

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 2

Her caress was so gentle. Every touch to his trembling form had been sweet and adoring. He never wanted it to end. Alps remembered dreaming, somewhat fitfully, that Chana returned with an error in his papers or something, and took him back. It was not a bad dream to him, as much as a very disappointing one. Deep down inside, all night he felt it had to happen, so the dream was perhaps his mind making the connection that it expected. An untied end that his subconscious would not let go of after he drifted off to sleep. As expected, in this dream, the thin metal crop often used for his punishments rose high, and came down, but when he startled awake, he found himself nose to nose with Nidaja. She was looking at him, smiling. The slave could not help but smile back. Seeing her there made him happier than he could even think to explain to himself. She was so beautiful. She looked strong, healthy, and intelligent. He was deeply attracted to her immediately on the most natural of circumstances. She had so many things he admired and wanted to be close to, and had proven that very early on.

"You work well with new experiences." Nidaja stated. "That is a good thing. It pleases me." she explained almost jovially, as if saying so was a mere formality. Indeed, it was obvious from last night that she was pleased. Still, being told that he pleased his mistress was even better to Alps than the fact that she had yet to be even the least bit unkind to him. He wagged his tail firmly, thumping the sheets of the bed with it. It had struck him, at that moment, that it was the first real bed he could ever remember sleeping in at all. Even in the orphanage, they only got cots, and the best ones were taken by the strongest kids, among which he was not.

"I learn quickly so that I may please my mistress." Alps said softly, ashamed slightly by his own submissive weakness in the face of such power and grace. Even with her hair tousled and her fur matted in places from their affections hours before, she was beauty and grace personified.

"Very good. This will work out fine then, I think, even despite your odd fur color." Nidaja explained. He felt a pang of guilt and shame for his fur, but as long as she was nice like this, he would not fret about it. Alps snuggled up against the green-furred wolf female, and nuzzled her cheek, feeling a little more comfortable about his place with her, after how intimate they had been. While he was still a

slave, some part of him still felt at least a little bit free now. It was exhilarating

"I want to learn more." Alps said, rather eagerly. It was exceedingly rare for him to tell anyone what *he* wanted. He wished to know how to best please Nidaja. As nice as she had already been to him, he did not want the chance that she ever might choose to sell him. He wanted to stay right where he was for the moment. Nidaja propped her head up on her hand, looking at her willing slave and then grinned, chuckling softly.

"You wish to learn more, young slave?" she asked. Alps bit his tongue softly. He HAD been awfully bold in the way he said that. It was a demand. And he knew it. He corrected himself hastily.

"I... I mean... Would you please... teach me more, Mistress Nidaja? I could better please you if I knew more about it." Alps blushed heavily. Without so many words, Alps had just told his mistress he would like to have sex again. He felt rather ashamed suddenly. He smiled meekly to her, feeling the skin beneath the fur of his lean and hunger-shaped face go scarlet. Alps was sure his ears were perfectly visible with his blush.

"Knew more... about what?" Nidaja said, drawing her muzzle closer to his. A kiss. Alps would love that. He swallowed, and licked his lips to moisten them a bit. Was this a game of some sort? There was a measure of mirth in her voice, the way Chana got when she'd tease Alps, but this felt very different. Then again, it could have been that he was pressed close and comfortable and very naked against this strong, healthy, beautiful woman, perhaps the most beautiful and exotic he'd ever seen.

Alps could not help but think there was something very familiar about her though. Perhaps it was her face? Or maybe it was her voice. He really could not place it.

"I wish I knew more about what we did last night. That was my first time." Alps stated, a little more shyly. Nidaja seemed to know exactly what she was doing.

"Yes, you said it was your first." Nidaja said, then planting a warm, firm, and loving kiss on his lips, teasing them with her tongue for a moment. Alps lost his train of thought for a while after she did that. Nidaja sweetly put it back on its rails for him, softly commenting, "I would be happy to teach you more about it."

"Th-Thank you, mistress." Alps stammered softly. Nidaja then took the role that Alps expected of her. She rolled him onto his back, getting onto her knees, pressing herself close to him. The slave crooned softly under his breath with approval for his mistress' actions. She smiled, looking into his eyes, as she held him down against the bed. If Chana had held him down like this, Alps would

have felt deep fear running through him. He was amazed at how quickly he had learned to trust this near stranger.

"Are you ready to start learning?" Nidaja said, wagging her tail, her fur bristling playfully, as she held the wolf down to the soft, luxurious bed. Alps arched his back a bit with anticipation, and then relaxed on the bed, nodding softly. He was already becoming aroused from the thoughts both of what happened that night already, and what he hoped was soon to begin again. Nidaja looked down between Alps' thighs, and perked her ears, smiling happily. "Well now... It would seem you are." she said. The white wolf chuckled softly, and swallowed again. His own laughter sounded strange to him, not because it was different than any time before, but because it was very rare that Alps ever laughed in the company of anyone else. How very much things had changed in the course of a single night, and that night was not even over.

It was perhaps only midnight, but he had fallen asleep at Nidaja's side fairly early, only late afternoon, so he still felt rather rested. Nidaja told Alps to relax, and lay out flat, which he did, placing his arms at his side, and not moving at all, only breathing his anxious and shallow breath. As Alps lay there in the dark room, he felt Nidaja's hands roaming over his body. Her dull lupine claw-tips traced shallow furrows in his fur. He arched his back a little, as from time to time the nerve and muscle that she traced tickled.

In only a few minutes of that kind of treatment, Alps was fully and shamelessly aroused, squirming and gasping, gritting his teeth with anxiousness welling in the pit of his stomach and the aching weight of his testes that seemed impossibly full given the dose of his seed he'd yielded for his mistress but half the night before. Nidaja cooed sweetly to him, making Alps feel even less afraid. She was happy about this. It was as if it was not really a chore to her at all to teach him pleasure. At that moment, however, Alps had no idea what kind of training this was supposed to be. Nidaja told him to close his eyes. The obedient slave did as he was told, as he felt her hands slide up and down his inner thigh. He quivered softly, and gritted his teeth.

"What is... the nature of this lesson?" he asked with a waving tone. Nidaja giggled softly, and kissed his inner thigh, really close to his sack. Alps responded by spreading his legs a bit, welcoming her touch. His fur along his tummy and thighs was still matted a bit with her juices from earlier that night. Nidaja spoke in a soft, kind whisper.

"This afternoon..." she said, her voice feathery and pleasant, "You did something I did not expect." Alps remained silent. He was not sure what she was talking about at all. He was flooded with sudden uncertainty. Had he made a mistake? Had he committed some manner of taboo that he was unaware of? He had warned her that he was not sure what he was doing. She finally began speaking again, seeing that he was not going to volunteer a guess. "You put

your head between my thighs, and brought me to full orgasm with your tongue." Alps remained quiet for a moment, before asking, timidly,

"Orgasm?" He had no idea what she was talking about. This was not something Chana would have taught him anything about. His mistress kissed his inner thigh a little closer to his tightening, swollen member. Nidaja patiently continued to explain, as her claw-tips traced his throbbing masculinity, just around the edges where it lay against his fuzzy lower tummy.

"Yes... For you, it's the feeling you have when you finish... Like this afternoon... when I was on top of you, and you said you would not last long... That hot, powerful flash you feel at the end there... that's an orgasm." She licked her lips, as Alps looked down at her. She told him to shut his eyes again. After he furtively did so, she continued. "Anyway, I have those too, though it's not the same as yours. It's a little different. But it still feels really, really good." she explained. Alps groaned as he finally felt a touch to his hot pink, wet, twitching member. It was a soft-lipped kiss. In only minutes of attention he felt almost as achingly needful as he was when she had taken him inside her tight passage before.

"The scent was so alluring... I had to... lick..." he said sincerely. He didn't know why it seemed the right thing to do, and he was happy to find that she had liked it. He was even happier to find that she felt about the same that afternoon as he had. He felt very accomplished to have made her feel even nearly that good.

"Well, that is a good thing." Nidaja said softly. "But I am going to teach you now... why it's so good. I am going to teach you what it feels like. In a way, at least." she said, giggling. Alps nodded softly, keeping his eyes closed. The green lupine female brought both her hands to his member, encircling it, and making Alps gasp softly. Every time she touched him, it brought him happiness. Did Nidaja have other slaves, Alps wondered? Was it common for her to do this to her slaves? Was this a common thing to do to slaves in general? Alps had only ever been owned by Chana. Maybe cruel owners like her were not all that common. These thoughts were whisked away from Alps' mind as he felt a sudden wash of heat and wetness over his twitching cock, replacing Nidaja's hands, which tenderly caressed his sack, encouraging him to produce that thick, fertile syrup for her. Alps was a little confused at the sensation at first, but, eyes still closed, he finally realized what it was.

Almost the full length of his cock, about nine inches at this heightened state of arousal, was inside Nidaja's mouth. She had a rather long, gracefully narrow muzzle, so she took that length with ease, but it still pushed that pleasure-flared tip to the back of her throat with that single claiming oral motion. The lupine slave's fur bristled all over, and he trembled, releasing a long, low moan, a hot fire of tingling racing through his body. Alps whimpered with

pleasure as he felt the pressure of Nidaja's tongue draw snug against the underside of his length. She slowly drew her head upward, sliding his pink, throbbing member between her tongue and the ribbed texture of the roof of her muzzle. That single motion felt like an eternity of pleasure to her almost stunned slave. He spilled thick, slick pre-cum over his owner's tongue as she drew her head upward. She released his cock and spoke softly.

"See how nice that feels?" Nidaja said softly. Alps nodded emphatically, wanting her to continue the lesson, hoping that she would teach him a lot more lessons just like this, though realizing his desire was a bit greedy. "You want your mistress to feel that good, don't you?" the slightly older and wiser female asked. Alps nodded again, feeling a little dizzy with anxious lust boiling in his loins. "Remember that, Alps." came Nidaja's feathery, knowing command. He kept his eyes closed, nodding again, a little slower now. He felt so utterly wonderful that moment. The next was even better.

Nice and slow, he felt his cock engulfed again, Nidaja holding her mouth a little tighter around his girth as she pressed her head down his long, slick shaft. She took him slowly, and completely, before Alps felt something new. The pressure in Nidaja's muzzle dropped. Her tongue began to drag back and forth an inch or so against his pulsing flesh. That strong, hot tongue pressed him tighter against the roof of her mouth, as she held her muzzle tight around him. Alps groaned long and low. She was sucking on him. Her head didn't move at all, she just pleased him with her slow, methodical suckling, and strong, undulating tongue. He tightened his legs, enjoying every single sensation, texture, and motion of her tongue inside her hot muzzle. It took very little time at all before the wolf began to feel a familiar, wonderful sinking sensation in his loins.

"I... I'll orgasm." the slave warned, not certain if Nidaja would want what was about to happen to actually happen inside her mouth. He could not imagine she'd possibly want something like that. However, the white lupine ached all the way through with desire for release, and he didn't know how fast he would fall over the edge into his powerful climax. He felt close, though. The soft slurping sound his mistress was making was threatening even more to make him burst spontaneously over that heavenly stroking tongue. The beautiful female finally pulled her head up slowly, and smiled at her slave.

"Not yet, Alps." she said, just squeezing and massaging his length in her hand, letting him slip back away from the point of no return. Alps quivered. "I still have a little more to teach you tonight." Alps began to pant softly. He suddenly felt very hot.

"Do you... want me to warn you before I orgasm?" he asked as innocently as he could, using the new terminology he'd just learned. Nidaja licked his length slowly, caressing him lovingly with her careful and thorough tongue. She

whispered to him softly.

"Yes... warn me... let me know..." she said slowly. "But... Alps... I want you to cum on my tongue. I want you to let yourself orgasm while I use my mouth on you. You did for me, remember?" she said. Alps' heart hammered faster. That thought seemed so sinful, but so wonderful. So taboo and dark. He was being driven into almost feral, white-hot lust for the moment.

"What else... ahhh... nnggh... What else do you need to teach me before that?" he asked, eager to release the pressure that had built up in his frenzied condition. Nidaja growled happily and playfully, making Alps' fur bristle more. The lupine female turned around slowly, and straddled over Alps' chest, and moved back a bit. Alps caught the incredibly strong scent of her arousal, and opened his eyes. Even in this near total dark, he could see her glistening slit, dewy, puffy, heavily laden with need, and ready for his tongue. He held back until given permission though.

"I will be teaching you pleasure priority." Nidaja said, licking Alps' shaft again, teasing the tip with her tongue. Her position had changed, so now, as she took his length in her mouth, the underside of his cock slid over her ribbed internal surface of her muzzle, and the sensitive tip of it ground tight against the back of her tongue. She teased him a little like this, and then spoke some more. "You will use your mouth on me as I use mine on you. You have to make me cum first. After I tell you I am cumming, you can cum too, okay?" the emerald lupine said. Alps groaned with need, fearing he'd not be able to hold back enough, especially while doing something so sexually gratifying to her at the same time. He put two and two together to know what 'cumming' actually meant though.

"I... I will try very hard." Alps said, feeling strange suddenly, that he was doing any of this at all. But his mind was set back to where it needed to be again by the feel of Nidaja's mouth taking him in again. Alps gritted his teeth, trembling, as he realized that he'd have to get started on her immediately if he was to last longer than his mistress. He pulled her back a little more, and pressed his cool, wet black nose-pad against the entrance of her sex. The white lupine slave stuffed his tongue into his new owner as if he was starving, and she was hiding some manner of food in that deep, tight passage. The pressure around his cock dropped like his own inhibitions as she moaned loudly, and rather than just holding still and suckling, her head started to bob up and down. Alps whined loudly as he pumped his tongue in and out of that tight, dripping mound.

Nidaja began to pant rather quickly. This was apparently a big turn-on to her. She was already getting really hot. This made Alps feel a little more confident. He tried to relax his legs a bit, wanting to outlast her. He didn't know if she'd punish him for failing this test, but he didn't care to find out. He just tried to

concentrate on what he was doing. Nidaja was very tight, and would clench on occasion, making it harder to pump his slowly tiring tongue in and out of her. This was a form of manual labor the slave simply was not used to! He found, however, that if he ground his tongue against the little swollen nub of flesh that was at the entrance of that slit, she would cry out or moan louder. He began to focus on that, switching between filling her with his tongue, and swirling his tongue on that spot. Nidaja seemed to desperately approve!

The slave's mind was a blur. There were a lot of emotions racing through him. He felt bonded to his new owner in a way much deeper than a lifetime of service to Chana. He wanted to do this for her always. He found himself genuinely wanting to make this female happy. She was so completely different from any life he'd ever known. Despite his tongue getting a little bit sore and tired, he kept right on rapidly flickering, grinding, and pumping it for her.

The one drawback to Alps' success in bringing Nidaja pleasure was the fact that she worked harder and faster and more passionately on his pleasure the closer she got to her orgasm. Alps' legs tightened, the sensations making him tense and relax uncontrollably, slowly rolling his hips, pressing himself into that deep, tight, hot muzzle eagerly. Nidaja's head bobbed up and down, her new slave's cock lancing into her muzzle with each motion, tugging slightly with how firmly she was suckling on it. Her breathing was hotter through her nose now, rapid and desperate. She rolled her hips as well, getting close. Alps whimpered against her sex, feeling that familiar tingling surge filling his body like a spreading wildfire.

There existed a very, very fine line between sexual pleasure, and the point where a climax was simply unavoidable in Alps. In pleasuring himself for years, any time he was safely alone, Alps thought he knew that line well, but Nidaja growled over his shaft as she gulped it down hard, suckling on it, as she tensed up. Alps' mind was pretty much wiped out from any real conscious thought in that moment. The only thing that raced through his mind was that she was going to cum for him. Nidaja was going to climax! Alps then gasped through his nose. His mind, swept away, had allowed him to overlook that paper thin line. Alps grunted out, almost in fear at its sudden arrival.

"NgOooh! Cumming! Oh-mistress-I'm- HuurrHNK!!" Alps desperately cried out so heavily, as he released harder than he'd ever felt before, spraying his thick, boiling load against Nidaja's ribbed palette. She sucked him down hard, rolling her hips, but Alps couldn't lick through his powerful climax, writhing weakly as she panted and drank him down between heaving breaths. The whimpering slave squirmed and twitched, realizing that he had failed his lesson. He'd climaxed first. Would his mistress be angry with him? He gritted his teeth, and whined a bit. Nidaja lifted her head, panting as well over his still twitching member. Alps felt so weak now.

"Mmmm... You came first." Nidaja said softly with an obviously mirthful smile. "It's okay. I expected that. You did very well though. I certainly was not holding back for your lack of experience" she said, writhing a bit, rolling her hips some more. Alps panted and spoke raggedly.

"I... am sorry..." he churred, panting heavily. "I... guess I need... to learn... to control myself... better..." Nidaja licked her lips rather loudly, and then turned around, growling a bit ferally, pinning Alps to the bed. A pang of fear rushed through him, as he felt he was about to be punished for not doing what he'd been told to do. Nidaja spoke through her teeth, in a tone that seemed actually pleasantly playful.

"Yes, but my slave needs to understand... that when he's done, it doesn't mean his mistress is." she rumbled, before reaching down under her hips, and lifting Alps' still twitching, mostly erect member. She pressed herself down on it, making Alps groan loudly as she took that over-sensitive length deep into her clenching hot sex. She ground tightly against him. Alps whined pitifully, the sensation of continued sexual attention being somewhat painful to him. The white wolf looked pleadingly into Nidaja's eyes as she gazed down at him.

"Oh by the light, so... hot... mmmph... is tingling..." Alps writhed heavily as he spoke in a low, weak voice. Nidaja was actually considerably stronger than him, especially now. He was still weak from his climax. He could still not really tell if Nidaja was, in fact, angry at him with how deep that growl of hers was. However, she kissed him passionately again before starting to grind on him heavily. Alps whimpered again, not from fear, but from oversensitivity. Pleasuring himself he never had any notion to go beyond his climax!

"Sorry about this Alps, but this is the only way to get your stamina up. You have to have good stamina... mmph..." Nidaja explained in her growling tone as she thrust herself up and down on him, just as she had their first time together. Alps tightened his legs and writhed underneath her. It was uncomfortable, but he didn't dare complain. "Oh light and beauty, yes..." Nidaja panted. "Good... I'm still close... ohhh yes..." The slave groaned softly and arched his back as he watched her lovely, shapely form bounce up and down on his trembling lap. She held her head up, graceful in her fluid motions at first, but eventually, beginning to jerk hard and fast, thrusting herself against him.

Alps could not believe he was even able to stay erect through this with how hypersensitive he was, but he did, and finally, he pressed his feet against the bed, and started thrusting upward into her eager strokes. Nidaja seemed to accelerate in her pleasure as Alps returned her hot thrusting. He slammed himself into her, wanting to finish her. He longed to make it happen rather than just make it through it. The discomfort had started to fade, and his erection had fully returned. His mistress held his shoulders, and finally, pace rapidly increasing, strokes harder and heavier, she pounded him mercilessly, which only

encouraged her slave even more.

Suddenly, the green-furred female went rigid, arching her back, and grasping her breasts, before crying out, yipping in a shrill, lustful voice. Alps felt his hips flooded with warm fluid from the lurching beautiful femme. She then pressed herself close to him, panting heavily, her body shuddering with her release. Alps groaned deeply, his heart racing again. It had really started to feel wonderful! Alps, swept away in the moment, did something far bolder than he thought he would ever try. He tolled Nidaja rather suddenly onto her back, pressing his body tight against hers, and lustfully resumed his powerful thrusting, slamming his throbbing, tightly swollen cock in and out of her gulping, convulsing tight heat fast and hard!

Nidaja squealed with surprise, and, music to Alps' ears, approval! She wrapped her arms around him as he slapped his body against hers, their furry forms thumping together hard and frantic. Alps had never felt so much desire, burning emotion, and intense pleasure in his life. This night kept revealing a new level of happiness and pleasure to him. The slave held his lurching, wrenching mistress tight as she counter-stroked against him, rubbing her soaking pussy against his crotch, grinding against him desperately on the in-stroke. Alps didn't seem to be at all interested in stopping or even slowing, his eyes drifting shut, as he listened to her pleased cries.

Her pleasure and happiness. That's what he wanted. That was worth working hard for. The fear of punishment had always been enough before, but this was so much more powerful a means of control, for certain. Alps wanted to hear her cries of pleasure again. He felt himself drifting closer to his trigger-point again. Alps growled back to Nidaja, just as ferally as she'd done for him.

"Oh yes! Alps... Ah... Alps... harder! Harder!" Nidaja cried, seeming just as swept up in the moment as Alps was. "Make me cum again! I'm close!" she cried. Alps doubled his efforts, panting hard now, out of breath, dizzy, and loving every single second of it. "Don't stop!" came the shuddering cry. Alps found that knowing of her impending climax, and knowing when she was close to release made him a lot more aroused, and finished him a bit faster. He growled out in loud, furious desperation,

"Mistress! I'm gonna... cum again!..." His words were broken by hot, dry panting as he rolled his hips against hers. Nidaja pumped back just as desperately. She was hot, frantic, and the scent of sex had completely overwhelmed the room. Her slave's mind began to spin. It was all so much heat, so much action and passion. His heart sang for being able to enjoy this in his life at last. He had always been resigned that he's never know this pleasure from life, and now here he was, in very passionate, wonderful fully shared intimate contact!

"Now! Oh painted heavens, Alps - fill me! I'm cumming!" Nidaja wailed. She arched her back suddenly, the angle a little more difficult for Alps to pound into her with, but it was still enough. Hearing her climax, her jaw dropping, and a strangled cry of her explosive release, was all it took. Alps burst inside her tightly squeezing tunnel, lining her depths with his rich, hot streamers of potent opalescent lust. Alps groaned with a sinking, almost dying cry, as he squirted over and over again inside his new mistress. It felt to him like his tail was going to be pulled inside out from the force of it as he ground into her tightly, listening to cry after satisfied cry from Nidaja.

Time seemed to stretch out for a while, each second of pleasure melting into him, each rapid heartbeat feeling like the slow tick of a metronome, even though his blood was coursing like wildfire through his veins. He drew out of Nidaja slowly, and collapsed at her side heavily, his head swimming and his body tingling numbly all over. He felt absolutely wonderful. Nidaja rolled onto her side, and held Alps. The wolf lay, dazed and slightly confused as he struggled a while with consciousness.

This, and nothing else, was the high point to his entire magical evening. She held him. In all his memory, no one ever just held him. He felt safe and secure. He felt happy. Alps felt pleasure in his heart equal to what the rest of his body had already endured, and his very spirit was spent for Nidaja, as sleep took the sex-battered wolf at last.