

Sirius, Book I

Diera

Comments or Questions?

Contact Alps: sarsis@gmail.com

Or just drop a note at: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/sarsis/>

Chapter 14

Alps looked at Uri curiously as she moved toward the bed, slowly shucking her clothing. He wondered what she had in mind. The black-furred female sat down on the bed, and Alps remained perfectly silent. He didn't want to wake Misha if Uri wanted to let her sleep. Indeed, Uri put her fingers to her muzzle, to shush Alps, and make sure he didn't make a sound. She then motioned him over to the bed, and patted the edge of it near her, smiling to the slave. The white male nodded and sat down, very careful not to disturb her.

"Are you up to it?" Uri very lightly whispered. Alps had to crane his head and focus his ears, swiveled toward the guard to hear her. Alps nodded seriously. His tummy didn't hurt too much, as long as she didn't tie him up and ride him again, Alps would be fine. He'd let her know not to if she tried that, but he got the feeling that was not what she had in mind. Alps swallowed and strained to control his voice, as soft as he really could.

"What will we be doing? Is it another bedroom game?" he asked, leaning in close to Uri, and taking advantage of the chance to hold her. He slipped his arms around the lovely guard, and smiled to her. Spending time with Uri and Misha was always fun. They didn't always have sex with Alps, but they always played with him. Their role-plays were sometimes adventurous, and sometimes sweet, but he always enjoyed the little drama they put into their lives through it.

"Alps... I want you to seduce Misha." Uri said softly. Alps flick-flicked his ears and nodded. He could do that. Misha took very little coaxing anymore, despite the fact that it was known she was not especially fond of males. Uri and Misha both considered Alps a girl-with-benefits. He was never sure how to take that, but as long as they felt happy to fuck him silly from time to time, he didn't mind, even if it might have been able to be viewed as derogatory. Alps would happily seduce his short-furred friend.

"Sure, I can do that!" he whimpered cheerfully, wagging his tail slowly, "Misha loves to be licked." Alps explained, expressing that he knew how he was going to do it. Was Uri just going to watch? It was okay if she did, he didn't mind. Sometimes, Misha or Uri enjoyed just watching, and sometimes, after one was done, they would tag the other, and Alps would have to play with the fresh replacement.

"Without waking her up." Uri added, grinning evilly. Alps eeped softly, and canted his head. Was she joking? How on earth could he seduce a sleeping female? She would not even know she was being seduced. Did Uri want him to have sex with Misha in her sleep? Was that even possible?

"You want me to do this in her sleep?" Alps asked incredulously. Uri shushed him again, putting a digit over his muzzle this time. He blinked softly.

"Yes... in her sleep. I want you to get her wet, get her ready for you... then take her.. nice and slow, and make her cum, all without waking her up." Uri was still smiling almost obscenely. Alps swallowed again. He nodded slowly, and started to undress. He might as well get this part out of the way. Uri slowly drew back the blanket, showing that Misha slept nude. Alps smiled a little. That, at least, would make things a little bit easier. He wondered if this was a game that Uri played often. Did Misha get fucked in her sleep a lot, and not even know it?

Alps took a moment to think about what he was doing. It was not only exciting; it was actually slightly dangerous. Misha and Uri were guards for good reason. If Misha woke up, she might well attack Alps before realizing who he was. He'd have to stay ready to jump away at a moment's notice. Uri would calm her, if indeed that happened.

The white lupine got onto his hands and knees on the bed, holding himself over Misha's sleeping form. He inspected her quietly, already feeling himself begin to swell at his loins with excitement. If he were not already excited, he soon would be. Uri moved to his side, and began to slowly run her fingertips over his sack, and his length as it filled out in her hands. She didn't seem to want to give pleasure, as it were, just get him fully aroused, as, once he was completely erect in her hand, she moved back to watch again. Alps was fine with that of course. His heart was already racing from the idea of taking this sweet guard in her sleep.

Misha was sleeping on her side, somewhat balled up. Alps decided that he would first need to get her onto her back if he was going to get anywhere with her. He carefully kissed along her neck, being quiet, and feather soft in his touches. Misha shifted a little, but not the way Alps wanted. The lupine slave looked up to Uri, who was watching, perched on her knees, at the end of the bed. She was very slowly and delicately manipulating her nipples, getting into the mood of voyeuring the slave and her lover.

"Don't stop. If you get her good and wet, and get yourself inside her before she wakes up, you will get a nice reward, okay?" the black-furred guard said, swishing her tail mischievously from side to side. Alps swallowed and nodded slowly. He was eager to know what the reward would be! He stroked himself a little, getting some pre on his fingertips, and then he stroked his wet

fingers down Misha's cheek. He didn't really know *why* he did that, and felt rather depraved for it, but it made him feel more confident for some reason.

He moved a hand to Misha's shoulder and slowly pulled her from her side, onto her back, in the position he wanted. He was very careful not to wake her. If she shifted or made any noise, he moved his hand away, staring at her face intently, trying to read her. She seemed to be dozing peacefully enough, but the occasional shake of her eyes under her heavy lids showed she might also be dreaming. Alps looked back to Uri, who was still teasing herself a bit, and nodded to Alps, letting him, in case he was worried, know it was okay.

The male lowered his head slowly, and inched backward on his hands and knees now that he had Misha in a position that was a little easier to work with. Her hands slid down to her tummy, as she lay there, looking very sleek and velvety and beautiful. Alps traced some of her thin, short fur, and then moved his lips to her right breast. He felt utterly sinful about it, but he took one of her soft gray nubs into his mouth and began to work it against his tongue and softly between his teeth. To his distinct enjoyment, it began to firm and eventually become much more ridged, wrinkling the flesh of her areola. He finally pulled his lips away, and then moved his mouth to the other, treating it in much the same fashion, as he felt his desire building all through his body. Alps enjoyed seducing and giving this slow, sweet attention.

Misha did not move at all as he did this, however she did begin to breathe a little more deeply. Alps smiled around the nipple he had in his mouth. It was working. If he could get her nice and wet, slipping into her was all he needed to do to win Uri's little game. As long as he could do it without waking up Misha. He moved one of his slightly trembling hands to her large breast, which seemed so heavy that she might not notice him bothering it at all. She shifted, but only slightly, as he hefted it to his muzzle, and suckled a little more firmly on her perked, hardened teat. Alps felt a slight roll in her thigh. He smiled to Uri, who was squeezing her breasts now, looking to be locked in anticipation.

The white lupine moved his lips to the opposite breast, hefting it as well, rolling it in his hand, enjoying how large Misha's chest was. It was one of her most prominent features, since she was tall, and of rather slender build aside from them. Alps enjoyed getting to hold them, even if she didn't prefer his touch over that of her lover. To the slave's delight, the guard arched her back, pressing herself into his touch, though still obviously dreaming. Alps supposed the topic of her dream had merely become more pleasant.

Taking both breasts in his hands, Alps began to massage Misha's chest, pinching her nipples between his fingertips, and licking them occasionally. He lowered his head and began kissing her hands which rested over her tummy, and finally, began to slide further down, wagging his tail fondly. His kisses trailed slowly over her lower tummy, under her navel, and then he drew a deep breath,

drawing her scent.

It was intoxicating. She was already very aroused, even in her dreaming state. Alps wondered what was going on in her dream. Who was she making love to? Or perhaps, what? Her fantasies could involve self-pleasure too. Uri was certainly involved in that activity. The slave looked up into her eyes as the black-furred girl pressed two fingers against her clit, and wriggled them a bit, crooning under her breath in pleasure. Alps wondered if Uri would end up becoming too loud, and ruin his chances of succeeding with her game.

The white wolf decided to go ahead and get Misha used to more intimate contact, rather than just trying to take her. He moved his muzzle down to her hot sex. Her legs were still pretty tightly together. This would take a little persuasion, at least. He touched his lips to her soft, firm mound, and nuzzled slowly, in a lazy circle, trying to get a little pressure on her clit to coax her to spread her thighs for him. She would have to be relaxed, legs open for what Alps was going to do.

He suddenly felt a pang of guilt shoot through him, as he had when he was being ordered by Nidaja to take Misty. Was this right? He thought about it a moment, as he nuzzled his grey-furred friend and Misha slowly spread her legs, the aroma of her sex caressing his face like the heat of an oven opening in front of him. He shuddered a bit, his mind swept away a little by that scent, and he stroked along her slightly swollen labial folds with his careful and slow tongue. That answered his question. It was not wrong in the event that Uri was asking him to, because he was an extension of Uri.

Alps also felt a little more certain of how his relationship worked between them. Uri and Misha didn't love him in any fashion beyond a close friendship, but he could be used as an extension of their will and love to one another. They liked using him to pleasure their lover. Ever since the first night on the boat, Alps had been a gift to be given. This made his heart swell with happiness, not because he wasn't loved by them romantically, but because he was being used for something that was very sacred and beautiful, instead of just a menial task. His service to those around him now felt less like being used, and more like being cherished.

His tongue pressed between those silky folds and Misha drew in a sudden deeper breath. Uri paused what she was doing, a knowing and playful expression on her face, but one that melted into a smirk. She had thought Alps woke Misha, but she continued to roll her hips very softly, and her eyes continued to flicker with dream. Alps grinned at the shorter femme, his tongue still buried in her mate, and then resumed his 'work.' The white lupine murreled as he heard a soft, sleepy moan from Misha and her breathing began to change slowly.

Carefully, and in near slow motion, he extended his warm, long tongue deep into

the guard's tight sex. She was untouched by any other male but Alps, and it was uncommon for him to actually have full intercourse with her. She usually enjoyed his tongue while Uri took his length, since she genuinely sought that kind of attention from time to time. So rarely had she made love to him in its fullest masculine fashion that Misha had remained nearly virginally tight. It took a little effort to get his tongue in deep, but Alps managed, since he was getting a lot of practice by living here. His tongue slipped in slowly, back and forth, curling it and twisting it inside her to give her a slow but sure pleasuring.

The incident with Neit was completely out of his head at the moment. It was as far in his distant past now as Chana was. That unpleasant memory, both of his former mistress and of the betrayal of his thief friend, could not reach him here. He was safe. And he was very, very ready to make love to this hot, sultry, sexy-even-in-slumber guard!

The white slave drew his tongue out of the writhing, sleeping guard slowly, and carefully he moved over her sleeping body. He looked up at Uri, who was now stuffing two fingers into her sex, legs spread, very graphically visible for Alps in her silent, heated masturbation. Alps swallowed loudly, and moved himself into position, the tip of his twitching, rock hard shaft at the entrance to her body. Her juices, freely flowing now, as well as Alps' saliva, had her very wet. He pressed in slowly, carefully, feeling her spreading around him so tightly. Alps knew that she had to be able to feel every single inch as he slowly, carefully rocked his hips, to give her just a little bit at a time.

Misha most definitely felt it, though. Fortunately, in her dream, it was exactly what she needed and wanted. Just as Alps was pressing the last few inches into her, she moaned in her sleep, and braced her feet to the bed, and pressed into him, sinking that last precious amount of his pulsing hot flesh. The slave trembled, and held still, as her eyes continued to flicker with her wonderful dream, and her hips slowly rolled, arced, and writhed. Alps looked in triumph over to Uri, who was panting heavily now, thumping her sex with a balled up hand, two fingers slipping rapidly in and out of herself. She nodded softly admitting Alps won, watching through sex-hungry eyes, and then whispered in a hot, heavy breath.

"Oh Alps... go... take her... see if... you can make her cum!" The white wolf whimpered softly, and nodded. He began to firmly stroke his hips against Misha's, listening to her moans as her hips rode against his own. Making her climax would not be a problem in the condition she was in, but making her climax without waking her up, that would be a little more difficult. Still, he was curious about it too, and he continued to thrust into the moaning guard. Misha subconsciously gratefully bounced back against him, panting now. Alps felt himself slipping deeper into the warmth of his growing desire, the longing to flood Misha deep inside.

Alps held himself back, however. In part, it was out of respect for Misha, not wanting to pop in her if she was sleeping, and also, he didn't know what Uri had in mind for his reward, and he wanted to be more than ready to receive it. He grunted softly, steeling his strength and endurance and thumping his hips against Misha's a little harder, while trying not to shake her too much. Finally, in her sleep, Misha spoke!

"Oh goddess... Yes, Uri... oh it feels so real... it's my... mmmm... my favorite one!" she whimpered. Alps perked his ears forward, and Uri grunted, fell forward, and screamed into a pillow, muffled nicely. She jerked and spasmed as hearing her mate call out her name forced her over the edge into climax. Alps panted heavily, and pistoned harder in and out of the lovely female faster and deeper, rolling his hips to stroke a spot deeper inside that he had found Misha was crazy about.

"Alps... make her... oh lover..." Uri panted, her mind hazy. Alps whined softly, and rocked his hips faster. Misha was breathing a lot heavier now. Her heart was pounding, but she was locked in her dream. It seemed that fantasy that was playing itself out in her mind had Uri pumping her full of a very life-like toy. She gripped the blankets as Uri watched Alps take her, the white lupine feeling himself coming closer and closer to his intense release. He growled softly, and held back, even though he was rapidly driving his hips into his beloved friend! Misha began to tremble.

"Uri!" Alps hissed in breathless whisper, "She's gonna pop!" Alps rolled his hips hard and fast, making sure not to shake her awake, keeping the furious motion at her hips, pumping his thick, pulsing flesh in and out of her, feeling her stretch so tightly around him. Misha's hand finally moved, finding purchase in the flesh of Alps' back. He grimaced, and shuddered. It was very painful, as the guard was not conscious, and had no idea she was hurting someone. It benefited Alps, however, in that he was driven back from his climax just enough to withstand her sudden squeeze of his cock, and her yelp!

"She's cumming!" Uri whimpered, trembling as if she were gushing again, which was possible, since she was humping her hand again, which was pinned down the front of her body. Alps didn't need to be told that the sleeping lupine was climaxing though. He could feel it, her jerking, spasming muscles, over and over again, around his hot, wet flesh. Alps lowered his head, rolling his hips, forcing in and out of her with some difficulty as she slammed her hips into him, riding out her orgasm as she liked.

"Oh Uri, I..." Alps grunted, lowering his head again.

"No! Don't cum!" Uri cried, giggling. She said this rather loudly. Misha suddenly jerked, and grabbed Alps around the middle, then rolled right off the bed with him, both of them falling with a loud wumph into the floor. Uri laughed,

and Alps found himself pinned underneath Misha, his tingling cock still buried inside her. She reared back to hit him, and then, waking and realizing who it was, stopped, and then shuddered, feeling the settling afterglow through her body, and the still twitching cock inside her.

"What the fuck?!" Misha cried, looking down, seeing where she and Alps were joined. She then looked at Alps, who gazed back as innocently as he could with nine inches inside a gorgeous female guard. She then snapped her gaze to Uri, who was laughing heavily, licking her wet fingertips.

"Gotcha!!!" Uri cried, sitting up, wagging her tail. Misha squealed, and got off of Alps, who was trembling a little bit. He came so close to climax when he was first firmly pinned like that. It was odd how much that aroused him. He sat up and watched as Misha pounced her mate, lightly bopping her with gentle, open hands. Alps was happy to see they were both laughing.

"I didn't think you'd actually *do it*!" Misha cried, wagging her tail, still dripping from her sex. Uri giggled as Alps slowly crawled back onto the bed. He got onto his knees obediently. Alps was still sporting a very much aching hard on, and felt tense and tight all over with need.

"I told you one of these days you would wake up and find yourself being fucked silly." Uri giggled, and then oohed softly, looking over to Alps. She smiled and reached down to this cock, stroking it fondly. The slave closed his eyes and arched his back a little, rolling his hips into her gentle motion. "Misha, love... I promised Alps if he succeeded, I would give him a special reward." Misty looked down at Alps' shaft, and chuckled pleasantly. "Can you help me with it?" she asked, smiling hopefully. The older guard nodded softly.

"Absolutely. And I know just the thing." she said. Misha got beside Uri in front of Alps, also on her knees. Alps swallowed softly, and smiled at them both, as it appeared they were sizing him up some how. Uri looked lovingly to her mate, and asked her what it was that she wanted to do to Alps. Misha smiled and placed a gentle hand on Alps' chest. "Stay just like that sweetie..." Misha said softly. The slave smiled anxiously, but nodded obediently.

Misha hugged her lover and whispered into his ear. She cooed loudly, and seemed to really approve of the idea that the other guard posed. Both girls turned to face Alps, slowly moving down off the edge of the bed, on their knees in the floor.

"Turn and face us, sweetie." Uri said breathlessly. Alps nodded and shifted, turning by wiggling his rump until he was facing them. He wondered what they were up to. The slave trembled a little with anxiousness and anticipation. Uri was the one who moved first, slowly drawing closer to Alps, and bringing her lips to his twitching shaft. He groaned happily as he felt her kisses

slide right up the side of his shaft, all the way to the tuft of fur past the base. He leaned back a little, and then gasped, as Misha's lips moved to the other side. He flexed the muscles in his legs as he drew in the pleasure of what he was feeling.

While Alps had enjoyed the touch of both of their muzzles, it had never been at the same time. He had never even considered the way that would feel. Misha was the first to use her tongue as she drew her cool, wet nose pad up his length in a counterstroke to her mate. Their teamwork made Alps realize why they worked together. In a fight, they could work better together than they could with anyone else. Even now, they seemed to read one another's motions and intents.

The white wolf released a long, shuddering sigh as he felt his tingling, burning length slide into Uri's mouth, their reward driving Alps slowly to a quaking, shuddering frenzy. He tightened and relaxed his legs slowly, as Uri gave him the most intimate touch that her muzzle could possibly allow. She drew her head back and forth, suckling tightly, giving the white lupine as much affection as she could ever manage. This was exquisite in and of itself, but then, Uri slipped her head back, and Misha took over, her longer, hotter mouth taking Alps in. She thrust her head down, burying her nose in his crotch-fur, and then suckling hard, before releasing back to her mate's shorter muzzle. Uri bobbed her head lovingly, as Misha started licking hotly over Alps' balls and the base of his shaft. Alps' mind was being stripped away quickly now, his sack drawing tighter as he felt himself being literally dragged through every field of pleasure he ever knew.

However, beyond every single sensation of physical pleasure, their efforts did a lot more for Alps emotionally than it was likely either of them could understand. He felt as if he were simply being worshipped over. Both of their efforts were only for his pleasure now. They were very much into what they were giving him, and it was almost enough to make the slave lupine cry. He gasped in deep breaths, feeling himself coming closer and closer to release, and wanting nothing more than to give them what they were diligently working to get.

"Close..." Alps whimpered knowing there wasn't much more his body would take before he released. Misha gasped as she let Uri take a go at the wolf.

"Yes... yes, c'mon Alps... All over us... We both want it so bad! You are such a good, good slave! You are so obedient and kind and hard working... You deserve this!" she cried. Alps whined loudly, feeling the beginning spasms already. Even if they stopped dead in the tracks and jumped back, he was certain he'd go off like a fountain in front of them!

"Oh yes, Alps!" Uri cried, letting the wolf's cock slip from her mouth. Alps'

shaft was immediately engulfed by Misha, who took over for Uri. "We appreciate you so much. You are such a wonderful slave! Thank you!" Uri barked, panting heavily. Alps' heart glowed, and he threw his head back, tensing up.

"Here he goes!" Misha cried, moving her head back. Uri pressed her cheek up against the cheek of her lover, and they held each other's hands over his pulsing, thick, hard cock, and pumped together, watching Alps' eyes.

The slave looked down into their eyes as they looked into his for that brief instant, and saw the depth of their friendship to him. He was not just an extension. He was something to share their love with! He was something to give of their heart. He was not a thing. He was more than that. His heart soared as the wolf jerked tight, eyes still gazing at their beautiful faces, pressed side to side together in front of his hips. Emotionally and physically at the same time, Alps climaxed.

Uri and Misha held their faces together, and squealed with delight, as thick, hot streamers of fertile lupine seed draped over their muzzles. They held their tongues out, taking his taste, getting some of those sticky ropes of masculine essence into their mouths, and swallowing eagerly. Their hands, held tight over his shaft, pumped up and down rapidly still, milking him for every drop, before they lovingly and tenderly took turns suckling on him, as every single last drop was coaxed from him, ultimately causing Alps to fall backwards, twitching with over-sensitivity.

Their queen's slave looked up, as his heart took its on sweet time to calm down, panting heavily. Uri and Misha were hugging and kissing now, on their knees in front of the bed, standing up, and, to Alps' stunned silence, they licked one another's muzzle and cheeks, cleaning his seed from each other. His mind became hazy as he watched them, and he sighed happily, surrendering to his exhaustion, and embracing sleep.

As he slipped into slumber, listening to the cheerful and loving chatter between Uri and Misha, he wondered if he would have as nice a dream as Misha did, and, if so, what would he wake up to? Was it possible to wake up to any greater happiness than he was living now?