

Sirius, Book IV
A Slave's War

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 22

The island was such a peaceful place. The white royal life-mate of Nita Razelle gazed out over the water as it casually lapped at a sandy shore on the windward side of the island. Alps was barely able to see it from the narrow window of the temple, but it was high enough on the hill that it afforded some view. The location was safe, the air quiet, and the building itself comfortable even if fallen to disrepair. He found himself thinking about his future, and if this place would be a part of it. Would his mother come back here? Would she have any reason to bother resuming her life as a Letai Priestess if there were only a couple left in existence?

The wedding. The wedding had gone peacefully and uneventfully. Nita had been very happy to have the wedding in this place with few prying eyes. For all he and Nita had been through together, this single event represented little more than a foot note. Nothing was different between them for anyone but the general public who was, at that moment, unaware that their queen had even taken her life mate. The ceremony was a brief one, a gathering of him and all of his friends and new family. All the blood family he had in this world was there, represented by Luna. She had performed the ceremony, having Nita and Alps stand hand in hand for the first part of the ceremony, and fully embrace one another for the other half. Nidaja was allowed to interject if she had concerns about the union; she had none. Lyat acted as Alps' peer, expressing his approval for Alps' choice. This was a traditional role for the Asuna, but Alps himself had wanted to include their culture on the union because Lyat declared him a brother.

There was a feast of sorts from the provisions that had been brought which Lira had felt was reckless given that they did not know when or if they would encounter another town, but Luna felt certain that they would be alright. It was certainly no feast by Diera standards, but it was certainly the most filling meal Alps had enjoyed in a while. Wind rustled the trees outside, the air more than a bit cool, but the white wolf's thick fur padded under his black uniform as he stood in a sunbeam fought back the chill well enough. As peaceful as his pairing with Nita had been, it was even more peaceful now. The days ahead might be anything but peaceful, but for now he had this time. Lyat, Vhale, Reika, Lira, and Mytan had all been ushered off by Luna to the other side of the temple, giving Alps and Nita plenty of room. Nidaja seemed content to stay on the 'royal' side of the temple and Luna certainly wasn't going to object to that.

Alps felt a gentle hand come to rest on his shoulder. He smiled, assuming it was either Nita or Nidaja. It was the younger sister's voice which lilted in his stately, focused ear.

"How does it feel to be royalty, young slave?" she asked. Alps smiled wryly at that.

"I'm technically a lot older than either of you." He chuckled. He thought back, briefly and darkly, to his new certainty that he'd spent those hundreds of years with Ellis. He chased the thought away. Nidaja wrapped her arms around him, and he slid his hands down over her arms, which he found to be bare. He looked up and tilted his head back, before slowly turning in her embrace. His eyes widened.

The sister of his life mate was completely bare before him, not so much as a bauble or a bracer adorning her. His ears burned rose inside as he swallowed back a bit of anxious excitement.

"Ahh... Heh... Nidaja, you seem to have dressed down from the ceremony." He offered cautiously. He did not want to offend Nita if Nidaja got to him first, but he worried about insulting or hurting the younger sister by turning her away. Nidaja took Alps' hand in hers.

"Come. We should go someplace less..." The general gazed out the window, the picturesque scene of natural paradise outside. "... Drafty." She smiled and pulled Alps away, letting him follow along. What choice did he have? In Amanian society males who had been claimed as a life mate did so in submission to the family of their mate. Nidaja had no less right to ask him to follow her than when he was a slave. He considered again that very little had really changed for him. He padded through a few dark halls, the light not reaching them through the overgrowth that crept up the side of the temple, and to the large bedroom that had been his home with Nita the past few nights. The former slave wondered where the general's sister was as he was being led around like this. As he was brought into the room, he was given his answer.

On the rather oversize frumpy down-stuffed-settled-and-re-fluffed bed was perched the Queen of the Amanian Nation, on her knees, hands between them on a large pillow. She was only less bare than Nidaja in that she was wearing her single-peaked circlet, her crown. Alps blushed at that a bit, as his lover had barely worn her crown since they left the castle. He padded toward her as she wagged her tail slowly behind her, apparently just enjoying watching the approach of her mate. Alps stopped short of the bed. He regarded her breathtaking feminine beauty with rapt attention. His own heavy, fluffy tail was unable to hold still. He was not sure why Nidaja wanted to be bare to bring him to his lover, but it only intensified the raw longing sensations that seemed to be very welcome to that particular moment.

Alps carefully and somewhat ceremonially undressed because he was sorely out of place in his uniform. He had not discussed with the queen what he would be wearing

now that he was her mate, but she had decided that it would be most appropriate for him to be wearing the uniform for the wedding. He had always rather liked his nice, neat clothes that the royal family had afforded him and hoped that he would get to wear something similar. He had no idea what the life-mate of the queen was supposed to look like. He assumed that it might be something different from the uniform however to make him stand out a bit. Still, his intentions were less about the uniform in that moment and more about being out of it.

“Come up on the bed, Alps.” Nita murmured.

“Not something you have to seriously invite me for.” He crooned back eagerly, moving up onto the thick, padded surface and crawling deliberately over to his mate. He touched his nose to hers and she pushed her head forward, rubbing her whiskers among his own, ears folding back as she sighed happily.

“Mine forever. It’s a lovely feeling Alps. I thought about it a lot while you were away with the Asuna. What it would be like when I got you back. How much I wanted to hold you. It’s not something I take for granted, I will assure you.” She spoke in her even, savory, tender tone. Alps gasped a bit as he felt Nidaja’s weight settle on the bed behind him, and long, powerful arms wrapped around him. He had a sister on either side of him, holding him. This called back quite a few memories of time spent with them both, but he did not think that they both intended to celebrate Nita’s special day. It seemed like something that Nita herself would want to share alone with him. Then again, most of his intimate moments for quite some time were with her alone, in the rare peaceful time that they had shared before things got crazy. Alps spoke up on his feelings.

“I am rather surprised to get to see you both tonight. I had suspected that Nita might wish to have her mate to herself, but I cannot say that I am unhappy to spend this wonderful night with the two who hold the most special place in my heart.” He offered, hoping that his wording insulted neither of them. It was Nita who answered.

“You are not becoming family to me alone. You are family to Nidaja too. All our lives we have been close, and we have confided and trusted more in one another than in any other.” She seemed to want to explain to Alps the exact why. The former slave did not care so much about the why as he did to make sure that it was really okay with them both.

“That’s right Alps. Before you become a part of our lives, I shared in every moment of my sister’s sadness and trouble. Every setback and every challenge. Why would I not happily be there for her triumphs and happiness?” she asked. When it was put like that, few things had ever made more sense to Alps. He did not get to reply. He was pushed forward slightly by Nidaja and pulled forward slightly by Nita, his muzzle to hers, her mouth parting to cup to his parting maw, their tongues pushed hungrily to one another. Rarely had Alps kissed so ferociously, but the passion that had been building between the pair since that morning had known little respite. The kiss they shared at

the end of the ceremony was nearly platonic compared to what they involved their tongues and mouths with then. He wagged a lot faster at that, and gasped as Nidaja's hands slide down over his chest and to his tummy, rubbing in a warm, spoiling manner. There was little to be begged more than this, but he knew more was intended. He widened his eyes as Nidaja pulled Alps backwards a little, arching his back as his back pushed against her bosom. This exposed his front very deliberately to Nita, who leaned back in appreciation of him. Many a night had been spent with her hands moving over his body as much as they had desired. Alps was her slave. His body belonged to her entirely. Still, somehow it felt different now that he belonged to her in a very special way that coin would not provide. As her hands slid over his chest, he parted his maw slightly and breathed out a long, sensual breath. He loved the feel of his closest lover touching him, knowing he could trust that not only would she not hurt him, but that her intention was almost always pleasure. The queen spoke in a near whisper.

"We have a great deal to do when we leave here, Alps, but I want to make sure you understand... it may be days before we resume our journey, and I intend to make the most of my time with you." As she said that, her smaller, dexterous and skillful warm hand wrapped around his already aching cock, giving a slow, undulating squeeze to him. He folded his ears back, gasping out as a bead of readily available pre swelled at his tapered cock-tip. He gritted his teeth just a little as Nidaja slipped her hand down over his tummy, still holding him tightly from behind, and stole that drop away from his tip, the sensitive glans pulsing from her touch. He watched, incensed, as the general's strong feminine hand brought that glistening salty pre up to her sister's muzzle. A long, delicate, graceful tongue flitted out slowly and scooped it up, before her mouth pushed forward and engulfed Nidaja's fingertips, suckling that flavor away. Alps' heart raced. This promised to be a long night!

Lyat panted out softly, back arched, shoulders pushed into the firm, padded back of the red-velvet couch, his thighs parted as he kept his hands exactly where he had been ordered to leave them, at the back corner of both sides of the couch. His vest and shirt were open, his grey spotless chest bared as it rose and fell in deep, anxious breaths. His dark trousers were around his ankles as his knees stayed parted wide. Luna, her robes in a pile not far from the couch, sat beside Lyat at the far right of the couch, and lowered herself again. Her hand was wrapped around the base of his pulsing, very generous erection as her tongue swirled and darted and stroked and undulated against the tip of his dark spire of flesh. He looked to the opposite side of him and flattened his ears.

"You are not having to be staying for this, yes? You can be wandering around, is a nice day for walking." His shallow voice was directed at Reika who was sitting on the arm of the couch opposite Luna as she worked over her Brother. Luna had told Reika that she intended to do nice things to Lyat, and she might not care to see that. Reika had simply given them more room on the couch. Luna was making good on her threat.

Lyat winced a bit as he felt his cock taken a few inches and the pressure drop as Luna began to suckle on it. He whined a bit to Reika, "Is improper you there, seeing such things happen to family."

"Reika likes seeing Brother happy. Is very... yes." She nodded a bit at that. Lyat fluttered his eyes shut as he gave a bit of a surrendering sigh. His toes spread as Luna cupped his heavy sack and rolled those hidden orbs within. Reika did not speak as she watched this, seeming not to want to more obviously distract. Lyat gritted his teeth tighter. His sister obviously knew that if she distracted too much Luna would make her leave, and Luna was having fun with how anxious this made her large hyena lover. The priestess smiled around his cock as he shifted his hips slowly. He decided to just try to ignore Reika. He had been worked up for almost an hour before Luna decided to actually do something about it and he needed the release. So he kept his arms out along the back of the couch and he held still. If he just focused on what Luna was doing, she might allow him to peak and be content with that. He felt her mouth slide off of him, her now wet hand rising and falling up and down his shaft.

"Maybe hide that somewhere warm?" he asked Luna a little self-consciously.

"Brother is being shy. Is silliness." Reika commented.

"She's seen you without clothes before. She already said." Luna commented, hand riding up and down his entire length.

"Yeah, but not being so aroused and – like this." He indicated.

"Have too." Reika commented.

"What?" he asked.

"Reika sees with Nidaja. Is so happy. Reika hides. Always nice to see Lyat happy." She nodded again. Lyat sucked in a heavy breath, however, distracted from his alarming conversation with Reika. Luna cupped her hands on either side of his still quite solid girth and began to eagerly stir and strum her tongue-tip along the sensitive glans of the larger Asuna's cock as he tensed right up for her.

Lyat shook his head a little, giving up on arguing, it was impossible with Reika even when he was not at a clear disadvantage. He gripped the back of the couch as he took his eyes off of Reika. He could not make her leave, but he did not have to watch her as she scooted just a touch closer and narrowed her eyes to for some bizarre reason savor what was being done to him. He made a quiet vow to scold Luna for her mischief but he was in no state to hassle her about it right then.

Fortunately, Reika did not see it as important to give tips or in any other way intervene as Lyat tilted his head back, feeling that hot, perfect mouth slip down around his length more than half way, her hand cupping his heavy sack and the other hand just

pushing to his chest to keep him anchored where he was. He had no intention of leaving, spreading his thighs a little more and pushing a little more into that silky hot muzzle as his rounded hyena ears pinned back in his grimace of pleasure. He moved one hand to Luna's back and stroked over her shoulders, her motion shifting over him slightly as her head drew up, and then pushed back down. He exhaled heavily and pushed his toes into the time-worn carpet that rested under the old but sturdy couch. He began a steady, rhythmic breathing to just savor each moment, sure that Luna would happily push him over the edge in such a fashion, she'd gladly done it more than once before. He was certainly not used to such treatment by the Asuna back home, so he assumed this oral fixation was a wolf thing. Nidaja had happily done so as well. He had no reason to complain.

"Reika wonders if it feels the same for girl or boy..." The pondering voice of his sister finally broke through, just as she looped an arm over his shoulder, seeming perfectly content to finally sit right by him as if nothing more were going on than listening to the priestess tell a story. Lyat closed his eyes tighter, trying hard to ignore her company. He did not care that much that she was seeing, but he worried that it would distract or push away Luna which he would be quite irritated about. Luna did stop a moment, making Lyat tense up suddenly as she spoke.

"I have heard it's not much different, but there is a pretty big difference in the time it takes from person to person for boys. Some with less experience... well, their trousers barely have time to hit the rug before you are having to swallow it down, others you have to resort to other means because your jaw gets tired. I find that ladies tend to need a very different range of things to satisfy them, so I would say it has to be different based on that. I know both must be nice though because I have not been asked to refrain..." The length of Luna's speech finally dragged a whine out of the exasperated large hyena, his fur bristling. He was going to thump Reika's ears good at this rate.

"Lyat is usually being more patient, Priestess Luna." The younger hyena girl stated, leaning forward a bit. Lyat partly opened an eye to see her plainly watching as Luna returned to her tending of her brother. He felt his ears burn and he tilted his head to the side again, long, wonderful strokes of Luna's trained hand sliding up and down below her mouth, teasing and working him in obvious show to her audience. Reika's attention was held better than he'd ever gotten her to focus before, and there was nothing he could bring himself to do to stop it.

Nita's fingertips were graceful in tending to Alps in general when she'd stroke his ears, tease his thighs or tickle his body. She often did when they were alone but it was rare that the queen used them exclusively upon his member. She seemed almost as if she were trying to push him along his line of pleasure with just her fingertips this time. She tilted his cock upward, teased with her thumbs at his wet, slick glans, let them slide down, tickle and tease his light-furred pouch between his thighs, then drawing them

back up his pulsing shaft. Nidaja had her chin over his shoulder seeming content to watch what Nita was doing. Alps had, at first, tried to move his hands up to stroke his life-mate's breasts when she leaned into reach but Nidaja pulled his arms back almost painfully behind him. He really never minded if Nidaja was a little rough with him. She could cause a bit of pain when she was determined but it was never something Alps shied away from. He could certainly take it and the passion behind it made him feel wanted in ways that just knowing he caused her pleasure did not.

"Which of us gets the easy one?" asked the general behind him after a bit. She nipped his ear, making him gasp. He was not sure what she meant.

"I am feeling a bit frantic, I think I would be happy if it were me." The queen finally replied after teasing his tip with her thumb and index finger a while, pinching oh-so-gently, with that slick pre making him slippery amid all the tweaking, sending little shocks of pleasure through his body with each pinch of her fingers. He gave a little gasp as she leaned forward. He tilted his head to receive her kiss, but it was Nidaja who was the target. He had seen them kiss but a few times before, they did not do it often seeming to prefer to push all their affection upon him. It was in these rare moments that he was reminded that they had been together a very long time before he came into their lives and for most of their lives there was no one else they could trust so much but one another. He arched his back a little and pushed his hands a little further down behind him. Nidaja, pushed up against his back, had her thighs parted a bit to keep herself steady to hold onto him tight. She could not let go of his arms if she were to hold him in place, but to do so meant she was in reach of his fingertips in a rather enjoyable fashion for the white-furred wolf. He pushed his fingertips deftly against puffy warm wolf-mound. A sharp little draw of air barely perceptible greeted his ear as she kissed her sister so smolderingly.

Alps grimaced a bit with pleasure as well when Nita, surely unaware of what her lover was doing behind him, wrapped a hand around his girth and began a slow, steady stroking of that twitching length, spreading his slick pre up and down the entire pinkish spire of his lust. He spread his fingers a little, parting the puffy hot folds of Nidaja's dewy sex before pushing his middle digit in between them and strumming slowly and casually the swelling bud between. The more physical of the sisters pushed her hips back and forth a little, but did not draw away from the former slave fully.

The kiss finally ended and Nita looked at Alps with longing, joyful eyes. She leaned in and kissed him no less passionately than what she had done moments before. Part of him, with a pang of guilt, felt that he had somehow been joined to them both. He certainly felt like he shared that place in Nita's heart and while it felt a little greedy of him, it was certainly not an unpleasant thought, knowing that his life might be shared like this for as long as his body held out. Nidaja held his shoulders, keeping him in place as he kissed the queen deeply and slowly, his tongue actually somewhat mirroring the motions of his fingertips between Nidaja's powerful thighs. She remained quiet about what he was doing and he did not try to betray the little bit of private attention he offered to her. He assumed Nita would not care but he was obviously not

supposed to be in control of the situation.

Nita pulled away from the kiss slowly, as if reluctant, before gracefully turning around. She murmured softly as she faced the opposite way, the head of the bed.

“Do not let him move. I wish to tend to this myself.” Her words were as willful and powerful as any order she’d given for war even as soft as they were. He felt Nidaja’s grip tighten on his arms, holding them behind him a little more aggressively but she did not take those dripping folds out of his reach. Alps watched, trembling a bit as Nita slipped down onto all fours and slowly backed up, tucking a hand between her thighs, fingertips again teasing at his tip. He worried a moment that she was going to strum herself with his tip, a thing he’d suffered a few times for easily hours of teasing. He would certainly not complain, but he was not sure, with as aroused as he was, he would be able to control himself for a lot of that kind of treatment.

Fortunately, it seemed the queen was feeling merciful as, the moment she felt his tip spreading her silky honeypot wider around it, she sank back in a long and heavy, very thorough stroke. Alps grunted a bit, actually stopping the strumming of Nidaja’s clit a brief moment as he felt himself hilted so aggressively within the one who wished to have him till his final day. He arched his back and felt a tug from Nidaja. Hold still meant hold still. He gasped a bit, and then flattened his ears, intensifying the strumming of the utterly soaked nethers of Nita’s sister as the queen drew herself back and forth slow and steady. Alps looked down, the queen’s fluffy green tail held high over her back to provide a rather gratuitous view of each deep, longing penetration. He felt Nidaja’s chin over his shoulder. He did not have to look up. He knew what she was seeing, and by how her honey spilled down over his knuckles, he knew how she felt about the view.

There was a slow, even shift from the rather quick, jarring occasional hiltling Nita gave him to a more steady, rolling stroke, an utterly masturbatory working of his shaft inside her, the swing of her body no less dutiful than any attention he could give himself with his mind wandering those fickle, fanciful dreams he knew as he came into adulthood in dark forest or warm summer stream. He needed no thought beyond the present to aid him, and certainly needed no motion but what was offered to push him steadily along.

“I ... I’m already close, I should warn...” he whispered.

“Exactly... what I... want...” Nita puffed as she lurched back steadily against him. Alps understood in that moment what they meant by the easy one. When he’d have time with Nita and Nidaja often the first release was precariously easy, but after that it was hot and heavy and as reckless as they wanted. They meant to spend quite a lot of time with him this night and he could not have been happier! He could hear Nidaja’s breath puffing in his ear too, short little gasps occasionally punctuating deeper, steady breaths as he would occasionally have to change up his technique as fingers felt the burn of constant motion. It was not a position and a motion they were used to. He

moved his fingers back and forth in a playful wet sloppy flutter and she sucked in a hot breath and huffed into his ear,

“That... do that, just that, don’t slow down or stop or I will fucking bite you.” Her words where pinched almost to a whispered whine, but they were dark and serious. He knew why by how she said it. She was close to release a couple of times before, perhaps, but Alps had changed what he was doing and it pushed her back. His wrists burned a bit but he did not dare stop. Yes, there were plenty of times that Nidaja teased him, even let him start to cum before stopping outright to watch him squirm but he did not dare to do that to her. She went ridged, shaking slightly, and heat poured between his fingers. It was all he could take. His cock jerked inside Nita.

“Nnnph!” He announced with a little stifled noise, and Nita pushed her hips back heavily, grinding him in deep so he spent that first easy load as tidy and clean as could be so deep inside her that it would take a bit of work to spill a drop back out. The queen gave a long, happy, spoiled groan to the shivering pair behind her. The white male flattened his ears, closing his eyes and just letting the short, almost teasing motions the verdant queen provided to him milk out the last few drops of that diligently won release.

Luna pushed both of her hands onto Lyat’s shoulders as she swung a leg over his lap, straddling his hips. He looked a little surprised at her. The priestess was a lot less shy about Reika’s presence there than he’d thought, this had already been established, but he had not suspected she would willingly do what it was pretty clear she intended to do.

“You might... be wishing to get up... a bit...” Lyat panted to his sister. The lady hyena did as she was told which pleased her brother a bit, but only until he understood why. She simply plopped down on her knees in front of him so that she had a better view. He wanted to elaborate on what he had intended but Luna gave him no chance, simply driving her hips down with her fingertips guiding him right where every muscle in his body wanted to drive him anyway. He could not restrain the sinking groan that spilled from his parted mouth as his back arched and head tilted back. The rounded parting curves of Luna’s backside plushly pressed against the full and churning sack of the spotty male, his muscles flexing, straining to only press himself tighter to his welcome lover.

“Nidaja does not mind this?” asked his sister, completely ruining the moment.

“Nidaja is helping Nita with very lucky servant wolf. Nidaja and Lyat are understanding about this thing – aahhh....” He flinched a bit as he felt Luna’s teeth push tight to his shoulder. She lifted her head a little, panting.

“Are you hurt?” she asked in a tone that seemed a little dizzy.

“No, Lyat is okay” He answered reassuringly, then opened his eyes wider, catching himself as he said it, and blurting out suddenly, “No, injuries! Lyat is most injured!” he fairly shouted, glancing to Reika as canines breached flesh on his upper shoulder, the wolfess clutching his cock deep inside her. He had forgotten Luna did that. He winced a bit, trying to stifle himself so as not to alarm Reika. She sat up much straighter as she likely saw the ribbon of crimson trace a perfect dark line down his arm. Luna cupped one of her hands to it and began slowly and steadily rocking her hips, her lids heavy as she crooned,

“Poor dear, allow this loving and dutiful priestess to heal that.” Reika tilted her head very slowly.

“How is you hurting yourself Lyat? This is not so hard, even Reika is done without injury.” Lyat decided not to ask who it was with. He was pretty sure he knew. He closed his eyes, stabbing pain melting away so easily as he felt the essence-healing of the priestess. He wondered if she did this to him because she felt he was just strong enough to handle it. Was anyone else a victim of it? Reika would not respond very rationally to such a thing. He finally answered.

“The Letai is sometimes rough like this. Is passion to them.” He didn’t want to create a negative feeling about Luna. This was probably not easy for her either. Reika thought a moment about this, it seemed, actually looking up before responding.

“Letai is gentle. He says kind things and does not bite.” Her answer had nothing to do with Luna and cemented some of Lyat’s assumptions, but he could not, for that moment, bring himself to care. He began softly panting as the priestess pushed her hips up and down a little faster, nuzzling at Lyat’s cheek, seeming suddenly delighted, joyful, no longer dizzy and distant. She got what she needed from that little act. He lowered his head, pulling her closer, hands splaying over her backside and pushing her a little faster up and down in his lap. He wanted to present Luna with a reminder that he always forgave her for that. The heat of the moment was bringing Lyat thankfully quickly toward what he knew Luna would not be satisfied to leave without. He groaned softly, not caring about Reika hearing that tone from him. She had established that she was fine with what was going on and he did not care to add complexity where it wasn’t warranted. He huffed in a steadier pace as he helped the priestess’ hips rise and fall faster over that dark, throbbing flesh. The eager motion came to a jarring halt when a less familiar voice interrupted the wonderful rise of pleasure.

“Oh! Oh goodness me, I am so- I didn’t, Goodness, I... I...” Lyat looked behind him, startled. Reika had risen to her feet as well. In the doorway to the lobby that the couch was in, probably moving on to the southern half of the temple, was a very shaken and apologetic-looking verdant-furred Mytan. Adorned in white shirt and dark trousers he had dressed down from the event and was likely wandering around just exploring the temple since the Letai had always been the highest point of interest for him. A bit of additional stress for the situation was caused by the fact that Luna did not stop at all.

She didn't even stagger her motions. She was in her own little world of pleasure as she jerked her hips steadily in his lap.

"Mytan can be sitting as well, is good for friends to be happy together." Reika's tone was bright and cheerful. Lyat was actually warmed to hear that from her as she had spent so much of her time either furious or in some manner of chaos. Since they had begun their journey with Alps it seemed that she had lost some of the madness that seemed to plague her. Still, this did not put Mytan immediately at ease.

"What? Oh! N-No, I could not disturb the priestess, she is ... She is essence drawing I think? No..." The fidgeting green male clasped his hands together, locked in place by what Lyat could only describe as self-doubt. Lyat grunted a bit as Luna's hips slapped harder to his own. His sister answered.

"Luna is not being disturbed. Not even distracted." Reika pointed to indicate the ebon flesh slipping in and out of the priestess as her hips rose and fell rapidly, making Lyat spread his toes into the carpet a bit. Reika padded hastily over to Mytan and took both his hands, pulling him forward. Lyat closed his eyes. He could not watch this disaster, he was so close to just flooding his priestess, it's all he wanted to do in that moment. He felt pressure beside him on the red velvet couch.

"I am sure they don't want the intrusion!" Lyat heard Mytan's exasperated voice.

"Reika wants it. They is fine for Reika and you is a guest." Her tone was suddenly low and soothing, almost as he would expect from Luna. Lyat tensed up a lot. Sure the fleeting pondering thought had danced through his mind at seeing this aroused Reika, but was she actually going to try to do something to a horrified Mytan right beside the icon of everything he practically worshipped?

"Ahhh! Wait, what are you – mmph..." His cry was silenced in a fashion Lyat knew had to be a kiss. He closed his eyes tighter, clamping his hands on Luna's ass and slamming her hips harder down into his lap, making her cry out with pleasure. He would focus on Luna. That's all. He would just focus on Luna!

The white-furred former slave rested on his back in the somewhat frumpy old bed that they had claimed as Nidaja rubbed over his tummy in a happy, slow circle, gazing up at Nita as she slipped up alongside him on her knees. They had spent a few minutes kissing and stroking one another, the queen teasing the younger sister's nipples with her gentle teeth for Alps to visually enjoy. Watching them kiss and touch and play had gotten him through the oversensitive afterglow and his cock rested fully swollen and eager upon his lower tummy once more. Nidaja gathered it in her gentle hand as she let her touch trail down from his tummy as Nita nodded to her sister.

"Please, a most gracious offering to you, General Nidaja." She nodded to the bare and athletic green-toned wolfess. Nidaja grinned at her sister's proper gesture. It was something the two of them did most frequently when they were drunk. They would over-play the prim and proper nature of their station in a private setting as a means of poking fun of it. They did not take one another so seriously in private and it was a life Alps was always happy he got to see.

"Your generosity pleases the council, Your Majesty, I shall partake!" Nidaja swung a leg over Alps' lap, making him grin a bit. He moved a hand to stroke along the general's powerful thigh as she reached in front of her and petted and stroked Alps' twitching cock. "Such treasure the royal house has acquired; the pride of these lands I assure you!" Nidaja rambled playfully, licking her lips.

"Tarry but a moment, my most valued sibling!" Nita commanded, holding her hand up.

"What time must I have for distraction, but tarry I must as my host has been kind." Nidaja rested her ass against Alps' upper thighs, keeping him nicely pinned. "What say you, kind Queen Razelle?" she asked. Nita leaned over Alps' tummy.

"This gift is best enjoyed properly conditioned." She smiled up at her younger but stronger sister. She pushed her hot, wet mouth over Alps' cock, taking him in deeply, rolling his length against her tongue and spreading intentionally copious saliva all over him. She took her time, seeming to let Nidaja take the visual of it in. Finally, she drew her mouth off of Alps, leaving him soaking wet and glistening and hot for the larger of the two. Nidaja took him delicately in her fingertips, lifting her hips slowly.

"You are most wise to observe this, though I must insist that the thought of sharing such riches with you has left me conditioned in kind." She pushed a hand between her thighs, tucking fingers between dark folds and drawing them back, a ribbon of clear glistening honey briefly forming a wet tendril between claw-tip and puffy dark folds before breaking. Nita drew in a deep breath.

"I fear this has become a bit of a comparison of treasure, my dear sister. Though there are certainly ways around jealous thoughts..." She took Nidaja's hand in hers and lifted those wet fingers to her lips, her long, dexterous, graceful tongue darting and coiling between and around the general's tangy-sweet honey-coated fingers. Alps tensed up a bit, feeling his sack tighten a bit at the sheer wanton expression and taboo act of sharing, his cock throbbing so much harder than it had even inside his lover's mouth as he watched Nita suck her sister's fingertips clean. Alps throbbed in this manner right as Nidaja's slick, puffy, lust-engorged channel took him, her hips sinking down and driving the lupine male as deep as their position allowed. Alps arched his back a little, a hot exhale coming from him before he relaxed again, legs splaying a little as he caressed the general's shapely backside. He felt her squeeze him deep inside, a reminder of the first time he was ever driven into that hot, strong body. Her hips began to slowly rock, teasing his pleasure slowly higher as Nita cooed sweetly at Nidaja. No

more playful banter passed between them, the gift had been given. Nita decided to enjoy a bit of her lover for herself. She moved her leg up and over Alps' chest and backed up a bit into a familiar position that he was hoping she'd take. He pushed his mouth warmly to her mound and dug his tongue in deep, not minding his own taste as it resided in there, hooking and darting, pumping that tongue in and out of the one who had chosen him for life. Nita gave a long, happy growl and just leaned forward, holding her sister, stroking, touching, caressing her breasts, kissing her occasionally; it became every bit as much about the two of them as it was the wolf they shared beneath their hips. Alps could not have been happier to be a part of it. He felt that selfish rush again that his place in the royal house was truly with them both because of how close the sisters were. This was the one part of their existence they had, before, shared in secret that he was now to be a permanent part of.

It seemed the emotional drive of what they were doing, how they were sharing, and how important it was to them both did as much or more than the physical aspects of lovemaking because they both seemed to become quickly more urgent, rolling against him, pulling at one another, and even growling and panting readily in moments of their tender lovemaking. The mood of it never really changed, it did not become more feral or more desperate, the two never let go of one another, it was just that Nidaja arched and ground herself rather suddenly into Alps' lap and shivered heavily with a bit less care than it usually took on his part for him to get her there, and Nita buckled against her sister, holding tight and trembling as Alps very willfully took the initiative to let them share the moment and fluttered his tongue madly against her clit. Her heat spilling down his tightening sack, the general whispered to Alps as he teased Nita more deliberately.

"Good, Alps. Always so kind to my sister. Make her pop for us. For me and you both, make her feel happy, like she's flying because of how much we love her." Alps' heart raced, ears flat, tears in his eyes. Yes, he'd felt intimate with them both, certainly, and he knew that they loved each other dearly, they were as close as family could be. However, he had not actually really been subjected to the deepness of Nidaja's adoration for her sister, her care of the Queen's happiness and pleasure until that moment. And he took to her plea for his participation in that love with gusto. His tongue danced with a trained fever upon the swollen nub of the queen's clit, and he moved his hips more eagerly under Nidaja to stir her own wet heat with his own greedily pulsing flesh.

The pair held one another on top of him as he held the general's hips tightly, his own pumping steadily and briskly beneath, as he cupped his mouth to Nita's sex just in time to hear her wail with shaking pleasure, his tongue grinding ardently to her most sensitive inch. Nidaja had to hold her whimpering sister as she rode out her pleasure, her own hips rolling eagerly to the male between her thighs. Very quickly becoming oversensitive, Nita pushed forward and slipped away from Alps' tireless and well-meaning tongue. His cheeks were a bit wet, but he certainly did not mind being scented of his lover, and marked a little of himself for that matter. He sat up a little, looking at the more slowly rising and falling lady wolf in his lap, and finally just reached up and

pulled her sideways, rolling her onto her back. She looked up at him, seeming a little startled as he shifted her position so suddenly, but Alps made her bark out in lustful pleasure as his hips slapped hers hard, then drew back and rocked her hard again, the wolf wanting to give the athletic Nidaja a bit of vigor. Finally, he reared up, getting onto his knees and cradling the passionate general's backside a little as he pushed in deep again and gave a nice view to her sister.

"Time to enjoy this to the highest of my physical ability..." Alps growled needfully. Nita wagged her verdant tail briskly and leaned in close.

"My turn to use this treasure to make *you* pop, dear sister." The queen growled.

"It... It's alright; you really don't have to do that..." Mytan's voice wavered with uncertainty as Lyat finally glanced over to him. He was directly beside him as Luna rode pretty heavily in his lap, panting with heat and vigor as her hips slapped firmly against his own. Lyat wanted to tell his sister no, but what kind of hypocrisy would that be? The green-furred male was arched back a little, obviously not actively pushing Reika away who had slipped down before him and was carefully undoing his belt. He looked back to the girl's brother with a meek expression of non-aggression. He did not want to make the very strong hyena angry.

"She is being stronger willed than Amani boys." He confessed to the slightly shaking Emerald Amanian. "But is okay to try to make her stop. Luna is great healer wolf. She heals Reika bites so fast, I am betting." He wanted to imply that he was not going to harm Mytan if his sister continued, but that she might harm him if she couldn't. He gave a slight gasp of affirmation that he understood as his mostly flaccid pink masculinity was brought into view. Lyat pulled Luna harder into his lap, huffing, grunting a bit, focusing on the pleasure that was fast rising in him. Luna seemed a little more lucid at that point also, looking over to Mytan a bit and smiling wistfully, not commenting on what Reika was clearly about to do.

"Please don't bite..." Mytan whispered to Reika as his cock vanished into her charcoal-colored muzzle. Lyat blushed a bit, looking away again as he heard a familiar sinking whine from the poor wolf. He didn't make any more noise for a while, and Lyat got to think only about his own lupine companion riding him quite a bit harder as she got over her trance of healing seconds before. Luna lurched harder against Lyat and spoke up a bit to Reika, not helping the larger hyena slip toward his peak at all.

"Reika, cup him underneath with your hand... there you go, gentle now, move your tongue in circles..." Her voice was breathless and heated, but she sounded oh so helpful. Lyat internally whined. What was she trying to do, train Reika to pleasure the Amanian right beside them? Was that something typical in a Letai temple? Surely someone had to have taught Luna to do the things she knew how to do, but it had not

occurred to him until right then. Surely it could wait.

“Oh by the fires...” gasped Mytan. Lyat looked over, watching the slender male writhe a bit, his eyes glancing helplessly over to him. Luna thumped her hips hard against Lyat, jarring him a bit. He had let go of her hips without thinking about it and she apparently liked him focused on fucking her. He gripped again, pumping the bouncing wolfess harder with his hands, keeping his hips mostly still as the wet squelching sound of their union rose again between them.

“Is that... better?” panted Luna.

“Aheh... huh... huhh...” groaned the male. Lyat gripped Luna’s thighs tighter. He found himself caring a little less about who was doing that to Mytan and appreciating more that their less battle-ready teammate was enjoying the heat of pleasure too. It made Lyat a little competitive on a base and feral level. He needed to provide his gift to Luna first. For the moment he took his mind of Reika’s mischief beside him, looking at the priestess, leaning in to kiss her, passion rising as he felt her beginning to tighten more around him.

“Uh, oh... Hello, hi...” Mytan murmured cautiously. Lyat’s curiosity made him glance over. Reika had moved up, face to face with the green-furred male. He looked down a bit fitfully. Reika was still dressed, perhaps he thought her sitting in his lap was not going to be a big deal, but she wore nothing under that wrap around leather skirt, so he tensed up, enunciating a hot “Ahhaaaa...”, eyes wide, locking right on Lyat who stopped pumping wolf-hips over his own a moment. Reika put her hands on Mytan’s shoulders, panting out ferally as her hips pushed tight to his. Lyat looked away again.

“Glad to see her enjoying life, Lyat?” Luna whispered to him. He felt his cheeks heat up. Luna was so full of mischief for actually making him think about it right then. But he felt a resolute pang in his conscience as he listened to his sister pant as she rose and fell in the wolf’s lap beside him. He leaned up and whispered to his lover as she continued to bounce her hips over his even with his hands not moving her.

“Truly? Yes Luna. Reika’s life is being hard always.” He did not mind the distraction a moment, he still felt intense pleasure at the priestess’ hips rising and falling a bit more slowly as she listened. She whispered back to him, seeming to know he was trying not to distract Reika from her pleasure.

“It is still hard, but she’s not alone at least. There is no medicine for her better than this, I promise.” Lyat closed his eyes tightly, and took Luna’s hips in his hands and began to move them again. She was right. He knew everything about Reika, he’d seen her through scorn, ridicule and abuse, he’d stood by her and defended her, loved her when others were afraid to. His discomfort for the proximity of his sister in that pleasurable moment melted. Luna was very wise to know exactly what to say, and he looked over at Reika, smiling at what he saw.

Her eyes were closed, she was fixated perhaps on her pleasure, biting her dark lower lip slightly as she rose and fell steadily in the slightly panicked but obviously highly aroused wolf's lap. The lady hyena gave a soft little whine. Luna sped up a bit, watching Lyat as he watched the younger Asuna female bounce more desperately on Mytan. The green-toned male looked at the girl in his lap, and then back at Lyat. He and Luna both smiled to him, and he finally folded his ears back and groaned, closing his own eyes and embracing Reika as her hips sped up again. He huffed over her shoulder.

Lyat felt his pleasure rising fast then, no longer derailed by unnecessary feelings of anxiousness near Reika. He wanted her to feel pleasure. He wanted her to feel the kind of closeness that he realized a moment before he had thought she might never be able to enjoy in the normal sense. She'd healed and grown so much in a year. He looked to Luna and murmured in a soft, savory tone,

"S-slow down a little... Want to try to..." He was not sure how to say it specifically, but Luna smiled and nodded to him, panting a bit, tongue slightly out, pink and bouncing with her as she rode his lap. She seemed to understand.

"This is... okay?" Mytan asked, looking to Lyat rather than to Reika who seemed very much in her own little world. "In... Inside?" he asked, ears splaying wide, eyes barely open, his body shaking. Lyat could not help but smirk. He asked his permission to flood Reika. He gasped and winced, the hyena girl biting his shoulder.

"I don't think... that's up to anyone but her..." Luna panted. Mytan nodded a bit, and looked at Reika as if to ask her, but she doubled forward a little, pushing Mytan back as she gritted her teeth.

"Nk! Nnnk! nnnnHHnnnn!" She groaned in a wavering, lilting tone. She sped up, hips jerking.

"Faster..." Lyat puffed at Luna. She grinned and slapped her hips harder. Mytan rolled his eyes back.

"Reika, I'm gonna go... I am gonna go soon..." He shook a little.

"Haaaaahhhnnn!!" Reika wailed. Lyat pulled Luna harder and faster. He was a little slow, but felt himself give in finally, spewing his essence volcanically inside the bouncing priestess.

"Rrrrth, Yuruk, Hah! Priestess, Nnk!" Lyat barked loudly to the growling white-furred beauty. She held his shoulders, looking over at the other two as she enjoyed the Asuna flood inside her. She pushed herself tighter to him, rolling her thighs in hot, steady rhythm but keeping him so deep not a drop could escape. Reika was not so fastidious, apparently incensed even in the middle of her climax by her brother's admission of his sexual release. She cried out and slammed her hips recklessly in

Mytan's lap, splattering ejected opalescent seed all over his lap and the red velvet couch as her inner flesh obviously convulsed hard around his cock through a frantic climax. Lyat groaned out to Luna as he watched the rather graphic fun his sibling enjoyed. He rested his head against Luna's shoulder and panted heavily, feeling deliciously spent inside her. Mytan leaned back against the couch as Reika's hips finally ground to a halt in his lap. She panted against his chest, hanging her head as she twitched slightly in his lap.

"Feel better, Reika?" Luna asked.

"Reika is wet." She answered simply.

"That is good." Lyat stated.

"Reika is happy for Lyat is happy." She stated, seeming to have a little more trouble with common tongue when spinning in soaking hot afterglow.

"Lyat... is happy, yes." He huffed. "For Reika too."

"Thank you, brother." Reika panted after a short pause, and then leaned up and flicked her tongue at his jawline before sinking back against Mytan. "Thanking Mytan friend too. Maybe is not so good at asking, but is good he is not saying no. Reika might not have done no so good." Her words were a little awkward, but her point was pretty well made. Mytan puffed out a bit of a laugh and nodded, shifting a little under the girl's thighs. He leaned back a bit more and stroked Reika's cheeks and shoulders.

"This is not... how I imagined I would earn my honor with the Asuna." He huffed.

The white wolf male pushed himself heavily, hard and fast over Nidaja, hips slapping loudly to hers as she puffed and panted, swore and grunted under his vigorous attack. Nidaja preferred it rough, Alps had found, and Nita rather enjoyed the show. And put on a show he did, making every attempt to hoist Nidaja's tail out of the way if it blocked the view for him and his beloved queen, or turning himself a bit when he shifted to having one leg up, a foot on the bed, then back down. His muscles in his upper legs and in his back were already burning. He would likely not be moving terribly fast the next day, he was sure. He would find time to lament that tomorrow. That thought in mind he gritted his teeth and slammed himself against Nidaja a little harder. The lady wolf finally bucked her hips back into his hard, squalling beautifully as she erupted around Alps' pistoning shaft, the wet sounds of their impacts giving Nita plenty of confirmation of her sister's release.

"Stop, Alps. Hold on..." Nita spoke softly. Alps had some trouble slowing his hips. He was actually starting to get close to release himself. He ground to a halt

though, panting raggedly over the twitching General's back. Nita pulled Alps backward on the bed. Alps held Nidaja, lifting her chest up, and pulling her shoulders to his chest. This toppled her and her lover both. Alps' shoulders rested against the head of the bed, so he more or less cradled Nidaja in his lap. She squirmed happily, enjoying being held. Alps closed his eyes and sighed, letting the nicely climaxed Nidaja rest against him as he felt the warmth of her honey in his lap. Rather suddenly, Nidaja groaned out, arching against him. Alps thought she might have had an aftershock climax at first, but he felt Nita's hand up against his sack. He glanced down to see her muzzle parked over Nidaja's spasming sex. The queen's tongue fluttered busily over her sister's little bud of flesh.

"Oh Nita, you don't have to –Haaaah!" Nidaja arched again. Alps grinned and began slowly moving his hips under the lady wolf's. She held perfectly still, panting heavily, hands slipping down to hold Alps' own which were on her hips. She quivered all over. "It's not my wedding night, N-Nita, you should b-be getting this treatment!" the general panted desperately. Nita wagged.

"Oh, you think I'm not having a good time, sis?" she asked, licking her lips. She then cupped her mouth over the verdant warrior's mound. Alps could feel her mouth over him as he slipped his cock in and out of the tensing and relaxing beauty. It only stoked his fires hotter. He continued to move at a slow speed. Not much was required in Nidaja's position. She'd been teased during sex like this before, but she seemed particularly hair-point-triggered this evening, perhaps because of her emotional state, or maybe other factors were to blame. Alps wasn't in the mood to question it as her sex clamped tight around him again and Nidaja gave a sinking groan yet again. She had not plateaued for him in a long time and it was very gratifying.

"I'm gonna cum..." he warned, trying to control his speed. He felt like even if he stopped he'd be over the edge a few moments later anyway. It might have very well been too late if she wanted to stop. Fortunately that did not seem to be on Nita's mind. She kept her mouth where it was and growled out,

"Yes, Alps... fill her... every drop..." Nidaja whined pitifully, a sound that only incensed Alps more.

"S-stop Nita, I can't... I'm gonna... Aaahh.." She tensed and arched hard, shoulders against Alps' chest. He pulled both hands up to her chest, hands clamping and rolling breast-flesh eagerly as his hips rolled those few slow, undulating motions. He finally rolled his eyes back, feeling the surge flow from deep inside, and then spray copiously inside the again exploding general. Her feet came up and she shook heavily with a climax triggered by Nita's tongue and amplified by the sensation of wolfseed splattering her cervix. Alps held mostly still, letting that flood go deep inside his life-mate's sibling. He then gasped, feeling his cock pulled lewdly from Nidaja's overflowing honeypot. He felt the general's heat immediately replaced with the queen's very capable mouth. She began using her tongue around the former slave's tip as the climax he was already reeling from was suddenly amplified. He cried out and struggled. Nidaja

grabbed him and held him tight. He panicked a little, realizing that he was exactly where they wanted him. He shut his eyes tight and snarled in pleasure and pain that were mixed from being pushed past his peak. His feet came up and he felt his ankles grabbed by Nidaja.

He was held helplessly as Nita suckled and stroked his twitching flesh in her searing mouth as Nidaja's sex poured over his belly making a royal mess of him. He whined and struggled, knowing that they expected more than one release from him but back to back was a lot harder to do. He huffed and squirmed as Nita's hand came to rest on his sack, massaging and coaxing tenderly as her mouth slipped wetly up and down over the first few inches of that turgid, aching member.

"I can't.. I can't, I'm over-sen-" he began to protest. He felt Nita's teeth and he gasped, saying not one more word. Alps whined and arched, hands gripping Nidaja's breasts tighter, making the lady wolf growl a bit, her own hands coming to his and applying claws to his wrists until he lightened his grip. After a few more minutes of this torture, Nidaja's hand slipped back down to her puffy, drooling, messy sex and began strumming herself, making Alps twitch in Nita's mouth. Watching Nidaja play with her sex like that while his queen orally pleased him inches away from that source of her heat pulled the wolf right back toward his peak.

"Gonna be a lot of nights... like this... hope you know..." Nidaja growled this out tensely, anxiously working herself toward a new peak. It was a little easier for her than for Alps, but the thought that many nights might go like this so enticed him to think of other ways the two could share him that the thoughts alone were enough to drive him to a near panic of lust. He didn't say anything. He couldn't, his throat was almost raw from panting and his head was spinning. He just arched back, toes spreading and fed his beloved every newly fashioned drop of his seed that he could physically produce, spraying hot and hard in her muzzle. Nidaja erupted the moment she figured out Alps was cumming.

With that... something unusual interrupted the moment. He leaned forward, holding Nidaja in his arms as Nita pulled his twitching spent flesh from her mouth and gazed up into his eyes lovingly, pushing his thick cock back into her sister as she groaned with an aftershock, but Nita's expression went from sly sweet playfulness to awe. Alps widened his eyes as the light in the room increased a lot. His wings were glowing brighter, perhaps? He moved them, feeling like they were somehow heavier. When he moved them, they came into view, huge wings of light. Nidaja gasped, shaking.

At first, Alps was startled and worried. He could hide little wingies like what he had well enough, but these were going to be a problem. Had he really drawn so much essence in the encounter with these very powerful lovers? His wings had gone from 11 inches long when spread, to about four or five feet. They made so much light that he was sure someone on the opposite shore from the island could probably see them through the window of this old bedroom. He was about to say something about them

when he felt a little pop of pleasure race through him, gasping, and then there was a flash, a hiss and crackle, and glowing feathers were suddenly swirling rapidly around them, the weight on his shoulders gone.

“Oh! Your wings!” cried Nita. Alps tried to flitter them as he often did, but felt nothing. He looked over a shoulder. There was nothing. The feathers swirled into a rather dense band, and then spiraled right to Nita, and through her middle, making her gasp and cry out happily, holding her middle, leaning into Alps. “Love!” she cried.

“What?!” cried Nidaja, leaning over to her sister. The column of feathers of essence speared right through her back, making her cry out as her sister had. “Love!” she barked in stunned joy. Alps braced for the feathers, eager to know what he was doing to the now happily crying girls. But they skipped him and spiraled right out the window to parts unknown, leaving him naked of both clothing and wings. Nita and Nidaja held one another, Alps slowly softening cock finally plopping out of the younger of the two. After they had calmed down a little, Alps spoke up, a little stunned. He’d have to find out from Luna what happened to his wings.

“Are you alright?” he asked. “The feathers...” He did not think they were hurt, as they had been cuddling and giggling. Nita finally spoke up.

“Oh Alps... I... I don’t know what happened, but when those feathers went through me, I got to feel what you feel. I felt like I was inside your heart...” She stopped to pant a little. Nidaja continued for her.

“We know you love us, but actually getting to feel the intensity of it...” She leaned in and kissed Alps softly. “We worried sometimes... that things you endured in life before you met us would take away from what you could feel... Maybe love and tenderness would feel suspect to you and trusting would not be second nature... but we were wrong. Everyone who lives wants to be loved the way you love us Alps. That’s what we felt. That’s what you gave to us.” Nita embraced Alps and Nidaja both, and Alps caressed them sensually and slowly.

“I am gonna miss those little wings if they don’t come back, though.” Murmured Nita.

“Well, we know how to get them back.” her sister teased. Alps widened his eyes. They wouldn’t.

“Work him up for me, sis, I want him in me.” Nita crooned. Alps whined. They couldn’t. Nita rolled Alps slowly onto the bed with Nidaja getting off of him. Alps sprawled before them, a look of worry on his face. Down Nidaja went. He whimpered pitifully.

They could. They would.

And by the eternal stars they did.

The cool morning air might have seemed a little too brisk for some, but Alps rather relished it. He preferred the cold if he had the choice, and he drew in slow, deep, happy breaths as he watched the light of the sun spill through the trees on the east side of the island. He wore his crisp, clean uniform, though the gold frog buttons along the front remained undone as he had not bothered with them when he awoke. He had left Nidaja and Nita heaped upon one another in the large designated royal bedroom. He worried that they might actually have glued themselves together, but he did not want to wake them if they still needed rest.

"Long night?" came a soft, caring voice. Alps looked up the trail in the direction he was walking, spotting Luna there, in green and white robes on a half fallen tree which had been hewn centuries ago into a makeshift bench. The tree was still alive and so the bench had remained, though it was partially buried as sediment that had been deposited by rain slowly built up around it. Alps pulled himself achingly up onto the bench. He looked up at his mother who wore a wry, playful grin.

"I had a bit of trouble standing when dawn broke." her son admitted. Luna smiled at that and whispered back to him,

"I think everyone enjoyed their night, honestly. It's good to be back home, and it's better to make it feel more like home by sharing it so much with friends and family." She leaned back a bit, her brow furrowing a bit with concern. "Uhh..."

"They popped." Alps said as directly as he knew how. Luna was exactly who he wanted to talk to about it.

"What do you mean... they popped?" she asked with a note of concern in her voice.

"They got really big, like the wings of a great eagle, glowing bright, enough that I imagine our window was a beacon." Alps explained. "Then... Foof!" he made the wind-rushing sound effect that he remembered, gesturing how the feathers expanded out in a cloud and then, "They burst into feathers and whirled around the room into a tight band." Luna's eyes widened. "Then, whoosh, right through Nita, then through Nidaja, right in the middle of them, and they said they felt the love I felt for them, and it was pure joy." He was hoping that part of it was making his mother less concerned.

"And then the feathers disappeared?" asked the priestess.

"No, they flew out the window." Alps finished. Luna's ears flattened.

"Out the window, and up into the sky?" she asked.

"No, down. I don't know where from there. Nidaja was still... uh... sitting on me." He didn't know why he wanted to mask the intimacy from his mother. Not with all she'd done to him. He looked back up into her multicolored eyes. She seemed stunned, stroking Alps' back.

"You do not feel them anymore?" she asked. Alps shook his head.

"No... Nothing. I'm kind of glad. They certainly made me stick out, but I figured you might know what could cause them to just... do that. I wasn't trying to do anything to them at all." He noted. Luna shook her head this time.

"Mmm... No, I know of nothing that might cause it, but Ceriss might. She understood some of the advanced and more bizarre Essence abilities that I would not have studied. I very much focused on healing and the use of an essence focus to store energy." She leaned back again.

"There is another you could ask about it." Another familiar voice spoke, but Alps could not immediately place it. He and his mother both looked up the path in the direction which he'd come. Luna gasped deeply as if she were suddenly falling. Alps widened his eyes. There, on the path, was Ellis. Her hands in her sleeves, arms crossed as she stood beside someone else. Alps recognized her with a start, understanding his mother's reaction.

"Priestess Luna..." His words spilled out as if measured for baking. His mother cupped her muzzle.

"How... How are you here? I've only seen you in dreams from the crystal..." She sounded positively horrified, but Alps could not guess as to why. She seemed very sweet and tender when he'd met her in the crystal. But if she could come out of the crystal why did he get brought into the crystal? There she stood, however, short, ears folded back and long and graceful, fur bright white and robes just as white with gold ornate banding and runes patterned into the hem of the sleeves. She looked even more beautiful than Alps had remembered her but two nights before.

"I summoned her." stated Ellis calmly.

"She died a thousand years before I was born, Ellis, you can't just summon her!" The wolf priestess flailed a bit, exasperated. She then inhaled deeply and put her fingers on her temples, something she seemed to do to calm herself. "Okay. Aheh... No, so ... this is a direct decedent then?" asked Luna. "I have gotten carried away here. I know that can't be-

"You last spoke to me when you decided to take Dias as your life mate, you confided in me because the war was going so poorly and you were worried about

raising a child in this dark place.” The Lhap Island Luna spoke in her small, higher pitched and sweet tone. Alps’ mother gasped again.

“You can’t be... You are but a spirit, a memory held in the crystal...” Luna pleaded, looking to Ellis. “What did you do?”

“You are right to question this, it was not easy.” Came the cold, calm words from the dark fox.

“Nope!” came a sharp masculine tone the other way down the path. Alps looked up to see Vhale pivot on his heel and walk the other direction in a steady, determined pace. “Nope – No no no.” He padded away. Luna and Luna both looked after him a moment and then back to Ellis, who continued.

“Your memories, Priestess Luna...” she regarded Alps’ mother. “Are all you are, when you think about it. Your mind and your thoughts are what makes a living body, lovely though it may be...” she regarded the white wolffess a moment, actually making her blush, “... all that makes this living being you.”

“But you can’t take memories written, thought and prayed into an essence crystal into a physical body.” The white former-slave’s mother said with a tone of shock still weighing heavily on her voice.

“You did so yourself when you were but a girl.” The elder Luna spoke. The mother wolf folded her ears back.

“That was a *honeysprite*.” She held her hands out in a gesture of incredulity. “It took weeks of searching to find the right materials and the energy of a dozen essence drawings to bring back a honeysprite who had just passed. Your body was given to the pyre, the ashes...” She paused. The smaller white fox spoke up.

“...Were fused with the crystal of this temple, etched with the silver into the spell to hold my memories.” She leaned forward. “My body wasn’t needed. A new one was made using a ritual that was known only by the Val-Rashan.” She nodded to Ellis.

“Wait... That’s why you were so interested in why I was travelling with her?” Alps asked. His mother snapped a glance to her son, and then back to the elder Luna.

“It’s not so different from a spell where you regenerate a missing limb or a lost eye. You just start with far less of the body” The smaller fox stated, padding casually over to the more lupine Luna. She tensed up a lot, and gazed in continued shock at her. Alps had not been given too much of a history lesson for the early Letai, so he was not sure why his mother was so reverent, but he suspected there was good reason.

“Not so different? Restoring a limb takes five powerful channeling crystals, fully charged with essence and a seal under them in silver so complex that I was only willing

to even try it a few times. It took months to build a charge for those five crystals. Wait, where did you even find part of Luna's body to start the ritual with?" asked an increasingly frantic High Priestess.

"Here." The mysterious fox Ellis held up a silver brush with emeralds inlaid in it. The brush looked exquisite.

"That's a relic, how did you even get that, it's locked with an essence-imbued ..."

She trailed off. "That... was the key you took from Vhale that day... back in Diera." She widened her eyes. "You intended to summon her ... even then?" she asked incredulously.

"As you say." She nodded, her silver eyes gleaming with determination.

"But... the power required for that would have been..." she then looked with a start back to Alps.

"My wings..." the former slave murmured with quiet realization.

"You ... used all the essence stored in my son to do this?" Alps' mother indicated the elder Luna standing before her. Elder Luna looked almost as young as the other Luna did, though her smaller stature made her seem so much more delicate.

"I borrowed from everyone who was providing it last night." stated Ellis calmly. "Including you, Lyat, Reika, Nita, Vhale and Nidaja." She nodded.

"Vhale was not involved in last night's ... festivities." Alps' mother observed.

"No, he was watching you and Lyat, he contributed." Ellis stated. The High Priestess blushed a little and gazed back at the smaller Luna.

"This is... Real then? You are really alive?" she asked.

"Mostly." Her answer seemed very happy for what it indicated.

"How are you mostly alive?" asked Alps.

"She can't stray far from her memories. She's essentially on a leash to the main crystal down below." Ellis stated.

"It's why a completely new mind did not start out blank." The elder Luna added.

"So you are trapped here?" asked Alps. That did not seem very kind at all.

"I am not unhappy to live again, even if just here." She sat beside Luna, Ellis sat beside Alps, making him tense up a little. She never sat right by him.

“What will you do here?” asked the taller Luna.

“Teach new Letai, of course. It’s why I agreed with her that it was time for me to return.” She smiled to the black fox.

“There’s not a lot of Letai left to teach...” the High Priestess whispered sorrowfully. “I am sure you know by now that the war did not go well for us.” The smaller fox leaned forward, eyes gleaming with happiness.

“That is a problem that you know very well how to correct... But see to the security of these lands first. Then... We will look at the life we share ahead.”

“You must know... this is a very dangerous thing we must do in order to bring us that security. We know our chances are slim, but we will try anyway.” Alps stated.

“You are not to fail in this of all tasks, Alps.” Her tone was very calm and determined.

“Certainly not with Ellis with us I imagine. I don’t think an army dares stand against her.” the former slave’s mother stated in an icy but self-assured tone.

“My journey ends here, Mother Luna.” the dark vulpine stated in a quiet but sincere voice.

“What?” Alps asked, his heart suddenly sinking. He had just learned of his real connection with Ellis, he had so much he wanted to talk to her about. He wanted to practice fighting with her more. He wanted to try to remember all he had forgotten about his lessons in the Nether. Ellis answered again, calm and soft.

“Until we know that the crystal has fallen, the best hope of the Letai, and these lands, rests here in this temple with no ability to flee this place. The First Priestess must be protected. There is not to be open discussion on that regard.” Alps sighed softly, knowing that Ellis was right. The original plan never called for a powerful Val-Rashan fox fighting for them. They had intended to do this, they would still do it.

“Do not think you will have no help in this, Alps.” The Elder Luna stated tenderly. “I have some things to teach to you, to Nita as well. These will be helpful gifts for this journey. You will return to me and tell me of your victory. But for today... there is much to be done.”