

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 2

Alps looked out over the balcony as he waited for his mistress and lover to show up. She was not late, the slave was early. He had learned a long time ago that unless you are asked not to be, you have to be early for everything. It shows that you are responsible and dedicated, things a slave simply has to be. Tonight, he would talk to Nita about what he and Tia had discussed. He would talk about saving the town of Jalana. The wolf slicked his ears back in slight agitation. When did his life change so much? When did it get so complicated? When did the world become so heavy? He sighed softly, shaking his head.

Nita would have no reason to believe Alps for it, but he believed in his friend Tia, and he wanted to see her again, to give her good news! The white lupine would try his best to convince Nita that she needed this help. The slave wrapped his arms around himself as he stood at the open balcony. He was adorned in a silken robe, deep blue in color, which seemed to agree with the color of his fur and eyes. Blue was one of the only colors that did. That and green or black. Under the robes, he wore nothing, as normally he slept with Nita now. He had long since forgotten the room he originally held when he first got to the castle. He'd gained the right to sleep in the queen's bed under the pretense that he was there to keep the bed warm, so she didn't have to fear catching colds and the like.

Nita showed up a little later than usual, by only a few minutes. Perhaps she had stopped for a snack. She sometimes did that. On occasion, she would even bring something back for her slave and promise it to him if he was a "good boy". She would have him massage her or brush her or some other innocent and pleasant undertaking, giving Alps sweets or other snacks as a reward. The only one who ever that did that was Nita. She padded in and sat down on the bed, kicking off her shoes, and undressing quietly, seeming lost in thought for the moment. Alps slinked up behind her and crawled onto the bed.

"Hello m'lady." he churred sweetly, wanting to butter her up just a bit before he delivered this touch of news.

"Hello Alps. What a tough day. I apologize about the treatment of your friend today. Things have changed from the time that you knew her Alps. Her group... the Spirits of Silverlight... They say they are interested in protecting the

people, but instead of working with me to make the world a safer place for our people, they work against me, keeping secrets, hiding information, fighting this war as if it were theirs alone, and the royal family was neutral. So, we have long since ceased any communication or willful help to them. Perhaps your little friend did not know either, but that is how things are.” Alps stared blankly at his mistress. He had hardly gotten to greet her before she pushed the subject right where it needed to go, but he was definitely looking at an uphill climb. Nita watched the trees in the distance from the balcony and churred softly. “This level of politics I do not expect you to understand, but you have to trust me and believe in me on this one Alps. It's for your own good, and the good of our people.”

The slave looked at Nita for a while in silence after she finished her explanation. She had more or less just slapped down any opening for him to even approach the subject. He gritted his teeth and thought for a while in silence, before beginning to rub Nita's shoulders slowly. As he rubbed them, he continued to think, wanting to help Nita and Tia both. Wanting to be Nita's faithful and loyal companion, but believing in his friend's cause too. This was not a position he ever thought he could find himself in. He inhaled deeply, and snapped out of it, when Nita asked him softly what was wrong.

"N... Nothing. I just... never realized how complex your life was. If it had been one of your own friends, you would have had to make that same decision. I do not envy you at all for that. A slave does as he is instructed, and makes decisions only for the good of his mistress. I have never had to weigh in the kind of consequences you deal with on a daily basis." Nita turned around slowly, and got down on her knees in front of the nervous slave. Nude already, she carefully removed his robes, leaving him bare before her, and he knelt down gently in front of her, leaving them both on their knees, facing one another.

"Alps... thank you for understanding, or at least trying to know... how hard it really is. The vast majority of the people I help to protect and give a good life to.. never know. To have you understand makes me feel better..." Nita leaned in slowly, and placed her hands on Alps' fuzzy cheeks, and kissed him slowly, her tongue snaking out of her muzzle as she kissed him. Alps warmed almost immediately, many of his cares flowing out of him for that moment. To be held and loved the way Nita held and loved him made him feel wonderful every single time. His problems would not go away, but in her arms, at least for the present, they were ushered away into the shadows. Here he was, with the queen, this beautiful mistress, on his knees and facing her as she was on her knees as well, getting ready to share total loving intimacy with her. For now, no problem could trouble him as he let himself go to enjoy her loving embrace.

"Thank you for being loving and kind to me Nita..." the white lupine churred softly. He just felt that he had to say it. To let her know he appreciated everything she had done for him that no other mistress nor anyone else had done for him all his life. Nita had rewritten the book on Alps' self esteem and

hope and heart.

"Alps... I rarely look at you as a slave anymore. You really are free to move about as you like and do as you wish, as long as my wishes take first priority. I suppose I wasn't really cut out to own a slave. Nidaja was told this when she went to buy you. But she got you anyway. And I am glad. And I am happy that I have made you happy Alps. Now, since you are still my slave, I want you to pleasure me. Make me scream tonight Alps. I need the break from the stress of the day." The queen said warmly, laying down slowly on her back, and spreading her thighs. She placed her fingers on either side of her sex, and splayed them softly, spreading her labia so Alps could see the hot pink flesh between them, glistening already. The white-furred lupine chuckled softly, blushing as his violet eyes lovingly traced the contours of her body, down to her soft, warm thighs, and inviting petals.

Nita had come to the point where she knew what she wanted, and would demand it, using him sexually as she liked. There were still the times where their encounters were loving and gentle, or exciting and adventurous, but Alps was very obviously filling his role of stress relief for his mistress tonight. He lowered himself slowly, and asked softly, sultrily,

"Would you like my tongue... or would you like to be filled a little more properly, my lady?" he churred softly, blushing. Such an explicit question, but he wanted to give her what she desired.

".Just the tongue tonight, Alps..." Nita replied, "I am less than a month before season, and I don't care to take chances, right?" she chuckled and patted her sex. "Don't worry; I will make sure you still get to have yours." Her lover blushed deeper at those words. In season, for his kind, was based on when they were born. The month before and after a female is born, she can become fertile, and she can be fertile for several days before actually going 'in season'. Anxiousness, hot flashes, and strong sex drive are the tell tale signs of being in their cycle.

"Mmm.. I was hoping you would say tongue anyway... Been a while since I last tasted you..." he chuckled again lightly, and laid upon his tummy, beginning to lick alongside Nita's opened sex, his pink strip of flesh sliding over her fingers, beckoning them to move, so he could allow his tongue to do all the work of spreading that sex wider. He felt a pang of guilt because one of the real reasons he was happy it was reserved to his tongue was that he'd blown his essence so hard into Tia earlier. It had not been cheating, since Nita had told him he was not "restricted" but he knew she'd likely not appreciate that it was *that* girl.

"Oh! Oh that tickles! Slow down... let me build up - oh! – let me build up to it, then you can go as fast as you like..." Nita placed her hands on the cool stone floor of the balcony, and clutched at the smooth surface, squirming at Alps'

warm tongue as he teased her folds left and right with that wriggling tongue. Her chest began to rise and fall faster as she gasped in growing arousal and tickled frenzy at those warm, passionate strokes. Her labia, puffing up through her arousal, began to stay open a little wider on their own from Alps' insistent tongue.

She closed her eyes as the slave got on all fours to keep closer and be able to follow Nita's movements a little better and keep her from escaping the tortures of that tongue. Alps smiled as he intentionally teased the queen with his whiskers, and he closed his own eyes, finally giving her what it was she REALLY wanted. He opened his muzzle a little, and pressed his lips around that glistening slit. The queen cooed loudly and anxiously in her approval. This was definitely what she wanted. Alps pressed his tongue into those folds deeply, and began to stroke it back and forth slowly, much deeper into her body, about five inches or so, wriggling it around against that textured wall.

The wolf-slave began to massage Nita's inner thighs and the base of her tail, which he had found, increased her pleasure somewhat, or at least, she'd always cum faster or harder like that. These evening pleasuring to reduce Nita's stress usually did not take very long. She just needed an orgasm, and that wasn't very hard to give. She'd usually reward him with one of his own, as it seemed she would tonight too. There were times where she didn't, of course, if she was tired. Alps would, in cases like that, do one of two things. He'd either masturbate, which Nita enjoyed watching him do, or, if she fell right to sleep after her climax, Alps would go to Nidaja's room, and tap on her door, and just tell her Nita took halvesies, and Nidaja seemed perfectly happy to take 'the other half'. So not getting to release was never really a worry for Alps.

He was thinking about how fortunate he was with this when Nita wrapped her hands around the back of his head and pressed his nose into her harder. Her chest was tight with anxious lust, and her eyes stayed closed. Alps never asked to find out if she was imagining him thrusting into her, filling her, or if the thought and image of him tonguing her sex was what she kept in her head, but she certainly seemed to get off on it. The white lupine held her hips to keep her from bucking into his teeth, as he probed her deeply with his tongue. Faster and more eagerly went his assault, one paw rubbing her inner thigh, the other holding her tail base tightly. Nita began her soft insistent whimpers. A soft "Ooowooo... oowoooo..." that Alps used to measure how far she was from climaxing. Sometimes, he'd slow down, and let her pleasure linger to make her cum harder. Other times, she would want it quickly, and not want to wait. Her hands on the back of his head told him she wanted it now.

Her slave slipped his tongue deeper, and hooked it up slightly to tease that spot he'd learned very well by now, which set off any of his loving friends faster than anything else. Even still, through all this, the back of his tongue would grind against that sensitive clit which was ticklish and sensitive before, but just begged for attention and contact of any kind now. Alps lifted his head to

catch his breath, the scent of Nita's sex, and taste of her approaching release making Alps a little out of breath too.

"I love how you taste... the closer you get, the better you-" Alps spoke, panting, but was cut off.

"Nnnngg! Don't stop! I'm close... wanna cum... Side to side Alpsie! I wanna cum loose." Alps blushed and lowered his head, placing his tongue tight against the queen's clit, and flitted it side to side rapidly. When Nita said she wanted to cum loose, Alps had learned, she was referring to something the lady lupine had learned through self exploration. It felt different to cum with something inside her, and to cum with just stimulation to her clit. The afterglow of cumming 'full' was better, but the impact of the climax if she came 'loose' was harder, and sometimes she liked that better.

Alps always felt almost abusive doing it like that, because she seemed to be in pain at climax from the force of it, but he did as he was told. It took a little longer to finish her this way though. The male lupine held her hips, continuing to play with her tail and thighs, as his tongue raced side to side, and even in circled from time to time over that tingling button, the emerald lupine's juices spilling over her tail base, and onto the bed. Alps groaned softly. This was going to be a wet one too. He controlled his breathing, so he could hold his breath in the middle of an inhale if that's when she popped. Alps knew well the discomfort of half drowning in his queen's release.

"Come on love... let go... give it to me..." Alps insisted quickly, before setting to work again. More insistently Nita cooed, the sound now coming out like a whining cry. The slave loved the sound of it. The sound of his mistress being pleased was the finest of instruments and the most beautiful of tunes to him. Enchanting and invigorating at the same time.

"Ahh-aah!... Aaah - aaah!..." she cried, eyes clenched tight, hips held up with her feet braced against the stone floor of the balcony, her hands clutched in trembling fists at her sides now. Finally, her diligent slave felt a heated wash of wetness on his muzzle, the fluid running down his throat, to his furry chest. He knew what was next.

"Yes!" Alps cried, cupping his tongue under her sex to get that precious nectar.

"NnNNNNGGggGGAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!" Nita screeched as she climaxed explosively. Her loving servant licked and suckled eagerly as her body quaked, for perhaps four minutes of so, a long, powerful release. Nita then collapsed on the floor, a panting, squirming, trembling mess. The white-furred slave giggled and got up on all fours, looking over her shivering body. Her eyes were closed as she panted. Alps canted his head softly. She had said she

would give him his too, but she looked so very tired. He licked his lips softly, and watched Nita. After about ten minutes, she opened one eyes, blushing a little.

"You okay, your majesty? I hope I didn't hurt you..." Alps had asked this every single time he put her in this state. She always said the same thing, which is what she said this time.

"Mmmm.. I am more than okay... Don't worry... you can't hurt me like that. You are more likely to get hurt from that than I am." Alps got up on his knees, his hands on his legs behind him. His thick, solid member pulsed a rivulet of pre onto the stone floor, while Nita watched.

"Still up for return serve?" Alps asked gingerly. He wanted to make sure it was obvious that Nita could decline. It was not expected. He was a slave after all. He was happy to do even as much as he'd just done.

"Actually Alps, I popped really hard, and it's been a very, very long day... I... don't think I could do it right for you tonight..." she admitted, blushing.

"Shall I see if Lady Nidaja needs my services?" Alps asked softly.

"Actually..." Nita giggled, seeming to run a thought through her mind, "Go to the library. Misty is there, studying late. Go in just your robes, and don't take a bath. Let her know exactly what you just did... give her details... and then, I want you to have fun with her. Misty commented that she had not seen you around much." The queen giggled softly again. It was not uncommon for Nita to actually send Alps with the intent of having sex with her friends or family members. As odd as it seemed, it was more rewarding to Nita to have Alps tend to them rather than just giving them a hug and a kiss. Her capable slave was the perfect way to say thank you or I appreciate you, or just, 'Hey, I like you, I want you to cum'.

Alps nodded and carefully put on his robe, before helping his lover to her bed, and tucking her in adoringly, the emerald lupine female still trembling from afterglow. The young male waited a little while for his erection to go down, but he was still very much aroused. He just didn't want it to be obvious to guards as he passed them on the way downstairs to the library. The slave kissed Nita on the lips in slow adoration before smiling brightly and padding out to take care of her advisor and friend.

Alps rounded the corner, and walked into the library. He had passed a

few guards, who grumbled softly at his passing. They could smell the sex on him, the coating of his majesty's release down his neck. They knew, but no one could raise the subject or say anything about it. There was a bit of jealousy, and perhaps contempt, but they all knew what Alps' life had been like before and if they truly thought about the arrangement he had here, versus those painful times, it always drew out and extinguished the desire to make things difficult for the slave.

Misty was sitting on the edge of a table, having gotten up and sat back against it, and eventually on the surface, the way she always did when she was reading something interesting. What she had in her hands was a book about strategy through knowing your enemy's current position. These sorts of things Misty always got excited about. They gave her hope of victory. Alps pondered trying to read the book himself when he had more time. Misty had, over the past few months, done well to teach him to read and write. It had been one of the more exciting prospects he was enjoying with his new life. Education was a gift to Alps. A privilege.

The young slave smiled at Misty, and approached slowly, drawing in her scent. He felt his cock swelling again already. He could feel his member getting thicker and harder, just at the mere thought of doing what Nita told him to do. Misty would rarely take time for herself, and just cut loose and have fun. The queen always had to find some way to trick her or coax her into it. This was the first time Alps ever tried without his mistress there to help him.

"Oh... good afternoon, Alps. How are you?" she asked, blinking, as if coming back from another world. She put her book down on the table beside her.

"Heh... It's almost midnight, Misty..." the slave churred softly, wagging his tail with eager deliberation.

"Oh... that mean's everyone is asleep... wow..." Misty rubbed an ear, thinking. "What are you doing up and about? And in your robes, too... Is something troubling you?" Misty had offered her services to advise Alps too, though he'd never used them. What could she advise him about was well in the past. His job now was the pleasure of the ones he loved. It was pretty easy to understand. The slave considered himself to be pretty well adjusted now.

"Oh no... Umm." Alps blushed, trying to think of how to start. "Ahh... I just... was... kind of looking for a little... different kind of help." Alps hopped up onto the table, and sat close to Misty. He knew that, this close, she could smell it. She could smell the feminine sex on his fur. She would know instantly that he'd been having sex only moments before. Especially since, upon this close an examination, his face and neck were still wet with Nita's sweet, tart nectar. The queen's advisor inhaled silently at first, but then drew in a few louder half

breaths, sampling Alps' scent as he sat so close.

"Oh... my... given that smell, Alpsie, you should be pretty sleepy right now indeed..." She looked him over carefully.

"Oh... Nita is getting close to going into season... so I..." Alps blushed deeply. This was so embarrassing to him. And it seemed so mean to tease Misty with this description. It was an order from his mistress though.

"You?" Misty asked, her eyes seeming a little glazed now.

"I... was only allowed to lick her..." Alps said softly.

"L-Lick... yes... that would be good. She can't get pregnant right now... too much to do... need to wait. And have someone who is in high standing... and marriage... and all that, right?" Misty said. She was thinking about what Alps wanted, obviously, and her train of thought was quickly diverted from her studies now. The slave realized that Nita knew what she was doing with this. He smiled, and elaborated.

"Yeah... She has me do that sometimes, just because she likes it. She makes a lot of noise too, and I like that... and sometimes, she makes me flick my tongue side to side over that little nub thing that she likes played with... And she jerks hard when she finishes like that, then sprays that wonderful wetness all over my face and chest..." Alps didn't know terminology for much involving sex. He only knew what worked.

"Mmm... Alps, the little... n-nub thing... that's called the clit. That's kind of like the tip of your... umm..." Misty was blushing, and so she just reached beside her, into Alps' lap, and found what she wanted to indicate. Already wet with his lustful pre was the tip of his swollen length. Misty gave it a gentle tweak, and a powerful sensation ripped through the white lupine's body, causing him to shudder. He licked his lips softly, blushing, and only becoming more excited.

"Ahh... Yes... so that's how... sensitive... How about that other place? The one inside?" Alps asked, finding that talking about it, and learning about what it was his profession had become, was very interesting. Misty began to unbutton Alps' robes, as he sat on the table. She got up slowly, onto her feet, and faced Alps as she disrobed him. Right in the library. Anyone could walk in, but this late at night it was highly unlikely that anyone would. The slave gritted his teeth softly, with both anxiety at the chance someone could walk in, and in longing for what Misty might be about to 'teach' him.

"The one inside?" Misty asked softly. "You mean about three or four inches in, and forward? The pleasure-heart, Alps." This was their name for the g-spot, at least. Alps nodded softly.

"Nita likes that a lot too... and both at the same time... it only takes a couple of minutes to make her..." Alps felt his robes slid off his body, and cut his speech off, as he felt fingers encircle his pulsing shaft. A jet of pre arced up and back, spattering Misty's wrist.

"I take it, by how fast I got you this..." She gave his shaft a squeeze, "...hard... You did not get to cum for your mistress?" There was something sultry in Misty's voice, and yet, still curious. Everything was exploration and learning to her.

"N... No... She was too tired and weak after she came." he answered honestly. Misty moved her other hand to Alps' neck, and caressed over the damp fur.

"The queen got you this wet with just one climax, Alpsie?" Misty asked. There was a definite level of fun in her voice. Alps blushed again softly. It was working pretty much the way Nita wanted it to.

"Yes... Th-that is all from her, Misty..." Alps churred softly.

"Can I taste it?" Misty asked, very directly. Alps' fur bristled a bit, and he slowly nodded.

"Yes, you may." he said softly. That hand remained on his thick cock, which twitched at her gentle squeezing. Misty drew in close, and slid her tongue over that wet fur, and shuddered. She admired Nita a lot, and getting to do something that intimate was likely a near religious experience, even though the queen was likely half her age. Again and again, she tasted the queen through her slave's fur. Alps began to slowly pet and caress the older advisor, through her hair, over her shoulders, down her back. He liked the way this older female felt so close to him, wanting to take something from him that he was willing, always, to give freely.

Her hand began to steadily move up and down his shaft, spreading his wetness on her palm, to make it slide freely up and down. Alps spread his legs a little where he sat on the reading table. Misty released a long, low moan, letting Alps know full well she was ready for him. He looked into her pleading eyes as she used her hand to push his chest, making him lay back slowly. He found himself looking at the candle-chandelier over this large wooden table, and feeling hands, both hands now, caressing, and almost worshipping up and down his ridged length.

"She sent you here to me, did she not?" Misty asked. Alps answered softly with a yes, and nothing more. Misty's hands were replaced by a warm, tight muzzle, as the slave arched his back, a reward, perhaps, for his honesty? It was hard to tell. She bobbed her head painstakingly slowly, as if she were trying,

again, to learn his body with her tongue. She finally pulled her head up, and spoke again, in almost a whisper.

"She has a very nice way to make sure I know she appreciates my help. I was just thinking the other day... that it was time to have a little break..." Alps felt her breasts caress over his length, heavy and round, and then, she was on the table on top of him. Nude and hot. She had disrobed after he laid down on the table. Nita's slave inhaled deeply, and caressed the older female's sides and then her breasts, which were hanging over his chest as she straddled his hips. Alps felt the wet cleft of her steamy sex press against his shaft, pinning it to his tummy. He felt the warmth in his navel of a heady jet of pre.

"She loves you a lot Misty." Alps said softly, feeling her so close, feeling those heavy breasts in his hands, larger than Nita's, or even Nidaja's. For a book worm, she was beautifully built. Misty arched her back a little and held her head back in pleasure of Alps tight and eager fondling of her breasts.

"Mmph... yes Alps, I know she does. She sends you to do what might be considered improper for her to do... and I would do the same for her. She knows that." Alps placed his hands on her rump, only to feel them pulled away, and held over his head.

"Now, now... you aren't here to enjoy yourself, lil' slave boy..." Misty said, with a hint of 'naughty naughty' in her voice. "You were sent by Nita to be my pleasure... but I think she wants you to have pleasure too... I will make sure to take care of my queen's favorite playmate..." Misty said. "But, you have to hold still, and let me play." Alps blinked softly. He'd honestly never seen Misty act like this. He had been the one to take her virginity. Had she gone this wild since then? A secret life of sexual frenzy? It was possible. He gasped as she slammed her hips down on his, instantly engulfing his swollen cock with her sex.

"Oh, Misty!" Alps called, with his ears slicked back, the sudden rush of pleasure making him feel he might climax any second. Misty held still, but tight on him.

"Oh yesss... So... very good to be filled." she whimpered. "You like that too, don't you Alps?" The slave gasped softly, in and out, trembling. "Now Alps... Don't you cum until I tell you that you can. You are still a slave." Alps gasped softly, looking into Misty's intelligent, piercing eyes. She was going to outright use him. For some reason, this made The young wolf feel really good.

He loosened his muscles, and felt a strong pulse of pre slip inside Misty's tight, near vaginal sex. His legs were hanging over the edge of the table so he couldn't brace, he could only lay back and enjoy. Misty began to rock back and forth, her tight, wet, hot glove of flesh slipping up and down Alps' masculinity with slow, even tandem, but getting faster and harder with every few strokes. Things

were happening very fast, he noted, as Misty's pace broke to the equivalent of a gallop. Her breasts bounced beautifully as the wet sounds of sex filled this normally quiet room.

Alps could feel the wetness from Misty dribbling down his heavy balls slowly, and he felt that sack drawing tighter and tighter. Even with his muscles loose, and his mind wandering, he could not take a lot of this tight, sultry female sliding back and forth over him with his cock wrapped so tight inside her for very long. He was going to cum, even if she wasn't ready. He could only hope she was ready before he was. His body was already primed for this by Nita, who he so enjoyed playing with.

His breathing became more and more labored, heavy, lustful, as he felt her slam harder on him, getting rather rough with her sexual attack. Alps could simply not remember Misty ever having been this aggressive, and it was turning him on! She held his hands above his head, and then rather abruptly cried out as Alps felt his tummy soaked, her climax happening on the upstroke, and popping Alps free, so that she rubbed her clit hard up and down his shaft, pinned to his tummy again and cumming all over him and the table. Alps groaned heavily, quivering, and Misty held him there, shaking herself, as she reeled through her climax on that thick cock pressed between her slick nethers and his taught, trembling tummy.

"Oh counselor... Oh misty... I'm close... I'm so close!" Alps whimpered.

"Not yet Alps. Not till I say okay." Misty rolled her hips softly, but held him tight against his tummy, almost painfully, before finally sliding off the table, and pulling Alps to a sitting position. "Now you may cum for me, Alps... I want it like you took it from Nita..." she said. With that, she looped her hand around Alps' lower back to hold him still, and used her other hand to hold his cock. She began to run her tongue rapidly back and forth over the tip of Alps' cock.

The slave squealed in desperate intense pleasure, and wanted to tell Misty to stop, because it was almost *too* sensitive, and actually kind of hurt, but he couldn't make his voice and mouth work right. His legs jutting straight out, with his thighs parted around Misty, he held her shoulders. It was slow to happen, just like when he licked Nita like that, but when it did, he felt the muscles in his rump clench hard, and through his stifled howl, he could hear Misty struggling to contain Alps' 'gift', her cheeks swelling out to hold the thick, rich rushes of seed that exploded from the quaking white male lupine, first over the length of her tongue, as it was flitting over the tip, and then deep in her mouth, as she held him tight in her muzzle and suckled, making the wolf convulse heavily. After a few moments of this Misty giggled softly, swallowing the last drops and standing straight, looking at Alps again.

"Thanks for helping Nita so much..." Misty said drunkenly, as she started

to get dressed again, and handed Alps his robes. He held the robes, not putting it on yet, panting through his afterglow. He finally remembered the thing he originally asked Nita about, and then realized that Misty had offered her advice. She would be perfect to ask.

"I am happy to be there for her." he said softly. "Misty... Can I have your advice on something?"

"Yes, go ahead." Misty said, carefully sitting down in a chair, knowing her thighs were still wet.

"If I ever have to choose between the good of our empire, or the good of our queen, how should I choose?" he asked softly.

"Well, Alps... That is a tough question. One I had to ask myself once, long ago. My advice there would be, is there a way to do both? A lot of times, we find a problem and concentrate on the one obvious solution, when, often times, there are two obscure solutions." It would seem that Misty's mind was sharp again. She gasped in disappointment however, as she picked up the book that was on the table, which had been lying in a puddle of her own nectar. "Darn it... Oh well, it'll dry, and just attract male readers now." she chuckled. She then looked to Alps and added, "Also, by now I am sure you realize that what is good for the empire is almost always exactly what is good for Nita. It's her life."

"So you are saying... I could do what's right for Nita... and for the people? How?" Alps sat up, getting dressed.

"Well, sweetie..." she said, thinking. It was the first time, Alps noted, he had heard Misty speak to anyone in that relaxed a state.

"Yes?" Alps asked.

"I can't really give you all the answers and I can already tell that you won't tell me what this is exactly about, so I will say this. Think long and hard about your options. What can you do to take care of one problem and the other as well? What would be the best of those options then? Develop a plan. A strategy, if you will... As long as your choice hurts neither the queen, nor her people, and solves the problem, you have found the right answer." Alps listened carefully, and nodded softly. Misty then churred softly, "But use caution when dedicating a great deal of thought to these matters. Sometimes, Alps, a problem does not have a solution that will make everyone happy, but making no decision at all will almost always harm them both."

"I think I understand..." Alps said softly. "That helps a lot Misty. Sleep well tonight... Don't read too late..." Alps hopped up, and bowed to Misty, who bowed back fondly.

"You too, Alps. Don't stay up thinking too late..." she said with a long, trilling, languid tone.

Nita dashed down the corridor, the morning sunshine spilling in from the courtyard. She rounded the corner, and looked rapidly from side to side, before spotting Nidaja. Nita was only half dressed, obviously fresh out of bed, as she stumbled up to her sister, looking terribly flustered, both angry, and afraid.

"Nita, good heavens, what's wrong?!" Nidaja chirped, only to have a piece of wrinkled paper thrust upon her breast. The general took it in hand to look at it, while Nita cried out,

"That stupid, foolish... That... Oh Nidaja, he's gone! I have to get him back from her! I have to! He's making a mistake! He doesn't know!" Nidaja clapped a hand over her sister's mouth, and read the letter slowly, trying to calm her down, while finding out what this was all about. Her heart sank as she read the letter.

Dearest Beloved Queen Nita Razelle,

I have come to a very hard decision, and had to think long and hard on the answer. Every day, I see your dedication to the people of Amani, and I see how much you want to help them. You want to make their crops grow, and their children laugh and play. You cry for their suffering and rejoice in their celebrations. All of Amani is your family, and I have evidence that your family my soon suffer a grievous loss.

According to the Spirits of Silverlight, Uruk forces are gathering outside Jalana, to the north. I was asked by Tia, my roguish friend, to speak with you on this and try to get help to stop this from happening, but when I spoke to you last night I saw that The Spirits of Silverlight had pushed you too hard to gain your trust to pursue something so risky, and I felt that you would likely not believe in Tia anyway. I was sure you would drive off the subject.

I thought about just letting it go, and letting things continue the way

they were going because it's none of my business, and these things are too complex for a slave like me, just as you said. I spoke with Misty, and asked her, 'If I have to choose between the good of the people, and the good of my queen, what choice should I make?' She told me a choice for one would be a choice for both. They are part of the same heart and spirit.

If the Uruk invasion takes place, you will suffer terribly. I will see you grieve and cry in endless torment at such a large city falling so pointlessly. You have friends there. You have family there. If I simply told you about the coming tide of evil, you might have ignored it, and then hated yourself when it happened. If I did not tell you about it, I would have let all those people die when there was the exceedingly small chance that I could have stopped it, and I would never be able to forget that. I would be haunted by the memory of my failure until the end of my days.

So, I am left with only one option. I am leaving with Tia, and will assist the Spirits of Silverlight in any way I can to protect Jalana. If you like, please send forces north of Jalana, to at least scout for you, and verify what I say is true. I had little to believe in growing up, your highness. Tia was the first thing I ever believed in and had complete faith in. You are the second. I will not betray either of those I love.

*With adoration,
~Alps*

Nidaja looked at the letter for a long time, reading it over and over again. She shook her head softly.

"Wh...what?" Nita asked, anxiously.

"I know where Alps is likely to go... where he must be headed. We can get there ahead of him, and stop him before he gets killed. I will put together a team at once."

"I want to go!" Nita said sternly.

"As you most certainly will. You will be needed to order him to return with us." Nidaja said, folding the letter, her expression grim. She was not as expressive in her anger, but Nita could tell the general was absolutely furious. It was not uncommon for people to die when Nidaja wore that expression.

"Why would he *do* this, Nidaja? Why?" Nita cried, showing her distress a lot more readily and outwardly.

"Because he loves you." Nidaja said flatly, extinguishing Nita's in half a heartbeat. Nita just leaned forward, slipping her arms around the general, and held her sister and cried.