

Chapter 1

Dante

There would be countless occurrences in the future when I would regret simply not going to the brothel at the edge of town. I hadn't lain with anyone for a week, so my loins were begging for release. But, I had been exhausted from walking almost fourteen miles in the rain and was having a difficult time merely keeping my eyes open.

Puddles of leftover April rain sloshed with mud against my boots as my rapier bounced at my side and I made my way deeper into the belly of the town. I didn't mind the muck very much, to be frank. I was simply content that the rain had ceased an hour earlier. The town that I had arrived in was small and just off of the main road, which ran north and south, connecting all of the ten Kingdoms through a stretch of sixteen hundred miles. I had travelled the main road at least four times in my life and was currently completing my fifth, since I planned on arriving at the Capital City of Leler in a few days.

Cainrin was the name of the town I had just arrived in, according to my map, and it was my first time stopping there. Although, it wasn't as if I had much of a choice. The next town was another ten miles up the road and my paws had no intention of walking that far. Cainrin may have been incredibly small, but it wasn't the filthiest place that I had ever visited. Certainly, I would have had to clean my boots once I found an inn and rented a room for the night. However, if mud or dirt roads in a town bother you, then you're in trouble. Small towns in Alpis don't bring in enough gold from taxes or travelers like myself to pave the roads. So, if the town isn't one of the ten Capitals, odds are you're going to be stepping in mud all day long. Personally, I would rather tread through mud than risk dealing with the bandits or the wild animals that dwelled in the forest that night, just outside the town's limits.

Suddenly, my ears heard something that was as audibly horrendous as the sound of a rat dying.

I stopped and turned my head to my left to see a pair of tavern windows with candlelight flickering inside of them, which outlined the bodies of the drinking patrons. After a moment, my ears were able to determine that the loud ungodly noise coming from inside the tavern was a mixture of men poorly attempting to sing. The patrons' slurred words and the late hour led me to believe that every single one of them was drunk.

I thought for moment, forgetting that I was standing in mud and whatever else that was mixed in with the water beneath the soles of my boots. A cup or two of wine would have undoubtedly helped me sleep. My paws would even get a few moments to rest before I checked into an inn.

I walked forward and pushed open the tavern door.

The horrible singing immediately became louder and stung the inner depths of my ears like the fingers of a drunk that carelessly prick the strings of a lyre. My nose wrinkled as the bitter smell of pipe smoke singed my nostrils with its cruel tentacles, making me wonder how I didn't smell it before I had entered the tavern.

I closed the door behind me and made my way to a small empty table with two chairs in the furthest corner of the tavern, far away from the loud drunks, who were clearly unaware of how poorly they could sing. Before sitting down, I removed my knapsack from my back and leaned it against the side of my chair.

The drunkards' song seemed to be immediately silenced when a nice buxom black panther, who wore a mud-brown tunic and a moss-green skirt along with a white apron that bore several brown-reddish stains, approached me. She asked me what type of drink I would prefer and, after I realized that she was a barmaid, I couldn't help but notice how the candlelight in the room bounced off her beautiful golden eyes.

"Wine, please," I asked, politely.

A smile came across her face, which seemed genuine to me. "Comin' right up," She then turned and strutted away to fetch my drink.

I watched her go, allowing my eyes to drift from the back of her head, down her curvy backside and to her round hindquarters. Don't misunderstand me. I wasn't going to grope her like one of the poorly singing drunkards in there might have. Looking was all I did when it came to barmaids; well, barmaids and everybody else that wasn't a whore in a brothel. Even then, I never did anything that prostitutes were unwilling to do. So, I assure you, I didn't ogle until drool poured out of my mouth as the barmaid left me, like most of the men there would have. All I gave was a quick glance.

I realized that I was still wearing the hood of my cloak, which was drenched with beads of rainwater, and pulled it off my head, granting my ears some fresh air. I let out a sigh and stretched my legs out underneath the table for a moment as well.

Just as I bent my legs back and placed the bottoms of my boots on the ground again, the barmaid returned with a tin cup of dark red wine, placing it on the table in front of me. With a smile still on her face, she told me to let her know if I needed anything else. I thanked her, just before glancing at her behind once more while she left.

I then turned my attention to my drink. I could clearly see my grey muzzle hang underneath my blue and brown eyes inside the magic elixir that would take the edge off of the night. *Let's hope it doesn't taste like piss.*

I picked up the cup, wrapping my fingers tenderly around its base, and slowly rotated it in order to stir the wine inside. Then, I raised the cup to my snout and took a small sip, readying my tongue for what else was to come.

As I lowered my wine back onto the table, I licked the insides of my mouth, making sure to catch every drop of wine. It was an even mixture of sour and sweetness, which meant that it was a high quality drink. *They probably have someone from a Capital who ships it to them.*

The thought made me grin as I put the cup up against my mouth and took a slightly bigger drink.

I released a small sigh and put my cup back down. The pain in my paws had already begun to diminish.

I took a few more drinks of wine until I ran out and called the barmaid back over. "Could I have one more cup?"

She showered me with her warm smile again. "Sure thing,"

The barmaid then took my cup and left to refill it. As she walked away and I stared at her posterior for the third time, I began to wonder if she was smiling because she knew that I had been staring at her. No. That was probably the wine talking. There was no possible way that she could have caught my cautious eyes while her back had been turned to me. Although, she could have seen me notice her breasts when I first sat down.

I shut my eyes and took a deep breath before opening them again. *She doesn't seem like the type who fancies being stared at. She's just doing her job.*

When the barmaid returned with my re-filled cup, I simply thanked her and didn't stare at her again as she walked away to attend to the order of some skunk that sat a few tables over.

"So what's your story, wolfy?" a voice squeaked to the side of me as I took a sip of my wine.

I set my cup down and casually turned my head to my left, half expecting it to be the barmaid. But, instead of the large chested panther with a firm butt, a slim otter who was no older than nineteen stood before me and held a cup loosely in his hand. He was a barely as tall as my hip, which was typical for otters and members of other species. He wore a long-sleeved brown tunic that matched his fur color and his trousers were as black as night itself, tightly clinging to his youthful body. His boots were brown, much like his tunic, and nearly glowed in the candlelight, which led me to believe that they were newly purchased. The otter's tunic was also stained with a few drops of drink. And, if that wasn't proof that he had been drinking, the fur on the front of his muzzle was stained with darkish brown droplets, which meant he had been drinking ale instead of wine.

I turned my head back to my drink and lifted it up to my mouth. "Not interested,"

"Oh, wolfy," he moaned, climbing onto a chair that faced me and was located directly across my table, almost falling over as he did so. "I'm not a whore. But I'm flattered you think I'm pretty enough," He let out a small belch and took a sip from his cup.

I said nothing. You never want to tell a drunk too much, or else they will think you are interested in talking to them. If you just sit there and keep quiet, they usually either get up to leave or pass out. Either way, it becomes quiet. But this otter was clearly not your average drunk. Based on the reek of his breath, which seeped across the table and reminded me of the pungent smell of rotting flesh, I deduced that he had at least drank six or seven cups of ale that night. With that much alcohol, any normal man would have fallen off the chair from which the otter now sat in. Yet, there he was, sitting sturdy as a rock and showing no signs of being intoxicated other than his breath.

The drunken otter traced the edge of the table with the fingers on his left hand and held his cup in his right. "So what's your story, big boy?" he asked, just before taking a large gulp of ale.

I kept silent.

His brown eyes flicked up at me as he set his drink down on the table. "Not a talker huh? That's good. The quieter someone is, the *sexier* they are. Well, at least in my opinion,"

The otter picked up his drink and guzzled down more ale, awaiting my reaction.

Still, I said nothing.

The otter placed his cup back on the table and licked his lips clear of all brown droplets. "You know... You don't have to be quiet all the time,"

Leave me alone.

He still showed no signs of leaving, despite my clear disinterest. Then, the otter leaned across the table, almost knocking over his cup with his elbow. "I have something that might get you talking,"

"If it's your cock, no thanks. I'm fine,"

A smirk erupted across his face and he slowly shook his head. "Nooooooo. It's something else," He looked around to see if anybody else was listening and then looked back at me with a grin still on his face. "I'm a prince!"

I snorted and lifted my cup to my mouth for a sip. "You and everybody else in here,"

"No, no, no. It's true. Honest," He put a hand over his chest. "I'm Peter Gannish,"

I almost choked on my wine.

I set my cup down on the table as nonchalantly as I could and returned my attention back on the otter that sat across from me. His brown eyes stared back at me, searching for some sign of emotion. "So, let me see if I understand. You're saying that you're Peter Gannish, son of King Gannish, and are first in line to receive your father's throne, correct?"

The otter nodded. "True. True. All sadly true,"

Of course, I had left out the part about how he had been missing for three months and how his father was willing to give a hundred thousand gold coins as a reward for Peter's safe return, since it was assumed that Peter had been kidnapped. *A hundred thousand gold would pay for plenty of whores.*

I had to get him out of there before anybody else discovered who he was. Did he reveal his identity to anybody else besides me? How would I perchance lure him away from the tavern? There was only option that I could come up with, but, for a hundred thousand coins, it was worth it.

I gently stretched my right leg underneath the table and brushed it against Peter's. As I saw his eyes light up with excitement, I smiled, playfully. "You know," I whispered, trying to sound like every prostitute I had ever slept with, "now that you've mentioned it... I've never been with a prince,"

That made his grin stretch out even further. "I have a room where we could get more...*acquainted*," he said.

On that note, I called over the barmaid, paid for both of our drinks, put my knapsack on my back and followed the drunken prince to his room at the inn.

When we neared the inn, though, I made a startling realization. If Peter realized what I was doing, he would have probably screamed for help and someone would surely hear him if we were in his room. *I have to get him somewhere more isolated.*

My eyes glanced over at the woods just behind the inn. That was it. I had to persuade him to follow me into the forest before we entered the inn and before he had a chance to call for help.

"Say..." I said and smoothly draped my arm over his shoulder, bringing the prince to stop. "Have you ever done it in public?"

Peter's eyes doubled in size at the idea. "No,"

A sexy chuckle left my throat. "There's nothing like the feeling of getting caught, especially when you're about to cum,"

Without warning, Peter's hands fell on my chest and pulled down on my tunic. "W-what if we g-get caught?" he said, trying to act concerned with a smile on his face.

I pretended to think for a moment and looked over at the trees just outside of town. I gasped and feigned surprise. "What if we did it in the woods?"

Slowly, Peter's eyes slid to the forest and his smile grew even wider. "Oh,"

Before he could say another word, I took his hand and guided him to dark woodland, where nobody could hear or see us.

I made sure that we walked far enough away from town so that, if he did scream, nobody would hear Peter. It had been about a third of a mile before we stopped and I turned to face the drunken prince once more.

"Someone's dirrrrrrty," Peter giggled, evilly. "I promise...I won't tell,"

"You know what would be-?" I began, but was interrupted by Peter falling onto my leg. "You know what would be *really* dirty?"

"What?" Peter hiccupped and looked up at me with foolishness twinkling in his eyes.

"Have you ever been tied up before?" I asked with a grin.

"Oooooooooo," Peter moaned. "Can't say I have,"

"Here," I said, kneeling down to pick Peter up and lay him onto the ground. "I'm sure you'll love it,"

Before Peter could change his mind, I removed my knapsack from my back and dug out my coil of rope. I only had one long rope, but I needed two separate pieces. So, I bit into the rope and cut it into two, using the longest piece to bind his legs and the second longest to knot his wrists together.

"Now," I told him, as I checked to make sure that the ropes were secure, "I want you to close your eyes,"

Peter obeyed and could barely keep his giggles contained.

I then leaned in towards the otter's ear and whispered, "Now I want you to think of how much of a naughty boy you've been. And then, I want you to imagine what I'm going to do to you,"

When I rose to my paws, the otter was grinning in excitement. Then, I paced over to a tree and sat down, leaning against its bark. And, a few moments later, Prince Gannish was snoring like a glutton who had just finished devouring a vast banquet.

I couldn't help but smile with pride at my catch. *Too easy.*