

Sirius, Book III

The Essence

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 2

Nidaja nodded to Nita slowly as she explained the matters at hand. Alps didn't like any of this. It was scary to be stuck in a body that was not your own, especially not knowing where your real body had gone. He felt very detached. There were parts that his mind told him were still there that were not, and those that his mind wasn't used to yet that his mind became confused and startled about when he became aware of them. It was terribly disconcerting.

"Alps... you cannot tell anyone what is going on right now. No one who doesn't already know." The queen explained. Nidaja nodded, Alps' trapped mind understanding. He was slowly and clumsily adjusting to being female. The harrowing and disturbing trip to the bathroom, and having to greet the members of the high council already this morning had both been tests on his sanity. Nidaja would be excused from any military functions for a few days. Everyone would be told that she was merely very sick, but would get better. Nidaja's Alps-possessed body would avoid contact with everyone until he could get his own body back. What had possessed Nidaja to not even ask if it was okay?

Nita looked up as she heard quick footsteps approach the door to her chambers. The door swung open without so much as a knock. It was Misty. She had Azia in tow. The Silverlight general nearly crashed into the back of the council member as she stopped quickly.

"I found out where Alps went!" she panted. The lupine slave had to fight the urge to blurt out 'I'm right here.'" However, Nidaja looked down, fearing that even his eyes would give away the truth. Azia moved over and hugged Nidaja however, very awkwardly for the residing Alps. Those two had definitely become best friends in the time they had been together.

"Where?" Nita asked impatiently. She was obviously trying to hide how dire the situation was to her, but was failing, to be certain.

"Alps showed up this morning at the docks." Azia answered, Nita and Nidaja both looking up at her stressfully. "Tia was going to visit her grandfather and bring him some money and some supplies to help out, since things have calmed down." the white-furred female explained. "Is everything okay?"

"Yes, fine." Nidaja said. "Please continue." Nita smiled awkwardly, looking at the form of her sister. Alps was trying very hard to imitate her. It was probably rather funny for Nita, who knew her sister well enough to see through it, to watch.

"Well, Alps showed up, and seemed very adamant about going with her." Azia stated. Nita stood up, seeming ready to immediately run out and catch up.

"Where did she go? Where does her grandfather live?" Nita asked. Misty seemed to be ready to go too.

"The town of Luca." she answered simply.

"Oh by the lights... No..." Nidaja said.

"Beg pardon?" Azia asked.

"N - Nothing..." Nidaja said softly. Nita stood up and looked to Azia.

"I take it Tia and Alps took your boat?" she asked. Azia nodded.

"Then Nidaja... You may have Uri and Misha take you to Jalana and you can go to Luca from there." Nita proclaimed. Her words were very stern, and not the type anyone would argue with, even if they wanted to object. "Azia, Misty and I need to remain here to handle our growing defense docket in your absence." she said. "Please hurry!"

Nidaja and Misty were summarily dispatched to get ready for Nidaja's impromptu trip to a place that Alps knew well, and Misty knew almost not at all. Why did he not have to take Misty with? Surely he could not hide from prying eyes without help? If he needed something while he was out, Misty could get it, and he would not, in Nidaja's form, have to approach anyone who might know her, and ask questions he'd not know the answer to. It would be a long, hard trip, either way.

"You know why she is going, don't you?" Nita asked Nidaja. Within the general's body, Alps felt a surge of dread again. Nidaja nodded slowly.

"If she saw my memories of that place then yes, I do." She said in a half whisper. Nidaja and Nita were standing on the dock, as the sun sank low over the hills behind them. By now, Nidaja's mind was a day of travel ahead of her

body. Alps would not be able to get to her before she arrived in Luca, no matter how hard he tried. Azia's ship was one of the fastest ever made.

"Please forgive my sister..." Nita said softly. "If she succeeds in what she is trying to do." Nita added. "She has a very deep sense of her debt to justice, and she's very fond of you... Seeing that would have been hard to take." the queen explained. Nidaja nodded softly, and heard the whistle from Uri to tell her that the ship was ready.

"I will forgive her. Don't think this never crossed my mind, on those dark and cold nights." Nidaja said, shaking her head. "Everything will be fine. You take care of things here." she said. Nita nodded, and then looked around to make sure no one was looking, and then embraced Nidaja, kissing her deeply. Nidaja kissed back, seeming to forget about the change in bodies suddenly. To any on the dock, it would have been quite disturbing to watch. The queen and her physical sister kissed for some time, before Alps finally realized how it looked, and carefully pushed Nita back into place, blushing, and glancing around to see if he could see any stupefied, emotionally scarred dock-workers. The queen finally chuckled softly.

"Hurry, don't waste any time!" she said, licking her lips sweetly. "Travel safely... We still have a wedding to plan." she said. Alps got onto the boat within his Nidaja shell, and the light craft immediately weighed anchor and began to drift away from the dock. Nidaja watched as Misty ran up the dock to join Nita in waving the boat away.

Nita looked at Misty as she grumbled a bit, and snapped her fingers.

"What's up?" Nita asked. "Did he forget to take something with him?" she seemed a little worried.

"No, I just didn't get to tell Alps the big news. In the confusion I didn't have time. I think he would have been so surprised and happy." Misty said.

"You can tell me, then." Nita said, walking back toward the road with Misty.

"Would you like to know who his mother is?" the doctor asked. Nita blinked, and just stared at Misty.

"It's really nice to be traveling with you again." Misha said to Nidaja as she

parked her hips beside the general. Nidaja scooted a bit, wanting to minimize contact and prevent her friends from finding out the secret that she was holding. If it became known, as Nita explained, it could cause a bit of weakness and confusion in the military and government. This was NOT the time for that! However, Alps knew that he would be unable to completely avoid contact with two of Nidaja's closest friends on this trip. It would take three days on the fast trade currents between Diera and Jalana.

"I hope we can catch up to... Alps... before he does something silly." Nidaja said, the lupine internally reflecting on how different it was to hear her voice when he was speaking. Uri padded down into the chamber below the deck where her friends were. She hopped up on the bed, the black-furred ocean-faring lupine seeming her usual spunky self.

"Shall we pass the time our usual way?" she asked, wagging her tail rapidly. Nidaja felt a hot flash through her entire body. It was the first sensation of female arousal that the mind of the white lupine had ever experienced, and that flood of warmth was something he could not combat at all. He knew he should shoo them away, and say that 'she' was feeling a bit seasick or something of that nature, but the thought of feeling sexual pleasure in a new body was so incredibly alluring to the very curious wolf. His internal conflict was that it wasn't his body to play with. It was Nidaja's. That was all that kept him from voraciously exploring her new body and pleasure on his own in private already. The thought *had* crossed his mind more than once.

"I... Umm... Errr..." Nidaja stammered, shifting a bit where she sat on the bed. Misha slid around behind her, and got onto her knees, starting to massage the general's shoulders warmly. Nidaja sighed and leaned into the massage, as Uri moved around on her knees in front of her. The green-furred Nidaja bristled a bit with pleasure at their skilled and gentle touch, as Uri began to stroke her face. This was like being worshipped! Was this the kind of thing Nidaja expected as a general, or as a friend? Alps could not tell, and right now, there seemed to be more concerns which pressed upon him to the immediate moment.

It was at that moment, a very profound realization came to the disguised slave. Alps, in Nidaja's body, had felt different almost immediately. He had finally, as Misha and Uri touched this perfect body, discovered what it was. His life as a slave had been a very physically harsh one. Alps had a lot of old wounds, hurts, and pains that troubled him, like shadows of his past, even in his new life. In this body, however, they were gone. There were no old broken bones or lungs scarred slightly from pneumonia. The feeling of apparent constant pleasure that he felt in being in this body had not been pleasure at all. It was merely the absence of pain. Now, without pain, Alps was feeling *real* pleasure in this body for the first time. Soft lips embraced Nidaja's own, as Uri kissed her passionately, the broad lupine tongue of a willing female slipping in to explore readily. Alps gave up control of the moment. They would be suspicious

if 'she' resisted, or even hurt by her rejection! He knew Nidaja would forgive him, especially since she was possibly doing far worse things with Alps' body. So, for now, he allowed them to do to Nidaja's body anything they wanted. Truthfully, he wanted it, and by the way they were treating Nidaja, he knew she would want it too, if she were in *his* body.

She general felt her clothes being slowly loosened, and ultimately removed, piece by piece, by Misha as the boat lurched slowly from side to side on the current that it rode. Prickly desire continued to bake its way through the lupine female's body, tearing at the male slave's mind and sanity. He found, at a point, he really could no longer have said no, no matter how wrong he might have felt it was to go on.

Upon getting those clothes off, Nidaja was pulled onto her back, and Uri and Misha carefully and sultrily undressed in front of her. It felt like a submission ritual, to be frank, and more and more, Alps began to understand what had caused Nidaja's knowledge and appreciation of lovemaking in the first place. This was a side to the social structure the wolf slave was finally beginning to understand.

Alps felt the general's heart beating more rapidly in a chest that felt warm, heavy, and tight. Feeling excitement as a female was so different to him, but it was giving him a good lesson on how to handle the female body. This made him feel a little more confident about letting this happen. He would use what he learned now to give better pleasure to Nita later. That made this far more justifiable. More and more, his mind convinced him that the use of this body was right. For now, at least. Those hands, the hands of Nidaja's beloved friends, continued to touch and caress and rub the general's body in ways that made Alps just want to cry. It felt so wonderful, each and every second of it, and each second made those sensations grow in her body and well up as if it were about to overflow.

It was Uri who was the first to send a violent shiver through that body that they were unknowingly exploring for the first time. She leaned down, and lustfully took one of the general's nipples into her hot mouth, dragging a ragged, hissing moan from her lips. Uri's hand clamped tight around the mound of warm flesh to force more blood into that already tight, pert nipple, increasing the sensation a lot there. Nidaja arched her back, squeezing her thighs together as the sensations of hot desire raced through the mind of a slave for the very first time. Female nipples felt a *completely* different sense of pleasure from his own. Nidaja's hands reflexively went to her tummy, rubbing it up and down slowly. The slave didn't know why this felt necessary. Alps' mind and Nidaja's body both did not want this to stop.

"Mmmm... I think she's about ready... That was fast." Misha said, sliding slowly down the general's legs. "It usually takes a bit longer to get you so worked

up, Nidaja.“ she chuckled. Alps wondered if they would be able to tell that Nidaja wasn't the one occupying this form if he were to try to return the pleasure. He didn't know how to do all the same things Nidaja did. For now, he would try to just let them pleasure her. Perhaps that was all they really wanted. After all, this might be something Nidaja forced them to do, whether they enjoyed it or not. Alps would let things go the way they were naturally progressing.

Nidaja gasped loudly as the sensation of being filled with a broad, strong tongue nearly sent her to what Alps felt had to be the very limit of pleasure to this body. Her legs quivering, Alps felt the side to side motion of that powerful tongue right over the general's clit. He felt detached, since it wasn't his body, and yet, closer to Nidaja than he ever could have believed. Nidaja whined loudly, shaking as she surpassed the highest level of pleasure Alps could ever remember feeling.

"Ooooooh, yeah... Looks like she really needed this!" came Uri's excited coo. Look how she's rubbing herself!" The lupine slave barely opened Nidaja's eyes, and realized he was massaging her breasts, and teasing those sensitive nipples. The two females seemed to approve of it, so he didn't stop. He didn't *want* to stop.

"So... on edge..." the green-furred wolfess panted. The slave could not hold back saying at least something now. Alps was beginning to understand why his service to the queen in the manner it had been initially given was so important. This was heaven! Nidaja arched her back, and held Misha's ears desperately, as she felt what could only be described in Alps' mind as multiple heavy explosions racking her body all over, pulses of pleasure and euphoria that lurched through her like the ocean crashing down upon her. It was so easy! She hardly had to do anything, and the pleasure just came to her, rushing in like nightfall on the shortest day of winter!

She held her breasts feeling like her heart might burst through them. Alps felt his mind practically shredded by the sheer magnitude and force of Nidaja's climax. Misha buried her muzzle tighter against the general's sex, as she made her cum so very easily again and again and again. Uri squealed in delight as well, holding Nidaja's shoulders.

The experience Alps had with orgasms was that they left him satisfied and weak and sleepy. This was completely different for Nidaja's body! Her body still felt on fire, and she writhed, groaning as the waves of pleasure continued to tear through her like a stampeding herd. Uri motioned to Misha, and they giggled, switching places. Uri had a shorter muzzle, but it seemed a longer tongue. Being filled was a completely new experience for Alps' mind within Nidaja, but it felt every bit as satisfying as pressing deeply into Nidaja had the first time they had sex in that hotel room in the town he had lived in.. The town he was going back to.

At a breaking point physically, Nidaja wailed, as a rapid and eager tongue fluttered within her. She looked over to Misha, who was fidgeting with a drawer in the wall. She unlocked it, and took a sex toy out. A double-headed dildo that had two harnesses on it. While Nita and Azia knew it well, Alps had never seen it. He was puzzled by it, since he'd not really played with toys before. He'd been in the past all the toy the female he was with ever needed.

"Oh Misha, yes!" Uri said, rising up on her knees as she pressed her tongue deeply into Nidaja. The general grunted, gasped loudly, and her hips lurched upward, as her juices flooded the black-furred lupine's muzzle. The general then squealed, as Uri only increased her attack, while Misha turned on her hands and knees, and pressed that thick, long phallic toy into her own dripping wet sex, about half way in, and then fastened the clasping leather harness. She then moved around, rump to rump with Uri, and the shorter, younger lupine groaned loudly, as she felt her lover back into her, pressing that thick faux-cock into her body. Nidaja panted heavily, her breath raspy as she watched. Alps had no particular desire to feel that, since he was perfectly happy with what he was feeling now, in this sex-worshipped body. It was still very exhilarating to watch!

The slave got a chance to rest in that aching, scorching body, as Uri lifted her head, and reared back a bit, to help fasten the straps of Misha's toy. She held her legs a little closer together, and lowered back down, cupping her muzzle over Nidaja's mound, stabbing deeply again with her tongue, and making the general squeal again, loud and hard. Now rump to rump, rather firmly, Misha started to rock her hips, sliding the toy out of herself until the strap pulled tight, and then a little out of Uri, before pressing back against her lover. They both groaned as the hard, thick toy pressed into their lusty bodies. Together, they began to rock back and forth.

Alps watched through Nidaja's half closed eyes, shaking violently from the pleasure tearing through her body, as the two finally started ferally rutting against each other, that quick whip of a tongue stirring Nidaja's body to climax after climax, as the slave's mind, not yet used to this level of sensation just opened the flood gates. Alps let Nidaja's body feel every single stroke, and held nothing back, much to the other two girls' pleasure.

The next twenty minutes or so were a blur of pleasure, seeming to move in slow motion, as the cries of Uri and Misha soon joined the air with Nidaja's, and all three seemed to, for that heavenly half hour, melt into an indistinguishable pile of squealing, wet, panting, hot flesh and fur.

As Uri lurched back into Misha, Misha cried, and as Misha's cry hit its highest note, Uri wailed, and grunted, huffing her hot breath over Nidaja's throbbing mound, and the general would buckle a bit, and cry out, grasping her

breasts tightly. Alps was shocked by how intense it all was. Why did Nidaja need a male at all, if this is what Misha and Uri made her feel? He then felt a hot rush of warmth in his mind, rather than his body.

Nidaja didn't need him.

She wanted him. She actually *wanted* him. So did Nita, or any of the others. The pleasure wasn't what they were after. He wasn't just providing a valuable service with his body. He was wanted for more.

As he considered this, the pleasure became of mind and body at the same time, and he could not take it any longer. He threw his head back and howled, Nidaja's voice splitting the night. It caused a *hard* simultaneous climax for her friends, who just jerked tight, held still, and shuddered, groaning and grinding their backsides together over the double-ended toy. Slowly, whimpering and panting was all that held back silence in this now warm, humid room.

Finally, Alps heard the snapping of the clasps on Misty's side of the toy, and she lurched off the bed, falling happily, sated, onto her back on the wooden floor of the cabin. Uri gurgled a bit, and sprawled alongside Nidaja's panting form.

Dazed within her sex-battered body, Alps' mind crackled and sputtered. He held a greater respect for exactly what he *could* do for Nita and the others now. While he had originally feared it might be a very long trip in this unfamiliar body, the out-of-body male began to realize that in all honesty, he would probably find it too short for his liking. Nidaja closed her eyes, as Alps' mind refused to continue to make this body do anything more, and he enjoyed sleep in a body he had never fallen to sleep in before. A sleep without the pain his old body had known, only pleasure.

He would get his body back, of that he was certain, but he would be better educated for the trouble. Perhaps this was not such a bad experience after all.