

Sirius, Book III
The Essence

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 3

Nidaja stood at the bow of the ship, and gazed out over the ocean in a body that was not her own. It had been a day. The sun had set, the chill air now caused white fur to bristle. She winced, feeling a stab of dull pain, likely forgotten by this body's original mind, but brand new to her. The ribs? His feet. His back? One of his ears. Nidaja reached up and slid a finger over a scar on the back of Alps' ear she'd never noticed before until she felt the dull pain that came with having it. The general, hidden within Alps' form, growled softly. All this pain, every day of his life. Alps never complained about it. It was so common place to him. Nidaja knew exactly where this pain came from though. She knew what caused it. And it would *not* go unpunished. The general slammed her fist on the railing, growling again.

"Alps, what is it?" came a sweet, small voice from behind. Nidaja gasped, and spun around, gazing at Tia with a white face and violet eyes.

"I... Ah. What do you mean?" she said, feeling silly somehow, speaking in Alps' soft, submissive male voice. She was adept at taking his personality, but it felt so unnatural.

"You seem angry." the grey female half-whispered. She slipped her arms around Alps, and nuzzled his chest softly. Nidaja hugged back a little thoughtlessly, concentrating less on Tia's affection, and more on tricking her into believing it was Alps.

"I forgot ... Umm... Uh... Candy." his voice thrummed. Tia looked blankly up at him. Real swift, Nidaja thought to herself. Alps smiled broadly.

"You feelin' alright?" the wolf's loving friend asked.

"Yeah." he said, Nidaja's mind reeling. "Say... Um, Tia... You remember Mistress Chana?" he asked. Even the name soured Nidaja's stomach.

"I do. She was not very nice, Alps. You might want to avoid her. I doubt she will want to see you again." Tia said seriously.

"Did you know what she was like? To me I mean? What she did when no

one was watching?" Nidaja asked through Alps' mouth. Tia turned and looked out over the sea. She lowered her head onto her crossed arms, leaning on the railing.

"You didn't talk about it, but I knew. Everyone did. No one's that stupid. You had a new injury almost every day." she said in a soft, single breath. "And we didn't do anything. We didn't say anything. Alps, I'm so sorry..." Tia shuddered a bit. Nidaja gritted Alps' teeth, as she looked at the grey female. This sullen mood wasn't what she had wanted to cause. A white lupine hand came to rest on Tia's back as she sighed softly, seeming to feel very bad suddenly. Nidaja had only wanted to know if Tia knew about it, and hadn't realized that she felt bad for doing nothing.

"Tia... It's alright. Chana's a regional matriarch. If anyone said anything, she could make life very hard for them." he said. "I... I think I can make things right now, though. I don't belong to her anymore, and I want to go into town ... this time, with my head held high." Nidaja said. It would be different. Absolutely, it would be different. No one could make 'Alps' back down now. It might not be her body, but Nidaja could still fight using this one. She just could not cast spells to increase her strength as she could in her own body.

The cool night air made it feel almost like a requirement to move a little closer to Tia, which Alps, piloted by Nidaja, gladly did. The white lupine then felt an arm encircle him as his friend held him. Nidaja smiled, feeling a little better that back then Alps wasn't really alone. She wanted to ask Tia if she cared for those wounds Alps got from Chana, but she could not. Alps would have remembered that. She just looked out over the ocean.

"I'd kill her if it were not against the law." came soft words from Tia. Nidaja gritted her teeth again, and looked dumbfounded at Tia.

"I would not... Want that kind of trouble for you." came a masculine, but gentle reply.

"I know." said Tia softly. "Otherwise I would have done it by now - could have done it right after I joined the Spirits of Silverlight." Tia said. "Azia would not have allowed it though." she said.

"Thank you for being there for me back then." Alps said softly. "And right now." he finished, and leaned in close to Tia. A warm brush of lips, and then a true kiss followed. Nidaja hoped it was okay that she did this. She knew that Alps was now Nita's - mind, body, and soul. They would soon be life-mates. Nita would not likely make Alps stop being with those closest to him, like Nidaja, though Uri and Misty and Misha might see a bit less of him. Tia too. Nita loved sharing him, though. That was genuine. There was no real jealousy, as long as Alps never pushed her away for want of someone else, which Nidaja knew would

never happen.

The kiss lasted a while, and Nidaja found her dominant traits coming out unbidden. By the time the kiss was over, Tia was pressed against the railing, and Nidaja had Alps holding her firmly in his strong arms. He was a bit sturdier than his attitude led Nidaja to believe. If he wanted to be more forceful in bed, he most certainly could have been! Nidaja looked into Tia's eyes. What was she doing?

The general swallowed then, realizing that Alps' little friend had been a bit more into the kiss than she had originally realized. Tia's hand slid down after the kiss broke, and grasped between his legs, making Nidaja shudder heavily. It was hard. That tab of flesh that she had explored just a bit when relieving 'herself' a few hours before, was now much larger, and very hard. She had not realized how fast that happened, or how intense it felt when it did! Despite her control over this form, Nidaja groaned.

"Mmmm... Yes, you need a little attention, Alpsie." Tia crooned softly into the wolf's white ear. Nidaja quivered all over, and ground her hips against Tia's grasp. So this is what males felt when they were held like this. She suddenly found herself completely aroused, even mentally, due to wanting to know what it felt like to have this aching muscle buried in Alps' sweet little friend. Such desires come with being a dominant female sometimes.

Tia then sank to her knees, her back to the railing of the boat, as Alps, under Nidaja's control, reached out and held the rail at chest level. He gasped as he felt the ties to his trousers undone by the deft hands of his female friend. Nidaja looked over her shoulder. The boat was piloted by a small crew, and was not a terribly large craft. This would surely get noticed! At the moment however the only crew members were not in view, only the captain steering, who could not see what was going on because of convenient placement of the rigging of the mast.

"Are you... Sure it's okay to do this? I mean... It's Azia's boa-" Nidaja's protest in Alps' voice stopped as she felt a searing hot muzzle take the entire length of his cock. She lowered her head, her arms crossed over the railing, looking down at Tia as she slipped forward, taking in that hot pink length, and then pulling back, and then slipping forward again. Nidaja half-closed Alps' eyes and groaned deeply. Oh yes, she would definitely be doing this to him more often. She had no idea it felt this incredible!

As Tia started to bob her head, Nidaja began to feel the pain Alps always felt slowly fade away. She smiled and felt better even still. Those times that she had been with Alps, that she and her friends and sister had loved him to the point of exhaustion had not hurt him. They soothed him. Nidaja closed her eyes, and let Tia work with Alps' body in a way that she imagined Alps had surely felt

before. His legs tightened a bit as the female gray lupine pulled Alps' tightening, throbbing flesh from her muzzle, and began to flutter her tongue on the tip of it. It was so much sensation of pleasure that it was almost painful! She had no idea how sensitive this thing was!

For each and every second of pleasure, Nidaja learned new things, and remembered certain things that she just could not wait to try to do to Alps in excess now that she knew what it felt like. She then got a chilling sensation of displacement for a brief moment, as she wondered if Alps was exploring her body. She had to stifle a chuckle at that, as she considered the internal conflict he must be feeling about it. Then, her half-chuckle was stolen away with a groan, as Tia took his length back in, and muzzle-rode it briskly for a few seconds. Nidaja, not used to the way this felt, became aware of a strong desire to move her hips, but she knew it better to hold still.

Then, all at once, a welling of heat boiled through his body, as Alps' friend briskly pumped her muzzle over his cock, letting her hand trail wetly over base of it, which began overwhelming the general's senses. This was it. He was going to cum. She was used to being female, and didn't have any idea what popping as a male felt like, so she didn't think to hold back. She panted with Alps' aching lungs faster, and whimpered out approvingly to the younger wolf female.

"Mmmnn.. You are really getting' into this, Alpsie..." Tia panted, pulling her muzzle from Alps' shaft, and pumping with just her hand for a bit. Nidaja groaned loudly.

"Oh stars... No... don't stop. I feel so... Nng... Ohh..." Nidaja gasped again as Tia's muzzle took its place on that thick, hot shaft again. A little more. Just a little more. Oh how it felt to be on the edge. It felt like Nidaja's very existence rode on this coming moment. A bit more. Just a bit more.

Suddenly, a hot surge went through that tense body, and Nidaja felt a sudden sinking, debilitating dizziness, and had to grab the railing to keep from falling backwards, as Tia gulped loudly, getting hit with a thick splash of hot lupine seed on the back of her tongue, almost choking. She then very deeply and aggressively continued to suckle on that gushing length of lupine flesh. Nidaja buckled, trembling, gasping for air. It was almost more than she could take! That short time after climax was great, but the sensations were almost too intense for her after bursting like that. How on earth was Alps able to keep going after something like that? It wasn't a natural ability, like she had thought he might be blessed with. It shocked Nidaja to discover it was simply his raw will to keep going to pleasure those he loved. It made her feel even better about him to know that.

For a rather uncomfortable minute or so, trembling from the intense pleasure and near pain of Tia's continued oral sex, Nidaja held still, clutching the

railing. Finally, that warm, abusive muzzle left his aching shaft, which twitched a bit from the attention. Nidaja panted heavily, and looked around dizzily for a moment. No one saw. Then again, it lasted, what, five minutes? The lady general felt sleepy in this body. Did Alps always feel like this afterwards? It felt nice though. It was a pleasant sleepiness. It reminded her of what it was like to train out on a cold day for hours, and then sit in front of the fire to rest.

Tia licked her lips softly, and looked up into Nidaja's eyes through Alps'. She chuckled softly, and stood up, brushing her knees off, though the deck was spotless, so there wasn't anything to brush off.

"Mmm.. That was easy. I guess with everything goin' on, you haven't been getting much attention like that, huh?" she asked. Alps' ears tinted rose.

"Uhh... Yes." he said, Nidaja feeling quite stupid and weak right now. She clumsily retied the ties to Alps' pants, and swayed a bit. It took some time, but she started to feel normal again, and looked back over to Tia, who was looking out over the ocean, smiling with a little smirk. Did she not want the favor returned? She just did that to Alps for fun, to make him pop? Nidaja chuckled, and put an arm around Tia, feeling happy that her lupine slave friend had other friends who liked him that much.

"Kidjoul!" came a cry, which sent chills down Nidaja's spine, since it was so unexpected. There was a bit of chaos for a couple moments as the crew members scrambled up on deck. Mostly males who belonged to females in Azia's army, they were very responsive, but Nidaja knew this was probably the only life they knew. They were trained just for the purpose of sailing. There were no soldiers on board. This was extremely unfortunate.

"Kidjoul!" came the cry again, as everyone turned, looking out over the ocean. There was a sudden impact against the port side, opposite of where Tia and Alps had been. Alps cried out softly.

"What?! They are already on us? We were moving so fast!" he yelled, looking to that side of the ship. It was another ship, almost the same size, which now had iron spike embedded into the side of the hull of Azia's vessel. This was used to lock the vessels together, a tactic only used when the ship being attacked was to be intact. They were to be boarded, slaughtered, and the ship would be taken.

The Kidjoul were Uruk pirates. Despite the Uruk being unable to swim and capable of drowning, they were known for attacking merchant vessels, which is what Azia's ship looked like for the most part. And it was every bit as good as one now, since there was not a troop detachment on board.

"Oh no! We can't fight back!" Tia cried. "Captain, how could you let them

sneak up on us like that?!” Nidaja, in Alps’ body, looked up to see that the captain wasn’t there. Where had he gone? Then, she caught a glimpse of him, standing on the deck of the Uruk ship, shaking his head softly, and watching.

“Traitor!” Tia screamed. Rage filled Nidaja’s mind, and flamed within Alps’ body. They had been sold. This ship, the fastest in the sea, had a price. And now, it was to belong to Mannus. Nidaja growled savagely, and looked to Tia.

“I’m not surrendering.” she said through Alps’ now cold and determined voice. She knew Alps never sounded like this, but she could not afford to ‘be’ Alps right now. There wasn’t time for excuses. Tia nodded, and pointed to a small wooden door in a post that was bracing the middle mast.

“There... It’s Azia’s backup!” she said. “Alps you are not a fighter! What are you thinking?!” the grey female cried as Alps dashed from her side to the post, opening the door and finding a graceful, slender, curved long sword inside. Nidaja smiled within Alps’ body, and took the weapon. She knew it was fight or die silently, and her personality as a general would not allow the latter.

“You stay by the masts!” the general barked to Tia loudly. Surely Tia could tell this was not the Alps she was used to. And in a moment, she would really be able to tell.

“Please Alps! We can abandon the ship! We might have a chance if we get out of range of their arrows fast enough. With the ships locked together like this, they can’t sail straight!” the gray-furred female cried, rushing toward Alps. Nidaja growled to herself. Alps would not forgive her if she let Tia get killed!

“By the mast, Tia!” his voice boomed. In general, males of Alps’ station did *not* have that kind of domineering force. Tia, evidently stunned by that, did as she was told, drawing a shorter, slender blade to defend herself. The other crew members moved to the opposite side of the ship, wanting to avoid the now slowly and ominously boarding clay-toned-and-scented orc troops. Their multiple glowing crystal eyes were yellow and beady with determination and lack of any will but their dark masters. They wore leather armor, which would perhaps prevent them from sinking if they went overboard, but it was highly polished. This group was designed to be successful at what it did.

“Get off our boat.” growled Alps. The crew all snapped their heads to the side and looked. It was common knowledge what had happened in Kishu Valley, so their faces lit up. Alps, to them, was a hero, as genuinely hapless as he seemed. And Alps’ body with Nidaja’s mind was about what they would expect of that hero. Nidaja growled softly to herself again. She was really messing up now. Still, it was because she had to. Tia would understand. Alps would understand.

"It's a slave boy." came the captain's voice. "Not worth standing in the way of your acquisition, to be sure. Do as you wish to them." he conceded. Alps took grip of the sword. Nidaja's grip. The body was a little stockier than hers, but as she put herself into a mode to fight, she didn't feel that the differences would impede her. The first two golem-like Uruk attacked immediately, rushing from the gangplank they put up, and Nidaja's strokes fell with the violent speed and motion of a flag beaten by a hurricane. The general-in-slave's body snapped back, pushing off the deck with Alps' strong legs, and landed on the gangplank, making it impossible for her to be attacked from the sides. As another Uruk pirate jumped onto the gangplank, he was cut down, caught while trying to balance himself. As he splashed into the water, Nidaja mirthfully wondered if Uruk could feel cold.

She then charged the Uruk ship. She wanted to protect Tia and the others. She knew Alps would risk his own body in this way, and didn't feel any shame in doing it for him. Onto the orc ship she landed, hopping down from the ladder-accessed gangplank, and she danced along the railing of the ship with rapid, well balanced steps. Some things she did not need magic to accomplish. Her goal was made suddenly very clear.

The captain shrieked in terror, as Alps, under Nidaja's intense persuasion, launched himself at the traitor. With a spin before even touching the deck, the now fleeing captain found his mind now separated from his body. Unfortunately for him, his mind wasn't getting oral sex in another body; it merely fell with his head into the ocean. Nidaja spun around on Alps' heel, and found that the slave's muscles made for easy fighting. He was strong, but not so stocky as to be ungainly. Facing her attackers, Nidaja saw a dead orc lay at Tia's feet. She was mercilessly hacking it, scattering crystal eyes as Alps was faced with the remaining ones climbing aboard to protect the ship.

It was at this time that Nidaja realized how outnumbered they really were. A dozen orcs poured from the cabin, bristling with anger and weaponry. The general had faced tough odds, but never on the ocean. She at least had the grim satisfaction that the captain paid for his crime. There was a brief moment of reflection, where the orcs realized that they had been unexpectedly boarded, and then, chaos.

Nidaja was a very highly trained fighter, and did not know defeat well, especially one on one. But these odds were different. Now, it became necessary to use the Uruk's numbers against them, as she had done several times before. They would hold back attacks from the back of a group so as not to hit their other soldiers, so Nidaja knew to fight close quarters, pressing to any small extension of the group. Corners, wedges, anything where the group had to stand aside to avoid accidentally harming a smaller section of the group they fought in.

This tactic worked well, Alps, under the general's control, masterfully dropped several orcs while the crew of his own boat moved around quickly on the boat behind him. At first, Nidaja didn't know what they were doing, but then, it suddenly became clearer. They tore pieces of the thick railing down off the sides of the boat and made gangplanks, and with clubs, axes, and sharp barnacle scrapers at the end of long poles, the crew attacked. Seeing this slave fighting the Uruk pirates alone and winning filled the untrained sailors with pride, and lifted their morale. They stormed the opposing ship with a ferocity Nidaja had felt in her own heart toward the orcs but had seldom seen in others.

The Alps-bound general took advantage of the brief confusion of the Uruk sailors as their ship was boarded, and began hewing them apart as rapidly as she could, bolting in a dead run from one end of the deck to the other, trimming their ranks as more of them filed out of the cabin. While their ship was great for boarding another ship, holding many troops, the deck wasn't big enough to hold many at once, so at any given time, there could not be more than about ten or twelve outside the cabin.

Nidaja became aware of this fact and that with the arrival of the merchant sailors, she, in the form of a slave, now held the deck. Tia began to squeal ecstatically when it was obvious what had just happened. The Uruk never expected to be boarded. They weren't ready for it. Not more than ten minutes of one-sided murdering later, the waters churned with the grayish-blue goo that counted for blood in those magically generated bodies. Once every clay-like orc body had been thrown overboard, and the captain's body had been staked onto the Uruk ship's mast with a spike from the front of the orcish vessel, Alps and Tia and the rest of the crew rested. A few of them had been injured in the fighting, but those who were hurt felt sure they would make it.

As things calmed, the crew returned to Azia's ship, and Alps and Tia were left on the Uruk vessel. It would take a while for them to pry their boat free of the orcish ramming ship. Alps looked to Tia, and knew for certain that she must know something was up. The general had fought with all the skill she had. Tia just threw her arms around him, kissing him desperately about the face and muzzle and lips. The general melted, and had Alps kiss her back adoringly and approvingly. They did this for a little while, and Nidaja felt Alps becoming excited again, just as painfully and needful and erect as before. He could go again. Even after that fight, muscles sore, heart pounding. Tia groped him longingly, and smiled as she looks up into his eyes, in a way that told Nidaja that there was a reward for acting that way. Did Tia really expect that from Alps? She wasn't even questioning it.

"What do we do now? Should we head back to Diera?" Tia asked. "Nita and Azia would want to know about this betrayal. Nidaja would need to be warned," she stated. Alps blushed a little, at the subject of Nidaja coming up. He smiled, and shook his head.

“No... We continue on.” Nidaja said in Alps’ voice. “We have a mission to complete, and then we can tell them all about it when we get back.” he churred. Tia nodded softly, and looked to the orcish ship.

“What do we do with this?” she asked.

“We loot it, then set it ablaze and down to the ocean floor.” Nidaja growled happily from her host slave wolf. Tia giggled and bounced on her heels again, in a manner that Nidaja was becoming rather fond of. “Let’s head below deck. It’ll take a couple hours for the crew to free us.” she said.

Below deck, they found that the orcs had kept it very utilitarian. There were barrels with food, which was not of a sort that Nidaja even cared to discuss, and there were a few trunks with weapons and armor, and utility equipment for the care of the ship. In one of the quarters though, which was the only one with a lamp in it, there was a chest with silver, gold, and a single cloudy gem, very cold to the touch.

This was the only thing Nidaja cared about.

“Tia.” came Alps’ voice, as Nidaja called her over. “Look.” The crystal was held out by Alps’ still grayish blood-covered hands.

“What is that? A jewel?” she asked, touching it. “Oh! It’s freezing!” she said loudly. Nidaja shook Alps’ head negatively.

“It’s a Shadowfall crystal.” she said. Tia gasped loudly at it, as if it might bite her. Alps had been trapped and feared lost for good within one of these dreaded magical prisons. The crystal glowed with a deep violet light that made it appear as if it were literally shining darkness. In a brighter place than this cargo hold, it might indeed *have* been shining darkness, obscuring itself from the light. This was the darkest force known to all the tribes of Amani. It was Mannus’ only solution for the powerful Letai.

“We should take it back to Luna. If there are other priestesses trapped in this, then she might know what to do with it.” the grey-furred female said brightly. Nidaja looked at it, turning it over and over in Alps’ hand. Alps had freed the priestesses, and himself. Would the priestesses make Alps go into the crystal to free others? Nidaja would not want him to take that kind of ridiculous risk! What if his freeing himself and the others was a fluke? What if he only did it because that crystal was old or damaged? Still, it would be Alps’ decision to make, so she put the crystal back into the chest, and did another cursory check for anything worth removing from the ship.

The check turned up very little. Some coins, some raw metal for smithing,

and a few books that Nidaja knew Misty would want to look at. After removing these, Tia and the Nidaja-possessed-Alps went back to Azia's ship, and gave what assistance they could in separating the two ships. In places, it took sawing off part of Azia's ship to detach the spikes. It took a couple of hours, but as the sky became a black tapestry of endless sparkling stars, the ship was once again on its way, the blazing remains of their attacker's ship drifting away with the former captain of their own ship still staked to the crumbling mast.

Below deck, Nidaja undressed and looked at Alps' body in a thin plate of silver that hung nailed to the cabin wall. She turned sideways, then to the other side. It was so odd looking at Alps' body through his eyes. Nidaja caressed over his tummy, searching for the scars she could now feel. How had she missed so many of them before, holding him as he dozed safe in her arms? Why had he never told her all the things that happened? It surely would have helped him to let someone know. But as she traced line after line under his fur, Nidaja knew that Alps didn't need those memories anymore, and there was no reason to outright intentionally relive them.

The general closed Alps' eyes for a moment as she caressed his sheath. Fur bristled and tingling ensued. She snapped his eyes back open and swallowed. She found herself getting aroused both from her own touch, and the thought of touching Alps intimately. His mind was not in this body, but this was still his body, and she wanted to pleasure it. Rose tinted that white-furred muzzle that gazed back at her in the mirror. Alps' body was quickly becoming noticeably and physically aroused. Surely Alps was exploring her body the same way, as Misty and Nita tried to figure out what was going on elsewhere in the castle. Nidaja began to softly stroke the favored appendage that she had never had such an in-depth opportunity to explore.

A click of the door latch made Nidaja gasp through Alps' muzzle, and he turned, looking over his shoulder from the mirror as Tia stood there, a look of surprise on her face. That expression melted, however, as she slid up behind the white lupine and embraced him. Nidaja gritted his teeth, and shuddered a bit. That was something rather embarrassing to get caught doing, but then again, Tia seemed to be none-the-wiser about Alps being inhabited by the general. Nidaja chuckled softly, and crooned,

"Mmm... Just doing a bit of grooming and checking for new scratches and the like from the fight." he said. Tia pulled 'Alps' with her from the corridor with the mirror, over to the large, heavy-looking bed that could only belong to Azia. Nidaja swallowed again. After that fight, she had been feeling a bit wiped out, but the surge of arousal that swept through that white-furred frame the fatigue of battle was whisked away like straw in the wind of a coming storm. Tia forced Alps back to the bed and onto his back, his legs hanging over the side, as she slowly undressed in front of the bed before him. Nidaja started to sit up, and then remembered the role she was supposed to be playing. Alps would not have just sat back up. He would take what was to come willingly, and non-aggressively.

He was a slave, at least, for the moment, he still was.

“You were very valiant and strong, Alps.” Tia’s soft voice stroked over him. “You should definitely be rewarded.” she churred in finality, undressed fully now, her youthful, petite grey form towering over his prone body. Nidaja inhaled deeply through the black nose of her host, and felt the throbbing ache of heightened arousal. Alps’ erect shaft lay against his tummy in this position, and Nidaja found to her amazement that it was sensitive to ANY touch, not even just sexually intended ones. The feel of Alps’ tummy fur under that swollen flesh was enough to illicit pleasure.

“I did what I had to in order to protect you and Azia’s ship and crew.” Nidaja whispered through Alps suddenly parched mouth. Was it always like this for males, she wondered? Tia got onto the bed, on all fours, with Alps’ body stretched beneath hers. Nidaja released a hot breath, tilting her head back, exposing Alps’ throat to the young female. Every inch of Alps’ body wanted this. Nidaja’s worries that she had been using Alps were drained away. This was so much pleasure that even if it *did* exhaust him, he’d be grateful.

“I didn’t ask for your permission to reward you.” Tia said, bringing her mouth to Alps’. Nidaja felt a pang of surprise. Sure, this was Alps’ body, but no one she could think of had ever talked her down that way. It sent a chill through her, and she decided to remain as silent as possible, so as not to give herself away more. She would have to be as submissive in nature as Alps really was, especially for someone who had known him far longer than Nidaja had. They practically grew up together, after all. Nidaja nodded, and Tia brought her teeth to the side of his soft neck, biting gently, and then releasing, as she arched back, going up to her knees. Her slender, elegant fingers curled around that thick, turgid member and began to stroke slowly up and down, gliding just from softness, not needing any lubricant. Tia had already groomed, but it became obvious very quickly that her tidying up had been in vain. There was no spotless way to do what he was getting ready to do.

Alps arched his back into her touch as that hand slid up and down slowly, and a trickle of warm pre ran a rivulet up her taught, velvety tummy. Tia’s hair always cascaded over her eye on one side, so one mischievous eye peered back at Nidaja with a gaze she knew was meant for Alps. The younger girl would enjoy this perhaps even more than Nidaja was about to. There was desperate hunger in those eyes. Nidaja felt a flare of heat all through that sex-tormented body as Tia brought the sensitive tip of that aching flesh to her wet folds, and pressed it in a few inches, groaning loudly, as she trembled over him.

It was completely different from the oral sex. Filling her slowly as she slid down his iron-hard shaft was like nothing Nidaja had ever felt, and she moved her hands to Tia’s shoulders to give her shaking hands something to do as the pleasure welled within her. The white lupine’s sack drew tighter to his body

involuntarily. Nidaja gritted her teeth, not wanting to give up Alps' seed just yet. She could not give in until Tia had hers. Alps would not allow himself to. But it was so intense! Nidaja threw back her head as Tia finally hit bottom, her wet mound sloppily grinding into the root of Alps' shaft, hard and needful.

"Already so on edge, Alpsie?" came Tia's enticing whisper. "Wanna just give in?" she teased. The general flexed those powerful leg muscles, holding back, as that slender, petite body started gliding back and forth over her friend's prone body. Those strong masculine hands moved to her waist as she hilted against and again, taking him in as deep as possible each and every time. She held herself close to him, still on all fours, her arms spread out a bit, her breasts, capped in rock-hard tits, dragging over his chest, tracing their own furrows in his fur. Nidaja began reflexively rolling Alps' hips as the pleasure continued to build. There was no preventing the building of this intense pleasure without forcing Tia to stop, which Nidaja knew Alps would never dare to do.

The general, trapped within a body that was feeling pleasure she didn't yet know how to control, squirmed almost violently under Tia as she started to increase her pace, her muzzle close to his, panting heavily, crying out softly from time to time whenever she stroked her clit just right against the grinding base of his shaft. She began to thump her hips hard into his as she backed over him hard, and cast herself forward again, pitching herself hard enough that she now had to be held by the shoulders to keep her on her friend's twitching, throbbing member.

"Mmnh! Oh love... Tia, I - I can't hold it!" came Nidaja's desperate warning in Alps' strained, hot voice.

"Then don't." came a rather savage growl from Tia as she slammed herself down that thick, intruding shaft. "Mmmph! Give it to me! Tell me! Tell me when you're cumming!" she cried, hugging Alps tighter. "I love feeling you inside me, oh Alps!" she cried, rutting against him harder and faster now. Nidaja's control over Alps' body was not even close to being enough to hold back now. A hot flash went through his body and Nidaja felt a hard jet empty into Tia's bouncing, pitching, and grinding sex.

"Nnggaahh! Cumming!" croaked Alps, as his hips hunched up against Tia's rigidly. Another wave, then another, each pulse fired deep into that soaking channel. Tia squealed loudly, as that thick essence splashed violently around inside her, pressed back out of her sex, into Alps' lap from her heavy, rapid pelvic stroking. Yes, this was definitely nullifying any grooming that had taken place. The wet, messy splattering of their hips colliding through Alps' climax only got wetter as Tia seized up, and wailed, her own tangy fluids spilling into Alps' lap. Nidaja had never realized how easy it was for Alps to tell one of his friends had climaxed until now. And it only made the severity of that male climax greater.

The general growled softly, the rage of passion and sexual lust overtaking her, within Alps' capable body. She reached around and grabbed Tia's rump, pulling her down against him, and rolling suddenly, pressing her to the mattress of that large, comfortable bed. Tia squealed, and gasped, as Alps growled with Nidaja's confidence over the slave's friend. She had *not* expected that. Nidaja didn't care. Tia had pleased him both times so far, it was the general's turn to have some fun and see what this body could do to a sweet little thing like Tia. The older female felt a bit dark about it, somewhat sinister, but it was so hot, even so!

Nidaja pulled Tia's knees up almost to Alps' shoulders, letting her legs loop over his arms, which she pressed heavily into the bed at Tia's sides. The grey-furred female's rump was held up to Alps' hips as she suddenly slammed deep into her, splashing their mixed fluids from her clenching sex lewdly. Nidaja growled again as Tia groaned pitifully in pleasure. White lupine hips began to piston rapidly, slapping loudly and wetly to Tia's, as she threw her arms up, and grabbed the pillow under her head, pulling at it desperately as her sex was ravaged over nine inches of unyielding lupine flesh. Tia wailed explosively as her hips rose to meet Alps'. She was climaxing very, very hard now!

"Aaahha.. Yes! Tia, cum on me - Oh YES - Squeeze me! Cum for me!" Nidaja panted and demanded aggressively in Alps' voice, as Tia's muscles strained, and hot wetness splashed all over the slave's lap, soaking his balls as they slapped against his friend's sex. Her hot juices splattered over the sheets and ran down her tail-base as Alps' shaft continued to almost abusively stroke back and forth within her. Nidaja felt the heat of lust flowing through her in a little bit different light than she was used to while lovemaking. Taking Tia felt very... Right. Somehow. Tia, of course, did not seem to mind, as she pitched and squirmed and screamed beneath Alps' relentless attack, her knees bent over the wolf's strong shoulders.

Nidaja panted heavily, enjoying such intense physical activity, and began to feel the now familiar throb of an approaching male climax. Tia put her hands around Alps' back, as if trying to control his speed, but to no avail. Alps continued letting her have it at a dizzying pace. Tia's body seized again, and her sex clenched tightly around that endlessly thrusting rod. That extra tightness pulled Alps' body ever-more-rapidly toward climax.

"Nnng - Yeah... Tia, I'm getting'... close again..." Nidaja panted hotly, as she pounded that tingling, burning shaft in and out of Tia's now convulsing sex. Tia released a few stifled words, as if unable to respond at all for a moment, while Nidaja growled happily, continuing to serve Tia with feral rutting, pushing the young grey-furred female's shoulders deeper and deeper into the mattress. This position offered Alps a lot of control. Finally, the words being pushed out of Tia started to become intelligible.

“Ahh gahhd! Cumming - Again!” she screamed, before looking with pleading eyes to Alps face, which wore the aggressive, superior expression of the emerald general. “Uhh... Taste - Hhnh! I want - Taste you, Alps!” she finally managed to blurt out. Nidaja was suddenly overcome with an even more domineering desire, not so much to do something to Tia, but to see Tia do something to Alps, to that body which Nidaja had made love to so many times. This wonderful pleasure that burned all over his young body had to be sated!

Alps pulled out of Tia as her sex relaxed a bit, recovering a bit from that intense climax. His throaty growl of pleasure was commanding of Tia, as he slid back onto his knees, and reached down, pulling her by her shoulders, onto her knees. She slid back a little, getting onto all fours, taking that soaking wet, twitching, swollen member in her graceful fingers again, and stroking slowly, as she brought it to her muzzle. Alps’ hand came down to her face, and caressed her forward, coaxingly, as Nidaja let her take the white lupine’s shaft deep into her slender, short muzzle.

“Mmmmmh... Yesss...” Alps crooned softly in his soft, feathery male voice. “Tia, that’s wonderful...” he churred, hanging his head a bit, gazing at his lover’s face through narrow eyes. She ‘mmm’ed as she took him in again, vibrating her lovely voice all the way down his shaft. Nidaja pictured how she must look, so subservient when she did this to Alps. This is what it looked like from his point of view. It was so exotic and serving. She tightened Alps’ legs, soaking up the pleasure, having trailed back from trigger-point moments ago by the change in position. Tia didn’t seem to mind the delay though, as she continued to look up at Alps’ face with a dutiful and loving expression, that crest of gray hair covering one eye, the other looking back innocently, and almost worshipping.

Nidaja groaned hotly through Alps’ parched lips, as the pressure in that young female’s mouth dropped while she lustfully swallowed back her own juices from that throbbing shaft. Alps’ sudden aggressive and dominant behavior had apparently forced Tia into a submissive mood, as she probably took when she was with Azia, Nidaja thought. The thought of it was merely reflection for a moment, before the sensation of wanted release started to prick down Alps’ spine, and his sack started to draw tight again. Tia began to speed up a bit, letting her hand trail her muzzle again skillfully, adding length to her strokes, making it seem that she was taking him in deep again. Nidaja gritted her teeth tightly.

“HShhh... Yes...” she hissed through Alps’ teeth, “Close again, keep going - Don’t stop...” Alps’ raspy voice growled. Tia moaned again softly, and continued just as she was, neither speeding up nor slowing down. She sucked loudly on the tip each time she pulled her muzzle almost all the way off of Alps’ shaft, and then slurped his length back in, the room filling with the steady “Slilck... Slilck... slilck-slilck-slilck!!” that told the heated story of the white lupine’s intense

pleasure. The ribbed texture of the roof of Tia's mouth continued strumming over his shaft perfectly. Alps' muscles tightened, Nidaja feeling that tingling getting stronger and stronger. "Yes... Yes... Ahh... Ahhh..." The lupine general felt the heat welling in Alps' body, right under his navel, it seemed. It was such a signature sensation - Nothing else at all like it. Nidaja hung her head, moaning through Alps' lips. "Oh love, Tia - I'm... I..!" Alps threw his head back, and held both sides of Tia's face, Nidaja feeling a surge through every cell of that oh-so-ready body.

Tia flinched a bit, with a wet "Gurk!" as Nidaja felt an almost painful explosion from the tip of that jerking, burning hot shaft. The young female started reflexively swallowing, hard and fast, as she was given a bit more than she was ready for in between breaths as she was. Nidaja felt that sinking sensation, as if her entire body was being turned inside out, expelled into Tia's willing mouth. The general felt almost faint within this slave's body as he spent himself completely over his childhood friend's palette.

Nidaja opened her eyes a little, gazing down at Tia as she suddenly popped free of Alps' shaft, pumping her hand over its still pulsing length, her mouth open, catching the still remarkably copious opalescent streamers of his thick seed over her tongue and the bridge of her muzzle as she desperately tried to catch her breath, painting her muzzle liberally in the process before making Nidaja cringe as she took that thick member back into her steamy mouth, swallowing down the last weak jets of his essence, her tongue grinding the tip of his sensitive shaft. Nidaja shuddered violently at that sensation again, but did not put up a complaint, as Tia took every drop she could draw from him.

Alps' body then fell backwards, involuntarily, as she felt as if that entire body sank as if it were falling through air choked with feathers, tickling that satisfied form all the way back down to some soft, warm, safe landing place. Everything became muted, dark, and wonderful for what felt like only a few minutes, but was apparently much longer.

The general realized she must have blacked out because when she came to her senses, and finally took stock in what was going on, Tia was holding Alps, stretched out at his side, her head on his broad, strong chest. Nidaja rubbed that white-furred head a bit, and smiled at Tia. Surely Alps would not have minded that she did this. She closed her eyes slowly, and finally let sleep take her in the body of her lover.