

Sirius, Book II

Legacy of the Letai

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 6

Alps gazed out over the valley, covered in snow. He and Azia and Tia had reached the summit that morning, and traveled down, to find the edge of the valley where the Uruk forces were reported to be gathering. And gather they had. There were no less than a thousand down there in the valley, camped and looking very much like the group was getting ready for a big offensive. They were doing checks on their siege weapons, swords, and shields, as well as just sparring near the center of the group, and having various kinds of merriment, since they knew a force this large would meet no real resistance in a surprise attack, even on the large city of Jalana. The three lupines looked at the army below, and Azia sank to her knees. Tia rushed to her side, trying to keep quiet, but with how far they still were away, and how much the snow prevented sound from really traveling, the orcs couldn't hear them.

Alps gazed in shock at the numbers gathered down in the valley. This was the first time he'd been able to see what they looked like. Their bodies were adorned in what looked to be woven wood and leather armor, and they bristled with spikes of thorns and sharpened limbs and antlers around their shoulders and backs. The creatures were golems of sorts, their eyes made of glowing yellow crystal, unblinking, uncaring, and unemotional. They carried only the will of their dark master, to kill at all costs. There was no reasoning with these creatures.

They were originally hairless, but as they killed, a few of them had, by command or sadistic self-interest, adorned themselves in the skins of lupine victims. One or two had their clay-like bald skulls decorated with one or more ears pinned to them, as if they would disguise themselves to walk unseen in a lupine city. Of course, the creatures were only about four feet tall, squat, fat, and has no muzzle and a wide, gaping fang-filled mouth, so just tacking ears to their head and a tail on their back didn't act as a very convincing disguise. They came in colors from coal grey to light tan, any normal color of clay, some of them even red, and the larger ones that seemed to be barking orders to others tended to have more than two of those eerily glowing yellow crystal eyes. Several had four or five. It seemed to have something to do with the amount of power or control or free through thee commanders had.

Alps took a long, careful look at these creatures. They were the enemy.

They were reputed to be responsible for the loss of his family, his suffering as a slave under Chana, and even the bitter, drunken, horrible person Chana herself had become. All of the darkness the white slave had ever known was focused right there, down in the valley...

"Too many of them... Oh Tia..." Azia cried, shaking. "There's nothing anyone can do. Jalana has to be evacuated. We... we've already lost it. Even if Queen Razelle sent everyone she could spare, it would be a suicide run against a force that large..." Alps looked at the two and nodded. The lupine armies numbered only about ten thousand at this point, given how long they had been pushed out of their homelands in the past six or seven centuries. As their population dwindled, the number willing to defend their homes, instead of just populating them, had dropped dramatically. The queen did not draft for the army because she knew the situation was only a waiting game. When Mannus decided to drop the hammer, there's nothing even the entire lupine population could do.

Tia sat down beside Azia in the snow, and held her. Alps moved over, and sat beside the two, huddled in close, trying to keep warm, as the snow began to fall softly again. In the valley below, the roars and rumblings of the Uruk could be heard. The area was cold, unforgiving, and hopeless. Just, as Azia felt, was the future of her kind. She wept, and Tia and Alps held her tight. They were insignificant and alone up there on the mountain. While they held each other, Alps' mind worked rapidly.

This was not, in his eyes, so very different from how he had lived his life before Nita took him. He lived every day thinking that, at any moment, Chana was going to kill him. That day never came, but during those terrible times, Alps had learned to think fast, and try to find ways out of trouble. Many of the mistakes the white male had made as a slave Chana never knew about. Some of them, if she had known, she would surely have killed Alps for. But here, Alps was faced with losing something. Something more than just his life like before. He had things he loved in life now.

Before, when Nita had told him to kill himself on the dock, and he had no reason to stay around, he didn't really fear death. Pain was all he feared, and death was an end to all pain. Now, however, he had something worth living for. He had the promise of a life without pain. He had a chance at a life with happiness. Was he going to lose that now? He had left Nita behind for this moment in the snow. Would she want him back now? What would it matter? She would not trust him like she once did. Alps closed his eyes, trembling, as Azia and Tia held him tighter. If he stayed with them, they would fight the invasion. He knew that. And they would die. He would see their blood spilled, and their lovely voices silenced forever. He gritted his teeth. He could not let that happen. What could he do?

“Alps!” came a cry from some way off. The slave’s head jerked up, as did Tia’s and Azia’s. That voice was familiar. Then he saw two robed figures coming down the path they had trod into the snow from the mountain tops. He saw their faces. Alps got up quickly.

“N... Nita! Nidaja! What are you doing here?!” Alps cried. “It’s dangerous! You have to get away!” The last thing Alps wanted was to see them die too! Azia got up, followed by Tia. The slave heard a deep growl from the white lupine female he was currently in the service of. A sound of rage he’d never heard even from Chana. Nita and Nidaja rushed over to Alps, Nita shaking with cold and excitement as she hugged her slave. Then she saw what was in the valley below. Nidaja moved forward, seeing it to. Nita dropped to her knees, just as Azia had done.

“See, your highness?” Azia said, very cynically. “...That is what you did to your people. Your lack of any real resistance has allowed Mannus to feel we are weak and can no longer fight against him. Jalana will be the price you pay for your inactivity.” Nita cried out,

“No! I could do nothing!” her voice was echoless in the snow. “You don’t understand, we lost a long time ago! This is but a small part of Mannus’ army! We can’t stand against him when he finally decides to show his might! The Uruk can be numbered in the hundreds of thousands!” The queen stood up. Alps gritted his teeth. They could not possibly be thinking of getting into a fight here.

Nidaja started to approach Nita, defensively. Azia pointed down into the valley. So many dark, reeking Uruk bodies bustling around in the bottom of that snow covered valley. They could not be easily seen by anyone even around the other mountains since they were surrounded on three sides by steep mountain peaks. The town had no way of possibly knowing, and it may have just been chance that Azia decided to send a scout through here.

“You let it happen!” the leader of the Spirits of Silverlight cried, “You refused to work with us in cooperation, because of your pride! Admit it! You killed off your own race! Don’t you get it?! When Jalana has fallen, this entire continent is cut off from Diera. Everyone here will be wiped out, and we will have one miserable island left to live on, where the rest of our race will starve and die of disease! That is Mannus’ plan!” she screamed. Alps waved his hands meekly.

“Please! Don’t fi-” Alps’ words were broken by a loud thump, as Nita punched Azia in the gut, then a louder, more solid sound, as the queen brought her elbow into the white-furred female’s temple, laying her out in the snow. Tia tackled Nita, and Alps heard Nidaja mutter a spell, and bluish electricity crackled up her arms. A strength spell. The general didn’t cast offensive spells the way Nita would. Her fighting style was to enhance her swordsmanship and hand to

hand combat with magic.

Alps backed up, wincing, unable to stop what was happening now. Nidaja rushed in, picked up the lovely gray-furred Tia by the neck, tossed her into the air, and, as she was coming down, punched her, sending her flying almost 20 feet across the snow, where she slid, spinning in circles on the packed ice, and thumping hard into a large evergreen, getting buried under the snowy contents of its branches.

“Tia!” screamed Azia. Nita reached down to pick up the ‘rebel’ but Azia spun her legs, righting herself with a move that Alps would not have even dreamed of, and, with the same spinning motion, brought her fist across Nita’s face with a loud crack, sending the emerald wolf queen flying back, spinning, and onto the snow. Azia jumped onto Nita, and began striking her head, hard and fast. General Nidaja cast that spell again, and moved rapidly to Azia. The besieged rebel leader tried to strike Nidaja, only to have her hand caught, and her entire body thrown way into the air, landing hard in the snow. Nidaja looked at Nita, who held her forehead, bleeding, and lay in the snow, dazed.

“You bitch!” the emerald general screamed, and moved quickly again, with speed Alps had never seen before, to Azia’s side. He’d never seen the general really fight, and it was terrifying. The slave kept trying to tell them to stop, but it was all happening too fast! Azia was up on her feet before Nidaja got there, and blocked the almost bone-breaking attack, and struck Nidaja in the gut hard, doubling her over, and then brought her knee up into the emerald lupine’s face, sending her flying onto her back. She flipped back over onto her feet in time to meet Azia’s attack, and block it, before striking the leader of the Spirits of Silverlight in the face, to be answered by Azia’s own attack, Nidaja taking an identical strike to the face. They kept on hitting each other, their punches at an indescribable pace and force. Nidaja’s were magically enhanced, but Azia was obviously the naturally stronger girl. Nita was starting to get up, and Tia moved in to confront her, and keep her away from Azia. The queen growled, rubbing her bleeding head, and threw snow in Tia’s face, the ice stinging her eyes, as the queen decked Tia again, sending the younger female to the ground, and straddling her hips, holding her neck and bringing her hand back to give her a solid hit to the head. Before she could though, Alps cried out, very, very loudly.

“*STOP IT, ALL OF YOU!!*” Nidaja gritted her teeth, and Azia stopped, falling on her rump, dazed and bleeding. Nita let Tia’s neck go, and gray-furred female whimpered softly.

“Oh perfect. Now they know we are here.” Azia said. The orcs had stopped what they were doing, but did not seem to notice the group. After a while, they started going back to what they were doing. Even if they had been spotted, there was nothing anyone could do about them. Alps was on his knees, tears streaming down his furry cheeks.

"Just... stop it." Alps cried. The sight of the slave crying like that struck Nita's heart hard, and she got up, rushing to his side. The white male stayed on his knees, looking over the cliff, at the orcs. They had caused this. The orcs were the ones who were doing this to the ones he loved. If there were no Uruk, there would be no reason for Azia and Tia and Nidaja and Nita to fight like that, and seeing them hurting each other was more than Alps could bear. His mind was reeling rapidly through his memories of everything. Everything everyone had ever told him, trying to make sense of this. His eyes went back and forth rapidly as he tried to think. His mind raced through every possible thought, every possible scenario, everything that he knew as it applied to now, applying it all, trying to find an answer. Trying, desperately, harder than his mind could handle, to find some way to make it stop. A way to end the suffering, and make things the way they were when his life was happy again.

"Alps? Alps what's wrong?" Nita inquired nervously. Alps could not hear her though. His mind was completely occupied in his thoughts. He was reflecting on his life, on every experience to find a way out of this... to help those he loved. He could not let these accursed creatures get away with this. "Something's wrong with him!" Nita cried softly. "Did he get hit in the middle of that, I don't remember!" Azia and Nidaja came to his side, and Nidaja held his head up, looking in his eyes.

"Shit! I think he's having a seizure!" Nidaja said, mistaking the motion of his eyes. Though she wasn't a doctor, she knew what it looked like. Sometimes when a sparring match went wrong, something like this would happen. "Find something to put into his mouth! Don't let him bite his tongue! Give him something soft to bite onto!"

"How about your tail?" Tia said cynically. Nita growled at Tia.

"Stop it!" Azia said commandingly. "We can't fight right now... We have to help him... Is it a seizure Nita? Should I put my water flask in his mouth? It's wrapped in leather." Azia said, holding up the object.

"No, no. It's not. But... something's definitely wrong." Nita said, holding his cheek. Her anger slipped past, her concern more for Alps, whose eyes continued to tremble, and shook and shuddered in the snow. "Not a seizure. He's having a nervous breakdown." Nidaja gritted her teeth, looking at Nita.

"What do we do?" Tia cried. "This is all our fault... we shouldn't have fought in front of him. He cares about all of us. We should have known he would break down." Tia got in the huddle around Alps. It might not have been a nervous breakdown, but he could not see or hear anything but his own thoughts for the moment, paralyzed by all the voices of anyone who had ever told him anything. He sat, remembering his life with Nita and with Chana, and his

moments with Tia, as a child, and as an adult. Something Tia had said... something important... it was there somewhere... His mind reeled, poring over every single word.

"I don't know!" Nita said, starting to cry as well. Blood streaked down her lovely velvety green fur along her temple and cheek. Azia was bleeding, Tia was bleeding, and Nidaja was bleeding. The snow was a mess, and all four were getting blood all over Alps' equally white fur.

"Stroke his face and ears." Azia said. "...I had a courier break down like this a couple times. You see terrible things on the borders..." she said. Azia began to stroke Alps' ears and face, as did the other three, hands just caressing him slowly, as he breathed heavily, and suddenly, flinched, and gasped. That was it! That was what he was looking for! He stood up suddenly, and Nita and Nidaja fell back, while Azia also got to her feet, looking at Alps. The slave held his throat a moment and looked out, at the peaks of the mountains, shaking a bit, as his eyes continued to shake, still thinking rapidly, things he'd never thought of linked to things that were ingrained in his thoughts. Finally, breaking the silence Alps spoke, with careful, smooth words.

"Azia... Nidaja... Tia... Nita..." he said softly. All three listened, not daring to move. "Moments ago, you all gave up... you saw those orcs in the valley below, and knew that no force now, anywhere close by, existed to stop them from laying waste to our homes and our families in Jalana." There was continued silence. "I refuse to let that happen. Look at what the Uruk have done to you. They haven't even laid a hand on you, and already, all of you are bloody and beaten. They can defeat you with fear and hate alone... and for that... This horrible army below us will pay the ultimate price..." Alps got on his knees in front of Nidaja, who was still sitting on her rump.

"Alps... don't you even think of it." Nidaja said. "It would be suicide. You could kill one or two before they all took you apart. They would spread you out over the whole valley." Tia whimpered softly, agreeing with Nidaja in thinking Alps was getting ready to leave them and fight right there in the valley.

"Nidaja..." Alps stated with his tone still eerily calm. His eyes were half closed, viewing everything as if sleepy, through calm, cool slumber. Nidaja gritted her teeth.

"Alps... what... is wrong?" she asked. Nita looked into Alps' eyes. She gritted her teeth.

"Alps?" she said. Tia backed up a bit. Azia stood there, as if studying him.

"Nidaja... the strength spell you use... to fight harder..." Alps said softly,

that slow, calm, pleasant tone still in his voice.

“Alps, I can’t let you fight down there. I will knock you out if you try.” Nidaja said, gritting her teeth. “Snap out of it love... What’s wrong with you?” She said, holding up her fist, showing that she would strike him to stop him. Nita whimpered softly, a tear rolling down her face.

“We drove him mad...” Tia cried. Nita whimpered again.

“No...” Azia said. “Let him continue.” she seemed deeply focused on the white slave lupine.

“Nidaja...” Alps rumbled with his voice still gentle and reassuring. There was no fear or anger or sorrow in it for the moment. It was as if there was no emotion at all. It was the tone of someone relating a very important but exceedingly simple story to someone. “Tia told me something that... stuck in my mind, and has been a beacon of light, a hope that I have walked with every day since I left Diera.” He stood up, helping Nidaja to her feet. “Tia said that even the smallest hand can start the snowball rolling. She said even if I am just one, single slave... I may be all it takes to bring about the end of this fighting force.” Nidaja gritted her teeth.

“Alps... You can’t. There are a thousand of them. Even an army the same size would have a hard time beating them here.” Nidaja said. Alps smiled softly, making Nidaja back up a bit. It was an eerie, confident smile.

“Cast your strength spell on my throat, Nidaja... Please.” Alps said. The emerald general canted her head, looking at Alps with a very odd expression.

“Come again?” she asked. Nita and Tia were likewise confused. Azia, however, was looking down, an intense, almost shocked expression on her face.

“Oh my... is he thinking...” she said softly.

“Please Nidaja.” Alps said, placing a hand on her shoulder. “I need you... we can do this together.” he said.

“No way. You are not all there right now, Alps. You need to lie down a min-” Nidaja started, but Azia broke in.

“No... No do as he says. Nidaja looked rather irritated at Azia, but the Silverlight general’s face showed that something was definitely up.

“What?” Nita said, looking a bit more confused.

“Do it!” Azia said, putting Nidaja’s hands on Alps’ neck. The general

sighed softly.

"Fine... But just remember... You got him killed. If he bolts toward them on his own, I'll drop him in a heartbeat." she grumbled, and then slowly muttered the spell she had cast on her arms. Alps moved away then, tilting his head from side to side. He gazed at Nidaja then, smiling, and said, attempting to speak softly,

"Thank you." but it came out echoing, a very powerful sound. Alps then grinned, feeling his throat, and turned, looking out over the Uruk, who stopped everything again, and were looking up, right at Alps as he stood on the cliff's edge.

"Oh good." Nidaja said. "Now they see us. It's been nice knowing all of you." She said, folding her arms.

"I'll see you at the victory party." Azia said, confidently. She had a sly smile on her face, and then put her hands over her ears tightly.

"What?" Nita and Tia said simultaneously, right before they fell to their knees, holding their heads, screaming in discomfort and surprise, as an explosive howl shock-waved across the valley, surely spooking some of the orcs. That howl was the loudest thing that Nita had ever heard. Azia watched Alps, still standing, her hands still over her ears. Nidaja looked up, holding her head, her ears ringing, as the other two writhed on the ground. Did Azia know he was going to do that? How? Alps inhaled again, and lifted his head slightly, releasing another sharp, crystal clear and insanely powerful howl. That strength spell allowed for a volume that he could never touch without hurting himself otherwise. Finally, the howl diminished, back to a regular howl, that short lived spell wearing off. Nita and Tia stood up, trembling.

"Alps! Are you out of your mind?" Nita cried, as the orcs started assembling to come up the valley and kill the small group of five. Then, they all stopped as they heard a long, low rumble.

"No... You were right, Nidaja." Alps said, as the general looked up at him in disbelief.

"I was?" she asked, listening to the deep growl. Were her ears messed up? No... She could feel the trembling of the earth under her feet.

"You said there was no army we have right now that could face this many in this place." Alps smiled, as Azia gasped in wonder. Everyone looked at her, and then looked to see what she was looking at. "However... an army is not needed in this place... when we need only turn the mountains themselves against our enemies." Alps said sagely, as Nita, Nidaja, and Tia all realized at once what had happened.

There was a fast shifting of white, overtaking the trees near the base of all three peaks, rushing in toward the valley. An avalanche! Nita and Nidaja froze, and Tia dropped down on all fours, watching. Azia had her arms crossed, gazing at the natural carnage smugly. The next few seconds seemed to last a lifetime, and saw the orcs trying to organize, orders being barked by their leaders to save the supplies. If they had run up the edges of the valley without trying to pack the place, they might have stood a chance, but, as they were scrambling, trying to break camp, the wall of white, crushing death overtook them, and, in seconds, the camp, the orcs, and all noise, was extinguished. The group stood in silence, watching the valley below. A few orcs dug their way out, and tried to find comrades lost in the snow, but would not be able to do it in time. Five or six, and no more managed to wander off into the wilderness with no supplies or even weapons, where they would die of exposure. As total silence, and slow darkness of the waning afternoon, overtook that once fearsome camp that represented a beginning of the end of the Amanian empire, The five lupines stood at the edge of the cliff. Alps sat down, shaking a bit.

“Alps...” Nita said softly, stroking his ears. The queen was trembling in near shock from the sudden change of circumstance.

“I...” Alps started, finding his voice a bit scratchy now. “...I can’t believe that actually worked.” Azia had tried to keep calm and collected, but simply could not anymore. She inhaled deeply, trembling as she stood there, colder in the midst of her excitement, and then just squealed with girlish delight. She danced around on the safely wide precipice pumping her arms with obvious victory dancing. Alps chuckled, feeling weak from the emotional strain of it all, when he saw Nidaja take Azia’s hands, and start dancing with her. Despite the fact that they were still bleeding from their fight moments ago, they acted as best friends now.

Nita and Tia jumped up and joined them. The queen, to Alps’ happiness, seemed to be okay with Azia and Tia there now. He watched them dance; Nidaja and Azia bumping hips and scuffling about happily in the snow, and Tia and Nita holding each other, crying as if a nightmare had just ended. This dancing and happiness lasted for almost half an hour, before they sat down, exhausted from it, and all five cuddled together, warming up in the cold evening air. They petted and complimented and practically worshipped the white-furred slave for that entire time, almost another half hour, while they cuddled up to warm themselves, their days as enemies seeming forgotten. As the sun set, they set back to walking the treacherous path back home.

The walk was long, but their spirits were very high, as Alps, Nita, Nidaja, Tia and Azia all traveled together. They got to the bottom of the mountain by morning, and camped, just to sleep for about five hours, before continuing on. Sleep brought back a lot of their energy, as did the food that Nidaja and Nita brought. Good food, which Azia and Tia immensely enjoyed. As they ate, Azia and the queen talked for a long time. Because of what Alps had done, their attitudes toward each other had completely changed. They both realized, that moment, that each and every one of their actions did make a difference. Nita realized that she had to do what was best for her people, even if it was to support a faction that did not agree with her government. Azia agreed that her faction had to support the queen, because it was she who kept order in chaos, and her job was not an easy one.

In the end, Nidaja and Azia drew out a contract, entitling it the Avalanche Accord, and created an alliance with Azia's faction, The Spirits of Silverlight. Upon defeating Mannus, driving him off the continent, the Avalanche Accord stated that the Spirits of Silverlight would be granted a section of land, over ten thousand square miles. There were prime forests, plains, and rivers and lakes, even small area against the ocean, to allow for valuable trade ports. They seemed very excited about their deal, and eagerly signed the documents, putting them into law, and creating a sovereign nation for the Spirits of Silverlight, which acted as a true alliance with the Amanian Empire. This new nation was to be called the Silverlight Empire, and Azia was, hereby, in the contract, recognized as the queen of this new nation. While this nation would not exist as a tract of land until the war was ended, it gave an even greater cause to the Spirits of Silverlight. They were now fighting to win back their country and take control of their land. This was a very fair deal to Azia.

Alps could not have been happier. They were all friends now, and his friends were happy, and they were even getting some of their dreams. Azia's desire to help protect the nation of Amani was official now. She would help as an ally, and not a servant. Nita would have assistance she could count on, and trust. Nidaja, by the way she was acting around Azia now, seemed to have gained a sister. The trip to Jalana, after the signing of the contract, was a fast one, taking less than a day.

It was still barely light out, when they came into the port city. Nita made a short announcement to the gathered crowd on her arrival, that there was a terrible Uruk threat to the north, in the mountains, more than a thousand strong. This information had already been given to the people by Azia's couriers, who wanted to warn Jalana, and tell the people to flee. They had been preparing an evacuation and a resistance just as Nita was arriving. Now, it had been made known that these allegations were true! Near panic filled the minds of her people, before she promptly added that this threat had been wiped out! Totally and completely. There was a long pause, before a cry of jubilation ripped

through the air, and, on the spot, festivities started. The supplies that had been packed to feed their people in the wilderness were broken, and instead, prepared for feasting and celebration! Nita promised to give a full, official speech the next day, and asked her people to enjoy their celebration. She walked in pride with Azia and Tia, who virtually no one knew, and Nidaja, who was well known, as well as Alps, who was about to become very well known. The slave was not used to this kind of attention, and shied away from the staring. Some of which was in disgust. He knew that was about to change.

Alps walked into the large bedroom wearing a towel around him. A hot bath was something he'd gone too long without. Since the night he left to join up with Azia. He felt, now, that this was not a mistake. He had been useful after all. Now, he felt comfortable and refreshed. The slave gritted his teeth as he came into the room. The girls were all dressed as young females might for a slumber party. Tia wore a small blue lace night gown that Alps knew belonged to Nita, and it seemed, no panties. It was a little long on Tia, since Nita was almost a head taller than her. Nita wore a pair of loose cotton shorts, and a large button up shirt. Nidaja wore a night gown as well, black lace and satin, with dark black panties and bra. She looked almost sinisterly sexy in it. Azia was wearing an outfit similar to what she had on when she and Alps first met. She was wearing a black miniskirt, a metal-studded belt, with no sword on it this time, and a black leather bra-like top, as well as a leather vest, which was shiny black, waxed and well taken care of.

At that moment, her face was contorted with muscular strain, as she arm wrestled with Nidaja. Nidaja had cast that spell on her arm, which Alps could see by that faint glow. Even so, Azia was starting to overtake the green-furred wolf, as they both lay on their tummies on the bed. Nita and Tia were side by side, sitting on their knees, laughing, and cheering for their respective champion. Tia for Azia, Nita for her sister. They were obviously having a lot of fun. For some reason though, this aroused Alps a little and he moved to sit on the bed and watch. It would certainly have seemed that Azia and Nidaja were bordering on best friends. As they traveled together, they talked a bit on things they liked. Including Alps. This got him blushing for several miles, as they rattled on and on about him. Certainly he wasn't used to that kind of attention, and he hoped to just be a slave once again when they got home.

Alps took a moment to look around the room. It was a double royal suite. There were two massive beds. One's status was often determined the size of bed they slept on, since that was a major status symbol and sign of luxury. Bouncing around on a huge, soft, fluffy bed was for the rich. These two beds

could fit two adults, end to end, up and down, or across the middle of the bed. They were more than big enough for Alps and Nita and Nidaja to fit on one bed, and Azia and Tia to happily fit on another. In fact, as they were sitting on it now, all five could sleep on one bed if they really wanted to. Alps pulled his towel a bit tighter at that thought, and shook it away. It was very doubtful something like that would happen. The slave watched as Nita and Nidaja strained against one another. Azia was smiling, as was the general. After a while, Nidaja started to show concern. That soft blue glow on her arm was fading. Azia was not trying to win outright; she was just trying to last longer than the spell. Suddenly, as the spell broke, Nidaja cried out, and her arm fell, pinned to the bed. She laughed, getting up on her knees, and rubbing her arm.

“Oh yeah... you are good!” she chimes, smiling. Alps smiled as well; glad to see the general was not a sore loser. Azia got up as well, sitting down on her rump on the bed, her legs together, to keep her modesty.

“Thank you. You lasted longer than any girl I’ve ever met, too. That magic of yours definitely gives you an advantage in battle. Alps looked between them. They were admiring each other, even though they still had, while clean now, the cuts that they had given each other in battle a day before.

“I think you both did wonderful!” Tia chimed, wagging her tail, as she remained on her knees. Nita grabbed her around the neck, and rubbed her head, tousling her hair. “Majesty!” she cried, in a submissive tone.

“So what do I win, General Nidaja?” came Azia’s coy statement. Nidaja chuckled softly.

“Well your majesty...” she said, making Azia blush faintly. She had been designated a queen, though the lands of her nation were still held by Mannus. “I think... This should be suitable.” And with that, Nidaja pushed herself forward, her arms encircling Azia, and her muzzle pressing to hers. Alps gasped, not sure what Azia would do about something like that. At first, the white-furred female went ridged, as she was pressed to the pillows at the head of the bed. Nita was still holding Tia in a head lock, but was not tousling her anymore. Both watched in silence, as Nidaja kissed Azia, even more passionately now, her tongue slipping into the new nation’s leader’s muzzle. Azia’s arms slowly ensnared Nidaja, and held her close, a deep, long, content sigh coming from her, as she relaxed into the kiss, seeming to melt right into it. Tia smiled, and Alps leaned forward, to keep anyone from noticing that he was tenting the towel.

“Hey look, Nita... They made up.” Tia squeaked playfully. Nita let Tia go, and then, took her shoulders, and turned her, pinning her to the bed.

“So have I...” Nita said softly, and brought her own lips to Tia’s. Tia struggled, just a little, in surprise, and then released a long, low murrel, her

hands sliding along Nita's sides slowly. Alps looked at the four writhing on the bed, kissing, and whined softly, under his breath, getting onto all fours as he watched, so that the towel hung from his hips, and didn't make his feeling obvious. His scent, however, had already started to spike in the air. Nidaja was slightly alongside Azia as she kissed her, and began to slowly caress her body, up and down, over the warm curves of her hips, and the dark leather casing of her generous breasts. Nita looked up to watch her sister a bit, as she looked down at Tia, who lay on her back, panting very softly from the kiss of royalty.

This was a predicament she surely never thought she would be in. Nita gazed down at Tia's chest. Her nipples had perked hard, and were little peaks in the satiny fabric of Nita's night gown. The queen's hand slid slowly up over Tia's tummy, as she brought those gentle and graceful fingers up the gray lupine female's breasts.

"Yes..." Tia said softly. Alps could not tell if she was giving Nita permission, or if she was merely answering to his mistress' statement before. Nita, however, obviously took it as a request. Her hands slid over the smaller mounds of his friend, giving one a soft squeeze, and making the girl release a soft, slow moan. Azia's ears perked and she looked up as Nidaja caressed her body, a slight blush over her ears as her long black hair spilled over her shoulders, contrasting with her white fur. She cooed softly at seeing Tia's situation, and then gasped as Nidaja took advantage of her sitting up slightly to undo the ties of her outfit's top, sliding her hand under the back of the vest, and untying it easily. The top simply fell away, and she was left in that dark vest, with her large, firm breasts holding it open. She fell back, and Nidaja smiled to her, gazing at her lustfully. The white general swallowed. In this time, the poor male servant was only watching, and getting more and more worked up. This was worse than when he had to watch Uri and Misha play on the boat!

Nita looked back down to Tia, and lowered her head, suckling one of those pert nipples through the loose fabric of that night gown, making the girl whimper. Alps whined softly too, and then looked at Nidaja, to see what she was up to. She had followed suit, on her hands and knees alongside Azia, her muzzle down on her chest, having taken a firm, pink nipple between her lips, flicking it softly and sensually with her tongue. Azia arched her back, whimpering softly as Alps watched the mischievous general slide a hand slowly up Azia's inner thigh, under her skirt. The Silverlight queen squeaked with tense pleasure, and Alps could not really see what Nita's sister was doing but it got the white lupine female's hips moving. She squirmed under the green-furred general's touch as she worked her hand in the darkness and privacy of that tight black miniskirt.

The slave swallowed loudly, and looked back over to Tia and Nita, knowing pretty well what Nidaja was doing. He panted softly, as he whimpered, seeing the nightgown Tia was wearing pulled up, and Nita's hand cupping her

bare sex, spreading her warm nectar into her palm. The queen was still suckling on Tia's nipples, but the fabric of the nightgown was up over her chest, so that Nita had free range of those gray velveteen breasts, firm and lovely. She licked and suckled hotly against her nipples, pressing and rubbing her slit, hidden under the queen's still velvet covered palms. The white male trembled as the scent of all four of them started to mingle thickly with his own, and he looked back at Nidaja, who finally looked up from Azia's nipple as the female squirmed with her touch. The general's eyes focused on Alps', violet like his own, and she looked at him coyly as she pressed her hand against Azia tightly, eliciting a long, low moan from the female, and then drawing her hand back, her fingers glistening with Azia's hot juices. The emerald general watched Alps carefully, as she pushed her wet fingers into her muzzle and sucked that sweet juice off her fingers. The slave shivered, and whined softly. Finally, Nidaja pulled her fingers from her lips, and said softly,

"I think Alps should be rewarded... for his bravery and interesting strategy that won the first great victory against the Uruk army in two generations." Nidaja said slowly. Alps gasped softly, and swallowed.

"Yeah... Take off your towel Alps... Lay in the middle of the bed..." Nita said, still rubbing Tia's sex, making her whimper.

"Oh yeah..." panted Azia. "We gotta let Alps have some fun... Oh life essence... I was getting a little... ahh... carried away." she huffed. Alps looked at Azia. Her ears were slightly rose-tinted. The slave did as he was told, carefully taking away his towel, revealing his very solidly erect member, pointing practically slightly upward, with its natural slight curve to it. The male sighed softly and longingly as he lay down on the bed, right in the very middle of it. He looked at the group cautiously as they all peered at him, Tia finally dropping her head again, as Nita pressed two fingers into her, making her moan loudly. Nidaja licked her lips slowly, and moved toward Alps in a predatory fashion.

"I want him inside me..." Nidaja said with a low, guttural moan. Alps' member jerked upward slightly, and sent a bead of clear pre over his tummy. Nidaja and Nita chuckled softly, and the general straddled the slave, facing his feet. "Spread your legs, Alps..." Nidaja said softly. Alps did as he was told, spreading them a bit, and bracing his feet softly against the bed. He whined softly as he felt Nidaja bring her hand behind her a bit, and grasp his pulsing member, squeezing it softly to get a bead of pre to roll down his shaft, and spread it up and down his already slick length. The slave trembled softly, as he heard Nidaja's shaky, anxious voice again. "Azia... Ahh... Get... down between his legs... put your head on the pillows... and slip out of your skirt." the general said. Azia squealed with girlish delight, and giggled. It was something Alps had simply never heard her do. She was usually very dominant in the bedroom, but for Nidaja, she seemed willing to be a bit more submissive. Then again, there was about to be serious pleasure trod upon her person, so she had reason to be

excited.

She did as she was asked, but Alps couldn't really see anything. He felt everything though, as Nidaja held up his slick cock, getting him into position, and pressed the tip of it between her glistening folds. The general was already so hot, and so ready for this. The one who took his virginity, was about to make love to him again. It had been a while since he'd been with this lovely woman. She started to stroke his cock, with the tip nestled between her labia, feeling his occasional pulse of pre getting her even wetter, as her own juices leaked down the wolf's thick member. Finally, with a sudden and jarring motion, her hips dropped, and she had the entire nine inches of searing hot lupine flesh inside her. The queen's sister groaned anxiously and longingly, as she held still a minute, shivering.

Alps was glad she held still for that short time. When she took him, he came damn close to squirting inside her right away. His legs trembled, as he felt the general lower her body between his thighs, and help Azia, so that she was in the right position, her knees alongside Nidaja's chest, as the green general pressed her muzzle against the white-furred Silverlight queen's hot inner thighs. Alps looked down at them, before the light was dimmed over his head. Nita was backing up over his face, her own sex bare now. While Alps had watched Azia and Nidaja, she had gotten undressed. As he looked up, a drop of her juices fell right on the top of his muzzle, sliding down through his whiskers. He trembled a bit, feeling the first slow roll of Nidaja's hips, as his ears were greeted by Azia's voice.

"Oh heavens, yes... deep... press deep..." the white lupine female said with a shudder. Nidaja was definitely licking her out now. Nita smiled as she pulled Tia into place, in similar fashion as Azia, and licked her inner thighs, making her wriggle as she was teased. Alps knew Nita well enough to know exactly what she wanted in this position, having backed up over his muzzle like this. Alps opened his muzzle, and caressed Nita's sex with his long, hot tongue, slowly, getting a nice dribble of her honey over that pink velvety surface, coating it, as he pressed it between those swollen lips, dragging up the slit in slow, careful strokes, making the queen whined softly.

"You ready, Tia, darling?" came Nita's hot inquiry. Tia whimpered loudly, making it obvious that she was ready some time ago. Nita's head lowered, and her scent became even stronger, more tangy as she slowly pressed her muzzle to Tia's firm mound, her tongue slipping into Alps' friend's tight labia. The gray-furred female arched her back, her sounds of pleasure only making Nita hotter, as Alps hooked his tongue inside her, in a fashion he knew well by now she liked. Nita then lifted her head slowly, and smiled, looking under her chest and tummy at Alps, able to look at his eyes while she did this, and seeming very amused by the sight of his muzzle buried between her legs, while he looked back up at her lovingly with half closed eyes, while licking into her tight sex. "Alpsie... I am

gonna do... oh! Oh that feels... mmmh... I am gonna do to your little friend everything that you do to me, okay?" she said, seeming willing to make a little game about it.

"Oh 'Daj... " came Azia's heated cry, shortening the general's name to a single syllable, for force of pleasure, "Suck on me! Suck me while you... oh yes!! Like that... ohmigosh!" Alps groaned hotly, as he felt Nidaja's hips begin to ride him, finally, rising and falling, so tight and wet around his throbbing cock. She was actually tugging him slightly, with how tight she was clamped around him. Her wet juices were pouring down his shaft, wetting his crotch already.

"Hey Nita..." Nidaja said, pulling away. "I bet I can pop mine before you pop yours. Fifty bits..." she bet. Alps groaned softly, unable to believe what he was hearing. Tia moaned loudly, as Nita lowered her head.

"It's a deal, Nidaja." Nita said playfully, murreling deeply. "Alps, keep going... We will see if we can beat Nidaja together." she said. Alps nodded and nuzzled softly, as Nita gave him a pillow to stuff under his head. This made it a lot easier. He folded the soft pillow in half, to boost his muzzle right up to the queen's wet, hot sex. Alps used his hands along Nita's inner thighs, and wrapped one around the base of her tail, to keep her from pulling away, even if it was overly sensitive. He opened his muzzle, as he listened to Nidaja moan against Azia's sex, the other girl squealing with pleasure as she rolled her hips against the eager general. Nidaja was pumping her thighs against Alps hard now, obviously trying to distract him from pleasuring Nita to help her win. Alps braced his hips, and let Nidaja ride him as hard as she wanted, while his tongue hooked inside Nita, scooping her nectar out, those tight, wet, pink labia spread open between his fingers, as he held her tail base. Nita was already panting hotly, as she evidently did the same to Tia. Tia's voice became higher pitched.

"Oh yes! Please... faster... I want it!" she cried. Alps pumped his tongue faster in and out of Nita in turn, to let her see just how he would handle Tia's request. Her high pitched squeak of building pleasure told Alps that his mistress was doing just what he was, and her own hips were rolling against his muzzle a bit faster. Alps groaned deeply. This was utterly intoxicating. He loved it! He did not want this to end! Nidaja pumped her hips harder, the sounds of wet sex over slick cock louder in the room, the only thing louder was the dollop, dollop, dollop of Nidaja's tongue, thirstily taking Azia's wet sex. Alps wished he could see them, but all he could see when he looked down was his pink shaft, appearing and disappearing under Nidaja's briskly moving hips. And he knew watching that would make him cum, so he looked away. Heavily, the wolf panted, as he scraped and scooped at Nita's sex, and listened to Tia's cries start coming faster and louder. Nita was holding her tail as well, as she bucked softly against the queen's face. His mistress' hands were on that base of her tail, and another on her breast, working the little gray female into a frenzy. Alps thought for sure Nita was about to win, as Tia's gasps became more and more frequent,

both Nita and Nidaja rapidly fluttering their tongue against their partners. Tia's broken, heavy cry of,

"Oh yes! Nita... getting close... deep... get it deep... I have to have it deep!" made Alps almost pop inside the fast moving Nidaja. He relaxed his legs a bit, feeling her hips jerk harder and faster, so hot and wet, the tip of his cock brushing her tightly inside from this upside down 'doggie-style' position. Then Alps heard Azia's hot, loud voice.

"Nidaja, Hook it in me... Oh by the lights, I'm gonna - AAAAAAaaaaaOOOOOOHH!!" The white-furred female released an intense, almost explosive howl, as Alps felt like just gushing inside Nidaja. He trembled, holding back, still hammering his tongue in Nita's sex. Nita grunted and gasped into Tia's sex, still pounding her, and then cupping her pussy with her tight muzzle, and jamming her tongue as deep as she could into the squirming gray-furred female. Alps listened the wet slurping and gulping from Nidaja, as her muzzle got sprayed heavily by the convulsing wolf female she was licking. Nidaja finally pulled her head back a little, so she could take a breath, taking another hard splash of hot nectar over the ears, and squealing with delight, bringing her tongue back into Azia, and prolonging her climax as long as she could. After a few more seconds, Alps' tongue still thumping deep into Nita, his muzzle cupping her sex, as her body trembled, he heard Tia again.

"Nita, yes! Make me... make me!" and then a strangled squeak from the gray lupine, and Nita coughing and sputtering, pulling her muzzle back, as she took too much, with her lips cupped over that sex so tightly. Nita, after recovering for a second, licked the trembling female again, as she wailed plaintively for it to stop, but the more experienced queen knew how good it would feel. She just kept on going, pushing her tongue in deep, hooking it, and making the girl squeal again, the hot 'squish' sound of her juices bursting into the queen's muzzle again, as Azia just groaned and writhed under Nidaja's continued attention. Suddenly, Nidaja reared up, holding Alps' tummy as she leaned back a bit.

"Oh sweet stars in - ! AaaahAH!.." Nidaja started crying as she jammed her hips down harder on Alps. She was getting almost unreasonably tight. Alps groaned hotly. Nidaja was about to have her climax then and there. It had to be really hard on her, out lasting Azia while she was pumping a wolf cock inside her. Nita reared up too, grasping her breasts, whimpering loudly.

"I'm gonna... Oh love, I'm gonna..." Nita kept whimpering. Both of them were on edge. Alps tightened up. He felt so close! Both of them were going to cum. He cupped his muzzle over that tight sex, still holding Nita's tail, as the dazed Tia writhed softly, and began suckling at Nita's sex, his tongue stroking and wriggling deep inside her, as she trembled, getting closer and closer, slowly rolling her hips. She and Nidaja were back to back, leaning against each other.

Nidaja then gasped out.

“Oh fuck! Azia, oh *fuck!*” Alps could not tell what was happening, but Azia had rolled over, getting on all fours, and started fluttering her hot pink tongue over Nidaja’s clit as she rode Alps’ shaft. The white lupine male finally realized this, as that warm muzzle surrounded his sack, holding it in heat and tenderness, her tongue sliding over it, massaging Alps’ balls softly. Then her tongue went back to teasing Nidaja’s clit as she rode Alps. He could feel her tongue stroke his bare shaft, upwards, every time that Nidaja sank downwards, her breasts bouncing now, in the heat of her motion, her shoulders rubbing against Nita’s. Nita looked back, over her shoulder, seeing what was going on. This perverse, delightfully erotic image set the green lupine female off hard. Alps’ cheeks actually puffed out a little, as he had to eagerly swallow, rapid, warm bursts of Nita’s hot juices, as her cunny clamped around Alps’ tongue so hard it almost hurt. Nita gasped deeply, but couldn’t exhale... she couldn’t scream, as she just shook, pinching her nipples hard, painfully, but so wonderfully, as her body convulsed around that tongue, washing over Alps’ face, as he finally pulled his muzzle away, having to breathe.

The white slave’s cheeks and throat and muzzle all got doused with the queen’s tangy nectar, his tongue lapping senselessly, as she gushed over him. These juices, meant to make it easier during mating for the wolf’s seed to swim to the female’s womb, were almost explosively wasted over the lupines neck, chest, face and ears. Nita was one of the most copious of any that Alps had ever been with, and today, she had been really riled up. As her climax died down to a trickle, the white wolf lapped her eagerly. Just as Nita’s orgasm was fading to a warm glow and heat inside her belly, Alps heard Nidaja start grunting, pumping hard against his lap, her clit stroked each time she slammed down on him by Azia’s firm, and eager tongue. She was almost there, and it was going to be hard.

Finally, pressing back hard against Nita, who was leaning back more for support as her climax waned, Nidaja wailed, long and loud. Alps felt sorry for whoever was staying downstairs. If it was a honeymooning couple, they just got seriously outdone. Nidaja cried out over and over again, as Azia squealed with delight, licking the convulsing general’s clit as she stroked up and down hard on Alps now thoroughly soaked cock, spilling into his lap, running down his balls, soaking the bed. The slave groaned as he felt hot passes of a warm tongue over his balls, trying to lap up as much of that warm fluid as possible. He’d held back too much and been excited for a little too long. Alps was actually having a little bit of trouble popping, since the motions kept changing. Nidaja sank hard and deep on Alps, whimpering softly, rolling her hips, jerking a bit, overly sensitive, and unable to keep going. She looked down at Azia dizzily, and hiccupped softly, blushing, as she felt so thoroughly sated. Nita leaned back over, caressing the panting, happy Tia slowly. Alps rolled his hips softly, whimpering against the general, making her gasp with over sensitivity.

“He didn’t cum?” Azia asked, rather simply.

“N... No, I guess not...” Nidaja said weakly, rolling her hips slowly. “I’m too sensitive! Oh dear, I’ve never cum so hard.” she whimpered. “Does someone else wanna take Alpsie’s present he’s got all saved up while I recover a bit?” Nidaja panted. Alps groaned hotly, having kind of wanted to fill Nidaja, though it really didn’t matter.

“Mine!” Azia cried, reaching under Nidaja, and pulling Alps’ aching, throbbing cock free. Alps groaned as he felt it slip into Azia’s hot muzzle, and she began to suck hard on it, before stroking it a few times. She got up, pressing chest to chest to Nidaja. “I want it... please...” she said, looking the general in the eyes, lovingly now. Alps pulled the pillow out from under his head, so he could lay his head down, and enjoy this. He felt a trembling female hand grasp his throbbing flesh, and tease across tight, wet lips. Azia sank down on his cock hard, trembling, and whimpering from how it filled her. The white male beneath her grinned broadly. In the end, it has been Azia who said please. She had been the first to beg to have him in her. He could hardly believe she’d just done it, but there was no denying now that he was balls deep inside her, pressed tight, squeezed even tighter!

He was as hard and thick as he could possibly get, and Azia obviously didn’t play with males. She was a lot tighter than Nidaja. Alps arched his back a bit. Nita, feeling a bit exhausted from her climax, rolled onto her back, and squeaked, as the slightly rested Tia got up and replaced her position over Alps’ muzzle. She was ready to try out the lupine male’s tongue. She tugged on Nita to make her turn around. The queen groaned weakly, and then giggled, moving so that she was lying with her head beside Tia’s knee where it was beside Alps’ shoulder. Tia was shorter than the queen, and to do what she obviously wanted, she had to come alongside Nita and over her. As they got into position, and Azia just savored the feeling of being on the slave’s cock, Alps began to slowly stroke Tia’s sex with his well used tongue. Azia’s grey-furred lover was angled slightly to the side, so that she could have her muzzle over Nita’s sex. Her tongue slowly lapped over the queen’s soaking wet, quivering honey-pot. Nita whimpered softly, from how sensitive she still was. Nidaja, who was being held from behind by Azia, straddling Alps’ tummy as the leader of the Silverlight began to rock against Alps’ throbbing member, grinned mischievously. She slowly leaned down, as Alps was having to tilt his head back to reach Tia’s sex, because of her height difference, and her muzzle joined Alps. The wolf felt her chin against his, her throat slightly against his, her lupine muzzle pressing against Tia’s slit. The general whispered to Alps softly.

“I will lick her deep... you lick her clit... let’s give her something she won’t forget.” Tia could not hear Nidaja, but she could feel the second muzzle against her sex. She whined softly into the queen’s muff, as Nita, her head beside Tia’s

leg, able to see what was going on, groaned and arched her back.

“You two are... gonna kill her...” she panted softly, her eyes half closed, the female looking already very cum drunk. Alps groaned deeply, as he felt Azia’s tight tunnel suckling at his thick, hard cock, as she slid up and down slowly. Nidaja, her rump against Azia’s tummy, murreled deeply, and began to slip her tongue into Tia’s tight folds, as the white lupine male arched his head back enough to start teasing her little nub with his tongue, softly up and down, then back and forth. Tia whimpered softly, as she buried her muzzle in Nita’s folds. The queen caressed over Tia’s rump, teasing her tail a bit, and petting her bottom as she was serviced by two tongues at once.

Nidaja released a plaintive moan, as Azia’s hand slid around her hips, and under her, leaning forward, and pumping her hips, as if it was Nidaja she was actually mating with. The white female moved her hand under the general’s hips, and began to slowly strum the general’s slit with her long, careful fingers. Nidaja whined softly, and pressed her tongue deeper, and a bit faster into Tia’s sex. The younger girl arched her back a little, making the access to her sex easier for Alps and Nidaja. The slave fluttered his tongue faster over Tia’s clit, as Nidaja’s tongue dug into her slit deeper, pulling out her tangy juices. Nita caressed the girl’s ass slowly, pinching and squeezing her rump, as her hips began to roll. It felt so utterly wonderful. Azia began to speed up on Alps’ thick cock, and the wolf groaned loudly. He wasn’t gonna be able to take much more of this. He could not believe how complex this five-way union had become. But everyone was getting pleasure now. Azia groaned as she stroked a bit faster and harder on Alps, her breathing becoming erratic again.

“Oh Alps... I... I wanna feel you... I wanna feel you squirting inside me!” she whimpered. The slave groaned loudly, and fluttered his tongue harder over the sexy gray lupine’s slit, rubbing her clit hard, making her whimper and growl loudly into Nita’s sex. Alps’ mistress rolled her hips harder, wincing at the vibration of that growling into her saturated cunny. The queen’s sister pressed her tongue deep, in and out of Tia’s sex. Alps groaned, and decided to try to join her tongue, to see what it was like to put two different tongues in the same tight, wonderful sex. The result was a sharp squeal from Tia, as Alps pressed his tongue in with Nidaja’s. At the angle he was at, his tongue had to drag over the girl’s clit each time he pressed it up inside her. She was getting both the sensation Nidaja wanted to give her, plus two tongues, working with counterstrokes against each other inside her. Tia wasn’t able to handle it. She stopped licking Nita for a moment, whimpering loudly, as Azia, seeing what Alps and Nidaja were doing to her beloved, started grinding and pumping and swearing against Alps’ cock, impaling herself deeply on it, her walls gripping it and milking that hard length tightly.

Her position with Nidaja was an obvious doggie style, as Nidaja lay against Alps’ chest, and she stayed straddled in his lap. Her hand stayed under

the green-furred general, holding onto her for leverage as she fucked Alps fast and hard, her fingers fluttering over the general's slit, working up the green lupine female very intentionally. Nita whined as Tia neglected her for a moment, and the gray female, unable to use her tongue right then, through her plaintive moaning, moved her fingers to the queen's sex, and began to pump them eagerly, slightly hooked, inside her. Alps' mistress responded well to that, as two, then three fingers filled her clutching slit, the younger girl holding her head back as she rutted against the two tongues.

Alps closed his eyes, using his hands to caress Nidaja's sides and breasts. He felt like he was kissing Nidaja like this, and, in fact, a few times, Nidaja did kiss him, probing the Tia-flavored tongue into his mouth. But as Tia's cries became faster and higher pitched, both Alps and Nidaja pumped Tia's sex hard with their tongues. Alps felt Azia thump harder on him, as she held Nidaja tightly, one hand around her tummy, to hold on, and the other rapidly rubbing side to side over her slit, wanting to make the general cum for her. The slave felt his sac drawing up tight against him. This was so incredibly erotic... they were all working each other to climax again, right there on top of him.

"Oh mistress..." Alps whimpered against Tia's sex, unable to lick for a moment, "Nita... Azia, I'm gonna cum!" he cried, letting the white-furred female know perfectly well what was about to happen. She didn't slow down. She growled rather savagely,

"Yes! Oh yes, give it to me Alps! Lemme have all of it!" she panted hard, thrusting heavily on the slave's lap. He felt her grinding with each downward motion now, working him almost painfully deep into herself. Alps felt the barrier of her cervix, and that tap against the tip of his burning member was all he could take. He threw his head back and howled, hard and heavy, over Tia's sex, making her shudder, as Nidaja flattened her ears, while Alps made so much noise. He felt that wave of heat shock through his body, and surge up into the now deeply grinding Azia. She took him as deep as she could, and just rubbed herself frantically on him, wet and hot, as his cock spouted thick ropes of lupine cum into her body, spewing it hard all over her cervix, and up and down along her tight walls, which milked him tightly. The white-furred female then started stroking again, hard and fast, just as she had been doing. Alps whimpered loudly! He had just cum! It was a bit painful, but he couldn't tell her to stop. He trembled, and tried to deal with it by letting his tongue join Nidaja's again, in pleasuring Tia, who was pressing down a bit more against Alps' muzzle. Alps suddenly heard Nita's voice, as his tongue went back and forth over Nidaja's inside Tia.

"Oh yes... Tia... faster! I'm close! Make me cum! Just rub my clit... I'm gonna cum!" she whimpered. Tia did as she was told, breathing deeply, and very fast, sounding like she was hyperventilating.

“Majesty... I... I... I can’t... I...” and with that, Tia stopped all motion, her hands gripping the bed, as if she might just fly right off, and started shaking, her eyes wide, an expression of almost fear, as she felt her climax boiling up fast.

“Oh, no! Don’t stop!” Nita whined, as Azia humped Alps’ shaft faster, whining loudly.

“Yeah! Yeah, let it go! Lemme watch you!” Azia cried, getting heavily worked up on Alps’ thick shaft. Alps groaned, feeling his tingling coming back, feeling the desire to mate surging back over him, even so soon after a powerful climax. He began to pump softly back against Azia’s motions, wanting to make her cum. He wanted to feel her jerk tight around him. She was so wet, almost foaming now as he pumped her, still full of his thick, white essence. Tia trembled, and Alps did everything he could, with Nidaja’s help, to set her off. Their tongues worked opposite of each other, as if trying to start a fire inside her, rubbing back and forth rapidly. Alps hooked his tongue inside Tia, letting the base of it grind her clit, as the tip hooked up, against that slightly rough patch he’d found Nita loved having touched so much. Tia lowered her head and just jerked tight, her muzzle opening, and her low cry making her sound like someone kicked her.

“GAAK!” she cried, her body buckling, her head falling against Nita’s tummy, as her cunny tightened and mashed Nidaja and Alps’ tongues together, before spraying both their faces heavily with thick, warm female cum. Alps took the majority of it, all over his throat and chin and muzzle again, then on his ears, as her body lowered a bit. Nidaja kept licking inside her, letting those juices squirt around her tongue, whimpering loudly, suddenly, as her hips started to buck against Azia’s attentions. Tia fell over, shaking, and then rolled right off the bed, with a dull, resounding wooden *whumph*. She moaned and crooned and writhed all over the floor, in an orgasm that had her locked away in her own little universe.

“I’ll have to remember that one.” Alps panted, groaning as he felt himself working closer to climax again. He held Nidaja’s hips as she rutted against Azia’s attentions.

“Oh, Alps! I’m close...” Nita whined, rubbing her breasts. Alps watched her get up on all fours, and move in behind Azia.

“I want him... I need him...” she whined hotly.

“I’m gonna cum!” the white leader of the Silverlight cried. Nidaja arched back, and Alps watched, dizzily, as the three females were straddled over him. Nidaja had her back pressed against Azia, while Azia very graphically rubbed her slit, side to side, rapidly. Her other hand was now holding Nidaja’s breasts, while the white-furred female started biting the general along the neck, pumping her

hips hard, as if it was Nidaja getting fucked. Alps had no idea what thoughts and emotions had to be going through Azia's mind right then, but she was thrusting up and down hard and her growls were fierce and determined. For all it mattered, she was the male, and Nidaja was taking it hard, while she rolled her hips, bumping them into Nidaja's rump. Nidaja's eyes were shut, her teeth bared.

"Oh yes! Yes, Azia... bite! I'm close... ohhh!!" Nidaja cried. Alps groaned loudly, as he realized what Nita was doing. She had grabbed Azia's tail, and pulled it between her thighs, behind her, holding Azia with her other hand tightly, and she started grinding her soaking wet sex on the base of her former enemy's tail! She was left really worked up by Tia. The slave had never seen or experienced anything so depraved in his life! He felt himself getting closer and closer, when a wave seemed to slam right through all three lovers. Nidaja threw her head back and howled first, her cunny spasming against Azia's rapidly moving fingers, and her hot juices flashed over Alps' tummy hard, trickling down his sides, and even up to his chest, as he arched his back in pleasure.

Almost immediately after Nidaja's cry, Azia went ridged, and ground herself deep again, pushing her clit desperately on the base of Alps' cock as she went ridiculously tight and hot against him, her pussy sucking him tightly, before hot, thick syrup doused his inner thighs and sac, and heavily onto the bed. This bed was a lost cause now. As she climaxed, and jerked her hips so hard and frantically, shaking against Alps, Nita, who was still holding Azia's thick white tail between her legs, found the motions of the other queen's climax to be perfect for bringing her off, and she promptly soaked about half the length of Azia's tail. Nita screamed loudly, and then hiccupped and sputtered a bit, falling backward, barely missing hitting her head on the headboard. She landed with her shoulders half way up the pillows, her head tilted back, trembling. The general slumped down on top of Alps, and Azia, shaking, her eyes wide with pleasure and almost shock, fell off to the side, pulling off of Alps' throbbing cock.

The slave whined loudly, still feeling close! He wanted to finish! He lay there, trembling, as Nita's breathing began to slow, her eyes only slightly open, but white, rolled back. She was out cold. He looked at Nidaja. She was trembling, for a little bit, then her muscles went soft, and she just panted over his shoulder. She was gone too. Alps petted her, his cock twitching softly. He couldn't just take one of these lovely females when they were not even awake. That would be terrible. He looked to Azia, who had been the one to ride him back into his feral need again. She was lying on her belly, one leg still draped over his thighs, her head and one of her arms draped over the side of the bed. She wasn't moving. Her cunny, displayed a little in this position, was dribbling the white mess the wolf already made inside her.

Alps carefully rolled Nidaja onto her back, and looked at her lovely face. She seemed pretty serene and peaceful now. Alps whined softly, a dapple of pre

spattering over the green-furred general's tummy. Should he? Alps looked up at Nita. Her body was limp on the pillows, prone, and pretty easy access. The slave whimpered, looking at her gentle, happy face. It would be cruel. He then saw a pair of gray ears peek up over the bed, and Tia weakly moved onto the bed.

"Heheheh... wow..." she said, sounding utterly drunk. She moved over the bed, and laughed as the lovely Azia's position. She then cooed, and slipped her fingers over the white lupine female's slit, getting some of that overflow from Alps, and licking it off her fingers. She carefully then hoisted Azia fully onto the bed, so she would not wake up with a headache, and held her, on all fours above her. Tia then squeaked loudly, as she felt Alps crash into her from behind. Alps groaned deeply, holding Tia's hips.

"P... Please.." he whimpered. "They kinda... left me hanging."

"Oh Alps!" Tia cried, her eyes tight. "Yes! Yes!" she said, backing against Alps. "Even if it hurts!" she said, shaking. The slave groaned lovingly to Tia, holding her around the waist, in a true doggie style with her. He loved being with the girl. Something about how her body felt against him, and the memories of their childhood friendship growing into an adult love.

"Oh Tia... Oh yes... thank you!" Alps panted.

"Fill me!" Tia cried, wriggling her rump against Alps. He streaked pre along her tummy, as he reared back, getting into position, and slipped himself suddenly and completely into her tight depths. She pressed back firmly on him, as she looked at the others, already out cold. She giggled softly, and lowered her chest to Azia's, holding her mate, as Alps began to stroke against her. He held her tail base and her hips, under her tummy a bit, as he began to thrust hard and fast into the already searing hot female.

"Alps... I'm gonna cum again!" she whimpered. "Cum with me! Let me feel it!" she whimpered each time Alps thrust into her, obviously a bit sore from what he and Nita and Nidaja had done to her. The slave took advantage of the stamina of her youth, and held her tight, tensing his muscles hard, forcing himself to enjoy every sensation inside her hot, tight sex.

"Yes... yes, I'm almost there!" Alps panted. Tia whined, crying out softly, as the bed shook from Alps' suddenly violent thrusting. His thick, hard shaft pistoned hard into her soaking sex, spattering her juices in sweet, slick droplets all over the bed as she tightened up.

"Oh Alps... Alps... hurry..." she warned, trembling. "Nnnngg..." She closed her eyes tightly, rocking her hips firmly against his, feeling so hot against him.

“Tia... not yet... A little longer..” he groaned, rutting her against Azia, who was bouncing limply under Tia’s rocking body. The white-furred female was definitely out. Tia whined loudly.

“Alps I can’t hold it!” Tia cried, going tight. “I’m cummmiiiiinnngg!!!” she wailed, her hot tunnel tightening and relaxing in rapid fluttering pulses on Alps pounding flesh. Alps gritted his teeth, arching his back and holding Tia’s tail, jerking her tight against him, as her juices flooded out over his cock. He grunted, his legs jerking a bit, as he felt himself release. Hot, powerful gushes of thick seed pulsed deep into his long time friend, and she just wailed pitifully, tears rolling down her cheeks, her muzzle turned up to howl, and that howl going silent, as she just held her eyes shut tight, her mouth held open, and shook violently, convulsing on that throbbing, pulsing, jetting thick flesh inside her. her breath finally came out in a rather soft and dull groan, which died half way through, and the gray lupine just collapsed on top of Azia, holding her weakly, panting, her eyes closed, her body quivering around Alps’ shaft, as his thick seed continued for a little longer to spill into her, and out of her, down her tummy as it oozed from her pulsing cunny.

The slave was aching now, so weak, his head hurting from the intensity of it and the force of his motions. Alps held Tia, her rump still in the air, his cock still pulsing inside her, as he drifted happily into afterglow. He’d skipped his afterglow on the first climax, and it came back with friends this time. The white male’s head swam, and he was just in paradise, as he held himself in Tia for a bit longer, before slipping out and carefully pulling her knees back a bit, to let her rest against Azia and not wake up with a sore back from the position she had fallen asleep in.

Alps looked at the four females. Nidaja was lying in the middle of the bed, her face and chest and thighs soaking wet. Aside from Alps, she had the worst mess made of her fur. Nita was sprawled out at the top of the bed, her ears splayed against the headboard, her head back a little bit. Her face and thighs were soaking wet. Azia was laying under Tia, her hips doused in Alps’ opalescent sexual discharge, and Tia’s thick nectar, as well as her own. Azia’s muzzle had taken a soaking too, from Nidaja. Tia lay comfortably on Azia, her beloved, and was dripping Alps’ second wave of seed along her mate’s thigh, and her muzzle was wet from Nita as well. What an incredible mess. All of them would need a shower in the morning before making any public appearances. That sounded pleasant, however. He looked forward to it.

The slave crawled up the bed slowly, and snuggled in close against Nita. He lay there, in the pile of lovely lupines on this large bed, feeling wonderful, through afterglow, and just the emotion of everything working out. In the silence of the room, and the sleeping lovers, he wagged his tail, thumping softly upon the ruined sheets. He was back with the one he loved. He looked to Nidaja. The white slave lupine had both of them in his life again. He felt, for the first time in a

long time, that he was really comfortable and happy where he was, and with what he had become.