

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 9

Alps sat nervously at the table, his hands both on it, and his eyes bright and curious, despite how nervous he really was. All around him were books. Stacks of books were on some of the tables. Shelves filled with books were everywhere around him. There were boxes that Alps presumed were also filled with books. This was the library of castle Diera. It took him all day the previous day just to find it in that monster of a structure that Nita lived in.

The queen's slave was here to meet with Misty for tutoring. Misty had told Nita that she wished to see to Alps' training and education herself, as there were a lot of things he would need to know in order to live in Diera, and interact with the kind of people that would be around him on a day to day basis. Also, Misty was convinced that Alps would need to be educated enough to understand his mistress' job so he can listen to her and understand her when she needed to talk to him about any of the difficulties that she was having.

Misty was not here just yet, however, so Alps waited patiently, unsure of his first day of training. He was used to being taught how to do hard labor, but not to do things like read, write, and understand the policies of his governing class. Slaves didn't need to know that. Alps reached over to the top book on a stack that was lying on his table. He opened it up, finding that it was actually a pretty new, handwritten book. Perhaps it was a diary? He had no way of knowing, since he wasn't able to make sense of any of the words. There was a picture of a slink on the page he was looking at, and lines drawn to certain parts of the picture, with writing on them. Alps turned the book sideways, and then his head sideways. Would he really be able to understand these weird hooks and dips and lines?

"It's a book on how to care for slinks." came a familiar voice from behind. Alps closed the book and put it down with a thump, startled.

"I am sorry. I was looking at them while I waited." he explained.

"Do you read any at all? Just a little?" Misty asked. She was wearing robes identical to what she had been wearing when they met. She had wire-rimmed lenses in front of her eyes as well. Alps had seen glasses before, but nothing as classy as these. They were round, small, and perched on her muzzle

without any kind of back-wire like most spectacles had.

"I have never read." Alps said softly. "Is it hard to learn?" he asked. Misty shook her head.

"Not really." She sat down softly and looked into Alps eyes. "But there are actually more important things for you to know, since you will be in close contact with the queen a great deal, and might need to understand at least the basics of what is going on." Alps nodded softly, without a clue o what Misty might mean. He didn't know what other capacity he was to serve other than getting things for Nita, bringing things to others in the castle, and sleeping with the queen. Alps had been with the queen in her loving, gentle way every night this week.

"Well then... what should I know first?" Alps asked, clapping his hands, and resting in his seat. Misty smiled, and nodded to him, as she scooted her chair around the round table, and sat beside Alps, hip to hip. Alps could not help but draw in the scent of her perfume, and wish he could be with her again.

"First, the basis of our current society. If you understand that, the rest is a lot easier." Misty explained. Alps nodded softly, not at all coming close to even dreaming of understanding.

"The basis?" he asked softly.

"The Letai race." she replied.

"The priestess at my orphanage talked about the Letai." Alps said softly, trying ot remember what was said. "They were wiped out, right?" he asked.

"Yes, by Mannus about 700 years ago." Misty said, regretfully. Alps knew little about the story beyond the fact that they had been wiped out. He canted his head in curiosity. "Mannus was a powerful Letai sorcerer... We don't now know what tribe. He created the Uruk race from bone and dirt and crystals, and began systematically wiping out his own kind, and to this day, we are at war against his legacy of thousands and thousands of magically imbued Uruk, what we call orcs." she said. Alps knew about orcs, and about the war, even though a very small amount.

"Is Mannus still alive?" Alps asked softly. It was a question he had always wanted to ask. Misty shrugged softly.

"Some say he is, though it seems he could not possibly have survived so long. However, we also don't know how he could create hundreds of thousands of warriors from magic and mud like he did, so we simply can't be sure." Misty said. "We don't know why the war began, and why the Letai were wiped out, but

it won't end until either we are gone, or the orcs are gone. And we are not on the winning side, Alps." she said sullenly. Alps flicked his ears. He didn't want to depress his friend and tutor, so he spoke up.

"So... umm... tell me about the Letai..." Alps offered tentatively. "How did they shape our current lives?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" Misty said, seeming to bounce right out of her funk, to Alps' satisfaction. "The Letai religion still exists. It's still a part of our day to day beliefs." she explained, leaning into Alps happily. Alps looped an arm around the older female's middle as she cuddled up to him. He didn't know why she suddenly felt like holding him, but he was not about to complain. He listened intently to her. "You know about the Life Essence, right?" Misty asked.

"Yeah. That was explained to everyone. Your spirit is made out of it. It's in everything that's alive, and all around us. The universe is like a great big ocean and the Life Essence is kind of the water that everything floats around in." he said. Misha nodded to him.

"Right... Everything born comes from it, and everything that dies goes back to it. The one who gave birth to the life essence, the great ocean, and us, is Luna." Alps nodded softly. He didn't know much about that, but he'd heard priestesses mention her.

"The priestess that originally gained the ability to use the essence?" he asked. She was the one who was supposed to have visited Seynoth to learn the secret of the essence, right?" Alps spoke of the large green-hued moon that hung beside the sterile-looking white moon, Ferith. Misty nodded softly.

"Well, her essence that is left, yes. Her reverence sometimes as a goddess is just the height of how much she was revered. Luna... The first Luna, Lived long, long ago. Many of the daughters of priestesses, and so, priestesses themselves, were named after her to honor her memory. She was the first truly great Letai priestess, and united the many tribes of Amani with her love and motherly tenderness. The Letai lived to worship all that lived, and show respect to the life essence, and to Luna, building magnificent temples and training themselves in very powerful magic that don't even exist this day in age." she said. "Their race was rumored to be an off-shoot of the Emerald Amanian tribe, but they were a LOT more powerful." Nita's counselor said softly, in apparent awe.

"Were they green too?" Alps asked, interrupting slightly. He was suddenly very happy to have access to any answer he wanted. It was a freedom he never expected. That is what Misty was offering him. It didn't feel like training, it felt like exploring a new place. The slave really enjoyed it!

"No, they actually came in a variety of colors." she said softly. "However, you will be really interested to know, I think, that some of them were said to have fur like the driven snow. They were white. This description was even given to the original Luna herself, so that many white-furred females bore that name." she said. Alps suddenly wished her were alive 700 years ago. His fur might have been seen as a mark of honor, not scorn. "Anyway, they were very powerful, and Mannus seemed to fear them, so he wiped out thousands of them, leaving the lesser tribes alone for a while, while he slowly expanded his territories, which brings us to the current state of things." Misty churred softly. Alps nodded softly, and widened his eyes as the older lady lupine leaned in close, and kissed his lips slowly. She then drifted back, smiling as she gazed in his eyes.

"Th... Thank you, Misty..." Alps stammered, a little shocked by its suddenness, but deeply happy with being kissed. Misty didn't own him; she could only have done it because she liked him. That knowledge made him feel good.

"These facts are perhaps the most important thing you will need to understand, and over time, as one should *never* forget, and with me, you will learn a lot more about it." she said softly, placing a hand on his knee. Alps smiled at her and nodded again.

"Why were the Letai so powerful?" Alps asked softly, placing his hand on Misty's hand, over his knee, loving having her so close. Misty brought her velvety lips close to her pupil's and spoke with her sweet-scented feathery voice, answering him as helpfully as she could.

"It is said, Alps, that the original Letai tribe, their race..." Misty thought a moment, as if trying to think of exactly how to answer, "It is said that they were the direct descendants of the goddess-priestess, Luna. The children of Luna herself. They were the closest to the original life essence. So they were a real threat to Mannus. And they were the only real threat, it seems. Things went down hill from the point where the last ones were killed." Alps nodded in understanding, and felt the need to bring the subject to something less gloomy.

Slowly, he leaned in closer, and brought his lips to Misty's. She went quiet, and pressed up against him, suddenly throwing her arms around the white wolf and kissing him deeply. They had not really kissed much during their first encounter together. The younger slave was learning that despite her inexperience, she was actually a really good kisser. While that was not likely the lesson that she had come here today to teach Alps, she seemed to sink into the mood quite readily.

After a few moments of this tender, longing kissing, their hearts had begun to beat faster, and the room had begun to feel quite warm. Misty finally pulled away from the kiss, panting lightly, and she smiled at Alps warmly, standing up

slowly, her long fur bristling just a bit. She had a ruddy blush over her muzzle and in her ears. She looked around, and then took Alps by the hand.

"I am not really supposed to do this.. but... come on." she said, gruffly. Alps stood up, his masculinity already swollen, held at an uncomfortable angle in his shorts. Hunched over slightly, he allowed Misty to lead him along. She giggled slightly as she realized his slightly painful predicament. "Oh you poor thing - come on... Let's get you in here..." she said. She led Alps into an office at the back of the library, and she closed the door. There was no light in here. She lit the small lamp that was used only to look for information that was stored in here. The dim light showed Alps that there were boxes in here, and books, and supplies for writing, such as strong-scented inks, and blocks of paper. In the center of this small office was an old, but very sturdy looking table.

"Is this a closet?" Alps asked, trying to figure the place out. "What are we looking for?" he asked softly, wanting to help Misty find what she wanted to show him. Alps gasped as she felt her hand encircle his shaft through his shorts.

"It's an old office... and I found what I am looking for." she said softly, and very coyly. Alps gazed at Misty through half-closed eyes, and caressed her hand softly, his tail swishing softly from side to side.

"Is it okay?" Alps asked in a whisper. "Here in the library? What about Mistress Nita?" he added with concern. "Will she be angry if you ... borrow me like this?" Misty giggled and patted the edge of the table.

"Sit up here." she said, indicating she wanted Alps to hop up on the table. "And no, as long as you don't deny Nita what she wants at the end of the day, she won't mind if Nidaja and I vent our desires on you from time to time." Alps' arousal increased tenfold from hearing that. Even though he now belonged to Nita, he might well still be involved with the others too. It felt almost unfair to have that kind of social fortune. The wolf felt suddenly very rich. He hopped up on the table, and looked at Misty happily.

"I am glad she doesn't mind. I was kind of hoping we could be good friends." Alps wagged his tail briskly, and let what he had just said sink in a bit. He had never considered having friends very much as an adult. His life was dedicated to the service of his mistress and nothing else. Now, things were different. Misty's hands went to Alps' hips, and she untied his pants, and slipped them off of him.

"That pleases me too, Alpsie..." she said softly. His ears perked as she modified his name affectionately. His erection was more than obvious as he wriggled his hips, getting comfortable in the dimly lit closet-style office. "There you go... I bet that's a little more comfortable, huh?" she said, placing both her hands on Alps' hips, standing in front of him as he sat on the table. She looked

down into his lap, giggling softly. Alps' green suede vest, still tattered, hung open as always. Nita had given Alps new clothes, but he wore them sparingly, because he feared ruining them.

"We should... Aahhh.. Be quiet in here, yes?" Alps asked softly. Misty giggled softly, and nodded to him. The slave didn't want to get Misty in trouble. She was in charge of the library after all. The doctor slid her hands slowly up Alps' legs, toward his crotch, as he shrugged off his vest, wanting to let his fur bristle with pleasure uninhibited. Misty kissed his chest gently, and the white slave lupine caressed her ears slowly, sighing happily, and mutedly as those gentle, medicinal hands drew together over his ridged cock.

"Nidaja told me to try something with you... that I really wanted to try." Misty said, blushing a bit. "I feel kind of guilty, but it's part of the reason I brought you here today. You still have a lot to learn, but there is something I want to experience first." she said softly. Alps tightened his legs, letting himself feel all of the pleasure he could as Misty squeezed his cock in a slow, massaging motion.

"Wh... What is that?" Alps asked, already staggering his breath. Misty answered by example. She pumped Alps' shaft in her hands a couple times, making him lean back a little, propping himself up with his hands behind him, before her mouth replaced her hands on his cock. Alps had begun to know that feeling well, and really enjoyed it. He found himself wondering a little what might be so fun to Nidaja and Uri that would make them want to pleasure Alps, instead of just letting him pleasure them.

As the female friends he had made had learned so well to do, his mind was torn away from his internal questions, and dumped unceremoniously into deep pleasure. Alps tilted his head back and groaned as Misty experimentally traced his cock inside her muzzle with her eager tongue, pressing warmly against him as if embracing him in her mouth. The air in the slave's lungs seemed to sink inside him with excitement. He trembled a bit from the sensations that Misty was giving him with just her first sensual oral contact.

Her eyes drifted shut slowly and her tongue tightened against Alps' pink shaft, squeezing a bead of pre onto her warm tongue, which massaged the tip of his erection. Alps leaned back, tilting his head up, and moaning softly, letting Misty know she was doing absolutely fine. The white slave tightened and relaxed his legs slowly, as he finally opened his eyes again and looked down to Misty's face. Her expression was very peaceful, and very content. She seemed to really be into this pleasuring of a slave, and very happy to get the chance to do it. She exhaled heavily through her nose, blasting Alps' tummy-fur with her hot breath, as her head sank down, taking his entire length in. She jerked back suddenly, pulling him entirely out of her mouth, coughing a bit, stifling her gag reflex, before she looked into Alps' eyes meekly, and chuckled.

"Mmm... I can't do that. Nidaja said it's not for everybody." Misty admitted, wagging her tail softly. "But then again... here is where it counts..." she said, her head going back down. Alps gasped loudly as he felt the tip of his rock-hard member seized between Misty's teeth. Surely she would not bite him! She of course, did not. Her tongue pressed tightly to the tip of Alps' member, however, and began to flicker rapidly back and forth, in much the same way that he had done for her some time ago. While Alps was not even the same gender, the resulting sensations were not much different. He fell back onto his elbows, propped up, watching this gorgeous doctor and teacher as she very intentionally made his entire body shake from the extreme feeling of that hard-flickering tongue.

Misty brought both her hands to Alps' lap, and began to cup and caress his sack in one hand, and stroke his member in the other. She let go with her teeth, and held him with her velvety lips, teeth just barely touching now, as her tongue sank down his shaft. She pumped her hand softly, masturbating him into her muzzle with slow, loving motions. Alps had built an impression that everything about Misty was caring and nurturing, and this only cemented that image of the lovely older female. The gold-furred doctor did not take Alps into her mouth again just yet. She let the tip of his cock rub back and forth and up and down over her tongue as her hand, tight, but tender, stroked him off dutifully.

The white lupine slave looked down again, along his tummy, seeing her head there. She was gazing at him now through half closed eyes. The subject of her loving attention wagged his tail slowly, beginning to pant now, from the heat coursing through his body. His fur ruffled as he felt his arousal built to its peak, and the dull, distant thrumming of his slowly building climax creeping through his body. Her motions were so slow, that it felt like it might take forever for it to happen, if it eventually did. He held his legs tight for a while, lustfully enjoying every second of this. Misty squeezed his shaft tightly as she brought her hand up, almost all the way to the tip of his cock, lifting her head and watching as a bead of pre formed there, and then rolled to meet her knuckle as she gripped his rod securely.

"You get nice and wet so readily." Misty churred sweetly. She brought her hand to her mouth, and kissed off the captured bead of pre-cum. She then licked her lips, and made a pleased face at Alps, smiling sweetly. "You must really like this." she said. "I'm very glad." Her hand returned to the base of his cock, and she began to pump it just a little more briskly. She looked into Alps' eyes, and wagged her tail slowly, still fully clothed, as she pleased the slave sitting on the table in front of her, one hand now supporting her a little beside Alps' hip as she leaned down a bit, her head lowering, lips almost brushing the white lupine's bobbing flesh as she pumped him fondly.

"Mmmph.. Oh, it does feel good... I really do like it..." Alps said, not wanting her to have to wonder at all. She wasn't doing anything against his will

yet, nor was this gentle, tender lover likely to do so. She looked up into Alps' eyes again, as she opened her mouth, and began to stroke the tip of Alps' cock again, with very slow, swirling hard strokes of that almost unbearable tongue. Her pupil groaned loudly again as she captured just the tip in her hot mouth, and suckled on it, one hand still pumping. He could not help but roll his hips a little as the pleasure started to really sink in. She released his tip and looked up at him, licking her lips, having evidently gotten a nice taste of his pre in the process.

"Do you like being in my mouth more, or do you prefer being rubbed on my tongue like earlier?" she asked. Misty was naturally very curious, and learning what pleased Alps was in obvious satisfaction of that trait. She slowed her hand a bit, stroking his cock with sweet, loving rhythm. "What's the best way to make you cum, Alps?" Misty asked. Alps groaned a bit, as she licked the tip of his member again, hard and slow. He thought for a little while, to all the times he'd made love, and tried to think of what it was that made him lose control the absolute fastest. Finally, he was able to think of it, and blushed a little, twinging closer to release just by thinking it.

"Mmmph... I think I burst hardest when I'm behind someone... pushing into them..." he admitted. "Kind of like the first time I was with you." he whispered, worrying that, with the pleasure of Misty licking him like that, he'd not be able to control the volume of his voice otherwise. Misty giggled softly, and took about half of Alps' cock into her muzzle, pumping softly, suckling tightly against him, drawing his juices to her tongue greedily, before lifting her head with a sweet little 'pop!'

"I want to make you cum Alps..." Misty panted, seeming almost like she was begging. "I want to do it with my mouth though." she said. "Just pleasure you, all the way from beginning to end." Her voice was wavering a bit. She was very turned on by the thought of doing that to him. He still had no idea why she or Nidaja or anyone else liked doing that, but if it made her happy, he would certainly cooperate with her.

"The roof of your mouth." Alps said softly. Misty pulled off of his cock, lifting her head and gazing into Alps' eyes curiously. She didn't understand what he meant. The white slave smiled back, and caressed Misty's ears. He felt compelled to touch her at least in a pleasant manner, so he scratched softly through her fur. "Run the tip of it over the roof of your mouth when you have me inside like earlier... Use your tongue to press me against your pallet." he explained. Misty moved her head down, her skilled hand still gripping the base of his cock, and she closed her mouth around the first five inches of it, before using her tongue to squeeze him against the roof of her hot muzzle.

Slowly, painstakingly slowly, Misty drew Alps out of her hot mouth, making his legs stick out and tremble as the slightly ribbed texture of the inside of her lupine muzzle strummed the sensitive tip of Alps' cock all the way out to the edge

of her front teeth, before she pressed back in, running him right back over that fleshy washboard texture. Alps closed his eyes, unable to bear the pleasure enough to keep them open, groaning very loudly. Misty pulled her head back up and smiled at Alps knowingly, seemingly pleased with herself for that.

"I understand now. That is a very nice technique to know." Misty cooed, before returning her mouth back to Alps' lap. She scooted a chair from the corner by grabbing it with her foot, and she got onto it on her knees in front of Alps, so she could be in a more comfortable position, and use both hands. The hand she'd used to steady herself was now cupping Alps' sac, massaging his balls very slowly and gently, as if to coax him to produce exactly what Misty wanted to have. Her other hand remained around the base of his throbbing cock, following her lips up his shaft, sliding easily over his saliva-coated shaft, before sliding back down, an extension of her muzzle now, as she deliberately ran chills of pleasure through the slave!

"Mm... oh Lady Misty..." Alps shuddered, speaking under his breath, "It won't take long like that... Please go faster..." he hissed softly. "I'll cum for you..." He was panting now, very softly, almost out of his mind with pleasure already. Misty did not speed up, however. She giggled softly with his member still in her steamy mouth, and continued to go slow and evenly, massaging his sac, and tenderly dropping the pressure in her mouth, suckling, and relaxing, as her head slid up and down over the first half of his cock, and her hand tightened and relaxed on the lower half of his member. For having not done this before, Alps was out of his mind with desire. Nidaja had to have told her about this technique. It seemed too deliberate.

Alps kept himself propped up, eventually sitting up again, making it easier for him to caress Misty's head encouragingly as it bobbed up and down with a very steady rhythm. The slave whined softly, and rolled his hips a little, but it didn't increase the speed, it only changed the rhythm. He eventually held still, finding that it was more pleasant, tightening his muscles and groaning loudly. Misty was slow and gentle, tender and nurturing once again, as she refused to go fast and hard, which is what every cell in the slave's body was screaming for. She brought her lips from his cock for just a second, speaking in a feathery tone.

"Mmm, Alps... How close are you? Can you cum if I go slowly like that?" she asked. Alps' heart hammered in his chest harder and faster now. Even if Misty was not going faster, the pleasure that she was laying on the slave was bringing him closer and closer to his final release. He nodded shakily, and whimpered, as her hand continued its motion, riding over the sensitive tip of his cock in her muzzle's absence.

"Y-yes..." he stammered, "I will... If you keep doing that for a while. Might take a little longer... but I will." he promised, his chest heaving. Misty smiled almost mischievously, but still adoringly at the borrowed slave.

"I want to know." she said softly. "I want you to tell me when you are going to cum." Alps nodded, almost unable to see anymore, as his mind swam in circles rapidly as her head sank back into his lap, and her hands began to work a little faster. Alps whimpered as her suckling stayed the same, but her coaxing of seed in his sac, and her stroking of the base of his cock moved a bit faster. He felt more and more encouraged and coaxed, gentle but sure, as she bobbed up and down.

Misty continued to drag the tip of his flaring, tingling masculinity over the roof of her muzzle, just as Alps asked, and the sensations from it were getting almost unbearable. Finally, Alps felt the incredible, slightly stabbing sensation of heat surging from his chest, right into his sack, which tightened against his body. Misha's hand, seeming to feel this tightening, stopped massaging him and just cupped his sack warmly. She already seemed to know, but Alps grunted out desperately anyway.

"Oh Misty... Misty, I'm close..." he whimpered. He wasn't quite there yet. Alps jerked in a tight breath as he felt Misty hum loudly around it, suckling on his cock hard, still tugging her head back. There was less gliding like she'd been doing before now, as she tugged him in her mouth. That heated, warm humming, and the soft tugging motion, the tip of his cock still stroking the roof of her mouth, were all entirely more than Alps could possibly withstand. With a loud grunt, he cried out! "Gaah! Cumming!" and he threw his head back, eyes shut very tightly!

Misty loosened her hold on Alps' cock in her muzzle, and opened her muzzle, letting the tip of his throbbing, pulsing shaft rest on her tongue as she stroked his shaft frantically up and down with her tight, wet hand. Alps opened his eyes, gasping at the new sensation right at the start of his climax. He got a very explicit view in that very instant, Misty gazing right back into his eyes as a thick, hot ribbon of white painted her pink tongue all the way to her throat. Alps grunted, and cried out again, a deep, rumbling voice as pleasure shredded his mind violently. The golden lupine female pumped the climaxing wolf's cock eagerly as he splashed jet after jet of thick cum over her tongue, not a drop being missed.

Alps could not take his eyes off that sight, the image burning into his mind. It wasn't just the sight of his hot essence coating Misty's pink tongue that rattled Alps' sanity, it was the elated, satisfied expression in her eyes as she watched his contorted expression of pleasure. Alps actually felt enjoyed and loved. It was a feeling that he immediately became addicted to, as he fell back onto his back, and whimpered loudly as Misty dropped her muzzle down his shaft as deep as she dared, sucking him clean, as the last few shuddering waves of his climax tore through the trembling, sputtering slave.

Misty remained on her knees on the chair she'd pulled in front of the table

Alps was now draped on his back on, his legs hanging off the edge limply. The white male lupine panted deeply, trying to regain his composure. Should he try to make love to Misty now? Would she like that, he wondered? As he was dizzily thinking about this, he heard a door close. Someone had entered the library. Misty ear-perked, and wiped her muzzle, and whimpered softly.

"Hello? Is anyone here?" came a call from a voice Alps recognized. I was one of the regional matriarchs from the town of Kishu. She likely came to speak with Misty on some matter of importance. Alps sat up, looking worried. He was also a little disappointed. He could tell by scent that Misty could use some physical attention.

"Shh... Alps... Stay in here... I will take her outside to the garden to talk to her." Misty whispered. She seemed a little irritated by the interruption as well, but also giggled a little bit, entertained, perhaps, by the fact that she got to finish what she was doing to Alps.

"Will you be... alright?" Alps asked, licking his lips.

"Yes... I'll be fine, Alps... I just need to get outside in the cool air and walk off this musk." the older, motherly Misty answered, petting Alps' head softly. "Don't you worry... you gave me exactly what I wanted." she said, blushing a bit. "Stay put, and then get dressed and... um... Sweep the floor in the library here." she said. Alps nodded, knowing that Misty would not have any reason to lie. The chore she gave him was not a very difficult one. It would help him come down from his experience.

The doctor and scholar straightened her robes carefully, and then exited the storage office, chiming happily to the matriarch who had come to seek her council.

"Hello, Sejje!" she said, closing the door behind her. "Come, let's go to the gardens, I have been cooped up all day with research." Alps canted his head, listening to her, and listening for the door to close.

"Should we go upstairs and have some tea and cookies?" Sejje, who Alps had seen talking to Nita before, asked softly. "My treat, of course." she churred.

"No thanks.. I just ate." she said, as the door closed behind her. Alps could not help but laugh softly at the hidden meaning to what Misty told the matriarch. After resting for a while the slave dressed again and returned to his duties, the first of which being Misty's order to him. For someone he had started to genuinely respect and care about, a simple chore like sweeping became an act of respect and adoration, and this Alps did with a joyful heart.