

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 7

The ship had reached its destination. Diera. It was several towns and cities in one, gathered around the center to lupine society, Castle Diera. Alps had never seen so large a city in his life. There were large complex buildings and spires that touched the sky. Hazy with the humidity of the ocean, on a mountain in the center of this island group of towns, was the castle, looming large and white and beautiful. This, Alps mused, was to be his new home. The castle alone, as it waited in the distance, far outstripped the size of his home town of Luca.

The slave walked off the ship, led by Nidaja. His night with the two wolf females, Uri and Misha was still fresh in his mind, but his mind was reeling from the tension of meeting the queen. The sex had *not* relaxed him enough for this, despite how extreme and intense it had been.

As shaken and worried as he was, this was when he met the one who was to be his new owner by the will of the general. On the pier, he saw her. She stood alone among the boxes and crates, unescorted. The matriarch was very confident, it seemed. This dream of lupine beauty was Nita Arcana Razelle. She was a green-furred wolf, an emerald Amanian just like Nidaja, but her features were much fairer. Her muzzle was a little longer and more slender, her eyes wide and expressive, her form trim and slender. She wore violet and dark green robes, and a bit of jewelry, including three sapphire earrings in each ear. She was elegant and perfect in every way. It was exactly as Alps had always pictured the queen.

"Well Nita, here he is!" Nidaja chimed. She nudged Alps forward. The white lupine stumbled forward slightly, and then got onto his knees, bowing to Nita, trembling just a little, though perhaps not noticeably. He looked up into her eyes and said softly,

"I am a gift for her majesty, the queen." He bowed to her and kept his gaze down. He had not intended to look into her eyes, violet like his own, but he had looked nonetheless. He kept his tail low, and looked as submissive as possible to her. The queen gazed intently at him. Silence seemed to last forever.

"Not much to look at..." she finally said softly. Her voice was so delicate

and feathery, gentle, but powerful and refined. She sounded very wise, and, to Alps' silent horror, disappointed. "The fur's kind of odd, don't you think? Is it sick?" Alps looked over to Nidaja, his teeth gritted. She looked a little taken aback as well, but much like one might if someone just got a bouquet of flowers, and declined them. Alps' heart sank. She would reject him. His stupid white fur would cost him his one and only chance at a happy life. He found himself suddenly violently compelled through fear and frustration to just start screaming and ripping out clumps of the cursed fluff.

"No... He's not sick at all. That's how he was born. He has white fur. Very special, you see. One of a kind, I bet. You deserve something special." Nidaja churred in a soothing and convincing tone. Alps' heart lightened just a little, but he still felt like crying. He was so ashamed to even need defending in front of the queen of the Amani people.

"Weren't there any stronger-looking ones, maybe other Emerald Amanians?" she asked. "He looks utterly ridiculous and... Nidaja, goodness, look at his ribs... This one's in pathetic shape... pathetic. It would drive my reputation down to be seen in public with this poor creature. I'm not a charity, Nidaja. People expect a certain level of esteem in my servants." Alps swallowed hard, not in reflex, but to keep from throwing up. He had never hurt so much in his life. Chana was not capable of making him feel like this. As if reading his thoughts, Queen Razelle continued. "Maybe his former owner would take him back?" she said. Alps' heart sank again, and he gasped, trembling. If he was returned, after the display they made in Luca, selling him for twenty bits, Alps would be killed!

"Nita, I promise you, he's the best money can buy! Just give him a chance to -" Nidaja pleaded. Nita cut her off.

"What did you pay for... this..." she vaguely indicated Alps, who gazed up at her from the dock. She hated him. Alps looked up at the queen, who was glaring at him like a very bad mistake that had been made on an important building project. It was as if, in her eyes, Alps was something to be corrected. He swallowed back bile, not daring to get sick in front of her when she'd already asked if he was sick.

"Twenty bits." Nidaja sighed. Nita sneered.

"I think you got seriously ripped off, my sister..." she replied softly. Nita's gift from Nidaja sank to his hands and knees, and trembled visibly. She'd order him given back to Chana. She'd probably even tell Nidaja to get her money back from Chana. Alps was going to die. Tears filled his eyes. The world blurred. At least he knew some happiness before the end. That was a good thing. Still, he could not believe how suddenly his good fortune had ended!

Nita spoke again with a disgruntled sigh. "I do really appreciate the gift,

Nidaja, but no thank you. I have a bit more class than this, you know that. I know you want to help him out, you always had a big heart, but we can't take in every single stray mongrel." the queen said coldly. "Have him escorted back. Pay his former owner a hundred bits to take him back." she said with great finality.

"I'll be killed." Alps croaked bluntly. He didn't care if he spoke out of turn now. If they killed him here and now, he would surely suffer less than if Chana did it.

"I didn't give it permission to speak." Nita said. "Muzzle it." she told Nidaja sternly. Nidaja looked almost painfully shocked.

Alps shut his eyes. He was right there! How could she just degrade him like that, with him right there? Even Chana usually avoided doing that in public. If he stayed with Nita, his life might well be even worse! He put his nose to the floor. He felt like crying, but couldn't. It hurt too bad to cry. He had nothing rational to hold on to and form a genuine feeling out of. He felt hopeless, lost, and falling. All he could think, over and over again, was that he would die, or Nita would make his life worse than it would have been with Chana, and dying would have been better.

"Nita... He's got feelings! You never treat your other servants like this. What in the eternal essence is wrong with you?" the general complained. Alps whimpered at that. The sisters fighting about this made him feel even worse. He was damaging something sacred just by existing now. Nita growled savagely to Nidaja, making her back up, and obviously, reminding her that *she* was *not* the one in command.

"I've never had a servant to take care of my personal needs, either." the queen snapped back. "I want the best possible one! One that I don't mind spending time with. One who is strong and can protect me when my guards cannot. I want one who will reflect well on my presence in public!" She pointed angrily at Alps, "This is a joke! I would be laughed at everywhere I went! I would just be a target to any assassin who thought he could get through this paper-thin wall to me. Do you want that?!" Nita growled. Alps sputtered a bit as tears streaked his furred cheeks because he knew in his heart what Nita said was true. He could never be happy. Not like he hoped. Life would always kick him back down even though this was the first time he had *ever* been up!

Alps backed away, crushed by Nita's proclamation. It was official. The queen's words were treated as law. Alps was legally a joke. A horrible mistake. He trembled, fighting back his emotions. Pain, fear, regret, rage, sorrow, all of it boiled in him in the most uncontrollable levels he'd ever felt, and all at one time. And on top of it all, he was getting Nidaja into terrible trouble. She was the only one who had finally shown him happiness. He couldn't let it happen. His

happiness, even his life, was not worth that to the white-furred slave.

"Nita..." Nidaja said sadly. Alps looked at the general pleadingly. He then gazed at the knife she kept by her side. If he was such a joke, his life really wasn't necessary. Not to any of the people of Amani. A quick, painless death was what he wanted now. The focus of that single desire formed so vividly in his mind, like being trapped for years and years, and seeing that his captor had accidentally left the window open. He could see nothing in his world but that slender, ornate blade at his mistress' side. This beautiful, graceful escape was not what Chana was going to give him when he was returned to her. He looked at Nidaja again, the thoughts surging in his mind seeming to somehow reach her through his pained gaze. She frowned, gritting her teeth.

"Alps, you don't... really want that... I will figure something out for you." she said, her voice wavering. She seemed to understand exactly what he was asking for in his gaze.

"Want what?" Nita asked bitterly, still apparently very upset and offended over her gift. Alps could not help but think Nita was a little arrogant and selfish, but she had a good point. As queen, her image wasn't decided by her alone. She had to make her image work for the public, or she would have no support, and there would be anarchy. Nidaja had made a mistake in presenting such a disgusting joke as a gift for her powerful sister. The general bristled with anger, and pointed at Alps.

"He wants me to punish him, Nita. His life's been miserable the whole way through. He wants me to use my knife. He wants me to kill him!" Nidaja sniffled back tears, obviously very hurt at her sister's actions. Her gift, that she felt so good about, was just thrown back into her face. Alps was just an object in this whole event, nothing more. Not even alive. "He just wants to stop hurting. Please, stop treating him like dirt, Nita... Give him a chance to prove himself!" Nidaja fairly shouted.

The queen's eyes widened at Nidaja's description of Alps. She then, to Alps horror, drew a slender, well decorated dagger of her own. Alps held still, not even trembling now. Would she kill him for making her sister yell at her? How unfortunate all of this was. Nita handed it to him. The trembling slave carefully took it, his hand feeling suddenly like lead. He almost dropped the dagger, as he held it so weakly with fear. The queen backed away. What did she want him to do with this?

"If you are really in that much pain... Do it yourself." Queen Razelle said flatly. "Nidaja shouldn't have to pay as much as she did for something so worthless and then be expected to do everything for you." Alps gazed at the queen a moment. She was serious. It was an order. He turned the dagger over and touched it against his chest. He could feel his heartbeat, all the way to the

handle of the ornate knife. He tensed his muscles, and then released a breath.

"NO!!" Nidaja shrieked. "Nita, he'll really-!" Nidaja practically dived for him, to perhaps try to prevent it, but his focus and resolve all snapped together cleanly and neatly, and there was no time allowed for reflection. Alps shut his eyes and thrust the dagger in at an upward angle, then quickly withdrew it. He'd not leave any work in retrieving Nita's gift from his body. That would have been selfish.

The pain wasn't all that bad. It hurt a lot, but not as bad as he thought it would. Everything dulled. Sounds, light, feeling, all became muffled as he dropped somewhat limply on his back onto the wooden planks. He could hear Nidaja wailing though, at the top of her lungs. Deep inside, Alps apologized to her. He could barely feel the heat of blood running down his side from the open wound between his ribs.

He lifted his hand, still holding the crimson-bladed knife. He watched it glitter in the sun. Everything was bright, but washed out... fading. He could not hear Nidaja anymore, but as he looked up, her face came into view. She seemed far away though. Very, very far away. It was like he was looking at her through a long tunnel. Nidaja was crying. She looked so afraid. Alps regretted what he'd done now. It would have been better to let Chana kill him, so that Nidaja never had to know. Never had to see. He had been selfish. Nita's face came into view.

She was crying too. The queen. Over him. Alps felt bitter, even as the world washed with more and more light, their faces barely visible through it. Nita looked so afraid. This was what she wanted! Why was she crying!? Alps spoke, with difficulty, as it felt like his body, his lips, his heart, just didn't want to do anything. It was like controlling a marionette puppet with a few missing strings.

"It doesn't hurt anymore." Alps said. His words were very loud to him, even though he could not hear Nita and Nidaja. He could not see them anymore. He could not feel anymore.

"You made me happy... Nidaja..."

The sound of leaves rustling came into focus. There was sound. Alps opened his eyes, and there was light. There was a lot of it, too. He closed his eyes again, the light hurting them a little. He could smell... perfume? What could he feel? It was soft here... like a cloud. Alps' body ached, though. It was all over. He died. Alps knew he died. Did pain follow him when he returned to the

Life Essence? It should not have. Based on what priestesses had told him, pain and unhappy memories were not allowed to follow the consciousness of life into the essence. Alps opened his eyes again, squinting a bit. The world slowly came into blurry view.

He was in a bedroom. It was a pretty large room too, with tapestries on the wall. The bed was very large. The lupine slave tried to sit up, and winced, grunting in sharp pain. His chest hurt like hell. He dropped back onto his back, holding a place that felt bandaged. His head fell to the side slightly. Queen Razelle was on her knees at the side of the bed, her arms crossed under her chin, her eyes closed. Was she sleeping? With some effort, he sat up, looking at her. She had been crying before. He remembered. Her and Nidaja. She wanted him to die though. She said it. She told him to do it. Still, Alps had felt sad, and guilty, when he made her cry.

"Your majesty?" Alps tried to ask in a normal tone. A light, strained whisper was all that came out. It hurt Alps a lot to do it. The queen slowly opened her bloodshot eyes. She gasped and bolted up to her feet, then eased Alps onto his back. Her hands were... So gentle...

"No, stay still, and don't speak. You haven't completely healed yet. You need rest!" she said. Alps blinked in confusion. Was this the same Nita who had just told him to kill himself? There was a long silence. Nita sat back on the edge of the bed, and gazed at Alps for a while. He followed her order, however. For all the questions he had, he didn't speak. He just watched Nita, wondering why she had such a sad face now. She was so proud and confident before, even when stripping his very being down to bare bone in front of Nidaja.

"I... I'm sorry, Alps..." the queen said, breaking the silence. She was facing away, but Alps could tell she was about to cry. Her voice was very tense. Her apology was genuine. He could hardly believe that the queen would ever feel the need to apologize to a slave. Especially with how she acted before. It had been made plain that he was just the dirt under the nails of her people.

"It's okay, I'm not upset about it, and you shouldn't be either..." Alps whispered comfortingly. Just whispering didn't hurt quite as badly. Alps wanted to comfort her. She was Nidaja's sister, after all, and Nidaja was going to give him as a gift. A lupine life, just given up as a gift. Nidaja must have loved Nita a lot for that. At least for her sister, he didn't want Nita to cry. His gesture backfired terribly as she gasped, hiccupped, and then burst into a fit a tears.

"How can you say that after what I did to you – After what I *said* to you?!" she sobbed. Misty entered the room. Alps swallowed. Misty and Nidaja... How were they taking it? Misty walked over to Alps and examined him carefully. She looked into his eyes, holding a little crystal shard that glowed brightly, and examined both eyes carefully.

"You'll recover entirely," she said cheerfully, but seeming tired herself. "If you rest, that is. You should try to stay calm, Alps. If I had not been on that boat, you'd never have left that dock. Even I am at a loss as to how you managed to survive it." She caressed Alps' cheek softly, and smiled. "Don't press your luck. Do you want Nita to leave, so you can get some quiet rest?" Nita was still sobbing heavily, coughing and sputtering, shaking her head, not seeming to want to leave.

Alps thought a moment. Nita was really hurting right now. He was weak, but he still belonged to her now, right? It was his duty as her personal servant to comfort her in times like these. He felt almost stupid for thinking like that, but it was the plain fact. He could not deny it. He sighed softly.

"I want her to stay." Alps said weakly, "She's the one Nidaja was giving me to, so I want to get to know her a little better." Nita shut up and gazed in astonishment at Alps, tears streaming from her eyes. Her jaw trembled as she tried to hold in more sobbing. She seemed confused and a little afraid again.

"Are you sure?" Misty asked softly. Alps nodded softly. Even if Nita had been the one to tell him to do this, he still felt better about his own moral standing for being nice to her. He wanted to show her that he wasn't cold and uncaring. He could be a very caring and genuine servant. This was more important than strength sometimes. Or appearance. Maybe he could convince Nita to let him stay with Nidaja instead of sending him back, which he assumed was still his fate. He felt it especially unlikely he'd remain in the company of the queen when he'd just proven how incredibly unstable he was. Suicide for the Amanian people was nearly absolutely unheard of. Their regard of the essence of life, and the energy found in happiness were too defined to ever allow it. The doctor simply nodded warmly and left the room quietly, telling Alps to call if he needed her. Perhaps she understood Alps' need to do this after all.

"I don't deserve you, Alps." Nita cried, her face buried in the pillow beside Alps' head. The white slave gritted his teeth. What in the world was she talking about? She was the queen! Of course she did. She deserved anything she damn well wanted! He had no idea what to say to her. The slave sighed, then gasped. He suddenly realized he was naked. Had Nita looked at him? The lupine lightly shook away the silly thought. Of course not. She had more class than that! He turned his attention back to Nita. She finally spoke again, softly. "Alps... It's been four days. You have been asleep so long. We thought you would die..."

"Just give me a chance to serve, M'lady... Even if I am not serving you, I could still help Nidaja." Alps stated flatly, cutting her off. He wanted to change the conversation, and lighten it up a little. "You shouldn't blame yourself for what happened, you didn't stab me." Alps had a feeling that wasn't going to help

much. He was right.

"Nidaja knew you would do it..." Nita cried, her voice muffled in the pillow. "She knew you wouldn't question it, even for a second. And I never thought for a second you would actually kill yourself if I told you to. I was just trying to get out of keeping you as a servant. If you refused to act on my order, I could have told her that you weren't loyal. I really had no reason other than your white fur and hungry appearance to refuse you, though. I am so ashamed of how shallow I was being, and I feel ashamed that it wasn't until your back hit the ground that I even considered that what I was doing might have really been hurting you! For some stupid reason, I just thought that because you didn't know me personally, my reprimand wouldn't really hurt you. I'm so very, very sorry!"

Nita was now lying entirely on the bed, beside Alps, bawling her eyes out. Her rejected slave reached over and reflexively stroked her shoulder. So it had been his fur and his previous living conditions. He had already known this, of course, but he also knew that she was right about her public appearance. People would expect her to have something much different from Alps. He would ask, to make things even, to be given to someone who would treat him like Nidaja and Misty had. He would not go back to Chana. Maybe something good could still come of this. Hope glimmered once again for Alps. He began to feel better. If she knew Chana would hurt him, Nita, as she was now, would never send him back! The queen began to calm down as Alps stroked her softly. He felt a pang of guilt. He was stroking her. Caressing the queen... How absolutely ridiculous this was of him.

"It's gonna be fine, your highness..." Alps said in his hoarse whisper. "You heard Misty, I'm gonna make a complete recovery. You shouldn't worry about it anymore." There was a short pause from the queen.

"Nita." came her muffled response.

"Huh?" Alps asked, looking at her. She turned her tear soaked face to Alps.

"Call me Nita...please. If you are going to be my personal servant, then you will be caring for me when I am enjoying my frightfully small amount of free time. I would rather you weren't so formal." She smiled weakly at Alps. His eyes brightened. Was she saying that she intended to keep him herself?

"Then you will give me a chance?!" he gasped. His exclamation hurt like hell. Nita sighed and happily nodded.

"Nidaja was right, Alps. I don't need someone who is huge, handsome, and fearless." She gazed deeply into Alps' eyes, the light of wisdom and power shining in them, even through her drying tears. "I need someone who needs me

too. You needed to be free from your former life to become what the essence had intended for you to be, I think. And I think... maybe I need you too, Alps..."

Alps plopped down on the extremely soft, huge, bed. It was larger, and far softer than the one he had slept in that first night with Nidaja. This fluffy monstrosity was Nita's bed. Alps had been tending to the queen's personal needs for about six weeks now, and his injury from her dagger was soon to be nothing but another scar and another memory. While Nita still had to change the dressing on Alps' wound, it seemed like it had never happened. Alps was getting accustomed to small errands, and for the past week, since he was able to get around okay on his own, he had been getting lost over and over again in Castle Diera, the heart of the Amani Nation. At least twice a day, some of the other servants or guards got sent to find him and bring him back to some place he recognized.

It was very colder even as the winter season waned, and the temperature outside the castle had dropped below freezing. Nita had complained that her bed was cold whenever she first got in it, and that it took her a long while to get warm. She was actually losing sleep over it. Nidaja had suggested Alps getting in the bed before Nita and warming it so she could get some sleep. Nidaja made the suggestion mostly because it was a very easy task for Alps to do, and the general had taken a lot of concern with Alps' recovery, insisting that he not even work for the first two weeks after he got the injury. It had been the longest vacation he'd ever known.

The sisters did not talk for about a week after the incident. Nidaja had blamed Nita entirely for what happened, saying that she had always been a little selfish, but she'd never seen anything like that from her. The white-furred slave reminded Nidaja that her sister was under the stress that came with her position, and her job was not easy. Sometimes, the work seemed more important than her happiness. Nita didn't turn Alps away for her own reasons. She turned Alps down because of how much of a grip her duty had on her. Her duty to her people was consuming her, and her personal needs were secondary, or even further from her mind than that. Alps was a luxury she could not allow herself in the eyes of her people because what they thought would be more important. The slave had thought about it a lot while he lay in bed recovering. He had become sure of this reasoning. Alps had told Nidaja that her sister needed him even more now, because she needed someone to remind her that she was still a real person, and not just an idea and a set of orders. Nidaja forgave Nita, much to the queen's apologetic and tearful delight.

Misty had made the suggestion that he could get Nita's bed the warmest even faster if he stripped before he got in bed. Alps had done that, and now lay comfortably on the bed. It would be about an hour before Nita got there to go to sleep. Alps pulled the covers over himself. Nita was right, it was freezing! The blankets were like snow, heavy and filled with down. After about twenty minutes of shivering, Alps began to warm up. Unfortunately, the warmth in the soft bed made him very comfortable, and he began to doze lightly.

The slave was awakened by a light pressure beside him. He gasped, realizing he had fallen asleep. He looked beside him. Nita lay there in a silk nightgown and close-fitting panties. She stared back at him in the nearly complete darkness. She blinked her wide, expressive eyes at him.

"I'm sorry..." she said softly, "I tried not to wake you."

"I fell asleep." Alps said apologetically. He began to move toward the end of the bed, to leave Nita his warm spot on the bed so she could sleep. He realized again that he was naked, and stopped a moment. This was a very awkward moment. He could not possibly tell Nita to get out of her room for just a moment on such a cold night, and he didn't want to just expose himself to the queen, if she didn't want to see that. He grinned sheepishly at her. She was still gazing intently at him, which was very disarming.

"Alps?" Nita said in a soft tone. The lupine slave looked back at her curiously.

"Yes, Your Maj- err.. Nita?" he answered.

"Do you know how to give a massage?" she asked. Alps swallowed. He knew how, but the thought of doing it to Nita in her night gown drew thoughts from him that, until now, he'd only honestly thought of her sister and Misty, as well as Uri and Misha. He inhaled deeply, trying to shake such naughty thoughts out of his mind. He'd not made love to anyone since the incident. His mind was treacherously quick to embrace those thoughts again!

"Yes." he answered blankly. Nita rolled over onto her belly, slipped out of her nightgown, and lay still. Alps quivered as he looked at her bare back. Memories of the time he spent with her sister rushed into his head again whether he wanted them to or not, and he was immediately excited. He gritted his teeth. With him completely naked, all Nita would have to do is turn around to notice. He prayed that she would not.

"Please..." Nita said softly, relaxing a tiny bit. "I've had a very irritating day, Alps." She mumbled something about bickering regional matriarchs. Alps swallowed again and scooted forward, trembling. Her demands were his job. If she asked for a massage, he couldn't ask questions or say no. He sat up,

exposing himself entirely. The lupine was flying at about half-mast, already very aroused. He decided to position himself in a way that was a little harder to tell. He sat Indian-style and leaned over, beginning to rub Nita's shoulders. She sighed luxuriously. While he'd never done it in the nude, he *did* know how to do this job.

"Mmmm, that's nice!" Nita crooned softly. "Very good Alps. I often get professional massages that don't feel this nice. Your hands are so much lighter and gentler." The wolf thought to himself quietly, that most of the people who massaged her were likely not thinking about sex. These touches were not trained, they were just longing. Sensual. It was the way he touched Nidaja.

Alps rubbed her shoulders for a while, putting a lot of effort and kindness into it. He wondered if she would fall asleep while he did that, actually leaving herself open to his touch. He then scolded himself for daring to think such a thing! He blushed a bit, and closed his eyes, working her muscles slowly, finding she was perhaps more tense than Chana had ever been. This wasn't just luxury like it usually was for Chana. Nita genuinely needed this.

"Is that good?" Alps asked sheepishly. Nita adjusted her position a little and sighed happily.

"Lower." she said, in a soft, feathery voice. The lupine slave swallowed again nervously as he massaged her lower back. He used a technique he'd dubbed 'dove wings' which worked well on his previous mistress. He traced very firm wing patterns into her muscles from her shoulders and lower back. Her terribly tense muscles seemed to melt as he did. Work must have been really tough today. Alps found himself wondering all the things Nita did in a single day. So far, she didn't yet take him into public, but she said it was more to spare him the requirement that he'd be expected to work hard while at her side, and he wasn't healed completely just yet.

He rubbed her lower back deeply for a little while. She breathed softly and quietly as he did this. She seemed to be so quiet now, as she got her desired massage.

"Could you massage the backs of my legs?" she asked softly. Alps could tell she was really relaxed now, from her weak-sounding voice. And she was smiling so pleasantly. He complied eagerly, massaging her legs near her ankles. She allowed him to do that for a minute or so.

"Uh... Higher, past my knees..." she whispered.

Alps shuddered and did as he was told. He had a very prominent and aching erection from giving this nearly naked royal leader a massage so closely and intimately. He wondered if it even excited her a little bit, and if she would be

angry if she knew he was so painfully swollen and lustful. The slave rubbed the back of Nita's legs near her rear. To his further excitement, she spread her legs a little, giving him an even more enticing view. He found himself looking hard at the curved mound of her silk-hidden crotch.

"A little higher..." she sighed, causing the slave to silently gasp, fearing he'd been caught staring. Alps tentatively moved up a few inches, meeting her panty line. His heart was beating faster now, since he felt his contact with her had been intimate enough as it was.

"Like this?" he asked, his voice strained a little. He scolded himself again. If he spoke, Nita would surely figure out his condition. Surely she knew as much about sex as her sister. She was the queen. She could have anyone she wanted, whenever she wanted. If Alps stayed excited, she'd be able to smell his arousal soon. She would recognize that hint of musk.

"Mmmh, higher..." she murreled again, smiling luxuriantly.

Alps stifled a frustrated whimper, and moved his hands onto the lady's firm, shapely rear, massaging carefully and adoringly. He had expected her to snap at him, telling him he was now way too high, but instead, she parted her legs a little more and sighed, resting her head on her comfortable down pillows. She let Alps do this longer than anywhere else. The scent of his own arousal caressed his nose. She would find out soon at this rate. There was no avoiding it. Alps felt very fearful. He already knew what Nita was like when she was not pleased.

"I like that..." she finally muttered, "Something feels wrong, though..." the queen added. She thought a moment. Alps sighed, figuring she meant that he should not be massaging her there. He listened intently, having paused a moment. Of course something was wrong. A mere slave had his trembling hands on her royal posterior.

"Alps?" she asked.

"Yes?" he croaked softly.

"Would you mind taking off my panties and then massaging like you've been doing? I think it would be more comfortable without the silk sliding back and forth over my fur." she explained, making Alps' heart skip a beat. "I like the way your claw tips feel..." she added, laying her head back down. Alps froze. His heart quickened and his engorged member began to throb. "If you don't mind terribly." Nita offered. Alps was still not used to a mistress who cared what he minded.

"I don't mind." Alps said softly. He really didn't but he knew he would be

going nuts inside as he did it. He was already slightly shaking.

"Go ahead..." Nita said softly, holding up her rear to make her panties easier to remove. Alps carefully reached out and grasped the edges on both sides. He slowly peeled them down. Past her rear, past the tip of her tail, her knees, her feet, and they were off. He turned back to her.

Her legs were slightly apart with her tail laying in between, obstructing any kind of intimate view. Alps caressed her naked form from shoulders, down to back, and finally his hands came to rest on Nita's hindquarters. She was fully nude now. They both were. He began to massage her backside, and felt a little shudder through Nita. Alps found himself wondering if she was a virgin or not. Surely she could not have been. After all, once again, she could have anyone she wanted.

He was now paying very close attention to her rear, waiting for her to move her tail even slightly. He loved the firm muscled feel, padded so lovingly in the softness of her rump, and her warm fur. She was, to Alps, actually even more beautiful than Nidaja. He kept close watch over her guardian tail. On occasion, she would lift it a little, almost showing Alps what he wanted to see.

Alps continued to massage. Finally, he looked back up at Nita's head. He gasped, fear jolting through him. Her head was turned now, to the side, propped up on one elbow. She had a tiny smile upon her lips as she gazed directly at him. She was staring in his exposed lap. Alps gritted his teeth and crossed his arms over his lap, and his ridged cock, feeling the pre-cum wet his fur.

"Alps?" Nita said, getting his attention back on her face. He looked back at her, his ears splayed back, fearful. "Did I order you to stop?" she asked curiously, but cheerfully.

Alps placed his hands on his owner's rump and began massaging again. He looked first at her eyes, which trained themselves back at his lap. His dripping, twitching member was the focus off her attention. Alps turned his gaze, looking instead at a wall past Nita. He massaged for a little while like this, his heart racing. Should he still be afraid? Would she sell him after such insult? He felt Nita spread her legs a little more, and raise her rump a little. He just continued to massage.

"Alps?" Nita asked again. The lupine looked at her though half closed eyes. She was looking into the white wolf's own violet eyes now.

"Yes?" he replied, his voice quivering. Nita gestured for him to look down with a shrug of her head. Alps complied, to see Nita's legs spread, and her tail lifted high out of the way. The lupine gasped, not moving his hands. Her pussy was dripping with tangy readiness, lined in pink from arousal and slick with her

juices. The scent of her musk was almost immediately overpowering, her tail having flagged that scent right over him.

"Keep massaging..." she said coaxingly. Alps swallowed very nervously and gazed at the view she was giving him so willingly, wondering why. He massaged and, now, rather than just laying there, getting a massage, she began to move her rear a little. Her new slave massaged like this for almost ten minutes before Nita broke the silence again.

"Alps, the front now... I really do enjoy the feel of your slow and gentle hands on me..."

Alps swallowed hard. Nita rolled over onto her back, showing Alps her ample, well rounded breasts. Her tits were as solid as Alps' shaft, though her breasts were just a little smaller than her sister's. A smile played over her lips. Alps shifted his line of site to see Nita's still hot-pink slit. There was a trail of juices leading to her belly from where she had been dripping as Alps massaged her. She had evidently been enjoying it as long as he had.

"Want to massage my chest?" she asked, clutching her breasts and cooing. Alps nodded. Yes, definitely he did. Her actions were almost vulgar and teasing now. This started to comfort him about being so aroused. Still, the wolf felt dizzy with anxiousness, just as he did with Nidaja the first time. He scooted alongside her again. This was even more profound, though. He had not slept with Nidaja after finding out she was a general and the sister to the queen, and had for some time still wondered if he could even do it with who she was. Now, as he found himself burning with arousal for the queen herself, he began to feel Nidaja would have had no trouble at all provoking his lust and intimate action again.

Alps watched the beautiful queen's eyes shift back to his cock, which was now considerably closer. The slave touched tentatively at first, then caressed tenderly, and then finally began to massage her luscious mammaries. Her nipples were tiny spikes in his palms, and she gasped as he pinched them gently.

The white lupine moved closer, lowering his nose. Closer, closer... He pulled a tit into his waiting mouth and sucked on it gently. This was not part of the massage. This was outright selfish intimate contact, and he firmly expected to be shooed away from it, even if he was allowed to continue massaging. A shivering sigh escaped her lips as he succeeded uninhibited by the queen. She lay flat on her back with her arms by her side.

"Oh Yesss, that's nice..." she cooed, "I'm really enjoying this, Alps..." The loving slave licked and suckled on the queen's breasts for easily about twenty minutes. She finally released a long, low moan, spreading her legs wide. Alps

began kissing down to her belly, hoping she would let this proceed. The white-furred wolf now felt even lighter headed than he had ever felt before. He didn't feel afraid anymore, he just absolutely could not believe the position he was in with his life at the moment.

Upon reaching the point where her juices had run to her lower tummy, Alps licked evenly all the way down to their source. Life seemed to run in slow motion for that eternity as he drew his soft, warm, pink ribbon of flesh to her sweet-scented, slightly tangy honeypot. When his tongue reached its goal, Nita gasped.

"Oh blinding lights..." she hissed, a shiver running through her entire body. Alps could not tell if he'd gone beyond his boundaries with her.

"I'm sorry,..." Alps panted softly, "Too far?" Nita shook her head vigorously.

"Oh no! You're fine, Alps, just keep doing what you were doing. You know how to give a dreamy massage!" Alps looked up at her in a little bit of confusion. He thought he'd stopped giving a massage quite a while back, but he continued anyway.

Nita shut her eyes and tilted her head back, holding her legs open. Alps licked the area around her sex gently, over her mound, causing a few soft moans of approval. Finally, he slipped his tongue between the supple lips of her swollen pussy, tasting her clit. She eased down the bed a little, receiving her treat from her adoring servant.

"Oh, keep going!" she gasped. "It feels so wonderful! Your tongue's so hot and - oooh!" Alps watched her calmly now as he began to lick slowly, evenly, with deep, powerful strokes. Like Nidaja, she was really enjoying this. He wondered if she'd ever know about his time with her sister. He felt it better not to bring it up, especially now.

Nita sighed breathlessly, beginning to pump her thighs a little. Alps continued to lick slowly and methodically, just as Nidaja had trained him. He eased his middle finger into her sex. He buried it to the knuckle, causing her to gasp as he licked her clit hard. He slid his finger in and out slowly, licking while he did it. Nita was breathing heavier now. Her slave lifted his head, still fingering the gorgeous queen.

"Is this your first time?" Alps asked. He just had to know. Nita gasped, her thighs ticking up and down a little more vigorously. She seemed so on edge, so apprehensive, like Misty had.

"Y-yesss..." she cooed. Alps gasped, looking up at her. He was the first

she'd ever done this with? What right had he to do this to her? It should have been with a strong and renowned knight, or a highly merited male servant. Not a slave. Not someone who would never gain a single merit. Silently, trying to only think off his orders, Alps slipped his finger in and out of her a little faster as he continued to lick her. She moaned loudly.

"Alps?" she asked.

"Yeth?" she responded with his tongue on her clit.

"Have you ever done this?" the heated queen sighed, tilting her head back again. She was really enjoying this. Her hands trembled as she gripped the sheets while Alps effortlessly filled her with intense pleasure with every single stroke. The white slave lifted his head briefly, not stopping the gentle motion of his hand.

"Yes." Alps replied, feeling his heart sink a little. He may well have to tell her about Nidaja. He decided he would openly tell her. It would be far worse for him to hide the truth or even lie to his new mistress than it would to tell a truth that ruined her wonderful and favorable mood. He pumped his hand a little faster. If he could only bring her this pleasure first, he'd be a bit happier about it. He didn't need the pleasure returned, just the chance to feel her convulse around that pistoning digit.

"Really?" Nita gasped, then moaning at the change in speed, "Who with?" Obviously she knew that, being a slave, particularly an abused one, his options sexually would have been dramatically small. Her curiosity was justified.

"Nidaja and Misty." he answered honestly. "Misha and Uri too." he added, trying not to sound shameful about it. He wanted it to sound like a matter of fact, not something that he regretted, even if he did regret that it might drive her mood through the floor. She gasped, her eyes wide, and moaned deeply.

"You mean you've been with two High Council members?!" she cried, in both surprise and pleasure.

"Mmm hmm..." he replied, his tongue back in play licking her a little faster. Nita moaned louder now. She was distracted. She could allow the pleasure for herself, even through the shock of who he'd been with. He knew he could bring her this pleasure and his heart soared for it.

"Ohhh, oohh, oooh.. Alps, I... I..." she seemed too confounded by pleasure to be able to think of what she really wanted to say. Alps was fine with this. He desperately wanted her to enjoy one of those wonderful orgasms that Nidaja had very artfully trained him to give. This was, perhaps, the general's real intended gift.

Nita began to move her thighs a little more quickly now, rolling her hips with eager longing. She was really close! And so quickly too! Alps held her slit open between his thumbs for a moment, and stuffed his tongue inside her deeply, forcefully. He dolloped out her nectar deeply and loudly, sweeping his entire tongue over her clit with each retraction and subsequent penetration of her royal flower. She gasped in short breaths, and then went rigid, shuddering. Alps devoured her tart juices passionately as she held still in lusty anticipation. Finally, the last thread holding her back from blissful release violently snapped!

"Aaahooooooooo!!!!" she howled, a perfect, wonderful note of pleasure ringing in Alps' ears, softly bucking as a powerful orgasm washed over her. She shook, shuddered, and cried with ecstasy over and over again, as the slave's powerful tongue delved into her again and again, taking as much of her tangy nectar as she'd give. Gradually, she slowed her panting, still clutching the sheets, eyes clenched tight, coming down from her release. Alps licked her tenderly as she calmed down.

"Did you like it?" Alps asked, panting. He was so aroused that it almost hurt to move. He'd ask for nothing in return though. He was happy to have done what he had already done! Nita sighed and sat up shakily.

"It's your turn, now." She smiled. Alps gazed back, almost in shock. It was her first time! She could not possibly want to take him! "How do you like to do it?" she asked. Her slave gasped loudly. She was serious.

Alps then lay on his back, the way he'd been his first time with Nidaja. His throbbing cock lay on his belly, twitching as he gazed up at her. Fully aroused, nine inches of pink flesh captured the queen's gaze. Alps had no idea how to feel, but if she wanted him, he was certainly hers to have.

"Like this..." he said, gritting his teeth as a rather strong jet of lupine pre-jetted from the tip off his swollen member, over his tummy.

"Oh my!" Nita squealed, having seen that hard jet of pre. "Did I miss my chance?" she asked, seeming genuinely worried that she had. Alps realized then, that she really was a virgin, and that fact sank in hard. He smiled warmly, and said, in a gentle voice,

"No, you didn't. I didn't cum." he explained. "That's normal. It happens way before I do. It makes it easier to go in. It's slippery." He explained eagerly. Nita looked at Alps, fascinated, before slipping her hand around his throbbing, hot shaft, and spreading that slick fluid over his member, nodding in agreement. She took a little while to explore this part of his body, lifting his sack, seeing how heavy it was, and tugging a bit on his cock, enjoying the lighter jets of lupine-pre-cum.

Finally, Nita groaned anxiously and straddled his legs. She stared longingly at his shaft for a moment then grasped it firmly again and rubbed some more semen all over it, getting it as wet and slick as possible. Alps' heart raced. She was getting him wet to make it easier to get him in. She was really going to do this to him. He felt almost sick again with anticipation and excitement. Nita pulled herself forward and placed the tip between her wet, pouting netherlips. She slowly eased down. For her it seemed to be a little painful. For Alps, it was tighter than even Misty, and it felt like pressing right into heaven. Inch by inch, she took him in.

Alps felt something give when he was a little over half way in, and the queen yelped in pain, but thrust herself down on him, taking the entire length. The slave moaned loudly, half expecting guards to rush in from the queen's yelp, but none showed up. Nita held still for a moment, letting Alps lick at her nipples, and then, for the first time, kiss her. The slave brought his lips to hers, feeling the need to kiss her if this was to be done right.

He parted her muzzle against his own and slipped his tongue in slowly, teasingly, and got a wonderful reaction from the queen in return, her tongue playing against his own joyfully. As he did this, he began to rock his thighs gently. Nita responded, moving her hips up and down his cock slowly. She was so tight around his thick, throbbing flesh it felt like she was actually pulling on him a little inside her. After a few moments of this, she shuddered.

"It's starting to feel good again..." she muttered, as if in surprise, speeding up a little. Nita put her hands on her chest, playing with her own nipples, which Alps allowed without trying to help. He wanted to let her move a bit at her own pace unless she asked for more. She began to hump him with quick, even strokes, though still somewhat timid, never taking his entire cock in a single motion. Alps moaned, holding her shoulders as she rode him.

"Are you in season?" Alps asked cautiously, feeling his own tingling sensations. He didn't want to get the queen into an unwanted pregnancy, and didn't know if passion had made her forget all of her inhibitions. Nita surely would not mind him asking to protect her interests.

"N-no..." she panted, "But tell me before you pop, I just want to know when it's happening..." Alps arched his back a little underneath her. He could certainly understand that. He decided he didn't have to ask for that in return. Nita made it pretty obvious when she was going to cum. The white lupine groaned softly, and forced his legs and rump to relax; wanting to hold back until he was certain Nita was ready for it.

To Alps' slight shock, she began to hump him desperately, already obviously nearing her second climax. The slave whimpered anxiously. Her pussy

was so warm and wet and unbelievably tight... She sped up to a near frenzy, crying out, thumping Alps' body hard beneath her own, the bed started to shake violently. Alps, also in desperation, was matching her speed. A loud knock was heard at the door.

"Your majesty!" came the cry of one of her female castle guards. Nita squeaked out loudly, pitching herself harder against Alps, a growling tone escaping her as the guard dared to interrupt her now.

"W-What?!" she barked hotly.

"Are you alright? Do you need help?!" came the voice of another guard. At least two were at the door now. Alps stopped moving, freezing with fear, but Nita did not, making the slave grunt softly with her continued stroking. His sack felt heavy, and his heart blazed with need!

"Ahh! Oh heavens... yes!" Nita cried, "I mean, NO! I don't need help! Ah Alps... Ahh... I'm... I'm fine... Oh, I'm close!" she cried, quite carried away, her eyes rolling back. Alps tightened up, toes curling as he had more and more trouble holding back that hot flood of his need that lay coiled like a spring in his loins for his riding queen. At least one of the guards seemed to figure it out, and barked to the other,

"Oh shit! Leave her alone! Ohmigosh..." came her surprised and hushed tone, and they skittered away audibly. Hearing her say these things so loudly did a lot for Alps sexually. He felt he could not hold back much longer.

"I'm almost there..." he gasped. He could still not believe who he was saying this to, but he was enjoying it more than any other moment of his entire life. The lupine slave resumed thrusting hard and fast into her from underneath, wanting to take a very active part in making her climax!

Just then, she jerked tight! Her body trembled with excitement as Alps hammered her from beneath.

"I... I'm cumming... I'm cumming!!! OooOoooOohhh!!!" Nita wailed as her nose turned to the moon. She continued to pump, all the way through her climax, however, so her wail bounced with her. A soft gasp was heard at the door, and another pair of retreating feet. Or perhaps it was the same curious pair from before. At least Nita was well guarded. A struggle would not go unnoticed in here. Alps blew this thought from his mind like a snuffed candle, as he focused on the pleasure the still hard-pumping queen was giving him.

"Almost there..." the trembling slave moaned loudly, still pounding her from beneath, gritting his teeth.

"Ohhh, I'm still cumming, Alps cum with me!!!" she cried, "I want it! I want it so much!" She held his shoulders tightly, bucking down on him, grinding into him ferally.

"Almost.. Almost... Ohhh, Oh NitaaaAAAAHH!!!" the slave cried loudly.

Alps spread his legs a bit, bracing his feet on the bed, and stuffed himself as deep as he could into his owner. Nita shrieked with a third, quite unexpected orgasm, and her slave exploded inside her. The white-furred male shook desperately as he spewed jet after internally soaking, heavy jet of searing seed into Nita's convulsing body, her clenching sex milking her lusty slave for every drop! Alps howled a rich, satisfied chime of pleasure to the heavens as the queen collapsed on top of him, panting, bouncing upon his still thrusting hips deliriously.

The queen's newly-tested slave pulled a blanket over them both lovingly and sighed with afterglow, a deep satisfaction he was falling deeply in love with. This moment was what he was after, even more than the pleasure of release. He held Nita against himself adoringly as she rested on top of him. Alps shut his eyes and sighed very happily. He could not even begin to explain the feelings going through him, but the main feeling he had, was that at last, he was safe. Nita's panting finally slowed enough that she could talk.

"I, uhh, I'm warm, uhh, now..." she chuckled. Nita did not move at all. She held her slave tightly, like a security blanket. For the first time since he arrived in Diera, Alps slept in the embrace of the queen of Amani.