent those first few nights with his master asleep mere inches from him, I hope he did.

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The next morning I awoke with a yawn, my eyes blinking in the warm morning light. The golden sun beams shining down on me, their warm kiss warming my naked form. My nose alerted me to the scent of food, bacon and eggs. There is little that can compare to those for breakfast, king or peasant, they are a simple delight. Outside my bedroom door I found a tray laden with food, bacon, eggs, sausages and some bread thing. It smelled of honey and was not something I recognised.

With an appetite that matched Pivor's I devoured the meat and eggs. The bread item I poked at curiously, it left my claws sticky. I sniffed my fingers and once again caught the strong scent of honey. With a shrug of my shoulders I picked up the sticky treat and bit into it, then moaned deeply with pleasure. Sweet goodness exploded on my tongue, milk, honey and vanilla all mixing in a perfect tableau. With a lack of grace unbecoming a Crown Prince I stuffed the rest of the cake into my maw all in one, smearing the honey over my face and whiskers. My fingers and lips were licked clean.

I emerged from my room clad in armour, full of belly and sticky of face. With no fixed plan in mind I wandered the house looking for Pris. My father had ordered me to find out anything I could on the L'vath military positions inside the valley. Where would their second line of defence be, supply lines, barracks and anything that could be of value.

The Crown Prince of the L'vath, a rabbit named Croyte, was their general-in-chief and if anyone knew of their defence plans it would be him. My plan was to befriend him and try to extract what information I could. From what you know of who I was then I suppose that seems laughable, and it was. I had no sweet words, no cunning and no concept of how to be a friend. My assumption was that being a fellow Prince the two of us might have much in common, I was gravely mistaken. Although in the end, we were friends.

That of course meant arranging an audience with Croyte and, as much as I might have hated to admit it, Pris would be better placed to do that. So I started to search for him. The Embassy was big, with two full wings of bedrooms, all of which were empty. It wasn't until I passed the front door and heard some laughter coming from outside that I found him.

The morning sun was bright, yet not too warm. However, I didn't notice that, my eyes were too busy fixed on a sight I never thought I would see. Pivor, on his back with Pris between his legs, the rabbit had both paws on the huge warg's chest. Pivor's savage jaws were hung open, his mighty tongue lolling out as the rabbit assaulted his chest with both paws. There were buckets everywhere and the rabbit was working up a lather of soap on my warg as he scratched the broad panting beast. What's more, they were not alone, I could see at least three rabbit children of varying ages laughing and giggling as they worked their paws on my mount.

"What in the name of the nine Kingdoms is going on?" I demanded with all the restraint I could manage. Which was none at all, there was so much venom in my tone it would have killed a nine headed dragon and her entire brood.

“We are washing Mr Stinky!” One of the children squealed, as she laughed and scrubbed more soap into Pivor.

“Mr Stinky!” There are no words to fully express my emotions at that moment, although I gave it a darn good try. “This is Pivor the vicious, son of Pivtor, descended from the great Nestine herself. The very beast who my Great Great Grandfather rode when he killed the seven headed Dragon of the Maldeve plains, he is NOT Mr Stinky!”

“Then why does he smell so bad?” The child spat back, clearly not phased by my unrepressed anger.

“Why did your Great, Great Grandfather kill the dragon?” Another child demanded from the other side of me.

“What?” I asked confused, wondering what else a hero would do with a dragon, offer them tea and crumpets?

“Why did he kill the dragon for?” The rabbit asked again slowly, emphasizing every word as if talking to a simpleton.

“Because, he needed to get the Ruby of Anistrias from its horde, to bring my Great, Great Grandmother back from the dead. She was killed during a battle with raiders.” The reply tumbled out of my mouth quickly, before I could question why I should be answering these children anything.

“Oh wow, how romantic, did he save her?” The first child asked her eyes looking up at me expectantly.

It was strange, I knew a thousand different ways to kill, disarm, dismember and even distress an opponent. I had led men into battle with a cool and even head, face a raging polar bear charging me with murderous intent. Yet, when faced with interrogation from children I fell to pieces. Had these three asked me the defence plans of the norther border I might have just lain it all out for them. Instead I just answered, “No, the Ruby wasn't there. Some believe it was actually in the horde of the nine headed dragon in the Kavar mountains. That is Ursine territory and when my Great Great Grandfather went there, the ursine King refused him passage. Thus started the first war between my people and the Bears.”

“What did your Great Great Grandad do then, if he couldn't get the Ruby? How did he save his wife?” The young female asked, I was aware that all eyes, including Pivor’s, were on me.

“Well...he couldn't save her, and he had a war to fight. He struggled all his life but was never able to push deep enough into the Ursine kingdom to kill the dragon,” it was actually a rather

sad story and in the halls of my people you will find many story tellers who will spin it for you proper; they will tell it so well you will cry for hours afterwards just thinking of it. A tale of adventure and daring, all for nothing as the hero loses his love in the end. Yet the bravery is still worthy of praise and of note.

“That’s a stupid story, everyone knows the hero always saves the day in the end,” snorted the annoying little female rabbit with disgust.

Before I could react to the rising anger, that was making my sword hand twitch, Pris jumped up from the warg and announced, “it’s time to rinse off, everybody grab a bucket!” I suspect that even thatearly in our relationship he knew when I was nearing snapping. The children and he tossed buckets of water over Pivor. The warg took it all in good nature, which surprised me, I had seen Pivor bite the head off a soldier… I had never once seen him bathe, or show any desire to do so.

After his bath the huge warg trotted onto the embassy's lawn and lay down in the sun to dry. Pris sent the children home quickly and then returned to me looking slightly worried. Before I could say anything he jumped in with, “I am sorry Master I should have asked before I cleaned your warg. However, his presence in the King’s court was noted by the noses of many. I thought a good clean would help assure everyone that it was just the long journey and that you were not… uncivilised.”

Naive I may be, stupid I wasn’t. Pivor had not really entered the courts, he did have the pure unfettered rank of a male warg in his prime. I have no doubts he could have been smelled throughout the royal stables, he was unlikely to have been scented in the Throne room. However, the same could not be said for myself, had he simply insulted me I would have responded with anger and probably violence. Instead he had tried to fix the problem, to my horror I realised that I was the problem.

Of course he was still a servant and it was insulting to know he, and apparently others, had been discussing my less than hygienic nature, “servants should wait for their master to instruct them.” I growled at him angrily and saw the look of shame and fear on his face. I had faced down men twice my size, looked them in the eye while their life drained away. Someone the horror of that unmoved me, but the look of fear on the rabbit’s face, the slight quivering of his nose made my heart melt. “However, as it’s your first day I am willing to overlook it this once.” I finished, rather magnanimously, for a Crown Prince who is used to being obeyed without question.

“Yes Master, thank you Master,” it might have just been my ears, but I was sure the second master was slightly emphasized. It was just a gentle reminder, or rebellion, he knew he had won this round. He had cleaned his master, his mount and made them into someone far more respectable to serve. What was worse I knew it too, my keen tactical senses told me I had lost.

My only option to win was to cast him out, or cut him dead and I needed him too much to do either.

So I took being beaten by a rabbit half my size and weight with all the grace and charm you might have expected, “I need you to arrange an audience with the Crown Prince, immediately!” I may have been beaten but I was still the master and I could remind him of it. “After that I want more of those...bun things that were with my breakfast. The stables need fresh straw and Pivor needs a new meal…”

“But Master he ate an entire deer yesterday, wargs get ill if they eat more than once a ….” He stopped his argument dead, as I gave him a look only a man who has pure belief that he was born to rule can give, when someone dares question his orders. “I will procure a new deer on my way back from the Prince’s estate Master.”

“Stop calling me master, my title is His Royal Highness Crown Prince of the Eastern Marches, or Sire if you wish to be quick,” I put all the venom I could into my tone, just to reinforce the fact that he may not be calling me master, but I damned well was going to be his master as long as he knew me. It is strange looking back to see just how wrong I was, both in attitude and in fact.

“Yes… Sire,” I saw just a for a moment the desire to rebel in his eyes.

“Very well, you have your orders, get on with it!”

“Yes, His Royal Highness Crown Prince of the Eastern Marches,” he replied as he turned and scurried away quickly. Rebellion through blind obedience, I had not seen it before; using my full title at times when I wanted him to be quick. It was a trademark of his over the next few days.

After he left I realised I was alone, I was used to being alone. Back home I would sit alone in my quarters for hours with nothing to do but meditate or practice my sword skills. Which is what I chose to do, standing on the grass running through drills, again and again. The sun rose high in the sky and was beginning to dip by the time Pris returned, he was riding on a cart and not alone. Two rabbit peasants were with him, along with a sheep carcass. Pivor’s head shot up as he sniffed the air, his huge tongue flopped out of his mouth as he gave a slobbery doggy grin and trotted over to the cart. The rabbit had brought a smaller meal, he wished to spare Pivor the pain of a belly ache.

Pris jumped down quickly and caught the warg’s head in both paws, ruffling his mane and leaning close to mutter into his ear. Pivor tilted his head as it listening, he was a smart beast, very able to play along for an extra meal. The dead sheep was put into the stable and Pivor disappeared after it.

The cart started to roll shortly afterwards, Pris approached me with a basket in his paws. “His Royal Highness Crown Prince of the Eastern Marches, I have returned and I bring with me honey cakes as requested.” As he spoke he offered me the basket.

I sheathed my sword and reached out to take the basket, “when is my audience with the Prince?”

“Ah...well, I asked and the answer is no,” Pris replied quietly and I noticed him taking a tiny step back, probably out of fear.

“Hmm, my fault sending a servant clearly insulted him. I should have gone in person. I will go tomorrow and I’m sure I will be able to arrange something, Prince to Prince,” A day of meditation and exercise is a good way to reflect on your decisions and I often found myself far more calm and able afterwards.

“No sire, I don't think that will help,” my timid servant replied and I could actually see him shrinking down in size. It was an animal’s reaction when they expect to be attacked, I had seen men terrified acting in the same light. Arrogant and violent, I am both of these things, but never to the defenceless; I have never struck a child, a female or an untrained man. There is no honour in attacking those unable to defend themselves, cowards do that to build courage, I had no need of such tactics.

“May I ask why you think I will not be able to convince him to give me an audience?” It was the question he feared and I could see his eyes looking everywhere, hoping to find an answer that wasn’t a lie but was more palatable than the truth.

“He...does not trust you,” my trembling servant whispered looking at the floor and closing his eyes, as if bracing himself for a blow.

“Well… I suppose I need to change his mind,” my words were soft and my eyes stayed on him. His head lifted up just a little and his ear fell away enough for me to catch his fearful eyes. “I… am not gentle of word, I am often thoughtless of action. In battle I give my enemies no quarter. However, I Prince Karde of the Trevath swear to you that I will never raise more than my voice to you, in anger.” While my words found their way to his ears, my paw found it’s way to his shoulder. “You have nothing to fear from me.”

I felt him breathe a deep sigh of relief under my paw and he looked up. The look of relief on his face was very gratifying and I found myself smiling rather sheepishly, “I have not made a good impression so far have I?”

“It is not for you to make a good impression Sire, I am the servant it is for me to fulfil your wishes,” he replied with a smile that made me think back to the evening before and the need for

a bucket of ice water. I wasn't sure why then, but now I know I was attracted to him and I just didn't understand.

"Well, you have done so," my words were spoken with as much confidence and reassurance as I could muster. It was a strange thing for me, soldiers rarely require reassurance, priests never do and the only other person I had regular contact with had been my father the King, I need not tell you how little he cared if someone reassured him. It seemed to work and he actually smiled, which made something inside my stomach flip out. In my ignorance I assumed it was hunger. "Now, perhaps we could share a meal and discuss just how exactly I can convince the Prince to see me."

The smile on his face broaded, it was like a glorious sunrise over the mountains after a long dark night. His beaming smile lifted my heart and made me feel strong and safe. More so it made me want to hold him, to protect him. Of course once again, I did not understand what I was feeling, where these emotions were coming from.

He pulled the cloth off the top of the basket to reveal a dozen buns similar to the one I had enjoyed at breakfast, "they...aren't the same as the one I made for you this morning. I'm sorry I thought it was getting late so I picked these up at the baker, but he does not include vanilla essence in his honey cakes."

"I am sure they will suffice," I replied once again giving a reassuring smile. "On my last campaign I ate the same rations as the men, I wanted to show a solidarity of spirit… but you know I don't think they knew I did that. A commander does not eat with his men, so I mostly chewed the hardtack in my tent alone. My brothers told me I was a stupid fool to care what my men thought of me. Then again I cannot trust their words or suggestions, they are all waiting for me to slip up and then they will try to replace me."

Pris looked a little upset at the suggestion. It was a strange concept for him, his family was close, the idea of brothers killing one another was a difficult one for any L'vath citizen to grasp. As difficult as many aspects of their culture were for me. Table manners, small talk and many other of the finer points of their culture. Fortunately I had someone ready and willing to teach me. "Then as your loyal servant I will do everything in my power to ensure your mission here is successful."

Guilt was an emotion I had almost never felt, it was not something I had really learned. The nearest was the shame of failure, I knew it was important to be loyal. This moment taught me more about guilt than anything in my entire life. Looking at the rabbit, smiling at me opening his heart and offering his help. He didn't know that what he was offering was to help destroy his own people and that of their allies.

The punch of emotion was like a solid kick to my gut. I felt sick and unsteady on my feet. To cover my distress I grabbed one of the cakes and took a bite. It was good but it missed the

sweet vanilla tones of the one he had baked for me. “Please there is more here than I can eat.” I added motioning for him to join me.

His face was beaming as his master asked him to join him in a meal, well of sorts. It was the acceptance he had been hoping for the first time we met. The meal itself was very strange and short, the sweet buns were delicious but with nothing savoury before them my stomach was craving something more than sugar. We didn't talk, I didn't know how to make small talk and I had nothing to say, not yet anyway. He was waiting for his master to lead the conversation, just as he was taught to.

With the food finished I looked to him, “so if I meet with Cryote tomorrow I can…”

“Sorry Sire,” Pris cut in quickly. “He will not meet with you, he is good friends with General Parvos the ambassador from the Ursine Kingdom. They were both friendly with your predecessor, they believe your father had him assassinated.”

I was shocked at how astute my opponents were, though as we had tried to implicate the Ursines and they had no part in it, it was no surprise that Parvos would have drawn the right conclusion. My father had obviously not counted on the strong friendship of the Prince with the ambassador. The king had made a mistake, that was another punch to my gut. Everyone in the Trevath is taught from birth that the king is infallible. My mind didn't want to believe it and yet as I looked into Pris’s eyes I could see no trace of a lie, merely flecks of gold that drew my eyes closer. My paws ached to touch him.

The rabbit was looking at me with honest perplextion, and I realised I had been staring into his eyes for a good minute. “So there is no way at all?”

He reached up and pulled a large eartip down to stroke it between his fingers. It was a nervous habit, one I would learn to watch for, usually when he did it he was worried, or plotting something. His plots were always the fun kind and I quickly learned to enjoy them. “Well Sire… there may be one way.”

My heart leapt, a way to fulfil my mission. It was everything a soldier needed to hear, there was a way. I promised myself I would do whatever it took, the pain on my chest reminded me of my promise, a promise that could not be broken. “There is, tell me at once!” It was a command and I did bark it like one, I saw him shuffle nervously and mistook that nerves for fear. I smiled at him reassuringly, “please, whatever it is I promise not to hold you to account, no punishment to just tell me what needs to be done. I am a soldier, I fight on the front lines, I can get my paws dirty if need be.”

“Well Sire… I do not doubt you desires and your words. However, this is something for which you are not ready,” Pris was blushing so deeply I could see the pink through his golden fur. “ I do not mean any offence. However, would I be right in assuming that Sire is still a virgin?”

The question did not offend me, it did confuse me. First of all I was unmarried, so clearly a virgin, and second what in the nine kingdoms could my virginity have to do with forming a friendship with Cryote. “Yes, I have not yet taken a bride.”

“That’s a pity, Croyte and his friends; several L’vath lords, along with Parvos and the Equine Lord Naros. They go on a hunt on midweeks evening. “He still could not look me in the eyes. “Cryote likes strong dominant males, he likes to watch them together. As it would be in the woods you could claim a chance encounter, I know I could find out where for you. However, to be successful, Sire you would need to perform.”

“Perform? I am no jester, I know of no tricks save with my sword,” he couldn’t help but laugh at my pure naivety. I had no idea what he was saying.

“Not exactly what I meant sire, you would have to perform, sexually. They go up there to be away from prying eyes, to have sex.”

My jaw dropped at the sheer enormity of what my servant was saying. I could not countenance so many Lords romping in the woods. Indeed the first words out of my mouth showed just how little I had grasped, “with who?”

This time he had to cover his mouth as he laughed, he didn’t cover it well, but I was too stunned to be annoyed, “with each other Sire, the lords all enjoy male companionship. Your predecessor used to join them, I believe if you could attend and impress you would be able to start a friendship with Cryote.”

“I… I suppose…” Part of my mind simple could not grasp the details. Another part had grasped them all too well and was revelling in the idea, my armour’s codpiece was suddenly far too small and restricting. “I could do … that.”

“Sire, with respect, it would not be wise for you to go as a virgin. You will only get one chance and if you fail to impress… the court thinks of you as loud, rude and smelly. Yet it could get worse if they think of you are incompetent in the bedroom,” Pris’s blush had gone, as had his mirth. All I saw in his eyes was compassion, he truly did not wish to be the one saying such hurtful things. “You would lose all respect and it would be almost impossible for you to recover.”

There seemed to be nothing else to say, I stood there stunned into silence. My codpiece was still telling me to try the plan anyway, yet my mind was saying to listen to the rabbit. It was clear he knew far more than I on these matters. “So there is no way?”

“Well there is…. I could teach you,” he whispered the second half of his sentence and looked away, as if fearful I might fly into a rage at his suggestion. He was in no danger there, I could

barely grasp the concepts in front of me, I was a lost meek kitten, he could have led me anywhere and I would have followed.

“Teach me?”

“Yes, sex is a skill, one I learned in preparation of my service to you. I could teach you and then when you go the prince would be impressed, as would his friends. They will invite you to more hunts and to dinners, though you will also need to learn appropriate table manners,” I didn't really hear anything after, he could teach me. Those words echoed around my head and into the very deep recesses of my mind. The primal centers that I used in battle they screamed with desire to do the one thing I had always denied them.

“I… suppose… w...what would be involved?” I asked, I honestly had no idea what happened during sex. “Can men actually, mate with other men? C..can they get pregnant?” Can they, could I? That was a sudden though screaming in my mind, I knew that sex happened to get females pregnant, sex without females...did that mean the male got pregnant. I had never even heard that a male could have had sex with another until a few seconds earlier.

Pris smiled and shook his head, “no Sire, you cannot get pregnant, but yes men can have sex with one another… I have an idea that might help you understand, the...the basic… the basics of sex.”

“Well, ok. What do you suggest?” I asked, I was far too gone down the path to turn around now. My curiosity was caught on the idea of finding out what sex really was. Of course I’m sure you know what happens to a cat who is caught by the curiosity.

“Tomorrow I will arrange a...demonstration to help you,” Pris offered with a smile. “I will send a message to my father, he can help.”

“You are going to show me with your father!” To say I was agast is an understatement. I was so far out of my depth I could no longer see land, or even remember what it looked like.

“No Sire, he owns a kennel, he breeds wargs. With your permission he will bring a bitch in heat and Pivor can...give the demonstration.” My heart began to calm down, I had heard of other lords watching their prize animals mate. It was quite common, not something I had ever wanted to do, until this moment. Right then I wanted to understand so badly I almost demanded Pris go get his father right there and then. Instead I accepted his offer. Thus ended the most awkward and uncomfortable conversation of my life.

I was too confused to notice I had the heat sickness, so I was spared an icewater bath. Instead I returned to the house and sat down in the library to read a book on L’vath military tactics. In the evening Pris taught me about forks, knives, napkins and all the other hurdles polite people use to stop you enjoying a good meal. While in L’vath, I reasoned, do as the L’vathese do.

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The next day Pris's father arrived, I greeted the man as warmly as I could, for a Prince meeting a peasant. I assume it was an honour. He had a brindled warg bitch on a leash. It was clear to my eyes she was of far inferior stock to Pivor, though certainly would have been acceptable enough for my father's cavalry. He was clearly happy once he saw how magnificent Pivor was; the warg who was going to provide his bitch with cubs and him with some prime breeding stock and profit.

Pris went to the stables and he led out Pivor. I had never seen my warg so alert, his eyes were wide, his tail high. His mighty head was sniffing the air deeply, "Oh 'e can smell 'er Mi'Lord!" Pris's father announced gleefully. "And she has noticed 'im too, oh look that's a good sign that is." The rabbit's accent did not match his son's, I assumed due to the years of training Pris had undergone. Still he was right, the bitch was turning her back to Pivor, to me it seemed almost a rude gesture. Now I know exactly what she was doing, she was in heat and lustful, offering herself to a stud.

Pivor began to pull on his leash. Pris gave a command and, due to years of training, my mount obeyed sitting down. Between his legs I could see a mighty red rod, I was shocked at the enormity of the organ. Part of me whispered that this was wrong, that Pivor was ill and that I should help him, with a bucket of ice water. The other part noticed how my mount showed no signs of fear or pain. He did not look sick, he was practically bouncing with energy.

My young servant removed Pivor's collar and gave him permission to bound free. The beast took a couple of leaps and his nose was at the bitch's hind parts. I gasped as I watched him sniffing and then licking! I could not believe it, yet I could hear happy whimpers coming from the bitch. She seemed to like it and I could hear deep ruffs coming from Pivor's mouth. Apparently he licked what he was tasting.

"Any second now," the older rabbit beside me muttered. Once again he was right. Pivor finished his licking and suddenly he leaped, at first I thought he had attempted to jump over her and failed. Then I realised that had been his intent. The bitch lifted her rear end and lowered her front to the ground. Pivor's highs where thrusting wildly. "Pris, 'e can't find 'is mark, you'd better guide 'im in"

My eyes went wide at the command the older rabbit gave and more so as I watched the young rabbit bound forward. He reached between Pivor's mighty thrusting legs and gasped his slimy rod. I couldn't look away as the young rabbit guided the cock to the female's lower hole. Both wargs yelped at once, as Pivor at last found his mark.

"Oh 'es got 'er," cheered the older rabbit, and I could see he was right. Pivor's front paws had slipped around the female and were tightly locked under her hips. While the air filled with the lewd slapping of his huge balls on her sopping hole. Their grunts and pants gave me no doubt

that they were both enjoying every moment. I saw something else, a huge swelling in my mount's cock, at first it popped in and out of the female as he bred her with the intensity only a feral can. Then it grew too big and both beast grunted in frustration as they copulated.

"Just one big push...go on, give it to 'er my boy, you know she wants thy cubs," cheered the older man beside me. I could not say a word, I just watched the disgusting, yet glorious and alluring, display in front of me. As if following the old man's commands I saw Pivor pull back further than before and thrust with all his might, the huge ball of maleness slammed into the female and forced her lips open. Both animals howled loudly and the old man clapped his paws and whooped in delight. "At a boy! 'is first bitch huh Mi'Lord, they always needs some 'elp on their first."

Pris swooped in quickly and asked his father to look after the animals. I was deeply grateful for being saved from any more running commentary from his far too enthusiastic father. As soon as we were out of earshot he whispered, "and that Sire... is sex."

"He...he put his thing… right into her," I muttered in pure shock, in my eyes I could see that huge cock slipping back and forth between those wet folds. "Right inside her!"

"Yes Sire, that's how sex is done," the rabbit replied with a small smile.

"Is she...ok?" I whispered sneaking a look back, I could see the two wargs standing butt to butt, locked together.

"Oh yes Tammy is a good experienced bitch. She's had three litters already. I knew she'd be a good one for Pivor's first," the rabbit assured me with a smile. "Trust me they both are very, very happy right now. I mean sex might look a bit odd from the outside, but trust me it feels...oh I am no poet to describe the feelings of sex."

"Well...so I have to do that with the others?" I asked looking back doubtfully.

"Yes, sort of I mean you don't have a knot so you won't have to worry about ending up locked together tail to tail," the rabbit replied and then leaned closer to whisper. "However, before that I think I should teach you about sex, or more accurately show you."

"Show me...now...here?" I looked around desperately as my heart raced with a mixture of panic and lust.

"No Sire, tonight when we go to bed, I will show you how good sex can be and start to teach you what you need to learn." He was a rabbit, half my side a tiny prey animal and yet in that moment he gave me a look of pure predatory hunger that made something inside of me quake with need.

“Ok, tonight,” I agreed and I felt my stomach twisting in knots. My codpiece had never felt so tight and restricting in my entire life. I was about to ask for some icewater to help with my sickness when I realised… I wasn’t ill, anymore than Pivor had been. My body was just wanting me to put my maleness inside a willing bitch.

With the demonstration over I retreated to the library and to the comfort of more military studies. It was not that easy to escape my own mind though, my thoughts betrayed me again and again. I saw images of Pivor, mating and howling in pleasure. Of Pris, those few seconds I had seen his tiny paw wrapped around that engorged cock guiding it into the warg bitch. I couldn't help but wonder, would he grab my cock like that? His father had said that ‘they all need some help on their first time’. I certainly needed help, I was desperate for any guidance that I could get.

There was nothing in the military texts that could help me. Sure they could teach me how best to breach a castle walls, but they could not tell me how to ravage the females of my fallen foes. Though I couldn't help but notice just how much it was discussed in military books, tales of cities conquered, they always seemed to end with the womenfolk being ravaged. It seemed that the first thing any soldier wanted to do when they won a battle was get their armour off, or get something off anyway.

When it was time for last meal, I found myself uncharacteristically devoid of appetite. Maybe it was trying to remember which fork I should use to eat the various courses. Mostly I think it was the person who had cooked and was serving the meal. We didn't say much, I still couldn't think of anything to say and he continued waiting for me to start the conversation.

So it was that evening came and I went to bed, I could feel my paw trembling a little as I reached for the door to my bedroom. That shocked me far more than anything, I had faced down enemy after enemy without fear, now I was faced with a lover and suddenly my steady paw was steady no longer. Not that it stopped me, in fact it made me more determined. Something that my body was reacting to this strongly was something that I wanted to face head on, eye to eye, claw to claw.

I stopped when we reached my bed and turned to face Pris, “w..what do I do now?”

He smiled at me and reached out to take my arm and turn me gently. I let him guide me, I put myself in his paws and I didn't regret it. With gentle tugs he guided me to my bed and got me to sit down on it. “Just relax, Sire. I will take good care of you and make sure you enjoy tonight.”

“I.. I’m doing this because I need to complete my mission, this… is not about pleasure,” to this day I don’t know if that was aimed at him or at me. I just had to hear the words out loud. My heart was racing and as his fingers started to unfasten the clasps on my armour I felt my heart jump with each popping clasp.

My chestplate was the first to go, the cool night air ruffling through my fur, it was damp with the sweat of the day. I couldn't help but remember the comments about my odour earlier, I thought about offering to bathe. However, Pris seemed to see my worries and he smiled and pressed his nose to my chest, I gasped as I felt his warm breath as he took in my scent deeply. “Oooh Sire.” His whispered words eased my worries and put further strain on my poor codpiece.

The gloves and arms of my armour were removed quickly and as I prepared to stand to let him remove the rest, he caught me with a surprise. His lips they were suddenly on mine, my body stiffened as I felt his warmth pressed to mine. I was shocked by the taste of sweet fresh grass and honey on his lips. The feelings inside me, the wants and desires they grew, they had been smoldering embers struggling to survive in my empty soul. Now with the freshness of his breath they had become a roaring fire and I began to return the kiss with passion.

His arms slipped around my neck and I felt his lithe chest pressing to my broad muscular one. I wanted to do something, to show my affections, and desires. My mind raced as I tried to think what I should do with my hands, Pivor had used his paws savagely, even inexperienced I knew this was wrong. So instead I reached out, putting my arms around him. He sighed against my lips happily, a most wonderous feeling, something so simple. Yet that little exhale conveyed so much to me, it reassured and gave me the confidence to stroke my fingers over his shoulders.

While my fingers explored his back he pushed forward, sliding into my lap. His shirt was removed in a heartbeat and his lips returned to mine. The time the kiss was broken had felt like an eternity and as we kissed anew, he took one of my paws in his. It felt so small, yet firm too. He tugged my arm and placed my mighty hand on his front, my handspan was almost enough to cover his whole chest. His heart was racing under my touch, I could feel the beat through my fingertips.

As I wondered over the feeling of his heart and body, he surprised me again. This time with his tongue, sliding it against my lips as we kissed. My skin tingled with his touch and I found my lips parting slightly, it was all the invitation his tongue needed. My mouth was full of his sweetness, I gasped at the sensations. My tongue reacted on instinct, certainly not on experience, and our tongues danced before I found myself purring with delight and pushing my tongue into his welcoming maw.

With our lips and tongues entwined, his paws began to move, stroking up my neck, squeezing my muscles lightly. I had no idea how manly and powerful it could feel to have someone squeeze your strong body. More so when they respond with a deep shuddering sigh of desire, I had never felt one and yet I knew on instinct what it was. His fingers continued to move, until they were on my cheeks, his fingers caressing my face lovingly as we kissed.

He broke the kiss, I couldn’t have, my body was desperate for more. His paws pressed to my broad chest and he smiled up at me. No words were spoken, not yet we didn't need them. With

a slight shove on my chest he slid off my lap and stood before me in just his cotton slacks. Then in one swift motion he disrobed and stood before me naked, facing away.

It was breathtaking, literally I found I couldn't breathe. All I could do was explore every inch of his back. His golden fur flowing down his graceful slender lines. His hips slightly plumper, almost feminine. But the glory of his body was his rear, two wonderful golden orbs, so perfectly pert and ripe. Just above them his teardrop tail quivered with expectation and I couldn't help but notice his left buttock had three tiny spots of white fur. Later I would learn he was ashamed of these blemishes, I saw nothing but beauty, I would kiss those marks many times as we lay together. They were part of him and therefore part of perfection himself.

My green eyes met his blue ones and I found him smiling back at me, exploring my body with the same desire. “Sire, will you please stand, so I may remove the rest of your clothes and begin your lesson?”

When I was twelve I was sent on a hunt alone, up into the mountains, naked with just a spear as my only weapon. It was a rite of passage for the King’s children, only those who proved their worth could live in his house.My target was a black bear, I needed to bring back his head to appease my father. It took me five days to track one down and there before me he stood, massive and stinking in the morning light.. He was stronger and faster than me by far, once the battle was joined I knew I could either push on through or die. Looking at Pris on his knees in front of me I knew I was facing that choice once more, push on through or fail. Let it never be said that I was a coward, I meet my foes, and fears, head on.

Inside I could feel my nerves growing, I tried to calm myself. I told myself it wasn’t that big it wasn’t that important. This was something every peasant and animal did without thinking, it was easy. That, of course,was both very true and completely wrong at the same time. Still as Pris reached up to the clasps on my leggings I knew, I want it, wanted him more than I wanted the head of that black bear. Closing my eyes I felt the coolness of the air on my legs as I heard the clank of the plates falling away.

Next he removed my boots, I lifted one leg at a time, at his instruction. That just left my codpiece, the rest of my body felt cool as fresh cut grass on a spring morning. Under the metal of my protection I felt a fire to match the heat of the fire mountains themselves. I was burning up from the centre and he seemed to know it. His fingers were gentle as they tugged on the straps behind my back, not once did he look anywhere but straight ahead, as if he didn’t want to miss something important.

Then the straps fell away, but the codpiece did not, his paw was too quick, landing on it before it could fall holding it in place. I gave a strange cry, somewhere between a growl and a whimper, my confused body both knowing and not knowing what it wanted. His paws stroked the shiny metal slowly and his eyes looked up at me, I looked down to see a look of hunger I had never seen before. It terrified and excited me in equal measure.

His paw slid up, I felt his furry fingers as they slipped under the codpiece one at a time, squirming a little against my sweaty flesh. Then with one glorious motion he pulled it away and I stood before him nude once more. I gasped at the cool air and more at the strong stink of musk that came from my own nethers. Never had I been so potent and ripe, a day of pent up desire, or waiting and wondering. For a moment I worried it might offend him, but when I looked down his face was twisted into a mask of pure joy, his pink tongue hanging out of his mouth, as if hungry for a taste.

With that blissful look on his face he reached out with one paw and for the first time in my life I felt someone touch my manhood. His palm was soft and gentle, his fingers light of touch as his paw stroked slowly down my length. He seemed impressed by my length and girth, smiling joyously, his fingers closed around it only to not be able to meet. I was lost, the sensations flowing through me were so alien and yet so addictive, nothing could have made me stop him.

I could only stare in a mixture of joy and horror as his head moved closer. This was not what Pivor had done, but when I felt his sweet warm breath flowing over my swollen glans, I cried out in lust and desire. Thousands of nights alone, more ice baths that I could count and was all for nothing. I wanted to say something, to do something, my body was trembling with wants and desires I had never felt, nor had any idea how to enact.

Fortunately action on my part was not needed, his soft lips kissed my musky tip. Oh gods, they were so warm and soft, they yielded and the warmth grew, it was so hot and yet moist. His little tongue lapped at my meatus and I cried out as sensations coursed down my length, floods of feelings and emotions filled my mind. My fists clenched as his touch deepened, taking more of me into his warm heaven.

While his tongue slowly explored my glans, running playfully over my coronal ridge, he began to suck. Oh I thought I knew pleasure from his first touches, that first moment of suckling, it was akin to nothing I had ever felt. My chest erupted in purring, it was a reaction I couldn't stop, my paws reached out on their own and his fur was in my fingers. I wanted to thank him, wanted to show him the pleasure he was showing me.

Reaching up his paws clasped around mine and I found myself staring down, lost in the oceans of his azure eyes. I was drowning in the pleasure as I watched my cock sliding out of his mouth, glistening with his spittal. My mind cried out in despair at the thought he was about to remove his wondrous lips from my maleness. Just as I opened my mouth to beg him not to stop he drove his head forward quickly, my cock was engulfed in warm sucking rabbit maw. My claws teared at the floor, my hands grasping his head as my entire world rocked from its very foundations. I cried out, bellowing his name, it tasted sweet on my lips. I could take no more and yet he kept giving, more and more; taking me to the heights of pleasure.

The world around me was black, I could see nothing but the blue of his eyes and the gold of his fur. I was lost in a world with just his mouth, his paws and I had never been so happy. Unfamiliar sensations welled up inside me, my feet braced and clawing at the floor as my hips started to buck and thrust. The image of Pivor popped into my mind, his hips thrusting on pure animal instinct. That was what this was, I was gone to my feral side, taking delight in the body of my mate.

To his credit he stayed calm, years of training had taught him how to pleasure a mate such as me. I drove my maleness into him with a desperation I had never felt or known. There was a pressure building inside my groin, it drove me beyond the point of insanity, I lost all control, all aspect of reason. Yet even at my most feral I did not push too far, something inside knew not to hurt the one giving me such pleasure.

Then I felt it, the dam burst, my cock throbbed in a way I had never felt before. Before I knew it someone was roaring, I was shocked to realise it was me. I gave him my all rutting his mouth as my cream flooded it. He swallowed like a man starved of food for months. Gulping down my seed with the sound of relish and content. His eyes, oh his beautiful eyes, dazzling sapphires starting into my very soul with lust and joy.

In all honesty my first time, I lasted less than a minute. Yet after years of sex, with every race and gender, no pleasure has ever matched that moment. The moment he made me whole. My head was spinning and I remember the pressure being removed from my shrinking maleness, his little tongue dabbling up the stray drops of my seed. Then I fell backwards, landing on the soft mattress with a muffled thud as my chest rumbled with the purr of true contentment.

“Sire?” Lifting my head proved to be a task beyond my strength at that moment, so I cast my eyes down to see Pris standing up beside the bed. His own maleness was no match for mine, but it was not small, more proportionate to his frame. I certainly had no complaints about it in all my time with him. “Was that satisfactory?” Satisfactory! I had no frame of reference upon which to compare but I was sure that my feelings on what had just happened were so far beyond satisfied that they may have lapped the entire world and be approaching it from behind.

“Y.. yes… I think… was it satisfactory for you?” I don't know why I asked him, he was technically my servant, I shouldn't have cared what he thought. Yet I did, I cared so much that his response cut me deeper than any sword ever did.

“You have a very impressive cock Sire. You performed well, for someone who has never had sex before,” he was trying to be both honest and tactful, but he was failing. I could see the words underneath what was spoken and they made for painful reading.

“I will get better,” It was a promise to myself and to him.

“Indeed Sire,” as he spoke he slid onto the bed, his nubile, lithe form stroking over mine. Even with the hurt my body began to react to his touch, to the feeling of his warmth, of his fur mingling with mine. Then as he reached my head he kissed me and I got to taste something wonderful. My own maleness on his lips, balancing out his delicious sweetness with the musky savoury of a true male.

The kiss was soft and gentle at first as we lay together, his smaller frame resting entirely upon me. I felt something warm and firm pressing into my stomach, while I knew what it was I had no idea what to do. He was the one who would have to take lead, and he did. With a soft sigh he broke the kiss and kissed my nose. Such a shocking feeling, it felt more loving and caring than I had expected, almost nurturing.

“Is Sire ready, for more?” He whispered into my ear and then kissed and nipped down my neck. Each kiss made my skin tingle, I wanted so desperately to respond, so I did. Pressing my huge muzzle into the nape of his neck, kissing and tasting him. The mild grime and sweat off a hard day, tasted like milk and honey on his hot body. His scent filled my nose and mind. Soft grassy tones, mixed with vanilla and cinnamon. I drank him in deeply, my paws unleashed at last roamed wildly over his naked form.

He responded perfectly gasping and whimpering softly, “Oh...oh Sire!” He whispered in desperate panting tones. His fingers stroking over my chest, and making me cry as they brushed my erect aching nubs. He pinched them lightly, a spark of pain flourishing only for a moment, just enough to make the contrast of the next pleasurable action far sharper. Then with a huff of breath he pulled himself up, straddling my broad chest with his legs spread wide, his maleness fully aroused, even dripping onto my chest. The warm liquids sank into my fur and onto my skin unheeded.

“Will you… touch me Sire?” He asked, his eyes looking at me imploringly and then down to his cock. “You need to learn to handle others.” His reason was not needed, I wanted to touch him. Reaching out with my right paw I very gingerly touched his cocktip with a single finger, then pulled my hand back quickly. He chuckled above me, “it’s ok, you won’t break it, just feel it and explore it. Sire.”

I reached out again, this time my mighty hand closed down fully around his shaft. The feeling was something new to me, it was warm, moist and hard, yet yielding. He moaned as my paw started to slide, I froze my entire body going rigid as I looked up to his face in fear. He smiled down at me, “that was a good sound Sire, go on.”

With his blessing and encouragement I stroked again, this time his moans of pleasure were music to my ears. “Is this… right?” I whispered as I let my thumb stroke over his coronal ridge and down onto his glans.

“Oh Sire...it feels wonderful,” he moaned happily and one look at his face told me it was the truth. His cock drooled more pre, this time landing on my huge paw. “Mmmm yes, you are doing good Sire, pick up the speed a little.” As he spoke I responded, gradually speeding up my paw, following his commands as I watched his cock. I could feel his heart racing as my paw gave him pleasure, I felt pride in that knowing I was doing a good job.

“Sire...your other paw, gently play with my sac,” he panted his instructions between words and I had to wonder at his request. I thought that surely the pleasure came through the cock alone, how wrong I was. His furry orbs fit easily in one paw, I wasn’t sure what to do so I just stroked them gently. “Yes...mmmm that’s it, you… you can tug too, but gently. Never pull hard unless you wish to hurt your lover. Squeezing is...ohhh...the same.”

His words drove my fingers and I tugged gently, he didn't react so I tugged a little harder. His cry of pleasure was sweet sustenance to me, as I looked up at him. I could see him panting, his eyes began to close. The nuts in my paw were almost dancing in my palm. He was nearing his end and then he suddenly gasped, “Stop, Sire, Stop!”

My paws flew off his body quickly, “what? Did I do it wrong?”

Pris was panting deeply and shaking his head quickly, “N… No Sire, nothing wrong with that. You did perfectly. However, I did not wish to cum too early. There is more to teach you and I think you are ready for more.” My chest rumbled with a deep purr of content, I had done well. There was no sign of pity in his words, not like before.

“What should I do next?” I whispered, my mind once more flicking back to Pivor. Pris’s mouth had been so warm and wonderful, my cock ached with the thought of thrusting into something else. My hopes of a mounting were to be dashed, well momentarily.

With a push of his legs Pris slid forward onto my chest, his cock coming very close. I did not need him to speak, I knew what he wanted. Leaning forward my lips met his cock eagerly, my first taste of man, he was sweet down below too. Though he was also musky and a little sweaty, somehow the musk and grime was just as delicious as his sweetness. With a soft moan I ran my tongue around his glans, wondering at the feel as it throbbed against my tongue, drops of bitter pre finding my tongue.

“Mmmm...oh yes Sire, that’s so good,” he purred down at me, his paws caressing my face lovingly. His words spurring me on to thrust my head down, inches of warm cock began to press down onto my squirming tongue. “Oh...watch your fangs.” He whispered softly and I adjusted slightly, making sure to keep his maleness between my canines.

“Sire, your hands, grab my hips hold me in place,” my paws responded instantly to his command grabbing his hips and holding him firmly. “Cryote likes dominance, even when serving others...you need to establish your dominance. You control this, you set the pace, you

determine when or if the other peaks.” His words came out in desperate pants and they opened my eyes to the control I had over my lover. His lithe body was no match for mine, my grip on his hips tightened and I began to take what I wanted.

My head bobbed quickly on his length, I sucked and licked heavily. Pris’s cries and whimpers were pure delight to me. His words from earlier rang in my ears, I wanted to show him that on my first time I could be more than sufficient. With his moans urging me on I bobbed faster and faster, taking his meat in right to my throat. For a moment I tried to push it deeper, my need to breath stopped me as I almost choked on his length.

He was too lost to the pleasure to comment, I had found my depth and I began to purr softly with content. There was something wonderfully pleasurable about giving pleasure, about hearing him cry out, feeling his heartbeat racing as his cock throbbed on my tonguetip. “Oh Sire… I can’t hold out much longer…. D...don’t ever swallow...keep it in your mouth…. Then when they are still exhausted grab and kiss, make them drink their own.”

I wasn’t sure why any of that was important, it didn’t really matter anyway, I was about to make him cum that was what mattered. My muzzle bobbed faster and faster, I could see his pink meat slipping in and out of my lips, as I serviced him. A strange thought ran through my mind, about a master serving his servant. I pushed it away, it was irrelevant, I focussed on pushing him to his peak.

His hips began to strain against my paw, he was trying to thrust, just as I had done. I growled with dominant lust, my rippling muscles flexing as I held him in position. There was a rush of adrenalin inside me, as I controlled him, I was the stronger male, the dominant and I would not let him control things. Instead I bobbed my head faster and faster, his paws grabbed at my mane, as he squealed with pleasure, such a cute sound.

That was when I felt it, his cock pulsing strongly and my mouth was suddenly flooded, jet after jet of bunny spunk flowed into me. I followed his instructions, keeping the musky, creamy fluid in my maw. Once more I could taste vanilla, it must have been the honeybuns he baked. With gentleness, that surprised even me, I milked his throbbing cock until the flow stopped and his cock went soft.

Pris was too busy panting and gasping to be prepared for what happened next. He had given me an order, I am a good soldier after all. I grabbed his wrist and threw him down onto his back, he squeaked with alarm, that sound made my cock throb and ache like never before. It was the cry of a sub, and I wanted him all the more for it, no I needed him. With catlike grace I landed ontop of him, pinning both his hands down with my own as I forced my lips to his.

As we kissed my tongue pushed forward, like a battering ram breaking into a castle under siege. Following it was a white flood of his seed, I pushed and forced it down into his mouth. His squirms under me only served to charge my arousal even more. I looked into his eye and saw

only pure contentment, he had wanted me to be his master and I was showing him then that I forever would be just that. The feeling of power I had in that moment was wonderful, I bathed in it, drank it down and let it wash through me all at once. Then I felt him gulp and my purr just erupted, vibrating his chest as I delighted in his submission to my will.

I had commanded armies, sent men to fight to the death. Yet none of that compared to the control I felt in that moment holding my lover down. As our lips parted, his tongue leapt up into my open mouth, desperate to get one last drop. He blushed a little as he smiled up at me and whispered, “you did that perfectly Sire.”

There was nothing I could do to stop the grin of pride that spread over my face. I had shown him I might be a beginner, but I learn very fast. “Do you wish to fuck me now?” His words stunned me a little, I had expected him to tell me to do it. What was more I could hear the desire in that voice, he wasn’t just asking if I wanted it, he was hoping I wanted it.

For some reason my voice just wouldn’t work, instead I nodded my head dumbly and he gave me a beaming smile. “Ok Sire, just roll off and I will get the oil.” For a second I paused, I definitely didn't want to roll off him, he was under me and every instinct in my body was screaming that was right where he belonged. However, I was still the learner and he the teacher so I did as instructed and rolled off.

He slipped off the bed and half ran across the room to the fire. He picked up a flask from in front of the hearth. It was filled with olive oil, warmed through the fire. Pris had set the flask there when he prepared the bedroom, knowing he would have need of it. I watched him with curious eyes, wondering why I needed oil, Pivor certainly hadn't needed any. “Ok, Sire just lay on your back.”

That was easy enough to do, and I watched the rabbit dip his paw into the flask, waterfalls of oil streamed off his hand as he pulled it out. “Now this should feel very good Sire.” He said and turned to give me a broad grin and a wink, “but what comes afterwards will feel so much better.” He didn’t give me time to dwell on that thought, his hand reached out and grabbed my cock. The warm olive oil dripped down my tigerhood, I could feel the warmth soaking my ample furry orbs.

His hand stroked up and down my length, the oil making everything so smooth and slick. I couldn’t help myself I began to hump into his paw. He chuckled and muttered, “careful Sire, you don't want to finish in my paw.” It was my turn to blush, with shame and embarrassment, a soldier unable to keep his mind disciplined was no soldier at all. Regaining my composure I forced my body to hold still while he continued to stroke my maleness. It felt like the most exquisite torture, my body begging me aching me to thrust, to my mate. Pleasure dancing from his fingers down my aching need pole, consuming my mind eating away at my resolve.

After what felt like eternities of bliss and agony, he relented my tigerhood was prepared and ready for ...ready for him. It wasn’t until this moment that I realised what I… we were about to

do. I knew I wanted it... no by this point I needed it, desire it, burned for it and would not survive without it. He was all I thought about, all I cared for, my kingdom, my family and my honour meant nothing to me. All I cared for was getting to breed that voluptuous rabbit rump. My mind spun with images of his teardrop tail quivering as I mounted him, the feeling of power that I would get as I claimed him, like Pivor had claimed his bitch.

With a smile at me he crawled onto the bed and quickly straddled my waist. “It’s easier for me to be on top for your first time, I can control the entry better and the pace. You can hurt someone by being too rough, I will teach you how to be just rough enough.” His words were a promise and a premonition, I learned from him how to judge the tolerances of a man, to push him right to the limits he never knew he had and no further.

However, what my mind thought of in that moment was the pert, perky and plump rabbit buttocks that he had slid back against my throbbing cock. I groaned and nodded my vague understanding, not trusting my voice. His cheeks squeezed my meat and I felt myself shooting a thick gob of pre cum between his moist crevice.

He didn’t tease me long, he knew I was not able to take it, reaching behind himself with his oiled paw he grasped my maleness as he lifted up his ass. With a careful aim, that would rival the finest spear masters, he brought my cock and his entrance into alignment. His free hand reached down to grasp my firm chest, pulling at my fur, it hurt but I didn’t care. I could feel the heat of his pucker kissing my tip and every instinct in my body, every muscle, every nerve and organ was screaming at me, begging as one to thrust. However, his warning still fresh in my mind, my resolve was enough that I was able to hold back.

Then without warning he sank down, onto my maleness. Impaling himself on my spear willingly and without mercy for his own body. I cried out, unable to contain myself, I had never felt such bliss, such rapture. His ass devoured my manhood with such gently devotion, I could feel myself being pulled deeper. He didn't slow or stop until my sword was sheathed fully inside him, his face twisted in every resemblance of joy. His tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes unfocused, I knew I wore a similar mask of pleasure. Seeing him like that gave me much joy, knowing he was not in pain and that he was happy, it made my stomach feel warm. His cock was jutting out over me, dripping his sweet fluids onto my stomach.

Before I could adjust he slid himself up just a few inches and then thrust down hard, his little cotton tail thumping down into my swollen fruits. My own voice rang out, echoing around the room, he did not slow from that point, his oiled hand grabbing his own cock as he began to bounce on my manhood, impaling himself again and again. The sensation of my cock sliding inside him was beyond words, his mouth felt like a mere breath of air. It clung to my maleness as if desperate to hold me inside and yet opened up to swallow me hole as he pushed down.

My cock was singing to me in waves of pure joy. My paws clawed at the sheets as I tried to retain my composure, to fight the instincts inside me. It was a fight I could never win, I was

outmatched by an opponent far older, more experienced and powerful than I had ever faced. I was bested quickly and my paws darted up, grabbing hold of his hips, as my own thrust upwards with all the savage strength I had.

His cries were not of pain though, but of blessed joy, he called my name and begged me for more. I gave it, I gave him my all, my inner beast unleashed I rode myself up into him with everything I had, calling his name, in amongst animalistic noises and growls. I could hear the sloppy sound of my oiled balls squelching as they slapped off his abused rump. My nose was drowning in the musky reek of our amour.

I could feel the pressure building inside me, I tried to fight it this time. I wanted the sensations to never end, I wanted this moment to last forever. Time seemed to slow, I could see my rabbit, his face contorted with bliss, bouncing above me, his tongue out tasting the air, the musk of our love. His ear's bouncing behind him, flopping around with the rough energy of our mating. His cock being stroked, sending jets of pre out over my chest. It was an image so beautiful the greatest artist in the world could slave for a lifetime and yet not manage to capture one tenth of his pure majestic glory.

Sadly my body was still unused to these sensations, I had not learned to resist and hold back, those lessons would come later. All I could do was submit to my primal base desires and with a mighty roar I seeded my first ever lover. Thick streams of pent up cum shooting deep inside him as I drilled up with all the passion and fever of a wild animal breeding his bitch. He rode me out his paw picking up the pace on his cock, building his own pleasure as mine came to an end.

As my thrusting slowed he cried out my name, my real name. His seed spraying forth in thick jets, landing over my face and chest as I howled at the sudden tightness gripped around my length. It was like he was desperately using every muscle in his body to hold onto my maleness, inside him. He collapsed over me, an oil and cum slicked paw lading on my chest, the other on the sheets.

His breath was sweet in my face as he panted, my own hot breath was meeting his as I felt the most wonderful contentment filling me. I looked up into his eyes and then lifted up, kissing his lips, tenderly, lovingly and moaning with bliss. With a slurping pop my cock slipped free of him and he rolled onto his side. We shared sweet kisses for what felt like an eternity, Our paws caressing lovingly, while our bodies entwined.

Eventually our senses returned enough for him to whisper to me, "there is just one more lesson for you to learn tonight, Sire."

My brow creased with honest puzzlement, "what lesson is that?" What more could I need to learn, I had tasted him, and taken him, to our joint completion. What more could there be for me to learn?

“Roll onto your stomach, Sire,” he whispered into my ear and I felt my heart stop and a chill ran down my spine. Surely he couldn't be suggesting what I thought he was.

“M...my stomach?” I asked, the tremble in my voice far too apparent for my liking.

“Yes, Sire, I need to show you what it is like to be underneath, you will need to learn to take as well as give, to truly bond with Cryote and his friends,” Pris whispered huskily into my ear as his paws pushed, I rolled over without a fight. Though I could feel myself trembling, I was no bitch to be serviced, I was a prince and future king. How could I ever hold my head up high in the court of my father if I lowered myself, subjugated myself to a lowly rabbit. Not just a rabbit a servant. My servant!

Yet my body went willingly, everything he had done, every act had brought nothing but bliss and after so many years without, my body was desperate for more. I almost yelped like a common dog when I felt his paws on my ass. My striped tail thrashed wildly and was suddenly caught by his thin paw. Thin it may have been but he had the strength to grab it and lift it up, almost violently. A whimper died in my throat and I hoped he didn't hear it. His paws tugged at my hips and I found myself lifting up at his will.

Then I felt something warm, his breath, huffing softly up my sweaty crack. It was soothing in a way, and I found myself burying my muzzle in a pillow happily closing my eyes. Then I felt his tongue, he lapped at my taint, liccking sucking and nibbling my grimey nethers, as I tried to muffle the whimpers of delight and confusion under the pillow. After a long day and a hot passionate night I knew I was far from fresh down there. It didn’t seem to offend Pris, in fact I felt his tongue, mouth and nose snuffling away under my sweaty, oil and cum soaked nuts. He quested to my deepest crevices, as if desperate to taste the depths of my bodily scent.

While he licked, my mind never thought of the direction he was working his way in. This was another new pleasure and I just wanted to lay there and experience it. So when his tongue lapped over my exposed tailstar, I cried out in shock. The sensations were so much more powerful there. His paws held my rump desperately tightly as his face was buried deep between my sweaty cheeks. An eager tongue lapped at my puckered entrance hungrily, teasing it so wonderfully. I could feel my cock under me, painfully erect as it pushed against the soft mattress.

His tongue tugged on my ring with each lick, then suddenly pushed. The slippery appendage squirming and writhing against my pucker and I felt my ring open. For the first time in my life I felt something pushing inside me, licking and lapping. I expected it to hurt and yet there was no pain, just a lightly tickling. Lapine tongues are not so long as many species, so he was not able to reach my prostate with it. He just lapped happily easing my nerves and bringing little tickles of pleasure to me.

Next I felt his tongue being pulled away and an oiled finger was on my hole. I bit down on the pillow, when his digit slid inside. My passage was easy to open, relaxed and ready, his finger was so narrow I didn't have to stretch much. With his finger he had the reach he didn't before and with a well practiced motion it curved down. Bolts of pleasure shot through my body and my teeth tore through the pillow. My pleasure button found he wedged a second finger in, assaulting it again and again. My cock throbbed and the sheet was soaking with the precum of my eager body.

The pleasure was different than before, somehow more intense and yet less focused. The sensations of the fingers moving were pleasant and yet the bolts of pure bliss and he stroked my pleasure button were sharp and yet too brief. They left me wanting more, he had his third finger inside me before I realised, I was pushing back onto him, like some bitch in heat unable to control herself.

The pleasure inside me was building and my paw reached under me to grab my aching needy cock, I started to jerk myself rapidly as he finger fucked my ass faster and faster. Then suddenly the fingers were gone, I had never felt so empty. I heard a soft glopping sound and looked down to see him with his paw back in the oil flask. I shuddered with realisation on what was to be next… I was to be bred, just like Pivor had done to the bitch and I had done to Pris.

“Now I’m going to press my cock to your ring soon. When I do I want you to clench just as hard as you can, press down and keep it clenched,” it seemed like an odd instruction to me, almost as if he wanted me to keep him out. I wondered if maybe he was going to try and fight his way in, though even in this prone position I would wager my muscles could keep him at bay.

Just as before I obeyed his instructions as he climbed up to mount me. He stood with his legs astride mine, my rump curled up to him, he lowered his cock slowly down and pressed his head against my pucker. I clenched down as hard as I could, he waited there motionless. I expected him to thrust, to grab my hips and try to pound himself into me, but he did nothing. Then as the seconds ticked by I felt something, my muscles were tiring, I gritted my teeth trying to keep myself clenched. However, after less than a minute my ring was exhausted and it relaxed against my will.

Pris struck, like a rattlesnake, stabbing down into me effortlessly and painlessly, his cock grazing my inner button and making me cry out with bliss. It was a technique he would teach me and one that always worked to allow me easy entrance to a new lover. Once inside he kept thrusting down hard, his balls smacking off mine, his smaller orbs rocking against my larger ones. I mewled like a feral lost in the pure carnal ecstasy. My paw flew as I jerked off desperately, to the feeling of a male half my size breeding my rump.

I pushed back to meet his thrusts, wanting more and more. He gave it to me, leaning over me so that I could feel his hot breath on my back, his paws clasping my hips desperately as he used those powerful lapine hips to his advantage. His maleness speared into my depths again

and again, touching new pleasure centers. He played my body just as beautifully as he played musical instruments.

Once more the world melted away, no kings, no princes, no kingdoms. The world was just a four poster bed and the two of us atop it, rutting like savage animals. Giving our all to each other, both of us desperate to give and receive what the other had. As he drove into my secret depths again and again the flashes of pure pleasure grew, the pressure building rapidly inside me. My paw danced on my cock, after a lifetime apart the two were now as close as the best of friends.

It was me who broke first, I could not contain myself, he was gifted with years of training. For the last time that night I roared as a beast, pure and primal my claws on both hands and feet slipping out, while I stained the sheets and mattress with rivers of my potent spunk. He did not last long afterwards, squealing and crying out my real name again and again, as his nuts crashing into mine, his cock pounding his love deep inside me, he gave me his essence.

With our energies spent he collapsed on the bed panting, I remember feeling his seed dripping from my abused hole. It was a feeling I never expected to encounter and yet one that I oddly welcomed then. These days I relish it, when I am with a partner strong enough to earn the right to mount me.

His wrapped my mighty head in both his arms pulling it into his lap. I remember purring loudly with content I had never known. His paws caressed my cheeks and I remember him whispering, “sleep now, Sire, my love.”

What I wouldn't give to hear those words again? What I wouldn't do to go back, to stop myself from doing what I did? Somethings cannot be undone, some things can...if you are determined, and believe me I am determined. I have a purpose and it burns deeper brighter than the sun itself. I will have him back, if I have to tear the nine kingdoms up by the roots.

“Get out,” it was a command and he knew it. I hated myself for giving it, but I didn't understand then. The feelings the emotions inside me. Within one night he had become rooted deep in my heart, but all I felt was shame. Shame at having lain with a servant, at having let him take me. The look of pain in his eyes, it burns me just to think of it. How stupid was I? To throw that pure moment away.

I knew it the moment the door closed, I had been wrong. My heart ached in his absence and I crawled off the bed, stinking of our love. Staggered to the door and lay down on the stone, as any soldier should, I could hear whimpering on the other side of the door. I reached out my paw and placed it on the wood, I closed my eyes and wished he was still in my arms. On the other side of the door he curled up, closing his eyes and wondered what he had done wrong.

Nothing, he was perfect and he always will be, to me. I curse myself, for though we had many nights after that together. One night without him when we could have been together was a

waste, a foolish needless, senseless, unforgivable waste of something that could have been so beautiful.

Still I was a soldier, I had my orders and I was not yet able to fully give up on them. The old me was a fighter, born and raised without love. It took me years to truly kill that bastard off. I was stupid, I was innocent and unprepared for the feelings he awoke inside me.

I wish I had just let him hold me.