

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 5

It was still dark, and the ship was still moving swiftly on the water. Alps got dressed carefully, his legs still unsteady, and he went out on deck. Nidaja was there, on the deck, leaning over the side of the boat rail. Alps sat down beside her quietly, checking on her, curiously. Was she sick? Nidaja moaned bitterly. The white lupine's ears perked up. Oh yes... definitely sick. The general leaned over the side of the boat and gagged loudly. She gagged a few more times, and then vomited loudly. Alps held her hair out of the way. There was no bath on board the ship that he knew of. Also, he was used to doing this for his mistress, since Chana was a heavy drinker.

"Do you want me to go get Misty?" Alps asked. Nidaja shook her head, and then gagged again from the side to side motion shaking her head had caused. She coughs and sputtered, utterly miserable.

"N-No.." she gasped, "Uri just went to get the medicine. She'll be back in a minute, just hold my h-urrrk!" Nidaja launched more of her previous meal to the ocean below. Alps held her hair and released a soft, low sigh, actually enjoying caring for Nidaja even through unpleasantness. The green-furred lupine coughed and sputtered as Alps softly tried to console her. Uri finally showed up.

"Here you go, General Razelle." she said politely. Nidaja wolfed down the tablets.

"Now if I can just keep from throwing up long enough for the medicine to take effect. Alps..." she paused a moment, "I originally bought you as a gift for someone else." Alps' jaw dropped open. Someone else? Was she about to give him to one of her friends... to Misha and Uri, maybe? The thought of it wasn't really bad, since they were still a lot nicer to him than Chana had ever been, by far, but he had found himself really wanting to stay with Nidaja. Or was she now about to tell him that she no longer wished to give him up? That would make him happy too.

"Anyway, I know that you have probably become attached to me, since I was your first, but I will still be around you a great deal. We can be together once in a while." The general said. Alps smiled at this. He really could not understand why, but that was very comforting. It seemed so shallow, but it really did make

him feel better about belonging to someone else. Who would he belong to though? Surely she'd at least tell him before he was to be given as a gift. He took the initiative.

"Who am I gonna belong to?" he asked sheepishly, kind of hoping it would be Misty. Misty seemed to be the type who would take extra good care of him, and feed him well, and her experience with sex was about the same as Alps', so he would not likely disappoint her. Nidaja smiled.

"My sister." she said cheerfully, though a bit dizzily. Alps froze. Her sister? What, Nita? Nita Arcana Razelle. The queen of the Amani people, the leader of the High Council. The only sister General Nidaja Shera Razelle had. He would be property of the highest matriarch in Amani. Alps sank to his knees. What would she expect? He wasn't a prime and proper servant. He was only worth twenty bits!

"I... I am not worthy of that kind of task." Alps said softly. "She could take anyone in the world as a personal servant. She won't want a creepy white, weak, cowardly and wretched thing like me." Alps whimpered desperately, looking Nidaja in the eyes. Surely she would change her mind if she knew how much the idea horrified him!

"Alps... it is up to you to determine what you are worth. Not anyone else. Do you understand?" Nidaja said softly. She swallowed back a gag, making sure her medicine could take effect.

"I don't... but... I will do as you say, of course. I will care for your sister, and make sure that I serve her to the absolute best of my ability." Alps said, trembling. Now HE felt sick again. Like before, when he found out who Nidaja was.

"Don't worry Alps." Nidaja said cheerfully, seeming a bit weak from being sick. "Nita is not any harder to make happy than I am... and with me, you've done just fine." Alps looked into Nidaja's eyes, as she smiled weakly at him. For some reason, his heart sang with joy, and for that moment, his troubles were again washed away in the kindness that Nidaja seemed to have an unlimited supply of.

Alps stumbled down the steps into the schooner's cabin he was sharing with Misha and Uri. He looked around in the darkened room, the moonlight casting eerie shadows all over. Misha and Uri were cuddled up together; Misha spooned up to the slightly smaller Uri. The black-furred lupine had immediately crawled back into bed after giving Nidaja her medicine, and it had not taken long

for her to fall back to sleep. Alps smiled at them, and tried to carefully and slowly get into the bed. It was just large enough for the three of them. Alps wondered if this was the first time they had shared it with someone else.

As the bed shifted under Alps motions, Misha lifted her head. The blanket fell from her slender shoulders, and her short, velvety fur glowed softly in the silver moonlight, grey with white highlight from the moon. Alps smiled at her kindly, and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I didn't mean to wake you." Alps said softly. "I was on deck with Nidaja for a moment. She got seasick." he explained. Misha nodded.

"She does from time to time." Misha replied. Uri rubbed her eyes and sat up, hearing her lover's voice.

"Hello Alps." Uri said. "You seasick?"

"No, Nidaja was." Misha said, petting Uri's head. She smiled broadly and splayed her ears out happily. Alps could not help but feel emotionally attracted to them. They were very sweet to one another, despite the fact that, when he first met them, they had passed themselves off to be rather tough guards.

"You seem a little... distressed." Uri said, looking at Alps with her bright green eyes, filled with concern. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

"Just a little rattled." Alps said softly. He still was. Nidaja had tried to comfort him about it, but he could not help but feel that his life was about to become very hard. In service directly under the queen, he expected that he would have a lot demanded of him, and he lacked the kind of training he felt he would need to take on the duties of a servant under the queen of Amani.

"About Nidaja being sick?" Misha asked. "I can totally understand. I get sympathy sick too, when I see it." Alps shook his head.

"No, no..." he impressed softly, "I just found out that Nidaja intends to give me to her sister as a gift." There was a pause, as Uri and Misha absorbed that, seeming a little surprised as well.

"Oh... Yes, of course... Queen Razelle has been under..." Misha paused a moment, seeming to try to think of the words to describe it. "She's been under a whole lot of stress recently. She's been hot tempered and easy to upset." she explained, nodding, and seeming satisfied with her consensus of it.

"Nidaja must have purchased you for Nita to..." Uri wrung her hands a little, in thought, "... to absorb some of that... and maybe make her relax a bit more." she said.

"How will I absorb it?" Alps asked. He was suddenly filled with dread. When Chana was stressed out, beating Alps made her feel better.

"By listening to her if she wants to complain." Misha said softly, "Or perhaps by giving her baths or body rubs... to relax her physically." she offered.

"Nidaja..." Alps started, before choking a bit at the mere thought of what just went through his mind. "Nidaja said, when we had sex... she was training me." A chill ran through his body. Surely Nidaja did not expect Alps to have sex with her sister! He could hardly even bring himself to be with Nidaja again, unless she forced him. He was just too overwhelmed.

"Oh my..." Uri said softly. Misha covered her muzzle in shock, eyes wide. "Oh that absolutely makes sense though. She can vent her stress sexually. Nidaja's got my praise for thinking of that, surely." she said. Misha nodded.

"I can't... do that." Alps said softly.

"Can't do what?" Misha asked, getting onto her hands and knees, and looking into Alps' eyes. He looked afraid, of course. The wolf slave was so rattled that he didn't even take a moment to gaze at the lupine female nude and on her hands and knees right in front of him.

"I can't just... I can't just defile the queen. I'm a slave. She should be with a knight... Or at least someone who could have merit. Not a slave. Never a slave..." Alps said, shaking a little, visibly.

"Oh Misha..." Uri said, coming to Alps' side and holding his shoulders as he sat there. "He's afraid!" Misha nodded and brought her muzzle closer. Uri began to rub Alps' shoulders. No one had ever done that to him to comfort him. It did calm him and soothe him a lot.

"Alps, Nidaja knows what she's doing." Misha offered consolingly. "She's tried you out. We've been with you too. Believe me; you have what it takes to make her happy. Nita's not that experienced I'm sure. She doesn't have time for relationships, like Misty. Misty's a virgin." Misha explained helpfully. Alps winced.

"Not... anymore..." Alps noted.

"By the sacred essence..." Misha and Uri said in unison.

"I am so jealous." Misha said, sticking out her bottom lip a bit. "Nidaja ordered you to, I bet." she added. Alps nodded shamefully. He also blushed, realizing that Misha must have wanted to be with Misty too. That thought hit Alps hard, and he began to get a little warm from it.

"Oh my..." Uri said again softly. "Yeah, we should have known Nidaja would have done that. She's been telling Misty to get laid for two years." the black-furred lupine giggled. Alps looked to her, and smiled weakly.

"Look... if you have the experience with females that you do now, then I think you will do fine, if that's the purpose Nidaja intends you for with Nita." Misha explained.

"What if I'm not though? She will say I have to go back to Chana... And Chana would be very angry if I was given back." Alps said.

"Well then..." Uri said sternly, "We will just have to train you to make sure you know what you are doing before hand, right Misha?" she said, looking over Alps' shoulder to her lovely larger companion. She crooned softly, pink tinting her thin-furred cheeks. Alps swallowed reflexively, and looked between them. He played his ears out, and chuckled innocently.

"Why are you... umm... looking at me like that..?" he asked, getting onto his knees on the bed, as they both got onto their hands and knees, and got on either side of Alps, looking at him hungrily, as if he were prey in front of a pack of hungry wolves. He felt his pulse quicken. His mood was changing very quickly.

"You just need a little confidence, Alps." Misha said, licking her lips. "Now I see why Nidaja put you in here tonight." she said, as Uri giggled playfully and naughtily. Alps felt his temperature rise, and his shorts tighten. Misha seemed to sense that tightness, and set to work on untying them. Alps leaned back a little and said, in a feathery tone,

"I am not sure how much it will take... She's the queen, Misha..." He inhaled deeply as Uri's small, careful hands slide his shorts down, and Misha removed his leather vest, dropping both garments into the floor. Alps had to be pushed over onto his back for Uri to remove his shorts, so, there he laid, gazing up at them, full erection twitching slightly on his soft-furred tummy.

"She should at least be pleased with your appearance." Uri said. "Once you get used to the white fur, you are actually rather charming. You seem young, strong, and active to be honest. You could use a few more good meals, of course, but I think you'll turn out to be a bit of a handsome thing when you do." she chimed. Alps blushed, as Uri slowly moved down his body with a graceful sweep of her hands from his shoulders down his tummy, and then, with both hands she caressed either side of his ridged shaft, letting her fingertips brush over his tingling tip.

Uri then carefully lifted Alps' cock in her hands, and gazed at it, as if she had scooped up gold dust, and was marveling. Misha smiled at Uri and looked to

Alps, as he wriggled just a bit in pleasure at just being touched like this. He felt he would never get used to all the loving touches and gentle treatment. He also hoped it would never end.

"I wanna try out that muzzle." Misha said. "That's something I'm pretty used to. Nidaja says he does that." Alps gritted his teeth a bit and smiled at the gray-furred female. She carefully moved around, straddling his chest, but her mound was pressed against his ultra-soft chest-ruff. Alps could neither see her beautiful sex, not get his tongue to it, as she watched Uri.

"Okay!" Uri chimed, giving her lover permission it seemed. "Can I play with this some more?" she asked in return. "I like the way it feels, and it's been years since I have." Alps felt her hand squeeze around the pulsing girth of his shaft.

"Since we got together, at least." Misha said. "I think it's just fine. He's a slave. I'm not jealous of him. He can't take my lover away." she cooed. Uri cooed back, cementing the fact to Alps that those two were absolutely a pair. "As long as you don't mind me watching, beloved. I didn't get to see last time." she said. Uri giggled. Alps could not see her because Misha was in the way.

He assumed she nodded though, since she began to stroke his length with both her hands, riding slowly up his nine inch length, holding him straight up, obviously for her lover to see. He felt a third set of fingers, obviously Misha's, glide over his tingling tip, smearing his first bead of pre. He looked up, and watched her arm move up to her face. He couldn't see what she did, but Uri made it apparent.

"How's he taste?" she asked softly. Alps whined, and another droplet of his salty pre rolled down his shaft from the increase in his arousal. Misha cooed a bit, and Alps moved his hands to her back, which was facing him, and began to caress slowly. He liked the way her very short fur felt. She was probably from one of the southern island tribes. They were all short-haired like this. She had the body of a swimmer, too. Lean, strong, and sleek. Her tail had a little thicker fur, which Alps played with a little as it wagged, and Misha reported her findings to her mate.

"Mmm... he's a little saltier than you... But not bad. Go ahead and try him..." she said. Alps' body tinged a little at that proclamation. He whimpered as he felt Uri's broad tongue slide from the base of his hot pink length, all the way to the tip, where that bead of pre had rolled down. She slipped her tongue back and forth over the tip of his cock, and squeezed the base between her thumb and fingers, drawing her hand up, and bringing more of his slick pre-cum to the tip, where it was lovingly spread over her slowly sliding tongue.

The ebon-furred female brought her head back up, and then leaned

forward. Misha leaned forward as well, and he heard both of them croon as they kissed. Uri's blunt, shorter muzzle was invaded by her lover's tongue, this Alps knew even without looking at them, just by the sounds they made, as Misha started to wriggle her hips over Alps' chest. His desire to taste the gray female was growing the entire time. Uri's smaller hand wrapped around the base of Alps' shaft, and Misha's hand wrapped around the top, squeezing softly, massaging more pre to the surface between the two of them.

Two lovely females were giving Alps pleasure at the same time. This was the most alluring thing he'd experienced yet. It was utterly intoxicating. He wished he could really tell what they were doing. For the moment, he knew they were still kissing, but he wanted to see them interact. It was so much of a turn on to see them together.

"You know how to use your tongue, Alps?" Misha asked. "Nidaja already made sure to teach that to you? It's a pretty big deal if you want to make a lady happy. Most males hate it, but we really like that." she said. Alps nodded, but then realized she couldn't see him nodding, so he answered, through a shuddering breath, as he felt a palm glide back and forth over his glistening tip, making his legs shake a bit.

"Y-Yeah. I was taught how to do it, but I actually really like doing that." he explained. "It makes me feel even hotter." the slave admitted.

"Ohhh... That's a very good attitude to have then. You have even less to worry about, Alps, if you like doing that." Uri said, giggling. "Go ahead Misha." she added.

"You first." Misha said, giving one last fond squeeze to Alps' cock, bringing a thin spurt of pre from him. "Alps is unusually wet for a male. Most just give a little of that. You seem built for this kind of fun." the elder female giggled. Alps blushed a bit, wondering why for a brief moment, before he felt his cock engulfed by heat and wetness.

Uri's tongue embraced Alps' shaft against the roof of her mouth, and, like Nidaja that first night, she dragged his tingling tip over the ribbed texture inside her muzzle, making the poor slave's feet shake. Alps' reaction made Misha giggle, and as she watched her lover go down on his cock, she leaned forward, kissing Uri's ears as she backed over Alps' muzzle. She had left a warm, wet spot in his fur where she had been sitting, and was literally dripping with arousal now. Her puffy labia were parted with desire, as she parked her velvety mound only an inch over his muzzle, as his head was propped by the bundled blankets on the bed.

Alps took a moment to adjust his body to the sensations of Uri's hot mouth. She could only take about two-thirds of his length in, since her muzzle

was short, but what she didn't have in her mouth, she wrapped in her strong hand, and massaged while her tongue worked in soft swirling motions inside her muzzle over his length. Alps groaned softly, as he got used to that incredible feeling, and then concentrated on the task he'd been given.

Slowly, he lifted his head just a little, and brought his cool, wet nose pad against Misha's sex, making her gasp loudly, and croon, pressing back against him. His nose spread her sex around it a bit, and he slid his tongue out slowly over the surface of her slit. As he inhaled deeply, he got the purest and most mind-numbing hit of her hot, lusty scent. The slave slid his tongue out fully, the tip of it tracing over her clit, as he nuzzled her spread-open labial folds with his nose-pad. Misha moaned again, her body tightening a little over him. Alps felt rather honored to be allowed to do this with both of them. It did inspire a little bit of confidence, at least.

The white lupine's legs went shakily ridged for a moment, as he felt the pressure in Uri's mouth drop hard, and she suckled hard for a little while, tugging her head as she held him tight in her muzzle. Alps spattered pre over her tongue copiously at that treatment. Misha then said something that made their mutual playmate shudder heavily.

"You seem to be doing pretty good, Uri. I know he's the first guy you've done this to, but he seems to really be enjoying it!" Uri nodded over his shaft. Alps groaned deeply as he brought his Misha-flavored tongue back into his mouth, and slipped it slowly back out, grazing her clit intentionally, trained to play with it by Nidaja. Uri was giving fellatio for the first time. He could scarcely believe that, as good as it felt.

The younger, shorter female continued to suckle for a while, making Alps' head swim from the pleasure. He could already feel the dull throb, and hot tingle of his still distant climax, letting him know it would not take a lot of this to get him to pop. He decided to speed up his attention on Uri's lover. He left his tongue out, instead of dragging it back over Misha's slit, and just ground it from side to side slowly, tightly over her clit. She whimpered loudly, lowering her head, stroking Uri's back.

"Oh Uri, he's not bad at all..." she admitted. Alps smiled a bit in spite of himself. That made him feel a little better too. Misha was used to having a female who knew full well what to do to pleasure her mate. He continued what he was doing, and felt Uri increase her efforts as well. She stopped sucking every once in a while, and just pumped her head over his cock for several brisk strokes, making it feel a lot like regular sex. Once she had him on edge, she'd stop, and just suckle for a while, which let him calm down, at least for a moment, below trigger-point. Uri brought her head up from her 'toy' and she cooed softly,

"Very good Alps. Now I know Nidaja taught you what to do." she churred.

Her head went back down, and she worked his shaft with just her hand for a little while, wet from her saliva. After a dozen or so strokes with her tight, small hand, Alps was almost ready to just give it to her, but she stopped, and watched her mate for a bit. Alps groaned softly. She was trying to time the fun with her lover's pleasure too. It made sense of course.

"Inside." Misha said softly. Alps stopped, not sure who she was talking to. Did she want Uri to put him inside again? Alps wondered this with a great measure of hope. The smaller lupine female was deliciously tight. "Alps, I want you to lick me deeply.. ahh! Go back and forth between there and deep!" she said, panting a little. Alps snapped back into his task, not really disappointed, as Uri started licking the tip of his throbbing member *hard*. The white slave arched his back, and groaned, before cupping his muzzle over Misha's mound, and forcing, with much effort, the full length of his tongue inside her tight tunnel.

Misha's body quaked as Alps did that, and she squealed with pleasure. While she had been dripping her warm, tangy juices onto Alps' tongue while he was licking her on the outside, as soon as his tongue pressed inside, he was given a bit of a treat, as far as he was concerned. To get his tongue in, he had to curl it, like a slender tube. Misha was nearly virginally tight. Once that tube of a tongue was buried a few inches into her tight sex her juices poured from deep inside her right into Alps' muzzle, forcing him to swallow twice to drink it down. She had been building up quite a bit.

At first, Alps thought she had climaxed, but she didn't tighten up like she would if she had, so he began to try pressing his tongue in and out, making her roll her hips against his muzzle fondly. Misha was still building up. She was just very wet, and very aroused. Alps tried to flex his tongue, stretching her sex around it, as he held it broad, and stroked it in and out of her for a while, then pulled it out, and swirled the tip of it rapidly over her tingling nub. She arched her back, groaning deeply.

"Oh yes!" she huffed, "In deep again, wolf.. It feels so - Oohh!" Alps cut her off, stuffing his tongue back in as deep as he could, and beginning to stab it briskly in and out of her, as if mating with her with that tongue! Her hips began to rock as he did this, making it obvious he was doing it right. Alps reached up with one hand and held her tail, which was slapping him between the ears comically, and then used the other to hold her side, brushing back and forth encouragingly in the same motion she was rolling her hips back against his tongue.

Uri began suckling tightly on his rock-hard member, pulling on it in her muzzle hotly, as Alps felt himself slipping closer to climax. He forced his legs to relax, to make himself last longer, something he was learning to do with Nidaja. He could not help but thrust a little against Uri's face through, as she tugged happily on him in her hot, wet mouth. Misha held Uri's shoulders, leaning forward, panting loudly. Her juices flowed so easily as he dug his tongue deep

into her. He then drew it out, and teased her clit heavily.

"Back in! Oh goddess, Alps, in!" she demanded, shaking. Alarmed slightly, Alps did as told. She was close. She was on the verge of climaxing when he drew his tongue out of her. She panted harder, and rolled her hips a little faster. Alps used his hands to guide her a bit, and make sure she did not accidentally buck into his teeth too hard. Alps grunted softly, as Uri jerked her head up and down her shaft again, swirling her tongue over his member rapidly as she thrust her head down, and drew it back up in long, eager strokes, the sounds of her slurping even louder than the sounds of Alps licking out her lover.

"I'm gomme burtht!" Alps warned with his tongue still wedged deep into Misha's now clenching sex. She gasped, and shuddered, before crying out,

"Uri! Out! I wanna watch him cum!" she cried. Uri pulled Alps out of her muzzle, and started stroking up and down his throbbing organ hard and fast with her hand, wet with her saliva, and Alps' freely dribbling pre-cum. The lupine slave arched his back, bracing his feet against the bed, and with his tongue still deep inside Misha, his muzzle cupping loosely over her sex, Alps howled a hard, rich tone, sending the ferocious vibration of his voice right up his tongue and into the quaking female lupine.

The next few moments surely flashed by, but seemed to last an eternity. Hot, tart juices sprayed over Alps muzzle, tongue, face, and chest violently as Misha wailed, jerking her hips through Alps' howl, his tongue remaining buried inside her. Alps held her hips, following her motion as best he could, as if his tongue were where his climax was occurring, and he wanted to stay inside Misha to fully enjoy it. She squeezed his tongue almost painfully inside her viciously clamping tunnel, expelling her hot, heated feminine cum all over his face and neck, saturating his fur.

Where Alps' climax was being enjoyed was away from his tongue, though. Uri squealed with delight as his shuddering legs held his rump off the bed. One of Uri's hands was cupping his rump, hugging him to her body, and the other was still frantically pumping his cock, which was jetting and squirting his thick, rich ropes of wolf cum all over the dark female's muzzle, face, cheeks, and chest. She licked the tip of his cock as he seized and convulsed cumming hard for the two lovers to enjoy.

Uri let him paint her tongue and face and chest as much as his body would give, before slowly licking him clean, her tongue tracing his shaft lovingly and methodically, as Alps continued to lick deeply inside Misha, who was on all fours now, her face over Alps' member as well. She had a streak of white wetness over the bridge of her muzzle to match some of Uri's, having sank down during the waning of her orgasm to enjoy the view of Alps' own release. Uri was still burbling and giggling with delight from it.

Misha slowly got up, rubbing her muzzle, and smearing Alps' masculine essence into her velvety fur, as she moved to the side, gazing at Uri lovingly. She rolled onto her back, sighing happily. Alps sat up, shakily, his eyes out of focus still from his climax, the wolf feeling very much spent. Uri leaned in close and kissed Alps, letting him taste his own cum slightly. He felt it was strange, but it wasn't really a bad thing. He liked kissing. Uri then crawled over to her lover, and got on top of her, on all fours, kissing her lovingly. Misha wrapped her legs around Uri, who sank down a bit, to rest against her mate. Alps rested on his knees, gazing at them. Tonight had seen so much lust and learning, and there were still hours of darkness to fill!