

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 10

Alps looked around silently. An empty room. An empty bed to sleep in tonight. For the first time in three months he would be sleeping by himself. Finally, he had a day off. It was literally his first in as long as he could even remember. Slaves were not allowed such things as days off. They lived to serve, and that was it. However, Nita and the others had been treating him less and less as a slave, slowly getting him used to the life of what he felt was almost as a free citizen. A free citizen who always agreed to work, at least. His lupine ears swiveled back as he thought about the situation. He could do whatever he wanted in the castle, as long as he had completed his tasks that he had been given, which compared to what he lived with in his earlier life with Chana, was as light as a holiday back then. Anything that he liked. For the past couple months, he'd been learning what he liked. Everything was so new. He'd tried dozens of different kinds of food, drink and treats. He had learned to love music, watching dancers, and listening to the stories that Misty told.

Alps flopped down on the comfortable medium-sized bed. He was in an inn just outside the town of Diera. No one but Nita knew where he was. (This was for Alps' own good. Uri had taken a liking to seeking him out if she knew he was supposed to be sleeping alone. She always brought rope, even though she knew it was not really necessary.) Nita would let Alps sleep in his own room from time to time, sometimes because she was too tired to be playful with him, sometimes because Alps had worked hard that day. However, Alps sleeping in his own room was simply never a guarantee that he would get to sleep alone. Nita took Alps aside early that week, and talked with him.

"You are not any good to me if you are exhausted. I need a lean, strong, energetic and youthful male, not a force-aged, overworked, tired sack of wet sand." Nita had said. So here he was. He looked up at the ceiling. As a slave, he had changed hands only once, but he had seen many ceilings. He had never seen one that he picked himself, however. He chose this as his sleeping place. For the first time, he was free to make his own decisions. It may seem a rather trivial thing, choosing one's own hotel room, but when one knows that one's entire life was to be led being denied that choice, one feels slightly different. As the darkness closed in, the sun slowly setting on a very relaxing day, Alps drifted off to sleep.

There was a loud bang at the door, which woke Alps from his refreshing slumber. The sound of a brawl outside, in fact, just outside the door. Alps scrambled to his feet. He had no weapon. He could not help anyone, not even himself. A rush of fear pelted him like a downpour. Fear. Alps had not felt that emotion in months, even though it had been a day to day feeling with Chana. He swallowed loudly, and hardened his nerves.

The slave cracked his door slightly, just in time to see one petite female lupine fling hot water into the eyes of a burly, middle-aged bear of a lupine. He reeled back, dropping a sword that was streaked in blood. Alps gasped. He was trying to kill her! He could not let it happen! Alps just could not possibly just turn his back on something like this. Nita would be so disappointed and unhappy with him! The white lupine flung open his door and grabbed her by the back of her shirt. He then jolted her, jerking her through the door, closing it as quickly but silently as he could, leaning against it as she rolled under the bed, taking the opportunity to hide should the door be busted in.

Alps nodded at her, even though it was likely he could not be seen, and he hopped up on the bed. Alps' heart was racing. He could not believe he'd gotten involved like this. He could be killed! Nita would likely not even know why! He pulled the sheets over him and rolled over just as the door burst open. The red-eyed male stood there, fur bristling, his sword dripping, as he looked around. Alps pretended to be asleep. He placed the sword only inches from the white-furred lupine's throat, and pulled the covers back. He grumbled in anger and disappointment. Alps looked up, as if startled awake, and then sat up, scrambling toward the edge of the bed.

"No! It's in my satchel by the bedpost! Take it... Take it! I only have 20 bits with me. Please, I don't want to die!" The large grunting creature growled at him. Alps used a very high pitched, terrified voice, trembling violently. The shaking was not in any way an act. Alps feared for his life now!

"I don't want yer stinkin' money freak. I'm after someone. Shit... Perfect... she is probably half way back into town by now. Freakin' perfect... Damn it, when I find her, I will spill her guts all over the fuckin' street." Alps pulled the sheets back over him, shaking. If this beast were angry enough about losing the girl, he might just kill the odd white-furred slave out of anger alone. Luckily, he did not. He left the room, slamming the door. His thundering footsteps were heard racing down the hall, and then a loud slam as the front door of the inn closed heavily. After that, Alps heard the sounds of his heavy treading down a cobblestone street, yelling obscenities. Breathing a sigh of tentative relief, the slave sat up, and looked under the bed. A very shaky looking lady lupine huddled under it. Alps nodded to her.

"You can come out now. He's gone." She looked over to him. Her amber eyes glinted, and she blinked unsurely. Her tan fur looked rather dusty and untended to. But, she had a definite natural beauty that lay beneath. She looked to live on the streets though. The tattered female shimmied out from under the bed. She got up, panting softly, and sat on the edge of the bed.

"You.. are after the bounty too, I take it. Gimme a moment.. Lemme compose myself. At least you are interested in taking me alive." she sighed in defeat. "Crap... Look.. I can give you jewels.. money.. anything, just.. let me go... I promise, I won't do anything wrong ever, ever again." the girl said hurriedly. She looked around hurriedly, and even at Alps' belongings. "Hey wait.. are you even armed?"

"Huh?" Alps said softly. "What ARE you talkin' about? Who was that ogre after you? Are you hurt bad? There was blood on his sword, please tell me you're gonna be alright!" She looked at him blankly. Alps gazed at her in stunned fear, not sure if someone would come back for the girl. He would possibly have to cut his vacation short.

"Uh.. yeah.. I.. I'm fine.. that was not.. mine.." She was silent for a moment, and then her eyes half-closed and looked almost diabolical.

"Are.. you sure you are okay?" Alps said, sitting down with her, his paws caressing over her lightly, inspecting her for injuries. She might be in shock. She would not know she was badly hurt if she was in shock. It had happened to Alps once before. He was beaten for breaking a crate by stacking it too high. Chana threw him a few times, since he was still very young, and he had been stabbed in the back by one of the broken boards from the crate. He didn't even realize it until he woke up the following day, and had to remove it. The girl Alps had saved seemed uninjured, but she suddenly seemed kind of faint, and leaned on Alps.

"Oh please, brave sir... Help me! Hide me! It was awful... That terrible... thing... He was going to take my... my innocence! He was going to cut my legs so I could not run, and have his awful way with me... Please... protect me!" she began crying incoherently. Alps took his hands off her and just let her cry. If she was almost raped, she would not really want to be touched. Especially by a male. Even less by a freakish one like him. At least this much his intuition could tell him.

"I... I will protect you with my life, I promise." Alps said softly. In fact, he already had. He had risked getting killed to protect her. She gasped, and, tears streaming, looking into Alps' eyes.

"You are a noble hero!" she cried, and then kissed him deeply, suddenly,

tongue in full play. Alps murreled softly under his breath, a fire lit inside his chest and trousers. He did not expect it, but he certainly did not try to stop it. It was not his place to do so, right? It did dawn on him that it was an odd thing for her to do with what she claimed just happened to her. Still, he was not willing to try to question her reasoning. He could tell easily enough that she was in trouble, and was not lying about the person chasing her wanting to hurt her, so he dismissed his questions about motive. Finally she let him go. Alps swayed back and forth a bit and then shook his head, snapping out of it. In this matriarchal society, she had every right to kill the male who attacked her immediately. Had that been his blood he saw on his sword? Alps shook the thoughts away, and responded to her.

"N... not noble... just... a servant..." he said softly.

"Do you really only have 20 bits, or were you just telling him that to get him away from you?" she asked, looking at him intently. Alps canted his head, finding that to be an odd question. He shrugged softly, seeing no harm in answering it. Maybe talking was just making her feel better.

"No, I really do have only 20 bits. That was my allowance." he said softly. The girl blinked softly, and canted her head, looking at Alps' money pouch.

"Aren't you a little old for allowance, mister?" she said softly, her tail drooping.

"It is not from parents, m'lady... I am given it by my mistress. I am off work until tomorrow. I was just staying here to get out of the castle. It is so busy there, that one cannot relax, especially if you are a personal servant." Alps said, still looking her over, craning his head, seeing if there was any blood anywhere on her. Did she really hurt that big monster?

"Did you say castle?" she said, her voice wavering.

"Yeah... I live in Castle Diera. I am personal servant to Queen Razelle and the high council." He watched as the femme's jaw lowered. She shook her head, blinking, and then lit up a little.

"If what you say is true, then I know I can trust you with my life... Can you give me proof of your position, sir... ummm... what's-yer-name?" Alps blinked again, and reached over to the satchel with his money and nodded.

"My name is Alps. Here... this should be enough. I know you have been through a terrible experience, and it is hard to trust anyone, but I promise, around me, no harm will come of you." He handed her a small gold disk with the royal crest on it, and a code number, 1326. It was a royal security crest. Anyone directly associated with the queen was given one in case they were at a social

event and needed access to her majesty to bring news or services she required, without getting harassed by guards. Alps had his for three months now, and had never had to use it because he was never far enough away from Nita, in fact, not even out of the castle, to need it. The girl's eyes widened.

"Do you... know... who I am?" she said in near disbelief.

"No, not a clue... I would think if I met a lovely creature like you, I would most *certainly* remember." She visibly blushed and then shook her head.

"M... my name is Neit." she said, very distantly. Given how terrifying what she went through had been, Alps could understand her hesitation to say her name.

"Hi Neit... Hey... I can get a room with two beds if you want. I have enough..." Alps wagged his tail lightly. He wanted to comfort her, and make her feel safe now. The nightmare would be over now. Helping someone made Alps feel grand!

"N-no... that won't be necessary... I... I have... a favor to ask... if you would be so kind as to grant it." she shuffled her feet lightly. The slave canted his head curiously again, genuinely willing to do whatever was asked. Nita told him he was welcome to do whatever he liked with his day off. It still counted.

"Sure, anything you ask, if it is in my power." he said. He looked into those amber eyes. She looked into his. So much seemed to be said in that glance.

"Make love to me." she said very flatly. Alps did not blink. He did not move. Something in his mind crackled though. His thoughts then raced. Why was this happening to him? What made him a target for the sexual desires of this large city's female populous all of a sudden? Had something changed in his eyes? In his scent? Did something happen to him that fateful day on the stage when he was auctioned to Nidaja? Was a curse placed on him by Chana before he was sold? He croaked out, finally, several words.

"W... why?" he squeaked. "Why do you want... me?" he swallowed. Some vacation this was turning out to be. He risked being killed and ended up in bed with another stranger. He looked at her almost plaintively. He did not dislike her, and, under normal circumstances, would have jumped at the opportunity. But he could not let himself take advantage of this girl who came to him for help; even if she thought it was what she wanted. He wanted to be able to respect himself tomorrow!

"B... because..." she stammered, looking confused and stunned. She hugged her chest, seeming now a little hurt. "Am I not good enough? Am I..."

ugly?" she looked as if she was going to cry. Alps was aghast! That wasn't what he wanted to convey at all! His mind spun as he gazed at Neit, heart racing!

"N... No!" Alps chirped. "You are very beautiful... just... I am... different... Why would you want... *me*?" Alps wanted to know why having white fur suddenly didn't matter. At least, not to females. Had *he* changed somehow or just his situation? Neit thought for a moment, and finally snapped her head up.

"You have a good heart." she said, her tail swishing from side to side. Alps watched that full, beautiful tan-colored tail, entranced, and realized that all she was wearing was that shirt he had pulled her in by. Not even any underwear. She must have really been close to a point of no return with that one. How terrible. He felt severe anger for that large male that ran away.

"A... Good heart?" Alps asked, watching that tail, his loins heating up just a bit. His body wanted it, at least. It would not be a stretch for him to do if his mind decided it was okay.

"Y... yes..." she said, "I... I almost lost my innocence tonight... forcefully, to a brutal creature that would have not even had a second thought about me. I would have just been one of many he had taken advantage of I am sure. My purity... It would have been meaningless to him. It would not have been special. I deserve special, don't I?" she said, pleadingly. Alps swallowed again. The idea seemed noble enough, but what if she changed her mind later? What if she regretted it? Alps decided to at least let her know she deserved special!

"I... I certainly believe so..." he stammered, definitely able to see where she was going with this.

"Then make love to me... I want to give you the innocence that you defended with your life... so it is special... so someone won it, instead of just took it." she said softly. Alps thought a moment. It would be almost ungrateful for him not to grant such a request. He would perhaps never see her again after it was done, but she could go through the rest of her life knowing her virginity was lost to someone who cared, and had a good heart. He finally closed his eyes and nodded.

"I will do it... If it is really what you want." he said. The girl squealed with delight. Alps chuckled softly. His eyes widened as she hastily took off her shirt. Two perfect, smallish breasts bounced against her chest as she lay back on the bed. The white lupine swallowed. In that one swift movement, she was nude, and stretched out before him. He took a deep breath. As tempting as it was to just ravage that petite, slim body, he would take his time. This would be ceremonial. It would be tender, and passionate, and not change from that mood unless he was asked to change. He could scarcely believe the speed at which she was ready to make love to him, and bare herself to him without any coaxing.

Everything about her had been extreme, though, so he supposed it was her way.

The white slave carefully crawled onto the bed alongside her, and laid with a leg hooked over hers, squirming out of his shorts, which was all he had on. He was already getting an erection from looking at her, knowing that he would soon make love to her. Still, it was happening so fast. He murreled softly as she rolled slightly onto her side and began the affectionate kissing. Her tongue moved expertly over his, and then, for some reason, became a little clumsier. Alps guessed that she was trying to be controlled, and, as her more animal instincts took over, lost that control.

The royal personal servant caressed her silky smooth body. It was dusty. She had a hard life, he could tell, but her movements were very nimble and sure; any time she actually changed a position, it seemed almost calculated. Perhaps she relied on speed and reflexes in her hard life. Alps had only known the life of a slave. It did not require the ability to escape. If you got attacked, you got beaten up and possibly killed. There was nothing you could do about it. No escaping, no chances. You just laid there.

He held the female lupine tightly now. He knew she could feel his growing erection on her leg. And by the way she had begun to move her hips as well he knew she was interested in becoming better acquainted with that part of his body. Alps could smell the heat of sex rising from her. Her waving tail flagged it thick into the air, as if she was using it to her advantage to make him harder, faster. The slave panted softly. It was working. It almost seemed that she was controlling the situation, but Alps didn't mind. She almost lost her innocence in an act that was out of her control. If she wanted to control this, he would let her. He continued to kiss her, coaxing her to kiss back as skillfully as she had done before. She seemed quite happy in her current position.

Fully erect, he felt himself becoming moist against her leg. She finally rolled away from him, her nipples pert and her chest flushed under her fine light-brown fur. Alps caressed those two perfect mounds and felt his mouth watering. He leaned down and took one precious nipple, one unmolested, untouched nub into his waiting steaming mouth, and sucked upon it very tenderly. She began to pant as hard as he was, her hips moving slowly up and down. Alps gasped as he felt her own wetness touch the tip of his tingling cock. She had maneuvered herself so that her legs were intertwined with his, and as she pulled her legs against him, her wet slit was dragged up against his pulsing member. Alps continued to kiss and lick and suckle those marvelous breasts as he felt his length slowly being swallowed by that tight opening. So hot and slick. The intimacy, the importance of it, made him that much more excited.

She wanted so little foreplay, it seemed. Alps was almost stunned by how little she waited to get Alps into her tight channel. He continued to kiss passionately, wanting to distract her from the pain of the loss of her virginity. She

seemed desperate to get the action of sex itself going, and Alps felt a little strange letting it happen like this, but he could not think of anything really wrong about it.

He felt her shaky hand move down between them, and her fingers curl around his shaft. She began to slowly pump it. This slight exploration of his body was something Alps was a little more used to. He thrust his hips forward instinctively as she tugged his cock, and the slave felt his tingling tip dip into her warm wet darkness. She pulled herself downward on the bed, pressing against Alps with her own thrust, hotly taking his full length inside herself completely. Alps noted with awe that she did not seem to feel the pain like Misty did. She kept right on going. He was glad. He feared making her feel that pain. Alps began to stroke his hips, matching her desired speed. He did this for some time, enjoying the hot cries of pleasure, which she didn't seem ashamed of or afraid to let slip out, and the way she squeaked when his body impacted hers with solid thumps of fur and flesh.

He held his head down, panting heavily with the relaxation on his vacation on this bed he was sleeping in alone, and then, feeling his own tingling getting too strong to bare with this fiery lover, he stopped and pulled out, shuddering. Neit protested strongly as Alps caressed her rolling her the rest of the way onto her back. He slid down her body.

"Nn... No... don't stop... please don't... Nnnngaaa!" She tilted her head back and cried out softly as Alps' tongue stabbed into her soaking, steaming folds. She was trickling profusely with excitement, and, by her motions, this was a shock to her, and she was already near orgasm. "Oh by the lights.. you know how to do that?!" she whimpered. Alps smiled and growled approvingly as he held her legs and hips so she would not go out of control and hurt him when her climax finally happened. He was using techniques taught to him for use on royalty on someone who had never experienced lovemaking before. He felt empowered and adventurous!

Alps sealed his muzzle around that sticky sweetness. Eagerly, he probed her deep and hard with his long tongue, curling and twisting that hot pink ribbon of silky flesh, just as he had learned with his beloved friends and mistress. Nidaja had continued to train him, even after he became Nita's property, just as Uri had. He knew very well how to handle the female body, what touches were good, and how fast, hard, or passionate those touches should be. Alps took advantage of his knowledge they had given him to make this experience as pleasant as possible for Neit. She might not even know what kind of pleasure she could have with her willing servant!

The white wolf growled happily as he slipped his tongue rapidly in and out of that tight honeypot, making Neit arch her back in ecstasy. She seemed to be getting very close to climax. He was getting plenty of her sweet and tangy juices

in the process of pleasuring his beautiful subject. Alps growled in determination as he heard her pleading voice, begging, while he held her thighs to keep her from bucking too hard.

"Oh ethereal heavens... In me... I want you in meeeee!!" she wailed, arching her back hard, and just shaking violently, ripping holes into the bed sheets with her long, sharp lupine claws.

Alps felt Nidaja would have been proud, as he felt the floodgates open, and her insides buckled as she climaxed with incredible force. However, Alps did not stop! The well-trained slave continued with passion and diligence. Faster and faster he licked, panting and lusting for the feel of this wonderful female tight around his throbbing cock again. He was going to make this intense and memorable, though, and let her enjoy it as much as she could, so she would not think she had been used. This was for her, not him. Alps was going to make absolutely sure she knew it.

Neit declined slowly from her plateau of pleasure after almost twenty minutes of swearing, crying in ecstasy, writhing under Alps' lashing tongue and cupping, humming muzzle, the vibration of his voice taught to him by Misty with love. Slowly, trembling heavily, she started to ease to a deep, slower panting, as her hips rolled weakly. She murmured slowly with demands for Alps to get back on top of her. She was begging now. The white lupine slave felt comfortable now that she would not likely regret this, and got onto his knees.

"Are you ready, Neit?" Alps panted, stroking his turgid member slowly, getting ready for her tightness, spreading his salty pre-cum over the entire length. His fur bristled a bit, as he realized that he had not decreased much in his own arousal, because making her climax like that was very satisfying and arousing to him in and of itself!

"Nnnnng... Yes! Oh please - take me... I want it... Deep... I want it deep!" she cried. Alps eyes widened. For her first time, she certainly knew what she wanted. Alps got on top of her, pressing his chest to hers, looking into her lovely amber eyes. He trembled with need, his cock dripping on her folds as he moved it in place. Neit cried out softly, and lurched toward his feet, sliding down the bed, and impaling her tightly gripping sex completely on it, moaning in passion as his thick shaft entered her fully, hitting hard as their thighs collided!

Alps groaned loudly, holding still a moment, having almost burst with how desperately this narrowly-escaped victim took him. Alps looked her in the eyes and she put her hands on his shoulders, panting heavily again. She tightened her walls around Alps and growled softly, baring her teeth, but not in anger. She was shaking in complete desperation and pleasure!

"Don't... just sit there!" she whimpered, lurching into Alps again, "I want it!

I need this!" she cried. She began bucking her hips. Alps gritted his teeth and tossed his head back. Even underneath him, she was doing all the work. Alps rocked his hips, and then, finding a good rhythm opposite of hers, began to thrust. She was not going to just let him go. If he stopped now, Alps truly felt she would take him by force.

It struck him then that this might well be what she was doing! She was forcing Alps to have sex to recover her dignity stripped of her by that brute. The slave decided to cooperate with this emotional repair. Alps grunted, holding still as the sounds of their wetness filled the room. The slave whimpered softly, as he felt his tingling building up. They had only just met. How could this be happening to him? He held his sides of the bed, his mind spinning. She was unbelievably tight, and held her legs wide open now, taking him full into her, as deep as he wanted to put it. The slave bucked his hips into her harder, feeling her tightening and relaxing, and hearing her cries increase slowly in pitch with each one. She would cum again, if he kept it up. He wanted that.

Alps then gasped, remembering something important. He held still, though Neit just grabbed his shoulders and pounded him from underneath, her feet braced against the bed to lift her rolling hips into his thighs, taking him deep with long, rapid strokes, panting and gasping in ecstasy.

"Neit... Aahh! Oh what pleasure! You're out of your cycle... Nnnnf! right?" he asked, shaking, feeling his climax actually approaching faster from his position and the fact that Neit was hammering away without him. Neit suddenly wrapped her legs around Alps' middle and rolled him violently onto his back with a sudden shift of her weight, even though she was smaller than him! She held his shoulders tightly, claws dug in, looking into his eyes with raging passion and pleasure, muzzle open with a tortured expression of hanging right against explosive climax.

"Way out! Give... It... to... *me!*" she grunted, eyes shutting tight, as she rode Alps harder than Nidaja or Uri ever had, making him lurch back and forth on the bed, her body seeming amazingly muscular and agile with each tight-gripped stroke, his cock being sucked inside her. Finding she was out of season comforted the wolf, since he felt there was no chance she would regret this now, and he let himself go!

Neit was totally in control right now, even though Alps started to roll his hips hard and fast from underneath her. At the same time, though, she felt as if she'd gone totally *out* of control! His heart threatened to leap from his chest as it pounded harder and faster in the heat of the moment. The girl took Alps hard and fast, almost painfully on some of her more passionate strokes. She was, at least to her mind perhaps, raping Alps now. He groaned in pleasure, and let it be done. This was, it seemed, exactly what she needed. Neit was going to take full advantage of the slave here and now.

Alps felt her walls contracting around him spasmodically, and her body shuddering on top of his. She was close. She was going to cum! He was ready too. He was ready to cum with her!

"Oh Neit... Yes!" Alps said softly, trying not to startle her. He wanted to get her to tell him. He wanted to know she was cumming. His spurring worked.

"Mmm... yes... gonna... Mmmmph... gonna cummmm.." she finally whimpered. Her motion suddenly changed. She began to grind hard on Alps, arching her back, taking him in as deep as her body would allow, as she seized up on him tightly! She wanted it. She wanted him to cum. She wanted to take it. It wasn't being given, it was being taken. For some reason, this only set Alps harder on edge!

"YES!" Alps cried, tightening his legs up a little more, his cock slick with her juices massaged hard between her clenching internal muscles as heat surged through the slave's body, warning of his now unstoppable climax! "Cum with me sweetie!" At these words Neit cried out, her back arching. This set Alps off too. A blazing flash shot through his body, and the sudden sinking sensation of his mind falling into the deepest pleasure he could experience crashed through him unstoppably! In rapid, powerful pulses, he felt his hot essence spray the walls of her inner sex violently. Squirt after powerful squirt, he emptied into her writhing, pitching body. He groaned in pleasure as she voiced her own. LOUDLY. Neit howled explosively as she felt his cum splash hard against her cervix!

Alps fumbled for a pillow, but she stopped her echoing baying before he could get it. As her shaking stopped she looked down at him sleepily, very cum-drunk now. Alps panted heavily but dreamily as he looked at the newly deflowered Neit. She seemed to have so much heat and passion in her for a virgin, Alps felt. Still, for all he knew, not everyone was like Nita and Misty had been.

"Th... thank you... hero..." she panted. She looked so drowsy. Alps wagged his tail slowly, feeling dizzy as well. He could not possibly walk all the way back to the castle the way he felt now. And he was exhausted from exploring the market earlier today even before Neit showed up!

"You can sleep here, lovely..." Alps offered softly.

"Thank you again..." she said, slipping away. She looked like she was already asleep. Alps lay beside her, and slowly drifted off himself. He WAS on vacation after all. No sense waking her up for seconds, despite the fact that it was frequently done to him.

As Alps slept, Neit sat over him, looking at him almost mischievously. She caressed his shoulder and wagged her bushy beautiful tail. She had enjoyed her nap, and awakened to find herself still safe at his side.

"That's right, hero..." she said softly, "Sleep... And when you wake up, you will want to take me to the castle where it is safe, and if I play my cards right, I will be only a few feet away from those crown jewels before anyone even suspects that you have brought the "Lion of Cat burglars" right through the front doors." She laughed softly, and lay down beside his sleeping form, and then, allowed herself to drift off to sleep at his side. She had nothing to fear by this kind-hearted but hopelessly naive lupine lover.