

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 4

A sleepy white lupine slave sat up, a little disoriented. Morning already? Alps looked out the window. Sure enough, the sun was already high in the sky. He looked around quietly. Nidaja and Misty were gone, the slightly tangy scent of their fun last night hanging thick on the sheets. Alps lifted his nose. Something else on the air too... Breakfast. Memories flooded back in about the food he had eaten the day before. Even the snacks and packed meal he'd had while on the coach, far better than a birthday repast when he'd lived with Chana. Those memories of delicious food coming back to him, he realized suddenly that he was so hungry!

He dressed hastily in his tattered cut-off pants and green vest, which still hung loosely from his shoulders, perhaps a size too big over his thin frame. The lupine slave dashed downstairs. Nidaja and Misty were already sitting at the table talking. They were alone other than the waitress, who was busy in the kitchen. Another memory of last night slapped him, and Alps hid around a corner so he could listen to the conversation. He wanted to make sure Misty was not angry with him. He was still feeling guilty about last night. He had taken the poor doctor by force. She could not have been happy about it, even if her body responded well to the treatment and allowed her to climax again. Nidaja was the one speaking.

"No, he didn't, " she said dreamily, "He pulled out and painted my tummy, then finished me. You passed out and I guess he felt it was wrong somehow to burst on you when you were out cold."

Alps choked. He didn't really expect the conversation to be about him that very moment! The slave blushed deeply and continued to listen. He felt so dark spying on them like this, but he did it all the time with Chana, working near her on some mundane chore to hear her talk to friends about news around the town, or just to get a feel for her mood at the time to know if it was safe to approach her for a task list, or even for his meal.

"I hope he didn't get upset..." Misty said softly. "He might have really looked at that as some kind of rape. He's a very loyal servant to have bounced me anyway, just because you demanded it. It's true; I didn't want it at first. It hurts like hell to lose your virginity, so I was afraid to go all the way." Alps' jaw

dropped. "Actually, it didn't hurt too much. I guess it's because I was still tingling from the washout I had before. I still can't believe you forced him to... Oh Nidaja, you're one sick puppy." The green-furred female laughed heavily. Alps swayed back and forth a bit, stunned. Nidaja made Alps take Misty's virginity? She was a virgin at her age?

"You needed every bit of what you got last night, and don't you deny it!" she cackled. The hiding lupine swallowed. That was very daring of his mistress. He assumed that, since they had obviously been friends a while, however, that Nidaja knew how Misty would react. Alps went ahead and approached so he'd not be caught spying. He was relieved to find Misty in good spirits after being pounded like she was last night.

"Alps!" Misty piped. She patted a chair, motioning for Alps to sit beside her.

"Hi Misty..." Alps said uncomfortably. He still did it, even if she didn't mind it now. He sat down and looked at the floor.

"About last night Alps..." Misty said kindly. Alps looked into her eyes. She froze, unable to speak. Finally, she leaned forward and kissed him. Alps looked at her curiously. "Thanks." she sighed. "I needed that. I kept putting off relationships to study some unknown field of science or medicine so that I never even got a chance for a decent roll in the hay with anybody. I just don't... want to commit the time to a relationship with someone because I know I would not give them enough attention, and I would only break their heart by ignoring them in my studies. I don't want you feeling guilty about what you did to me, Nidaja told you to do it, and you should be proud that you would shuck your inhibitions to follow your mistress' orders. Once we get home, I was wondering if it would be okay if I... borrowed you once in a while... maybe once a month. Just for fun, like last night. I could use the break in the monotony from time to time. I feel so light-hearted today."

Alps stared at the once again regal looking lady. She just asked him to service her regularly... in a public place. Would the novelty of this kind of attention ever wear out, he wondered? The slave nodded. He would do it, if his owner didn't mind.

"Are you hungry Alps?" Nidaja asked. Alps nodded again so briskly that he had to catch himself for a moment to make the world slip back into focus. He was famished. Sex left him hungrier than a day of hard labor for his previous owner. The waitress stepped up to the table. She eyed Alps a little skeptically, canting her head slightly from side to side, sizing him up. Alps felt a pang of shame once again. He didn't think about it with Misty and Nidaja anymore, so he'd amazingly almost forgotten. He stuck out like a sore thumb. And most people didn't like him, just on sight.

"He'll look the same at the end of the day, I promise." Nidaja said coldly, glaring at the young, tan-furred waitress. "You will be so incredibly excited to serve him, I assure you." Alps had never heard Nidaja's voice sound that commanding with even the most serious orders she'd given him. The waitress gasped and blinked, staring at the green lupine female.

"Oh! He... He's with you, Lady Nidaja? I... I do apologize!" she stammered. She looked at Alps, and wore a pained expression, as if she'd made a very grave mistake. "You'll have your work cut out for you, sir." she said pleadingly. "This one's on the house. What'll you have?" Alps blinked softly. Nidaja had just taken up for him. He'd never had anyone do that before. He held up the menu and asked Nidaja what he would like. He'd never had the choice, and besides... he could not read.

Nidaja ordered a few things off the menu. Lots of protein. A lot of meat and eggs. Obviously, he would need his strength, but also, since Chana didn't much care to feed him regularly, Alps needed to gain some weight to look healthy. He'd been fed a bit more, and worked a little less hard in the weeks that led up to his auction, but his ribs were still pretty easy to make out, even through fur.

"We'll start across the ocean today." Nidaja said as they waited to be served. "Do you like boats?" she asked. Alps shrugged.

"I've never been on one." he said.

"Oh, I hope you don't get seasick." Misty said. Alps looked at her curiously. Seasick? That didn't sound like much fun.

"Don't worry, if you do, Misty can help you. She can relieve that sort of thing easily. I know. I used to be awful on a boat." Nidaja said helpfully.

"Still, it's very unpleasant, and I hope he doesn't need to be treated for it." Misty sighed.

The ladies were served. They had placed their orders some time before Alps arrived, it seemed. Alps waited patiently on his food. Nidaja let him taste her tiamac, which he had never tried. It was too spicy for him. He needed a sip of her wine after a bite of it. Later Alps was served his roast arman and jagassa eggs. He had no idea what kind of animals they were from, and he almost completely did not care. Nidaja had never tried the eggs, and so taste tested them, only to say they were too bland, drowning her portion with sauce from her tiamac. Alps thought they tasted fine, and bolted them habitually. His meal, despite being served last, didn't make it through half of Nidaja or Misty's. The two females actually slowed down eating as they watched almost fearfully at Alps decimating

his breakfast.

After they ate, they grabbed their things (they had not unpacked) and left the inn. The port city was, at its most populated center against the ocean, rows and rows of three and four-story buildings arranged in neat, tight rows descending down a gentle slope to the seaside like fingers stretching to the edge of town in dense spokes of roads filled with activity and constant lupine life of all classes and races. After about an hour of travel on the busy streets of Jalana, Misty, Alps, and Nidaja came to a dock. A small, but impressive schooner was there, being prepped for departure. It looked very expensive, and was even fitted with metal banding. This ship would survive ocean battle. Was this a possibility while sailing with Nidaja, Alps wondered?

"Is this our boat?" the young white lupine asked incredulously.

"It is." Nidaja said proudly, "The Emerald Queen, one of the finest vessels on the water."

Alps cocked his head. The name seemed familiar. Where had he heard it before? Chana had mentioned it before, perhaps, in one of the conversations Alps had listened in on. If even he knew about it, it *had* to be one of the best ships in the world. Alps sighed nervously and walked across the gangplank. He didn't know what this seasickness they spoke of was, so he had slightly expected to become violently ill the moment he came in contact with the boat.

The boat itself was a lot more solid than Alps thought it would be, as solid as the upstairs portion of any inn or house he had ever been in. Upon his getting on board, he was greeted by two females. One was very short, coming only to his chest, with jet black fur. She was incredibly muscular, and had bright, cheerful green eyes. This girl was scantily clad, though. Her legs and arms and belly were entirely bare. In fact, the outfit she had on seemed to be no more than a single piece of silk, run across her chest in an 'x' pattern to just barely cover her breasts, then wrapped around her waist, and then ran between her legs in a thin 'v'. She wore a belt, and, on the belt, a small, but brutally sharp-looking hand axe. Her hair, also a glossy jet black, flowed tauntingly in the sea breeze. She was very lovely, Alps noted, and he cast his attention to the other lady.

She was a little taller than he was, by several inches. Her size was a stark contrast to the black lupine female, just as much as her build. Slender and graceful, she also seemed a little older than the other. She had gray fur, but it was even shorter than Alps' fur, a mere velvet over her sculpted, slender body. This made her look almost wet in the sunlight, the contoured fur tracing her form like peach skin. She wore a simple chemise with dagged sleeves. It was very elegant. She also wore a belt, on which was attached a simple short sword. Alps silently wondered why there would be need for armed escorts. The gray female's hair was tied in a long pony tail which rested over the front of her shoulder, her

hair longer than any of the other girls, coming almost to her waist. She was also a little curvier than the others. Her hips were wide and tempting, and her breasts subjected the loose chemise with more pressure than it was designed for. Alps made the mental note that she too was beautiful. It was a very nice day to be Alps' eyes. He and his companions got on board.

"Welcome back, Nidaja!" the black-furred female said cheerfully.

"Did you enjoy your vacation?" the other asked.

"I had a great time." Nidaja answered. Misty left for some other part of the ship, dragging her belongings. She was feeling sleepy from the meal earlier, and had mentioned wanting to take a nap a few times on the walk to the boat.

"Who is this?" the short one asked. Nidaja smiled.

"This is my personal servant in training. His name is Alps." She answered.

"Alps?" the short one repeated. "Hi, my name is Uri. This is Misha." she pointed to her taller, bustier friend, who was rubbing her chin, looking a bit at a loss for words as she gazed at Alps. The white fur again, he was sure. At least she wasn't sneering in disgust at him. "We're in charge of the general's safety on her ocean voyages." Alps cocked his head.

"General?" he asked, confused, "What general?" He looked around. He had no idea they'd be traveling with important people. Then again, it would explain the boat and the armed escort, for certain. He suddenly realized that he didn't even know where they were going other than to Diera. A home? A base? It hadn't really been discussed. Alps was beginning to like travel no matter *where* they were taking him. It was fun seeing and experiencing so many new things. He was looking forward to each new day more and more, even if they intended to make him work hard for the rest of his life. He was getting to see and experience so many new things in the process. He wondered if now he'd get to meet an actual general.

When he snapped out of his pondering thoughts, Alps found that Uri was giving him a weird look. He thought for a minute about what he might have said to get that response. Suddenly, reality and realization hit Alps as if the town had simply been dropped on him. The Emerald Queen. That was the name of the flagship of the Amanian navy. The personal cruise vessel of General Razelle. This renowned tactician and skilled fighter was the queen's own beloved sister. What had Chana called her? Oh yes - that was it! She had called her General Ni...da...ja. Alps heart almost stopped beating. He slowly turned his head and looked at Nidaja. She looked back innocently.

"I thought you knew." she said. "I mean... my likeness is on the stamps

your mistress would have placed on the statements you had to carry to the courier's office." Alps staggered backward a step or two. General Nidaja Shera Razelle, the head general of the Amanian defense forces. In times of emergency, she held power beyond the queen herself. She had never been bested in combat, so the rumor went. She controlled the lives of almost a hundred thousand lupines that were in the Amanian army. All the information Chana had spoken of concerning the general flooded back into his mind. She was one of the most powerful and most highly regarded individuals of his lifetime. And Alps was now her personal property.

He reeled back further as a memory smashed into him like the waves against the docks. They slept together. He had thumped the general of the Amanian defense force like a bitch in heat a couple nights in a row. He had even deflowered Misty. Misty Metsuko, the queen and general's advisor. Even more information came rushing in like storm winds through a shutterless window. Yes. There were six lupine females in the Amanian High Council. All of them were female, of course, since their society was heavily matriarchal.

Alps cringed again. He had just pleased the willing flesh of a third of the High Council! He suddenly felt weak in the knees, and a little sick. The trembling slave looked desperately at Nidaja. He should have been bowing and scraping from the moment he laid eyes on her! He had not even been formal enough as a slave with her, because of how intimate she had been with him. He'd been very relaxed, even more so than he might have been with another slave, met on the street. This had been a grievous error! No wonder Chana backed up when Nidaja got on stage! Everything made perfect sense now! He fell to his knees. He was in the presence of royalty!

"I'm so terribly sorry, m'lady." Alps said loudly, keeping his head down. "I didn't know!" He looked at the general pleadingly. She looked completely stunned.

"Geeze, cut it out, you act like you slept with her! She's pretty easygoing, she'll forgive you." Uri laughed. Alps cringed again and looked away. His reaction to the statement was very noticeable.

"Oh my god!" Misha cried in astonishment. "Nidaja you didn't!" Uri gazed at the emerald female.

"You didn't!" the black-furred lupine repeated in a whisper, aghast. Nidaja smiled smugly.

"Shit, you did." Misha said in defeat. Alps' heart sank. Had he betrayed Nidaja by making it so obvious what he'd done? It was all going too fast now! He perked his ears and looked up as Misha and Uri began to laugh, and pat Nidaja on the shoulders. Nidaja didn't seem upset, still grinning from ear to ear.

"Well, he's your servant; you can do whatever you want with him. How much did you give for him?" Misha asked, as Uri continued to laugh softly, bouncing a bit, apparently happy for the general's playtime. Nidaja smiled.

"That's the best part!" she chimed, "He only cost twenty bits!"

"Because of the white fur?" Misha asked. Nidaja nodded.

"Some people are so narrow minded. I guess you've already gotten your money's worth out of him. Is he any good?" Uri asked, wagging her tail briskly. Alps watched it a moment, blushing heavily, shaken beyond words, and snapped back into a fearful reality by Uri's question. What kind of fire had he been playing with this whole time? Alps was still on his hands and knees. They were talking openly about his 'nightly work' again! It seemed even more unthinkable now that it was royalty involved. There was no way he could lay Nidaja again. Never, he'd be too nervous. She was the queen's sister for crying out loud! The *QUEEN*! Would Alps be meeting her? Would she find out what he'd done!? Oh vicious, twisted fate! What had he done?! He wrung his hands fearfully. Nidaja was not looking at him, just talking with her friends now, it seemed.

"Yah, he's great!" Nidaja said excitedly, "He learns fast, and is well built for that kind of work. You should invite him to one of you and Misha's little adventures." Alps looked at Nidaja curiously. Adventures? What was she talking about? How could she be so comfortable and casual, in her position, with what she'd done with him? If it back-lashed against her, and she got into trouble for what she'd done, would she kill him to bury the incidents? Alps was sure Chana would have.

"I don't know..." Uri said cautiously, "I never thought of doing that around a male. Never with more than two. Just us, or me and a choice male. I've never tried what you're asking." Alps looked at Uri. Her ears were tinted rose, evidently thinking about what Alps was afraid she was just asked to think about. His heart was hammering even faster now. His life was moving too fast now! Everything was changing. He felt as if he were spinning. He felt... He felt... Sick. Was it the boat now? Or just fear?

"I don't mind." Misha said softly. Nidaja and Uri looked at her curiously. Though Uri was actually apparently a little younger than Alps, Misha seemed to be almost the age of Misty. She was obviously the deciding voice between the two guards.

"Are you sure?" Nidaja asked cheerfully, "Do you really want to?" Misha smiled.

"It sounds like fun!" she said. "You know I like to try new things. And we don't have to worry about personal attachment, he's a slave. We can use him

any way we like, tonight.” That was all he could take. His stress was simply too high. The spinning sensation was too much. Alps struggled to his feet, and bolted to the side of the boat, and dry heaved a few times. Nidaja rushed up behind him, calling Misty over. Misty helped Alps back to his feet, as he had been hanging over the side. She made Alps swallow two tiny white pills, and then led him back to a small room in the very center of the boat, where she said he could recover. Her voice was very gentle and mothering, and somehow, that chased a lot of the dark thoughts away from his mind. In fact, the pills, it seemed, chased about *everything* out of his mind.

His head swimming and well-doped, Alps dozed off, and missed the departure of the ship. By the time he awoke, they were many hours out to sea.

Alps sighed softly. He was feeling a good bit better now. Misty had thought he was seasick, and sedated him. He didn't bother telling anyone that he had become ill from fright. It seemed a little silly now, since he'd been able to sleep on it. If it were wrong, surely the general would not have done it willingly. Sure she was a general, but she was still a woman. This thought made him feel a little better. As if somehow realizing he'd awakened, the general had shown up, smiling pleasantly at him, and taking him silently by the hand, she led him from the room he'd been in to recover.

Alps found himself sitting on a round bed, the size of the one he had been in that first night with Nidaja. It was very firm, but comfortable nonetheless. Nidaja had taken him into the hall before this bedroom, demanded his clothes, which would be washed, and then ushered him into the room, closed the door, and left. Was she going to ask him to have sex again? Surely she would. The thought somehow frightened Alps now. She was a general now... but then... she was before. She was the same woman, with the same intentions.

Alps sighed, totally resigned now to the tasks that he needed to perform. If what he'd done scared him, refusing to do it when asked was even more terrifying. He continued to think about Nidaja. He thought about why she needed him. Why did she buy Alps? He felt, eventually, that he could almost understand. Her job was very stressful. She needed what Alps could provide. Pampering, and sexual release. He looked up as he heard the door unlock. She was here. Alps would greet her with a smile.

He froze. Uri and Misha entered the room instead, and closed the door behind them. They wore open fronted robes tied closed in the middle. Their fur was damp. They had evidently just bathed. Alps also caught a hint of some exotic perfume or oil rubbed into their fur.

"Hi, Alps." Misha said.

Alps didn't even attempt to cover himself up. Whatever Nidaja had planned, he didn't need to be shy anymore. It was simply not necessary. She took his clothes, so he would not need him.

"Hello Lady Uri... Lady Misha." Alps stated politely. "What is it you wish of me this evening?" he asked, wanting to get right to the point. He would not just assume anything for the moment.

"Just watch for a while, okay?" she asked.

Alps nodded silently and moved to the very center of the bed. Watch what, he wondered? What were they going to do? What was he supposed to see? It was night time outside, and they were already far from land, he was sure. He thought about that a moment, to distract him from devious thoughts playing around in his head. The females went about the room and blew out all the lamps, and then opened a window, admitting bright moonlight, bright enough for Alps to see the lovely creatures quite well as they moved to the center of the room. Alps swallowed loudly as Uri caressed Misha's shoulder affectionately. They looked into each other's eyes playfully. Alps' masculinity hardened slowly as he watched them continue to caress each other. What were they doing? Were they lovers?

Alps got his answer as Uri slipped her tongue into Misha's mouth. The slave swallowed again reflexively. Nidaja wanted him to watch two girls make love? Why? Alps looked down at his cock as he felt it twitch hard. It was rigid and ready. Why did the thought of them touching each other like that excite him so much?

The slave cast his gaze back on the lady lovers. They were still kissing. It was very fascinating to him. He shuddered as he watched Uri's hand slide onto Misha's chest. That roaming hand squeezed a breast, making the taller vixen draw a quick breath. She separated her kiss and tilted her head back. Uri was standing very close, now massaging Misha's breasts against her own through the robes.

Alps jaw went slack. How far would these two go? Misha reached down and grasped Uri's tight chest. She cooed and leaned forward. The slave blinked, feeling suddenly very hot, as Uri nibbled one of her companions perked and easily noticeable tits through her robe. Misha moaned, stroking the black-furred vixen's ears. Uri pulled the tie of her lover's robe and it fell silently open. The slave lupine gritted his teeth as the older female's large breasts seemed to jump out, brushing the robe to the side easily. They held the robe open so Alps could see easily that she was completely unclothed. Her legs were closed, so Alps could only see velvety fur between Misha's legs.

Uri clutched Misha's breasts hard, licking the solid nipples, almost black in color, and biting them both in turn. The taller lady's robe fell onto the floor finally. Alps looked in his lap again, simply wanting not to stare, even though he'd been instructed to watch. He was very excited now, though no semen had yet started to seep from him. If these girls had no intention of touching Alps, only to let him watch, how would he relieve his sexual tension? Perhaps Nidaja would come a little later to help him. Yes, that was it. Nidaja was priming him to pounce her like he did when he made love to Misty. The slave leaned forward and watched carefully, happy with his assumption. Misha then untied Uri's robe and tossed it on the floor.

Uri's nipples were harder than Misha's, though her breasts were a lot smaller. Misha rubbed the obsidian-furred female's tits passionately with her trembling fingertips. She moaned as Uri reached down between her legs and rubbed her slowly. Every once in a while one of the two females would glance over at Alps to see that he was watching. Alps realized that he was shaking with excitement as he watched Uri's hand move back and forth between the older guard's legs. Damn it, where was Nidaja?

"Let's get on the bed, so our guest can have a better view." Uri said softly. Alps shuddered again, trying to hide the vibration of his muscles and he quaked with lust and anticipation. They climbed onto the bed and Misha lay down on her back in front of the white-furred wolf. The slave smiled nervously. The scent of arousal lingered on Misha already. Her skin-short velvety fur accentuated her curves and her smooth, perfect flesh beneath. Alps wanted to just stroke her and feel what it was like. Especially over her heavy-looking breasts.

"Have you ever watched this kind of thing before?" the younger female asked.

"No, " the slave answered, a slight tremor of anticipation in his voice, "Why do you like girls?.. I mean, do you like males too, or just females?" Alps felt silly asking the question. He hoped she wouldn't be offended. He just wanted to talk to lessen the aching desire to mount one of them. Finding that she was only interested in females would likely help at least a little!

"No, I like both ways." she answered softly. That didn't solve Alps' problem at all. The mental image of taking the short female or feeling the hips of the taller one rolling against his own made him jet, rather forcefully, a thin rivulet of pre right over Uri's forearm. She giggled softly, and rubbed it into her fur. "You like that answer eh?" she said softly, before looking back to Misha. Alps blushed hotly.

Uri then lay alongside Misha and began licking her tits and spreading her honeypot with her fingers flatly against her mound. Alps felt his pulse quicken as

he watched her middle finger draw back a little, and slide all the way in. Uri kissed Misha as she began to use her smallish hands to pleasure her. The eldest lover spread her legs and moaned as her sweetheart slid in her index finger in too, spreading her wide and graphically for Alps, who was in the perfect position to watch it. He cupped his hand over the tip of his cock as it twitched violently, spitting another jet of slick pre into his hand.

"Move your hand away, Alps." Misha panted. "I like watching how hot this makes you."

"I don't think I could ever play with someone else in my own gender..." Alps said, wondering how they got around the mental roadblock that was there for him.

"It's just a little different for a girl, Alps." Misha moaned. "We're naturally better at lovemaking." she churred, rather egotistically. Alps was drawn back into the moment. He shuddered as Uri crawled on top of Misha and lay down. Since she was shorter, her face was at the level of her partner's breasts. She used this difference to her obvious advantage and she began sucking hungrily on Misha's nipples, each in turn. She straddled her lover's leg and began to rub her mound against Misha's thigh. The gray-furred female moaned again as she started undulating her own thighs against Uri's leg. They were in a position to mutually enjoy one another now.

Alps began to breathe harder. They were really going to do it...right in front of him. Alps watched this erotic display for a moment, but was quickly beginning to feel a need to do something, or he would go nuts. He ached now with sexual need, pre-cum running freely down the length of his shaft already.

"Can I touch, or do you want me just to watch?" Alps asked, almost pleadingly. Uri looked at him, allowing her gaze to fall on his hard, thick, pink meat. Alps swallowed, knowing she understood what he wanted his touches to lead to. She looked back into his eyes and smiled.

"Where do you want to touch?" Uri said, beginning to hump Misha a little faster. Alps gritted his teeth. She was going to make him say it. She just wanted to hear him say it.

"Everywhere..." he answered. Misha moaned and began to breathe harder. Alps' entire nervous system twinged and tingled. She was getting closer to cumming. The slave wondered if they would finish like they were, or if they would masturbate to finish. How much pleasure was Uri getting out of Misha's muscular thigh? How easy would it be for Misha to climax on Uri's warm, soft leg?

"Just watch for now." Uri said in a whisper. She was excited too. "I might

let you touch later." Alps whimpered a bit, and nodded. It was almost cruel! Still, he was enjoying the show. The slave watched and began to pant as they rubbed their respective clits against their one another's leg. After a few minutes of cooing and humping each other, Uri got on all fours and moved down. Her rear was practically in Alps face. Her tail flagged and fanned her strong, almost unbearable sexual heat into his nostrils. The white wolf felt dizzy.

Alps leaned forward to get a better look at what she was about to do. Using the thumbs on both her hands, she spread the lips of Misha's sex wide. The lupine slave swallowed. Uri leaned down and began to lick Misha's slit slowly. The gray-furred guard moaned ecstatically and began playing with her breasts. They were so well rounded and heavy, they bounced a little from their owner's attention. Alps moaned slightly as he listened to the lapping and slurping and heavy breathing of the two girls.

His cock was now glistening with pre. He drew his hand away. He'd subconsciously started stroking himself as he watched. He was dying to give himself to one of the sultry females.

"Ohhhh..." Misha moaned, "I think you've seriously turned on our audience!" Alps smiled, glad to at least be noticed. He was blushing a bit, and feeling incredibly warm. He could not help but to break into soft panting.

"Alps, you can play with Misha's chest, I'll play down here." Uri said mischievously.

"Hey! You are the one who likes boys!" Misha protested playfully, and then broke off into a loud moan as Alps' mouth engulfed one of her pert nipples and he flickered his tongue over that turgid nub just as he would her clit. If it worked there, it might as well work here. It obviously worked nicely. She was breathing too hard to continue to protest. Alps began squeezing and licking Misha's enormous breasts. The slave was actually very happy to get to hold them like this. He'd been thinking about it since his eyes first cast their gaze upon the heavy, proud swell of Misha's bosom earlier. He sucked on her nipples both in turn, biting them on occasion. Misha began to gasp and moan louder, pumping her thighs.

"She's getting close now..." Alps stated, hoping to excite the younger lady. After all, her sex was still open for suggestion. She seemed to become more excited.

"Leave her alone now; I want to make her come." Uri said selfishly in a quick, single-panted breath.

Alps didn't mind. He wanted to watch it happen. The slave sat back behind the jet-furred girl, wanting to see if her labia were spread, dripping from

excitement yet. He was disappointed when he found her tail covering that part of her anatomy. She was teasing him. The slave stroked the guard's black-furred behind, not so much caring at this point if the contact was welcomed. Uri lifted her tail slowly, almost magically out of the way. Alps swallowed. Was it an invitation? He touched her rump. He got no sound of complaint. He ran his finger across the vixen's labial folds, which were, satisfyingly, glistening wet. He gasped as the petals spread like a blooming flower.

He moved into position, accepting Uri's invitation.

"I'm gonna go ahead and let him take me, Misha. I'm a month out of cycle now." Uri panted as Alps placed the tingling tip of his cock between the lips of her hot sex. He held her by the waist and slid his rock hard organ inside her with two or three long, rolling strokes. Alps' entire body felt on fire. She was very tight, and this was the first time he'd ever taken a girl in quite this position. It felt absolutely incredible. He wasn't sure if it was the angle, or how deep he could press into her, or both, but it was indescribable to Alps!

"Uhhh, ohh, Misha, he's in me... So deep..." Uri moaned, panting. Alps started slowly drawing in and out of her tight, hot pussy. He found that doing it doggie-style made it easy to watch his playmate as she moved her head back into Misha's lap and resumed licking and sucking her clit. Misha was rubbing her own breasts again, obviously enjoying the sight of Alps taking her lover from behind through her half-closed, lust-filled brown eyes. Her muscles were tight, and she was obviously trying to make herself cum harder whenever it finally happened by relaxing from time to time to slip back from trigger-point.

"Ohh..Ohh..Oooh.." Uri began to moan with each of Alps thrusts. She was getting close. Alps gasped as he felt his own orgasm approaching. This soon? He swallowed and slowed down a little. He was learning from Nidaja. Uri resumed her attentions more eagerly on her lover, and Alps stroked himself inside this hot, black-furred female a little slower, enjoying the heaven of her internal caress. He felt her juices starting to wet his sack as it slapped against her clit softly with his deep, slow strokes. He still felt like he was on the verge of just exploding inside Uri's tight, petite body!

Alps gritted his teeth. He had just become so excited from watching a lovely lady sucked off by another stunning female. That was why he was so on edge. He could learn from this too. If he excited Nidaja, and kept her excited, even without touching her, he could make her cum a lot easier when he finally took her. Alps wanted to make Uri cum soon though, as it sounded like her lover was getting a little closer too. He pumped a little harder and faster. Uri was so tight! Her smaller build and youthful body actually tugged a bit internally on Alps' cock as he thrust faster in and out with eagerness and lust!

Misha went suddenly ridged and Uri growled ferally! The gray-furred

lupine female moaned a long low moan, clenching her teeth, and arching her back, as she came heavily on Uri's tongue. Uri's wet slurping only drove Alps on harder. The white wolf slave felt his sack drawing against his body, not slapping against those soft, swollen labia as much now. Uri eventually lifted her wet face from between Misha's legs and panted hard as Alps pounded into her from behind! Uri hung her head low, growling and cursing ferally, backing heavily into each of Alps' eager thrusts, grunting with each firm impact into her rump. Alps leaned back, his legs trembling, as he felt himself nearing the point of no return. He grunted softly too, with each impact, the sound of that hard and heady mating very intoxicating.

"Oh yeah..." Misha panted, now just paying intense attention to what Alps and Uri were doing, as she sank back into her conscious self. "Mmmmph... Give it to her, Alps... Mmmm... Make her cum! Come on Uri... Cum on him!" She licked her lips, smiling at the slave as she watched him hammer her lover faster, teeth gritted, grunting in building hot and heavy need!

"Ohhh! Oohh! Ooohh! Ohh - I'm almost there..." Uri moaned loudly. Alps gritted his teeth, watching as Misha started masturbating. He held Uri tightly around her middle, bearing down hard on her, slamming fast and furious into the gorgeous petite black wolf. He felt on edge, but tightened his muscles. He was going to make her cum first. He would not settle for anything else. Alps growled heavily, and decided to speed the lusty girl along, feeling that what makes him hot might work for her too. Alps grunted out, loudly, as he pumped hard and fast, her juices spattering his hips,

"Uri... Oh moon and stars.. I'm gonna cum! I'm so close!" Alps growled through his teeth, not actually lying at all, though he had motive in saying it so desperately. Knowing she's about to cum was making him scream toward climax. He hoped it would work on her too! Uri's body tensed up, going ridged as Alps plowed into her. It was working. He gritted his teeth, eyes watering with the coming release.

Misha began gasping again, as Alps heard the wet sounds of her fingers slipping in and out of her soaking wet sex. He growled softly, making sure it sounded more and more desperate, as if he were truly right on edge, a little closer than he really was. He was going to make this sweet and sexy guard cum first, no matter what! Misha's moaning was becoming more intense. She knew exactly how to make herself cum easily, and she was going to get her climax to, if she could help it!

"Ahh.. Ahhh.. AHHH..." Uri began to build up to louder and louder open-mouthed moans, before just tensing up, full body. "AAAAHHHHOOOOOOO!!!" she wailed, throwing her head back, the sound actually hurting Alps' ears. He felt a definite splash over his sack, and onto the bed, as she climaxed hard, and her spasming sex gushed copiously all over Alps' hips and the clean sheets! He

grunted, having not expected it to be quite that wet! It was too much for him to withstand. Alps yelled in a loud burst, and exploded during his in-stroke, grinding himself deep, and rolling his hips, splashing his thick seed heavily over Uri's cervix, as she wailed and cried and swore and ground back just as hard, climaxing even harder through Alps' unbelievably powerful orgasm!

"Oh, Misha, he's cumming!" Uri gasped, panting hard, still shaking with release, "He's squirting it inside.. So hard.. NnfF!" The white slave wolf actually ached from the force of his climax, as he sank down over Uri's back, and held her. He could see the desperate, contorted expression on Misha's face as she slapped her hand over her sex hard and fast, her fingers delving in deeply, hooking a bit as she plunged them wetly into her searing sex. Alps gasped again, squirting one last hard jet of cum into Uri as Misha cried out, climaxing again as she arched her back, pressing into her lover eagerly. Uri lapped at Misha's sex as Alps rested a little behind her, head still swimming. After they started to relax a bit, and the panting slowed down, the tired slave slid his cock out of Uri and lay down beside her on his back, breathing heavily. He found it difficult to accept what he had just done. Reluctantly, he decided it could not possibly be wrong, and he dozed off.