

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 3

When Alps awoke again, it was already morning. In fact, the sun had been up for some time. The white lupine slave felt dizzy as he sat up, and was rather disoriented coming out of a very deep and satisfying sleep near the middle of the day. As a slave, he'd never been allowed to sleep so late! The memories of his previous night flooded back into him, and his fur fluffed as he quivered all over. Oh how wonderful it had been! What wonderful day this was already to greet him with such incredible memories of pleasure and joy!

He looked in the bed beside him. Nidaja was not there. That did not surprise him. Surely someone of her class and apparent power, wealth, and prestige had better things to do than lay in bed festering in sexual musk with a slave. The satisfied and cheerful slave got out of bed and put on his clothes with a little bit of a struggle. He had a few sore muscles that had simply not been used in quite the fashion they were last night, such as his inner thighs and tummy muscles. On weak and shaky legs, Alps went downstairs. Sure enough, his new mistress was happily eating breakfast in the tavern side of the inn. The slave sat down, swallowing back a lot of drool from the scent of this food. His old mistress used to let him watch her eat as he poured drinks for her. He knew better than to beg or even suggest that he might have a bite of "mistress food". That kind of thing could get him partly to mostly killed by Chana. Sexual exploration or not, he still knew his place as a slave. Alps sat down beside Nidaja silently. At her other side was another lady. She had gold and black fur, which was much longer than Nidaja's. She seemed about ten or fifteen years older, and a bit less athletic. The longer fur made her look softer and gentler than even Nidaja had been. Alps wondered if this lady knew his new mistress, sitting there beside her. He shifted his gaze between them, and swallowed back some more drool.

Rather unexpectedly, however, Nidaja ordered some food for Alps. Mistress food. A lot of it. There were things she ordered that Alps had never heard of. There was Detnai Beef Roast, Kurakh Stew, and a number of little snack-like things. They were all served to him, and he looked to Nidaja in confusion, and made a motion to eat something, without actually picking something up, fearing Nidaja would scold him. She did not, only nodding for him to eat. Alps ate as if it would be his last meal, just as he was used to doing. Some tea came for Alps, but he did not drink it. He found tea to be too bitter. Nidaja gave him some of her wine, which he drank only to wash down food when

he had trouble swallowing it, as fast as he was eating. Nidaja looked at him with calm introspection, frowned, and shook her head.

"You aren't used to good food, either, huh?" she asked.

Alps shrugged. He didn't want special treatment, but he seemed to be getting it anyway. After their meal, they went upstairs, and Nidaja ordered Alps to pack her things. This made him feel better. He was a slave. He was supposed to actually work. He did so very happily. It was the first time he could remember being so thrilled to complete a task for his mistress. The wolf tried to fold each thing perfectly, line things up neatly in the packs, and remember where everything he packed was in case she needed any of it quickly. He would not fail her ever if he could help it.

After they packed, they went out to the front of the inn, and approached a slink-drawn buggy. Slinks were long, massive hexapodal mink-like creatures that, with somewhat limited intelligence, acted as loyal beasts of burden and occasionally dangerous exotic pets to the rich and renowned. They were powerful, aggressive, and hard to win the trust of. Alps had always been rather afraid of slinks, and avoided them when anyone using one came into town. He'd never seen anyone who actually had two of them to draw one coach. It was a mark of valor and prestige if even one agreed to serve someone.

The coach itself was very large, a dull red or maroon color, and the gold and black-furred female he had seen beside Nidaja before was at the reins. Perhaps she had spoken with Nidaja about transportation back to Diera. He was getting more and more of an impression that his new mistress was someone of importance with a great amount of wealth.

"Hello, Lady!" Alps greeted her kindly, with his head down in submission and respect. She smiled.

"Is this him?" she asked. Her voice was a bit softer than Nidaja's. She also had a bit of an accent, which reminded Alps of some of the local doctors. It was not really an accent of course. They just spoke with better diction than the average country-folk that the slave lived around. So, as a result, he associated the accent, or lack thereof, with intelligence. Alps felt her to be almost eerily intelligent as she spoke, even with as few words as she'd spoken.

"Right!" Nidaja chimed in answer. "I think he will be perfect!" Alps looked at the two females. They were smiling, so they probably had no ill intent. Still, it made him feel there might be some specific use for him that he had not been told yet. Did it have anything to do with last night? Would he be used like that for profit? He'd heard of slaves being trained to work with crafts or in mines or woodcutting camps to gain more money for their mistresses. He blushed, and smiled a bit, at the thought of having to do what he did last night as his primary

function. It would be tiring, but so pleasant...

"I thought you were kidding when you said he had white fur. He really *does*," the older female said softly, seeming to marvel. "Very fascinating... He looks like he's only about twenty summers. Does he perform well for being so young?" she asked. Alps flicked his ears nervously. Too young, and the white fur still haunted him. Would it mess things up now?

"I got five to his three." Nidaja answered cheerfully. Alps eyes widened. What were they talking about? Was it actually about him? Five to what three?

"That's pretty good," the driver responded, "I know you aren't easy to finish in bed. Always too high strung. He must have a pretty good natural endurance." Alps almost choked on his saliva mid-swallow. They were talking openly about last night! He stared at the two girls in near-horror. As badly as he'd been punished the first time Chana ever found him masturbating in his little room under the kitchen pantry, he had assumed that intimacy was a very private and sordid affair. The only times he'd ever seen it with his own eyes, the lovers engaged in it were hidden away in the forest near the town, secretive and quiet, and he'd not heard anyone speak openly of it before. He had assumed that it was deeply taboo. Was this not true?

"Oh, I'm sorry..." Nidaja said, chuckling softly, noticing the horror-stricken lupine staring at them silently, one ear flopped to the side. Nidaja waved to both the driver of the carriage, and to her new slave. "Misty, this is Alps, Alps, this is Misty Metsuko. Misty is one of my best friends. She is a medical doctor and a scholar and advisor. She is vacationing with me. Though of course, I have my own agenda on my vacation." Alps nodded in courteous greeting. He did not ask about his mistress' agenda though. As a slave, it was none of his business.

"Quiet, huh?" Misty asked. Nidaja frowned.

"Not always," she said. She looked curiously at Alps.

"Does she know... about... in the... inn?" Alps started uneasily. Why would Nidaja tell anyone about last night? She couldn't be proud of it. Alps was a slave. Even if they were close enough friends to talk about this sort of thing, slaves were for working. For being dirty so the hands of their mistress would not be soiled. They were not for intimate affection and passionate exploring in bed, he was pretty certain.

"Oh, Alps, don't be shy!" Misty laughed, "We're all your friends now. Besides, I am a medical doctor. I have to give you a exam later on this afternoon, and I would find out about last night during the exam anyway. Besides, you were contributing to Nidaja's psychological health last night by helping her work out some of her tension. It is helpful for me to know you are doing that. Nidaja had a

lot of fun. I am sure you feel nice today, though maybe a little sore. At least, you should if you did it right." Alps smiled. He wasn't terribly sore, now that he'd had something to eat and walked around a bit, but he could still feel every movement of his legs. He was a strong servant. He was used to working a lot harder than he did last night to please his mistress, even if not quite the same way. But Misty was right. The pleasure led to being sore, but it was a welcome sort of pain.

"C'mon!" Nidaja barked, jumping into the luxurious buggy. Alps followed her in to find it well decorated inside with a deep, long seat at the back. Nidaja and Alps sat beside each other in the seat. His mistress put her arms around him, and although he was excited for almost the entire trip, Nidaja only kissed him a few times, and asked him if he might be able to perform as well that night. Alps said he could. And he very genuinely meant it.

It was a long journey by any account, but especially so for someone who was promised a reward of pleasure at the end of it, but as the sun began to set, they made it to Jalana, a port town pretty far southwest of Luca. Alps had been here before, but it took three days to get there on foot. The coach had been very fast! They got out of the vehicle and checked into the large, fancy inn that it had stopped in front of. Alps walked up to the room, followed by Nidaja and Misty. Misty and Alps entered the room, but Nidaja did not. She told her two lupine companions she was going to eat something and freshen up. Alps' mistress gave Misty permission to give the young slave his medical exam. She closed the door and Alps and Misty were alone.

The lupine doctor smiled confidently and professionally at the awkward slave. Alps looked back curiously. He had never had a medical exam. Alps knew that Chana hated going to the doctor. Did they hurt? Would Misty hurt Alps now that Nidaja was not here? Maybe that's why she didn't want to stay. She didn't want to watch the torture that was about to take place. However, Alps would behave, and do as he was told now. He didn't want to disappoint his mistress by having Misty complain to her about his reactions. The slave trembled a bit, and gazed at the doctor. She looked very regal. She wore a gray robe tied at the waist with a green belt. It looked like it was made of silk. She seemed, like Nidaja, to be rather wealthy.

Alps looked around the room. It was much larger, and much nicer than the one they stayed at in Luca, which Alps was certain had to be the nicest room in the entire town. He began to wonder exactly what the two of them did for a living, to be so well-to-do. It was common that only the wealthy had slaves, but they seemed to have even more money to throw around than the regional matriarch of Luca. Were they matriarchs to Jalana? Or perhaps another larger town? Were there many towns larger than Jalana? The city itself was massive,

easily bigger than twenty Luca town centers for just it's main commerce center. Or maybe Chana just never cared to experience any of the finer things in life. That, to Alps, seemed more likely. He looked at Misty again.

She sat down on the bed and took out a clipboard with a form on it and filled out the personal information on Alps using his title deed. Alps continued looking around the room. One bed. He shuddered and his fur fluffed out happily. It would happen again tonight. Nidaja would make love to him again. He really was looking forward to that. He'd never enjoyed anything so much in his life.

Finally, Misty began to ask questions. They were all relevant. Had he ever had pneumonia. Yes. Several times. Errands he ran could be cold and wet, and he did not own a coat. Had he ever broken a bone. Yes, eleven of them from various 'disciplinary actions' taken by his previous owner. Had he ever received medical treatment for any of the above stated reasons? No. After a few more medical history questions, Misty stood up.

"Take off your clothes and sit on the bed." she said firmly. Alps slipped out of his clothes, confused. This was part of his exam, right? He wished he had been examined by a doctor before, so he would know, and not misread her intentions. Misty approached him and looked into his eyes very closely. She wrote something down on the form. Alps couldn't read, so he wasn't sure what it was about. It made him nervous. Misty checked his ears and mouth as well. The doctor stood back a little bit, and gazed at Alps, taking in his full view. He watched her curiously in return, finding her very beautiful, even if almost old enough to have been his mother.

"Is everything okay?" Alps asked softly. Misty smiled and nodded slightly.

"I have just... never seen someone with solid white fur before." she said softly. "I mean... I have heard of it. It's just so rare that it's possible that, at any given time, there are not more than one or two individuals with white fur alive in the world at the same time." she said. "And it seems entirely random. Your parents most likely had normal-looking fur. I think at least one of them might have been an Emerald though." she said.

"Why is that?" he asked.

"Your eyes." She replied, "Violet eyes are particular to the Emerald Amanian tribe. The combination of Emerald tribe features, and whatever your other parent was... it's very..." she paused for a moment, gazing at Alps. He slicked his ears back a little.

"Weird? Uncanny? Freakish?" he asked, knowing what was usually said next.

"Beautiful." Misty said, cutting him off before he could make another guess. Alps clenched his jaw shamefully. He'd never been called that before. He swallowed. The confused slave felt a rush of happiness shoot through him. Was it only Chana? Was it only Luca? What did the rest of the world hold in store for him now that he had broken away? Misty reached out and stroked his face tenderly. Contact. Loving contact. Just like Nidaja. He craved it. Alps loved it. However, he was actively trying not to become excited. Unfortunately, it was too late. Thinking of Nidaja and that one bed earlier had sealed his fate, and swollen his shaft. The doctor looked down into his lap and smiled.

"I... I'm sorry. I can't help it." Alps said innocently. "Mistress... Nidaja leaves a lasting... impression." he said, very sincerely.

"I do not excite you, then?" Misty asked. Alps frowned, thought a moment about the possible repercussions of answering this question honestly, and then nodded.

"You do." he answered, meekly, fearing punishment from his mistress if she caught him like this. "You're very pretty, and I'm completely exposed to you. Nothing at all to hide. And your obvious wisdom..." the wolf paused a moment. Talking about it only made it worse. He could hardly think of what to say, trying to force his heart to quit racing. "It... Makes me want to trust you, and just.. Give in."

"It's okay, I'm really flattered." the doctor answered. She was silent for a while, writing, then sat back down on the bed. She touched Alps' knee. Alps swallowed. Surely she wasn't thinking about...

"Are you testing my reflexes?" Alps asked curiously. He always thought it was done with a little hammer. That's how the priestess did it at the orphanage, when filling out his auction paperwork.

"Alps..." Misty said softly. He looked the lovely female in the eyes, truly in the eyes for the first time. They were a passionate emerald green color with flecks of gold which he could see from how close she was to him. "Umm... Nidaja said you... ahh... licked her off last night. Did you really do that?" Alps gasped. Nidaja told her everything! Everything! He nodded, further excited by the topic, even if a bit afraid as well. Misty shuffled her feet a little bit. She seemed nervous.

"Very few males will do that for a girl. They generally think it's disgusting. Do you? Did you only do it because you felt Nidaja expected you to, or did you really want to?" Alps frowned again, confused.

"I liked it." he said honestly, "I don't know why I did it. I had not done it before. But, it was a lot of fun. I didn't think it was gross at all. I liked the sounds

she made. It made me feel... Umm... Privileged." He said, not certain he could really explain how it made him feel at all. It was the best feeling he'd ever known. How does one express that but to say it felt like the most wonderful thing they had ever known? Misty shuffled again.

"I... I've never had that done to me." she said softly.

"Never?" Alps asked, beginning to think he knew where this was going. His heart hammered rapidly now, and he felt a pit in his stomach from growing anxiousness.

"Never." she said regretfully. There was a long silence. Alps smiled. She was shy. She didn't want to come right out and ask. The thought of pleasuring this middle-aged beauty gripped Alps' mind. He could scarcely think of anything else at this point. But he belonged to Nidaja. Surely there were rules concerning this. Did Nidaja know that Misty might ask for this? What would she say? Would she allow it?

"Would you like to experience it?" Alps asked, feeling almost dizzy from arousal and his own boldness, and slight fear. The doctor looked at the floor silently. It was an awkward silence, but, she finally slowly nodded. Alps decided not to embarrass her more with more questions, and got on his knees in the floor in front of Misty. She looked at him inquisitively. The slave looked back lustfully. She smiled and slowly, carefully grasped the bottom of her robe, looking about as if someone might be watching in the shadows. She slid it up over her waist teasingly and cautiously to reveal the alluring view beneath. She hadn't worn undergarments either. She spread her slender thighs a bit, so that her mound, covered in a modestly shorter gold fur, spread a bit, revealing those warm, pink puffy petals.

By her timid, innocent expression, Alps gathered that the lady wasn't used to this kind of open sexual behavior. He leaned forward and kissed her right on the delicate flower of her sex. She gasped and smiled, an almost nervous grin, her teeth showing. Alps kissed her a few more times, using just his lips on her warming, swelling labia, and rubbing Misty's swelling clit with his cool, wet nose pad. She remained sitting up, watching through half shut eyes. The slave felt a shot of fear run through him. Would Nidaja be angry if she returned and found him doing this? Would she punish him? He decided that he wanted to let her feel this enough that it didn't really matter. Nidaja had not told him any rules regarding this, and this would be a breach of Misty's trust, not his. He was not the only one at fault. Somehow, given the older lupine female's intelligence, he doubted she was taking a chance on something that would enrage the more physically capable Nidaja.

Alps pressed his lips firmly against the lady's slit and pressed his tongue against her clit. He slid his tongue in and out gently, touching the sweet spot and

nuzzling her between the legs. After a little while of this, the gold-furred doctor began to breathe deeper, and give the occasional tremble of arousal. Her scent too, was peaking, showing she was ready for pleasure, a similar scent to Nidaja last night, when she finally took Alps fully. Alps slid his tongue deep inside her and moved it around for a little while, almost lazily, exploring. Misty moaned out loud, finally, and laid on her back with a soft 'fumph' onto the bed, spreading her legs some more.

The slave-lupine licked her hard and deep now, wanting to taste this gorgeous older lupine's impassioned essence. Was it always the same? Sweet and tangy like Nidaja's? He licked her faster and quite loudly, and she began to moan periodically, a little louder now. Alps heard the door open. He lifted his head. It was Nidaja. The slave wanted to smile innocently, and let Nidaja understand that he was, in a way, asked to do this for her. His heart raced from arousal, and also from fear, now that he'd been caught wet-tongued. Misty moaned in protest to the break in sexual activity, and pulled the slave's head back between her legs.

"It's okay Alps, don't mind me." Nidaja said cheerfully. Alps cautiously resumed his licking. He watched out of the corner of his eye as Nidaja gazed at him. She slowly unbuttoned her blouse and slipped out of her skirt. Alps moaned, a tingle running through his entire body. Both of them. He was going to bring pleasure to both of them tonight, having only lost his virginity yesterday. He felt suddenly a little light-headed with lust, but continued.

Alps lapped Misty's clit with quick, powerful strokes. He felt her muscles begin to jerk with each lap. He suddenly slammed his tongue inside her and suckled hard on her clit, trying something new seemed like a good idea to Alps. Perhaps it was a good way to get better at this, and make himself more valuable to his mistress. If he could bring her friend pleasure too, surely she would want Nidaja to keep Alps around! The wolf felt greedy considering this, but it was a life he wanted now, and he was fearful of any change in direction. His attention to her folds and throbbing clit were fruitful as the doctor moaned long and loud.

"Faster!" she hissed, her thighs beginning to move in time with his tongue. Nidaja got up, scooted along the bed, and sat down on her knees beside Alps in the floor.

"No!" she whispered in his ear, "Slow down. Make her wait for it. Tease her with your tongue." Alps slowed down, licking hard but slow. Misty moaned in desperation. "Yea, that's it, make her ache for it to happen!" Nidaja continued to whisper. This actually made the slave even more aroused! Nidaja was telling Alps exactly what to do to better pleasure Misty. The willing slave did as he was told, licking Misty's clit slowly and evenly. He could not understand why Nidaja was telling him what to do, however. He could only guess that since she was a lady, she knew what felt good, and wanted her friend to enjoy it, since this was

her first experience of this kind. It seemed a reasonable guess at least. He then considered a more likely possibility again. She was using her friend as a training aide, to teach Alps what she herself liked! That must be it! The wolf growled hotly, determined to commit each stroke of his tongue to memory for his mistress.

"N-Nidaja?..." Misty panted, "Oh.. Ohhoo.. Make him speed up...Please!" Alps continued licking slowly and evenly. The doctor started pumping her thighs faster in effort to make Alps' tongue pass across her clit faster. She pulled her cloak the rest of the way off, overheating a bit, and hastily threw it in the floor. Alps gazed intently at her solid nipples. Her breasts were larger than Nidaja's, bouncing a bit as she lurched against his tongue heatedly. They seemed so very perky for someone possibly even twice his age. Alps wanted to lick them. He continued, however, exactly as his mistress demanded.

"Hold her thighs still and lick her deep, hard, and slow." Nidaja instructed. Alps grabbed the female's waist to keep her from pumping and slipped his tongue inside the panting, sex-tortured female. He held it still, feeling the doctor's inner muscles tensing and relaxing as she continued to try humping his tongue. Alps pulled his tongue most of the way out and slid it back in, rubbing Misty's rigid clit as hard as he could. She moaned loud and low as the white lupine continued to do this.

"Nidaja...Make him.. Ooohhhh..." Misty's pleas were cut off by what sounded like a moan of agony to Alps. He watched the lady as she writhed and tensed, gasping and moaning, begging for relief. Her hands both moved to her chest and she tickled and pinched her nipples lustfully. Alps really wanted to relieve her. She seemed to really be suffering. Nidaja seemed to sense his concern.

"It's okay." she whispered, grasping Alps' cock almost casually and spreading semen on her fingers, sending shivers down his spine, and nearly making him climax from the sudden unexpected rush of sensation through him. "She's in a different kind of pain, that only she could understand right now. She wants to cum, but she also doesn't want her current feeling to stop. Now, slide one of your fingers inside her, and lick that spot I showed you while slowly sliding your finger in and out of her." His mistress commanded. Alps pushed his index finger about half way in and began sliding it in and out, licking the doctor's clit slow and hard, in tracing circles.

"Ohh... ohh.. Harder-huh... Faster... Ohh, please... I want it now!!!" Misty shouted, breathlessly. Alps shuddered, feeling a heavy weight, and a tingle in his balls. At this rate, even if nothing was near his cock when this sexy doctor came, he would explode with her. Misty grabbed Alps' head and began rubbing his nose frantically against her pussy. Alps struggled free, stopping for a second. Misty moaned in distress, rubbing her sex with her palm.

"Don't stop!" Nidaja said in a gasp. Alps looked to his side at her. She was on all fours, masturbating with the hand she had moistened on his cock. "Use your middle finger." she whispered, "It goes deeper. Finger her slow, but lick her fast. When she's ready to cum, take out the finger and lick her like you're starving to death."

Alps complied. Misty moved her hand and started moaning and gasping instantly as Alps' middle finger probed her hot, wet channel. He used just the finger, with slow, deliberate strokes for a second, then began licking her clit hard and fast.

"Yes!!" the gold-furred female shrieked, grabbing her breasts, then rubbing them, her belly, her face, anything she could put her frantic hands upon as she moaned in anticipation. Alps patiently slid his finger in and out as she writhed and moaned quite profane demands. Nidaja had stopped masturbating for a moment and watched intently. Alps wondered if his new owner had actually planned the whole thing. Was Misty perhaps paying for the use of Nidaja's new servant? She looked like she could certainly afford it.

Alps felt Misty's muscles jerk tight. It was happening. He pulled out his finger and pressed his face ravenously into her pussy. He almost choked as her warm juices poured out, running down his neck and mixing in the fur on his chest as her hips bucked hard against him. Her climax was a lot wetter than Nidaja's, but he'd never made Nidaja wait like he just did with this one. Misty released a night-shattering howl as the second wave of liquid greeted Alps. He continued to lick hungrily. She tasted decidedly differently. A little more tart than Nidaja.

Misty, out of breath, but still being pounded by an orgasm which seemed to have no end, just twisted and gasped, clutching her breasts and slowly humping Alps' face. Nidaja caressed Alps' tummy, and then his cock, with slow, gentle strokes, back and forth with her wet hand. Alps groaned and whined softly into Misty's sex. The green-furred lupine spoke softly.

"Very good Alps. You have to learn to take your time pleasuring, since a little bit of waiting can make the difference between a good orgasm, and a great orgasm... now... for the next lesson..." Nidaja tugged his ears gently, pulling him away. Misty was still panting and writhing. Nidaja grabbed the other lady's leg and turned her onto her belly at the edge of the bed.

"No... No... Please don't..." Misty whimpered, obviously still in the throes of climax. Nidaja jerked Alps' cock a couple of times, causing him to hump reflexively. She used her hand to glaze his organ with his own semen. Alps felt so hot, and so very ready.

"Mount her now, Alps." his owner said coldly, but still wearing a smile. "Do

it slow and deep." Alps looked at Misty. She was still gasping for air. The older female was unbelievably still cumming. The poor lady couldn't move. She shook her head weakly.

"She doesn't want me to." Alps said innocently. He gazed at Nidaja's dripping sex. He could mount her, though. He would not complain at all about that.

"Just do what I tell you, Alps!" she hissed. Alps swallowed. She was forcing him to... rape? He shook his head. No, the doctor would not be here if she was afraid of being taken by force. He looked at Misty. Still in ecstasy, jerking helplessly from climactic aftershocks, she was paralyzed. She moaned and whimpered as Alps stood up and approached her. She was laying on her chest with her legs hanging over the edge of the bed. The slave held her thighs and moved into position, kneeling slightly. Nidaja moved the advisor's thick, fluffy golden tail, tipped in black fur, out of the way.

"No... Don't..." Misty moaned. Alps gritted his teeth. He was only following orders. He pressed the head of his cock between the older female's swollen labia. She gasped and managed to close her legs tightly.

"Push hard, Alps." Nidaja said icily, "Get it all the way in. Do it slow and hard." Alps shut his eyes, gritted his teeth, and pressed hard. The pre-cum Nidaja had rubbed on his cock allowed it to slip, though difficultly, between her clamped and shivering legs, which she held still tighter together. He moaned as he felt half of his cock enter her hot, convulsing pussy. Misty cried out in apparent pain.

Alps held still and looked at Nidaja. She had climbed onto the bed and laid on her belly, her arm tucked underneath her as she manipulated her clit with her fingers. She had an intense, but highly interested and pleased expression on her face. While this was serious to her, she was still really enjoying it. Alps pulled his cock out a little and slid it back in. Misty cried out again.

"Nidaja..." Alps moaned. Nidaja looked at him with clenched teeth.

"Get it as deep as you can!" she gasped, "Keep it slow, though." Alps shut his eyes and pressed his rock hard shaft as deep as he could, but Misty's closed legs kept him from getting too far. Alps leaned over the lady lupine, holding himself up with his hands on the bed. He began to slowly screw Misty, as she moaned and whimpered. He felt guilty and cruel, but somehow, it excited him too. He was getting closer to an orgasm. He wondered to himself, silently, what in the world was this supposed to be teaching him?

Slowly, Misty's complaints became less and less frequent. Eventually, she began to pant, though still holding her legs like a vice. Alps ears perked up as

she issued a moan, not of pain, but of obvious pleasure. Alps watched Nidaja as he pumped two thirds of his thick, pulsing cock in and out of Misty's tight body. Though older than Nidaja, she was easily twice as tight around him. Nidaja was on her hands and knees again, masturbating a little faster than before. Alps watched silently as she began to slowly hump her hand.

Suddenly, he felt his entire cock swallowed up by Misty's throbbing pussy. She moaned ecstatically. Alps held his position for a second. As he had slowly withdrawn his twitching organ, Misty had spread her legs, letting all of it in on the next motion. She lifted her head a little.

"Ohhh.. Don't stop..." she moaned weakly. Alps gasped. She was hornier than ever. He gritted his teeth as he started thrusting his cock inside her. He couldn't hold back. He began thumping his meat into the gasping, moaning, soft-furred lady as hard and briskly as he could, panting heavily. Nidaja squealed with delight at the change of pace and mood. Misty rolled her hips against Alps' thrusting rather lewdly, gripping the bed with both hands tightly!

After only a minute or two her muscles tightened and she gasped, holding rigid as her pussy contracted hard on his cock. She was cumming again! She seemed to try to howl again, but all that came out was a strangled grunt. This orgasm didn't last very long, but it was mostly because Misty passed out in the middle of it. The eagerly thrusting slave didn't notice right away that she'd gone totally limp. Alps, very near his own orgasm, humped the unconscious female mercilessly. He shot a glance at Nidaja. She was lying on her back now, hammering her hand against her pussy furiously.

The white-furred slave finally realized, as he ground his cock deep into the female he was mating, that she didn't moan anymore. Alps looked at her heavily breathing, but very still form. He canted his head. Was she sleeping? He didn't want to do this to her while she was trying to sleep. He reached up her body, and tilted her head. She didn't respond. The wolf looked to Nidaja curiously, not sure what he'd done.

"She's... passed out." Nidaja panted, strumming hard and fast. "A good orgasm... Mmmph... or two can do that. She's in a... real happy state now, Alps. Would you... care to finish me off? I am... definitely ready for it." Alps groaned deeply. Hell yeah, he would finish Nidaja! Alps jerked his throbbing organ out of his unconscious partner and pounced his mistress on the bed. She grabbed his shoulders with both hands, leaving herself wide open.

"Thank you, mistress!" Alps cried gratefully.

"Oh... Oh Alps!" The lovely lupine female grabbed his cock in an attempt to maneuver it to her begging slit. Alps gasped as his hot, white fluid jetted out with great force and volume... all over Nidaja's belly. He couldn't contain it! She

yelped as he slammed his already gushing cock into her hot, wet sex. He would not DREAM of depriving his mistress. She moaned frantically as he pressed it in deep, the slave climaxing harder than ever before.

Suddenly, Nidaja's muscles tightened. In a mere three or four hard strokes, she was climaxing too! The green-furred lady arched her back, pressing herself hard into Alps. It was painful to continue thrusting beyond his orgasm, but Alps pumped his thighs with great speed and force, until Nidaja's last gasp of ecstasy was heard. The slave and his mistress both panted heavily, exhausted and out of breath. He heard a dull thud. Misty had slid onto the floor. Alps rested his full weight on Nidaja.

"Ohhhh...Sweet.. Gahh.." he moaned, unable to voice his feeling any other way.

"That was fun..." Nidaja panted, holding Alps shuddering body on top of her. The white slave looked into her violet eyes, with those violet eyes of his own. He said, breathlessly,

"What... was that last lesson... about again?" Alps asked. Nidaja panted and looked at him blankly for a little while before saying, meekly,

"I.. I have.. honestly.. completely forgotten."

They both laughed happily and heartily, holding each other for a long time before drifting to sleep, cuddled close. Alps still liked the cuddling the most.