

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 11

Neit walked down the late afternoon street, holding hands with Alps. She had told him how grateful she was, and pretty much just latched on. The slave was happy too. He was doing something nice for someone in need, and it made him feel good. He looked up at the castle gates. Twice his height, and made of polished steel railing, they were a pretty good defense. Neit gasped as the doors opened, Alps presenting his seal to the guards. She huddled close to her guardian and walked with him, hiding her face from the guards. Alps decided that they were just frightening to someone like Neit, who lived her life on the streets. Even the slave had been afraid of them originally. The long path leading up the front door of the castle was gorgeous. There were trees and flowers, and fishponds. She gazed about in wonder. She never thought she would actually be IN Castle Diera. Its beauty was deserving of all the stories she had heard.

"Here we go... home sweet home." Alps said, as they entered the main foyer. There was the sound of foot beats on the stone floor. Alps heard them approaching fast. She skidded around the corner and jumped to Alps. He felt the impact before he could react. "Uri-OOOF!" Alps landed on his back, skidding on the cobblestones for a few feet. Neit cried out. Uri scrambled to her feet, dusting off her tunic and smiling. "Oh... you brought a friend... Who is *this*?" she brought her nose very close to Neit's. The unkempt, tan-furred female trembled. She saw the long sword on Uri's side. Was she a guard?

"I... I am Neit... I just... I didn't know that... I was in..." she stammered.

"I broke your friend, Alps... I'm sorry..." Uri said with her eyes kind of wide. "I have to remember not to be so sexy, don't I?" She giggled, putting a hand on her hip and then helped Alps up to his feet.

"Yes, Uri... even inanimate objects have wet dreams about you. That explains the morning dew, at least..." he chuckled and hugged Neit. "This is Neit. I *saved* her from getting killed at the inn I where I was staying. I am gonna see if Nita will let her stay here for a while. Just for her safety."

"Who?" Neit asked, looking at Alps curiously. Uri was circling her, looking at the new female appraisingly. She did not seem the jealous type, so Alps didn't fear for Neit at all.

"Alps, most commoners don't *know* the queen by her *first* name." the black lupine female stated, "He means Queen Razelle, miss... umm... Neit, did you say?" Uri asked. The younger girl nodded.

"S-so Alps really is the personal servant of the queen? I thought he might have been exaggerating... I cannot imagine being that close to her." Neit said as she looked Uri up and down. A tough fight. She was obviously a fighter. Trouble if she got found out. Of course Queen Razelle would surround herself with only the finest warriors.

"Personal servant, eh?" Uri said, smiling and gazing at Alps knowingly, "Ahhh, I think you could put it that way. He takes care of personal needs anyway." Neit nudged the slave playfully with her elbow, and looked back and forth between him and Uri. Alps had his head down a little. He was embarrassed again. Neit shrugged to herself and looked at the intricately carved stonework inlays of the hallway walls.

"This place is huge... I cannot image anyone living in it... It is like a small, self contained city."

"You know, Neit... even Alps, when he first came here, did not say anything about that." Uri barked warmly. "You must really be from the sticks. Alps is from Luca, a tiny little inland town outside Jalana. I thought that was pretty far out... He adjusted to life here just fine..."

"Adjusted? You mean.. He was not raised for life in the castle? The queen took in an outsider?" Neit looked confused.

"Yes. Alps was a slave to a regional matriarch. General Nidaja bought him as a present for the queen. She ahh... gets to enjoy his assistance too..." Neit's eyes widened. She could not possibly be talking about the same thing she was thinking. No... it couldn't be. Her memories of the pleasures Alps created for her the previous night were clouding her mind, and making her think perversely. She then realized the name Uri had used. Nidaja. The General of the lupine army. Once again, she was being reminded of how much danger she was in simply by being here.

"Come on... let's take you to see the queen..." Alps said softly, taking Neit by the hand. Uri took Alps by the other hand. Neit looked at their hands, twined close and tight. Were they lovers? Was she endangering her life by what she did last night, or even holding his hand now? She walked alongside him. Her legs were heavy. Going to see the queen. Who, after stealing the jewels while everyone slept, she was to become the enemy of, and sentenced by if she was caught. It was not getting any better. Could she really go through with this?

"Neit... come forward." Nita said with authority. Neit did as she was told. She was in the main hall of Castle Diera. This was a place that the tan-furred girl thought there was no chance she would ever stand. Nor ever have reason to stand. She felt on trial here no matter what her purpose here was *supposed* to be.

"Y... yes your highest majesty and greatest of stature whom we-"

"Hey, cut that out!" Nita grunted, with a slight laugh. "You don't have to go bowing and scraping. I will let you stay, but you will have conditions. Neit groaned inside. There were going to be parts of the castle she would not be allowed to go into, of course, and they would be well guarded. Alps had been talking to Nita for over an hour in private, so surely there was some difficulty to getting her to let her stay.

"Y..yes your majesty?" Neit said with a slight quiver in her voice. She couldn't do it. She would be too scared. She knew it.

"It is my understanding that you made love to my slave last night." she said flatly. "Is this true?" Uri, who had been taking a sip from her water flask, now choked as the water spewed from her nostrils. Neit felt dizzy. This was it. She was going to be killed. Her chance at the jewels (or even her next meal) was blown. She did not know Alps was a *slave*. She had used something *belonging* to the queen without being given permission. That was stealing. Neit sank to the floor. Alps looked at her curiously.

"I... I did! Please forgive me... He saved me... and... I wanted to repay-"

"Hush." Nita said cheerfully. "I am not mad at you. He was going to that inn for a vacation, not to get tired out again. If you need his services again, you *will* need to ask me first." Neit's eyes widened and she gazed at the floor, afraid to look up. Was the queen serious? Did she actually expect Neit to walk up to her some evening when she was feeling a little randy and ask to borrow her slaves? That was ridiculous. Alps just would not get slept with again. She only did it the first time to get him attached to her enough to bring her here anyway.

"Y-yes your majesty... I promise... I won't touch him again without your order... Thank you for your understanding." She stood up and swallowed. She had almost gotten sick right there. So nervous. Along the wall were a few of Nita's other followers. Or were they also slaves? There was a studious looking gold and black-furred female, and a tall, gray-furred warrior, as well as another emerald lupine female who had just walked in. By her fine plated armor, it was obviously Nidaja, dressed to address the public. Perhaps she was just getting back from doing so. The sun was low in the sky, almost gone, and candles had

been lit for this meeting.

"You are excused. You will be shown your room for the evening, but you may move about the castle freely. Understand though, that the guards will let you know when you need to go to bed, or if you are wandering into a sensitive area, and need to be redirected. They will almost always send you to the cafeteria. We do have a curfew here for personal reasons. Have fun tonight, and enjoy the safety these walls provide from bandits and ruffians." Nita explained. She smiled and got up from her throne, and walked through a doorway behind it. Alps walked with Neit through the complex and disorienting halls to show her the room she would be staying in. After leading her to her room, he kissed her on the cheek and walked on down the hall.

Neit looked around the room. It was well decorated. Hell, some of the stuff in the room itself was worth stealing. She noted the silver lanterns and jeweled pens on the desk. They treated guests nice enough here. She still felt jittery. Why had the queen been so crude as to announce in front of *everybody* that she had made love to Alps? It really was not Neit's first time, of course. Even if she knew her body well, and pleased herself often long before she met Alps, it was supposed to be sacred. She had made him believe it was. What difference did it make if she lied to a slave? What she was after was surely more expensive than Alps. Why would Nita even care?

She looked around the room, and established two escape routes, one through a window leading outside, and one through the front door and down the hall where another door led outside. She wrung her hands and smiled, wagging her tail. It was now time to explore. After waiting an hour, she heard the bell signaling curfew. This was the time to make her move.

She snuck out her door and looked up and down the hall. No guards. The jewels would have to be upstairs, likely close to the queen's chambers. She prepared her story. She was looking for a bathroom, and was lost. If she was caught, this would be her excuse. She could use it once, and that was it. She moved silently down the hall, and up two flights of stairs. She did not really know the way, but her explorations would show her. She memorized her path, so she could get back quickly if she needed to.

The lurking female came to a heavy door, and gazed through a keyhole to see what was on the other side. She saw Uri, asleep, with someone else. It was the taller, gray furred girl from the throne room. Neit hummed softly, flicking her ears. Surely a lovely lady like Uri would find someone to sleep with without

having to share the room. Were she and Alps not actually an item? The lovely bandit silently scolded herself for even thinking about something so unimportant. That was very unlike her. Perhaps Alps' capable pleasuring had gotten to her... just a little.

She looked back through the keyhole, and watched the two ladies sleeping. Was Neit actually lucky to get her own room? How much space was wrestled over here? She moved down the hall, and up another flight of stairs. A nicely gilded door was there. It must be important. She peeked through the keyhole. Nidaja. She was reading. Neit very quietly moved on, making a note to avoid this door on her return trip if she could. Nidaja was not alerted now, however. Her skills as a thief made it so she could move absolutely soundlessly. There was another door a little further down. Looking in, as it was a little bit opened, Neit saw a library. The gold-furred older female was in there, arranging books. Uri skittered past the door quickly while she had her back turned. Another set of stairs, and another. Neit groaned, stopping suddenly. She had come to a dead end, after all those stairs. There was only a window here.

She wandered over to the window and looked out. There was a small ledge at this high level of the castle, leading to a nearby balcony. The thief gritted her teeth. It would be important. Whatever was on the other side of that flowing curtain visible near the balcony would be important. She had to see. She crawled out the window and, with amazing dexterity, put herself on the ledge and shimmied along it before bouncing up and over the railing to the balcony. She noticed that it was an open balcony. There were merely curtains here, just as it appeared. Neit got down on ground level, on her tummy, and looked under the curtains. She gasped, stifling herself quickly.

"So, Alps, how is your energy level tonight?" Nita asked softly. Alps smiled and kissed her right on the *lips*. Neit's eyes widened. What was going on here? Why was Alps in the *queen's* bedroom? And he was in her bed. Kissing her. The slave chuckled warmly.

"I am doing fine. How might I serve you tonight, your... pfft... most gracious excellent sexy highness..." he chuckled again, kind of losing his seriousness. Neit half expected to watch the slave die by the queen's hand then and there. He had just openly mocked her! Or was he making fun of Neit from earlier?

"Oh don't remind me. Geeze... I hate it when I get treated like that... You need to tell your little friend that I am still made of the same stuff she is, she does not have to worship at my feet, I find that kind of gross and creepy." Nita complained. Neit swallowed. She would have to remember that.

The queen sighed and held Alps close. "You work so hard for me. I know it can be tiring. I feel like I have just been insatiable. But it really does relieve my

stress and the others have even said I have been cooler and more collected by far." Alps smiled, his arms crossed over his lap as he gazed at the lovely queen patiently, waiting to hear what she would like tonight. Alps had learned to enjoy just being hers, even if she did not need him for something at the moment.

Neit hummed softly. What was she talking about? Surely she could not have meant the kissing she had just witnessed. The scenario was starting to really piece together, but the answer to it was just inconceivable.

"Alps, I think I would like to give you pleasure tonight... Just once, I want you to enjoy me, instead of being concerned with how I am feeling..." Neit's eyes grew round again. She was *not* talking about *that*, was she? Alps seemed to blush under his white fur.

"Yes, m'lady... I am yours you know. If you want me to enjoy you, then you get to make that decision..." Alps said softly. Nita stood up, her iridescent robe shimmering in the moonlight spilling in through the window. She shrugged and it slipped off her shoulders onto the floor. Neit fairly gasped. The queen now stood before her slave, nude. Open. Unprotected and uncovered. It left no doubt in her mind now what was going on. Neit had just gotten seconds to the queen that previous night. It would certainly explain how good Alps had been in bed. He was likely being trained for her pleasure.

Neit remembered suddenly that she was looking for the jewels, but as she started to back away, Nita asked Alps to stand up and remove his clothes. He only wore shorts and a light cotton tunic. He did as told. And Neit could not move. She could only helplessly watch. How was the queen going to just "let him enjoy her?" She watched under the curtains.

Nita had Alps sit at the edge of the bed. He was not erect yet. He was obviously used to the routine of pleasure he was owned for. Nita sat down on her knees in front of Alps and murreled softly up to him, caressing the sides of his legs. She licked her lips and gazed into Alps' eyes. Neit flicked her ears. What was that expression? Love? Impossible.

The girl thief gritted her teeth. She wasn't going to do what it looked like? There was simply no lower thing she could do than this, right? As if in answer to her question, Nita's head moved into Alps' lap, and he tilted his head back, closing his eyes, his legs parting a little. His tail wagged lightly over the sheets behind him. The tan-furred female held her muzzle to keep from gasping in shock. She could not believe what she was looking at. Alps was Nita's slave, and she could do whatever she wanted with him, but why, oh why would she do *this*?!

Nita murreled fairly loudly into Alps' crotch, and the sound of wetness made it difficult not to imagine the obvious. There was nothing more intimate and

subservient that Nita could do to Alps. The white slave closed his eyes slowly, his eyelashes fluttering shut with pleasure. He breathed slowly, in a controlled, gentle rhythm as Nita made his member harder and harder with her hot muzzle. She used her tongue, nursing him to his fullest arousal happily. Neit could tell because she would slowly move her head further and further back until, as she pulled back enough, his glistening pink shaft could clearly be seen entering and exiting her tightened muzzle. A light sucking sound accompanied her slow, gentle motion. The expression on the white wolf's face was that of complete elation.

And so Neit watched, unable to move an inch, as a lowly slave received oral pleasuring from the queen of Amani. Neit suddenly became aware of her own burning, lit deep inside her womb. Her want. Her need. She had ignored it for the most part all her life, masturbating if she really wanted too, but never feeling the drive to share herself with another... She made love for the first time as part of a con. A ruse to get the wealth of a rich and highly merited merchant. She had never enjoyed the sex very much, however... Until Alps saved her. He lit that desire in her, and she acted on it, and now, as she watched him get pleased so perfectly, she needed it again. Badly. She continued to watch.

Nita's head bobbed up and down a little faster, the pleasure of the lupine before her apparent by his heavier breathing. She finally pulled him free of her hot, tight muzzle and gripped his swollen cock with a gentle hand. She ran it up and down, his shaft very wet with his juices and her saliva. Her careful, confident hand glided over his tingling cock with ease. She hooked her hand over his tip, to rub it in a circle, murring softly as he arched his back in pleasure/pain from the over-sensitive nature of that tingling tip. Nita seemed to be pleased by the pleased reaction of her slave. She used her other hand to stroke slowly up and down his body.

Alps had been in Nita's service for months now, but he had also been in Misty's care for just as long. His fur was clean, bright white, and well groomed. He had the lean but strong body of a runner, and no longer could his ribs be counted through his soft fur. His eyes were bright and healthy, and his spirit was high. He was almost unrecognizable from the dejected, tortured creature that had practically washed ashore here in Diera.

The white lupine slave, happy and healthy, was now savoring the treatment that he should have been giving to the queen, but instead was being given to him. His chest rose and fell a little faster now, as Nita's head bobbed up and down just a little faster. Neit held her breath as best she could, not moving an inch. The jewels and her personal mission were completely forgotten now as what was happening came into place before her. She was absolutely captivated by this drama. A queen and her slave. She was possibly the only commoner to ever see anything like it. She watched as the queen's slave shuddered, and spoke with a wavering breath.

"Mmm dear... Nita... you are so skilled with - Ohh! Nng..." Alps was cut short as her tongue rolled over the tip of his pre-trickling cock with speed and firm pressure, abrading it softly, her silken tongue pressed hard enough to feel like sandpaper. She engulfed his cock again with her steamy muzzle, her cheeks closing around it, her lips sealed over that rock hard shaft. She pulled him all the way in, her head sinking as far as it could into his lap, her nose buried in the fur in his groin, her paws cradling and massaging his balls gently.

Neit, lying on her side, felt a gentle caress down her tummy, and to her panty line. She gasped, and then realized it was her own hand. She could not take it... It was so erotic... Her hand moved down her tight shorts with a little effort, and found her extremely wet sex, pouring her sweet juices from the show. Neit half-closed her eyes, shaking softly. How could she be taking these kinds of stupid chances? Still, at the moment, she could not help it.

As Nita's head moved faster, and Alps' gentle moans became more serious, so did Neit's fingers. Her middle and index finger side by side, almost uncontrollably began massaging her clit in a tight circle, pressing hard. Her own breathing had picked up from her self-attentions. It was broken and choppy from her trying to keep quiet. Alps and Nita were becoming a little louder too, however. This made it a little safer for Neit to breathe, so they never looked her way. What was important to them was not outside. It was right there, face to face.

Nita's head lifted from her slave's thick throbbing cock as the thief watched in wonder, a ribbon of his pre attached at her tongue, glistening, before her head went back down. The queen's hand moved down her own body, and mimicked Neit's activity. Her finger spread her flaring petals wide as she began to finger herself. At first, she just swirled her fingers over her little oversensitive nub, her bottom bouncing in time with her head, but, as Alps groaned long and low, her fingers sank into her needy tunnel, her body shuddering just like her slave's.

She sucked on him harder as she pressed at first two, then three fingers deep into her sex. Alps reacted as strongly as Nita did, so at the very least, something had to have changed in the queen's own approach to pleasuring her slave. Uri shuddered and did the same. She wanted Alps in her so bad now. She needed her walls stretched, her clit rubbed, her body raped for hours by that wolf. But he belonged to Nita. She could not possibly ask to borrow him knowing now that she would be having sex after the queen herself. She faltered a bit, gasping with pleasure and awe as she thought about that fact. She already had. She was just one step in intimacy away from the queen herself. Neit was not at all sure how to feel about that, but the only feelings that mattered right now, as she watched the two lovemaking lupines, was the hot flashes of sensation between her legs as she strummed herself harder and faster.

Nita panted heavily now, and Alps' hips rocked back and forth. They were really getting into it, and so was Neit. She cried out under her breath as she felt the tingling culminating slowly. She was going to cum rather quickly from watching this.

Nita, panting harder now, and obviously very close, was no longer holding her muzzle fully over Alps. First, he was moving up and down with her ministrations too much, and threatened to choke her like that, and also, she could not hold her muzzle shut without biting down right now as her fingers drove in and out of her faster, the sounds of wetness filling the room. Her muzzle was wide open, her tongue curled over the tip of his cock, which was already spurting pre lightly, almost ready to pop, and she had one paw racing up and down his shaft, each stroke just barely making it over the head, and her other paw working her pussy like mad.

Neit's hips bounced back and forth spasmodically as she watched, until, with a light cry of satisfaction and desperation combined from both the queen and her slave, white fluid jetted from the tip of that rigid, twitching pink cock. Neit watched in near shock as the slave's essence sprayed from him into the queen's muzzle. She was instantly a mess from it, getting it all over her tongue, face, and ears from the force of the male's sexual release. Neit and Nita both came at the same time. Or almost the same time, at least. Neit, noting that Nita's body was shaking and her hand had stopped moving, looked down the queen's body, and saw her hot juices pouring from her with impressive volume, spilling onto the floor as she came furiously, her body shaking as Alps fell backwards, and the queen's muzzle sealed again over his still squirting cock, letting herself swallow hard, pulling his seed from him.

"Nita, yes!" Alps cried, the sensation of Nita' resumed suckling, to get every drop, a wonderful shock to the white lupine. His voice, ecstatic from orgasm, set Neit off. She gasped and her pants were instantly soaked by it, her body uncontrollably writhing. She watched as Nita then slowly crawled up into bed with Alps, lying alongside him, panting heavily and very happy. The thief panted softly for a while, silently trying to recover. She'd have to continue her exploration now. Neit sat up, rubbing her head. She felt so guilty, watching that.

"You're a voyeur too, eh?" came a voice from behind. Neit spun around, and covered her muzzle to stifle a scream. It was Uri. She was lying at the other corner of the curtains, her own fingers soaked from obviously the same thing as Neit.

"I...I...I..." Neit stammered.

"No need to explain. But get back to your bed. You don't want the guards to find out and tell Lady Razelle..."

Neit, shocked and a very afraid, did as she was told. She got up and jumped with ease to the roof, and skittered along to around where her room was. She slid down a baked clay drainpipe, to her window, and got back in. The thief crawled back into bed, and, shaking from the aftereffects of the orgasm and the nervousness, fell into a deep slumber. There would be other nights...