

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 7

Alps smiled as he looked around outside. He was standing on a balcony where, in a few short moments, Nita would be giving her speech over what occurred up in the nearby mountains. There was already a crowd assembled, many of whom were looking at him skeptically. Some, even in disgust. The slave smiled. They didn't understand. Soon, they would look at him completely different, he was certain. He didn't care though. Many of them he would never know or see face to face anyway. He would soon go back home with Nita, that attack on Jalana having failed, and the Queen in much better spirits. In time, the people would have their fill of the story and go back to life and normal, and his life would not change a whole lot since he stayed in private with the royal family for the most part anyway. Nita herself had assured him that a crowd's fancies were fleeting.

Finally, as Alps stood on the balcony, Nita emerged. The crowd went wild. Well... as wild as a crowd who stayed up all night in celebration and had to wake up at ten in the morning for a speech could. Alps smiled, as Nita waved warmly to her people. The wolf had honestly never seen Nita deliver a speech quite this big before. Not with an entire city as her audience. There were so many different lupine bodies down there. Nidaja uttered a spell on Nita's throat, the same as she had given Alps. The white wolf finally understood why Nidaja did it exactly right. She was used to that spell. Nita called out to her people in a very casual way.

"Good morning!" she said loudly. The crowd cheered. She waited for the tumult to die down a bit, and then continued. "As all of you already know, a disaster was averted two days ago. A force of 1000 orcs was poised to attack from deep in the mountains. That force has been completely wiped out." Nita said proudly. Exasperated clamor erupted from the crowd. Things were being thrown into the air. Balls made of grass stuffed animal hides. Those were apparently popular items in a crowd. They bounced around all over the place. Nita waited again for the mass to calm down. "Thank you... Thank you all for your support and belief in me, but I will be plainly obvious... seeing that force down there, I gave up. I was preparing myself for the loss of Jalana... and in fact, my entire empire, because I felt there was just no hope..." She then looped Alps with her arm and pulled him forward, at her side. "This is Alps, my personal servant. He was led to the orcs in question, and I as well, by Azia Castalia, the

leader of the Spirits of Silverlight.” There was muted, uncertain fanfare. Azia was considered, before, as a criminal of the Amanian Empire. Azia stepped forward, and there was louder cheering. If she was there, and the queen’s hand was not around her throat, then maybe they were not enemies anymore. This was generally seen as a positive development. “Azia Castalia is now an ally of the Amanian royal house. She will fight alongside us for our future!” Nita cried. There were jubilant shouts and festivity below. The slave wondered how long it took to give a speech, when one minute of talking was cut into by five to ten minutes of frivolity.

Nita was finally able to continue. “She too, upon seeing those numbers, was prepared for the loss of our empire.” There was silence. “Then Alps...” the queen pulled at the slave again, as if the crowd might have already forgotten who that was. “...walked to the edge of the cliff, overlooking the valley the orcs were in, and requested that General Nidaja...” and Nidaja stepped forward, among tumultuous fanfare, which soon died down, as it cut Nita’s sentence. “...General Nidaja cast a spell on Alps’ throat, similar to the one I am using to speak with you now.” Nidaja leaned in and recast the spell, as Nita’s voice started to soften. All eyes were on her, and then on Alps. The slave shifted nervously. He already hated being the center of attention. That much he now knew. “When Nidaja cast that spell, Alps howled, crystalline and pure, into the peaks of the mountains behind us. This caused a massive avalanche, burying the entire force of one thousand. In an instant, a substantial chunk of Mannus’ proud fighting force... was utterly wiped out!” There was a pause, and the view of a hundred thousand muzzles hanging open that burned itself into Alps’ mind.

Then there was a huge uproar, and Alps heard his name repeated over and over again. He lowered, as if to hide behind the balcony, but Nita pulled him back up. “Now...” she said, as Nidaja leaned in and cast that spell on Alps’ throat. It was still tickling from the howling. “Alps... I offer you something you have never had before.” Nita said. Alps watched her intently, the crowd also watched her intently. “Alps, I offer you freedom. You may continue to live in Diera with me, but you will no longer be a slave.” she said loudly. Alps thought for a while. With a single answer, he could be free to act and do whatever he wanted. Finally, after some thought, he answered.

“Your majesty...” he said, a little startled by his loud and echoing voice, “Your Majesty, I would spend an eternity alive as a free lupine, and bathe in riches, and raise a family, and enlist to serve as a noble knight, and ride the fires of destiny to victory against the Uruk hordes... and yet, such a great life... Such adventure and esteem, could not compare to a single day of the happiness I enjoy being your slave.” Alps said loudly. Nita blushed hotly.

“So... you would... remain a slave?” she asked, incredulously, obviously having expected Alps to jump at the chance for freedom. “As a slave, it would be hard to reward you enough for the service you have done for our empire.” Nita

said. Alps smiled, forgetting about the crowd, his hands moving to Nita's cheek, as if he suddenly became aware of how beautiful she was. The entire crowd stayed silent.

"If you must reward me, then never let me go." Alps said. The crowd drew in a very audible gasp. "Hold me forever, have me at your side until I draw my final breath... and that would be a reward far beyond anything you could have given me if I were free." There was a long silence. Nita looked, a little stunned, at Alps and swallowed softly, before saying, softer, but still audibly across the rest of the crowd.

"I will. I will never let you go..." there was an obvious choked sob in Nita's voice, as she pulled Alps into an embrace, which he shared with her. There was violent cheering, even tears of rejoicing through the crowd. Nita then did something that Alps did not expect her to EVER do in front of anyone but family. She pulled his chin up, and kissed him, deep and passionately. Alps' heart soared and he felt like everything he could ever want was now his... just before a loud shout emitted from the gasping and awing crowd. Something that made Alps' blood run cold. Something that made Nita release him and step back suddenly in fear.

"Long live the Uruk empire! Suffering eternal, SHADOWFALL!!!" Alps leaned over the balcony, to see who it was. A robed figure cast off her robe, and pointed a scepter which terminated in a jet black crystal, up at the balcony. It was a grey lupine female, wearing a magician's robes. While not a magic user herself, being a mountain grey, she didn't need to be. The spell was already cast on the relic she wielded. The staff she held was a thing that only Mannus himself could have provided. And it was aimed at Nita. Alps cried out, throwing himself forward, between the assassin and the queen, before seeing a bright flash of red light from the scepter, and hearing the screams of thousands of frightened and enraged lupines in the crowd, as a crack of thunder was heard, intense pain sweeping through Alps far worse than any he'd imagined, and then darkness. Silence. Pure and total nothingness.

Nita shrieked as Alps' body was bathed in black and red mist, as if his blood was suddenly forced out of him into a storm cloud of bloody fog, black lightning crackled through it. Alps then convulsed, raised into the air slightly, before a bright flash of light erased any trace of him, and the crystal glowed brightly for a while, a cry, Alps' voice, coming from it, before it stopped glowing. Nidaja had already jumped from the balcony, using magic to slow her decent right near the end, and launched herself at the magic-user at a speed completely unseen by anyone in the crowd before, as they scattered away from the dangerous attacker. She pointed her staff at Nidaja, but too late, as the furious general knocked the staff out of her hands, and grabbed the woman by the throat, snapping her neck in a single flinching motion, dropping her in a crumpled heap, the light going out of her eyes. Nidaja panted heavily, and looked up at the

balcony. Nita was on her knees, so Nidaja could not see her. But her voice, still affected by that spell, she could hear. She kept crying Alps' name, over and over and over again, then, plaintively, the words Nidaja wanted to hear the least.

"He's gone... He's gone... Oh fate, why did you take him!?" and the crowd burst into wailing of sorrow, their happiness whisked away by the tragedy of the loss of someone the queen had just revealed her love for. Nidaja looked severely down at the dead lupine lady, and dropped to her knees.

"That... wolf... was... *ours!*" she cried, and took a knife from her belt. She stabbed the corpse in the back. Then again, in the shoulders... then again, the crowd cautiously backing away, as Nidaja became consumed in rage and her hand moved at a blurry pace, a spell being cast in silence upon those muscles, as the rapidly rising and descending knife liquefied a wide section of the general's victim, crimson blood spraying everywhere, soaking the knife, the ground, those in the crowd that did not back away enough, and most of all Nidaja. She kept going until the spell wore off, and the mass of wet bloody flesh on the ground didn't even resemble a living thing. It looked like a pile of slippery red mud. Nidaja then leaned over, crying... sobbing heavily, along with the entire city of Jalana.

Darkness. Alps had never endured darkness like this, had he? Wait... he had... A dream... This was like a dream. He felt detached. He could not feel anything, really. He felt numb. What dream was like this? He thought about moving, but he could not tell if his legs were even there. He tried to speak, but there was no sound. The slave drifted in this surreal, ephemeral darkness, for what felt like hours and hours, maybe even days. He thought about all the things he loved, and the moment when it all changed. Shadowfall. It was the thing that took away Nita's mother and drove her father to suicide. Shadowfall... Alps had been told about it by Misty. It was a terrible spell. It completely destroys and consumes the body, using the body itself to make a prison inside a crystal of pure dark and evil will. The walls of this prison... the gate that Alps could enter but never leave was strengthened by the magic potential of the one imprisoned to make sure no one with great magical power could ever leave. Those with low will and low magical energy would eventually be extinguished outright, unable to sustain the energy required to give their prison form.

This was how all the Letai, the most powerful race on Amani, were wiped out by Mannus... in crystals just like these. Alps could not see a wall though. He could not see a prison. This was the real terror of the Shadowfall spell. The mind. The soul. The essence of all that Alps was remains, awake and thinking in total darkness and isolation, doomed to go mad in the silence of his prison.

Alps wept in this silence for some time, drifting, before he shook himself out of it.

"I have to find a way out." he thought to himself. "Nita could be in danger... she could be alone and afraid." The slave continued. Finally, he remembered what this darkness was from. His dream. The one with the priestess. He thought back to that dream. What had he done in it? Will. He willed himself to move. Alps thought long and hard about where he was, and thought to turn, slowly, in a circle. As he did so, he caught sight of three points of light. Two close together, and one almost opposite of the others, so far was it away. Lights. Those had to be something other than darkness, and right now, to Alps, it's all that mattered. The one alone was the brightest one, so he thought to move toward it. He felt it might be closest.

And closer toward it he moved. In the silent darkness, he felt the slight sensation of drifting forward. It felt like he moved forever through that blackness, but as he moved, the light got bigger, and brighter, a sphere of light. The others he could not even see anymore, because of the brightness of the one he chose. After moving forward a bit more, he gasped, as the light overtook him, and there was heat, and then cool, and then tingling all through his body. He was on his knees in a patch of grass, a lovely sunny day. Up, at the top of a hill, sat a priestess. It was Luna... the one from his dreams, looking startled and stunned. She gasped, getting to her feet, and looking around.

"Hello? He - Hello? Oh my ... I have a voice." She stammered in her soft, feathery voice. "And - and I have a body... Oh it's my young, beautiful body..." she said, exasperated. "Am I free? What happened? Hello, is anyone there?" she repeated. Alps was still wearing the outfit from the balcony, a nice pair of dark pants, with a suede belt with silver buckle, and a white, loose tie up shirt. At least he didn't show up naked. He walked toward the priestess, who he already knew from his dreams.

"Luna?" Alps asked softly. She gasped, and turned to face him. That's good, Alps thought, she can at least see me. "Hi, I'm Alps... I followed the light to find you." he said. The lady lupine fell to her knees, her jaw open slightly, trembling.

"Th... Th-that's not possible!" she cried, shaking.

"I don't know what's possible or impossible in this place, but I followed the light to find you." He said. "I promise."

"What light?" Luna said loudly, getting up and striding toward Alps, and touching him, rather hard, on the nose. She doubled back a little bit, looking stunned.

"I touched you... you... You are really there..." she said, her violet and

green eyes widening a bit. She was definitely the same one. How many like her could there be? "How do you know me?" she asked.

"I had a dream about you..." the slave said, realizing how cryptic that sounded. She paced a bit, and wrung her hands, and then hugged her chest. Alps had not been here very long, but she had been here since she was captured and floating in that same darkness perhaps.

"What is this place?" she asked, pointing to the lovely field.

"It was in my dream. You... fell in this field... You were trying to restore it with your magic, long ago, when you were shadowfallen." Alps explained. She gasped softly.

"You... You are right... this is the field..." She rubbed her eyes.

"I need to get back to her majesty's side." Alps said sternly. "Do you know of any possible way out?" he moved close to her, and she reached up and touched Alps' face.

"No." she said softly, though not looking terribly sad. She'd come to accept it long ago. "No, there is no way. The stronger the magic you have, the tighter you are held in the crystal.

"What if you have no magic potential?" Alps asked.

"Then you die inside the crystal almost instantly. Without some kind of magic potential, your mind is snuffed out like a candle with no air. Magic keeps your mind alive in this place. Forever. If you have none, your mind can't exist here." Alps shook his head softly. That was very confusing.

"I will find a way... I don't have magic ability, and I was able to travel through this place and find you. I can lead you. Maybe... to the other two..." Alps said, smiling softly. The priestess gasped again, and grabbed Alps by the collar of his shirt.

"What? You saw two more?!" she cried. "In the crystal with you?" she asked.

"I saw two more lights, like stars, so far away. I... I don't think I can get to them right now... but if I rest a bit, I think I can." Alps said, confidently. He didn't know what was going on, or if it was all a dream in that last instant of life before you die, or something completely different, but he knew he wanted to do what he could to get out, and one of the others trapped in here might know why he was able to survive and move around, and that might lead him out. Luna nodded slowly, and sat down in the grass. She inhaled deeply.

“How are you doing this?” she asked.

“Doing what?” Alps asked, sitting down beside her. He felt safe with her for some reason.

“How are you making this place? Where I can feel and talk and see and smell again?” she asked. Alps blinked. He thought that Luna had done that. He swallowed softly.

“I don’t know. It just happened.” he said softly. “I guess... I suppose this is just what I expected I would find when I reached the light.” Luna pressed a little closer to Alps, and smiled warmly.

“Do you know how long I have been here?” she asked softly.

“How long?” Alps asked softly.

“I have been here for 700 years. What is your name?” she asked. The slave gritted his teeth. 700 years was a long, long time to be anywhere, much less trapped in nowhere. He swallowed, realizing that he could not leave without her. He simply could not. Luna leaned in close. She was older than him. Older than Misty, really, though he could not tell exactly how it was obvious. Maybe it was something about her eyes. Her beauty, however, was still that of youth, no different than Nita. Alps looked up into her eyes as he answered softly.

“I’m Alps... I am a slave to Queen Nita Razelle.” he churred.

“The Razelle bloodline is still around?” Luna answered, smiling. Alps nodded.

“Yep. Going strong. Nita’s a really nice owner.” he said. Luna smiled lying down on her side in the grass, enjoying the warmth of the sunshine that she was sure Alps was somehow generating. Alps lay alongside her, facing her, wagging his thick tail softly.

“What does a personal slave do, Alps?” Luna asked. The slave’s ears tinted red, as he chuckled.

“Ahhh... I do... Personal... things... Personally. For the queen.” he stated softly, swallowing. Luna looked at him blankly for a moment, propping her head on her hand. Suddenly, she blushed, and almost dropped her head. She looked at Alps rather piercingly.

“Alps, you mean you... You...” she stammered for a moment, sitting up, looking at the lupine. Alps remained laying on his side.

"I don't know how it was in your time, but the queen doesn't... have the time to dedicate to romantic relationships, but she... She still has needs, you know? So a strong slave with high endurance... Can be used for - for those needs." he churred. Alps was hoping that he was not offending her.

"You mean... you are trained... To..." Luna started to inhale heavily, and Alps sat up.

"Are you okay?" he asked, reaching over, and placing his hand on her head, seeing if she was feverish.

"You are trained to..." she swallowed softly. Reflexively. "Make love? You are a consort?" she asked, her voice going a little higher pitched. Alps saw the tinting in her ears. She was embarrassed? Alps gritted his teeth as the scent of feminine arousal hit his nose. It was pretty strong too, and almost immediate. The priestess looked away. "I'm sorry. I just... It's been 700 years, Alps. That's a LONG time to be alone. The thought of... After all that time, someone like that - someone trained - right there with me. Alone..." she looked around the field, blushing softly. "... And with me able to feel... everything... again." Alps flicked his ears, looking at her with an arched brow. That clinched it. He was going to make Misty check him out and find out if he was kicking out some manner of pheromones that made this keep happening to him. Was it simply obvious now that he knew how? Was that all that changed it? If that was the case, than this was Nidaja's fault! Alps reached over and stroked Luna's head. She leaned into his touch, sighing happily.

"It's... been so long since I have been touched, Alps... I don't know how this happened... But it's the most wonderful thing to happen in nearly a millennium." a tear rolled down the bridge of her muzzle. Alps, like clockwork, melted. The slave couldn't help it. It brought him satisfaction and joy beyond words to bring comfort and pleasure, especially where it's been lacking. He moved in close, brushing his warm body against hers.

"You are a priestess, right?" Alps asked, sliding his hand over her shoulder and her side. "Would you like to feel pleasure again, Luna?" the wolf asked, feeling so naughty and wrong for this. He was taking advantage of her. Or, was she taking advantage of him? He thought hard about it. She had not known pleasure, or even company, for 700 years. In all seriousness, she would probably do this now, whether Alps wanted it or not. He would make this emotionally easier on Luna, and want it too. Even if just once.

"Alps I... I want to say no... Because I know it would be wrong to use you like that. You belong to someone else. I don't have permission to be tended by the queen's consort, but it's been so long. So long since I felt..." Alps drifted forward, bringing his muzzle closer and closer to Luna's. "... lips..." she

whispered, and Alps kissed her, his eyes shutting, as he shared his tender emotions with her. Nita would understand. She would be glad he did this for the priestess. Alps could feel her heat up, almost instantly, even through her robes, as tears rolled down her cheeks. Alps drew away, looking at her with concern.

“Are you... Okay, Priestess Luna?” Alps asked. Luna inhaled deeply, looking up at the wolf.

“Yes... I... I am happy. I feel like... The nightmare is over. And I am in the arms of someone who I... Should know... Someone I can love...” She closed her eyes. “I want to feel you touch me.” she said. “Please... Kiss me.” The slave nodded, smiling, and brought his lips to hers. The kiss gradually intensified, as the two pressed closer together. Alps began to untie the hidden strapping to the priestess’ Letai styled robes. Alps wanted to see if she was completely white too, like he was. Luna trembled at the motions of Alps’ hands along her body, as he pressed in closer, getting onto his knees, feeling so lewd for doing this with a complete stranger, especially one so powerful and popular that she warranted a Shadowfall spell.

That spell was meant for Nita. She had been saved. The slave felt a soft pang of guilt, wondering how she was doing, and then decided that playing nicely with Luna and making friends like this was his best chance to escape. Luna wrapped her arms around Alps, and he felt her claws run up his back slowly, and his shirt simply fell away. She’d ripped it right off, and was already panting softly. Alps looked at her in amazement as she whimpered softly.

“Want me... to take off your clothes?” Alps asked, making sure this is what she meant when she agreed to pleasure.

“If you don’t, I will have to hurt you.” she panted. Alps swallowed. It was a teasing remark, but coming from her, Alps kind of believed it. He nodded slowly, and he carefully opened Luna’s robes. She rolled out of them in the grass, and was naked, wearing nothing under those beautiful robes. She lay, panting softly, on the grass, on her back, sprawling. “Please touch me Alps.” she said. “Touch me all over. I want to feel what you were trained to do... I don’t care if this is a dream; I’m going to enjoy it. It’s the best I’ve ever had.” she said. Alps swallowed and nodded softly. He slowly moved over to her, and Luna said, shakily, “Alps... Take yours off too... You don’t need them.” She reached to her chest, and hugged herself. “Oh, by the lights! I feel everything. The sunshine, the wind... Please, let me feel it all!” she whimpered. The slave blushed a bit, and nodded, taking off his clothing carefully, and leaving it on the grass. Would it reappear if he left this place? Or would it stay gone? He didn’t know.

The white male moved until he was on all fours above Luna and she immediately reached down and encircled his already firm length in her hand, solidly. Alps tilted his head back slowly, releasing a long, measured moan. He

could tell just in the way that Luna was holding him, that this would be intense. He pulled out of her hand, as he backed up a bit, just out of her grasp, and he kissed her hotly, tongue upon tongue, making her breathe fast and hard, the older female wrapping her arms over Alps' shoulders holding him tightly. Her bright white fur was, in fact, pure, like Alps'. The slave knew this was a Letai priestess. Did all Letai have white fur? Was that the answer? Did Azia merely have Letai heritage? Alps shook his head softly, trying to stop thinking about such serious things. There was something he needed very little thought at all to do.

"Are you ready?" Alps asked, pulling his head down slowly, toward Luna's thick, throbbing pink nipples. The priestess whined loudly. Her playmate took that to mean yes. He immediately brought his lips to one of those fat, needy looking nipples, and began to suckle softly. He massaged her breast, and then pulled back, licking his muzzle, looking a little stunned. It was very... Sweet... And wet. Luna rubbed her chest, shaking her head.

"No... don't stop... Please!" came the heated whimper.

"But I-"

"Please!" she moaned, arching her back. Alps gritted his teeth. She was in pain if the pleasure didn't continue. He brought his head back down immediately and suckled softly, massaging those large, round breasts. She was very well endowed, those breasts so firm and heavy, and Alps tasted that warm splash of wholesome sweetness against the back of his tongue. He pulled his head up, and squeezed her breast softly, watching a rivulet of ... Milk? Alps gritted his teeth. Luna cried out softly, wrapping her hand behind Alps' head, pulling his muzzle forward again. Alps muffled and closed his eyes.

It was kind of weird, and made him feel odd, but the stuff actually tasted nice, and it seemed to reduce the anxiousness in Luna. He worked one breast, and then the next, drawing in the warm, thick milk, and swallowing it eagerly after a while. He had not realized how hungry he was till now. He had not eaten breakfast before the speech, and there was no way to be sure how long he was adrift in the nothing before he became aware, or how long he had been aware and feeling sorry for himself until now. Finally, he pulled away, and started kissing slowly down Luna's belly, as she whined and writhed beneath his touch.

He felt odd driving the priestess nuts like this, and he felt a bit wrong, but he would want someone to be willing to do this for him if it was something he had wanted for 700 years. Besides, who could it hurt? He would ask about the lactating later. With her being a healer, having the power to rejuvenate like that, it might have been a natural result of her power. Then again, she may have been a mother when she was sent. Alps felt a trickle of sadness run through him. Her story would most certainly be one of tragedy. That story could wait

until later, and his ears would certainly be hers if she needed them, but the male knew this priestess needed a lot more than his ears that moment.

Alps kissed just over her sex. It was very soft and tangy-sweet scented like the rest of her. The white male pressed his muzzle against her mound, pressed his tongue into her. Luna arched her back and wailed, cumming nearly instantly, all over his tongue. Alps swallowed as fast as he could, before coughing and sputtering, being a bit overwhelmed by the surge of juices, and having to pull back a bit, just licking the crying priestess' clit eagerly, rubbing it frantically with his tongue. He urged the full routine of her pleasure from peak to peak, letting her ride out the natural internal turmoil he wanted for her now. As her climax waned, the slave looked up at her, licking his whiskers slowly, watching her writhe pitifully.

"Feel better?" Alps asked, licking his soaked face. Luna looked up at him, and groaned softly.

"I want to feel it... I popped too soon... Get on top of me Alps. I want to feel you... I want to feel your whole body rubbing against me. No one can see. I need this. I needed it even before I was captured. Please!" she pleaded. Alps groaned, dripping and smearing pre over her thigh, as he slowly moved up her body. His aching cock throbbed painfully with need. He could not say no to that. He just couldn't. He lowered himself, and Luna's legs wrapped around him quickly, and drove him right into her. Alps cried out in surprise and pleasure as he felt those spongy, tight muscles spread around his thick, hard, twitching cock as she bathed him in her searing juices so suddenly with that stroking, tightly embracing channel. The wolf hilted into her, making her shudder, and cry out again.

"Oh Luna!" Alps cried, huffing out a hot breath, as her cunny clenched and sucked against him, the hair-trigger female flying off the edge again.

"Do it! Don't stop!" she cried, shuddering. Alps groaned deeply, and began to slowly stroke his hips. Luna seemed to calm a bit, but was still writhing in pleasure. Alps had never in his life known a girl to act like this. He felt completely like he was being used for pleasure, and he felt good about it, finally. Luna closed her eyes tightly, breathing hard, as Alps stroked slowly faster against her, feeling that tight sex, and working his body against hers, his chest sliding back and forth over those large, heavy breasts. Alps pumped his hips rapidly, as he felt his own pleasure starting slowly to build. It felt so wonderful, body against body with her. Luna suddenly wailed again, and wrapped tighter around Alps. She kept him from moving for a bit, as she ground her sex against his thick shaft, soaking his thighs as she trembled, holding him closer. The white slave shuddered a bit, feeling her clenching and relaxing in hard orgasm, before she began to relax again, rolling her hips against him once more, wanting more from him.

“Nnng... Nff! Feeling better... Th - Thank you.” she whimpered, as she pumped faster against the wolf, using her legs to pull herself up against him, as he kept her pinned, watching Luna’s face. “Are you... Close?” she asked, panting. Alps nodded, feeling kind of dizzy.

“Y... yes.” he said, shaking. “Do you want it inside?” he asked. Luna shook her head.

“Come up here... Over my chest...” she said. “After... I... Finish...” she whimpered, her voice going higher with each word. Alps nodded and drove himself faster again, pumping heavily against that slightly older and more mature body, her legs dragging him against her. Alps groaned deeply, and felt like he was about to pop, before he felt her tense around him, and cry out, louder than the other times, shaking, as his sack was treated to the feeling of her warm fluids washing down it. Alps groaned loudly, and then pulled out suddenly, straddling over her, pulling himself up her body until his thick, throbbing member was laying over her breasts. Luna pressed his slick member between those large, heavy mammaries, and licked the tip softly. Alps shuddered softly, as she began to rub her breasts together against his shaft.

“Oh Luna... Ahh... If you keep that up I’ll...” Alps gasped, feeling the tip of his oversensitive shaft pulled into Luna’s muzzle. She suckled for a bit, and then looked up to Alps.

“It’s okay, sweetie... Let go... I want it. It was my favorite thing to do with my lover... All those years ago...” she huffed. Alps groaned deeply, and nodded, slowly thrusting his hips, as he found that sensitive tip nestled in that very hot muzzle and the length of his shaft pressed between those warm breasts. He thrust pretty briskly for a while, before he groaned out, long and low,

“Oh priestess... I’m gonna...” he cried out, as Luna let her breasts go, and pulled him forward, suddenly, the tip of his cock sliding all the way to the back of her throat, just as the first hot, thick pulse of cum squirted violently from the tip of his quaking member, going right down the white female’s tightening throat, as she swallowed him down, holding the trembling wolf while he gave the first five or six strong pulses of his essence. Then she pulled back, sucking hard, making Alps howl. She bobbed her head softly, holding his rump, squeezing, and then keeping him still by holding the base of his tail. Alps grunted and groaned as he felt like he was about to be sucked inside out. Finally, Luna pulled her head back, giggling, licking her lips, having not lost a drop. The slave fell back and to the side, his leg still draped over her chest, both of them panting heavily.

After what seemed like about ten minutes of lying there Alps sat up and looked at Luna, who was rubbing her chest softly, idly. She looked at her fingers, seeing a bit of milk on them, and seemed pensive for a moment. Alps decided it

was better not to bring that up right now. He leaned in and kissed Luna's lips softly.

"Feeling... A bit sated?" he asked. "I didn't get to really do a lot of what... I was trained to do." he said, wanting her to understand that, due to how easily she climaxed, he could not do anything very extreme with her. She chuckled softly.

"It's alright... You did exactly what I needed." Luna sat up, slowly getting dressed again. Alps worked on doing the same.

"You seem a little more relaxed, at least." he said.

"A lot more actually. You have no idea how much... Sorrow, stress, and loneliness just got cast off." she said, smiling. The priestess stood up and dusted grass off her robes. She looked at Alps for a while, and shook her head.

"What's wrong?" Alps asked.

"After ten years here, I lost all hope of getting out. I wanted to get out so badly." she said.

"I understand..." the slave said softly. "You still think there is no way out?" he asked.

"Alps... I will follow you, and we will find a way to look for the other lights you saw. I will believe in you." she said. "You are the most wonderful thing to happen to me since... Since the day my child was born." she said, caressing her chest. "You don't age here... My body still thinks it's five years after I had my child, even though... It's been 700... After so long, Alps, I am happy again. I owe it to you to believe in you, but I can promise one thing." she said, hugging Alps warmly, as she tied the last string on her robes. "I can promise you that I will stay by your side as much as possible. I will never, ever be lonely again." she said, wagging her tail softly. "If you are trapped here, neither of us has to be alone." Alps smiled, and nodded. He didn't say so, but he was glad. He feared being alone. He had never known it. Even when he was owned by a cruel mistress, he was never alone. He was glad to end Luna's loneliness, and if he could, he'd help her get out. If he could not, he knew at least that he was still making someone's life - No... not life... Existence - better.