

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

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### Chapter 12

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Alps looked out over the courtyard. It was pretty empty. This early in the morning it usually was. Neit was probably still asleep. Alps wondered if Nita approved of the young lady friend he brought with him. She did not seem upset. Then again, Alps' intent with her had been rather noble at least. He looked up at the sky. It was still a darker, deeper shade of blue, except over the horizon, where pink and orange hues were spilling over it. The slave smiled warmly. Nita and Nidaja would be here soon. They came here both to relax and, in Nidaja's case, to exercise. Also, Nita usually brought snacks. In all his life as a slave, he had never been given sweets or other tasty breakfast treats, and Nita shared with Alps happily. He had grown a real sweet tooth.

The cheery slave sat down on the bench, happy to be the first here. He looked out over the sandy circle in the center of the courtyard. Nidaja was the general of the lupine army of Amani... as well as the royal guard... All the power of their people rested in her hands. The war against the Uruk army had been a long and fruitless one. Their numbers far exceeded those of Alps' race, but the attacks had stepped down a bit over the last twenty years, ever since the terrible raids ended. Almost 80% of the lupine ancestral homeland was lost, but they were allowed to live freely on this area of land, the island of Diera, as well as a tract of land on the west coast of the main continent of Amani.

He had learned so much that his previous mistress thought was unneeded knowledge for a slave. Nita did not really treat him much like a slave to be honest, more like a trusted companion. He was already starting to forget the dark, cold nights behind the sitting chair in the den of Chana's home. He was starting to gloss over having been beaten. It seemed like so long ago. He'd be hit till he could feel the blows continue, strike after strike, long after his mistress had stopped hitting him. But no more. He truly felt that he was finally in a place where no one could hurt him.

Safety. He'd never felt safety before. Education... Questions being answered without having to be terrified of asking them. His life was a dream now, one that he never wanted to wake up from. Nita's empire was losing the war; this was sad news for Alps... and a source of great sorrow for Nita. However, Alps would share this destiny with Nita now. He had promised himself this after the first night in bed with her. He was there for her for life, even if she

got married and had a family, and never made love to him again. His life was hers, and he was glad it was. She was what he had to live for.

Alps thought of these things deeply as he sat out here, alone in the garden. So much had changed. He had a lot more responsibility in a way. Or at least, his responsibilities were a lot more important. His main duty was to make Nita happy. That duty reflected all the way down to the basic lives of everyone who depended on her. Still, Alps had never been happier. He felt something else though. It was something new. He pondered his feelings in silence, as he rested on the bench, the sun slowly creeping up in the morning sky.

"Oh, Alpsie... you beat us here!" a fond, familiar voice piped behind him. Alps lifted his head from his pensive thoughts and greeted Nita with a little motioned kiss to the air between them. She caught the kiss on her lips as it was hurled to her so adoringly. Nidaja rolled her eyes.

"You two are like kids, you know?" she said. She put her pack down and stretched a bit. Alps looked up at her and beamed a smile.

"Well, hello Nidaja," he chimed. "Are you strength, speed, or technique training this morning?" Nidaja took off her overcoat, a leather long-coat that she wore when she was outside. Her body, though strong, was still very feminine. To command more respect for her strength she wore clothing that made her look a little larger. Alps stood up and looked at her carefully.

Nidaja had not changed since the first night really, though his love for her and his friendship with her had made her a very pleasant sight to behold, even outside her physical beauty. Her gorgeous lupine features glowed in the morning light as she placed her coat on the bench. She wore a rather loose and flowing silken vest of sorts and a tight cotton shirt underneath, that held her firm, ample breasts in place. The cool morning air caused her nipples to perk enough to attract Alps' interest and a warm smile. On her hips, she wore a war belt. It was regular leather, but with steel plates bolted to it, to keep her belt from being severed in a fight. One did not want to lose a sword in fleeing or just moving about, especially before one got a chance to fight. Nidaja did not have her sword on though. She was not going to practice with a live blade. She rarely did when she trained for speed or strength training, though she would for technique training. She wore a pair of canvas shorts... loose, short, and durable. They were tan in color, much like his. They held to her lusciously wide hips comfortably and allowed her free range of motion.

Alps patted the bench and Nita sat close beside him, her hip touching his. The slave gave a rather playful smile to her. Nita was wearing a short silken shirt, which showed her midriff, buttoned along the front... also boosting her generous breasts a bit, though hers were not quite as large as her sister's. She wore a suede leather skirt, which buttoned up along the side, and a belt with a leather

pouch, which contained her personal effects, including her crest for identification. Nita placed her gentle hand on Alps' thigh, and gave a fond squeeze.

Nidaja picked up a staff that was lying by the bench. She had left it there the previous day. No one would steal it here, of course. She looked at Nita as she caressed Alps' thigh and laughed, shaking her head. "Oh my goodness... you two slept together last night and are still playful! Can't you get enough?"

She moved out to the center of the sandy circle. "You should put that energy to something useful, Alps. Given how much time you spend with Nita, perhaps you should pick up a sword and learn to defend her? She could use a knight in shining armor," the emerald lupine general chided softly. She raised the staff to eye level. It was weighted and balanced to be equal to her sword, but without the ability to accidentally cut her in half if she made a mistake. Alps blushed slightly, having been the victim of the woman's teasing before. He was used to it and kind of liked it. They teased each other like that, and being teased as well made Alps feel more included... special... like family. It was a good feeling.

Nidaja looked back at him. "I am speed training today, of course. Though it looks like Nita has some exercise in mind too." she said, laughing again, before she began to spin the mock-blade rapidly, stretching, and warming up with it in a routine Alps had seen a dozen times now. He came out here every morning, to help if he could. On occasion, he was allowed to carry things for them or just to give Nidaja a rub down when she was done. He leaned into Nita and giggled.

"Well, she expects me to behave when she's dressed so... enticing and moving about like that? She does have high expectations of me." Alps looked at Nita and then back at Nidaja. "Would you teach me? Would you teach me to defend my mistress and my friends?" he asked. He knew it grated Nita's nerves to be called mistress, but the mood was already teasing, so it rolled off with no more than a flick to her left ear, which she twitched a bit to recover. Nidaja looked at Alps, stopping her routine. She thought a bit, and then nodded softly.

"Sure, Alps. I can teach you. Step right up." Alps looked to Nita, who quivered her bottom lip, mockingly. Her Alpsie was being taken away! She then pushed him to his feet and swatted his rump. Alps looked at Nidaja. Was she actually going to teach him to use a weapon? No mistress in her right mind would ever do that for a slave. They are dangerous if they can fight. It's hard to discipline them. Nidaja handed Alps an equal staff to her own. Alps had carried the things dozens of times now. However, the one he was handed seemed a *lot* heavier now that he held it, for the first time, as a weapon and not just burden being carried for Nidaja. He held it up and looked defensive, unsure of what was to come. Nidaja smiled and looked to her sister. "He's pretty scared. See how the tip of the staff is shaking a little?" she asked. Nita nodded softly.

"It's okay, Alps. She won't hurt you bad. It'll sting if she hits you, but you said your other owners used to beat you badly. Her attacks won't be anywhere close." Alps looked to Nidaja and nodded softly.

"Then attack, I guess, and I will try to defend myself," his voice wavered. Nidaja held her staff up, slightly curved, just like her sword, and tapped the tip of Alps' staff sending it far to the side. Such a small motion and so much power! Alps nearly lost hold of the weapon. He then recovered and held the weapon up, but when he faced forward again, after recovering from that blow, the general was gone. Then he felt a searing hot flash of pain on the back of his shoulder. He stumbled forward and looked behind him. Nidaja was there, tapping the weapon on her shoulder. Alps blinked, looking at her. She was so fast! He had never really thought about how fast she actually would be if he were the one facing her, and he had not, until now, ever seen her spar with someone else. Speed training was right! He winced a bit. It was the first time he'd felt pain like that since leaving Chana's service. He didn't hate Nidaja for it though. He actually felt like laughing. Was this supposed to be fun? Was he getting the wrong thing from it?

He looked sternly at Nidaja and moved forward. She touched the side of Alps' staff with her own and just turned in a very fluid circle, letting Alps' staff slide forward. She glided around behind the wolf and brought the staff to the back of his knee. The slave went to the sand and was on his back, with a dull thud and a deep release of air. He looked up at the sky, stunned. Nidaja took the opportunity to straddle his hips.

"Looks like I win, Alpsie." she said laughing, placing the staff off to the side and touching his throat in a little slicing motion, signaling that, if she had a knife, the white furred slave would not be sucking air anymore. Alps blinked again. He really was trying, but it was... what... twelve seconds? Ten? Less? No time at all, and he was "dead". He looked up at Nita who shook her head softly, smiling. She knew of Nidaja's skill and what would happen to Alps. The places the general had hit did not really hurt terribly, though, so it was not too bad a beating. And now Nidaja was straddling him in the dirt, so it was better! He laughed softly and rubbed the back of his head, looking a little embarrassed.

"Yes, you did win, General Razelle. What is it you will take in your victory?" he asked, touching her tummy softly. "You and your sister care for me after all. What conquest is there in defeating lil' old me?" he asked. The morning sun was darkened as Nita's form moved between his head and the horizon, shading him from it. He looked up at the queen. Nita was smiling and... undoing the buttons on her silken blouse. Alps gritted his teeth. She could not possibly be after that so early in the morning. She had just taken a shower an hour ago. Alps looked to Nidaja, who was blushing slightly. It was morning. The sun was coming up. The garden was not completely private.

"Oh Nita, don't tell me you liked seeing that," she said, hugging her own

chest, realizing that she was, indeed, very perky from the activity and the cool morning air.

"Oh yes... I did!" she said, sliding off the blouse, and placing it on the bench. She was not wearing anything underneath. Alps' eyes widened a bit. Sure, they did it outside at night. A very open and intense night indeed... but it was at *night*. It was not in the morning when the general public was often visiting the castle. The courtyard was visible from the back of the castle. Alps knew it was uncommon for the general public to be granted admittance until noon, but still, there were others here, such as guards, nobles and friends of said individuals who would stand a chance to see. Nidaja looked at the rising sun and giggled softly.

"Well... I'm not gonna let you get into trouble," she said. The regional matriarchs would likely try to lecture you about lowering your guard to someone who was raised as anything but a noble." Nidaja removed the flowing silk vest thing and tossed it before peeling off her shirt. If she was warning Nita about getting into trouble why on earth was she undressing? Alps inhaled deeply and felt that sudden rise of heat between his thighs. His canvas shorts suddenly seemed a lot tighter than when he put them on this morning. He swallowed softly and wriggled a bit, wondering if Nidaja and Nita were only teasing him here and would take him someplace private. He did not want to get them in trouble with the matriarchs.

Alps looked up at Nidaja as she tossed the shirt to the side and her firm, large breasts bounced in his vision. They were covered in velvety fine, short fur, so soft, and so warm and smooth. His paws gravitated toward them. She had him pinned so he had to give her some kind of contact. He wanted to very badly! If they were confident enough to do this, he would do as they liked. He was a slave after all. They were responsible for what they were doing. He was only a thing. He had just never considered it a defense before!

Alps gasped as Nita, completely nude now, moved alongside Nidaja. He had not even seen her wriggle out of her skirt. No, they were not teasing him. He swallowed again and wriggled just a bit himself. Nidaja's hips were right over his so her crotch would apply pressure to his already swelling member as she moved slowly, back and forth, to further tease him. To Alps' shock, Nita straddled his chest, giggling softly. He had not expected her to get in between him and Nidaja, as it placed her rather intimately close to her own sister. He had been blindfolded when they were together last time, so he did not know if they had been intimately close then. But now they pressed their chests together in a rather playful and fun-loving embrace, as Nita pressed her already warm and humid sex against his chest, streaking his fur with her tangy, elicited scent.

Alps crooned softly, unable to move now, as the two emerald lupine females held him rather firmly to the ground with their weight... and their

authority. Alps could not allow himself to forget that he was their slave, and if he wanted to protest it would not do any good. However, he had no intention of protesting as he watched them kiss. It was slightly curious when he saw Misha and Uri do it, but just... shocking to watch Nita and Nidaja do it. But as they kissed he looked over Nita's shoulder at their faces, turned enough to the side for him to see as they kissed passionately, and he knew. Their love was a family love... something bonding deeper than sex, sisterhood, or even lovers. As royalty, they had always only had each other to depend on. No one else.

Nita was very limited in who she could trust since she was the queen, and Nidaja was likely the friend and companion that, for all these years, she had trusted the most. Alps caressed over Nita's rump and lower back as he lets them seal their friendship and family bonds with that romantic and adoring kiss. The slave looked at the horizon, the slowly rising morning sun. He was intimately involved with these two and they did not seem to really fear others finding out a whole lot. Was he really that valuable as a companion that they would let others know they had such a relationship with him? Or was it generally accepted in high society that Alps' intimacy was common with his mistress. He thought a little about these things, before his mind was snapped back into the reality of the moment.

Nidaja's hand had slid down between herself and Nita, and she had scooted back some. Nita was working the ties to Nidaja's shorts and Nidaja was working the ties to Alps' shorts... making sure to stroke over his already firm shaft with her thumb through the fabric. Alps arched his hips a little to show his interest in the lovely female. As if the feel of his already swollen length would not be enough to tell her he was interested. Nita scooted back a little as well, to make it easier for her to remove Nidaja's shorts.

The general slid back and turned around just a bit as Nita worked her clothing the rest of the way off, and she helped Alps out of his on the soft sand of the fighting ring. Nita's scooting back placed her in a position for Alps to do something that had began to come naturally to him. His nose drawn forward by her powerful musky scent, he saw her slit parted slightly from her leaning forward the way she was, her legs spread. He could not resist the temptation and touched the silken length of his hot tongue between those dewy folds, tasting the tart flavor of her sex, freshly showered, and yet, as always, tasting no less of Nita. Alps giggled softly to himself as Nita gasped, and jumped a bit, having not expected him to touch so soon. She slid back a little and placed her arms on Nidaja's shoulders, giving a soft, pleased sound.

Nidaja laughed softly, taking her place back on Alps' hips, her moist sex pressing his now exposed shaft against his soft-furred belly. She began to slowly roll her hips, teasing him a little bit with her wetness and her muscles, which would contract softly on his length. Her hips held him tighter letting him realize he was not able to get away. His voice raised enough for her to hear from between

Nita's now possessive thighs, as the queen pressed her sex to Alps' generous muzzle. He merely crooned loudly in his approval.

"A little friendly with that tongue, isn't he?" Nidaja asked her sister, who continued to hug the lupine general. Nita jerked her hips again as Alps flicked her clit with the tip of his tongue, experimenting, always eager to find what pleased his mistress. Nidaja and Nita were very different for what they liked. He was learning this over time. Alps had already learned that Nita liked deep penetration, whereas Nidaja liked rapid motion over her clit more. Nearly everything seemed to please Uri, though. Alps smiled as he pressed the length of his tongue into Nita, tasting her all over his tongue. The slight salt on the tip... the tangy bitterness along the side... the warm taste of her flesh on the back of his tongue, which touched tentatively over her clit, brushing against it lovingly. If this was fighting practice, the wolf would definitely train hard and become Nita's strongest guard. He closed his eyes, letting himself feel more than see now, though he could still hear, as Nita released a lightly breathless answer.

"Y... yeah. He does like to do that. It's something I am finding I especially enjoy. And when I am in cycle... when he can't actually have sex, I know he will be able to do that... and he knows that I will reward him like last night," she said, gasping again as Alps' tongue penetrated as deep as he would let it. Alps spread his legs a little, and braced his feet in the sand, holding his knees up. This cradled Nidaja's rump a little, and pressed her forward on his body, holding Nita close still. Nidaja sighed happily, and reached down, letting her fingers slide under Alps' cock and pressing him tighter against her wet folds, almost penetrating, but not quite, teasing herself over his length, playing with him as she might a sex toy. For now, Alps actually was her living sex toy, but he felt a degree of trust and friendship and kindness from her that warmed his heart and never left him feeling used, even if he was used pretty heavily for her own pleasure. He did not mind, certainly.

Alps began to pant softly himself, as the pleasure Nidaja was stealing for herself was not wasted on him either. The white wolf's tail jerked every time she would let the tip of his rock hard member pass over her entrance and seem to want to let it slip in. Alps wanted so badly to just feel her tight body around him, even if she was not actively making love to him. Just to feel those muscular walls inside her closed around his shaft... pulsing, throbbing. That heat which he had learned so well and could now feel in dreams, so familiar he was with it. The willing slave placed both his hands on Nita's hips, holding her steady as he allowed his tongue to dig deeply into her, his nose pressed on the short span of flesh between her anus and sex. Slowly massaging her with his nose and licking deeply, he could only think to cause pleasure, just as she had last night. The mouth was so capable, and he had not really thought as much about just how much until last night. Nita's hot muzzle... so searing and so gentle... So powerful, yet so caring.

Alps arched his back and softly cried out as he felt his length slip into Nidaja. By the loud sound of intense passion from the general it was obvious she had not intended that just yet, but when it happened she was not disappointed. Her hands went up to Nita's chest where they began to play happily, just as Nita's warm, clever digits already played upon the general's own breasts, teasing touching, flicking pert nipples, tugging, caressing, hefting, holding, grasping, anything her hands could do to give Nidaja's body pleasure, to send shivers down her spine, she did. Alps pressed his tongue deeper inside the queen's sex, feeling her walls clenching on it, reacting wonderfully to the oral fixation the wolf slave had.

He was breathing heavily now, driven wild by the sensation of Nidaja's tight, searing body grasping his cock deep inside her, pulsing wetly. She held still for a moment, kissing Nita again, reminding her that they were sharing him and each other. Alps did not feel funny about it at all now. There were too many other things for him to feel. The queen's personal slave began to roll his hips heatedly as Nidaja began her slow up and down and back and forth motions, enjoying the feel of the wolf inside her. Alps' white fur bristled and he cried out softly. The evenings of doing this had raised his stamina and endurance, but he still could not last long under this kind of stimulation. Just giving Nita oral alone was enough to make him nearly climax.

Nidaja's tight sex wrapped like a tight glove around his length, suckling on him, nursing him toward his climax, was more than enough to complete the circuit. It would not take long. The passion between them was rising too, so perhaps they were not just going to play around as much as usual, for real fear of someone disturbing them. Alps followed their lead with their growing passion, gripping his fingers on Nita's hips, letting his tongue slide back and forth between her swollen labial lips faster, more desperately, the pace of the general now almost feverish, as one of her unsteady hands dropped to Alps' tummy to give her more leverage for the motion she enjoyed. Nita's muzzle dipped while she was using her tongue to flick at Nidaja's nipples, which bounced heavily as she slammed herself up and down harder on Alps' body. Moaning deeper, more desperately, each sound she made seemed to change slowly in pitch, the lady lupine slowly working toward climax. Nidaja's fur bristled, her breasts were wet with sweat and with Nita's saliva as she licked, nipped and teased her sister's nipples, eager to make sure she had more than enough pleasure from this.

Nita's sex suddenly seized on Alps' tongue with a surge of heat and wetness on his muzzle and face. The queen cried out and shuddered, bucking into Nidaja who slammed down almost painfully on Alps' hips. Nidaja cried out gleefully to the queen and held her, as Alps almost choked on her warm nectar as it poured from her and splattered on his chest with her eager thrusting, humping motions. There really had not been any warning. Alps pondered, as he held firm and ridged for Nidaja, if he had hit just the right spot or something. Alps leaned his head back, letting Nita's sex cool a bit, watching as his mistress held

Nidaja, who was now very frantically rising and falling on him. Nita cried out happily, but weakly to her sister.

"Oh... oh yes... oh dear heavens yes, Nidaja. Go for it... cum too. Feels so good... together... hmmm... oh... again... I can cum again... I want it to be together!" she cried, pressing her sex back on Alps' muzzle. Confused slightly, but obedient, Alps began to eagerly and rapidly lick Nita. Her sultry and perverse words to Nidaja were even more effective than the lady general's heated thrusting, as Alps whimpered softly into Nita's sex, feeling himself close in on the storm of pleasure that was about to be unleashed on his body. He was going to cum soon. He did not know if he could outlast these two, but he would try to let them enjoy theirs with his own. He closed his eyes, trying to focus on the sisters' pleasure. Nidaja was hammering him pretty hard now, her sex slick and hot, still tight enough to tug at his cock as she rose up off of him, and then press it with the delicious feel of penetration as she would fall. Her muscles were so strong, inside and out. The general cried out now, her breath coming in bursts when she descended, their bodies making a soft impacting sound from the force with which she took him. Never had he been ridden so furiously before.

"N... Nita... I dunno. I'm real close... I can't stop... can't hold back... Oh blinding light..." Nidaja crooned. She closed her eyes tightly, and held Nita's shoulders. "I want to... but... can't... stop. Feels so good... so close... so close. Oh... ohh..." Nidaja's voice was becoming uncharacteristically high pitched. Alps knew she got like that right before she came. This made Nidaja a *lot* more of a woman than the tomboy she was otherwise. It was hard not to feel like a female with nine inches of lupine flesh buried inside her. Alps lashed at Nita's sex with his eager tongue, feeling his own longing teetering on the edge. Every cell in his body was begging for the girls to climax so he could too, his legs trembling. Nita cried out again, her voice also higher pitched, her body shaking a little.

"I'm... right there. Oh Nidaja... Alps' legs... He's gonna pop too! Come on... cum Nidaja! Cum with us... Alps... Cum inside her. Let her feel your hot seed inside her. That'll make her cum. Oh... oh, let me know when you cum. Gimme a sign. I'll come too. Oh I'm already... so... close..." Alps just couldn't take it anymore. Nita's pleading voice, those graphic words! Nidaja's powerful stroking, panting, her moans of pleasure! No amount of sexual training could stop his orgasm from happening that very second!

He let Nita know in the most intense way he knew how to give her an idea of just how powerful his orgasm was. He howled. Right into her sex, he howled... a very feral lupine howl. As he did so, the vibrations from his explosive and rich tone, his strong voice, sent a shockwave of powerful vibrations as deep as Nita's ribs! The howl was stifled just a bit by the introduction of Nita's dense, warm nectar to his open muzzle. Gurgling just a bit, Alps swallowed, and shut his muzzle, dragging in a deep breath through his nose, and taking a heavy face full of Nita's fluids, scent-marked sexually to the ears. As he pulled in that powerful

breath, he yelped again softly as he felt the second powerful wave of his orgasm not just flow from him, but get violently dragged out of him by Nidaja's convulsing body, the general crying out in a rage-pleasure growl and stifled scream, holding Nita tight as she quivered over Alps' face. The male slave pulsed seed helplessly into Nidaja's tight, suckling, convulsing sex, which coated his inner thighs and tummy with its nectar as it drew in his warm life essence deeper into her welcoming body.

Alps' toes curled a bit, and gripped sand, as he felt himself shudder as more and more of that thick fluid pulsed from him into Nidaja. She held Nita, both of them panting so hard, as they twitched and spasmed over him. Alps could not get used to just how unusual it was... a slave, being so intimately involved. He felt he would never get over it, but then again, maybe he would. How long had it been? Not terribly long, but this was a fairly regular occurrence. Intimacy. Perhaps it was just fun for Nita and Nidaja and Uri, but Alps felt himself very emotionally bonding to them, and felt that, anymore, he would not want to live a life without them in it. He was serious about what he said to Nidaja. He would protect Nita. No one would be able to hurt her while he was still alive. Alps shivered just a bit as he thought about that.

Was he... falling in love? With Nita? With Nita Arcana Razelle? The queen? A lowly slave loving her? Alps closed his eyes and sighed a long and happy sigh. Yeah, so what? He could love her, even if she did not love him the same way back. Nita was easy to love. So was Nidaja. Alps' life was happy now and it was because of them. He had perfect reason to love them. Alps' mellow mood and relaxation were shattered by a male voice, close by, and Nita and Nidaja's simultaneous lunge for their clothing leaving Alps rather lewdly exposed, and sticky and wet on the face and chest and tummy. Alps scrambled and sat up Indian style, weakly swaying, with his hands over his soaked lap looking up at the source of the voice.

"...Had to be the most... interesting thing I have seen in a very long time," he said. Alps looked at him. A tall, black-furred wolf, seeming to be rather heavily muscled and wearing leather armor that was not merely black, it seemed to have a finish that did not shine or reflect ANYTHING. Not light, not shadow, not sheen... nothing. This covered him completely, except for his head. He had gloves made of the stuff and boots... and pants and a coat. Nita and Nidaja scrambled to get their clothes on. Nita growled rather savagely to him.

"You had best have a *damn* good reason to be here, stranger, or you will be dining on your tongue tonight. What you saw here is *not* to leave this courtyard!" Alps recoiled a bit. He'd never seen Nita so angry! "It's private business between just me and my sister, and our knight. It's a right that we are given in the royal doctrines," she hissed. Alps gasped softly. A knight? He was called a knight? That was oddly... embarrassing to him. He knew that she was lying of course, as it obviously could be frowned upon if a commoner found her

so romantically entwined with a slave. Knights, however... True knights were always as close to nobility as a male could be in Amani's government. They gained, as a result, some perks, one of which being they were not bound by the same rules which limited their choices for mates. Alps kept his mouth shut though and let the tall male wolf speak. His eyes, where Alps' were violet, were crimson. He was one of the older Amani tribe. There were very few left, and almost nothing of their history remained to be told. His voice was soothing, but dark, and deep, and hollow, as if he were speaking from somewhere else, and the sound did not... *quite* match his lips... or did they? It was hard to tell.

"I beg your forgiveness, your majesty. I mean no harm and news of this will reach no one. It is, as you say, private business and I count myself fortunate and blessed to have seen the true beauty of her highness and General Nidaja, both of who I have admired for some time. Ahh... but forgive my impertinence. My name is Lunar. I am... a hunter." He sat down on the bench and handed Nita her skirt. Nita hastily put it on, as Nidaja got into her own clothes, grumbling something about locks on the gates.

Alps looked at him with wide eyes. A hunter. Misty had told Alps about this. They spent their lives hunting orcs, paid by cities and towns for the crystal eyes of those magical and cursed creatures who would attack towns if their camps grew large enough near the outskirts and border towns. Hunters usually didn't live long, but this one seemed to be doing well for himself.

"Very well. A hunter. I do not recall granting you a morning audience. This had better still be important," she said. "And I mean *very* important. You burned off my afterglow," she grumbled. The large wolf smiled and nodded. He looked to Alps and asked softly, chuckling,

"And your knight? I have never seen him before... rather... young." Alps shifted uncomfortably. Nita glared at him again.

"He was just... umm... assigned." Nidaja said, obviously trying to help Nita.

"Wow," Lunar chuckled, "Where do I sign up to become a knight. I wanna have an assignment too." he chuckled. Alps carefully got into his shorts and then snapped a rather severe look to the larger wolf. How dare he make such a comment to Nita, being a stranger as he was? Alps stood up and growled to him.

"You come unannounced on unscheduled business with the queen, and you dare to insult her that way?!" Alps said harshly, stepping forward. Alps' heart suddenly sank. What the hell was he doing? He wasn't *really* a knight!

"It would seem your knight still has some life in him, even after the beating

he just got," he said. "If I'd been screwed like that my legs would be unable to hold me up!" he said, laughing. "Stand down boy, unless you want to get hurt. I have important business with the queen that does not concern you." Alps lowered his brow. He did not like this fellow at all. He was far too sure of himself. And it seemed almost as if he was making fun of all of them, right there in the courtyard. Lunar is leaned down and picked up a staff, pointing it at Nita. Alps gritted his teeth and gasped. Nidaja was on her feet, but her legs were obviously still shaky.

"Drop it, and state your business." the general said coldly. "You are not going to play your stupid hunter domination games with us. You are in our lands and you will respect and follow our laws, and moreover, as Sir Alps had stated, you have no right to speak to the queen like that." Nita's eyes were round and then narrow as the staff was pointed at her. Alps looked to the side, where his staff had dropped when he was pounced by Nidaja. He leaned down and picked it up. He raised the wooden shaft up shakily to face Lunar is. Nidaja and Nita looked up with shock and fear. Alps looked at them and realized just why. The slave just made himself a target. Slowly, Lunar is turned. Alps' heart sank again, but he tried to remain as cool and calm-looking as he could.

"Well, well, well..." Lunar is said, pointing the staff at Alps. "This will be a great chance for me to prove my worth as a hunter to the queen. I shall test my skills against their knight. To be this close to them, you must be a personal bodyguard or something, as I would have seen you outside the castle walls if you were not. They looked scared when you picked up the stick. Maybe they think you could tear me apart, and feared for the fight they would see. Or maybe they are lying about your station and fear you are about to lose your head. Let's find out." He took a fighting stance. Alps lowered his brow and glared at him threateningly. Inside, however, he felt sick. Why? Why did he have to pick up the staff? He looked at Nita and Nidaja. They were not moving. Alps was on his own with this one. He had chosen his path. He gripped the stick tighter, and prepared for the attack.