

# Sirius, Book I

## Diera

*Comments or Questions?*

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### Chapter 13

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Alps growled long and low as he faced Lunariss. Who was this guy? How did he get in here? Why would the guards let a character like this in? The slave looked over to Nidaja and Nita. They both looked very concerned as they put their clothes back on, and very irritated. They did not seem to be in a hurry to call the guards, however. Alps glowered. If he was a hunter, what was he doing here..? Hunters were not in the employ of the queen. She had her own army at her disposal. Hunters were only valuable to merchants and border towns who needed them. The slave swallowed reflexively. This guy... could kill him... And he knew it.

Alps looked to Nidaja. She was not going to help it seemed. Had he made a mistake? Was she unable to help him for social status reasons now, as he had been the one to challenge Lunariss? Alps wished he understood! She was now sitting on the bench where Alps should have just stayed today. He held firm to his staff. He got himself into this; he would either get himself out of it, or get some nice rest in the infirmary afterwards. He lowered his voice, trying again to seem more threatening.

"... I am not going to go easy on you... You interrupted something very private, without an audience. How... did you get in here anyway?" he asked. Nita and Nidaja looked at each other and nodded.

"Yes... right... before Alps cleans your clock, you better tell us... How did you get in here? This is NOT the kind of place you just walk into..." Nita grumbled.

"Your majesty..." Lunariss said, with noble flair. "I am a hunter, and am here on official business. Your guards do not know me, and made quite a fuss to my getting in here, but this was important... so I let them... go to sleep for a little while." He said. He smiled cruelly. "... Just as I will do to your little whelp that can't even hold a stick correctly!" And with that, he lunged for Alps, and tapped his stick to the side, somehow wresting it from his hand. It clattered over by the bench, leaving Alps unarmed. Lunariss brought his staff up to attack. Alps felt overwhelmed, and was thinking as fast as he could, which made everything seem to move in painfully slow motion. Alps did the only thing he could think of. He dropped to his knees, as he would if a mistress was going to punish him. Lunariss' swing missed Alps' head by mere inches. Alps then did something that

surprised even him. He lunged. With all his weight and strength, he put his right elbow into Lunariss' side, under his ribs. Lunariss skidded back a little, holding his side as Alps got back to his feet. Nidaja applauded.

"Way to go Alps! Protect your mistress at all costs! You heard him! He overpowered the guards. His reasons for being here cannot possibly be worth that kind of breach in security! Take him out! That is an order." she said, but remained seated. Alps moved back over and got his stick back hastily. A little defense was better than none, he supposed, even in this fight. He looked to Nidaja again. What was she talking about? She was the best fighter here, why did she not want to fight him? Alps sighed. This was a terrible position to be in, but he really did not have a choice now except to see it through.

The slave began to think about Nidaja and the way she held the weapon when she practiced. Alps moved his hands to hold it like that, using both hands to get better control of the weapon. He then rushed Lunariss. He made several attacks, but they were all blocked. Alps memorized how Lunariss blocked his attacks, which was fortunate for him, as he was able to block them himself when Lunariss launched a few of his own this time. The vibrations that ran down the stick with the black lupine's powerful attacks were painful to the young slave's hands, but his attacker was wearing black leather gauntlets, so he did not feel the same, Alps was sure. When one is being attacked, and feels they might lose their life, some odd things go through their mind. For Alps, he remembered being a slave.

There were times as a slave where something was too heavy for him to move, so he let some of that weight work for him, back when he was moving stones. He lowered his voice again, and panted out, already getting fatigued.

".. Are you not tired of playing yet? Let's end it already... Gimme all you got, cur!" he growled savagely. Nidaja, in the corner of his eye, looked shocked. Alps growled again softly. He would not let this guy fight with Nidaja. He would not go down without giving it everything he had. Alps thought for a moment, and realized it. For the first time, he truly realized it, through and through. He loved Nidaja and Nita. Deeply. He would protect them both, even if it meant his life.

Lunariss rushed with a very powerful thrust aimed at Alps' throat. Alps slightly, just slightly moved to the side, and thrust as well, so that Lunariss' thrust grazed the side of his neck, and his own staff found a home with a deep \*thud\* in the middle of his tummy, just under the overlap of his leather armor. He keeled over in the force of a thrust which Alps used to use to clean chimneys and dig fence post holes in frozen clay. Alps then spun around backward, to Lunariss' side, and brought the staff down on the back of his head with a strike worthy of fifteen years of woodcutting experience. Lunariss went down like a bag of cold, sloppy oatmeal. Alps held his staff rigidly, looking at his unmoving attacker, panting, unable to believe he actually hit him. He looked at Nita and Nidaja.

Both of them had their jaws agape. He moved over to them and said softly,

"I... I did it... I beat him..." he was still unable to believe it. Of course it was luck... He had no idea what he was doing, but by luck alone, he protected the queen. He blushed slightly as he thought of being rewarded. Not in the sheets, where he was used to it, but by a medal or something, in front of strangers. The thought of that was terribly embarrassing, and he actually hoped that they wouldn't! Suddenly, however, Nidaja jumped up and rushed past Alps, to Lunariss' side.

"Omigosh! Lunariss!!" she knelt by him, and began to shake him. "Get up! C'mon, he didn't hit you *that* hard!" Alps dropped his stick and looked at Nita.

"Wh... what the..." he stammered. Nita shook her head, and began to laugh loudly! Alps blinked, and looked over at Lunariss. He was sitting up now, holding his head.

"Ahhh... owww... shit... Thought you said he was a slave, Nidaja..." he brought his hand back. There was a nice coating of blood on it. Nidaja took out a handkerchief, and applied it to stop the bleeding. "Man... that was a knight's swing if I ever felt one... Am I the one who the joke is on... or was he the one we were testing? Which is it?" He remained sitting down in the dirt, his hand wiped off on the kerchief as he held it to his head himself.

"Don't worry, Lunariss... Nita will heal that right up... I... I did not think Alps would actually attack..." Nidaja said, very apologetically. The white furred slave looked to his mistress.

"Umm... this was... a test?" he said, now pleading more than anything. After all, he was responsible for the injury on the large and menacing wolf. On top of that, had he just failed the test? Surely he must have. Nita sighed softly and replied:

"Yes Alps... This was actually a test that Nidaja put together to... well... to see how far you would go to protect me. She wanted to train you to fight, and I said your heart wasn't in it. Nidaja noted that you are around me more than anyone else now, and she just wanted to make sure that you would put your life on the line to make sure I was safe. That's a big deal around here. All of our guards are given the same test. Not usually by Lunariss, but sometimes. I don't think I have seen any of them actually *beat* the tester though." Alps gritted his teeth softly. Had he done well, or caused a problem? He was still very confused!

"Well..." Lunariss said, getting to his feet. "I was told you were a slave, and to go a little easier on you... But after you blocked a few of my attacks, I felt you had some training, so I kind of went all out on you. I severely underestimated either your abilities..." he glanced up and down the slave, "Or your luck... But I will say

this, Nidaja... He's got some natural talent. Too bad he was not trained as a child. He'd be a match for me, I assure you. He learns fast. Teach him if you like. He'll be valuable." Lunaris said this with casual disregard, as if merely noting the merit of a meal or something. Alps smiled, however, and nodded, his face warming, and his entire body feeling light and numb, as the adrenalin lost its hold. He felt like he was going to be sick. "Though... not to say I am not gonna get you back for this..." Lunaris said. Alps' heart sank. "There will be a rematch, once you are trained. Then we will see who really wins." Alps looked to Nidaja, who only shrugged.

"You could have at least waited in the main hall until we got back you know." Nita grumbled. "I am a little upset that you just... watched us like that... That's not very nice." She huffed softly. Lunaris laughed and shook his head.

"It's nothing I haven't seen before... And I do come here on business. I have heard rumors that the cat burglar known as "The Lion" has been spotted nearby. I am here to catch that nefarious thief, and bring some justice. I will keep my eyes open around here, and make sure that if that burglar is lurking about, they will be caught, with your leave of course..." He bowed to Nita courteously. It was a definite change from his actions earlier. Alps sighed softly. He was very much taken in by that con. He smiled slightly though. He had exceeded expectations. He had perhaps made his mistress... his beloved Nita, happy. Nita and Nidaja got up and dusted off their clothes and nodded to Alps.

"Come on, Alps... let's go inside..." Nidaja ordered softly. Or was it an order? Alps had, in the past weeks, begun to feel less and less like a slave... and more and more like... a friend? He was happy though. He was still so much happier than he'd ever been in his life.

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Later that night, Alps found himself straightening up his room. Again. Alps' quarters themselves were as large as the home his previous mistress owned. His quarters were attached to Nita's, and across from Nidaja's. When he had first moved in, he had regular servant quarters, which were still better than anything he had in the past. He worked less than he used to, and, unaccustomed to what to *do* with free time, since he never had it before, he cleaned. His room remained spotless, to the point that Nita made fun of him by going on a dust expedition in his quarters with Misty and Nidaja. The slave finally sat down, but just as he was seated, he heard the sounds of footsteps tearing down the hall. A fast paced walk that Alps was not used to hearing here.

Alps opened his door, and saw Neit moving swiftly around the corner. It

was a bit late for her to be out and about, and she didn't have a reason to be on this floor in the first place. Alps decided to follow and catch up with her, so he could send her back to the floors of the castle she was supposed to be. He plodded along behind her, and saw her shadow hook the next corner. Alps moved faster, his footfalls trained for silence so as not to wake his mistress while doing morning chores and making breakfast. He watched her tail vanish behind the doors to the rooftop garden. The door swung shut behind her.

Alps canted his head slightly. He found himself wondering intently what she was up to. He looked up and down the carpeted and tapestry-lined hallway. No one else was around. He did not want her to get caught and get in trouble, since she was, after all, his guest. Alps opened the door carefully, and looked around. The garden seemed empty. This was the only door that went to it. He wondered if she was laying down someplace. Perhaps she liked sleeping under the stars and that is why she snuck up here? He quietly looked around, and began to walk. As he neared the north tower corner of the rooftop garden, he heard the soft clink of metal. He followed the direction of the sound, and found Neit behind some hedges with a backpack, and dark clothing. Alps gritted his teeth. He asked softly,

"What are you... doing?" Despite his voice being so soft, it seemed like a scream as it broke the silence. Neit paused for a second, then cried out, and fell over. She looked up and rubbed her rump, smiling at Alps, and blushing. The slave looked intently into her eyes, worried that she was stealing food or something and coming up here to eat it. "What's in the pack?" Alps asked curiously.

"It's... Ahh... I was..." Neit looked away and thought for a while. She then smiled softly and rubbed the back of her head. "I was... waiting for you." she said. "I wanted to use this on you..." She reached into the pack, and pulled out some rope. Alps blushed deeply. Nidaja and Nita had already done that to him before. Uri did it all the time. He couldn't tell her that he was used to it though. It needed to be special to her! He shook his head softly.

"Neit, we will get caught up here... You are safer if you stay on the bottom two floors!" he chimed. Neit got up to her feet.

"No, no.. I mean... I want you to use it on me. I have never been... tied up, and you are the only one I trust to do it. I wanna have some fun. I will not get to stay here forever you know... I have to get back to town soon, since the guards have likely already caught those bad people that were after me. I knew it would not be long... just... one time. I wanna be completely overpowered and taken by someone I trust... since I gave you my virginity... I wanted it to be you." Neit seemed very nervous. Alps smiled softly and looked around. He was off duty tonight, and Neit was obviously telling the truth, as nervous as she was. Alps nodded softly, and said, in almost a whisper, placing a paw on her cheek,

"I have... wanted to try this too for a while, but since I am a slave, I could not.. You... really want to do this?" he wagged his tail slowly, feeling the heat building in his body. He had made love just this morning, and yet, so readily, his body begged for more. He wondered if he would ever tire of it, but decided quickly he likely would not. Alps stood up and Neit stood up as well, holding her pack. There was plenty of rope in it, and a knife, as well as some other tools that Alps could only guess had some other pleasure purpose. The wolf looked around a bit, and then smiled, pointing over at a place in the garden. There was an ivy-covered archway with railing that Nita would hang flowers from to get them out of the sun if it was too hot. It was a sheltered area, and just perfect for Alps' intentions. He led Neit over to it. The girl looked back at the tower for a moment, and sighed, before following. Alps brought her under the archway, just a short, shady place, lined on either side with benches.

He took the pack happily from Neit, who sighed again, and then smiled, seeming, perhaps, a little more comfortable. She slowly undressed, as Alps began cutting and tying lengths of rope. When Alps turned around, he saw her lithe, youthful body. She was well muscled, and perhaps was a slave or servant herself, by the looks of it. Alps moved over to her, and placed his hands on her hips. He leaned forward slowly, and brought his lips to hers, then felt a pang of... guilt? Perhaps. He was in love with Nita, and naturally was more inclined to share himself with her. Nita had made sure to tell Alps that he was welcome to be with Misha, Nidaja, Misty, Uri, or anyone he wanted. So he did.

Alps let his tongue slowly snake into Neit's muzzle, feeling her warmth against his body, her touch elegant and sensual as she began to undo Alps' belt, and then shirt, unbuttoning and untying with unusual comfort and skill. Alps' clothing fell away. He then moved back just a bit, and looked at the lovely girl, her amber eyes tracing Alps' body a moment, a soft blush on her cheeks. Alps leaned down and picked up a pair of slipknot rope cuffs he had fashioned. He pulled Neit's hands up carefully. She watched curiously as Alps placed the rope-cuffs on her. Her arms were held high, and she almost had to stand on her toes. The slave smiled as he looked into her eyes. The rope cuffs were linked over the railing for hanging plants, but they held Neit pretty securely too. Alps placed his hands on her hips, and slowly slid down her body, letting his own body caress hers. He inhaled deeply and let his tongue slide out, and over her breasts. He traced her areola as sensually as he could.

This was not someone he had to pleasure. This was someone he was sharing pleasure with. He was just being nice and giving back what he was about to take after all. Alps was not sure why she wanted this, but he was not about to deny it to her, and let someone less trustworthy in her eyes have to be the one to do it... to make this fantasy come true. He closed his hot muzzle over her nipple, and began to suckle softly.

This elicited a soft moan from the lips of his guest, as she wrung her paws a bit in the makeshift cuffs. She arched her back a little, pressing her chest against Alps' careful and tender muzzle. He let his teeth scrape over the slowly wrinkling, firming flesh of her nipples to send that wonderful static through the girl's body. Alps switched breasts, letting her hang there helplessly being pleased as best Alps could. He was, after all, now pretty well trained for this. Nita and Nidaja were not afraid to tell Alps what felt good, as he was their source of pleasure, so he was left with a deep working knowledge of lovemaking that he could share with Neit. He slowly slid down to his knees, and placed his strong hands on Neit's rump. With a soft squeeze, he pulled her forward, his head held low, so that it moved between her thighs. The white lupine rose again slowly, so that Neit's knees were draped over his shoulder. She was able to sit somewhat perched there, her legs wrapped over his back, and his muzzle was in the place that he very much enjoyed having it. As he inhaled deeply again, he took in the tan-furred girl's scent. That scent worked its way through his entire body, and he felt his length harden quickly. That scent... that wonderful scent of sex, always aroused Alps so quickly.

He slipped his tongue out of his muzzle, and into his fortunate guest. As his tongue slid between her swelling labia, he tasted that familiar and precious tang of her nectar. Eagerly then, he began to move his tongue. Neit was very vocal of her enjoyment of it, swearing softly, and moaning loudly as her hips moved in slow rhythm, side to side, back and forth, eager for every single touch of Alps' skilled tongue. The pink velvet rasped over her clit with each in and out stroke, her hips pushing forward as it entered and drawing back slowly as it exited, taking the pleasure Alps offered greedily. Alps held her rump, keeping her in place, as a great deal of her weight was supported on the rope. She was already breathing heavily, and her nectar already coated the wolf's muzzle. His eyes shut slowly as he resigned himself to enjoy the meal he was about to make of this near virgin girl. Slowly, painstakingly he used his tongue, letting the tip slip deeper, curling slightly to tease with fluttering deep inside her over her g-spot. Neit began to pant more heavily, shaking her head.

"Oh... A-Alps... I want you in me... I wanna... cum around you... I wanna let you feel me all the way down your... thick... oh my body burns for it." She hung her head, panting, her mind seeming completely swept away by lust. Alps wriggled out of the grasp of those legs, and pressed his chest to hers. He was slightly taller than her, which was going to make this a bit easier. As he pressed against her, the slave gasped, Neit very agilely wrapping her legs around his hips. He gritted his teeth as she pressed his length against her sex. The white lupine looked into the tan-furred female's face. She looked back longingly. "... Since the first time... we were together like this... I have lusted... longed... fantasized... I have nearly gone mad for want of feeling it again... Just one more time from you!" she panted, before she began to move her hips, the angle changing just enough that, willing or not, Alps was swallowed into her hungry body, fully, her wet tunnel pressing around his entering length and then eagerly

milking along the full stretch.

Nine inches buried deeply inside her, she used the rope binding to lift her self up a little, and slide back down, her motions no less effective than if Alps were in missionary position with her, and making love frantically that way. Alps brought his hands to the railing too, leaning his head back, moaning as the pleasure overtook him. Already, he was panting. The wolf held rigid though, his hips barely moving, but unable to be completely still, with this kind of enticement. Neit continued to rather desperately impale herself, already far along in her pleasure. But she seemed to be holding back as well, perhaps waiting for Alps to have his.

The lupine slave placed one of his hands on Neit's rump, as she worked her body harder against him. Alps gasped as he felt her cervix impact slightly on the tip of his member, from how hard she was dropping herself on his length, trying hard to take him in as deep as he would go. His hips began to jerk spasmodically. Despite all the time he had spent with Nidaja working on his staying power, Neit was quickly taking him to his peak with her obvious desperation for pleasure. Alps grunted softly, and returned Neit's eager thrusting, her chest pressed tightly to his own. Alps could feel her rock hard nipples through the thick soft fur of his chest. He could feel Neit's juices running down his leg. Alps shut his eyes tightly, and felt a warm tingling surge through his body. He barked out a soft warning to Neit.

"I... I'm gonna cum!" The male wolf winced slightly, and then felt all hell break lose in his companion. He strained against the rope, and cried out with pleasure, bucking heavily as hot fluid surged down his legs, and spilled over his feet. Neit was a bit of a gusher. Alps nearly fell, but held tight to the railing as his own orgasm tore through his body, the lovely Neit pounded even harder against him, nearly taking him off his feet as she squealed with orgasm. Alps held tightly to the railing, his hips pressing up hard into the writhing, bucking female as thick, opalescent ropes of lupine essence pulsed into her, much of it returning from her tight body to run down his quivering legs, so heavily did she thrust back on him.

Alps finally felt his sweating palms slip, and he lost his grip, falling onto his back, leaving the still tied up Neit hanging there. He could not believe how quickly that had happened, as he tried to regain his senses, sitting there on the path at Neit's feet, in a pool of their juices. He looked down at his lap. Utterly drenched. He would need a shower. Blushing slightly, and panting, he looked up in time to see Neit stifle a scream as a pair of female hands wrapped around from behind and grasped her breasts. Neit looked behind her to see Uri. She and Alps *both* blushed deeply. Neit struggled, exposed to Uri.

Alps had not even considered the possibility of Neit and him getting found by Uri, who was very attached to other girls. He had no idea how to deal with a

conflict over Neit being... well... fonder of Alps' gender as a rule. Would she frighten Neit?

"Naughty, Naughty little Neit.. Taking a wolf here in the garden and not offering to share..." Uri growled. She grinned brightly. The black lupine was also already naked, and her fingers were wet. She had obviously seen the whole thing. Neit wriggled and whimpered a bit as Uri kissed along the back of her neck. "Ohh... but I know the *real* reason you are here.."

"W... wait.. I'm not like that! I'm not! Ask Alps... I like... Oooh..." She whimpered trying to struggled, but, being tied up, there was not much she could do. Neit stopped struggling a moment, as Uri whispered something to her. She gasped, and her eyes went wide, and she just hung her head. There was a short pause before Neit finally said, in almost a whisper, "Y... Yes.. I understand... and you... promise not to say anything?" she seemed nearly in tears. Alps watched between them, curious, and a little frightened. Was Uri going to do something bad to Neit? Why would she? The slave moved to the bench, canting his head softly again, trying to figure it out as Neit pressed her hips back against Uri, her head hanging low. Uri growled from behind her ear.

"I promise... but the slave... needs to help out..." Uri said, beginning to softly massage Neit's breasts. Alps stood up shakily. He was not sure how much help he could be, since Neit had really taken it out of him. His legs felt like jelly. Uri looked to Alps. "I want you to release her from the ropes, and help her lay down on the ground, and then I will tell you what to do. You can just watch a bit, like you did with me and Misha on the boat..." she said, smiling warmly. Alps saw that warm and caring smile again, and felt comforted. Uri was not trying to hurt Neit at all. He spoke softly to the slightly frightened girl.

"It's okay, Neit... Uri's nice. She won't hurt you... she is just wanting to teach you about some of the other nice things lovemaking has to offer. She knows even more than I do." Alps explained helpfully.

The young tan girl nodded emphatically, almost too quickly, as Alps undid the bindings, and as soon as they were undone, he felt a sinking blow to his gut. Neit's knee had come up hard to impact him, and then she was off like a shot! Alps was immediately on his knees, coughing deeply, half choking, from the force of it. Tears formed in the corner of his eyes. Why did she do that?! The slave was immediately supported by Uri, who called out furiously after the fleeing girl.

".Neit you BITCH! Forget it! You are on your own now! I would get off the island of Diera as fast as you can, since your face will be on every wanted poster in the city!" she screamed. Alps croaked out softly. Uri held him against her chest, caressing him as he caught his breath, and finally managed to get out,

"Uri... what did you do!? What did you say to her... why did she... Ooohhh..."

The white male felt like he was going to be sick. His tummy was really very tender after sex, because he was so relaxed. Uri cooed softly, and caressed Alps' ears gently. She was actually trembling with anger. Alps felt an odd sense of happiness that she was staying with him, instead of chasing Neit down. He felt that perhaps he was just more important to her.

"Oh Alps... I am so sorry.. I saw her from my bedroom window the other day, spying on you and Nita, and sneaking around, and when I talked to Lunarix earlier, he told me about a cat burglar... And when I saw her tonight, with the rope, going to the north tower, I knew. I did not think she would hit you when I told her." Uri sniffled a bit, and hugged Alps close. "I was gonna have some fun with her as punishment for lying to you before I turned her in though... I did not ever think she would hit you though, especially not right in front of me. I thought she at least liked you a *little* bit... I hate seeing you get used like that... next time I see her, I will put a boot right between her eyes." Alps sputtered and fell forward, into Uri's arms. That hurt a lot. All of Alps' life as a slave, he was used to being used, and it never hurt like this. He sighed softly, and said,

"Nita... will be angry with me won't she... when she finds out I invited a thief into her home?" Uri shook her head softly.

"No. Nita was proud that you wanted to help someone. She will be mad at Neit, not you." Uri said. "Don't worry about it Alps. You have a lot more happy memories here to live. Throw away this bad one..." Uri helped the wolf to his feet. Alps kissed her lips tenderly, and his dear friend leaned forward slightly, into the kiss, her eyes closing. She blushed, just a little, and said, in almost a whisper.

"You know... that is the first time a guy has ever kissed me like that. I mean... you and I... we've slept together... but... I mean, it was for fun. I..." She went silent and kissed Alps again, holding him in her arms tightly. Alps sighed deeply as the nude pair kissed under the ivied archway. Uri was right. There were a lot more happy memories to come. He should not worry about the sad ones, but, as he thought about it, Alps knew he would still always have *some* happy memories of Neit, and he secretly hoped she found her way out of Amani safely. Uri took Alps' hand, and led him back inside.

"My room's the other way..." Alps churred, realizing that Uri was leading him down the wrong hall. Uri smiled, as she led Alps toward her bedroom.

"Alps... Neit used you. And she hurt you." The shorter wolf girl held his hand tightly. "I want you to learn what it's like to be cherished by *real* friends." She led Alps into her room, and smiled as she pointed to Misha, who was sleeping on the bed soundly. "Let's play a little game, Alps." she piped cheerfully. Alps' tummy was beginning to feel better, and his heart was warming quickly again. Another playful adventure with Uri and Misha. Alps wagged his

tail frantically. This promised to be fun!

Then again, so many of his adventures with them off late had been taking a more realistic turn. It was not so frequently a shared fantasy together with them. Sometimes, Misha and Uri just took him to their bedchambers, and quietly, happily made love to him. The more he thought about the company they were about to share together, the less pain he felt, both in his gut, and in his heart, from being used.