

## Sirius, Book II

### *Legacy of the Letai*

*Comments or Questions?*

Contact Alps: [sarsis@gmail.com](mailto:sarsis@gmail.com)

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

## Chapter 1

---

Alps was on his knees, looking around with wide eyes, his teeth gritted in fear. Around him, he saw on all sides nothing but a vast wasteland. There was scorched earth, and glowing cracks spider webbing devastation across the landscape, as if he were on a cooling lava flow. There were no mountains. No volcanoes, just this wasteland. And in sparse places, he saw walls. Ruined buildings and crumbled battlements sparsely dotted the landscape. This was a land scorched by a very powerful mage war. Who lived here now? Who could live here? The sand had been turned to glass, and the dirt a lifeless barren ash. A seed could not take root here. The horizon shimmered with the heat of arcane fire as he got to his feet, which were bare, and yet, the smoking ground did not burn him.

The lupine slave began to walk, his eyes half closed with resignation that he had no idea where to go, or where he was. How did he get here? What had happened here? How would he get back? As he walked, for what seemed like close to an hour, he finally caught a glimpse of something green. It was deep in the center of this lifeless plain, away from any walls or ruins. There was grass in this vast wasteland. Surrounded by eternal ember and wind-stoked flash fire, there was green, cool, soft-looking grass. Alps was comforted by it, and started to move closer. As he drew near, he spotted a figure, kneeling in the grass. The slave padded slowly closer to that figure, not caring if it were friend or foe. He wanted to sit on the grass. He wanted to be at least standing on something other than wasteland. He could no longer tolerate the thought of that sterile dust under his feet.

As he neared the grass, he saw that the figure was a robed lupine. Closer still, he saw it was a lady, evidently a priestess by the ornate nature of her robes. Finally, he stood upon the grass. It was cool. It was soft. Slightly wet. It was exactly as he had hoped. He gazed at the figure. She was on her knees, with her head bowed, her hands on the grass. Around her hands was an aura... a light, violet and blue in color, pulsing from her as if in tune with her heart. Alps looked at the edge of the grass. It was growing outwards with each pulse... it was like watching a 360 degree tide going out, waves slipping further down the shore each time. In the grass on one side seemed to take root a sapling, and another, trees popping up on the grass, the area having grown quite a bit larger than a house now.

The lupine slave knelt down onto his knees, canting his head in silent curiosity of this lady lupine. He looked at her very carefully, entranced almost immediately. Her robes were deep green and purple, with a blue ribbon tying it in the middle. On her head was a simple silver circlet. But what triggered Alps' interest the most... was her fur. The lady lupine, at least what Alps could see, was white all over. Her hands, her long, fluffy tail, her head, her face, her lovely bare feet all white, though with pink pads, rather than black like his own. She had very long hair, bound in a ponytail down her back, almost all the way to the base of her tail. She was very well groomed, an image of total pristine beauty. Finally, as Alps gazed at her silently on his knees before her stunning countenance, she looked up. Her eyes, one violet, one green, looked him over carefully. Alps' heart caught in his throat. Who was she? Where did she come from, and why was she using magic to return this wasteland to a fertile plain?

"I... I am sorry to disturb you." he said in almost a whisper. "I... I was walking through the wastes, and I saw the grass. It's very beautiful." he stated lightly. "You must be a very powerful sorceress." The robed figure looked at Alps, and slicked her lovely ears back. The expression she wore was one of unfathomable grief.

"It's too late..." she murmured, her voice sounding cracked and weak. "My heart cries out to restore life lost, but only the grass and trees will come back... none of the children that used to play here... None of the laughing lovers who rolled on this grass tickling each other, and making promises of forever to one another - I can't bring them back. Even when this land is restored, and the ruins lie amid grass and trees in the beauty of a paradise, it will merely be a living monument to those who will never see it, those who will never live another happy day, because of him." She then inhaled deeply, sniffing back tears. Her voice was so soft and gentle and feathery and young. "I gave up everything to become a Letai priestess to help. They said I was the strongest... and this paradise proves it, yes?" She looked up at Alps, and the slave lupine looked around again. The wasteland... It was all suddenly gone. As her tears fell, the grass, the trees, all of it quickly consumed the wasteland. The place was again a beautiful field. How long did it take? How long was he really just looking at her, and nothing else? Alps did not know. He swallowed, and said softly,

"I think it does... You are certainly the most powerful I have ever seen..." he replied in his own gentle feathery tone. He wanted to ask her. He wanted to know who she was... Why she looked so similar to him. He couldn't though, not as he watched her cry. Then, he saw her lift her head up, and she stood, her hands quivering.

"Oh no... He... He has come for me... As he has the others. I used all my power to restore the land. I cannot fight him. All is truly lost!" she cried, backing up a little bit. Alps got up fearfully, and looked in the direction the lady

lupine was looking. There was another figure, walking across the grass. He wore a long black coat which masked his appearance a bit, but he was lupine as well, his fur not only black, but not even reflecting light. Looking at him was like looking into a living shadow, like he had an aura about him that merely did not let light escape it. His eyes, however, glowed with a deep orange fire. They were in slits, as if squinting against the bright sunlight. He carried a glowing green orb in his left hand and a tall, gnarled staff in his right. He held it up, and spoke, his voice, having neither echo, nor substance and vibration. It was like hearing words from a book in one's mind, rather than into their ears.

"Luna... You mock me by healing the land where your comrades fell. Your power would have been so much sweeter in my hands... in the Sphere of Ressaia." he growled menacingly. Alps looked back and forth between them. The girl's name was Luna. It was such a lovely name too. Luna was the name of the goddess priestess, who watched over the Letai in legend. Many daughters of priestesses had that name. It suited her too, for the power she had. Alps stood beside her as she faced the figure that moved closer. But what could he do, if even a powerful priestess like Luna feared this dark figure?

"I have no intention of just giving you all my power. Take me weakened if you really must, but I gave things a chance to grow on this ruined land once again." she growled, her voice much deeper and louder. She stood firmly, bravely. Alps backed up a little. He would have no part of a battle between mages. He was helpless.

"You are the last one I need Luna... and all the others are gone now. You have no reason to resist me. Come to me... give me your essence and I will have eternal life, by the unbelievable healing powers of the Letai. I will live forever with your memories of this suffering inside the sphere. The rest of the world will fall you know..." the black-furred lupine stated, almost hissing. "If you are in here, you will not see it fall. You will have only your memories of your failure to live over and over again in an eternal wasteland I have prepared for you." He held his sphere up, and it glowed more brightly. Alps gritted his teeth. What was he seeing? What was all this about? Why?

"You are wrong, Mannus." the lovely lupine said softly, back to her feathered voice, relaxing, standing there proudly. "There will be a day that you lose the life from this sphere, and it answers to someone else. Our will can never be fully dominated, even by the Sphere of Ressaia. Someday, someone more powerful will come along, and strip it from you, and when it happens, your soul will have ceased to be, it will have burned out in your living body at the time you were supposed to die. Trade off your consciousness for eternal life, Mannus and you will lose the one thing that war, and even death, were not originally able to take away from you."

"Enough!" the black furred lupine barked. "I have had enough of your

words. They are meaningless. Why would I fear what becomes of my soul when I can never die? What fear have I of defeat when my powers cannot be overcome!?" The sphere glowed more brightly, enough that Alps had to squint. The black furred lupine that Luna called Mannus, the dark lord Misty taught him about not so long ago, held up his staff. Luna simply smiled, as he called out, "Bind this spirit before me to the darkness, and let this power she holds answer only to me! Suffer in silence... SHADOWFALL!"

Alps fell backwards, his body aching all over as the spell was cast. The lady lupine shrieked and fell - her eyes white and vacant as she lay on her back, her hands no longer glowing. The trees right around Alps, and the grass Luna lay on, instantly died, and her form shimmered and then vanished. Alps fell on his knees. This one spot was back to the ruins he had seen before. The dark figure was gone, and the sky cast over with jet black storm clouds. A soft voice filtered to him through the wind, "None of the children that used to play here... None of the laughing lovers who rolled on this grass tickling each other, and making promises of forever to one another - I can't bring them back... But we cannot allow them all to be silenced. We cannot allow this darkness... these ruins to consume everything. But the Letai have fallen. The essence of life has left those who were alive to use it... who now will stand against the power that seeks to undo the life we tried to save?" and then silence. For a long time, there was silence, and it began to rain. In the rainfall, Alps could hear crying. The trees, the blades of grass, all were mourning in the cold, drenching rain.

---

Alps cried out and sat up, shaking, his eyes wet with tears. His heart was pounding hard in his chest, and his body felt chilled. He looked around. He was in Nita's room, where he usually slept now. He was back. Or did he ever leave? It was a dream. It was *that* dream again. Alps looked out the balcony window, which was closed. It was raining outside. He sat up, and rubbed his eyes and inhaled deeply, trying to fight away the feeling of despair that the dream left him with. When he had been sick before, and near death, he had that dream. And since then, several more times he'd had it. Alps got dressed in a pair of dark pants and a vest, his usual garments, and left the bedroom, walking through the chilly hallway and down the stairs to the main hall, to see if Nita and Nidaja were there. Seeing them would comfort him. As he entered the main hall, he saw Nita, but Nidaja wasn't there. Nita was reading some kind of scroll, silently, looking pretty focused, and another male lupine, brown fur and crested with gray to show their age, knelt before her. A courier. Nita spoke to him softly.

"Well then, show her in. If she has useful information to me, I will listen. I have a few moments of free time at least..." Alps padded over to Nita, and sat on

the floor by her throne. This is where he was supposed to sit, after all. It's where his place was as her slave. After several months had passed and his appearance improved from good food and good care, the queen had made a rather specific show of having him around her. Alps knew that it was because of his exotic fur, but a strange thing had happened. People stopped regarding it as a defect, and began to see it as what it was advertised to be. Exotic. People were fascinated now, as it became associated with the queen's power. This was a definite advantage for Alps, who could go down into the city of Diera and shop and dine without much harassment anymore.

Nita's hand immediately came down between his ears, as she petted him lovingly. Alps' heart quickened just a bit and he sighed happily. Nita's touch chased the shadows from his heart, making him feel better. The courier left for a moment, and returned. He led into the room a gray-furred lupine female. Slender, short, wearing leather armor, her hair cut short, but her bangs long, cresting over one eye. Alps cried out and stood up, looking at her intently. Nita looked up at the wolf and gritted her teeth.

"Alps what are you doing? Sit down! I told you that you were to remain silent when I was in meeting!" The gray-furred girl lupine laughed softly, and shook her head, as the slave peered intently at her.

"It's alright your majesty." she said softly, "I know why he's reacting that way. I would have too, if I were in his place." Nita looked at Alps, then the girl, and canted her head. This was likely confusing to her. She shook her head and then asked softly, but sternly,

"What is the meaning of this? Explain yourself. Who are you, and why have you demanded audience with me?" Nita shouted, seeming irritated at the familiarity with her slave. She was, at least around strangers, rather possessive of Alps, especially after the incident with Neit.

"He knows me. From long ago." the girl said softly, without shrinking away in front of Nita's anger.

"...Then it *is* you!" Alps cried, seeming to completely ignore Nita, much to her shock and increased irritation. She looked wide eyed at her slave as he left her side and wandered over to the girl. He stood face to face with her then, paused for a while. "Tia... It really is you?" He caressed her face, and lifted her hair. The eye that was uncovered was hazel, common for the mountain tribes which she was a part of. But under that wave of silver hair over her eye, was a blue eye. Alps cried out and threw his arms around her, hugging her tightly, with a soft yelp from the girl lupine. "It *is*! It is you, Tia! Oh, by the light's warmth, I thought you were... I thought you were." He just went silent, continuously hugging her. Nita flicked her ears. This was still a stranger to her, no matter how familiar Alps appeared to be with her.

"Tia, is it?" Nita said flatly, keeping the demeanor of a queen the entire time. "Tell me Tia, how is it you know my slave, and why is it you have come seeking audience with me? My time is short so you can have your reunion later." Tia broke the hug with Alps, and nudged him back in the direction of the queen. Alps blushed, and nodded, sauntering back over to her, and sitting at Nita's right side again.

"I beg your apology, your highness." Tia stood firm, not kneeling. Alps gritted his teeth, and looked to Nita, who watched sternly. The slave motioned Tia to kneel. She shook her head at Alps, as the emerald female watched intently.

"Why do you stand?" Nita growled. Failure to kneel before the queen was generally considered scorn and disrespect to her.

"I do not acknowledge your sovereignty over me, your majesty." Heer words hit the slave like a sap, and his ears fell back in horror. "My name is Tia Reed. I am the messenger of the Spirits of Silverlight." Nita stood up and growled long and low.

"What do you want with the royal house? Your group declared separation from this nation, so a messenger of your tribe without a nation has no purpose in my house!" Nita fairly shouted. Alps widened his eyes. He was not very familiar with all the politics behind this, but he didn't want to see *these* two females fight.

"The royal house has given up! They have forsaken life, and have forsaken victory over the encroaching darkness. More and more, as your forces fall, ours continue to grow. Rumors of surrender to the dark ones filter through your ranks, and they desert you, to join the new army. You are the one who should kneel to *me*, for the Spirits of Silverlight are the ones who will deliver *your* people, and ours, from the darkness, and when that happens, you will have to give up the throne to our leader, for your favor with the people of Amani will have fallen into the abyss!" Tia shouted back. Alps shank back further, feeling a bit sick. How long had Tia been gone? How could she have fallen into such disillusionment?

"How *dare* you!" Nita shouted, moving from her throne toward Tia. "You realize I have the power to just... stop your heart with my will alone?!" the queen nearly spat through her shouting. The grey-furred female glared at Alps' mistress.

"That would be the chosen action of the Queen of Amani, wouldn't it? To kill the one who offers help in the darkest hours. That's why you will lead your people right to the mouth of the beast!" Tia shouted. Alps gritted his teeth and felt his heartbeat become more rapid. He'd never seen *anyone* stand up to Nita

like this before. It was always bowing and scraping.

"You will leave! I have nothing to talk to a deserter about! Go!" Nita shouted. Two guards arrived, brandishing spears. Tia stood firmly and glared at Nita Razelle, with a fire in that one visible hazel eye. She then turned and walked toward the doors.

"I am not here for you. I came for the benefit of all your people. It's them you should think of first, not your own pride..." she said, before walking out the door. There was a dull slam as it closed behind her. Alps looked at the floor, his eyes wide, trembling a bit. That did not go well at all. He looked up at Nita, who then sighed and shook her head, her face warming after seeing the fear in her slave's eyes. She loved him. She didn't want to scare him.

"I am sorry, sweetie." The queen churred delicately. "I know that you know nothing about all that, and that girl was a friend of yours, but she cannot come here. She can't be trusted. She's far worse than a thief. Her very words are poison to the happiness in your life, and all that we hold dear. It is true, things could be going better, but separation is a weakening force, dividing us will only further the will of the dark one." Nita caressed Alps' face and ushered for the guards to leave the hall again. The queen's slave remained quiet, stunned into silence by that exchange. Nita finally spoke up again, to break the awkward emptiness in their conversation. "Who was she Alps? Who was she before all this?" The white wolf swallowed softly. He still felt like he was going to be sick.

"Tia Reed. When I was little... after I had been auctioned the first time as a slave, she lived down the road from me. We were just kids, you know? It was in the town of Luca. We were really good friends. My mistress was very mean, and Tia used to help me hide from her when Chana was drunk sometimes, and would go on adventures with me, treasure hunting, she said. She used to always do stuff like that. She said one day she would be the greatest treasure hunter to live, and find all the ancient artifacts of the Letai race..." Alps twitched. Letai. In the dream. That dream. Were the dreams of the Letai an omen to Tia's return? "She had to move to another small border town because of her father being ill. They had family there. A few weeks after they moved there, the town was completely wiped out by Orcish raids. It was... about eight years ago. I thought that she was killed. All this time I thought she was dead..." Alps lowered his head softly. Nita sighed and caressed the slave's ears.

"I am very sorry about that Alps. She has chosen her path though, and it doesn't cross with yours. Just... know that she is alive, even if she has deserted her own nation." Alps nodded softly.

"I know... It is good to know she's okay, but... why would she desert? It doesn't make sense. Who are the Spirits of Silverlight?" Alps asked softly. Nita inhaled deeply, and then nodded, getting comfortable, it seemed, so she could

explain, her fingers between Alps' flat, unhappy ears.

"They are a group that formed about 40 years ago, after the Uruk golems, the orcs, started chewing away at the outer regions, and wiping out small villages. It was like the raids you spoke of. It's difficult for my forces to protect those villages, so the survivors of those raids created a small band of fighters called the Spirits of Silverlight. They have become a legend in some places, and a few of the outer border villages have stopped paying taxes or reporting on the status of their villages, preferring, instead, the protection of the Spirits of Silverlight. Four towns are now controlled by them, and they refuse to accept my dominion over those outlying areas. With the war against the Uruk already heated, it's impossible for me to do anything about it, but I refuse to have them in my own throne room, trying to issue warnings, orders, or anything like that. If they refuse to accept me as the rightful leader of this nation, I refuse to lift a finger to help *them* out. The *last* thing I want to do is become a puppet for their little rag-tag alliance of farmers and merchants. They do not understand the complexity of the problem, and will learn only once the dark one decides they are a nuisance and wipes them out, along with the towns they are trying to protect. There is no way to fight the sheer numbers of orcs out there, we can only keep a balance by guarding our borders, and hope that final attack never comes. The Spirits of Silverlight want to take back the lands we have lost, and push back the hordes. It's not possible. They will learn this too late." the queen explained, before sighing softly.

Nita paused for a bit, lost in thought, and then churred softly, "Alps... I will need to speak of the incident in private with Nidaja and the rest of the council, so I can send some intelligence gathering groups to find out what it is that group is up to. I want you to go to the guard barracks and take the bedding to the eastern wing so the washers can clean them." she stated, getting up and stretching. "This will likely take a few hours..." She caressed between the wolf's ears, and padded to the door. Alps sighed again softly. So complicated. Why couldn't life just be simpler? He padded out the door, and took a left, going toward the north wing, to the barracks. He did have duties other than just making Nita happy, after all, and he was always happy to do them. However, at the moment he did so with a heavy heart.

---

Alps arrived in the barracks and looked around. It was empty, of course. It was the middle of the day. The night watch had their separate sleeping quarters, as they were paid a bit better than the day watch, who used the barracks. The salve began stripping down the beds, about forty of them, small, but warm and comfortable. It was a rather cheery place with tapestries and



carpets and the like, so it didn't have a strict military feel to it. Alps had come to know a few of the guards as time had gone by. He could smell them on the sheets that he pulled off. The slave worked diligently, filling a large cloth sack with the bed linens, until he heard a dull \*click\* behind him. He lifted his head. Perhaps one of the guards came back to get something. He turned, and then gritted his teeth, falling backwards over the bag of bedclothes. He scrambled to his feet, and shook his head. It was Tia, standing there, clad in her black leather armor, her hand on the lock to the barracks. Her eyes were on him, rather serious and stern.

"Tia, you can't be here! We will both get in a lot of trouble! You are a deserter..." Alps said, backing until he hit the edge of a bed, forcing him to sit rather heavily. The bed was pretty firm.

"Alps... Nita will turn away the help of the Spirits of Silverlight. The Spirits of Silverlight will turn back Nita's help. I am here against the wishes of both. There has to be a change, Alps... It's not for the survival of the royal family, or for the survival of the Spirits of Silverlight. It's for the survival of all the Amani people! If something's not done, in a matter of years, we could all be wiped out. Every single last one of us!" She moved toward Alps and sat on the bed. "We were friends before. I know I can trust you. You have never been untrue a day in your life." She took the white-furred slave's hand in hers. "I am here to appeal to you as a friend, not an envoy for any nation, or separatist group. I am here to ask for your help, Alps." she stated. Alps' heart skipped a beat. Tia used to hold his hands before. But he was still young. He never thought much of it, other than that she was his friend, and that made him happy, but now, this young lady held his hand, and he found her so beautiful. She had definitely grown. While she looked much tougher in leather armor, and black leather breeches, she was still the same girl that he was friends with so long ago. His heart quickened a bit.

"How can I help, Tia? I am just a slave. I'm not able to do anything but serve my mistress, and those she shares this castle with." he explained softly, a little sad that he was unable to help his friend. Tia scooted closer, and shook her head.

"You are wrong Alps... even the smallest hand can still start a snowball rolling." The wolf's ear flicked. Tia was a mountain grey, like Misha, so the snow reference was pretty stereotypical. The girl inhaled softly, and brought her lips to Alps' own. It was so sudden! The slave gasped through his nose as he felt those soft, gentle velvety lips touch his. He had thought before of kissing her, and hated himself for not doing it before she died. But now, she was alive again, and he was kissing her. His body weakened, and he drifted backwards, his lips to hers, his arms sliding around the young female, his heart speeding up even more. His dear friend... the first he ever had. How could he turn her away? How could he explain to Nita how he felt about her? What explanation was there for this cry of his heart?

The white lupine moaned very faintly as he felt her slender, warm tongue slide into his muzzle, to share the passion of the kiss with him in silent intimacy. A soft struggle began in his muzzle between those two ribbons of muscular pink velvet. Alps quivered softly, and began to pet down Tia's back. He didn't know whose bed this was, but he was thankful for it. In this kiss, his legs would not be strong enough to stand with for very long. His eyes closed, and he caressed the back of the girl's neck tenderly. Exposed by her short hair, it was slender and delicate. She felt so odd pressed close in that hard leather armor. The slave tilted his head the opposite way as they kissed eagerly. He felt the heat of arousal growing in his body. He could not turn this girl away. He couldn't help it at all. For years, Tia was all he had. For years, his only happiness in life was because of her. He would not deny her this moment, if even just this once.

Alps felt his hand move to Tia's shoulder, and with a soft \*clink\* he popped one of the buckles of her armor at her shoulder. She pulled away from the kiss slowly, and looked down at the white lupine lying on the bed before her, sitting up at the edge of the bed, licking her kissed lips. She looked at the shoulder where Alps had popped the buckle. It was loose there now. Not as tight or restrictive. She gazed at the slave silently for a moment, in thought, with neither happiness nor anger nor sadness in her eyes, just thought as she looked into Alps' eyes. The white wolf tensed up, and felt stupid. He had been with Nidaja and Nita and Uri and Misha and Misty, and all of them welcomed his touch, his advances. In fact, they expected it. He had just started undressing his childhood friend, without even asking. She looked at Alps for a long time, and then smiled softly. Her hand moved to the other shoulder, and she unclasped the armor there too. Then, slowly undid the four front clasps. The nervous slave felt a tingle go through him as he watched.

Tia was here, all grown up. She was alive, and she was... undressing for him? It felt like a dream. Surely, Alps would wake up soon. It was too bizarre to be real. It was too odd. But he wasn't waking up. Tia cast off the armor finally, and let it drop to the floor. She wore a light cotton shirt beneath it with short sleeves. Her build was accentuated by the shirt, which hung rather loosely. Her breasts were firm and round, leaving Nita looking a bit modestly built.

The grey lupine female then lowered herself back down over Alps, her lips sealed over his. The kiss resumed, this time, with Alps able to feel a woman's body pressing close, and not an armored courier. He slid his arms around her again, his body warming more and more, his desire to hold her more intimately creeping steadily into his mind. He wanted her. Almost every other time he'd made love, it was because it was expected, and he was doing as required for a slave. He was not even allowed to be with Tia much less expected to be intimate with her, but he found himself wanting her. Wanting to know what it would be like to make love to his friend. Someone he had felt was dead for eight years.

Her hands came to Alps' chest, and she began to untie his vest slowly, with calm and steady hands. She pressed her generously built chest to his, and Alps could feel her heartbeat, quick like his. She was excited? Or was she scared? She was, after all, making moves on the queen's personal slave while she herself was a deserter. Alps shook his head. No. She was excited. She would not take such a chance if she didn't have feelings for Alps personally. The slave didn't try to stop her, as she opened his vest, and pressed herself into the soft fur of his chest and tummy. He would give herself to her, if she wished it. Perhaps she felt as he did. She missed the chance to kiss him before and she would never miss the chance again. His friend would not give up the chance to know what it was like, and to consummate their long time friendship and let him know how she felt.

Alps slid his hands up and down her back slowly, feeling her muscular, but trim form. He then felt her hips, straddling over his. They were not clad in leather. He could feel that much, even through his clothing. He slid his hand down her body, over the base of her tail, and to her rump. Cotton. Soft, loose cotton shorts. She had slipped out of her pants at some point during all this. The white male gasped lightly through his nose in the kiss as he felt a soft tug at his belt, releasing it. There was little question left in his heart now. She was going to do this. She was going to give herself to her long time friend. Why? Alps wondered about this deep in his heart. Surely she knew she could never really be with him. Was this... a goodbye? It was certainly better than thinking she was dead suddenly. He would accept it.

He arched his back a little as she helped him wriggle out of his own pants. The slave was already fully aroused. He could not help but be. Her gentle hand immediately found that hardness, and closed around it, giving a little squeeze. Not a word had she spoken since the kiss, and Alps would not force one. He slid his hands along her sides, and lifted her shirt slowly, tenderly revealing her heavy, warm breasts topped by firm blackish nipples. The male lowered his head a bit, separating from the kiss as Tia lay on her side, and kept her hand on his pink, throbbing shaft. He looked into her eyes as she smiled at him. The girl's eyes were half open with a soft, pleasant smile. Her small, but strong hand glided up and down slowly over that turgid pink flesh. Alps gave a little roll of his hips as he savored her gentle attentions, and drifted forward, his muzzle greeting the first black nipple perked to his lips. He licked slowly, feeling that hard, rubbery flesh glide under that sensitive pink tongue.

The slave slid his hand down his long-lost friend's body, feeling her lovely, curved form from shoulders to cotton-clad rump. He did not try to remove her shorts though. He wanted to let that much be her decision, so he could be sure he didn't force any of this. Tia moaned very softly as she felt that soft, silky hot tongue pass over her nipple. Alps tightened the muscles in his rump and legs so he could feel that small, careful hand on his length pump slowly up and down, those sensations moving through him utterly electrifying. He wondered how

many times Tia had made love... or if it was her first time. Her hands were secure and sure of themselves. He felt she had likely done this before, but she had likely had a very different life since leaving the small, innocent town of Luca.

His muzzle closing a bit while he suckled on one of her nipples, Alps looked up at Tia. Her eyes were down at his shaft, a warm and relaxed smile on her lips. No. She was no virgin. Not with that sure, confident and relaxed expression. She knew quite well how to handle a male in bed. He suckled eagerly at that dark nipple for a moment, watching her beautiful face, her half closed hazel eye. She was lovely.

She finally looked up from the turgid flesh that she was so lovingly working, and gazed at Alps' eager, longing face. She placed one of her hands on his chest, and rolled him onto his back, pulling away, her nipple coming out of the slave's muzzle with a soft pop. Alps gritted his teeth, looking up at her. Had she changed her mind? No... She didn't. As Alps rested on his back, she put her legs under her rump, sitting somewhat on her knees on the bed. She lowered her head and Alps whimpered softly, wantonly, as he felt his pulsing, tingling cock engulfed in warmth as her muzzle shut around it gently, her tongue sliding back and forth along the bottom side of his shaft, and the tip of his length pressed against the roof of the girl's mouth, tightly.

Alps let his hands drop at his sides, and he gripped the as yet unchanged sheets. The sensations were incredible. He closed his eyes tightly, and caressed over her ears, loving every second, wishing only for more. An eternity feeling like this would be the true meaning of heaven to the wolf. She gripped the base of that thick, pulsing length of his need, nine inches between her hand and her muzzle. She used her pinky and her thumb, closed in a circle near the base of Alps' cock, against his groin, to keep him throbbing and solid. Her muzzle slid slowly at first, up and down in smooth, languid strokes. Her hair blocked Alps' view of one side of her face, but, as he looked down, he could see that she was looking up at him, reading the expressions of pleasure on his face.

Her other hand slid from over his tummy, down between his legs. She hefted and cupped his sack in her warm, small hand. Tia was a bit shorter than Uri, actually, so she was a good head and a half shorter than Alps. She always was smaller than him though. And so lady like. He could see her like this again, as she used her small, but gentle hands to pleasure him. Every bit the girl he was such good friends with back then. He lowered his head against the bed again as he felt her hand on his sack begin to gently massage, encouraging the production of those hot fluids he would either be spilling inside her hot muzzle, or painting her lovely face and breasts with.

Tia crooned very softly in a wanting tone as she slowly moved her hips to the side, straddling Alps' chest now, her knees on either side of his ribs, her legs crossing a bit under his shoulders, so that she could feel she was holding him

more securely. Alps winced as she took his length deep into her muzzle, and began sucking firmly. Her tongue stroked hard against the top of it now, the tip still squeezed against the ribbed roof of her lupine muzzle. The pressure was very tight as she suckled hard. Alps brought both of his hands to her rump and he squeezed lustfully. He felt his sack drawing closer to his body. He would not be able to take much more of this without giving up every drop to her. He tightened his legs again, and then grabbed one of the loose legs of her shorts, and just pulled it to the side, revealing her wet, pouting sex. Her thick, heavy folds were swollen, and her clit visible between those tightly puffy lips. Alps couldn't resist this kind of temptation. He could not deny this gorgeous image of lust and desire.

The male slave opened his muzzle slightly, and pressed his lips to those tightly pursed, dripping folds and stuffed his tongue eagerly into his friend, who whined loudly through her nose, and arched her back, suckling even harder, and beginning to raise and lower her head, dragging the tingling sensitive tip of Alps' cock over the ribbed roof of her muzzle, her tongue swirling over the underside of his sensitive tip. The hand whose fingers were squeezing the base of Alps' cock lightened a bit, so he could feel more of these incredible sensations as the other hand, over his sack, just rubbed encouragingly. Alps could not help but let his hips roll against the ministering of affection on his pulsing member. He panted softly against that dewed sex as his tongue drew back a syrupy prize of nectar from his long time friend.

Alps could scarcely believe he was doing this to his sweet Tia, but nature had kind of driven them to it after all. His tongue scooped deep inside her as he wriggled his muzzle, letting his chin rub over that hard clit. He held her hips tightly as he pressed his tongue more eagerly into that tangy honey pot, drawing her essence and enjoying as he had a few others before, but feeling very different about it. An existing totally non-sexual relationship had just become suddenly heavily sexual. Her head bucked up and down a little faster on his throbbing masculinity, the white slave drawing closer and closer to climax. He felt he had to break the silence, and just let Tia know he missed her. Let her know she wasn't making him hate her for this or anything. His voice croaked out desperately,

"... Oh sweet Tia... I... I can't take a lot of..." He wriggled a bit, his muscles flexing. Tia only sped up, switching her hand for her muzzle a moment, as she licked her lips eagerly.

"Alps..." she panted, "Don't hold it back... I want it... I want to taste you... I want to feel you... I want to have you! For years I have wanted to do this, and wondered if I would ever find you. I should have given myself to you back then, even though we were only teenagers." she whimpered, arching her back a bit. "Oh Alps, yes!" she cried suddenly. The grateful slave snickered loudly, and almost choked as a flood of juices splashed his muzzle. He pressed tighter, and

drank of her, very messily really, given how copious those fluids were. He'd never seen a girl climax so... wetly.

Alps was washed with those warm fluids as Tia cried out softly and bucked her hips. Suddenly, the lady lupine took a trail of white from her ear down her muzzle as the first heady thick rope of wolf seed jetted hard from Alps, his balls snapping tight against his body. Tia cried out again in excitement, and her head came down, her muzzle suckling and stroking over Alps' thick cock, drinking down as much of his cum as she could, a bit more dribbling down her neck as it escaped the sides of her muzzle. She then encircled the base of his cock again, with her pinky and thumb, as the last drops were drawn from Alps. Her muzzle tightened on his length, and Alps groaned loudly as she continued to suck.

With her fingers wrapped tight on his base like that, it didn't allow the blood to rush back out of his cock, and it kept him rock hard, even after his climax. Slowly, her head began to bob again. Alps licked slowly at her still convulsing sex, his face soaked, his eyes wet with tears of pleasure. He quivered softly as that tight, hot muzzle slid up and down, his tingling longing sensations slowly returning, his breathing going from ragged post orgasmic puffs of panting breath, to that steady, ferally heated panting of longing. He felt his desire to have sex returning slowly as she worked with him. She knew what she was doing, of that he was certain. Finally she turned around rather suddenly, her face still streaked from the first couple eruptions from the wolf.

".Mmmmp... Tia, I-" Alps was silenced as the girl lupine pulled her shorts to the side, as he had done with her to let him lick, and she slid back, impaling herself on his still rock hard shaft. She squealed eagerly, rather loudly, as the white slave wolf was hilted inside her. "Nnnngg!" he released a very loud pleased moan, muffled slightly as Tia pressed her breasts to Alps' chest and kissed him tightly, her muzzle still very salty, tasting rich with his cum. She pressed her body tightly to Alps', grinding, rutting against him, his hips practically abused by the insistence of her own. The male wrapped his arms around her and groaned as he felt those powerful runner's legs tighten under his rump, and the feral lurching back and forth of her sex over his. Not more than an inch of movement back and forth, but her inner muscles along that searing hot tunnel were extremely tight, and her motions were hard and hot. She rolled her hips in a flaring, deliberate motion, riding him slowly, but grinding tight to him, holding on savagely. If Alps wanted her to stop, he was pretty sure couldn't possibly *make* her at this point. But he didn't want that. His breath breaking into heavy panting as she leaned back again, pulling away from the kiss, Alps jerked his hips steadily, feeling her eager, blazing passion and intent with each stroke.

"C'mon Alps... I've... waited for years and years... give it to me... let me feel it... let me be filled by you... before someone disturbs us. I want it!" Tia whimpered, rubbing her breasts, tugging at her nipples. She was desperate. She wanted this as badly as Alps, really, perhaps even more so. The anxious

slave tightened his legs, thumping his hips against hers some as he braced his feet against the bed, lifting her up a bit off the bed with each eager thump. Tia cried out happily, and then held his shoulders, leaning forward, and rutting even harder against him, grinding her clit against the very root of his cock, stimulating herself, wanting to cum on him even more than she wanted filled it seemed. "Yes, Alps... yes! Harder! Harder!" She cried.

The lupine gritted his teeth, having not thought Tia would want him to be rough, but he gladly gave her what she wanted, her face spread in a look of complete euphoria as he slammed his hips up against hers hard enough that in all likelihood, she'll be sore from it for a while. Suddenly, she cried out loudly, her sex clenching his cock tightly, and his hips getting completely drenched in seconds. She was cumming again. Alps arched his back and held her thighs, as he jerked his hips back and forth rapidly for a while, while she clenched and cried out, and sprayed his slapping balls with her copious honey.

Alps was surprised no one came to check on him, but, then again, if a guard took a servant girl to the barracks to have her, it's possible the other guards would know not to disturb them. Alps was getting closer, even though Tia was already saturating his hips with her own feminine heat. Tia's motions became weak and subdued as her orgasm trailed off, Alps' own climax sliding back a bit. The slave groaned and gritted his teeth. He couldn't slide back in his arousal now. Tia wanted it. She wanted to be filled! He rolled her over onto her back on the small bed, and pressed her tightly into it.

"Yes Tia... I want it too... I want to fill you!" he growled ferally, his hips thumping against hers with renewed fervor, the wetness of their union making slurping sloppy sounds of heated and messy sexual frenzy. Tia's muscles tightened, as she gripped Alps harder inside, her hands on his shoulders, both her eyes visible as her hair fell out of the way. They were filled with burning love and desire as his hips thrust harder, that length of wolf-cock pistoning in and out with long, deep thrusts, so different from what she was getting before. She nodded, and gazed at Alps eagerly, giving insistent, begging whimpers of encouragement, as he hammered his hips harder and faster, his muzzle parted in heavy panting.

Tia gripped his rump as Alps threw his head back, releasing a raspy, stifled howl, thick jets of fertile cream splashing into Tia's cervix as she held him tight and hard. Alps' mind was a white haze as he gave his very essence to her. The slave shuddered as his hips jerked back and forth in staggered, unsteady and desperate motions, spilling every last remaining drop into her body, before lying hard against her, whimpering in near pain from the burn in his muscles. That flurry of very hard and heavy sex was something he was not as used to, but it felt so good! It relieved him on his most base, instinctive levels.

For a long time, Alps held her. He was not really sure how long, but it was

for a long time. He was already soft when he finally refocused. He pulled away, the bed sheets *definitely* needing washed now. The slave sat up and rubbed his face, which was still wet, but a little matted as that nectar was drying. Tia looked at her friend, her nude body just beautiful as she lay there. For a long time the two just looked into each others eyes, memories of their childhood, and the new adulthood they both now shared coming to their minds. Tia sat up and carefully started to get dressed again. She winced a bit as she put her pants on. Alps definitely bruised her in their rough and eager lovemaking. Alps smiled and rubbed the back of his head.

"Sorry... I guess I got kinda carried away." he whisperd, his voice kind of hoarse from strangling his howl earlier. Tia put on her shirt, and then shook her head, giggling softly, reaching down and using the sheets to wipe her face clean of those streaks of pearlescent fluid.

"Oh no, Alps... it's exactly what I wanted. I wanted it as hard as I have missed you." she said softly. She carefully put her leather armor back on, while Alps got dressed as well. "Thank you so much, Alpsie. I know that our positions in this world now make it hard for us to be together as friends, but at least we got to share this wonderful, wonderful memory together." she smiled and rolled up the tattered linens and put them into the bag.

"Oh Tia... I..." He looked at her for a while, and then smiled warmly. "Thank you Tia. I... I will always think about you. You take care of yourself... and don't get yourself killed while running messages and the like..." he said, swallowing softly.

"Alps..." Tia frowned, finishing the adornment of her armor. "I want... to tell you something. What you do with the information is up to you... but you are the only one I trust right now, and I know you are very closely involved with the queen and the high council." Alps gritted his teeth. Tia was not forcing him, or expecting it because of the sex, was she? Alps looked at her face. She seemed distant... a little sad. No... No, she wasn't using the sex to get Alps to do anything.

"What... is that, Tia?" he asked softly. "Yes, I am pretty well trusted around them..." the slave said in a soft voice.

"The orcs are massing for a severe offensive... right into the heart of the largest city on the eastern continent. Jalana. They are building their forces in the north, in Kishu Valley, deep in the mountains. Your queen's forces don't go there, and our forces are too small to do anything about it. Our leader said that we would just have to allow it to happen, rather than loose all of our forces in that hopeless fight." Alps' eyes grew round with shock and welling fear concerning what Tia was saying to him. She continued darkly, "If no one routes that attack, Alps... a hundred thousand lupine lives will be lost, and a very important strategic



port town will be reduced to ash. Nita will not listen to me... but perhaps she will listen to you. Find a way to get her to send scouts... or go herself to see the massing horde there... She has to know, even if just to evacuate the city, she has to know the danger there, and you are the only one, perhaps, that can show her! Find a way Alps... Find a way to get her to listen."

She unlocked the door and opened it, looking out into the hall. She looked back at Alps. "For now, this is goodbye. I have to report back to the leader. Alps... I lost everything because Nita could not protect a small village. Tactically, she could not afford to defend it, so she let it fall. It's not an easy decision for her to make, but she made it nonetheless. She feels defeated. I know she does. We all do. Alps, I will be in the inn down in town... If you can... let me know what she says? Let me know if my personal mission has been successful. If not, I will have deserted both the queen and the Spirits of Silverlight for nothing." She turned... and then just walked away. Well... sort of limped away at least.

Alps stood there for a long time. What would he do? What could he do? He was just a slave. He didn't have the power to tell Nita suddenly there was a threat and she needed to act. That was the decision to send hundreds of warriors to their death. He couldn't just do that, could he? Still, he had to tell Nita. He had to let her know. Nita would know what to do. Surely Nita would know what to do.