

## Sirius, Book II

### *Legacy of the Letai*

Comments or Questions?

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## Chapter 11

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Misty stood near the crystal, studying it as wind whipped around them.

"It's generating an incredible amount of energy - seems like it's discharging from a powerful spell!" Misty yelled. Nita and Nidaja were beside her while Azia ran to get Tia. Nita and Azia had dressed hastily, and Nita's robes were still not on correctly, being a bit disheveled. The wind was sending papers flying, and scattering documents around the main hall, but the queen didn't seem to care. The crystal was clear, with a single very bright star in it, shimmering and seeming only to increase in brightness.

"Discharging a spell?!" Nita cried, smiling. "You mean it's discharging the Shadowfall spell?" Misty nodded.

"I think so... Or at least, it's not able to contain it anymore. Nita, don't get too excited! There's no way to know if Alps will come back, or his spirit will just be released!" the counselor said, not wanting to see her friend's heart broken.

"I - I understand!" Nita shouted. "I can live with myself if he gets out, and his spirit is free... I will know he's not suffering in there... But still - I hope..."

"He *will* make it out!" Tia cried, rushing into the room. "Don't you dare say he won't!" Azia returned, huffing and puffing. She had been a bit worn out by Nita earlier.

"He would be the first to ever do so!" Misty stated harshly, seeming to want to try to remain grounded in reality. "There is no record of even this much happening with one of these crystals. If Alps manages this... I will be taking a long hard look at him. He's got no magic potential. He should not have even been able to exist in there." The long-furred counselor inhaled pensively, watching the crystal glow brightly, and then spoke again. "I didn't want to say it before, Nita, but ... But... He should have just... winked out of existence when he ended up in the crystal, with no magic force to sustain his mind. But! But you both say you heard his voice! He must be in there!" Misty said, holding her hands in front of the crystal. "We need to step back! Way back... away from the crystal! It could shatter when he's released, and I don't want anyone hurt!" Everyone did as they were told; backing up as electricity and red and blue smoke

began wisping around it, crackling softly.

“Come on Alps! Follow my voice!” Nita cried.

“Yes! Alps, we want you to come back!” Tia wailed, tears flowing from her eyes.

“We need you!” Azia called, as loudly as she could.

“Alps! Your home is with us!” came an echoing boom of a voice. Nidaja had cast that strength spell on her throat again. The crystal suddenly glowed brighter.

“Nidaja! Do it again! Enhanced by magic, he can hear it!” Misty cried. “I’m sure he can!”

“Alps! Come back to us! We want you in our arms again!” Nidaja trembled, crying. Nita watched, a little stunned, not being able to remember the last time she saw her cry like that. “*We love you!!!*” There was the sound of something shattering hard, and then the room went totally dark...

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Ceriss wiped her buttery hand on the bamboo stalk, grumbling softly.

“Why didn’t you keep her from doing that?” she said, as she looked around.

“I don’t think she would have cared.” came Luna’s reply. Alps shook his head softly. He looked around, before calling out, softly, into the bamboo, figuring that’s where she was hiding herself.

“Lady vixen! We are ready to depart!” and he waited a bit. Ceriss watched the bamboo intently, just as the vixen stepped out of unseen shadows, right in front of her. Ceriss wailed and fell over, trembling. The vixen looked down at her with pleasant regard. She then nodded, smiling at Alps. Sleep, it seemed, had made her feel better. Or, perhaps it was that waking up to find this change of pace was not a dream instilled hope in her. Alps could not say. Luna seemed to still not trust her very much, as she regarded her skeptically. Alps took Ceriss and Luna by the hands, and smiled to the vixen. She flicked her ears in silent agitation. Luna sighed softly.

“Fine.” she said, moving behind Alps and grabbing his tail. Alps chuckled softly, and held out his hand. The black fox canted her head curiously a moment,

peering at the offered white hand, and then carefully took it. Alps closed his eyes, and opened them again. They were standing on a bright, shimmering surface, and they could all see what looked like glass walls that went on to eternity over their head. Alps began to walk with the group toward those walls. The Vixen said nothing, and Luna kept quiet as well, trembling with excitement, as she saw what looked like blurred, uncertain activity outside the glass walls. Freedom was on the other side. Alps led the group in a rather short trip to the edge. Luna put her hand on it, and pressed. It was very solid, and looked to be very thick.

“Great... how do we get out?” Ceriss asked softly. Alps thought for a while, looking at it, touching it. He very tentatively released the vixen’s hand, and made sure she didn’t begin to fade. She quickly took hold of Ceriss’ tail though, to make sure she wasn’t going anywhere. The slave placed his hand against the thick crystal wall as well.

“It can’t be broken by magic. It reflects it. The stronger the magic, the stronger the wall. That’s how Mannus built it. And even if you have made it to where we can see and feel... our bodies... are merely will. Our will is all that exists in this place Alps. It is... as I feared...” she whimpered softly. “We won’t be able to get out...” Luna sighed softly. “At least we won’t have to be alone here anymore.” she said, trembling a bit. Alps’ mind started reeling again, as it had on the mountaintop. His eyes fluttered back and forth, just a little. He was not under nearly the kind of stress he was that day. He looked up, at the thick barrier between him and Nita. Then he gasped, hearing something. It was Nidaja’s voice. But it was far away. He could not make it out. Then, he heard something he could make out, which echoed through the very fiber of his soul. We love you.

Alps gritted his teeth, his heart swelling with more joy and happiness than he had ever known. They wanted him to come home. They loved him! They hadn’t given up! He threw his head back, and he howled, long and very shrill with complete and utter joy. Luna gasped, and Ceriss held on tight, a fox clinging to her tail, as Alps suddenly began to glow a pure, bright white, like the star that he had found Luna and everyone else by, and then, there was a sudden change in his outline, that made Luna and Ceriss both drop to their knees, as they gazed at a vision, only for a split second, that put them in awe. As the howl reached its highest possible pitch, the sound of a great shattering was heard, and all was darkness.

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It was dark. It was quiet. However, Alps could feel the floor beneath his hands and knees. Carpet. He inhaled. He had lungs. That was a good sign. He heard some shuffling around, in what sounded like a hollow, empty room.

Then, Alps grunted, shielding his eyes, as light cascaded into the room. He looked up, wincing toward the light. Misty. It was Misty, standing there, having drawn open the curtain shedding late afternoon light into the main hall where Nita's throne was. Misty's lip quivered as she saw Alps there, on his knees, alive, and she fell onto her hands and knees, bursting into tears. Alps tried to stand, but was immediately tackled down. He gasped, crying out, as Nita landed on him, and pressed him to the floor.

"Oh heavens! Oh dear stars and moons, he's really here! Oh Alps! Aaaaallpss!" Nita wailed, kissing him, sobbing uncontrollably. Nidaja rushed over, getting on her knees, joining in the hugging, as Misty wiped her eyes and then focused her attention elsewhere in the room. Tia was on her knees, checking out a stunned-looking black-furred lupine female, who was looking a bit hung over. Azia was helping a white-furred lupine in the robes of a priestess to her feet. Misty shuddered, standing up as she saw an obsidian-furred vixen get up, patting herself down to make sure she was all there, and looking around the room. Nita and Nidaja seemed to have not even noticed the new arrivals. Alps hugged the queen and her sister both tightly and just started to cry as well. He had felt, several times, that he would never see them again with how Luna had talked about the Shadowfall crystals.

The queen clung tightly to him, rubbing her cheek against his. Alps felt loved. He felt warm and safe. He had suffered a fate worse than death cast upon him by the enemy to forever take him away from those he loved, and his love proved stronger. Their love proved stronger. He could hear them even in the confines of the crystal. Finally, Nita looked up, wiping her eyes, smiling, and gasped, seeing the others in the room.

"Who are you?" Azia asked, holding Luna by the hand, making sure she didn't move too suddenly. They wanted to protect the queen in case danger had followed Alps back. Misty moved over to Luna quickly, inspecting her robes, looking a bit in awe.

"I am a Letai Priestess of Life, Luna." she said, reaching out and taking Misty's hand.

"L - Letai Priestess..?" she asked, her lip quivering.

"Yes... I was trapped in that crystal for the last 700 years. Alps found me... and the others. He helped us get out." she said. Misty's legs quivered, and she held Luna's hand tightly, her head lowering, before the golden wolf female released a long, shuddering sigh, and she whined, sinking to her knees.

"She... has studied the Letai all her life." Nita said softly, also looking very numb at the revelation that Alps brought back a Letai priestess, possibly more than one, from the depths of that timeless hell.

"It's nice to see I am still popular." She said, carefully prying her hand away, as the scent of sexual peek wafted from Misty, who just sat on the floor, with her hands between her knees. She seemed a bit in shock. Alps being able to return from that which no one returns, and a true Letai Priestess right there in front of her, were a bit more than she was prepared for in a single day.

"I am Ceriss... A Letai Priestess of Twilight." the black-furred lupine female bowed happily. "You must be Queen... Nita Razelle." she said. "Alps told us a lot about you. You have... a very loyal slave here." she said, her eyes tearing up. "Am I ... really out? I mean... this isn't... another dream world?" she asked.

"Mannus is still in this world. If you made a dream world, I rather doubt you would include him." Azia stated. She let go of Luna, who moved over to Alps. The slave was laying on his back, half in Nidaja's lap, and being held tight to the floor by Nita.

"Are you a Letai priestess too?" Tia asked the vixen, who was watching with a silent smile on her lips. The vixen shook her head slowly. Tia canted her head curiously, and asked, carefully, "Can you talk?" The Sable Fox nodded, indicating she could. "Oh..." Tia said, seeming awkward now. She then moved quickly over to Alps, hugging him tightly as well. "Alpsie!" she squealed happily. Azia walked over and got down on her knees, hugging the returning lupine as well.

"Looks like you just live to make a spectacle of yourself, wolf." The leader of the Silverlight said, caressing his face.

"Yeah!" Ceriss said, coming over and sitting by everyone else in the throne room. "Right before we got out he-"

"We are all so happy to be out of that accursed crystal!" cried Luna, forcefully cutting off Ceriss, who didn't try to continue. Instead, she looked at the queen for a bit, smiling.

"The Emerald Amanians are still going strong as the royal house, I see. That is very good." she said, wagging her tail. Nita smiled and nodded softly. She remained quiet then, hugging Alps, and the slave hugging her, as the others talked, telling one another everything. Misty wanted to know everything that had been left a mystery about the Letai, and Luna wanted to know about the last 700 years of history that Misty could tell her about, so they wandered off to the library. Tia and Azia took Ceriss to get the 'stiff drink' that she really wanted, and the black vixen excused herself, saying that she would be back in a little while, and nothing more, wandering from the main hall with her thick, lovely tail swaying behind her. Nidaja stayed by Nita's side, smiling, crying softly, seeming to just melt into the moment. Alps looked at Nita's throne. Over half of it was gone,

destroyed, or locked in the darkness that had consumed a white slave who could not be forever locked away.

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The somewhat exhausted slave sat down on the warm, thick, overly large bed. Nita's bed. His bed. He had never felt as at home as he did now. He had missed this more than he could even relate. He and Luna and Ceriss had been with Misty all day, being poked, prodded, investigated, sampled, and checked out, to make sure they were all in good health. Aside from Ceriss being hung over (she spent the night drinking with Azia and Tia), everyone was fine. Misty said that some of the information she had gotten while speaking with Luna, and some of the things that she found in her checkup of all three of them, made for some slightly conflicting and interesting data. She would need to think on it some, and with that wandered to her favorite place. The castle library.

This left Alps free for the evening. And Nita had made a special point to spend it with him. The white lupine male sat in the center of the large bed, with no clothes on. He'd taken a warm bath, and was nice and dry, refreshed and clean. He knew that would not last very long. The wolf smiled as Nita sauntered into the room, closing and locking the door. There were to be no disturbances. She got onto the bed slowly, in a nightgown not much different from what Nidaja had worn the night before Nita's speech.

"It's been more than a month you know... I suppose time passes faster in there... to ensure longer suffering." Nita said softly. "I hope it wasn't too unpleasant." she said, with deep concern. Alps gritted his teeth a bit, not wanting to tell Nita what he did with Luna and Ceriss, since they were priestesses and he wasn't all together sure how something like that would reflect on them. He would eventually tell Nita, he had to, but now was not the best time. He shook his head softly.

"The crystal didn't react the same to me as it did the others... I could see lights where the others were trapped... and could will myself to move toward them. Each time I released one of them and brought them with me... I could see more." Alps said softly.

"I am glad." Nita said, pressing Alps to the bed. She got on her hands and knees above him, and pressed her lips against his softly. The slave felt the delicate fabric of her nightgown caress over his tummy and chest. His mistress was wearing nothing beneath it. There was no doubt in Alps mind at that moment that she was going to welcome him back in that special, loving way. Alps thought back to when she had handed him her knife, and told him to kill

himself, displeased with the color of his fur, and feeling as if he would not do it. It was a turning point in his life, as he did as he was told, since he had nothing to live for. And now, she was what he had to live for, as were the others. Alps smiled warmly at her, as she gazed into his eyes.

"I am okay..." Alps said softly. "I won't ever leave you like that again. I am so sorry I made you worry about me so much." he said, referring more to the time he spent with Azia than the time he spent locked away in the crystal. Nita nodded softly, and kissed his lips again.

"It's okay Alps... I understand." Nita said softly. "If you had not... Jalana would be gone, and three powerful allies against Mannus would still be trapped." Nita said softly. "Don't regret it. It was important. But Alps... I am... so happy to have you with me again." She lowered her head against Alps shoulder. "Hold me..." the queen said, choking back tears. Alps rolled Nita onto her back in the middle of the bed. She put her arms around his back, over his shoulders, and gazed up into his eyes, crying softly. The slave leaned in close, and kissed away the tears, before pressing himself nice and close, with his entire body against hers, as he brought his muzzle to hers and kissed. He had kissed many times in his life after the first one he received in the inn from Nidaja so long ago, but of every one of those kisses, this one made them all seem like mere friendly gestures.

It started out slow, innocent... lips pressed to lips, the soft velvet caress of a kiss between friends, but slowly, tenderly deepened, as Nita's tongue slipped from between her teeth, met in almost perfect unison against Alps' silky pink tongue. They touched, as if strangers brushing against one another walking down a lonely hallway, and then, with only a very slight pause, they slipped past one another, tongues caressing against one another as they slipping into the mouth of a lover. Alps turned his head slightly, his muzzle parting just a bit, as his tongue coiled against Nita's, feeling the love and passion of her kiss. There was so much more there than the sexual need he'd felt from Azia or from Ceriss and Luna. Nita's kisses... Nita's touch, in fact, was very different from theirs. They cared about Alps, of that he was certain, but not to the extent that the queen did. The slave pressed himself against Nita tighter, letting his swelling masculinity brush up against her inner thigh. She nodded softly, gasping, as she pulled away from the kiss.

"Nita, I missed you so very much.." Alps panted softly, as he continued to harden, pressed against her thigh. His lover blushed, just slightly, and nodded.

"Alps... I want to hold you inside me... Long and slow. I want to feel you for as long as I can tonight... making love to me." Nita said, in a soft, feathery voice. "Just like this, holding each other, kissing... Please Alps?" she asked gently. Her slave gazed into her eyes lovingly. She did not even have to ask. Alps longed for the very same thing.

"You would have to... order me not to, if you had wished to prevent it, Nita." Alps said, swallowing softly.

"Why would I even think of that?" Nita said, sliding her hand down, and squeezing Alps' firm rump. His tail lifted, wagging over his lower back softly, as he looked at the beautiful lupine under him, her nipples perked tight against the satin and lace fabric of her nightgown. Alps was going to help her out of that light, senseless garment really soon.

"I am still your personal servant, love..." Alps said, having really not used such tender language with Nita before, but feeling like he should now. "I am your slave. I would do anything you asked of me..." he said. Nita blushed a bit and then smiled, pulling his hips forward, her hands cupping his rump, squeezing both cheeks fondly. She nodded as Alps leaned down, holding still against her for a moment, as her hands stroked and petted up and down his body.

Their lips met again, as a soft, heavy sigh of happiness and warmth escaped heavily from Nita's flaring nostrils. She closed her eyes as she held her lover tight, and the white lupine began to stroke tongue over tongue again, a gentle dance to music that neither could hear in any place but their hearts. Alps felt a wash of warmth through him, as she kiss trailed off, with Nita slightly suckling his tongue as he pulled it away. He felt the warm, tingling sensation between his thighs, knowing he was already able to give Nita what she wanted, but wanting to feel her, fur to fur. He got up on his knees, Nita's hands caressing his sides as he rose, and then cooing at the view of his solid erection, that pink shaft exactly what she was asking for. His queen sat up in that light blue nightgown, and wriggled a bit, so it wasn't trapped under her rump. Alps was there before her, his knees between her thighs, as she sat there in front of him, supporting herself on one hand a moment, before putting both on his shoulders, her head touching his chest a moment. She smiled happily, sighing as she felt his careful fingers ensnare the bottom of her garment, and start to draw it up her body. She leaned back a little, raising her arms, as he took it off, and then, supporting herself on one hand, positioned behind her, she looked back up into Alps' eyes.

The white slave saw more love in them than he had ever seen before. He felt glad that his relationship with her had not been harmed by his rash actions. He leaned in and kissed Nita softly between her ears and gasped as she felt a gentle, soft hand caress his length very slowly from base to tip. Again that caress came. Nita was petting him, sliding her careful, loving hand up his length, and then back down, in almost a worshipping fashion. Her eyes were fixed on it, her head leaning down a bit, ears splaying against his chest.

"You are beautiful, Alps..." Nita said slowly, as she used one hand to slowly and tenderly caress his manhood. Alps blushed, and quivered a bit. For



all the things anyone had done to him sexually, no one had said something like that to him. He was not quite sure how to take it. He kissed the back of Nita's head again, as she remained sitting up, in front of Alps. He lowered his hips a bit, to let her lean forward a bit more. In doing so, she didn't have to support herself with her other hand, and brought it to his sac, cupping it in his hand carefully, her eyes narrowed with tenderness and happiness. Her slave closed his own eyes, bringing his hands to the queen's ears and head, caressing her slowly as she made him harder with her fond, careful touches. She cupped and held his sac with almost feathery tenderness, and then her hand caressed and touched over his length, occasionally giving a brief squeezes. Finally, one of her fond squeezes resulted in a bead of pre rolling down his pink, hard shaft. Nita smiled, inhaling a deep, shuddering breath, and leaning forward a bit more, her tongue slipped from her muzzle and swiped away that salty lover's confection. Alps shivered a bit.

"Feels... so perfect..." he said, not sure of anything he could say to really describe how he was feeling now. It was the best way he could even think to describe his emotions and his sensations.

"I have thought of you every night... for so long Alps. To hold you again..." Nita shivered a bit in happiness. Alps caressed her head again, sitting on his feet, his knees holding only half his weight, making him a bit more comfortable, as Nita propped her feet up a bit, her thighs still parted around Alps' knees. The queen's hand slid around Alps, caressing the small of his back carefully as Alps watched her through half closed eyes. She used her hand against Alps' back to pull her forward a bit more, and her muzzle slid down his shaft, rewarding the queen with a heady trickle of pre, the first really passionate dose of it for the night. Her lover swallowed loudly, and released a long, shuddering sigh. No one else made him feel like this.

Nita pushed her head down a little, taking about half his length into her hot, silky mouth, her tongue sliding up and down the underside of it slowly, as if petting the same way her hands had been doing. She continued to fondle his sack with her other hand, as she held his back gently. Finally, she slid the hand on her back down to Alps' rump, lifting him up slowly and carefully, to his knees in front of her, making him easier to reach. The male closed his eyes tightly with pleasure, trembling as he felt Nita's head slide forward, over his shaft, and the tip of his tapered member touch the back of her throat. Her nose pressed to the fur at the base of his throbbing flesh. She had all of it. Alps groaned very softly, under his breath, caressing his lover's ears as she slowly drew back, swallowing against his tip, before suckling hard, and sliding him, with some effort, slowly from her muzzle and taking him back in. Her jaw slackened a little, releasing him so he slid across her tongue, and then suckling again, pulling away very gently. The slave looked at her face, as she opened her eyes, looking up at him.

Those eyes, violet like his own, were filled with as much love as she must

have seen in his eyes. She used her hand on his rump, squeezing, to pull him forward as she sat in front of him and her other caressing and fondling his sack, rolling his heavy, rapidly filling orbs in her warm, velvety hand. The slave felt his legs contract slowly from the tingling pleasure massaging up and down his spine and warmth flowing through his entire body. His queen drew her head back fully, opening her mouth, and leaving it opened as she used the hand that had been caressing his warm sac to slide slowly and gently up and down his ridged pink shaft, wet with her saliva so it had little friction against her slender, loving hands. She watched Alps' face, and the male watched hers, eyes locked as she slipped her hand slowly up and down, until her slave watched a clear dollop of his salty pre drip thickly against her tongue, making him shiver. She closed her mouth and closed her eyes, swallowing with deep satisfaction, and then shuddering herself. Nita let Alps' shaft go as she smiled at her lover and lay down on her back, her arms out at her side, sprawled on the bed.

"Nita... I think you are the most beautiful sight in all of Amani... Nothing can ever make me feel the way you do, when I look at you... laying there so lovely before me." Alps said, wanting to match her compliment, now that she had stopped that heavenly pleasure and he could talk again.

"Come to me Alps..." She said softly. "I want to feel you." Alps lowered himself over Nita, but did not give himself to her right away. He kissed her, tasting his own pre, still lingering on her tongue, despite her attempts to swallow it all down. She kissed Alps again, long and slow, her tongue sliding over his eagerly, as they pressed close together. Alps could feel the heat rising from Nita's mound, as her desire continued to build. Her emotions were setting fires through her body that only one thing could quench. Her slave slowly slid down her body, and began to carefully and tenderly lick her firm nipples, which were almost absurdly hard in her deep arousal. She arched her back a bit, and pressed Alps' head with her hand harder against her ample, firm breast. He felt her other hand slide down, and scratch softly back and forth over his lower back, dragging her nails up his back from time to time in a coaxing fashion, wanting him to take her. Wanting him inside her.

Alps moved to the opposite breast, licking the nipple slowly, before pulling it into his hot muzzle, and suckling softly. Nita shivered a bit, and released a long, slow whine. He lifted his head, looking into her pleased face.

"Nita..." he said softly. She opened her eyes, just a little, inhaling and exhaling slowly and deeply.

"Yes?" she asked softly. She put both her hands on Alps' sides, pulling at him, wanting him.

"Before... I give myself to you long and slow, as you desire... as I desire... I want to have the honor and joy of tasting you, as you did me." he said. Alps had

long ago learned to enjoy that, since it had initially pleased Nidaja, and continued to please anyone he did that to. His mistress, and true lover, he felt deserved to be pleased the most, though. Nita swallowed, shuddering softly.

“Okay... Alps.” she said, looking down her body, as he got onto his hands and knees, gazing at his twitching shaft. “Just, please don’t do it for too long. The way I feel right now, I would not last very long... And I want to have you inside me when it happens.” she said very softly, almost in a whisper, blushing a little. Alps nodded, smiling warmly to her, as he slowly slid down her body. Nita’s scent was incredibly strong as her desire was, perhaps, more than it had ever been. She felt she’d lost Alps, and now he was here again, making love to her. Here after a month of being worse than dead.

The slave moved his muzzle between her legs, her thighs spread apart wide for her lover, wanting to let him take what it was he needed so badly. Alps looked at her feminine treasure. The white lupine gazed at her velvety mound, framed in her lovely green fur, hot with anticipation. Her labia were already parted, those swollen lips showing the intensity of her arousal by being almost red instead of pink. Her tiny, slightly hard nub peeked from between them, positioned toward the front of her body, nestled in that tight slit. Alps had not really taken so long to look, but he found this beautiful to, and deserving of something special. He leaned in close and spoke softly over her sex, making her quiver, holding her chest with both hands. He let her feel his hot breath over the focus of every nerve in her body right now.

“I want to always be here, Nita... holding you and loving you.” Alps said, meaning it with every fiber of his being. With that, he kissed her, right on those dewy wet lips, her labia spreading against his muzzle as he kissed her no different than he had a moment ago, tongue caressing tongue. This time, there was no tongue to caress back against his, but he used his long pink satiny muscle anyway, sliding it slowly inside Nita’s tight tunnel. Her taste was exquisite, and her nectar made him far lighter headed than that Letai wine. Slightly tangy, a little sweet, a taste Alps memorized long ago and fell in love with. He turned his head, and pressed his tongue in, listening to Nita gasp slowly, arching her back as he hooked it and touched that special little spot, tapping it sweetly and lovingly with the tip, before cupping against her inner wall with that ribbon of flesh, and drawing her juices, pooled against it, from her sex. The full length of his tongue slid tightly over her clit in that single heated motion.

“Oh! Alps, please, no more!” Nita squeaked, trembling. Alps lifted his head, watching her, as she lay before him, her feet planted against the bed, legs spread, her head back, teeth gritted, eyes half open, strained in pleasure, and hands firmly gripping the sheets behind her hips. Alps nodded slowly, and crawled over Nita delicately. She looked up into his eyes, as he held himself above her, her hands caressing his chest slowly, her touch still carrying all the love she felt for Alps. He closed his eyes with a soft shiver as he felt a chill of

longing run down his spine, and Nita crooned, as a streak of warm, wet pre traced a line down her tummy, right to her firm, hot mound.

“Are you ready, Beloved?” Alps asked softly. He just wanted to hear her voice. He wanted to hear her say yes. It was such a sweet word from Nita’s beautiful lips.

“Yes, my love.” she said with a soft shiver. Alps’ heart jumped at her words. My love. All the love he felt, he could only express in his next action. His hips lowered, and his knees parted and drew forward against Nita’s thighs, slightly embracing her as he slid his hands under her arms, and then back up over her shoulders, letting her shoulder blades rest on his forearms. This allowed him to hold her close, pressing her round, firm breasts to his warm chest so she could feel his heart beating against her warm body. His lips found hers, and he gave her a taste of her own tart sex. Nita savored it, simply because it was being given to her by Alps. The white lupine slave held her tight, kissing her for a while, before he lifted his head up, gazing into the queen’s eyes lovingly, and saying, slowly, confidently, with tingling emotion running up and down his spine,

“Nita... I love you.” Nita closed her eyes as he said that, twin streaks of wetness over her cheeks as tears of happiness slipped from the corners of her eyes. Alps kissed her again, and she squeaked out, trembling,

“I love you too, Alps.” and with her words, her tender admission of Alps’ happiest dream, he pressed his hips forward, his masculinity squeezing between her tight, quivering labia, finally held tight inside her. Two strokes found Alps completely pressed into her, his hips tight against hers. The slave groaned deeply, shuddering from the heat that coursed through his trembling body. Nita had her eyes shut tight as he pressed into her, filling more than just a physical space within her body. She heated up fast, while Alps held her, perfectly still. She trembled softly, emotions and sexual sensation tearing at her mind. The slave smiled lovingly and brought his lips to Nita’s, slipping his tongue into her mouth again to let her savor a deep and sensual kiss to go along with the way she was being so deeply filled. As he kissed her, Nita released a long, loud, shuddering whimper through her nose, and Alps felt her tighten HARD on his shaft.

He held the kiss as Nita climaxed, without a single motion, just in feeling full, and being kissed. It wasn’t a terribly intense climax, but it left her shivering with sensation from it, her nectar making her lover’s sack wet and warm as it rested against her quivering, convulsing cunny. Alps finally released Nita from the kiss, and she panted softly, shaking, finally looking up into his eyes again. He lowered his chest against hers tightly, hugging her tight as very slowly, very tenderly, he began to stroke against her, his hips sliding back a few inches, then slowly forward, letting him feel her tightly clenching walls pull and suckle on his

hot, throbbing length. He could not remember ever being so hard, so swollen with need. His heart was pounding, and he felt a slow sinking sensation in his chest of anxiousness. He lowered his head over Nita's shoulder, and listened to the sweet sounds which passed her lips as he slipped his length slowly, so slowly and lovingly, in and out of her longingly accepting body. She was so incredibly wet now, and so tight as she lingered on the edge of climax with every slow stroke of her slave's hips.

"Let yourself go, Nita..." Alps said, making her gasp, "Don't hold back... I love to hear the sound of your happiness, and know that you feel so wonderful. Let it happen... I'll feel really wonderful really soon... right there with you, I promise." he whispered into her ear. The queen shuddered heavily, and then released along, low moan as Alps began to thrust deeper, still slow, but drawing himself almost all the way out, and pushing back in fully. After just a few strokes like this, Nita squeaked loudly, and dug her nails into Alps' rump, making him hold still, as he felt her inner walls flutter hotly around his shaft. Searing wetness poured down his sac again, into the sheets, spilling over the base of her tail, as the queen floated through another sweet sexual release in Alps' arms. She had her eyes closed tightly.

"Don't stop... Oh don't stop!" Nita whimpered, as Alps held still to let her enjoy her orgasm. "Go slow..." she said. Alps nodded, and he continued to stroke in those long, slow strokes. Had he been going at a brisk pace, Alps would have lost it long before, but even at this slow, gentle pace, because of his intense emotions and the tightness of Nita's trembling body, he could feel himself getting closer. She panted hotly against Alps as he stroked against her so slow and tenderly, his length sliding in and out with an even rhythm, his hips lurching upward and grinding against hers on occasion as his own body began to quiver with impending release. Nita tensed up again, gasping, and crying out loudly! It was the first hard cry he'd heard from her since he started, and she squeezed his shaft again, tightly.

Her lover continued to go however, with those long, smooth strokes finding it hard to push into her now, as she clenched him tightly inside. She cried out again, her body shaking, as Alps felt the heat beginning to boil inside him. He slowed down a little more, wanting to prolong this. She continued to pant, kissing his neck, licking his cheek from time to time, as the hot queen writhed softly underneath him. He pressed in as deep as he could, groaning as he felt his sack start to draw up against his body.

"Nita... I'm starting to get close, beloved..." he said, his eyes closing, panting rising in his voice. He swallowed against his dry tongue, and leaned forward, trembling as he felt Nita's mouth on his throat, biting very faintly, tenderly with heat and love.

"Yes... Now! Let yourself go as fast as you want!" Nita whimpered, holding

Alps' rump, her hands clasping tightly, as he pressed in deep again. Alps held the queen tight to his chest, as he began to use long but brisk strokes, listening to Nita gasp with each motion. He opened his eyes looking into hers, and the queen's eyes opened too, filled with love and lust together. She gritted her teeth, panting through them, arching her back with Alps' more passionate strokes. Her hard gasps were accompanied by a tight squeeze of her sex, which Alps timed so that pressing in was easy, but pulling out made him feel like he was being suckled hard by her shaking body. The queen moved her hands to Alps' shoulders, and wrapped her legs around his waist. She then just threw her head back, releasing a long, plaintive, begging, echoing howl in a beautiful crystal tone.

Alps pushed her through her climax, feeling his own approaching, listening to her sharp, happy barks of pleasure, everything making her own climax harder and longer as he rutted against her. Alps wanted to say something to Nita. He wanted to tell her how he felt, but through his heavy panting, and soft, ever increasing moans of pleasure, he couldn't. Finally, his body tightened, and he pressed in deeply, crying out his lover's simple, beautiful name. He listened to her squeal again, clamping tight on his shaft as he flinched and spasmed over his queen, sending rich, thick jets of his hot essence deep inside her, feeling it well within her tight walls as he pressed into her tighter still.

Nita's arms wrapped tight around his back, holding him in place as she sobbed with severe physical and emotional release. Alps grunted softly, and groaned loudly, before all became quiet and still, heavily panting bodies pressed together, the slave's head over Nita's shoulder as she whimpered with lingering pleasure into his ears. This caused him to tense once in a while, jetting the occasional left over pulse of thick, hot seed into her softly shivering body. They held one another for an exceedingly long time, just resting, petting each other, and kissing one other, whispering soft admissions of love. Finally, Nita spoke a little louder, to get her slave's attention.

"Alps?" she asked softly.

"Yes, love?" the white lupine replied tenderly, still a bit out of breath, and still intimately held tight inside his queen.

"You said... you were still my slave... yes?" she asked. Alps lifted his head, looking warmly into her eyes.

"Yes... I am. I am happily your slave, and will always want to know the joy of being subject to your will. I am your slave now by choice, beloved, to do anything you desire, and be anything you wish me to be. This is the reward I wanted for myself." he said, wagging his tail slowly and weakly.

"That you have to do anything I tell you to... Anything I want you to." she

said softly, looking deep into his eyes, filled with earnest love and devotion.

“Yes, Beloved, I did mean that with every part of my heart. I will follow any order you give me to the very end. This is the trust and happiness I have in your service, my mistress. My queen. My love.” he said, his voice softer and deeper than normal as he spoke very willfully, a trait he had found he could only really share with her.

“Alps...” she said slowly, inhaling deeply.

“Yes love?” Alps asked curiously.

“I want you to marry me.”