

## Sirius, Book I

### *Diera*

*Comments or Questions?*

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### Chapter 16

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Nita gazed at Alps with tired, tired eyes. She had not slept at all that night, while waiting for Nidaja to return with news on medicine. She did not want to loose him. She didn't want Alps to suffer, even if there was no way to prevent her from loosing him. When the shadows first closed in on her lover, she got a real taste of just how strong her feelings for him were, and now she was here, fearing losing him. Misha and Uri were sitting there with her, relaying a story to try to cheer her up. Uri was the one speaking.

"Well.. I knew I was not really allowed to take him into mine and Misha's secret place, but I had to... so I opened that one room, that we used to keep a second weapon store room in case of emergencies... you know the one, and I got into the harness, and I just let him go. I did not tell him to do anything; he just did whatever he wanted. Can you guess what that boy did?" she asked softly. Misha shook her head, and Nita just continued to watch Alps, as he slept fitfully. Unspeakable nightmares plagued him. It was the trademark symptom of Twilight Fever.

"What did he do?" Misha asked.

"He just massaged me. Made me feel really relaxed and good... Didn't do anything sexual at all, I tell you." she said softly. Nita looked up and smiled.

"Probably because he was just drained on me and Nidaja..." she half-whispered. Misha looked at her and nodded, giggling softly. Uri sighed and caressed Alps' forehead. It really was not making Nita feel any better. She looked to Nita and said very softly,

"It'll be okay... He will be just fine. Alps is lucky like that. He's very lucky. That's... Kind of his thing, you know? Good luck." She blushed softly. Of course, good luck. He got royalty, military, and any girl he could want, really... He had a good life; surely he would fight to keep it. Just as she was thinking this, as if on cue, Nidaja opened the door.

"I'm back!" she chimed, seeming as tired as Nita, but in a pretty good mood. Nita's head jerked up.

"Nidaja! It's about time you got back!" Nita exclaimed. "Oh Nidaja, you didn't have to stay out that long! You are late for your monthly report by your regional matriarchs!" The general slapped her head, grimacing.

"Oh! I forgot all about that! Nita! There is some medicine here for Alps... The shaman who gave it to me was supposed to be one of the best, and he said it would cure him, out right." Nidaja said brightly. Nita stood and clasped her hands together, tears streaking down her face.

"Nidaja! That's absolutely wonderful! You really came through this time! I owe you one! I owe you more than one! Here... I will give the medicine to Alps and you can go and give your meeting." Nita said, holding out her hand. Nidaja nodded curtly.

"Okay... Xanthas said put it to his lips, and then draw it away slowly, and the rest will happen on its own! You don't even have to make him drink, he said." Nidaja explained. Nita nodded softly as Nidaja handed the odd little bottle to her. She bounced happily.

"Okay, great! I will administer it in just a moment. I need to wash up real quick. You go ahead and get to the meeting." Nita said loudly, still crying with joy.

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Nidaja padded into the meeting, where there was already quite a bit of murmuring and talking going on. The lupine female looked around at the unfamiliar faces, and the familiar ones. This was one of the larger meetings she had called in quite some time. Nidaja sat down on the stool at her podium and cleared her throat, rapping her baton on her podium.

"Attention! Attention please!" she called. There was silence. She smiled softly. She was in a great mood today. She liked to be praised when she did well, like anyone else. Particularly by her sister. "Great... today, we have some important planning concerning our outer perimeter town defenses to discuss, so, many of you have never been here before, due to how far your towns are from the central cities. Still, I am pleased that you all made it." Nidaja inhaled deeply. Her chest was suddenly feeling rather tight, as if she were getting a little worked up. Meetings, most certainly, were not the type of things to get her worked up. She wriggled in her seat a bit, chased any thoughts that my be causing it away, and continued. "We have lost two outer perimeter towns in the past month, and I do not intend to lose any more. I would like everyone in these towns to start building palisades around the inner part of the town, to make them harder to invade. If Mannus wishes to invade those towns... He... Umm..." Nidaja felt her

mind drifting. She could swear she felt a soft, gentle pair of hands caressing over her tummy, and then her breasts. She licked her lips softly, and shifted again a bit in her seat. "Ahh... He... He will have to make a larger effort... And loose larger chunks of his army... To do so..." Nidaja was blushing now. What on earth was getting into her?

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Back in Alps' bedroom, Nita returned, and looked to Uri. She already had the bottle open, and at Alps' lips. She was looking down in his lap. He was tenting the sheets. Nita gaped and blushed a bit, giggling.

"That is a pretty odd side effect for the medicine to have." the queen said. "I wanted to give him his medicine, but I guess it really does not matter. Getting it sooner is more important than me getting to give it to him." Nita sat down beside Alps softly. She pulled the blanket off of him, and canted her head in curiosity. Misha and Uri slid down beside his hips and sighed dreamily. While the two were involved mostly in each other, they had learned to be pretty happy with Alps too. Uri's hand was immediately around his shaft, though she did not start pumping it or anything. It was very, very hard, like one might find morning wood - and he was already a little wet.

Nita took over holding the bottle at Alps' lips. He began to inhale deep breaths, as if Uri actually was stroking him. Uri let go, fearing she might get scolded for working him up while he was sick, but his shuddering, excited breathing did not abate. Nita blinked softly, and looked at the bottle. A soft, bluish haze slipped from the bottle, into Alps' muzzle with each breath he took. Nita looked to Uri and shook her head. "No, no... I think you should. It looks like he is supposed to get this way. Go ahead. Do what you like, I'll hold the bottle. Just go gentle, and be careful with him." she said softly, a little alarmed really, but of course, there was no accepted treatment for this illness, and this was certainly a combination that had not been tried.

Uri did not have to be told twice. The black-furred wolf casually slipped off her clothes. The scent of her arousal spiked the air, not held back by the leather chaps she wore. Were Nita or Misha undressed, their scent might have been the first to rise, but for the moment, Uri's arousal dominated the mix of scents in the room. Uri looked to Nita and licked her lips softly, before nodding to her, and slowly, she straddled Alps, and began to rub the tip of his engorged member at her entrance. This would likely be the shortest amount of foreplay the wolf would ever experience, but it did not really matter. He was asleep. Uri held Alps' swollen member in her quivering hand, looking at Nita, who slid her free hand under herself, and began to caress slowly at her inner thigh. "Mmmmph... It's

strange. Even when he's just laying' there, he excites me."

"I know." replied Misha. "Seems almost like he was born for this." she chuckled softly, and slid down alongside Nita, one of her gentle hands sliding up along the queen's hip. "I will say this... While we were very close friends to begin with, Alps has certainly put a lot more peace between us. I guess just because he's not capable of dishonesty. He makes a nice friend to bond with, and cement the friendships of those around him." Uri released a long, slow moan as she sank down onto Alps' throbbing shaft, feeling his member spread her folds wide. She inhaled deeply, and trembled a bit.

"Do you think..." she asked, looking to Misha, "Do you think he will remember any of this? I mean, is it right to take advantage?" She looked down, her body already tingling. There was something taboo, and therefore, enticing, about taking the not so innocently sleeping wolf. Misha shook her head and chuckled.

"No, I am sure he does not know you are doing this to him, and I rather doubt he will remember. Besides, I consider it payback since he did it to me. Maybe he will think he had a nice dream. It could be about you or any one of us. But he won't know we actually did anything to him. However... Is it right? I don't think it hurts anything, or violates him, since he does this to us when he's awake anyway. If you were someone who'd never felt him intimately like this, I could see a problem, but he would be happy, I think, to know that he pleased you even though he was out cold." Misha laughed again as she looked over at Nita. The emerald lupine was still holding the bottle to Alps' lips, watching the blue haze from it, not removing it until that was over, to be sure. She was looking down to where the male and female bodies connected now, watching intently. She really had not watched this closely before, in good light, to see what it looked like - the coupling of male and female, complete intimacy. Nita stood slowly, and nodded to Misha.

"H - Hold the bottle. And I will lock the door..." she said softly. Misha blushed a bit and nodded. Nita's scent had just joined Uri's in the already sexually hazy air. The lady lupine elegantly trod to the door, and with a soft \*click\* it was sealed. They would not be disturbed. Nita then turned, and just... disrobed, rather unceremoniously, her violet and white royal garments falling to the floor around her feet. A simple tie was all that held it on her shoulders, which made it easy to get out of. Normally, one might wear something beneath, but Nita wore nothing. It gets hot in the folds of elegant robes, and besides, she liked being able to slip out of them at a moments notice these days.

As 'common' as it might seem, she found her intimate time with Alps very stress relieving and her performance as a royal family member had noticeably improved since she obtained the white wolf as her slave. The occasional quickie in the bath house or bedroom before a stressful meeting was making all the

difference for her. She stepped slowly back over to Alps and watched happily as Uri began to rise and fall on the lupines thick, hard shaft. An almost pained expression of immense pleasure stretched the fair girl wolf's face.

Nita blushed a bit, and sat down, taking hold of the bottle again. Alps was breathing harder... A little deeper again. Misha, her hand free now, stood up, and carefully removed her own clothing, so as not to be the odd one out. She then sat down directly in front of Nita, her head laying on her knees, looking almost worshipping up to her friend, as she administered the odd medicine to Alps. She licked her lips slowly, looking up at the queen, as if for permission. Nita blushed deeply, but slowly nodded, parting her thighs slowly, evenly, almost teasingly, like a drawbridge being ever so slowly lowered as an army is coming toward the gate to the knight trapped outside, wanting in.

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Nidaja looked down at her seat. It was a plain wooden chair, nothing special about it, no frills, no velvet or leather, but it was different from everyone else's at the table. It was moist. She was getting very wet. Her body was ablaze, tingling all over, and her loins were feeling the sensations most of all, as if a phantom tongue were lapping at her folds, spreading them, teasing them from side to side. They did not move, she could tell there was no movement, just the feeling of it, and it made her so incredibly hot and wet. This was certainly not the time for it though!

She grumbled to herself, silently, as she took a sip of water, trying to make it look like she was merely flustered or winded from the fast paced walk up to the conference hall. It was Xanthas. He did something to her which left an after effect. If she saw him again, she would tie his ears in a knot! Nidaja shuddered, feeling an unmistakable sensation of thick, pulsing flesh dipping into her. She gasped, and looked up. Everyone's eyes were trained on her now. She licked her lips, and tried very hard to keep a straight face. One of the regional matriarchs spoke up finally.

"Gen... General Razelle?" she asked softly. "Are you feeling okay? You're... panting." Nidaja clopped her muzzle shut, having not even realized that she was. She shook her head softly and swallowed hard.

"I am f - fine. I just... Ran all the way up here. Let us... Mmmm - continue..." She shifted a little in her seat. Nidaja prayed silently that this odd after-effect would wear off. She wanted to finish the meeting without much incident. She resumed, finally, after taking another drink of water. "Since you spoke first, M-Matriarch Akriel.. Would you please tell me the current order of the

village of Diam?"

Nidaja decided it would be easier to let the matriarchs do most of the talking. She could not hold her breath, but she could silence it well. As a trained fighter, it was learned to allow one to run silently. Heavy breathing can be heard. Her heart was pounding very fast. While the initial sensation of that length sliding up into her had stopped for a while, and just left itself pulsing, feeling as if she were being spread tight around it, the sensation of motion began now, slowly, gruelingly in and out, as if someone were very 'carefully' making love to her from beneath.

The chair, directly under her sex, was likely soaked now. She would not be able to stand up with all the matriarchs there. She would dismiss them and then duck away to a back chamber and get her self under control and cleaned up after the meeting. Nidaja gritted her teeth. Her scent! Would the others be able to smell her heated condition? They were all the way at the other end of the table, so possibly not. Hopefully not. Nidaja listened, feeling that slow internal motion, and wanting to slide her hands under the table and relieve this burning the way she would if she were waking from a dream that left her feeling like this, but she could not.

"W - Well, let's see... What's to tell?..." Akriel said, having not expected to be put on the spot like this. "We had a perimeter breach last week by an orcish scouting team... But they were snuffed out before they could have seen anything of use at our Raul Hills Encampment there. Also, we had two murders that remain unsolved. We are thinking that they were part of a robbery that occurred about fifteen miles away, but we are still looking into-" but all of it seemed like wordless yammering to the general. Nidaja could not even focus on what she was saying past there. She just gazed into Akriel's eyes and watched her lips move, so she could respond when the talking stopped, but her mind was someplace else entirely.

She knew the feeling. The size, the shape, every single stroke. It had its own signature. She wasn't feeling a repeat of Xanthas. She as feeling someone she knew far better. Alps. Nidaja had been with a few other male servants in the distant past, having learned long before Nita what kind of stress relief sex was. No one male felt much like the other, and definitely none felt like Alps. She wanted to buck her hips. She wanted to control the pleasure. She wanted to cum quick and quietly, so she did not arouse the suspicion of the others. Why was this happening to her? Was it...?

Nidaja widened her eyes a bit, and then calmed herself, as it seemed unnoticed. Or perhaps the eyes widening was at the right time for the conversation. But she finally understood. And felt completely stupid for it. She was supposed to give the medicine to Alps. It was linked to her. The very essence of what she did to Xanthas in that aqueduct was trapped in that small

bottle. Xanthas had intended for *her* to give that medicine to the slave! She swallowed, feeling the pace quicken a bit... It felt so good, but was being done so gently. She found herself wondering if Alps was feeling Xanthas' end of that experience, and how Nita, Misha, and Uri were handling it.

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Nita leaned back a little, supporting her weight on one hand, her other holding the bottle to Alps' lips, the blue haze still flowing. Uri had just begun to speed up a little, but was holding her breasts in her hands and leaning back some, so as not to put any weight or strain on Alps. Only his cock felt any kind of pressure, as it slipped in and out of her tight body. Uri was accustomed to females primarily before meeting Alps, and her frame was quite a bit smaller than Nita, so she had perhaps the tightest sex out of all of them, and perhaps the most eager to be filled.

She released a soft whimper as she watched Nita lean back, and let one of her hands drift over to caress over her soft, lovely breast, the queen's pert pink nipple tracing between her fingertips, throbbing at the light, timid, curious touch. Nita released a deep breath, and slid forward just a little, letting her hips slide off the edge of the bed. Misha's head was between the queen's thighs, and her skilled lesbian tongue had set to work against her already arousal-engorged clit and labia.

The grey-furred guard deftly and lustfully spread those lips around her tongue, and fluttered it, rapidly, from side to side. Nita gasped sharply at that, and held still. She wanted to touch and caress and play too, but she needed to hold that bottle. And her other hand was holding her weight, as she leaned back a little, to enjoy this. She held her legs wide apart, to give her friend perfect access to those steamy folds, and that tingling nub of her clit.

The queen watched in wonder as Alps' pink, wet member slid into Uri, all the way to the base, and then almost all the way out, about nine inches, for her to see. She wanted it in her. She wanted to feel it, sinking like that, enough to touch her cervix. She closed her eyes, and whimpered softly, and opened them again, only able to imagine it pulsing inside her, her tight inner walls massaging that length while she watched Uri's body take it fully. A little faster the black-furred female moved, bucking her hips a bit, squeezing her breasts each in turn, as she began to massage over Nita's chest, tugging and squeezing and plucking at her nipples playfully... ardently. Her heavy breathing was showing how much she was getting into it, and Alps' hips were beginning to roll a bit with the motion too, so he was certainly getting into it. He was already panting deeply.

"Mmmmp! Oh by the light... Nita! He seems to be responding well to this. I... I don't know if I can outlast him! Oh Misha, I am already so c - close!" Uri whimpered. Nita pressed her hips a little harder into Misha's muzzle. She was starting to feel her loins lighting up too. She panted heavily, and nodded to Uri.

"Cum on him then!" Nita cried softly. "Let's cum together! I long to see what I would look like, wrapped around him as I am cumming, right as I - oh nnnk!" The emerald queen closed her eyes tight, and fought off an impulse with a shudder. Talking like that had nearly sent her over the edge. Uri gasped loudly at her friend's idea, and began to ride Alps a bit harder, her hips thumping against his, the wet sounds of sex audible now. Nita rolled her hips against Misha's tongue-work desperately, looking down at her pleasuring friend, observing how wet her face was from dining on her sex so lustfully. Misha was panting as well, as she stirred her clit with a claw tip, her other paw on Nita's hip to keep her from bucking too hard. Uri closed her eyes and continued to pluck softly, playfully, teasingly on her own nipple, and with a long, shuddering sigh.

"Mmmm... Oh Nita... He feels so tight and hard in me I... I will always prefer my mate's tongue to this, but sometimes - OH! - it just feels good to feel myself stretched out, like this body was born to be... even if to return right back to my lover's muzzle!" She looked down at Misha, who blushed as she started to suckle at Nita's sex. Uri bounced a little faster, moving both hands to her chest now, rubbing, tugging, and just pretty much losing control.

Nita had fallen all the way back and onto her side now, her breath coming out in heavy panting, as she bucked her hips softly, easily as far along as Uri. Finally, the black wolf arched her back and squealed in ecstasy, the chime of her friend's bell getting rang flinging Nita's sex-tortured body over the edge too. She could never even begin to describe what her friend did to her with her tongue. Impossible things, like slipping it deeply in and out of her, while fluttering rapidly from side to side, were all too much. She felt her heart jump and her body surge, from her whiskers down to the tip of her tail, as if small explosions had just occurred all through her body.

There was the soft *splatch* sound of Misha exhaling excitedly through Nita's deluge of wetness, and the sound of wet sucking and slurping as she eagerly made sure nothing was wasted. The queen, her eyes opening again right after the initial shock of her climax, looked at Uri, as her sex convulsed tightly around that rock hard shaft, spilling her juices down his sack, and over his crotch fur, scenting him of sex heavily. Alps was still softly rolling his hips, and left Uri crying out softly as her oversensitive clit was rubbed by his pulsing shaft. She finally slipped off to the side, leaving Alps rolling his hips needfully inside no one, that hot, wet and pink length rubbing against his tummy.

He was not bare for long though. Misha moved quickly on top of him, and

guided the slave into her lesbian depths, which were itching badly to be filled now as she had so worked herself up by bringing Nita off. She was not quite as gentle as Uri though, pounding her hips immediately upon Alps, wanting to bring herself off, evidently, before Alps could finish, so she could sate that lustful burning she felt all through her body. Nita weakly continued to hold the bottle, which was steadily pouring out that bluish haze, all of which was pulled into Alps' panting muzzle...

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Nidaja gripped the side of the table, holding herself stark still. Oh how she longed to buck her hips! She did not care that there was nothing there, it felt like there was! She could feel that cock... that familiar, hot, wet length, buried inside her, hilted then retracted, faster... Harder... It never ceased now, working in just the pattern a girl would, controlling the speed for herself, wanting pleasure but holding back. Nidaja shook her head suddenly, hearing her name called. Nidaja this time, not General Razelle. She snapped her head up, looking at the room, slightly out of focus through her desire. Everyone looked shocked. Akriel was at her side, and looking down, where a pool of Nidaja's nectar had formed at the leg of her chair.

"Umm... Nidaja... What are you doing?" Nidaja held up her hand, as if assuring everyone that everything was okay. She had to tell them something now... She had been caught, and it looked absolutely depraved, at that. She inhaled deeply, and leaned back, gripping her chair.

"I w - went to a shaman for some medicine for... For Nita's slave, Alps." she panted. "It... S - seems to have a strange effect which I -links to me, and it feels like... Oh Hnnk...!" Nidaja placed her head on the table, and jerked her hips suddenly, feeling the speed increase a bit more, and even the soft \*fumph\* feel of hips against her thighs add to it. She parted her legs, her soaking sex pulled up off the chair, so hot... There were a series of gasps from the others. Her scent was thick upon the air. She knew she need not detail more of what was happening to her body. Akriel gritted her teeth, looking very embarrassed.

"Oh... Oh MY!" she cried, backing up a step. "Oh wow, that is very odd! Are you going to be alright? Do you need to postpone the meeting?" Nidaja looked to Akriel, and was about to nod, before she suddenly arched her back and wailed, her hot juices soaking her chair. A thin river of it ran a few inches along the floor, perhaps slightly uneven, glistening, a light syrup. Nidaja's body, tight, unmoving, just shivered, her lips pulled back in a feral growl. Uncontrolled, despite her force of will, she climaxed like a schoolgirl exploring her body for the first time.

Nidaja finally relaxed a bit, her body still pulsing, nerves still firing, burning, blazing with sexual release, her breathing in heavy panting. She looked at Akriel again, having completely forgotten what was asked from her. Nidaja never realized before how hard it was to focus on anything but the pleasure when it was there. She finally relaxed a bit, feeling the sensation of that thick, hard member pulled out of her, slipping out easily, and making her splash a little more of her warm nectar on the chair.

"Oh my goodness..." Nidaja panted, blushing heavily, once again remembering where she was, and realizing what had happened. "Oh Akriel... Everyone... P... Please don't take this occurrence... out of this rooOOOOOOOOHH!!!" Nidaja arched her back as she felt that throbbing flesh slam into her again, and begin pumping hard in and out. Her last word trailed into a howl. Her body, still in the throes of climax, was being ravaged harder now. There was no way to stop it! The searing pleasure, that burning of her clit, endless now! She grabbed the table and pressed her chest against it.

"Nidaja!" Akriel cried, leaning down and holding her shoulder. "Nidaja, do you need me to call a doctor? Come on, answer me!" The others were gathered around, if for no other reason that curiosity. Here was their respected general, gripping the meeting-room table, cumming uncontrollably in her chair for no apparent reason.

"It's a spell! Doctor wouldn't help!" Nidaja cried. "Oh, Akriel! It will stop... I just... Gotta... Take it for now - mmmph!" The emerald lupine general dropped her head to the table, sputtering as she felt her sex hammered a lot harder than before. She felt it again. The burning... The tingling... Closer again. Closer...

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Misha groaned loudly, her breasts actually slapping against her chest as she hammered herself down on Alps' sleeping frame, which seemed pretty intent on mating back just as hard, his back arching and hips thrusting under the wildly riding beauty. Even though unconscious, he was panting heavily. Nita smiled up at Misha, while Uri lay on her back alongside the bed, her eyes closed. She was awake, but quite worn out and sated. Nita watched as her friend took Alps eagerly.

The queen watched where they connected, and licked her lips slowly. It was easier to just observe now and enjoy the show, now that she had been 'taken care of'. The bottle was still to Alps' lips as she watched Misha bounce hard on her slave. Nita's eyes widened a bit, as she watched. This was

something she had not gotten to see before. How Alps' body reacted moments before release. His sac pulled up close to his body, tight and round, his thick member turning a deeper shade of bluish pink, engorged so tight with blood. Nita called up to Misha.

"Don't stop! He's gonna cum!" The lupine queen felt a pang of embarrassment for saying it, and for even doing something that seemed so ludicrous. Misha just threw back her head and cried out, her body going rigid as her sex seized around that pulsing cock. She shivered as her hips gave the occasional buck.

"Yes! Oh Alps, YES!" Misha squealed, "Let him cum! I... I wanna fee-" She snapped a hard gasp and just wailed suddenly, as Alps went ridged. "NnnnnngggaaaaAaAAAAAAHH!!" she seemed to be hit with a *second* climax. Nita looked at her friend's face, studying it, memorizing what hers perhaps looked like in that very special moment.

"Mmmm... Misha, can you feel him? Can you feel him squirting?" Uri churred, rolling over and placing a hand on Alps' tightly drawn sack, cupping it as it pulsed. Misha finally went on all fours, her hips glued to Alps' while her climax dulled slowly, still tormenting her body.

"Oh yes! H - hard... He went hard! God I can s - still feel it! Splashing inside me! Oh it feels so good! Oh Uri, he's flooding me inside..." She hung her head, trembling.

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Nidaja threw her head back and fell out of her chair, Akriel falling to the floor and catching her, holding her head in her lap as Nidaja convulsed hard. She could feel it! The orgasm was even more powerful than before, and burning through a convulsing sex already tortured by one that seemed not to end. Her eyes were shut tight as a few of the matriarchs backed up to give her air. Nidaja's backside was completely soaked with her juices, and not getting any drier at this rate! She writhed in the arms of a subordinate, in a position that could ruin her reputation if it became general knowledge, but at the moment, she absolutely did not care. Her body buckled and she cried out again.

"He's cumming!!" she wailed, not even thinking about the others near her. She could feel it, inside her, splattering against her cervix so hard... She knew that feeling oh so well! Every single warm rush of that life essence up into her tight, convulsing sex! Akriel just held her, fanning her. Slowly, ever so slowly, Nidaja went limp, just panting. She could still feel that thick cock inside her,

pulsing, jetting... But it was still now. It was over. She dizzily looked up to the regional matriarchs.

"Are... You okay Nidaja?" Akriel asked softly. She gritted her teeth and jerked her hand away. It had been on Nidaja's breast. "I was... Umm... They were sticking out a bit... Your modesty! I was-" She blushed deeply. Nidaja dizzily groaned and relaxed, feeling finally that member pulled out. It was over. And so was her staunch, hard image at these meetings, it seemed. Under all that hard shell of military training, Nidaja was a woman, just like them. She inhaled deeply, and said in a very serious tone,

"If this ever leaves this room, I will find out who spoke, and make sure they never speak again." She shuddered again one last time. The regional matriarchs all swore their secrecy, looking very rattled. Nidaja sat up slowly, and looked to Akriel.

"I think... I will get you some fresh clothing General Razelle." she said softly, still blushing hotly, caught with her hand in the cookie jar, as it were.

"Y... Yes, thank you Akriel." Nidaja said softly, her mind still hazy and filled with afterglow.

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As Misha rolled off of Alps, Nita looked back to the bottle. No more haze. No more of that bluish smoke. She drew it away from Alps' lips and as she did, to Nita's delight, her slave's eyes opened. She moved quickly to his side.

"Alps, you're awake! Sweetie, how do you feel?" she chimed, feeling so excited and joyful! The medicine worked! It really worked!

"I feel..." Alps said softly, looking down at his soaked lap, and then to the sated Misha and Uri, cuddled together at his side, and his naked, tearful mistress. "I feel like I've slept through something I should not have." Nita looked into Alps' innocent violet eyes, and just laughed.