

The coyote bit his lower lip, hidden behind a mask of soft dark cloth, and peered over the edge of the wall atop which he stood. He couldn't even begin to guess the distance down to the rocks churned and chiseled into sharp, jutting fangs by the relentless waves at the base of the cliff here. This city *was* known for its beautiful palace built right at the peak of the tallest cliff at the edge of the ocean, after all, and here he was getting a much closer look than anyone else might expect to in their own lifetimes.

A soft change of the breeze, cool and salty even through his facemask, stirred him enough to shift his balance back and more definitely onto the wall's parapet. His eyes lingered there at the sea far below, water tinted ink-black by the solid night save for where the crests shimmered frothy white, and then flicked over to his *real* target tonight, smooth-faced grey-black basalt bricks rising up and across the cliff. This already was closer to the palace than anyone who wasn't a guard or a noble themselves could even dream of coming, and... the coyote paced over to the other edge of the wall, measuring the distance to the low angled roof across the way... about eight feet, if he hit his mark, stood between him and actually being *inside* the palace.

Well, not *quite* inside. Sun-gold eyes long accustomed to picking details out of darkness followed the line of that roof up along the neighboring wall, towards the half-open window he'd spotted earlier. 'Inside' would come soon after, and he'd managed to come this far without failing, so it would be a waste for him to turn back now. Just in case, though, he reached up beneath the tail of his mask hanging down in front of his chest, gave his necklace a squeeze, and swallowed.

*Come on, Rasha. You've done this countless times before. Just because you've got your brother's life riding on what you bring back from here, doesn't mean you can go and get nervous and miss this. Step back, breathe in; step back, breathe out; step back, breathe in...*

Familiar grip, tug, push of his boots on mortared stone, the sound of his already-quiet footsteps buried beneath the whispering of the waves crashing below – and he didn't have to look back to know that, when he pushed off from the wall to leap the gap, his other footpaw had caught a crumbled corner of brick. For another fraction of a second his heart jumped into his throat, though he didn't look down. That would just ruin things further. Castle gardens down there, some twenty or thirty feet; not far enough to kill him, but more than enough to ensure that he wouldn't be able to leave. He kept his form in the jump, trying to balance and steady himself without putting too much emphasis on the recovery...

...and after what seemed like far too long for those eight feet, caught the lower edge of the roof's gutter with a splay of fingers and a sharply exhaled cursed. No time to reflect, though, and the sounds of creaking stone and of him scrabbling his way up might attract attention, so he swallowed, took another breath, and hoisted himself up, eyes fixed on that half-open window up the slope.

As soon as Rasha tossed himself inside the palace, he squeezed back against the wall, peering first one way and then the other. Looked like he'd found his way into a storage room, or maybe servants' quarters; furniture stood against most of the walls here, with wooden boxes and closed chests strewn about the floor.

Inhale, hold, exhale. About three hours to sunrise, as he'd encountered a bit more trouble back at the palace gates than he'd expected, and in that time he'd have to make his way deeper in, sweep this place, and then get back out. That last was always the hardest part in his line of work, especially when dealing with palaces and nobles. Easiest was getting in and finding the jewels, and already he'd almost fallen to his death.

That didn't shape up well for the rest of the night. He reached up and squeezed his necklace again, then bent down and got right to work with inspecting these boxes and chests, trying to keep his tail from wagging behind him... until it stopped of its own accord.

Oak wood, iron fastenings. No installed lock, not even room for one separate. Sure enough, when he opened one of the chests with one paw, all he found inside was a few bits of stacked clothing, probably white at some point in time but now a dull grey. That wouldn't do at all. The coyote straightened back up and paused, his other paw falling instinctively to his hip where he kept two of seven knives sheathed; servant quarters and storage rooms both were most often pushed into the back parts of palaces, where visitors wouldn't even pass by them. Up in remote attics, or back near the foundations. Given his point of entry, this was more likely the former.

Hard to get a bead on a place like this when the highest vantage point *was* the palace, but if he remembered right... he turned himself a little bit to the left, towards where the heavy wood door stood partially ajar with pale candlelight filtering in through the gap. Main hall should be somewhere in *that* direction, and one thing he knew from experience in dealing with palaces was that, more often than not, the servant quarters served as hubs for hidden service hallways all throughout the grounds.

All it took to find it was another look around the room, until his eyes fell upon the tapestry that looked far too rich for servants' decorations, hanging down over the far wall. It stirred silently in an unseen breeze; Rasha glanced over his shoulder at the door before he stepped towards it, paw wrapping around one of his dagger hilts but not pulling it. Not quite yet. Best to avoid that if he had to.

Then, though, with his lack of luck from earlier still in line, right as he reached forward to pull it to the side, another paw did that for him from the hidden hallway beyond. The servant, a smallish otter with the tip of his left ear missing, sucked in a gasp and jumped back when he saw the coyote in front of him, apologies already spilling out from too-well-trained lips.

In one quick movement, Rasha both slid his dagger back into its hilt from where reaction had yanked it and threw his other arm around the servant before those eyes could turn to his garb, to the dark cloth and oiled leather, to the mask hiding his face, to the conspicuously empty cloth and sack hanging at his other hip. In that next second, the coyote learned that this was not one of the royal families that taught their servants how to defend themselves against an assault or, in Rasha's case, a thief: he found no difficulty in spinning the otter around and fixing his arm around the servant's throat, and squeezing with his other paw across his mouth until the squirming and struggling stopped.

That lack of training was for the better, really. Once he was sure that he'd put the otter out, Rasha reached down and hoisted him up into his arms, and found a spot in the corner of the room to set him. It just made things difficult when they fought back; he kept the knives for guards, not servants, but a few missions before had forced him to use them for both. Maybe this otter had just let his surprise get to him, but so far it looked as though this wouldn't be one of those nights. Rasha hoped that if his luck held in anything tonight, that it would be to keep things that way.

The rest of the service hallway, though very dimly lit and a bit hard to navigate without making noise, provided no more huge obstacles for him. He tried to keep a mental map of where it led him in the palace with minimal peeking-out into the main hallways, though after what had to have been at least

twenty minutes of bumbling around and feeling like he was making no progress, he gave up and slid out behind another tapestry.

This one put him in a wider hallway, better lit, and *much* more decorated. The coyote gaped up at the high and intricately-painted ceiling for a second, then looked down at the floor: smooth, polished stone tiles, rich enough in color that he couldn't tell if they were natural or just dyed. Windows almost as tall as the ceiling lined the opposite wall, heavy silk curtains that looked almost as though they had strands of silver woven into the patterns for the way the lit sconces made them shimmer.

Knowing nobles, that might actually be the case. Rasha dashed across to that opposite wall, careful to keep his footsteps quiet, and leaned in over a heavy lacquered-wood display table standing between windows. Atop a buffed silver plate sat a set of crystal glasses with a pitcher alongside, as well as a matching number of cut and polished gemstones hanging on the end of silver chains.

Seeing that, Rasha rolled his eyes. Some blue-blood families believed that submerging gemstones in their wine imparted some special essence or another to the drink. Fact of the matter was, those gems and the glasses would look just as good in the sack he'd brought along as they did sitting on that plate; he swiped the chains and dropped them in on their own, though took the care to wrap each goblet in its own cloth before placing it in. Broken crystal did not carry the same value as intact, of course.

That done, he looked to the right towards the end of the hall and saw more display tables and cases spaced between the windows, likely placed there for the sun to catch and illuminate whatever they had on them. A gem-studded masquerade mask, obviously crafted for a canid muzzle; a pale green porcelain vase delicate enough that even the wan moonlight from beyond the window shone through, too large for taking along; and a beautiful short knife with a ruby the size of his thumb's pad set into his hilt.

That one Rasha held in his paw for a bit, eyeing the intricate leather sheath, the smooth craftsmanship of the hilt, the cut of the gem... the sleek rippling water surface of the folded-steel blade. How many years would it have taken for his family to collect the money to purchase something of *this* quality, back when he was a puppy? How many long days shining the shoes of the better-off, how many endless, sleepless night doing whatever it was each of them could find. Sometimes his older sister came home just as the sun started to rise, fur of her cheeks streaked with tears, and she wouldn't tell him why.

That was years ago now, though. Many different roads leading away from that time in his life, and maybe he'd chosen the wrong one. It had worked so far, though, and Rasha fully intended to walk that road to its end. His fingers squeezed around the hilt, smooth black leather similar to the straps binding his pauldrons and various pouches to his chestpiece. Most of this assemblage had been a reward to himself on a somewhat recent sweep some two years ago, of an artisans' guild. That had been a *very* good night.

Rasha peered over his shoulder again, some sound down the hall catching and flicking his ears back. A moment later a guard walked by, far down at the hallway intersection, but didn't even look down this direction. The coyote watched for a bit longer before unsticking himself from where he'd shrunk against the column separating windows, then got right back on his way down the hall. The knife fit rather nicely into an empty loop along his belt.

A few more things from the display tables and pedestals, a glass case with an array of gemstones and cast-silver jewelry inside... for that one he briefly considered just breaking the glass, but then settled on

picking the lock and dumping everything into his bag. Across the hall stood another display case with a fat, dyed-leather tome, the cover eaten away by time and worms and what else. Maybe that would sell for something; the pages looked leafed. Rasha had to wiggle some things around in his sack for it, and right as he found a good spot for it, his eyes fell on the large doors standing between these two cases, heavy wood painted clean white with raised gold embellishments.

There was a lock there, a large one about as wide across as his palm set into the surface of the wood, though when he tried the knob he found that it had not been thrown. All for the better: it swung easily open on well-oiled hinges, giving him entry to a room with slightly lower ceilings but no lack of furnishings. A thick plush rug along the floor, a beautiful stand-basin against the wall near a full-length mirror, multiple chests-of-drawers... and then right in the middle of the furthest wall, the largest bed Rasha had ever seen in his life, standing a good foot and a half above the paneled floor with the bottom wisps of the drawn curtains gathering and curling around the carved-wood legs.

The coyote straightened up, let his paw hover over his new dagger, tilted his head... and then turned around to lock those doors behind him. It seemed he'd found the bedroom of one of the royal family: this could be the most valuable item of the whole night.

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Tala first stirred to the sound of his bedroom door thumping shut, but it was the *clunk* of the lock that really caught his attention. Without shifting the thick down blankets from off his head, he poked his muzzle out a bit and tried to peer through the window across the room – and saw there not the slightest glow of sunlight.

Wouldn't this be a bit early, then? Always hard to tell between the fog of sleep, but he could have sworn that Luca had just left his bed a little bit ago... the prince yawned and tugged his blankets tighter under his chin, now trying to look beyond the foot of his bed at his visitor. He could still smell that otter on the sheets, and could still taste him on his upper lip and in the back of his throat.

Maybe he'd left something of his. That had almost given away their little trysts once, when Tala's father came to wake him up for some visiting merchant or something unimportant. Of course the king himself couldn't find out that his prince was leading a romance with one of the castle servants; he already figured that some of the guards knew, mainly the ones who were assigned to keep watch over his quarters and his wing of the palace at night.

Of course, these were also the ones he sent away so that his paramour could come by and – *take care* of him. That was something he could really use right now; with a light huff of breath, he pressed himself down against the soft mattress beneath him, his eagerness not quite fully sated by the otter's rump earlier in the night. Depending on which servant it was that had come in here, he might still be able to have them fix that.

Instead of the rustling of his blankets being drawn back for that sleek mustelid form to slide in alongside him, what caught his ears next sounded like the boxes along his vanity being rifled through, and then the drawers of the armoire. Now frustrated as well as curious, the wolf prince rolled from his side onto his back, gritted his teeth, and then pulled himself up, momentarily rubbing the grit of sleep from his eyes.

“What is the meaning of this?” he began, and blinked in the dimness of the single candle burning on his nightstand. Even his lupine eyes had trouble focusing so soon after waking up, and when he *did* find his visitor, they were not at all who he’d expected to see. In fact, it came as such a surprise that he wasn’t sure what to do for a moment, and that moment gave enough time for the thief – assassin? Who else would wear black clothing like that, and a mask covering their face? – to perk their ears, glance his way, and then cross the wide floor to the bed, movements as smooth and silent as a breeze across a pond.

This was *exactly* why the palace’s armstrong advised that he keep a dagger under his pillow. In the few seconds that followed, Tala tried to spin around and take it, though realized when he grabbed empty sheets that he’d moved it to the other nightstand about a week past, after Luca reached beneath the pillow to stifle his moans, and had cut his finger on the blade. Of course *that* had to have been his mistake.

The wolf didn’t even give a struggle when the intruder’s arm wrapped around his neck from behind, squeezing underneath one of his own arms and half-pulling him out of the bed. Smell of... sweat, and torch soot, and that damned leather he wore. He thought he caught a whiff of his otter on the intruder as well, but pushed that to the back of his mind; that came from himself, most likely.

“Are you the king?” the intruder hissed into his ear. Gently accented words... he wasn’t from around here.

“What? Are you daft? I-” Tala choked on his words with a tightening of that arm, tugging him further out of the bed so that the sheets drifted halfway down his body, held up by his hips and his unfortunate morning distraction. He swallowed, and regretted not dressing himself back up after Luca’s intimate goodnight. “-No. I am the prince. Prince Tala. What do you want?”

It was another canid muzzle sticking out beside his own, a canid with a drier, rougher scent than the rich strength of wolves. Sandy grey fur, yellow predator’s eyes... a moment later, the intruder’s other paw came up and tugged that mask down, showing the true, thinner shape of that muzzle. Coyote.

Of *course*. And he smelled like he came from peasant blood, too. Maybe it was a good thing Tala hadn’t put his clothes back on: he’d have had to burn them after having this intruder touch them.

“Not your life, but if you force my hand, I will not hesitate. Where can I find your valuables in this room? Your gems, your jewels, your coin?” He shifted, which ended up tugging Tala the rest of the way out of the bed and to the floor with a quiet *thump*. The sheets wrapped around his footpaw and half-dragged out of the bed; he felt the cool touch of the night air on his body. “Your... I want your...”

His life, he wasn’t too worried about. The jewels, however... somewhat of a rare commodity even for a royal family. His father would have his hide if they’d gotten taken. Tala peered up over his shoulder at the thief, those yellow eyes fixed firmly across the wolf’s nakedness with his mouth hanging open, and with the grip of his arm loosening somewhat. Maybe Tala could offer something in the place of those jewels.

Still, though, of course it *had* to be a coyote. The prince squirmed and pulled himself up a bit, intentionally rubbing his bare back against the thief’s body – and as if he could read his thoughts, both of those paws started to make their way down his body and across his hips and lower belly, gloved pads still managing to make him shiver. Even though it was a coyote.

Prince Tala swallowed and stretched a little bit, managing to loop one of his arms back across the thief's shoulders, and rest his other now-free one along the bed beside him. "What was that you want, you *ruffian*? You seem to have gotten distracted. I could call the guards, right now, if you don't-"

"Do that, I'll gag you," that voice rumbled in his ear, before he was released entirely. Sprawled across the floor, it took Tala a moment to realize what had happened. Mouth agape in shock, the wolf gripped at the messy blankets to spin himself around – and then felt his concentration leave him when his eyes came upon the revealed fur among all of that black cloth and leather, the coyote bringing his own sheath and sack out into the open through a space in the material.

Then, he looked up at the thief, trying his best to put some manner of fear in his eye. That probably didn't work; he hadn't had a lot of practice with faking that emotion. "You wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what? Wouldn't gag you?"

Tala squeezed himself back against the bed as the coyote stepped around in front of and then leaned in over him, pressing him more firmly there as he tried to turn his muzzle away from that thick sheath and the disgustingly rich scent wafting off the little glistening point of flesh poking out the end. Good thing he'd already woken up hard, or else this coyote might have noticed the effect that this situation had had on the prince.

"Or wouldn't use you for myself? I'm already taking what I want from these halls; why not take one thing more?"

He could have turned his head one way or the other, or gritted his teeth, or tried to squirm out from between the bed and the coyote's hips, but... he didn't. Tala *did* almost bite when that grimy paw gripped his upper jaw, though, and held his maw open for that slick tip to slide up into... sharp taste to match the scent, a dry, dirty musk that quickly filled his mouth and his senses, and then sharpened as that cock started to slide further out across his cupped tongue and against the roof of his mouth.

The bed behind him squeaked as the coyote leaned further over, already putting a slow rhythm behind his hips; Tala swallowed and squeezed his lips around that slick cock as it came, keeping his nose pressed into unkempt pubic fur simply because he had no room to move back. The damn thief intended to fuck his muzzle against this bed, it seemed like.

It wouldn't be the *first* time. Luca had gotten really confident in this past year. But it would be the first time for a coyote, for a damn *peasant*, for a stranger... above and behind him, the coyote let out a low, shuddering sigh with another push from his hips, supple skin of his sheath rolling back against the prince's lips.

Really, he'd put a lot of stock and faith into the prince, too, by so suddenly taking control of the situation and burying his length in his muzzle, without even tying his paws behind his back. Tala felt that doing anything *untoward* would just complicate his situation, though, so he swallowed down that slick, sticky taste of natural musk and dripping pre, and worked his tongue further back towards the base of the thief's shaft.

“Ooh...” the coyote rumbled, and jerked his hips forward to pin Tala’s head more firmly against the side of the mattress. For those few seconds he couldn’t breathe, around the thick flesh between his lips. “You know your way around a cock, huh? Of *course* the prince is a flower. I bet you’re liking this, aren’t you?” Slow pull back until only that tapered tip remained on his tongue, then another, stronger thrust in, again pushing his head back against the mattress. “You were already ready to go when I got here, and I noticed you didn’t go down at all after I grabbed you...”

Tala rolled his eyes, then had to squeeze them shut against a gag brought on by that cock forcing its way into the back of his throat. Not only was this a coyote, but he was a talkative, uppity one, too. Probably be best just to take what he gave him and let him go on his way; Tala *wanted* to reach up and fondle that heavy sack waving in front of his chin, swinging forward and back with each thrust and pull out, but that might give him away too much. He wasn’t about to admit that this peasant was right.

“And... *Gods*, what a *mouth*...” he went on, doubling over a little more and switching his rhythm to faster, shallower thrusts. Just enough room for Tala to wrap a few fingers around that saliva-slickened length, and stroke him in rhythm with his movements – maybe if he could get him off faster, he could get this all over with and crawl back into bed. “I might have to come back and use this again, and again. What do you say to that?”

With that last, the coyote pulled all the way back out of his maw and instead grinded the underside of his cock against Prince Tala’s cheek, spreading that heavy scent along his face and weighing down his nostrils with it. Disgusting, but still it made his own still-hard cock twitch between his legs; he could have at least been given some of the blanket to cover himself. “I say I could still call the guards. I’m supposed to have a servant attend me in the morning as well, I will-”

“The one guard on patrol at the end of the hall, who didn’t even spare a look this way?” Another grind, another throb, another drip of thick pre against his brow, and then gloved paws seized his shoulders and tugged him up. He stood a few inches below the coyote when looking each other face to face, but refused to tilt his muzzle up to maintain eye contact – and right here, standing in front of each other, Tala felt *very* aware of both of their arousals, his own almost pressed against the coyote’s thicker. It took a considerable stretch of willpower not to close that distance and push forward. “Yeah. Sure. Go ahead. I said I’d gag you, but I’ve changed my mind; I’d like to hear the rest of your regal complaining.” One paw settled on his hip and the other came up to his mouth, thumb pushing its way in between his teeth to force it open just the same way he’d done for his cock earlier. “Turn around and hike that pretty tail. Or do you need me to do that for you, too?”

Even if he *was* a coyote, *and* a peasant, at least he didn’t waffle around and jump nervously back and forth like some of Tala’s partners. The prince rolled his eyes again and obeyed – no, not obeyed; he did so of his own decision and accord – then looked over his shoulder at the coyote behind him, one paw gradually stroking his saliva-slickened length.

“You won’t be the first, you know,” the prince said, with a flick of his tail. The coyote lifted his yellow eyes to the wolf’s. “So don’t think you’re ‘taking’ anything that hasn’t already been given.”

“I don’t mind sharing.” Already he could feel the heat from the coyote’s groin under his tail, and then – the light, wet touch of that tapered tip lining up beneath his base, feeling around, poking at his tailhole. His body instinctively shivered and then pressed back against that tip; he had a certain arctic fox guard

to blame for *that* reaction. His ears perked as the coyote leaned in over him, and licked his chops close enough for him to feel the movement from his tongue. "And it seems you don't mind, either. Mm?"

Tala spread his legs a little further. This damn scent would linger in his nostrils for the rest of the night; he'd have to both bathe *and* bury his muzzle between Luca's legs in the morning, and that would have nothing to do towards the soreness under his tail he'd probably end this night with, judging by the slight ache in his jaw from those few minutes stretched around the coyote's cock.

"If you're not gonna gag me," the wolf growled with a gentle press back, "then you could at least gag yourself, since I don't want to listen to y-"

His words cut off right then, both for the paw wrapping around his maw and for the good two or three inches shoved right into him from behind, hot hard flesh stretching his tailhole and pushing inside of him. A little bit of a pain, a little bit of discomfort; his eyes rolled back a bit and he let out a shuddering sound halfway between a grunt and a moan, to be repeated as the coyote slid out and then pressed back in.

Slowly that paw made its way down from his mouth to his chin to tilt his muzzle up, and then from there to his throat. Just the slightest bit of pressure, not solely across his windpipe but also right along the sides of his neck, made his breath come with a bit of difficulty and also put a distant pounding into his head after a short while.

"You be quiet," that growl continued. "You've had plenty of opportunities to stop this, and you've taken none of them. That's what I can't stand about royalty: you complain about all these things that could be easily changed..." Another thrust, this time burying his length what felt like halfway inside the wolf. Prince Tala breathed another low moan and lurched against the bed, gripping onto it for support; still those fingers remained around his throat, the thumping continuing without cease and with each press from the coyote's hips feeling like it echoed back and forth, back and forth throughout his body. "...and then you never do anything to actually change them. You rely on others to do your work for you. If I weren't – *personally invested* in this," with another thrust, "then I'd just tie your paws and leave you here."

Swallowing took more effort than it should have. Tala felt each thrust, each push forward into him and tug back out with the resultant squeeze of his tailhole and throb through his cock, but all of that still felt a bit distant with this paw around his throat, restricting his blood to his head. He was mostly aware of the thief's steady rhythm against his rump, slower and gentler than he'd been in his muzzle earlier, but that too came from a distance – the pinch of the stretch and discomfort of the girth felt like they rode in at the tail end of one of the waves lapping up along the beach down the cliff, though the inimitable pleasure of it still came through full force.

It took time for him to realize that he'd started to press his muzzle sideways against the thrown sheets, jaw hanging open to let out his breathy moans. Things had gotten turned around on him rather quickly, here; he could feel the dip in the mattress beside his hip where the coyote kept one leg braced, footpaw pressing into the surface of the bed so he could pound more steadily down into the prince underneath him, and muzzle close to his shoulder. A bit of a stretch; fuzzily Tala wondered if this coyote made sure to stretch every time he went out on one of his little heists.

That was a funny thought. If not for the paw squeezing around his throat and the teeth that suddenly dug into his other shoulder, he might've actually chuckled; instead, though, all that came out was a grunt sharp enough to cover the soft *crunch* of those fangs piercing into his skin through his fur. Prince Tala lifted his head and showed more of his throat, his body pushing itself back against those pumping hips that buried that cock deep inside of him, again and again and again, while the bed squeaked on its wooden legs beneath him.

"...Mhmm," the coyote rumbled, fangs still firmly in place inside Tala's flesh for a moment before he pulled them free. He shifted his position a bit, first letting his raised footpaw fall back to the floor and then wrapping his arm around the prince's belly, both lifting him up and pulling him back against him, while keeping his other paw tight around his throat. "See what I mean? You're so – *damned* needy. Trust a spoiled prince to have a rump even hungrier than his muzzle, mm?"

Thick, slick warmth rolled down Tala's shoulder, but he couldn't look down to see whether it was drool or blood. The pain throbbing up from that bite also felt muted by the grip on his throat, and now each time he looked around or moved his head, the world kept on going for a second afterwards. Now it was just reflex and instinct that caused him to continue working his hips back against the coyote's, pushing and squeezing against each thrust and hilt inside him. That arm around his belly also came so close to his own leaking cock, and if he angled his movements right, he could just barely brush up against it and feel the resultant pleasure from the touch, a little shiver bouncing through his body.

Tala took a moment to swallow, though regretted it somewhat right after for the way it interrupted his breathing. Had to take slow, steady breaths between panting and moans, and then the word that forced its way between his parted lips: "Harder."

The coyote didn't reply, but he certainly responded. Firm tug from that arm around him, teeth digging back into place on his shoulder, and then Tala felt himself lifted up again and again in rhythm with those heavy, hard thrusts, hips pistoning up against his rump and bouncing him against the bed, coming longer and deeper with what could only be his approaching peak. Tala gripped at the sheets and gritted his teeth, breaths now coming in and wheezing back out – and then felt himself almost black out for a few seconds when that paw tightened dangerously around his throat, the thief's hips pressed firmly against his own and his cock pulsing in emptying his load out deep under the prince's tail.

Awareness came back to him slowly. Awareness of the panting and growling in his ear, of the slight sting along the stretched rim of his tailhole, of the hot, thick wetness dripping down the back of the sack, increasing a bit as the coyote pulled down and out of him... and then the sudden rush of color and an accompanying headache when that paw finally uncurled from his neck. The grip hadn't actually cut his breathing off at all, he found, taking deep, sweet breaths now; still, though, the world swam when he spun around, and he had to rest his head against the bed now behind him, the coyote standing up already.

"There," rumbled that voice, dusty-grey paws working his still-dripping cock back inside his pants. "I got what I wanted. You were a little bit too noisy, prince; I *should* have gagged you, or else I c-"

"Aah, not yet," Tala breathed, and rolled his head forward. He licked his lips, still panting steadily, before pointing down between his legs. He didn't have to look to know about the sticky wet spot in his bellyfur, where his pre had leaked under thrust after thrust. "I haven't finished yet."

Yellow eyes looked him up and down in disbelief. The coyote adjusted what had to be his plunder sack, hanging from his hip and jangling softly with each movement. "Finish yourself! Who do you think I am?"

Instead of replying, Prince Tala just wrapped a paw around the base of his shaft and gave the smallest of strokes. Even that was enough to send a cool shiver up his back, seeming so much stronger now that he actually had blood flow to his head and could think clearly; after that he opened his eyes again and looked up at the thief, tongue flicking out across his lips.

They each held the other's gaze for a moment. Then with a heavy sigh, the coyote dropped to his knees and leaned in over the prince, batting his paw away and replacing it with his own, bringing his other up to cup and rub the wolf's sack. Deft paws, too; Tala squirmed and gasped and moaned beneath them, and the few times he managed to open his eyes, he noticed that the coyote very clearly was avoiding eye contact. Not to mention the warm blush burning beneath the fur of his cheeks, too.

Naturally it didn't take long before Tala grunted, grasped at the blankets behind him, and jerked up into that paw, shooting his own load out across his chest... and the coyote's gloves and his chin, he noticed. Then, panting, he let his eyes open again and swallowed, lingering moans fading in his throat.

And it was the thief's turn to roll his eyes. "Prince," he muttered, beginning to rise, "as if. More like *priss*. Ugh." He crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Do I have permission to leave, *your majesty*?"

Tala ran his paws down his body, freely rubbing his pads over the sticky streaks across his chest, and then let one drift down between his legs. He'd have to get one of the servants to clean up *that* mess, surely. "What is your name?"

The thief paused in pulling his mask back up, and turned yet another shocked expression towards the wolf on the ground. "I – why would I tell you *my name*? So you can turn me in?"

"You think I'd do that? After I let you have me?"

Not the most sound of logic. Still, though, it seemed enough. "I am Rasha."

"Rasha..." Certainly not from around here. Tala raised those fingers to his mouth and swirled his tongue around them, tasting the mix of thick musk both his own and the coyote's. "You may go. I will not tell the guards. I would *like* for you to not take our jewels, but..."

Rasha strode right over towards the door, still fiddling with the fastenings of his pants. With some effort Tala managed to pull himself back up into his bed, all of his limbs and his head especially feeling twice as heavy as they had when he'd first gone to sleep tonight; there was no *true* soreness under his tail tonight, but rather a tingling unsteadiness to his knees. Honestly, it was a shame that this... this coyote had to leave. There was an intake of breath from across the room followed by a sigh, then the *click* of the lock being undone, and-

"Rasha."

Tall ears perked, and that muzzle turned wordlessly back towards him. Tala pulled the blankets up to his neck again, still shivering with the aftereffects of his orgasm.

“There is a secret route down the hall. Not the servant passages; this one is between the two busts, near the corner. It leads to the castle courtyard, and if you follow the bushes against the wall there, you will find a trapdoor to the wine cellar, which has an exit along the hills past the walls. I used to take that exit when I had... *pressing appointments.*”

Yellow eyes watched him from across the room, perhaps appraising him for another time. Rasha bowed his head, just slight enough to be perceptible in the darkness. Then he was gone, the door swinging silently shut behind him.

Prince Tala let out a soft sigh, alone again in the darkness of his room. This slight tingling beneath his tail with the undeniable warmth and wetness of the coyote’s load; the scent clinging to his muzzle, the taste in his throat; the awareness of what he’d just done... *well*, he figured, *I’d call that a good trade to keep my valuables. Maybe I found something else of value, too, something new.*

*We shall see.*