

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

Contact Alps: sarsis@gmail.com

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

Chapter 10

In dim morning-like misty light stood a clearing of a kind of grove he'd never seen before. Bamboo. It could be found in the southern part of the continent, but only a little bit, so he'd never seen it before. It was more plentiful on the islands far to the west, where there was not a lupine population because of both hostile weather and distance from the mainland which made it hard to trade and get supplies. Alps looked beside him at either side. Still holding his hands were Ceriss and Luna. Luna's eyes were glistening, as if she might cry. She was looking directly to her left, away from Alps. The white slave looked. There, in the middle of the bamboo forest, completely out of place, was a banquet table stacked with food. The table was populated by roasts, deserts, spiced fruits, and wine. Plenty of wine. Alps gasped, and then he and Ceriss were tugged over to the table by Luna, who was apparently the hungriest of them.

Luna was ladylike, at least, when she arrived at the table, being careful not to soil her white fur. Alps watched her curiously. He was admittedly enamored with her fur, and wondered if it was still weird back in her time. He wondered if it was different enough that she would have been mistreated. Probably not, since in the Letai society, the Priestesses held power equal to royalty. This Alps had learned some time ago from Misty. Ceriss stood beside the table, and sampled different things, as her nude form, glossy black, shimmered in the pale sunlight caused by someone's mind.

"Shouldn't we be looking for the person trapped here?" Alps asked, taking a bite of salty glazed roast. He had not had food this good since the last feast at Diera. This table, he had to admit, was his creation. The only things that populated it were things that he had tried before. Had the priestesses made the table, it would likely have many things he'd never seen from their time. Ceriss finally moved away from the table, distracted by something hanging on a young bamboo shoot. It was a robe. She put it on, smiling. She obviously was not thinking about food as much as Luna. Though, in all honesty, she had just been released and was not as hungry yet. She came back, and continued to idly munch and nibble, sampling things, while Luna eagerly ate. The food was not real in this place, but still, everything here responded to will power. If their will told them they were eating, they might be okay.

"Whoever is here can find us... the smell of food will draw them from the forest. That looks like a pain to navigate through." Luna said softly. Alps looked out beyond the clearing. She was right, of course. The bamboo was almost too thick all around them to squeeze through. So they relaxed and ate for a while. After satisfying her hunger, Luna joined Ceriss at the wine. Alps canted his head curiously. Nita, while she would drink with Nidaja on a holiday or something, never let Alps drink. He'd tasted the stuff, but she had always told him that it wasn't good for him, and she was his mistress, so she was in charge of taking good care of him. Giving him wine was not taking good care of him. She was not here to prevent him from drinking any now. Alps had watched Chana drink. Chana would drink a lot. It must have been good stuff, the way she would drink it.

"I thought about the food." Alps said softly. "And I got lots of food." He picked up a bottle, and sniffed it. Yeah, it was wine all right. "I didn't think about the wine though." the slave said softly.

"I was the one who thought of the wine." Luna said. "I knew someone would think of food, but they would probably forget drink." she chuckled. She took a long draught of the stuff. Alps held out his hand.

"Slaves aren't supposed to drink wine." The black-furred Ceriss said with a playful smile on her lips.

"Slaves aren't supposed to wander through Shadowfall Crystals releasing its victims, either." he said.

"I'll drink to that." Ceriss said, laughing warmly, and handing Alps the bottle. The slave took a sip. It was bitter. He hated it. But, still, it was a rather special occasion, so he tipped the bottle, drinking heavily, stifling a gag. Very strong stuff. He handed the bottle back, almost immediately feeling warm. The three of them ate for some time together, taking sips of wine occasionally, and just enjoying the food determinedly. Alps carefully took another long draught of the wine, not wanting to seem incapable between the other two.

"Go easy on this stuff... It's good wine... It'll knock you over pretty fast." Alps sat on the edge of the table. Luna smiled at him, and then put the bottle down.

"Want to see something... Interesting?" the Life Priestess said softly. Alps nodded, feeling toasty and a little more cheerful for some reason. He could see a bit of rose tint in the lady lupine's ears. He could not see a difference in Ceriss, who was drinking a bit more than Luna. Luna held her hand out, beside the table, and whispered something in a language Alps could not understand, and then moved her hands with gentle and slow gestures. Under her hands, growing from the ground was bamboo. It grew to a little above knee level in front of Alps,

and then hooked horizontally outwards, as if having to slide out from under stone or something, away from him and the table, and then up a bit more, winding and crossing, until, to his surprise and great amusement, the structure of five or six bamboo plants tightly interwoven, made a rather nice chair. Luna sat down in it, and then held her hand out again, a single shoot slipping up quickly from the ground, and then, at the top, looping sideways, before continuing up. Luna slid her wine bottle into the loop, which held it nicely.

“So... that is one of the specialties of a Life Priestess?” Alps asked, feeling loose and care free for the moment. Ceriss released a long, happy murr. Alps looked back. She had knocked over her wine bottle, and was crawling up onto the table, her tail swishing back and forth slowly. Her eyes were on Alps.

“Ish nice to have... a young shlave...” she said, her eyes half closed. “Annnywhere you go... ‘cause they do what you telsh them to.. an’ if ya like it.. they’s jest as happy.” she said.

“Told you this stuff was stout.” Luna said. She had not been drinking as much, and while she was a bit giddy, it seemed she was still under a lot more control.

“Umm... Hi Ceriss.” Alps said softly. She had a predatory look in her eyes. Ceriss scooped the food and plates and the like out of the way, pushing them off to the side, some of the things falling off the table, clearing out the middle of this large wooden surface.

“We are the only ones here...” Ceriss said slowly, looking at Alps’ face. “And we are of... very high rank... sho you have to follow our orders while you are here... right Alpsh?” she said, licking her lips slowly. Alps looked to Luna, and saw she was smiling, rather smugly, looking at Ceriss.

“Oh, goodness is she wasted.” Luna said. “I should have known a young one like her would do that.” Alps swallowed softly.

“Will she be okay?” the slave asked. Luna nodded.

“She’ll sleep it off.” the white priestess said.

“You know what would make me feel better, wuff?” Ceriss asked softly, putting her hands on the back of Alps’ shoulders, pressing close. Alps gasped at the feel of warm, naked breasts pressed to the back of his head. Luna blushed, and smiled again.

“Wh - What would that be?” Alps asked, having a feeling he knew the answer already. The way the answer was given, however, he did not expect. Ceriss grabbed his shoulders, and with a very brisk motion, slammed him down

on his back on the table, his legs still draped over the edge, in front of Luna, who squeaked with surprise.

“Hey! Careful not to hurt him!” she cried. Alps mufed loudly, and then had his muzzle stifled, as Ceriss planted her sex right on top of it.

“You know how to use your tongue... most males won’t do that. Gotta go to a girl to get that kinda treatment.” the lady lupine crooned, her speech still uneven. “So you make me happy. Use your tongue. I like that.” she said, smiling warmly.

“Can’t really complain...” Luna said. “This is a dinner table, Alps. Get to it, I don’t think she’s in a mood to hear the word no.” Alps nodded softly, his nose parting those already damp folds. He would do this to get Ceriss to pass out and sleep off the effects. He began to stroke the black labia, those juices not flowing freely yet. Seeing Alps sitting on the table had evidently made Ceriss think of it, and she just felt like she needed it. Facing Luna, Alps could not hook his tongue inside this lovely female, to get at the spot he hit last time, so he stopped teasing a moment, and got her to turn around, and get on all fours, which she sluggishly and begrudgingly did.

As Alps parted those warm, tender folds with his strong tongue, he felt a warm caress over his swelling member though his pants. He whined very softly against Ceriss’ moist mound, rubbing it with his muzzle to make her rub back fondly. Luna apparently wanted to play too. Or at least make this more pleasant for the wolf, since she was the one who brought the wine. Alps closed his eyes, and began to get into the mood for this as well. It didn’t take much. He felt Luna’s drink-clumsy, fair hands fumble with the slave’s pants, untying them, and drawing them down, just a little. Alps whined softly again, and concentrated for a moment on what he was doing, the cool morning air brushing over his swelling member. Luna seemed content, for the moment, to do what a Life Priestess enjoyed. Watching things grow. Alps slipped his tongue into Ceriss finally, and heard her long, soft, plaintive moan.

“Yesh.. Make it hard... make your tongue nice and hard for Ceriss. If you do good, she’ll give ya a reward...” the female said slowly, trembling a bit. Alps had seen Chana this drunk before, and was happy to see that Ceriss got horny when she was drunk, rather than violent the way Chana did. It could be a lot worse. The black female lupine pressed her sex tighter to the wolf’s muzzle, spreading her spongy folds against his whiskers. The slave inhaled through the sides of his muzzle, as he pushed his tongue in deep, and did as he was asked. He made the silky hot length of his tongue nice and hard, and started stabbing it into the hot, inky black female. He groaned, sending vibrations into Ceriss, getting a loud moan of approval as he felt hot, wet tightness overtake his thick cock, all the way to the base.

Alps' legs tightened. Luna was so good at this. Her muzzle was the right shape... the right tightness... and she could take it the right depth. She had her arms along Alps' thighs, and was holding his rump, as she helped herself to the wolf's length. Ceriss looked over her shoulder, leaning back a bit, and moaned louder, seeing what Luna was doing.

"I want some of that." Ceriss said softly.

"Then turn around right before he lets it go." Luna said, casually. Alps whined again softly, licking Ceriss faster. For some reason, it drove him hotter and faster when he was spoken of in such a fashion. As if he was merely a snack to them both.

"No... Wan' it... inside." she said, panting softly. Luna smiled at the shapely black wolf female as she rode Alps' tongue, and nodded.

"Ahh. Well... when he's ready, I'll let you back up, okay?" she said, as she brought her muzzle to his thick erection. Alps tightened his legs a bit, as Luna squeezed his rump. The thought of taking Alps like that seemed to make Ceriss even hotter as well, as she rolled her hips, dizzily moaning. She seemed tired, sleepy, but more than eager to have fun. Alps grinned a bit, starting to really enjoy his fate. He had gone from not knowing when his next meal would come, to wondering when his next meal would cum! He opened his muzzle wide, cupping that soft, hot mound and pumping his tongue faster, finally beginning to hook it, as the Twilight Priestess showed to be very full of life, bumping her strong hips against her playmate's muzzle as he treated her passionately with his tongue.

Ceriss pumped her thighs harder against his muzzle, as Alps felt Luna's muzzle drop in pressure while she suckled hard, and began to bob her head slowly up and down. The slave tightened his legs, feeling the first trickle of pre slip into the eager priestess' muzzle. Alps wondered what the one who they were trying to free here was going to think if he or she should wander up on this. Would Alps then have to do for her what he'd just done for Ceriss and Luna? Could he? Watching something like this would certainly suggest it to them. Alps' sack began to slowly draw up against him, and Luna slowed down, petting it, feeling it carefully. She knew what she was doing. Ceriss began to pump her hips pretty steadily against Alps' tongue, which he drew from her now dripping pussy, and fluttered rapidly on her labia.

"Mmph! Luna... It's happening... I wanna have him in me!" Ceriss said, almost crying. She was shaking as Alps abused her clit with his rapidly strumming tongue. He slowed down, while she spoke, hearing her anxious words. Alps yelped softly, as Luna pulled her head back with a soft pop, coming off his cock. Ceriss immediately backed up, looking Alps in the eyes, as Luna held him up, guiding him to where he needed to be, and those hips sank down.

She was hot and tight, and her body was already shaking. A few very solid pumps of her hips, and she threw her head back, yowling in ecstasy, as she jerked tight around the wolf, grinding hard on him. She growled softly, rubbing herself against him. Luna had carefully gotten up on the table, and sat on her knees, seeming content just to watch, and caress Alps' face. The slave looked up at Luna as the other female rode out her climax, with hard, rotating lunges of her strong hips. She babbled happily, and cooed into Luna's ear.

"Izz zo good... I likesh the way dat feelz..." she cooed, laying her head back, pumping her hips for a while on Alps' throbbing member. The white lupine male felt so totally used. He smiled happily, and wagged his tail, and then whined as the thrusting stopped. Luna looked at Ceriss and giggled.

"Oh no! She passed out!" Luna caressed Alps' face.

"Ah! I... I wasn't finished." Alps said softly.

"Slaves don't have to... they just have to make sure their mistress is finished." Luna said softly. Alps' eyes widened. He suddenly realized where his place was in Nita's heart. He wasn't a slave to her. She always made sure he enjoyed the sex they had, even when she was tired. If she was exhausted and stressed, and Alps serviced her to help her fall asleep, she would send him to Nidaja or Uri or Misty to have fun, so he could go to bed feeling better. Uri had even taken to making Alps chase her and Misha around the room for fun, when that would happen. But Nita always made sure his pleasure was taken care of.

"I... I know..." Alps said, struggling a bit. Luna carefully rolled the black furred priestess onto her back on the table, and covered her with her robes, letting Ceriss look a lot like she had just eaten too much, and passed out on the table or something. The scent of sex was heavy about her though. Luna leaned down, on her knees, still in her robes, and took Alps' member in her muzzle, suckling for a bit, making the white male's thighs tighten up. The life Priestess giggled around him, lifting her head. She cupped Alps' balls, rolling them in here palm slowly.

"Don't worry, sweetie... I'll make sure you don't end up sore. We'll just get these bothersome things nice and empty again, since Lady Ceriss can't handle either her liquor or her licker." She blushed a bit, and rather friskily began to pump her head, as Ceriss lay happily on the table, satisfied, and drunk. Luna curled her tongue in a 'U' along the underside of Alps' cock, pressing him tight to the slightly ribbed roof of her muzzle, sucking hard, and working every inch of the surface of his tight, throbbing member. She worked fast and hard, seeming very goal oriented.

"What about you... Lady Luna?" Alps panted, reaching over to caress her rump. "What about your... mmph! Pleasure?" Luna worked harder, faster,

ignoring him for a moment, her hand cupping his balls softly, still rolling them. As Alps felt himself drift closer to climax, tightening his legs, wanting it to happen, Luna pulled up, just holding his sac in her palm, and feeling it pressed tight against his warm body.

"I am still perfectly satisfied from last time..." She said slowly, breathing calmly, looking like she was really just enjoying teasing the white lupine slave.

"Oh beauty... Don't stop!" Alps whined.

"Oh? Is the slave giving an order?" she asked. Alps began to realize that Luna was doing this on purpose. She wanted to show Alps that, while he might have been a good friend and lover to Nita, she had not really treated him as a slave, and never would. Alps was slave in title alone. Upon realizing this, his heart beat faster, the wolf whining softly, with emotional pleasure now too.

"N - Nita... Hasn't treated me like a slave..." Alps said, genuinely realizing that now. "I'm... I'm..."

"Her lover." Luna said. "You would not have the will to go back to her if you were a slave. Don't you forget that. The trip back will be hard, Alps. You will need a will far stronger than a slave's to get out of this place. The will of a lover is a horrifying weapon to Mannus, and the Letai were known for it. Don't ever forget the power in that, Alps." Luna's hand began to pump the wolf's flesh, slowly, and moving in a way that brought him to trigger point again, but did not let him go over the edge, the writhing wolf tearing up from the pleasure and the emotional happiness.

"Her lover... I - I want to be back at her side. I want... to be..." Alps trembled, feeling so close to cumming. Luna's wisdom as a priestess she had not really shown before now, but she had been right that this increased Alps' will to leave this place a lot. Right now, however, his will was all in one place.

"Yes... That's it Alps. Think about that. Remember that. You belong by her side because she loves you, far beyond your mere title of slave. A queen takes a real chance by taking a lover who is outside the ruling class... She must love you a lot." With his emotions and physical sensations peaked so high, the priestess' thumb now rubbing slowly, back and forth over his tingling, burning tip the wolf remembered every single word vividly. They were burned into his soul forever. The slave-lover whined loudly, arching his back. So close. He wanted release so bad!!

"Please... I - I want you to." he stopped, his voice catching in his throat, tears rolling down his cheeks from the intense pressure of pleasure and happiness and anxiousness over him.

“Want me to..?” Luna teased softly. “What?” She lowered her head, her lips brushing the tip of his cock. He felt her breath as she spoke over it. “Want me to put this in my mouth? Want me to let you feel the heat... and the pressure as I suck you, sweetie?” she teased. Alps writhed, his feet scraping the table. His body felt like it was on fire, as she held and slowly massaged his rock hard length. “Tell me sweetie... Do you want me to swallow it? Want me to drink it from you, just as you drank from me?” she asked, shivering softly. Alps groaned loudly. His eyes closed tight. He made a mental note that an older female like this really knew how to handle a male, but there was something artistic about what Luna could do to her lover. Her hot breath caressed his pre-glistened member, a glaze over her whiskers as she took drop over her tongue.

“Yes! Yes! Swallow all of it!” Alps cried, feeling a little dirty for talking to a priestess like that, but he could not think straight, with the kind of excitement and emotion he was under. Instantly, his cock was engulfed by her soft lips, and her tight, hot muzzle surrounded his pulsing length, and she began to suck hard. It only took two full strokes before Alps shouted out in ecstasy, and then howled, as Luna rapidly swallowed the fast-arriving surges of his thick, hot seed. The priestess, valuing the essence of life from the wolf, didn’t let a single drop spill, swallowing it all, and those guttural, wet sounds of thick lupine seed slipping down her contracting throat only made the wolf cum harder. He gripped the edge of the table by his hips, and cried out, as Luna sucked him past his climax, drawing every drop, making sure she got it all, pumping her tight, hard-sucking muzzle over his length until he started to become soft against her tongue.

She finally moved her head up, his member being sucked right to the tip, where it left her hot, wonderful mouth with a soft pop that sent a shock through Alps’ body, making him twitch, and squeak with over-sensitivity. Alps sprawled there while Luna just caressed his tummy softly, letting him rest. His fast heartbeat and heavy breathing had helped his body process the alcohol a bit, so he wasn’t feeling as light headed as he was a moment ago from that, but he was feeling light headed from his afterglow.

“You are such a sweet slave...” Luna said softly. “Your mistress must really be missing you. You will be back in her arms soon. I just know it. We’ll get out of here together.” she said softly. “And we will get back at the ones who put us in here, I swear it.” She petted the slave’s now flaccid member, just liking the act of giving that attention. Alps smiled warmly.

“Take me with you.” came an even female voice from *above* their heads. It was a feathery soft, but deeply strong voice. Luna gasped, looking up, as did Alps, who sat up a bit, propping himself up with his hands. There, standing very feminine and unflinchingly balanced on a long, tall, bent over piece of bamboo, was a creature that Alps had not really seen before. She was up over twenty feet above them, but even from that height, the slave could tell she was not lupine. Then, Alps blushed hotly. Had she stood there and watched the whole thing?

The wolf looked at her carefully. She was like a lupine in many ways but her features were sharper, a little daintier. Her eyes were narrowed and a bit keener. She also had a very, very thick tail, which seem to have as much mass as her torso, though it was all soft, lovely and well kept fur. Her muzzle was slender and lovely, and her ears were a bit larger in relation to her head. Her fur was the deepest black with points of silvery white on the tips of her ears, her hands and feet, and the tip of her tail. Her throat was white as well, leading down to the cross of her unusual and ornate robes, dark grey with white bands featuring complex and unusual runes. The terminating white pattern left Alps to believe that her chest and tummy were also probably white. Her eyes were silver, seeming to have no pupils. Her hair was long, silky, and silvery as well, almost white, and very well tended and clean.

“A Lhap Islander, I think.” Luna said softly, seeming stunned.

“What’s that?” Alps asked, gasping as she jumped from her perch, and landed as if she had merely hopped off a two foot ledge, and with no sound, not even disturbing the slender dead bamboo leaves on the ground. She wandered over to the table, and munched silently on a few of the items near the far edge, away from where the fun had taken place. She sniffed at the wine, and shook her head, perhaps not having a taste for it.

“A Sable Fox... They are a different species. Like the Lapines that sometimes show up... They are from the islands far west of this continent. Back during the purging, when all the shrines and major temples were being attacked by Mannus, a few of these foxes were hired by the Letai Priestesses to act as guardians for the shrines. They were so deadly with their light, curved blades that one alone could defend against twenty Uruk with little problem.” Luna said. The vixen looked up, a large piece of bread in her muzzle, as she gathered up some strips of meat, and she waved off Luna, as if to say she was merely exaggerating.

“Ahh... Are we in any danger?” Alps asked softly, scooting off the table, and standing beside Luna. The vixen seemed to not really even care that anyone else was there. She lifted Ceriss’ tail, to get a plate, and put the bread on the plate, as well as some meat. Alps had never seen any race but Lupines and the false Uruk. He’d also never seen another creature with the beauty that he felt reserved for Lupine royalty. This fox certainly had that. He approached her and held his hands out, so show he wasn’t armed.

“My name is Alps...” he said softly. “I... got trapped in this crystal a few days ago, and can move around in it pretty freely. So I have been helping the other two get out... and came to help you too, because I could see your light.” Alps said, knowing how cryptic it sounded. The vixen calmly put butter on her bread with a knife, and then saw some jam that she wanted, but didn’t have any

more knives. She flicked her ears, seeming almost not to even listen to Alps. She could not find a napkin to wipe the knife with. She stopped for a moment. "Umm... Anyway... you said you wanted to go with us... I would be happy to take you out of here. No one deserves to be trapped in a place like this." The slave explained. The vixen still said nothing, her silver eyes scanning the table. She shrugged her shoulders, and picked up Ceriss' hand, inspecting it to make sure it was clean. Alps watched her silently and blankly. The fox didn't seem especially personable. Then, placing the blade of the knife carefully between Ceriss' fingers, and pressing them together, pulled the knife back, cleaning the excess butter off of it, before dropping the drunk, sleeping lupine's hand with a dull thump on the wooden table, and going for the jam.

"Please don't do that." Luna said kindly. The vixen looked at Luna and nodded, as if having not even considered it impolite. She stood there and started munching her food in silence.

"Okay... well... This is the last of them." Alps said softly. "No more lights... Not that I could see, at least. Should we try to leave when Ceriss wakes up?" Alps asked Luna. The conscious priestess nodded.

"Umm... Lady vixen. I am - I am Luna. I am a Letai Life Priestess. What temple were you guarding? How were you able to survive in the crystal? It was my understanding that the Sable Foxes were not magic users, just really accomplished warriors." The vixen took another bite of her food silently. Alps slicked his ears back. She had talked. He heard her say to take her with them.

"What's wrong? Are you angry at something?" Alps asked, before finally gasping, and pulling up his pants, which were still half way to his knees. He blushed hotly, and looked back into the vixen's eyes. She smirked softly. The lady fox put her food down, and then gazed at the two who were watching her, her eyes narrowing into slits, and then, as she shut them, the world shimmered into dark shadows around her, like a thick, black haze, outlining her with wisps of smoke and chaos, before she simply ceased to be. There was nothing there. Alps gritted his teeth, backing up a bit, looking fearfully at Luna.

"Okay... so she can use some kind of magic..." Luna said softly. She cried out, jumping back a bit, as the vixen showed back up, as if just walking from darkness into the light, right beside Alps and herself. "Oh, by the essence! Don't do that! Okay, Okay... I can see how you survived in this place." She held her chest. The vixen stood, nose to nose with Alps, sniffing at him curiously, her large, pillowy tail slipping around her waist, and touching the wolf's hips. Alps swallowed. Was she going to need his help too?

"Ummm... I take it you want to feel pleasure?" Alps asked softly. He yelped, and staggered backwards, as a slender hand came across his muzzle faster than he could even see her move. She slicked her ears back, looking

disgusted. Alps rubbed his whiskers. That hurt! He held his hand up to Luna, who was approaching to help him. "It's okay... I deserved that. I have gotten too complacent my role as a personal servant... I forget that not everyone wants to be treated like that." He got onto his knees, lowering his head at the female fox's feet. "Please accept my apology. My duty is pleasure. It's what I know best. I didn't mean any disrespect." he said softly. The vixen glared at him a little longer, and then flicked her ears, turning her attention to a dessert. Chocolate. She seemed to really like it.

"Not very talkative, is she..?" Luna said softly.

"Only when I have something to say that requires that I speak will you hear my voice." came her singular reply. "A lot of things... like..." and she paused, putting her foot between the bowing slave's ears. "Like No... I can say without a word." she said. Alps whimpered softly. "We have... an understanding now, boy?" the vixen said. The slave nodded under that foot, not seeing Luna as she bristled. "Good... then we can get along." she said, smiling rather warmly, despite still having her foot between Alps' ears.

"Could you please stop stepping on him?" Luna said. The vixen did as she was asked, leaning against the table, and picking up a strip of meat, eating it. Alps stood up.

"It's all right, Luna.. She's not hurting me." he said softly.

"It's disrespectful." Luna said.

"I'm a slave. Maybe not to Nita, but I am to her." Alps replied.

"I don't care, you are here to save her." the white-furred priestess said softly.

"You might be eager to thank him already, but I will save my thanks for when I am looking at this place from the outside." came the vixen's reply.

"What is your name?" Alps asked.

"That I shall save for when we are friends." came her icy reply.

"I don't like you." Luna said softly.

"You don't even know me." the vixen said even more softly. Alps gritted his teeth slightly. He hoped this would be a short trip.

"Did you enjoy the food?" Alps asked, trying to smooth things, and get to a topic they could agree on. The vixen nodded softly, putting down a bone she had

stripped the meat off of neatly.

"I missed food. I missed sleep to. I will sleep... then we can go." was her short, simple statement, and with that, she shifted out of being, the darkness taking her. Alps didn't know if she had turned invisible, or actually quickly left the area to sleep someplace private. After all... the wolf had just made a rather obscene pass at her. The slave looked to Luna, who sighed softly.

"Well... I doubt we will have her around long after we get out. She'll probably just go home. How ungrateful." Luna said softly. She looked at the sleeping Ceriss. The black lupine female had missed everything, but would wake up with butter between her fingers.

"Please do not judge her right now." Alps said softly, knowing that conflict between the two would make things a lot harder in the long run. "She has been trapped here... maybe as long as you. I doubt that kind of thing does much for someone's personality. There are a lot of ways to end up emotionally when you are adrift in a place like this. Not everyone has the will to stay... themselves when faced with true darkness." Alps said softly. He wasn't sure he would have fared much better had he stayed in this place alone for that long.

"You show... compassion far beyond that which you should. I can see the scars of an abusive mistress on your body, Alps." Luna said softly. Alps shook his head.

"But you have not seen the loving fingers which have touched and healed the reflection of those scars on my heart." Alps said softly. Luna then embraced the white lupine slave in her arms, sighing softly, as she rested and ate and talked, for quite literally hours.