

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 8

Azia watched Nita from the doorway of the main hall. The queen was on her throne, asleep. Her head was lying to the side, against her shoulder, and she was slumped in her large, posh chair, looking exhausted. It had been an especially rough week for Nita. The white-furred leader of the Silverlight nation closed the door to the main hall, so no one would come to bother the queen. Azia slowly walked toward the throne. Nita had given a speech two days before, to the people of Diera, the largest city, expressing her sorrow over the loss of Alps, and admitting her taboo relationship with her slave, though not in explicit detail.

The public would not see Alps as a slave, but as a lover for Nita, someone who, in all possibility, would have ultimately married her. That is all the public would be allowed to know. Yes, it was known Alps was Nita's personal servant, but not that his purpose as a servant had been for her sexual pleasure. His role would always be seen as something nobler. Azia looked up at the top of the queen's throne. Faceted, in a tightly wound silver heart, was a black crystal. Taken off the staff that belonged to the assassin who took Alps away from them, the Shadowfall crystal was now permanently attached to the queen's throne. She felt that Alps was always close that way. Azia turned as she heard the door softly open. It was Misty. She was holding a stack of books, some of which looked very old.

"Is she sleeping?" Misty whispered. Azia nodded softly. "How is Tia?" Misty whispered, coming close.

"Still in shock. I... I worry about her." Azia said. "I am glad she didn't see what happened to Alps first hand. It would be worse if she had, but she's upset because she never got to say goodbye." Misty set the books down beside the throne.

"These are all the information we have on these accursed crystals. I looked through them all week long, Azia. No one has ever gotten out... You go in, and you supposedly drift... your mind alone in darkness, for eternity. A punishment worse than death that Mannus made a reality." she said, trembling a bit. "But, I brought Nita the books to kind of keep her mind occupied, and maybe she will see something in there that I did not, to give her hope." Nita stirred softly

in her seat, and then opened her eyes, looking up, before stretching and yawning, looking a little pleasant at first, before reality set in once again, and she looked up at the crystal.

"I dreamt he was back in my arms again." Nita said softly. She had that dream a lot these days.

"I know. I saw you smiling in your sleep. Perhaps you should rest some more." Azia said, kneeling beside the throne.

"I won't... Not till he really is in my arms again." Nita said drearily.

"There is not much of a chance of that. The books all say there is no-" Azia was cut off by Misty.

"What the..." she said sharply.

"Huh?" Nita asked, looking at Misty. Misty was staring at the crystal. Nita looked up, as did Azia, a gasp leaping from both their lips. In the middle of the crystal, near the top, was a light, like a star being viewed through glass, twinkling and shining bright, before fading, and becoming almost invisible. They peered at the crystal, all three of the lupine females holding their breath, their faces pressed close together as they could still faintly see that light, steady, not winking out of existence, like the last star of morning, refusing to fade with the rising sun.

"Misty, what does that mean?" Nita asked, trembling.

"I don't know!" Misty cried, backing up, picking up a book and flipping through it. "I... I only read that the crystals were eternal darkness... Light could not exist within them!"

"Well there is sure as hell light in that one!" Azia said, picking up a book as well.

"He's fighting to get out..." Nita said, almost breathlessly.

"What?" Azia asked, looking at Nita, as she peered into the crystal.

"Alps... he has really strong willpower... He... He is trying to free himself..." the queen murmured with certainty. Misty watched, along with the others, as the blackness of the crystal shifted into a deep violet, still very dark, but tinted like the coming dawn.

"Nita... The darkness... It's starting to lift..." Misty said.

"I know..." the green-furred leader replied, "We have to believe in him.. We

have to hope he can get out.” Nita said. “I was supposed to be the one cast into that darkness, not him. It’s... It’s hope.” Nita said softly, sitting back down in the throne. “Azia... Let’s call a meeting, and work out a plan to wipe out another Uruk base... one near Alps’ home town of Luca. It’s not a big one, but I think it’s time we started slapping Mannus’ hands!” she grumbled. Azia grinned sassily.

“All right... That’s what I have been waiting to hear!” And Azia dashed from the room, to set up the meeting, and to get Nidaja, so that the attacks, the first offensive of the Amanian Empire, could be a joint mission.

Alps held Luna’s hand. She clasped the slave’s hand tightly, and smiled at him.

“It will get dark again...” Alps said, warning her. “I can’t be sure that this will even work.” he said.

“It’s okay. I enjoyed the time I spent with you...” she said. “I would not wish to keep you to myself, and rob others who have been trapped in here for perhaps longer... of the chance to be freed, to feel again.” she said. Alps nodded, and closed his eyes softly, and felt his self floating again. But the feeling was different. He could still feel Luna’s hand in his, and some manner of ground, feeling like smooth glass, under his feet. He opened his eyes, and looked at Luna beside him. There was very, very little light, but he could slightly see her, and she could see him, as she squeezed his paw a little tighter. The white male could not see any ground, just blackness under his feet, but he wasn’t floating in it. He was standing in it. He inhaled deeply. He could breathe... and he could hear his breath.

“We are... not adrift.” Luna said. Alps looked around him, and then turned, leading Luna to the side a bit, and pointing.

“There... look... That’s how I found you.” he said softly. Luna looked. Side by side, though still a pretty decent distance apart, were two stars.

“That’s what I looked like in the darkness?” Luna asked softly.

“Yeah.” Alps said, starting to walk, still holding Luna’s hand. “Don’t let go... I think my contact with you is what... makes things around us real again.” Alps added, voicing the concern that if he let go, he’d be adrift again, and he hated that feeling. Luna nodded.

"I had suspected that too." she said. I will hold on." They walked together for a long time, slowly getting closer and closer to that light. It was indeed far away, but it gave Alps a chance to relate his life to Luna. He told her the good times, and the bad, and she hung on every word. Then again, this was the first time she had ever been able to talk to anyone about anything in centuries. After Alps had explained his story, Luna explained hers. She was a Letai Life Priestess, someone who specialized in growth, fertility, and healing. She ran a shrine outside Luca, which Alps explained was where he grew up. The shrine was attacked, and Luna explained that she lost her family, and all her friends, in that terrible attack, but escaped, and helped the resistance against Mannus for less than a month before she too was 'killed'. She explained to Alps that she had no hope of escaping, but with the feeling of his touch, and his warmth, and the sound of Alps' voice, hope was returning to her. Because Alps was a slave of the royal house, Luna vowed that if she managed to get out of this prison with him, she would help serve Queen Razelle with the fullest extent of her power. After what felt like a day or so of tireless walking and talking, they could almost touch the now bright sphere of light.

"Is this it?" Luna asked, holding out her hand, shielding herself from the light.

"Yeah... now we just step into it..." Alps said, still unable to see what he was standing on. Luna nodded, clasping his hand tightly, as they took a step... and the world changed around them with a bright white flash.

Alps looked over beside him. He was still holding Luna's hand, a bit dazed. The place they were standing in looked like a temple, but a very dark and sinister one. Luna gritted her teeth. Alps held her hand tightly, as he looked around. The ceiling was very high up, arched and black, held up by a forest of columns, which seemed never to end. It looked the same, endlessly, in any direction.

"What is this?" Alps asked, as Luna looked this way and that.

"It's... It's a Letai shrine of twilight... a monument erected to honor spirits. But I have never seen one so huge." Luna said. "It would seem... when you come in contact with someone in this place, you end up in a place in their mind. That field, where you found me, it was the place I always thought of. This must be what the person you just came in contact with thought of." Luna said. Alps didn't even come close to understanding, but nodded anyway.

"Hellooooo!" he called, listening to his voice echo. He listened for a while and finally, right before he was going to call again, he heard footsteps, distant, approaching from behind. He turned around, and saw a dark figure, briskly walking toward him skipping a bit, and hugging herself, and petting herself, as she drew closer. This female was not wearing a stitch of clothing. Alps could tell

she was female from a long way off as a result.

"Alps, it's a Twilight priestess. She is in charge of taking care of tombs and the like. They don't wear clothing, as it is worldly, and worldly things alienate the spirits... making it harder for them to rest comfortably." The white-furred priestess explained. The slave nodded. There was so much he did not know. The figure walked right up to them, and looked between them, shaking, a smile on her face, tears in her eyes.

"I... I am... free?" she asked. She was a jet black lupine, looking almost obsidian in color, with dark eyes to match. Unless her mouth was open, and her teeth showing, one could not see any contrast at all on this female. Even her tongue was black as night. Luna shook her head.

"No... Not yet. We are still in the crystal." she said. "But, Alps..." the priestess patted the slave on the shoulders. "Alps here... he found a way to travel inside the crystal, and group up with others trapped here instead of aimlessly floating." The feminine picture of darkness moved up to Alps, and caressed his face softly. The slave quivered just a bit. He could feel immense power from her, just in her touch.

"What is so special about him?" she asked. "I don't... I don't even feel any essence potential. His little mind should have been snuffed the moment he got here." she said. Luna shook her head.

"Well, he didn't. It's like his will to live was as strong as magic potential." Luna said.

"What's your name?" Alps asked softly.

"Are you going to get me out of this accursed place?" the female asked.

"If I can. I know I can do things here that I am not supposed to be able to." he said softly. The female nodded to that.

"My name is Ceriss." she said. "You... you are a life priestess, I can tell by your robes." she looked at Luna.

"Yes... I have been here about 700 years. My name is Luna." she said.

"I have been here about 700 as well." the priestess said. Alps explained to her, regrettably, that no Letai were known to have made it past those times. They both nodded, and Alps sat down on an altar near what he supposed was the center of this temple. He looked at Ceriss' lovely body, as she stroked her fur slowly over her chest and her tummy, seeming to start to get worked up, the same way Luna did. Alps mentally groaned. He knew what was coming.

“Good to be able to feel again?” Luna asked. Ceriss kept looking over to Alps, and then back to her feet, a little nervously, it seemed.

“Yeah... yeah, it feels really good.” she said, trembling. “Life... running all through my body again.” she churred softly. Alps looked at his feet, as they hung off the edge of the altar. Normally, he could not sit there, but since this was not a real temple, he felt it did not matter.

“I felt the same way.” Luna said softly. “I know what you are feeling now.” she said softly, moving over beside Ceriss. The jet female looked into her eyes, and then glanced over at Alps, just as he was looking at her, locking eyes with him.

“No... No, I bet you have no idea.” Ceriss said, shuddering a little.

“Alps *is* a trained consort, you know.” Luna said seductively. “He can make the burning stop.” Alps closed his eyes, whimpering very faintly. What was Luna thinking? Then again, if Alps really was, as he explained, a pleasure slave, Luna surely must have felt that the male was used to this as a duty, and his service did make Luna feel a lot better. Still, he was certain that Ceriss would be a bit insulted by that. He opened his eyes, just in time to cry out, in slight fear, as he was forced onto his back on the long, black marble altar. Ceriss held him down, her hands on his chest, looking lustfully into his eyes. Alps could not even see her pupils against jet black irises.

“Are you... really?” came Ceriss’ deeper feminine voice, full of passion and heat. Alps whimpered softly. Luna might have gotten violent if he refused, but he felt pretty certain this one could kill him. He didn’t find the lovemaking unpleasant, after all, so it didn’t matter that much to him, but he found himself wishing he could just run into someone here who did not require him to get undressed.

“Yes. Yes... I am a personal servant to Queen Nita Razelle.” he explained.

“It’s been... 700 years-” she started.

“-since you have felt anything, yeah, I know.” Alps said, looking into her eyes. “Turn around.” Alps said, very casually. He smiled warmly, not really minding his odd fate here now. The thought of releasing her from the overwhelming sensations that were burning inside her now that she could feel again made him feel good.

“Yes.” she said, closing her eyes, and getting into a 69 position on the stone altar. Alps brought his muzzle to her sex rather suddenly and willfully, only

to have a thick drop of her honey land on his tongue even before it could touch her. Something about this place... something about their ability to feel coming back to them, did this to them. Alps whimpered very faintly in the back of his throat. Anyone he released, this might happen to. At least there was only one more star that Alps could see.

“Alps... Th - thank you...” Ceriss said, trembling softly, as her nude form pressed a little tighter against Alps. “Go slow... I feel like I’m on fire already.” Alps nodded slowly, and caressed alongside her slit, that dark velvety mound hot already, scented of her longing, as her sex spread open a bit. There was no pink. She was as completely obsidian black as a wolf could be. Alps finally brushed his tongue over her slit, making her groan loudly, as he felt trembling hands unfastening his pants, and untying them. Both of Ceriss’ hands were on the slave’s legs, as she shook from building pleasure. The trembling hands belonged to Luna. She cooed softly to Ceriss, as she freed Alps’ member, already almost fully erect, from his pants, ‘displaying’ it for the newly found priestess.

“Look, Lady Ceriss.. “ Luna whispered. Ceriss whined softly.

“Mmmhh. No, Luna... I know you are a fertility Priestess, and you like seeing that sort of thing, but... I just... want... the burning to stop, don’t need to... Uuuh!” Ceriss shook suddenly, and a small amount of warm honey ran down Alps’ muzzle, as his tongue dug into her deeply for the first time. It was a light orgasm, but an orgasm nonetheless. Alps slowed down his tongue, stroking her thighs, and her sides and tail as he continued to very slowly lick her through her afterglow, knowing full well she was going to need a more powerful climax to satisfy her.

“You know my type all to well... Yeah, I like watching others mate.” Luna said, giggling softly. Alps blushed hotly as he slipped his tongue into the panting black lupine again, her scent flagging into the air with her waving tail.

“His... tongue is doing just... f - fine.” Ceriss said. Alps groaned softly, as he felt Luna, still wearing her robes, crawl up onto the altar and straddle his hips.

“Suit your self...” the white priestess said, giggling warmly, as Alps felt her sink down, wet and tight, onto his cock. He groaned deeply at how hot she was around him, and licking someone like this always got him riled up and anxious.

His tongue began to stab in and out a bit faster. The dark priestess was able to take a lot more than Luna was, but if Luna was, as Ceriss said, the type who longed for sex naturally just because of being a Life Priestess, that would explain it. Going without would be worse for her than most others who were trapped here. The life priestess began to rock her hips slowly, her robes spilling around Alps’ legs and tummy but not in the way of her strokes, that tight, deep tunnel taking Alps in, as he braced his legs against the black marble altar and

pressed himself a little harder into the white-furred female, speeding up his tongue as it dipped and hooked into the sweet-tasting sex of this priestess.

"I am glad... to be around... another priestess though... even if it is one of you... lustful Life Priestess types..." Ceriss panted, closing her eyes. She rolled her hips softly against Alps' muzzle, as Luna began to breathe heavily, thrusting down on Alps a little faster now. She held his tummy as she bucked softly.

"He's handsome... and young... and I need this." Luna said, whimpering softly, panting.

"Uuughh..." Ceriss moaned, tilting her head back. Her face was at the level of Luna's sex, and she was getting a full whiff of her lovemaking with Alps, and it was driving her hotter and faster. Finally, Ceriss, perhaps out of curiosity, lifted Luna's robes, to watch Alps sinking in and drawing out, flesh clinging to his cock from Luna's deep, hot honey-pot. She watched this for a few moments, panting hotter and faster. Alps' tongue pressed as deep as he could make it go into that trembling, quivering flesh, and he slid his tongue back and forth against every hidden surface of slick, black wetness.

"Look fun?" Luna giggled, panting, rubbing her breasts through her robes. "I'm sorry about this Alps... but I still have rather uncontrollable urges right now..." she whimpered, blushing hotly. Ceriss whimpered softly as well.

"Looks... fun." the female which Alps was licking said, breathlessly. "Luna... I want to... taste him." Ceriss said with a trembling moan. Alps groaned heavily, as he felt Luna speed up, evidently getting worked up more by what Ceriss had just said. The life priestess' hips pumped hard and fast as Ceriss watched, her cunny tensing and relaxing more and more, making it obvious that for the moment she was delaying her climax intentionally, to make it stronger. Alps helped this intent by slowing down, then speeding up, slowing down, and speeding up. Their cries, and their lustful moans, could be heard echoing all through the empty temple created by Ceriss' mind.

"All right... I'll let you!" Luna panted, whimpering softly. "I'm close. Hold on Alpsie." Luna whimpered, her hands holding his sides. Ceriss groaned loudly, and leaned in, intentionally licking over Alps' shaft, any time the length slid free of Luna's tight sex, getting a taste of Luna and Alps both each time she had enough flesh available to lick. Luna suddenly jerked tight, and wailed, trembling hard. Faster and harder Alps slipped his tongue in and out of Ceriss, fucking her with it instead of just licking her now. He wanted her to cum. He wanted to feel her satisfied trembling body on his. The eroticism and intensity of it all became too much for Alps. The white slave grunted deeply, and tensed his legs, whining, as he held back as best he could, but he cried out, feeling himself let go.

"I'm cumming!" he croaked pitifully, sending a thick jet up into Luna's

clenching pussy, making her wail even louder. He gasped as he felt his cock jerked out of Luna, Ceriss eagerly drawing that squirting length to her muzzle, taking a hot spurt of it across her cheek before getting it in, then against her tongue. She groaned, stroking and sucking Alps as pulse after pulse of that rich life essence left him in rapid and violent strobing pulses. Alps cried out dizzily, as Ceriss pulled her muzzle of his cock with a loud pop, taking several jets of Alps' thick seed to her chin and throat, streaking her beautiful white fur, as her muzzle fell open, some of that thick fluid dripping from her jaws as she screamed, echoing through the halls, and her cunny snapped tight against Alps' frantically moving tongue, splashing his face heavily with her hot fluids, trembling as Alps cupped his muzzle to her and sucked eagerly. She shook and cried, as Luna reached down, smearing Alps' seed all over her sex, feeling that single jet she got to keep trickling out of her slowly. She whimpered with relief as she fell fast into afterglow, along with Ceriss.

Alps felt them hugging one another, gratefully, on top of him, as he kind of drifted, his mind fried for a bit. He wondered if the next person in here would also be female, and react the same way. What if there was no way out? Alps would be with these two, perhaps three, forever. His intended hell did not look so dark and unhappy. Mannus would be furious if he knew. So, for a while, in bliss, they rested. Ceriss commented over and over again, that even if she was not able to escape the crystal, her nightmare had still come to an end.

"Did you find anything?" Azia asked, as Misty peered through the books. The meeting had gone well, and troops had been dispatched. Using Alps' idea to use the landscape itself against the orcs, they had sent a detachment of knights to break a mud dam, and flood out the orcs that were camped near Luca. Part of the farmland of Luca would be damaged, but another three hundred Uruk would die. Azia and Misty were looking through books again, trying to find some mention of what was happening to the crystal. It was light purple now, and there was no record of one of those crystals ever changing color. This was giving Nita a lot of hope, and the queen had taken to talking to the crystal, along with Tia, and they took turns throughout the day, even kissing it.

Nidaja and Azia both worried about them, but knew they were just hopeful and excited, and it was better than the shock and depression they had before. Besides, Nidaja and Azia and everyone else had hope now too. They could not be sure what it was, but there was something, at the very least, happening inside that crystal. The light had shown brightly again, and was glowing brighter constantly now, well enough that, with the curtains drawn in the main hall, one could see the light from any point. The violet color was the same as Alps' eyes

now. The crystal was no longer dark as it was beautiful. Something was changing. They didn't know what, yet, but there was definitely something changing. This, to them, was all the proof they needed that if anyone could get out of a Shadowfall crystal... it would be Alps.