

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 1

His white fur slightly unkempt and lupine features wearing a perpetual expression of worry, Alps looked at the crowd anxiously. He had been to many auctions before, but never for sale in one. He felt, fearfully, that it was somehow impossible for his current owner to simply sell him, and yet, here she was doing just that. It had been so long now that he was in her service. Despite his fears of the event, secretly, Alps was actually kind of glad. Chana Feras was an often cruel and violent mistress, especially with a bit of drink in her, and the lupine slave had suffered continuously in her care. There seemed to be no end to her anger, often to the threat of Alps' survival on really bad days. Even now, he knew that this was merely a ruse. No one would call a price, and he'd go right back home with her to be informed of her disdain. She had told him that she would prove to him that no one else wanted him. But there was still that faintest glimmer of hope that it would not go that way this time. The chance, however small, that something had slipped her ability to plan.

Perhaps his new owner would be kind and generous. It was an odd feeling to the young lupine. He had never really hoped for anything after he had been sold as a slave from a border town orphanage at the age of eight. Now there was hope, even as remote and weak as it might be. He had seen other personal servants that were bold and happy, not cautious or quiet like he had been trained to be. It was obvious that some owners were far more vicious than others. He was certain by the appearance of other slaves that had one of the less kind ones. One could not, in his position, choose their owner though. It was for fate to decide. Now, tensely, he waited for fate to draw a new card for him.

Alps had grown up in an orphanage in the small but prosperous town of Seravi, until the age of about eight, as near as they could tell. Alps was not like the other children in his orphanage. He was 'afflicted' with white fur. It was an unusual, nearly unheard of fur color, which made the likelihood of him being adopted very, very slim. No one wants a child who will bring a stigma onto the family, or cut the line short by an inability to produce an heir. That curse followed him until the orphanage placed him up for auction. That had been when he was only seven. It took almost a dozen auctions before Chana, drunk on Kuraia spice

wine, purchased him for a hundred bits. That was ridiculously low for even a child slave with no experience. Still, as it was the only offer made for the lupine child, it would do. Children too old to adopt were always sold as slaves in order to feed the new orphans that came into the home. It was the only way the under-funded orphanages could take care of lost or parentless children. Continuing to feed Alps when he could not possibly be profitable would not do.

The support of the empire was not something these orphanages could rely upon, given that their world was strained to its limit with poverty, war, and dark intent. Clashes along the border with a dark race known as the Uruk, or orcs, were an every day affair, and the tide of orphans coming in often far outstripped the local means to care for them. As bizarre and cold as the thought to just sell them as labor might have seemed, it was, in most cases, the only chance many of these children had for survival. It stood as a small boon in a dark world torn by a war that had lingered sorely and abusively out of balance for more than 700 years.

Alps was a male Amanian lupine, now about 20 summers, though no one could be totally certain of his age. He was about five feet and ten inches tall, and warmly coated in bright, conspicuously white fur. He was typical of his kind in almost every other way. He was wolf-like, having a typically wolfish head, ears, muzzle, and full and expressive tail. His tail stood out as being a bit longer and fuller than most other lupines, and his ears just a bit larger, but few noticed that at all with the glaring and obvious difference of his white fur to detract from his sense of normalcy. Like other Amanians, his body was for the most part, hominid. Legs, torso, feet, and hands were all normal and typical for his kind. The only other thing that set him apart from most lupines was his eyes. They were a bright crystal violet color, full of life and energy, even with the hardships he'd endured. It was this shaky, uncertain creature that stood before a meager audience of about 30 people on this overcast, uninspiring day in hopes that today a price, a number, would be called, and he would find his new life.

On this day, Alps wore something fairly common for a slave to be seen in. He had on trousers which were a little too large for him, and quite baggy, made of some manner of tan-colored canvas. The top to his ordinary and impoverished outfit was a green suede vest, very old, eaten through with many holes. The clothing was clean though, as was his body for what felt like the first time in a year. Chana would not offer a dirty slave for sale, even if just to make a cruel point to her wretched slave. His fur, however, left to dry without brushing, was not elegantly neat, even if quite clean. Still, Alps did *feel* very refreshed. This eased him a bit in front of this old rickety wooden stage. His time was soon to come.

This was the worst part. The waiting. It reminded him every second of why he was there, and what could happen if it didn't work. But it had to. He held it in his mind that it had to. There might not be another chance like this. There might not be another chance to leave forever from this small, uncaring village. Maybe this was the only time he could turn away and never look at the gaunt, stern face of his attractive but cold owner. He looked over at her, wanting to take in her expression of smug superiority to mark it in his mind so he'd have that to break in his memories over and over again when the gavel came down and he was no longer her property. Her light tan fur was an attractive, sought after color for nobility and her narrow, piercing amber eyes were a strong and fierce feature for any lupine. She was a woman with power regardless of how impoverished and insignificant to the empire her region was. Chana was a regional matriarch, controlling the normal day to day activities of three towns, one of them quite large. Seravi, Luca, and Calanar were all under her jurisdiction, and she answered to the high council and the queen, no one else. Her dark violet robes were a symbol of her nobility, marking her as being in charge even at a distance. Her darker brown hair was cropped just at her neck, short and neat, making her seem even older than the already middle-aged female was. This was a face he knew quite a few respected and feared in this town, but he was not sure *anyone* really loved. And he would love it so much more when he never had to look at it again.

Finally, following the sale of a rolling cart, it was Alps' turn on the stage. The 'stage' itself was merely a low platform used for selling of wares, special announcements, and town meetings in the small town of Luca. Luca was an outland town, which meant it was one of the furthest from the Amanian capital, Diera. It was a small farm village with only a few shops, surrounded by sparse houses and fields. Alps' home was actually right across from the stage, beside a blacksmith shop, and a bakery. Chana Feras lived in this town to serve a role similar to that of a mayor, even though her control was over a cluster of towns in this general region. The white wolf slave looked out over the gathered crowd. If no one bought him, Chana would only beat him again when they got home as punishment for being worthless. He knew the reason for this ruse. He was young, but not so naïve as a single lesson could fail to teach him anything. This would, apparently, secure his loyalty, so he would not dare to disobey her because he'd know he had no where else to go.

Alps stepped up and let the bidding begin. The auctioneer, another lupine, tall with rich, sable fur, looked at Alps for a while, slicking his ears back, seeming a bit irritated and perturbed. He had the right to be. This was a mockery of his duties here. Trying to sell something that was pretty obviously not supposed to be sold was an affront to the auction process. A complete waste of time. The mood was already bleak, and he'd just gotten on stage. The cold early-spring wind did not help to warm his hopes. Alps frowned, and bowed to the gathered hard working audience. The auctioneer held up his paperwork, and called out:

"We have here a slave for sale. His paperwork shows he's a well-trained house slave, and personal servant. He doesn't appear to have any farm-hand skills of yet, but he's got intelligent enough eyes. I'm sure he'll catch on quick, and be a hard working... and, ah... loyal... slave." the auctioneer trailed off in his sentence, staring shamelessly at Alps. There was only silence, and some murmuring. Alps hung his head. This was so unnecessary. Chana could make him feel worthless so many other ways without getting the entire town involved.

Suddenly, a female's voice rang out of the crowd.

"Twenty bits!" she called. That was about the equivalent price of a nice dinner. Even a moderately trained slave normally cost anywhere from two to six thousand bits. Alps cringed as nobody counter-bid. His current owner would be furious if he were sold for such a small price. Would they even allow it? Despite how demeaning such a price was, it fired an arrow of hope through his entire body, his fur bristling with excitement. The very fantasy he had moments ago, had in fact been thinking of all day, and through the previous sleepless, worrisome night was calling out now, from somewhere in the small crowd. Could it really happen? Could it be so easy and simple as today that would end this unhappy existence?

The auctioneer called for counter-bids, and still got no response. The period of time that passed now seemed like an eternity. The wrenching flood of emotion was making the young wolf sick to his stomach. Should he be happy that someone might buy him from Chana? Should he be afraid that Chana might contest it and be even more furious? Alps' life might well be in danger! All of these things he thought of in that little speck of time that seemed like an entire day to fear the unknown.

The gavel came down, shaking Alps from his silent emotional anarchy. It was like a cannon-shot, the volume meaning so much more than a piece of wood striking another piece of wood. Alps was sold. For twenty bits. There was near riotous laughter in the crowd. The Auctioneer tossed the gavel over his shoulder, and left the stage. His cut of this would be a joke. The slave lupine fell to his knees. Nothing had ever been so painful. Was he no more important than a single meal? Was that all he was worth to the people of this town? Part of Alps wished no one had even bid. It hurt more knowing just HOW little he was worth, rather than thinking he had no value at all. He shook his head, still fighting with his heart. No! This was a joyful moment! He was out of Chana's hands! It was what he wanted! Why was he so upset over this? The price he was sold for was nothing compared to the price of staying with his mistress! He cringed as Chana came up to the stage with an expression of acidic rage, clenching Alps' title papers in her shaking hands. Alps backed away slowly, looking for someone in the crowd to stop what he knew was coming. He fell backward, onto his rump, as Chana ground her teeth, glaring at him. She was going to contest it as a mockery of the system, and it would be upheld because her judgment would be

final. She outranked everyone in the village. Someone would pay for this insult, and he had a very bad feeling it was going to be him.

A fair, yet strong looking lady lupine, about five or six summers older than Alps came onto the stage. She held Alps' record of receipt, which showed her rightful and legal ownership of the slave, paid in full to the auctioneer. The trembling white wolf looked carefully at his aspiring new owner, fearing a fight would break out over this outrage. Who would be his owner after today? Which of the two ladies would be alive after this dispute was remedied? Chana could have murderous intent when sufficiently crossed. He finally looked fully at his aspiring owner. She was of medium height, as tall as Alps was, with a stout, muscular body, seeming to totally lack any fat. She wore tight fitting leather armor, which traced her physique more than adequately. She had light green fur which glistened cleanly in the sunlight with almost a metallic sheen. Her eyes were deep violet and showed cunning, intelligence, and power.

This was an Emerald Amanian. This fact was probably the only thing that kept Chana from immediately attacking her on the stage, challenging such a low price. The Emerald lupines were known for their prowess as warriors and magic users. Still, Alps could not understand why Chana so readily backed away, silently handing Alps his title deed, which had his personal information, and his list of qualifications and abilities that he was trained to do. The Emerald Amanian female took Alps firmly (though not violently) by the hand and pulled him to his feet.

"Hello!" she said excitedly, "I can't believe they would sell quality merchandise like you for such a low price." Her voice was rich, but a little deep. She seemed a bit rough around the edges, and yet, elegant at the same time. Alps looked at her curiously as she led him off the stage. Quality merchandise? Was she complimenting him? He had no idea how to take that. It had never happened before. "But then," she continued, "That's why I like to go to these small town auctions. Everyone here bases their opinion on sole appearance, and won't take a chance with something different, like your white fur. However, by not looking past that, they miss what makes you the best thing they've sold today."

Alps felt a little jolt in his stomach. This woman wasn't talking like she had gotten an okay deal on a rusted sword; she was talking like she had practically stolen a priceless work of art. She dragged him through the small town for some distance, thankfully far from the shouting that finally broke out from his now former mistress. They walked a little longer before arriving at a small inn, which lay at the very outskirts of Luca. A traveler's relief inn was not uncommon just outside towns, far enough so those who had nothing to do with the town didn't disturb the people there, but close enough that they didn't have far to go if they *did* have business there.

"I-I don't understand." Alps finally said cautiously as they approached the

two-story inn.

"Hmmm?" the elegantly powerful female said, turning her head to Alps.

"W-What makes you think I am more valuable than what you paid?" Alps said, stammering a bit, feeling that he was speaking out of line, and might incur her wrath. The white lupine had not really had enough time to get a feel for her tolerances, and for twenty bits he was expendable for his insolence.

"Oh!" she chimed brightly, "That's easy enough. You would have trouble living alone, as you have been a slave most of your life, and have the stigma of your white fur to follow you around. As a result you would be completely loyal to your owner." she started to explain, leading him inside by the hand. Alps nodded quietly, trying to wrap his mind around her logic, as he began to memorize her features so he would not lose her if she stopped holding his hand. Her touch was leading, not so much jerking. She continued to speak, though a little quieter, as eyes were upon them, patrons eating and drinking here before they headed out to Seravi or the distant town of Jalana. "That alone is worth the price of one slave, no matter how weak, broken, or unskilled. Looking past your fur, I see you are tight with hard earned muscles, but lean and healthy.. A runner's body, really. Easy to feed. That is worth a servant also. I look into your eyes and see you are curious and eager to learn. That is worth another servant. Your previous owner was obviously abusive by the way you cowered on the stage just now, so you aren't hard to please with rewards when you do well. Worth yet another servant. You are the only white-furred lupine I have ever seen, so you are possibly one of a kind in this region. You are exotic, in a way, though you probably don't think so. That is worth one more." Alps had already hopelessly lost count, and somewhat lost track of the direction his new mistress was taking with this tangent. Chana never spoke to him so much without striking him in between angry lecturing, not in the nearly 12 years he'd been with her. The green-furred female continued "Everyone else saw that you were different and did not want you for that reason at all. I saw beyond the fur, and got the equivalent value of five servants for twenty bits." She gasped for air as she finished her long and highly reasoned explanation. She had really thought it through; even in that small amount of time it took for her to decide to bid on the young slave.

Alps shuddered. He would have to work very hard not to disappoint his new mistress. He wondered if he was really up for the task. Would the work he was to do be the same as he did for Chana? Would he run dangerous errands in the darkness of night, or clean the large, old house many times a day, just for the sake of working hard? The female who had just purchased him went to the front desk and checked in. She then casually took Alps upstairs.

"It isn't dark yet, are we already going to bed?" Alps asked. He had not considered it, but she might not even live anywhere close to Luca. If she was going to bed now, it meant an early trip to leave. This would be good. He'd be

far away from the secretly thrown rock of his former mistress. But what of his new mistress? What would she be like to travel with? Would he have to be burdened with heavy things for days? There was so much to consider about his new life. Even up to the sound of the gavel falling, he'd not genuinely considered he might be sold today. Alps gazed at her feet curiously, knowing better than to look her in the eye. Alps heard the click of her cheeks pulling back from her teeth as the lady smiled.

"Not right away." she answered, "I need to evaluate my new property." Alps looked up at her furtively under secretive eyelids. She shot the white lupine a playful glance. Alps swallowed loudly. He feared now there would be a lot of questions that he might not be able to answer, and a lot of poking and prodding to find out how strong he was, how tolerant of pain, how obedient... It would not likely be pleasant. His new mistress opened a door, beckoned Alps inside, and shut the door behind her as she entered the room. She then latched the door.

"Sit down on the bed." she said calmly. Alps did so immediately and silently, assuming his evaluation on obedience had just begun. He wanted to impress. If she gave him back to Chana because she was disappointed in his performance – No, he didn't even want to *think* about that.

Now he was nervous. What were her intentions with him? Was he to be a house slave again, or would he be working fields in unbearable heat this summer? Alps hated the heat. He looked around as she stood before him, trying to avoid eye-contact. The room was still chilly, since it had just been rented to them and had not yet been warmed by the small, elegant fireplace. The slave shivered with cold and frightened excitement. He looked around the room. It was a royal suite. This female could obviously have afforded a more expensive slave. The bed was huge and soft, by far the biggest and most comfortable bed he had ever been in. In fact, since leaving the orphanage, it was about the ONLY bed he'd ever seen without being asked to make it, and then sleep on the floor in the den.

"S-so, what should I call you?" Alps asked softly. He should at least know her name at this point.

"Nidaja," she answered, drawing the curtains. Alps shivered again. Isolation. What was about to follow would be private. Chana would always draw the curtains before punishing Alps, because she didn't want others to see just how harsh she could be with him. It would have made the town's people think twice before reporting it if he were out of line if they knew he would be so severely punished for it, and Chana wanted to know of any transgression, real or not. Alps feared immediately he was about to be tested for pain tolerance now.

"What's your name?" she countered.

The slave's mind went blank. He could only stare at Nidaja. She was beautiful, this was true, but so was Chana. Beauty wasn't anything new to him, but he associated Chana's beauty with discipline. All he could think of at that moment was that pain was at hand. Nidaja scratched her head. She shrugged and looked at the lupine's record.

"Is it Alps?" she asked. Alps nodded stupidly. He felt a pang of shock and appalling guilt as he caught himself staring at his mistress' chest, wondering how it would look if she were not wearing the leather armor. It was tight enough that Alps barely even needed to use his imagination. She continued to read the record silently, not noticing Alps' directed attention. Alps shook his head quickly and cast his gaze at the floor. What had gotten into him?! He was already feeling a familiar but secretive tingle through his body, telling him exactly what his body was considering. If the same thing had happened with Chana, and she realized Alps was excited, he would be subjected to a good half hour of torturous beating. It had happened once before, just around the time he was coming of age, about eight years before. He thought he was going to be killed back then. He did not want to endure that again. The white slave watched Nidaja's feet, trying to calm down, as she walked over to the candles and blew them out.

Alps swallowed again. Maybe they were going to take a nap. The lovely female sat down very close beside her slave. He shivered meekly. All so strange. He could not tell at all what was going to come next. He could predict, many times, what Chana would do and the lack of familiarity made this even more frightening.

"Are you cold?" Nidaja asked. Alps was unable to answer. His mistress put one arm around him, pulling a blanket to his back with her hand. "Is that better?" she asked. Alps was perfectly still and perfectly silent. He felt his treacherous erection getting even harder from the feeling of her holding him. The wolf slave was undeniably a virgin, and he was sure this was readily obvious to anyone who knew him, but she didn't know him, and he was a good glance into his lap away from making a punishable fool of himself. He had to get his body in check! Still, the thought had wandered in and he had a lot of trouble shaking it out. The most intimate contact he could remember with another lupine until now had always been painful and unkind. He never even considered the thought that he'd be able to share the kind of intimacy and affection he'd seen from time to time while traveling and staying at in, no matter how often he'd dreamed about it.

Nidaja held him close now, her embrace reassuring, and she rubbed his shoulder a bit. It wasn't just his first loving contact with a female; it was his first positive experience with anyone in over twelve years. Alps felt raw heat work through his entire quivering body. He had never, even while masturbating in frightened, silent secret in the dark of night, been at this level of arousal. He

feared the lovely female would notice, and become upset. He could feel his pulse quicken, and the room was silent enough so that he could hear his heavy, nervous breath. He felt almost sick with nervousness, light headed from the stress that was building.

Nidaja placed the hand that wasn't on Alps' shoulder on his knee. He reflexively gasped. Nidaja moved her hand back. Alps swallowed. He wanted her not to think he was excited, but he did not want her to feel he did not want to be touched. She owned him. She had every right to touch him. Nidaja needed to be shown that she could do whatever she wanted to him. Alps decided that was what this exercise might be about. He wanted the lady lupine to continue whatever it was she had in mind. She had not hurt him so far. Nidaja removed her leather armor to reveal a light silk blouse underneath. Alps shuddered again. His arousal was not going to just go away, no matter how hard he tried to think it into non-existence.

"This is a nice room." Alps said softly, trying to loosen up a little. Talking seemed to help, although he still felt half sick from sexual tension. He scooted closer to Nidaja to prove he trusted her. His leg came in contact with hers. Alps felt an electrical tingle through his entire body.

"You think so, Alps?" Nidaja said in a whisper. She pulled Alps closer, letting his head come to rest on her shoulder. It was still light enough to see well, and Alps knew it was only a matter of time before Nidaja looked down into his lap and realized she had thoroughly excited him. Was that the result she actually wanted? Or was it what she expected and he would be punished for, as his first lesson in her service? He wasn't going to take the chance. The white-furred lupine crossed his arms over his lap in an attempt to prevent her from seeing. Alps looked around the room some more, still trying to calm himself.

There were several articles of furniture other than the bed. These included a large table, some chairs, and a wardrobe with a large mirror. There was not another bed. Nor was there a chair large enough to sleep on. Alps swallowed again. Either he was to sleep on the floor...or...

"How far away do you live?" Alps croaked, trying once again to calm down. He forced his muscles to relax. Nidaja held him a little tighter.

"I live in Diera." she replied softly. Alps closed his eyes. He was totally embraced in the arms of a beautiful woman. It was a feeling he had never before experienced in his memorable life. "It will take a couple days to get there. Do you know anything about the city of Diera?" As she asked her question, she placed her gentle hand back on his knee. Alps controlled his response this time. Nidaja kept her hand there.

"That's the capital city. Castle Diera is there. Have you ever met the

queen?" Alps swallowed and tensed up a little as Nidaja's hand moved up from his knee and she began to gently rub his leg, just above the knee.

"Many times. I see her almost daily." She answered. Normally, Alps would have found this to be incredible, but he didn't think twice about it, since his mind was otherwise preoccupied. He found himself thinking about Nidaja in ways that sent shivers up his spine. He was accustomed to the pleasures he could bring himself when he was alone on a journey through a darkened forest, as he had explored his own body many times, but even in his self exploration, he'd never felt the kind of desire that was surging through his veins right now. He had never spent much time thinking of what the hands of another might feel like upon his body if they sought to bring the same pleasure to him.

Alps sighed dreamily and subconsciously as Nidaja moved her hand up to where Alps had his arms folded. She took his arm gently and moved it over to her leg, placing Alps' hand on her own knee. She leaned her head against his.

"Are you tired, Alps?" she asked, resuming her massage of his leg. Her voice was so pleasant and sensual, her tone as gentle as her touch. Alps paused. Was there a right way to answer that? He could not be sure if any of this was to be some kind of test of his morale or his willingness to serve. He decided to just go with honesty and hope it was right.

"N-not really. Do you need rest, m'lady?" he responded shakily. Nidaja put her muzzle almost in Alps' ear. He shuddered all over as she exhaled heavily, the cold black nose pad resting on the rim of his quivering triangular lupine ear.

"Not I, not at all. Just wondering." she answered very softly. "You have had a long, eventful day. I'm sure you need rest after all of it. Looking into your eyes, I could tell last night was restless in preparation. Here..." at this, Nidaja proceeded to unfasten Alps' tattered shirt ties. He shut his eyes and held his breath a moment. He welcomed the loss of his shirt, since his excitement had so heated him up. Still, the thoughts that burned his mind and body so badly now were of the impossible. Surely he was misunderstanding all of it. She would belt him across the temple soon for his mental indiscretion. Still, Alps shuddered again. Now he was being undressed by this fair lupine woman who had already granted the only wish he'd ever had for himself until now. How could he think these things? How selfish was he going to be before the day was over? A little older than him, and surely far more experienced with what she was doing, only the lady truly knew with full confidence what was intended for this night. He wished he knew her intentions!

Alps started moving his thumb in a circular motion on her knee, hoping it would show his approval of his mistress' actions. She finished unfastening and completed the task, taking her arm from around him long enough to shuck his worn, green vest onto the floor. She looked at him tenderly as he sat there, his

eyes barely open. Alps sighed warmly with the comfort of having his soft, white fur bared in this way.

"Are you more comfortable?" she asked. Alps smiled meekly and nodded. Nidaja scooted back close to him, wasting no time putting her arm around him again. Alps rested his head on her shoulder and sighed again, feeling very strange, but it was a good kind of feeling. It was one of the first times he'd remembered feeling, with another, something he really liked. It was like a cool lake on a very hot day. "You aren't used to being treated nicely are you?" Nidaja asked, looking Alps in the eyes. He visibly twitched.

"N-no." he stammered, looking down. The vixen placed her hand back on his trembling leg. Alps' arms were resting by his side now. He had decided to go ahead and leave himself open to her inspection and testing, if that was truly her intent. If he was to be beaten, he'd not be beaten for hiding anything.

"Do you like it?" she inquired, sliding her hand further up his leg than she had before. She was midway up his thigh now, and massaged gently. With much effort, Alps managed to whisper that he did. He looked in his lap and noticed that a small wet spot had formed where pre-cum had finally started to seep out. He was already at that level of excitement. "I think we would be more comfortable sitting in the middle of the bed rather than perched on the edge." Nidaja said in a helpful tone.

Alps nodded and crawled to the center of the bed that was almost twice as long, and many times wider, than it needed to be for two or even three lupines his or Nidaja's size to sleep comfortably. The lady sat gingerly beside him. One of her legs was out in front of her and the other was propped up. If Alps leaned over even slightly, he was sure he would be able to see up her unusually short leather skirt. Alps instead concentrated on her shirt: A button-up blouse... easily removed. Alps swallowed again. Nothing he did took his mind off what every cell in his body seemed to want right now. Perhaps it was just an odd effect on his mind of being freed from Chana.

Nidaja put her arm back around him, letting him soak in the gentle silence. The slave rested his head on her shoulder again, still studying the gorgeous female's chest. Nature had been generous. Not grotesquely so, but generous enough. Well proportioned, too. Alps closed his eyes again, imagining their firm form resting in his palms. He opened his eyes and placed his hand back on his mistress' knee. To his surprise, she reached down to his hand and moved it a little further up her leg, about to the level hers had been.

Alps took the invitation and gently massaged the inside of her thigh. She sighed luxuriantly. Alps' ears perked up. Did she like it? That sound felt like a very personal and powerful reward for something he did right. The young male sat in the same style as she did. One leg, the closest one, thrust out, and the

other propped up, slightly turning his hip toward his owner. He moved his hand a little further up her leg, to right where her skirt ended. She sighed again. Alps smiled. No one had ever allowed him to touch them like this.

It was exciting beyond words to the young, inexperienced slave.

Nidaja placed her hand on Alps' hand, and moved it onto her belly. Alps exhaled deeply as she placed her hand on his chest and eased him back, so that he was resting very comfortably on his side. The slave's hand transferred to Nidaja's side as she assumed an identical position. She placed her hand in the same location on the male's side. She smiled and slipped her hand under his arm to his shoulder and pulled herself very close to him. Alps sighed again, shivering briefly but not at all with cold. Her nose was just inches from his. Cuddling. He'd seen this too, enough to know he'd love to try. And it was better than he'd ever imagined! This was a day he'd always remember, no matter how it ended.

Alps shut his eyes, wondering what his new owner would do next. His entire body tensed up as suddenly he felt soft lips press up against his. First kiss. His very first kiss and it was from a beautiful and wonderfully experienced Emerald Amanian. And to top it all off, this was someone who was likely of very high social standing. The slave slowly opened his eyes. Nidaja had her head propped up, smiling at him. He slave looked at her curiously, afraid to even seem like he would question what she'd just done, if only because he wanted her to do it again.

"Did you like that?" she asked playfully.

Alps, still too stunned to speak, just nodded. Nidaja's hand was resting on his hip now. Alps hand was on her side, inches from her breast. She pulled him a little closer, so that when she inhaled, her chest touched his. Alps looked into her eyes. They seemed so gentle. So kind. This seemed the complete polar opposite to how his life worked only an hour ago. Could his days of fear and pain truly be at an end? Could his fortunes have been actually completely reversed in such a starkly contrasting way as this? He tried to calm himself, fearing the disappointment in waking in the den of his "rightful" home with Chana, having spent his seed in his sleep and leaving only memories of a dream, and a sticky cleanup job to attend to before his mistress spotted it.

It really seemed too good to be true. Alps watched her intently, his heart beating faster. Her nose approached his again. He shut his eyes again as her soft warm lips embraced his, but this time, her tongue slipped past his teeth, caressing his own for a few short seconds before retreating back into her own mouth. Tongue against tongue. It was unlike anything he'd ever known in his life. He felt as if he were falling through the clouds, and yet, fearing no ground beneath. Alps opened his eyes and exhaled deeply again, uncontrollably

trembling. He had reached a new level in his excitement. A level far beyond anything he'd ever known in his young life.

"That was..." he sighed, unable to say anything, but wanting to voice his approval. The female caressed his thigh again, slowly, gently. She closed in again. Alps shut his eyes to receive another kiss. Her tongue slid into his mouth then out, but she continued to kiss. Alps returned the treat, sliding his tongue inquisitively past his owner's teeth. He loved learning new things, but this was really a treat. His body felt electrical as he did this, and he withdrew, separating his lips from hers for a second, then reconnecting, not wanting her to stop kissing him. He tongued her again, this time shuddering as she caressed his tongue in that welcoming mouth with her own velvety pink, hot tongue. He continued to kiss her, not caring to separate, even though it was harder to breathe like this, and the excitement made him require more air. His entire body tingled. His head felt lighter, and his chest heavier.

Nidaja moved her hand off Alps' thigh. He continued kissing her, barely noticing anything else. She sighed again and moved the slave's hand from her side to her chest. Alps separated for air, looking at where his hand now rested. His eyes widened a bit. In the dim light, he noticed that the lady's nipples were very visible raised points through the thin blouse. He gently rubbed her chest, feeling the nipple under his palm. She touched Alps' chin, turning his nose toward hers again. The slave closed his eyes and complied, kissing her tenderly. He rubbed her chest firmly, feeling, exploring, and learning all he could from the experience. Every single second of this was new. His erection twitched wildly in his trousers, almost painfully throbbing now.

He moved his hand and explored the other breast fondly, and smiled as Nidaja sighed through his passionate kisses. Her sounds of approval incensed the wolf. Alps rolled one of her swollen, ridged nipples between his thumb and index finger. He felt the lady shudder at the sensation. Alps began to massage her breasts with the same vigor with which he kissed her, paying close attention to her nipples. She seemed to really enjoy that. Without thinking, Alps was doing what was always required of him naturally. He was adapting to the situation quickly. This adaptation, however, did not require much imagination for the wolf. It was even more natural than anything he'd ever done before, even if it was his first time.

Alps almost bit Nidaja's tongue mid-kiss when her gentle but firm palm caressed the full length of his erection through his trousers. The slave did not dare draw away from her, though. Not this time. She caressed him a few more times and then began to simply massage him between the legs. Alps propped his leg up again to allow the wolf female easier access. He ached for release already, trembling under her touch with need. He unbuttoned the top button of her blouse. She sighed, rubbing his shaft firmly. Alps moaned reflexively, separating from his kiss for air.

"Keep going..." Nidaja crooned. Alps unbuttoned the next button. She was breathing heavily. She had her head resting on her arm. She silently watched him. He unbuttoned another, and another. The tense slave then almost choked. She wasn't wearing any kind of undergarment. One of her pink, hardened nipples came into view. Alps unfastened the last button and her blouse fell open. She wriggled out of it and tossed it onto the floor.

Alps placed his hand on her warm, naked breast. The textures, softness, suppleness, were all things he had never even imagined, even in the times he'd seen openly two drunken lovers play. He groaned hotly as her hand found his crotch again. Nidaja scooted closer, kissing Alps passionately. He closed his eyes again and slowly began to move his hips in rhythm with the massage he was getting. He tweaked Nidaja's nipples and smiled as she separated her kiss and moaned. Alps continued to play with her tits as he started kissing her neck. Nidaja panted as he worked his kisses down her neck and down to her chest. The slave could not resist touching one of those sensitive nipples with his tongue. When he did, Nidaja gasped and moaned her approval.

The white lupine licked and nibbled at her chest for a few minutes, and then returned to kissing the panting female. The anxious male moaned as she undid the tie on his trousers. After doing so, she tugged the waist of them a couple of times. Picking up the signal, Alps squirmed out of them and tossed them onto the floor. While wriggling out of his pants, Alps had taken his eyes off the girl, and between the time he had looked away, and the time he looked back, Nidaja had removed her skirt. Alps first realized that when he saw her skirt hit the floor beside his trousers. He cautiously looked at her legs, wondering if she was wearing anything underneath. Alps closed his eyes and shifted his line of sight to what had previously been covered. The quivering wolf then opened his eyes.

He gazed at her glistening pink slit. Nothing underneath. Nothing at all. He sat beside the lupine female, now totally nude, just as he was, and placed his hand on the inside of her thigh. She spread her legs and lay on her back. Alps slid his hand closer and closer, slowly and evenly. Finally, he ran the back of his thumb against the slick, hot entrance. His steamy mistress moved her thighs against the contact, pressing the lips of her glistening pussy a little harder against Alps' hand. It was a dream. It had to be a dream! Nothing this wonderful and intense could have been happening to this simple and wretched slave!

A glistening stream of semen ran down Alps throbbing pink shaft as he started to massage his mistress' slick, wet mound. While Alps had no idea what to do from the start, he had a knack, a survival skill, to find the right buttons to push. Normally, this was to protect himself from Chana's wrath. Now, he was using it to grant Nidaja's pleasure. Still, as eager and quick to learn as he was, his mistress seemed perfectly happy to train him properly at a pace that was not alarming to him, which he was silently grateful for.

Nidaja grabbed his hand, adjusted it so that he had his first and middle fingers in use, and pressed it against a small, swollen place just between the lips. She manipulated Alps' hand so he would start rubbing it in a circular motion. Her slave gazed at her face. As he rubbed her, she panted heavily, closing her eyes with pleasure. Alps scooted down and lowered his nose, closer, closer... soon it was between his mistress' legs. Alps didn't understand the draw... the desire to do what he was about to do, but it seemed the most intimate and savory thing he could do to this gorgeous, wonderful female.

He held her pink lips open with two fingers and slowly slid his tongue out, finally, firmly touching her swollen clit. He moved his tongue over it the same as he had his fingers a moment before. He instantly fell madly in love with the taste of it. That sweet tangy musky scent and flavor that embraced his tongue the moment the tip touched those spongy, eager folds and spread them gently further apart.

"Ohhh, yes! Good Alps.. Very good!" Nidaja moaned. She arched her back as the slave tasted her again. He examined carefully every sense that came into play, from touch, to scent, to taste, to hearing, wanting to experience every second in a singular memory to call back into his memories for the rest of his life if this was to be his only experience like this. He lapped the clit harder now, firmly pressing his tongue and making Nidaja moan and squirm. He began playing with her tits at the same time, reaching up with both hands. The Emerald Amanian panted and began slowly rolling her thighs. "Uhh, lick deeper..." she moaned.

Alps stuffed his tongue deep into his mistress' tight passage, extracting a great deal of her tart juices, and an incredibly loud moan. She began pumping her thighs harder and faster, and she grasped Alps' head.

"Ohhh..Ohhh..." she moaned, pitch increasing, urging him on. Alps licked feverishly, enjoying the reaction he was getting, and wondering if his mistress would return the favor. Why would she though? What purpose would she have to give Alps pleasure? He would duck away and get release after she fell asleep, he decided. He could not even think about denying himself that as riled up as he was now. He would hurt for days from it if he did. "Ooohh goddess.. Don't stop..." Nidaja's body tightened up and her thighs moved in short, quick pumps. She was fairly loud now and breathing heavily. Alps began to pant as well. He was about to set this beauty off hard, and this was only his first sexual experience. "Ohhh...Ooohh... More! Keep going!"

Alps sucked hard on her clit and slipped his tongue as deep as he could into her pussy, trying to hold her thighs still. Her cries progressively came faster and more frequently.

"Ohh...Ohhh..Oooh..ohh-ohh-ohh-" Nidaja arched her back and shrieked!

Alps lapped at her clenching sex hungrily as it changed flavor slightly and became a LOT wetter. The grateful slave then licked her more slowly and timidly as she calmed down, her chest heaving and her body still writhing with ecstasy.

The young male lifted his head away, almost unable to believe what he had just done to this lovely female. Her breathing returned to normal and she sat up. She smiled tenderly at Alps, an intoxicated look in her eyes. Alps had never before seen that expression in the eyes of his mistress. It was simple and genuine appreciation.

"Lie down." she said softly. Alps did as he was told. His entire body ached now with raw primal lust. He wanted nothing more at the moment than to be overtaken by a mind-shattering climax. He had never been so ready. The slave shuddered in ecstasy as Nidaja's soft hand grasped his rock hard masculinity. He could feel it pulsating in her dexterous and skilled fingers. She massaged it for a few minutes, spreading semen over the entire length of it. Alps moaned as she moved her thumb in a small circle a few times over the tip. She tugged at it gently, slowly pleasuring him.

Alps moaned and shut his eyes, tightening his legs so he could enjoy the sensation at its fullest. Nidaja cooed as she slowly stroked him, using even motions, and then spreading semen over the shaft for added lubrication. Alps tightened his legs as she sped up a little. She smiled at him. Seeing her smile was almost as heavenly to Alps as the feelings that were racing through his tightened body. The wolf inhaled and exhaled deeply, beginning to realize to his absolute joy that she intended to pleasure him fully, and he'd not have to duck away at all. He gritted his teeth, suddenly aware of the incredible mess she was about to make in perhaps only a few more seconds! Should he warn her, or did she already know what was coming? She had to! She could not accidentally make him feel like this.

Nidaja slowly straddled Alps, still sliding her hand up and down his solid shaft. The slave opened his eyes again, watching her very carefully as she scooted forward a little, bringing her slit closer to his pulsating rod. He moaned as she rubbed the tip hard and fast for a couple of seconds, his hips tightening, the wolf feeling his balls draw tight, letting him know he was close, so very close. She then pressed his rod between her legs and rubbed the tip between the lips of her searing, soaking honey-pot.

Alps gasped and moaned loudly at the sharp tingling sensation it caused. It was so hot and slick! Nothing he could ever do to himself would come even close! She moved her thighs slowly, moving her hands at the same time, masturbating him against her pussy. Alps' chest began to rise and fall more quickly. He was in a near panic from it! Would she finish him like this, rubbing herself on his shaft? Could he even hope to stop himself if that's not what she wanted? Alps watched Nidaja very carefully, squinting from the blinding pleasure

her motion was causing. She had started to breath harder too. She was obviously getting as much as she was giving. Alps moaned as she pressed his cock against her slit harder, spreading her wide around its girth, causing to tip to slip inside. She held still, then, panting.

The lupine looked at his new mistress pleadingly, wanting her to continue. Alps knew he could not last much longer, and he absolutely had to feel this last, most intimate contact. Nidaja slowly moved her thighs up and down, using short, even strokes. Only the tip of Alps' swollen cock was going in. The lady moaned as she did this, beginning to pump her thighs a little harder. Alps moaned, pushing his hips forward to get more depth. She gasped and held him down. "Easy, I'll get t' that, sweetie..." the female wolf panted. She continued to barely pleasure that throbbing tip for a few minutes, suspending his pleasure just enough to keep it from easing off, but not enough to push him over the edge, making the wolf quite frantic. Finally, she slowed down and grasped his cock underneath her. His mistress then pressed him in further than before. He moaned again as the strong beauty eased the entire length of his cock inside her. He grunted hotly as he felt her pubic bone push into his own, grinding over him as if to prove she'd fully claimed him inside herself. She then leaned down and kissed him passionately and aggressively, holding still at first, then slowly beginning to pump her thighs. Alps gasped as his entire body seemed to explode into flames of sexual pleasure. He was a virgin. He wasn't going to last! It was a shock to him he'd even gotten this far without squirting all over his new mistress from just her handling him the way she did! He gritted his teeth.

"M..Mistress... This is my first..." Alps gasped as Nidaja sped up.

"I know... I'm not in season, so just let it happen!" She panted. "Inside me, slave... I want it all inside me!" To Alps' almost agonizing surge of sudden pleasure, Nidaja began jerking her hips on top of her slave, slipping him briskly in and out of her tight, slick sex. The white lupine shut his eyes and held his mistress' warm thighs as she pumped him frantically. She began to moan very loudly, enough that Alps was sure that the other hotel patrons could easily hear her. The slave started pumping his eager thighs against her rhythm. He became dizzy... near fainting from passion and lust. His chest felt tighter and heavier. His cock throbbed and tingled inside Nidaja's tight, hot body as she pumped him furiously, nearing her own orgasm. Alps groaned, gritting his teeth, wanting to hold on, and let her cum too!

"Ohh..ohhh...ooohh..ohh-ohh-ooohh-oh-NNNK!!" Alps gritted his teeth and exploded inside Nidaja right before she locked up and shrieked with her second orgasm. The slave stifled a scream as he felt his mistress' inner walls clench around his pulsing cock as he fired his first hard jets of thick seed deep inside her. Again and again the waves of his climax came crashing down, as she bounced and ground on top of him. Alps moaned in unexplainable, but not all that unpleasant discomfort as Nidaja continued riding him while he squirted his

final drops into her clenching sex. Her juices were tickling him as they ran down his sides and inner thighs. She slowed down finally and kissed him passionately again, panting through her flaring nostrils in near exhaustion, it seemed.

"Thank you, Alps...I really did need that..." Nidaja sighed. She then collapsed on top of him, panting as his member twitched and throbbed inside her. The slave held the emerald-furred female lupine, stroking her fur, thinking about nice things to say to her, compliments...gifts... But he was hers now. He was hers. She already had everything that he was ever going to give to her. This made him feel content for some reason, for the first time in his memorable life. He sighed heavily as the world became fuzzy and a happy darkness closed in. The last thing he could remember thinking was that if it had all been a dream, and he were to wake back up in his unloved, unhappy life, nothing Chana could ever do would take the memory of this dream away from him, and he'd always have the happiness of it. If it were not a dream, however, then tomorrow would begin the first day of a completely new life.