

Sirius, Book III

The Essence

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 16

Darkness had closed in around the pair again. Alps held Nidaja's hand tightly in his own to make sure she did not slip away. He expected that this time, as the world changed around him to let him travel within the crystal world, he would still be able to see Nidaja and himself, as he had with Luna. The slave was happy to see that his expectations were met, at least in part. It was not nearly as bright as it had been with Luna. Then again, Luna was a High Priestess. When Alps drew upon her energy, he likely got a lot more than Nidaja was able to give, and Luna had been without happiness for so long that the potency of her joy in finding anyone in that eternal solitude likely dramatically magnified what she felt.

Still, Alps was able to see, as if in twilight, an unseen half-moon casting eerie bluish light over them. Nidaja, however, looked a little stunned by the near darkness. She had not endured this whole experience before, the way Alps had, so she did not know what to expect.

"It's pretty dark in here. What are we standing on?" the general finally asked. Alps shook his head.

"It is probably better not to think about it." He spoke softly, his voice utterly without any kind of reverberation. There was nothing for it to bounce off of. He looked around in the darkness, trying, peering, and hoping to find some kind of light there as he had before. To escape in any kind of reasonable time, he would most certainly need more than just Nidaja. He could still do it, he thought to himself, it would just take what equated to a year or more in the real world. He was not willing to make Nita wait that long. They were supposed to be getting married soon, after all. He would not deny her this.

"Are we looking for a way out now?" Nidaja held Alps' hand tighter as he started walking in a random direction. He felt that if he moved far enough he would just come to one of those lights. He seemed to be inexplicably drawn to them, and there really was no sense of left or right, back and forth, or even up and down here. Perhaps every direction merely led to where Alps wanted to go. To the next person that was in the crystal them. Alps replied softly,

"We are trying to find someone else trapped in this crystal. The more energy we can gather at one time, the faster we can get out. On our own, we can still get out... I just don't want to stay in here that long. We have a very worried family to get back to." Alps blushed a little at his own words. It was the first time that he had referred to Nita or Nidaja as family, but as she squeezed his hand, he could tell that she liked him saying it.

The pair walked along for some time together. They spoke a bit on matters of duties once they returned, and things concerning Rios and the Asuna that needed to be handled. Alps expressed some worry that Nita might have ordered poor Lyat and Reika jailed for getting him put into a Shadowfall crystal, since it was their kidnapping of him that eventually led to that. They were so engrossed in conversation that Alps almost missed a little “star” that glimmered high above them.

“There... Is that it? You said it looked like a little light...” Nidaja seemed skeptical as she noticed what Alps was looking at. The white lupine nodded at her as he peered up at it. “How are we supposed to get to a star, Alps? That’s up in the sky. It’s probably very far away.” The general seemed to lament their luck with this new development. Alps stopped walking, and focused on it. When he was drifting, he had control of every direction, and even if it felt that they were walking, he was still in this place, and still felt that odd sense of control.

“Then I guess we will have to put it out in front of us.” His words were confident as he felt the tangible fluctuation of the world around him under his will. It was like feeling the ground under his feet, telling him that he could stand there. He rose to his feet in this place where will was direction, willing his intended heading to level the little point of light which shifted and moved down ahead of them. Nidaja gripped Alps’ hand, as to her it likely felt that the world were just suddenly lurching under her. When the light was dead ahead, Alps started to walk, but he started to will himself and Nidaja forward as well, so the point of light started getting larger immediately, seeming a lot closer than it had before just because of the speed at which they were now moving.

“Well, this is better.” The general nodded a bit as she walked with Alps. They were not really walking, after all. There was no ground, it just felt more comfortable while moving to move one’s legs as the motion felt more natural. Alps pulled his lover along toward the light, and they resumed their conversation, discussing what the slave had learned about the essence. Even though Nidaja had trained in the use of it to strengthen her in a fight, she was not aware of a few of the techniques that Alps spoke of, even the ones that he had shown her, caressing the general with his own essence the way he had before. Alps told her that if possible, he could teach it to her, and anything else he learned if it were something she was able to do.

Before much time had passed, amid their light-hearted and not-so-serious conversations, they came to just outside the light. They were close enough that they could reach out and touch it when Alps stopped.

“What do we do now?” Nidaja asked cautiously. The white lupine looked back at her and smiled.

“We free someone else from a torment and loneliness they thought would last forever.” He wagged his tail frantically as he stated this. He had been looking forward to this moment since he got into the crystal, he had to admit. He had not realized he would be able to do it when he got Luna and the others out before, but here, now, he knew he was the hero this person had given up hope of ever meeting. That was a rather serious ego boost and gave him strength and courage. In this place, he could push back the darkness in a way no one else could.

“What will it be like in the light?” Nidaja inquired with further hesitation. “Mine was a nightmare.” Alps explained what was to come as best he could, unsure himself what to expect.

“This one will likely be as well, but a nightmare for the individual, not for us. We might not even understand what we are supposed to be seeing that’s upsetting them so. Ceriss and Luna both knew that they were in the Shadowfall. This one might too. We will see. Just understand that what you see in there is not real.” Alps held Nidaja’s hand tighter. The slave then added in a half-whisper, “Your own thoughts as you go in might affect the place also, so try to just think of pleasant things.” Nidaja nodded to this and watched as Alps reached up, and touched the glowing light.

Lunaris landed hard on his back, a puff of grit and dust erupting from under him as he skidded a bit. He was back on his feet in a heartbeat, just in time to meet with a clashing of wood against hard toned flesh, the strong but short sticks in both his hands forming a cross in front of him to stop a powerful swing from deceptively small arms. He blocked wrists which ended in splayed hands and blunt but strong claws intent on raking his hide. He spun into the attack, bringing himself naturally behind the forward advancing foe, and then brought a stick down to catch the top of a seemingly unprepared head. The opponent seemed to know his attack, putting a strong hand over her head in an instant, the stick caught and quickly snatched right out of his less-deceptively strong grip.

Reika spun around, facing Lunaris with a mirthful grin as she had captured her filched weapon back from him. This fight had been going on for several minutes, and was strangely evenly matched despite the size difference between them. Lunaris towered over the diminutive Asuna girl, but he did not come even close to matching her in ferocity. The wooded area they selected for their “play-time” as Reika called it was remote and well covered. Lunaris felt that if they practiced and sparred in the open where they could be seen by the general public it might cause a panic. Almost no one knew the Asuna were even in the city, and it was unlikely that they would be allowed to know why. This would make even the royal family’s actions seem suspicious.

Reika wore her dark leather trousers, the scent of travel heavy upon them, but not pungent or unpleasant. At least, it wasn’t yet. Her shirt was a simple white cotton blouse, bound at the sleeves half way up the arms to give her more freedom of motion. It looked more masculine than ladylike, and her smallish chest made it difficult at first glance, especially with her ferocity in a fight, to tell she was not a boy. By how Lunaris was fighting back, it seemed that the fact was being utterly ignored. He did not have to shower respect upon girl hyenas, after all. Lunaris wore similar dark trousers of a more heavy cotton material, and a bit baggier, which hid the motion of his legs. His shirt was a more eastern design as well, flared at the sleeves and tied at the waist, made of some kind of light, silky material, but strong and dark. The overlap of

the shoulders and the dag of the sleeves made it likewise hard to quickly just the motion of his hands. He wore sandals on his feet while Reika was adorned in no foot wear. In this forest they held their “meeting” to test their strength away from the prying eyes of those who didn’t know.

The two people from the castle gate who *did* know about them were present. Shelsie and Kenarra, the two grey-furred lady guards who had met the Asuna at the castle gate watched the fight with intense interest. Neither had ever seen anything so primal and severe in a fight. They obviously cheered for their captain, but had become openly friendly with the young lady Asuna. They liked her quirks and her harsh mannerisms and they had felt special to get to know an actual Asuna without bleeding profusely for the honor. They stood to cheer, dressed in their uniform shirts and leather-plated skirts to their mid-thigh, as well as tall boots. The shirts were black with red trim ornately at the collar and end of the sleeves, with frog buttons of red velvet as well. They had come out looking their best to cheer their captain on.

There were no other people to interfere or interject, so the event had turned sportingly raucous. One would have thought the pair had money on the fight for how involved they were, shouting from the edge of the tree-line in the clearing, staying out of the way, as Reika had a tendency to throw debris and kick dirt at her opponent to distract him. Lunaris finally gave a spinning attack with his stick that, while Reika was able to meet it with her own, she was not able to merely deflect, which made her have to move back, retreating a little. The momentum allowed her opponent to sweep in closer, and he hooked a leg behind her own, and brought his stick, with both hands, to her chest, sending Reika hard to the ground. Lunaris had to admit to himself that this was a lot harder than he’d ever fought a female before. He was simply not willing to risk injuring those who had the chance to fight in the past. Reika, however, he could risk. She knew who he was and what the fight risked. Even so, he was extremely impressed with her resilience.

He jumped down on top of the lady Asuna, and tried to pin her. She brought a knee up where it should have connected with his crotch, but Lunaris expected this rather predictable defense, catching her foot neatly between his powerful thighs. The wolf grabbed Reika’s wrists as she tried to bring her stick back up to strike him, and slammed her back to the loamy forest floor again. The sound of her body’s impact on the ground was loud enough for the cheering lupine females at the clearing’s edge to clearly hear which only made them cheer louder for their captain, though groaning with sympathy for the fallen Asuna.

“Now then... The fight is over if you can’t move.” Lunaris stated calmly, though breathlessly at the trapped hyena. Struggle though she might, Lunaris was stronger and a lot heavier, and was able to keep her right where she was. Reika smiled up at the wolf.

“Is thinking so, wolf Captain?” she asked. “You is not getting to move either. If you is letting go of Reika’s hand, she is hurting you. If you is trying to get up...” she panted a bit, “... you is having to let go of Reika’s leg. And Asuna is used to living without food. You is holding her here for days, yes? You have time for that?” Lunaris folded back his ears. He knew this of course, but he did not expect someone would call him out on that in a practice. She was caught. Sure, she technically lost the fight, but it seemed that the Asuna were more tenacious than that. One of the lady spectators chimed in,

“He can hold you until help arrives.” Lunar is looked up and nodded.

“This is true, but it might not come for a while, so the hyena is right. She could outlast me. The fight might not be over, but for the sake of not wasting the next three days finding out, I will release her.” He let go of her free hand, and then the other, sitting back to dust off his knees. The Asuna was not done, however. She folded up onto her haunches and launched herself at the lupine captain, gleaming a cry from the watchers. Lunar is grunted loudly at the impact of her strong body, and skidded back quite a few feet on the leafy floor of the forest clearing, before coming to a stop with a smaller, but very strong and ferocious hyena on top of him.

“Got you!” the girl Asuna barked triumphantly.

“The fight was over, Reika.” Lunar is spoke mildly, pretty certain that the girl, being a bit on the eccentric side, had simply not understood.

“Reika knows.” Her response was matter-of-fact and confident.

“Then why tackle him?” one of the lady lupines asked, walking over to help if needed. They would do nothing unless asked. They knew the rules. Lunar is waved to them dismissively.

“He is pinning Reika. Reika wanted to get to pin him too. Is fair, yes?” she asked, wagging her fluffy short hyena tail. She flexed her muscles a bit, holding him down by the shoulders, hips settling on Lunar is’ middle.

“Fair, I suppose. I am not sure why you would want to though.” Lunar is offered casually from beneath the girl. He did not want to seem distressed in front of the guards. Reika looked up, as if into her own mind, trying to think of why.

“Wolfs is strange. Reika is not getting to be close to them like this in not bad ways. Brother is liking Nidaja the wolf general.” She noted this openly, as if such things were just common knowledge. “Nidaja is strong wolf general. She is making Lyat happy in her time with him. Reika is not knowing why brother is happy. Is just wolf, yes? Brother is happier with Empress, but Nidaja is making him happy too, and she is not Asuna Empress. Wolfs is special and Rios is not knowing?” she asked, remaining on the guard captain. “Reika is liking pinning Lunar is though, so maybe Asuna is supposed to like that. Is feeling nice to know is doing this and not hurting. Wolfs is feeling strong even on the ground. Reika likes.”

“I have no idea what the hell she’s talking about.” One of the girls spoke softly, rubbing the back of her head, dumbfounded. Lunar is interjected softly to try to clear the matter up, and hopefully rid himself of his lap-hyena.

“Nidaja spent time with your brother? That does not surprise me. They traveled together, and Nidaja has a very good nature to her. I am sure they became friends.” The lady Asuna looked at Lunar is blankly. She pondered this and then murmured softly,

“You is being Reika’s friend then, the same way? Reika can have friends of wolfs like her brother?” she asked. Lunar is seemed a bit puzzled at that and rested on his back as he looked up at the cute, but over-the-top female warrior. She spoke simply, but he suspected she was actually more mature than the language barrier let on. She had to understand that friendship was not impossible between different peoples, and didn’t seem to be programmed or just hate every wolf she met. He decided to offer his friendship to Reika so that she’d understand that the Amanians were not that different from her and her brother.

“I think that would be a delightful arrangement, Reika. I am not hard to get along with, and I think that if Nidaja is able to call you and Lyat her friends, you certainly deserve no less from me.” His tail wagged heavily between his thighs behind the Asuna. She smiled brightly.

“Oh is very good, yes?” she barked, “Reika is being just as good a friend as Nidaja is being to Lyat. You see. Is wanting to learn about wolfs the way Lyat is.” She then rather abruptly leaned down, hands holding Lunar is’ shoulders, and sealed her muzzle to his own in a breathless, excited kiss. Lunar is’ mind frayed at the moment of contact with her lips, too confused and bewildered to even react. The level of shock was no less on the lady guards, who both made a different sound, but their sounds conveyed almost panicked shock. The lady hyena leaned back up, grinning at the stunned Lunar is.

“Is good. Lyat is being right. Wolfs is good for this. Brother is telling Reika, but sister is not listening. Brother is right. Wolfs is nice.” She nodded kind of stupidly, seeming quite pleased with herself. Lunar is took a moment to compose his thoughts. He knew that insulting Reika in the position he was in would be a terrible idea, and truthfully he didn’t hate the kiss. The girl was quite attractive and well-meaning, if perhaps somewhat misguided and odd.

“Did Lyat and Nidaja kiss, Reika?” Lunar is asked calmly. He wanted to clear up whether or not Reika had just misunderstood what friends did together, especially in the company of others. Nidaja liked Alps, but to think she’d kiss the hyena, especially in front of his sister, was a little far-fetched. There had to be some misunderstanding. Shelsie and Kenarra stood on either side, swaying in shock.

“Yes. Nidaja and Lyat is friends. They is doing that.” She said, nodding, leaning back down and touching her nose to the prone wolf’s jaw line, slipping her tongue out and teasing his fur with it. Lunar is tensed up. If he handled this wrong, it could be disastrous. Pushing her away would insult her and make her feel the need to fight to maintain her status. Accepting her advance in front of the two guards would alter their perception of his strength, and might give the misunderstanding Reika reason to think she could just push herself onto anyone she wanted like that. The lupine captain knew that males held less power in Asuna lands than they did in his own, so this was likely not that odd to the Asuna, but it was unspeakable to those watching her here.

“They are friends, yes, you said this, but do you know that they kissed? Are they the *kind* of friends that do that? Did Lyat say they were?” he asked. Reika looked at the resting wolf beneath her. His breathing had returned to normal, so he was relaxed a bit more there. She released his shoulders and just rested her hands on his chest. The hyena girl openly explained,

“Empress is having Alps, is why she is taking him. She is doing more than kissing, Reika was there, she knows! Reika helped, so she is knowing all about boy wolfs and girl Asuna. Nidaja came back to take Alps, and is finding that my brother is belonging to Rios, and she is telling Empress that she is doing same to her hyena as Rios is to Alps. They is being together more than one time when travelling. Nidaja is saying it herself, but brother is told Reika about it too. Lyat tells Reika all about it, and is said is same thing as with empress, but with wolf general. Reika asked if is better or worse, and brother is saying is neither. It is being just different. Do you think is different? Reika has kissed Asunas before, and is different, just like brother said, but not bad different.” Lunar is listened to her ramble on and on, sitting on his tummy, seeming not to have any reason or interest in moving. His eyes widened, and stayed wide for a bit at the admission that Alps had been with the empress. That was two leaders he knew for a fact that the young slave had been with. It was a little bizarre. That white-furred lupine was only a slave.

Nidaja having the Asuna male was a shock too, but not as much so. The general had exotic tastes, and if she had gotten over her hatred of the Asuna enough to risk going into a Shadowfall to help them, it was not unreasonable that she had sampled a strong and attractive Asuna for herself, especially on a dangerous journey over such distance. The black-furred male finally spoke again.

“It was different, yes. Your tongue is wider and stronger than a lupine tongue.” Lunar is tried to explain in a way that was not insulting. Stronger was never insulting to an Asuna, he knew. “Also, if you are any example, Asuna girls are perhaps more aggressive, and take what they are after more readily, whether a wolf might be ready or not. It certainly surprised me.” He chuckled a bit, nodding to her. That was it. He would seem appreciative of her strength and dominance, and help her understand how the kiss was different. Reika seemed suddenly conflicted and untrusting of his words, looking around in what seemed to be a bit of embarrassment.

“You is hating it? Reika is made you mad?” she asked. Lunar is gritted his teeth. Here was a place where a misstep would cause serious problems. Reika might have been a powerful warrior and a seasoned traveller, but she was still a woman. Earning her scorn here would be bad for everyone.

“No, I liked it, I was just surprised.” He gave a welcoming smile, trying to allay that kind of possible thinking.

“Reika is learning more then. Is doing like Empress and Alps. Is learning about that.” There was a twittering laugh from the two guards. This was adorable. Not only was the strong, vicious Asuna sweet on their captain, he seemed to actually be afraid of the situation, and probably deeply embarrassed. He sighed softly. This would get talked about in private a lot between the two of them, he bet. He’d probably have to have them transferred if this went much further.

“Perhaps, but this is not the place or the time. There are others present, and such things

should be kept in private.” Lunar is offered this, thinking that he could remain too busy to give her a chance at him again, and be able to dodge the awkwardness of it. He didn’t mind the thought, so much, but he didn’t want the guards to see such a thing, and was not sure of the longer term repercussions if such a thing were found out. He was also not terribly interested in relationships or other sticky things of that nature. His duties were too important to him, and he didn’t want this rather crazy girl to get emotionally attached to him. Besides being extra responsibility to him, it could very well be dangerous for them both. He had to keep his head about him here.

“Oh. Others is saying no then?” Reika asked, looking up at the girls and flattening her ears in a threatening glare. Lunar is widened his eyes. He was going to get his fellow guards killed.

“Oh no...” Shelsie said, handover her heart with casual grace.

“We don’t give him orders, he gives us orders. We certainly can’t stop you.” Kenarra stated, wagging.

“Please, resume.” Shelsie added.

Lunar is looked up at the pair with a sudden sinking sense of dread. He was going to kill them himself. This was not an easy situation to be in, and he did not believe they really understood the complexity of it.

“Is good then, yes? Girl wolfs is not minding, and Reika is not having private places here better than deep, quiet woods. Is just like Reika’s first time. Quiet and trees and friends is here to cheer Reika on!” she noted. Lunar is squirmed a bit and rumbled,

“Reika, I don’t think you understand what you are doing. You don’t need this kind of distraction while you are on a mission. This is important for your Empress, remember? I will only cause you to lose focus if you spend time with me like this.” Lunar is began to breathe a little faster. The girl would not really take him right there and right then, would she? The lady hyena crossed her arms in front of her chest, as if to hug herself, and then just drew her shirt off, wagging her short little tail. With Reika’s shirt cast to the side, the two lady wolves watching were utterly speechless. They were suddenly aware of the trouble they just got their captain into. The hyena was serious about it. Lunar is’ pupils traveled up Reika’s body. It was hard with muscle, her breasts small but round and plump and firm. She had a very youthful and athletic physique. It was appealing to Lunar is, but this girl was dangerous, this was a terrible idea.

“Reika takes a break. Hyenas not work always. We is relaxing when time allows, and castle is safe for Asuna right now. Forest around it too. Nidaja is saying so. And she is saying Lunar is helping any way we is needing so long as we is followed the rules, yes? This is helping Asunas, and Asunas is following the rules.” The lovely Asuna brought her hands to cup her breasts, slipping back a little over the guard captain’s tummy, to his thighs to reveal his waist. “Wolfs need to take breaks too. Having fun is good for wolves. Nidaja takes breaks, and is a great wolf.” Lunar is inwardly groaned at his predicament. To Reika, this was perfectly

socially acceptable. Lunar is had trouble thinking that even in her homeland a normal encounter between lovers, or lovers to be, would go like this.

“He’s perhaps a little shy, Reika.” Kenarra stated softly, seeming to try to do some damage control. Lunar is looked up. Wrong approach, that made Lunar is seem weaker, and the hyena would certainly not stop if she didn’t respect his strength.

“No, I don’t mind it, I just don’t want her doing something she will later not like having done.” Lunar is swallowed loudly as hands came to the ties of his loose-legged trousers. She began working the laces.

“Reika not regrets. Silly to regret. You do, and decide to do again or do not. Regret is stupid. Can’t undo what is done.” She pulled the “v” of his trousers open, making the strong guard captain gasp.

“Oh dear.” Shelsie whispered, her superior officer revealed to her and her colleague just like that. Lunar is gasped loudly as two strong hands slipped over his masculinity, caressing fondly. He flattened his ears. Okay, so he probably was not going to get out of this gracefully. This is not how he wanted to spend his afternoon, but the girl seemed to really need some kind of confirmation in all this. Lunar is wished he could figure out what exactly she was after. He might not need to get ravaged by a hyena in front of his subordinates to provide it.

The wolf on his back slipped his hands up over Reika’s chest, and her hands immediately came to his, a little surprised. She seemed to think he might push her away, but instead, he gave those handfuls of mammary flesh a soft and rolling squeeze. There was a collective gasp between the other two guards as the hyena released a soft, tense moan, and leaned in for another kiss. Lunar is relented, letting her really have it. Stopping her now, in front of respected peers, guards she had befriended, would only shame her and make her stay far more awkward. He would not let her memory of the Amanian city be a negative one if he could. She would bring stories back of how kind and open the Amanian people were, and how much fun she had in their midst.

Perhaps it would soften the tension between their cultures. Lunar is was unaware of the work already being done in this area. Not knowing, he felt that he could explain to the witnessing guards that he did this for that very reason, but as her hands returned to his thickening dark shaft, swelling in her curious, awkward hands, he wondered if he was just making excuses. Something about how strong and vicious and wild she was stoked a fire in him he could not explain, and that others had never kindled. She might not have the same understanding of culture that he did, but ultimately, when it came right down to it, she was a woman, with the very same desires and intentions, just less training in how to go about getting what she wanted. Lunar is started to feel fortunate to experience this, and not have been badly injured in the process. He imagined it could have gone a lot more painfully for him with no different result.

“Wolf likes this, yes? This is nice for wolf captains.” She leaned down, nuzzling at his chin again with her dark, flaring nose pad, sampling in scent in a primal fashion, more than would seem polite for an Amanian girl.

“Sure looks like he likes it.” Shelsie said. Kenarra shushed her in a panicked tone. They were in more than enough trouble already. Lunar is rolled those modest breasts in his powerful hands achingly, letting Reika feel a bit of return affection. Maybe she would be happy if she just explored his body a bit if he could get her to reach her sexual satisfaction without full intimacy with him. After all, she might have really only been riled up by the fight, close contact with someone she viewed as strong and capable. If he could put out the fire he kindled in her, she might not have to put out the one she had certainly stoked in him.

“Turn around, Reika, let me give you a gift on the occasion of our friendship.” Lunar is said eloquently, his hips tightening and relaxing already a bit as she squeezed his glans in her hand to tease it in her palm. She seemed to know a little about male anatomy at least. Enough to verify what she had said. She was not entirely new to this.

“Reika is not done yet.” There could be no doubting that she was not done, but Lunar is nodded and smiled to her.

“You don’t have to stop, just turn around, move your hips over my chest. I have a rare treat for you. Something you maybe haven’t had before. Gotta slip out of your pants first. It’s only fair, since you have mine off.” To illustrate, he wriggled a bit and finished kicking off his own trousers. His silken shirt was still on, but it really wasn’t in the girl’s way. Not for what she was after, at least. Reika looked skeptically at the other guards. Shelsie spoke up.

“It’s okay, Reika, he’s right. I think I know what he’s gonna give you. You will like it. I know I would –ow!” Kenarra put a hand to the back of the answering girl’s head. Lunar is arched a brow. He hadn’t known how playful Shelsie was. He made a mental note of it for later. The hyena, however, seemed to take those words to heart, and lifted her hips up, struggling out of her somewhat dirty pants, the leather trousers having taken a bit of a beating in her travels, and even more in the fight with Lunar is.

The scent of hyena in dire need of sex wafted over all three of them. Kenarra fanned herself. There was certainly no doubt now what Reika was after. She then settled with her hips over the wolf’s chest, looking back up at Shelsie.

“Is like this, yes? And Reika still has this...” she wrapped a hand around the thickened spire of dark lupine flesh before her, slowly drawing a hand up and down that length with careful and sensual curiosity. She was not sure of what she was doing, it seemed, but she got the general idea. She felt her hips tugged downward, and she looked back over her shoulder. “What you doing, wolf, you not bite Reika, she will bite back and is hurting HHHUUH!” her eyes snapped shut as Lunar is’ mouth sealed over her puffy folds and a long, powerful tongue spread her slick, musky flesh tightly around it, dipping into her honeypot with an eager, hot determination. Lunar is had seen Alps do this the day he played with Nita and Nidaja in the clearing on that day of practice, and had actually always wanted to give it a try. This was a perfect place for it, as it kept Reika’s womanhood occupied and might well satisfy her needs. At least for that moment.

“Reika is a strong Asuna. Only strong girls are given that gift.” Shelsie offered,

squirming a bit. Lunar is knew that the guard was trying to encourage Reika to enjoy it, and let Lunar is finish her like that, because it would mean she was strong, and could make a wolf do that for her. He made a mental note of forgiveness for her earlier impertinence for catching on to his plan, and attempting to help him out. Kenarra, however, was silently in shock as she watched that pink tongue slip from his charcoal muzzle, plunging deep inside the hyena as she rolled her hips with pronounced lust.

“Nnuuuhhh... Reika likes treat. Is a good treat from wolf. Reika likes ... nnnnhh... Reika is liking...” She lowered her head, and resumed stroking the dark wolf’s pulsing cock. Lunar is realized with a bit of dread that while he was doing this, he could not prevent his arousal and the sense of need boiling in him so readily. The scent of her sex and her sounds of pleasure were impossible to ignore. Still, he hoped that he could entice Reika to enjoy just his tongue and not have to suffer his subordinates seeing him sink his pulsing flesh into a very obviously willing hyena. This was already likely to affect the level of control he had as a commander, which was hard for a male in his culture anyway.

Reika closed her eyes tightly and pushed herself back against that stroking, probing tongue, her muscles shaking softly as she experienced something entirely new. Lunar is pushed his strong hands to either side of her rump to keep her from pushing herself too hard against him as she panted out freely, hands slipping up and down his thick masculinity. The hyena licked her hand finally, and the dark-furred wolf groaned as the lady Asuna slipped her wet hand up and down his eager spire, wet and slick. He let his thighs part a bit and flicked that little nub he knew quite well to get little shocks to jerk through Reika’s hide. The girl rolled her hips slowly but with determination as she stroked the lupine’s dark flesh in her trembling hand.

“Don’t worry, Lunar is... We aren’t gonna tell anyone about this.” Shelsie offered. Lunar is thought to himself that they knew better, but he was still very much not in control of the situation, and found himself hating that less and less. He pushed his tongue tight to that slick entrance, the heated hyena shaking softly, holding still for a bit as he slithered that long flexible tongue between her tangy folds.

“Nngguuh!” Reika barked out unintelligibly, and doubled over as her already soaking pussy convulsed and became even wetter, dribbling onto his chest as the hyena slipped happily and hotly into climax. Lunar is wagged his tail a bit at that. It was not hard at all to bring her to it. This was a good thing. Hopefully she would feel that she got what she was after and roll off of him to relax and recover.

Nope.

The hyena turned around, her hips hovering over his lap. Lunar is moved his hands over his head. Fuck it all. He knew better than to try to keep her from what she needed, especially now. He looked up at her sand-colored spotted body, and found himself shamefully liking what he saw, even though he knew the girl was more than a bit unbalanced. Still, she was not immature, just given to emotional extremes. This was certainly one of them. He just hoped the one who identified himself as her brother didn’t kill him for this. He didn’t think on that line too long, as he was wonderfully distracted by his thick cock slipping easily, deeply into tight hyena

honeypot, squeezing rhythmically around him as his hips pushed up to meet her own. The lupine guard captain placed his hands on Reika's hips and pulled her down tighter into his lap as she groaned happily.

"We won't tell a soul..." Kenarra huffed out in a near whimper. Lunar is looked up as the grey-furred lady wolf slipped down alongside him, looking into his eyes. He moved a hand over to her to try to dismiss her, he didn't need help, but she simply snared his hand and placed it on her chest. Lunar is groaned as Reika rose up, drawing herself almost fully off of his cock in her suckling depths, and then pushed hard back down, so wet and steamy around him. It was pleasure as he'd needed for a long, long time. His duty often prevented him from seeking it out, so he found himself less and less unhappy that it sought him out instead.

"Kenna!" Shelsie barked out in surprise, a little alarmed, perhaps, at the forwardness of her guard companion. Shelsie stood close by, watching as Kenarra moved her captain's hand across her bosom. Lunar is gave that uniformed mammary a fond squeeze, knowing that seeing this ignited fires in the lovely wolf female that she was having trouble controlling. After all, he wasn't able to control his anymore either. He slipped that hand down from her chest, to the leather-plated skirt that she wore, and then underneath it. Kenarra made her feelings on this intrusion known with a rolling moan, her hips pushing down to meet his fingertips as they pulled her silky undergarment easily to the side, finding the fabric already soaking wet, and then pushed two fingers deeply inside her, using his thumb in a swirling, rolling fashion on her clit.

"Yes captain, oh yesss!" she hissed, her hands coming to her own chest, pinching her nipples hard through the thick fabric of her uniform top. Shelsie watched in stunned silence, squirming a bit as the hyena began to firmly bounce on her commanding officer's cock, making a bit of a show of it as she leaned back and stroked the fluff of her mound as that black length pistoned in and out of her suckling depths. She began to jerk her hips heavily, staggering a bit, before erupting in a hot cry of delight as she burst around her playmate again. Kenarra jerked her own hips softly, seeming to try harder to join Reika's release, but she still had a way to go.

"Reika, I'll cum if you keep going like that." Lunar is rumbled to the hyena, in case she did not wish to be defiled inside by a wolf. He had no idea how the Asuna female might view what was very close to happening if she had a chance to think about it. She only sped up, grunting savagely.

"Yes, wolf. Do! Do for Reika!" she exclaimed, her hips bumping harder to his. Kenarra's honey poured down Lunar is' knuckles and his forearm as she cried out with joyful release. The words exchanged between the wolf and hyena were too incensing, and her tight pussy convulsed hard around those strong fingers, which Lunar is now pounded in and out of her clutching sex mercilessly. Shelsie made some anxious sound, and crumbled to her knees as well. Reika cried out happily, squeezing tight around the wolf inside her again, and then pulled Shelsie closer.

"Come play! Wolfs is too serious all of time. Play with Reika and wolf captain." The hyena drew Shelsie over Lunar is, who understood immediately what the very amicable hyena was offering her new guard friends. Males were a sharable commodity to her, and she was

making nice for her friends and being generous, at the wolf's expense. However, as he neared his climax, Lunar is didn't mind being treated like a shared plaything. He was about to squirt, and would not have the mind to do this much longer, so he intended to make sure Shelsie and Kenarra were bound to secrecy by their own indiscretions. He pulled the skirted wolf's hips over his head, hand still pumping under Kenarra's skirt off to his side. He used his cool, panting-dried nose pad to push Shelsie's panties to the side, off of her soaking lips, and pushed his tongue as deep into the wolf as possible, making her almost immediately erupt into a desperate moan of pleasure.

"Lucky bitch!" Kenarra said, and just folded in half again, shuddering as she burst around those stroking digits again. Lunar is' mind was reeling. He had never so much as expressed interest in his subordinates, as it showed a conflict of duty for the male captain. It was rare for males to hold such a station, and this showed a total lack of control, but he was lost to it now. He had Kenarra on one hand, ravaged by climax, Shelsie near eruption over his muzzle, and Reika bursting in his lap all over again, wailing happily with her release as she held Shelsie's shoulders to facilitate her bouncing.

Lunar is tried hard to focus on pleasuring Shelsie, since she was only getting started, and pushed his tongue heavily in and out of her tight slit. She was a bit tarter than the hyena, but the guard captain felt that it was because she had controlled her arousal longer, though she couldn't anymore. Lunar is held the base of her tail to keep her hips right where they were, his long, powerful tongue dipping in deep, and flicking back out hard, the tip teasing over her clit with each stroke as she began to easily slide into her role of pleasure, her body tightening and relaxing. The wolf held nothing back from her as he felt his sack draw up. It was too much. He was not used to this kind of activity and his training did nothing to prepare him for it. Even as he tried to force his mind to think of something else a moment, to not let the physical pleasure overwhelm him, nothing could keep him from cumming.

The wolf captain arched his back and growled savagely as his thick seed sprayed violently inside that stroking glove of Reika's sex, making the hyena scream with delight. Shelsie went off like a bomb over his muzzle, splashing his whiskers as she joined in Reika's scream of pleasure. Kenarra, already cumming, just shook helplessly over Lunar is' quivering hand as he was unable to keep pumping her through his climax. He slapped Shelsie's sex hard and fast with his weakening tongue as he panted in raspy bursts, face scented in wolf and hyena honey, his hands a mess, his hips soaked in Reika's cum and his own. The four were in an utter mess of convulsing, growling, crying joy. It was by far the most lawlessly depraved and desperately feral thing he'd ever been a party to. And he loved it. The wolf darkly let himself think of repeat opportunities like this, or sharing other encounters with his subordinates, even though it was against the rules. The rules did not exist here in this forest, however. Reika had seen to that. The lady wolf over her captain's face fell to the side in front of the other lupine on all fours over Lunar is' now limp and inactive hand. Kenarra wagged her tail as she looked at Shelsie.

"Fun?" she asked pleasantly. Shelsie wagged her tail happily. Lunar is could feel Reika's short little hyena tail drumming between his thighs as he continued to throb heavily inside her snug and heated channel. He could feel some of his own thick seed rolling down his dark,

relaxing sack. The black lupine laid his head back and sighed heavily.

“Guards... remember!” he stated loudly, “Be very cautious with Asuna. They are strong, proud, and very cunning. Three lupine guards, one a captain, are now laying almost helpless on the forest floor, and a single hyena considered it a pleasure.” He smiled to Reika, who smiled back cheekily.

“You is sweet talking Reika.” The Asuna female said softly, before leaning down and softly, supply kissing Lunaris’ lips. Kenarra rolled onto her side beside Shelsie, panting hotly, unbuttoning her uniform top to let it breathe a bit.

“I agree. Cunning and unpredictable. A marvelous culture, the Asuna.” She gave a weak, happy laugh as her companion rested, dazed and happy beside her.

Alps clung to the side of a rock face, the wind whipping over his fur, Nidaja clutching at his shoulder as they scooted along slowly, making very little progress. The drop seemed to be endless below the little ledge they clung to, only a fourth as wide as an average hallway, and the wind threatened to pull them both off at any minute. The general and her slave companion had appeared in a small cave after touching the light, and on the outside there was only this ledge, one direction going down, and the other going up. A bit of discussion followed where the white wolf stated to the general that he had no idea which direction this person might be in, but he didn’t want to try to climb higher with the wind when they could not even see the top because of how steep the mountain was.

Nidaja, however, had a more tactical and logical approach to the issue. They didn’t know, due to clouds or fog down below, how high up they already were, and if the person turned out to be on top of the mountain, it might be harder if not impossible to get back up from the bottom because of how tiring it would be. It would take less time and energy to check the top first, and then go back down if they had to. Alps reluctantly finally agreed to Nidaja’s logic. It made more sense, as much as he didn’t like going up. They had been clinging to this ledge for what felt like four hours, shifting and moving upward at an angle. Alps was certain they had actually gone around the mountain itself once already, completely, but they dared not look down to see if they were passing the cave again. They steeled their courage and just kept going right up the side of the mountain.

There were a few moments where Alps thought he might slip, but the fear there was merely of the unpleasant sensation of falling, and the pain of impact. There was no mortal risk in this place. The Shadowfall was designed to prolong suffering to eternity, not result in a quick death. The pair clung to the jagged rock face and fought their way around, before reaching a point that seemed to open up a bit with a wider path, though a steeper climb along the side of the

mountain made the journey more grueling if less treacherous.

“I am going... to guess...” Nidaja panted heavily as she plodded ahead of Alps, “That whoever this is trapped here is... extremely afraid of heights.” The slave got a bit of a chuckle at that.

“Well, it is possible, yes. They could very well be so petrified that they are stuck at a little point at the very top. We will see when we get there. It looks like we are almost at the top.” Alps was a bit more used to relentless work from his life with Chana and was not quite as out of breath, but he still panted from the exertion. Nidaja said softly,

“We can’t be killed if we fall, you said. So, it would be okay, if the person is not up here to just... jump down, right? That would be the easy way.” The general nodded at the idea, part of her greater plan to get out faster.

“You would not die, so I was told, but you would still feel the landing. I bet it would not be enjoyable.” Alps explained under his breath, making Nidaja cringe. She had felt pleasure in the Shadowfall so far, but not suffering. Alps figured she would avoid the thought of that in the future.

“We are coming to the top.” Nidaja said with a bit of caution, putting her hand on the hilt of her sword.

“You should not need that.” Alps told the general, as they crested the mountaintop. There, on the very top of the mountain there was an odd clearing lined in stone slabs arranged like columns, broken and grey and sad. There was, in the very middle, a rock-like throne, burned and black. Sitting upon it was a figure.

“Is that her? The priestess trapped here?” Nidaja asked in a whisper.

“It should be. We might as well introduce ourselves.” Alps stated confidently. “Carefully, we may startle her... I can promise we aren’t expected.” He padded out in front of the throne outside the circular row of jagged grey stone columns. He and Nidaja both moved into the circle in front of the throne to see, sitting there, a black-furred male lupine, instead of the priestess that he expected. He stood there, looking up at him, perplexed. The wolf on the scorched throne seemed to be sleeping, an elbow up on the arm rest of his horrid chair, his chin resting on the heel of his palm. He was a rather young-looking male, his hair somewhat long and wild, tendrils of it pulled back past his cheeks, with one long one bouncing down in alongside his muzzle stiffly, suggesting the wolf used some kind of material to make his hair ridged for a sense of style. He wore dark robes with a silver trim, similar to something that Alps had seen before. He was not sure where. His physical appearance did not suggest he was overly strong; in fact, he had more the appearance of a student in a library. He was light-framed and pristine, free of injuries to suggest he fought in battle. Alps had not expected this youthful wolf to be there in the place of a priestess who likely fought, and lost, a war.

“Not a priestess this time.” Nidaja said in a whisper. “But if you still want to draw

essence, go for it. I won't tell anyone." The general smiled wryly, her teeth bared in utter mirth as she whispered that into Alps' ears, wagging her tail. The soft words did not seem to get the black-furred wolf's attention.

"Are you awake?" Alps asked loudly, his voice echoing a bit. The lupine opened his eyes, staring off in the direction his head had been facing, which was not looking at Alps and Nidaja. His irises were an odd crimson hue, but he seemed pretty normal otherwise.

"What?" he asked softly, seeming almost confused at his own words. "Talking. Speaking. Was I talking? Am I talking?" He murmured louder.

"No, it's me. I'm talking." Alps stated firmly. He wondered if the guy had become a bit detached in his time here. He assumed it was possible to run into people who had gone crazy.

"Who is me?" the lupine asked, turning his head, and finally spotting the pair. "Oh hey... A new level of crazy fantasy approaches." He smiled a bit. Alps smiled back.

"Are you ready to be rescued from this place?" he asked the wolf on the throne proudly.

"Huh? No, I'm ready to go insane. You showing up here is all the proof I need of that." the stranger stated.

"You haven't gone crazy." Nidaja said openly. "I mean, not more crazy at least. This is real." She waved a hand to everything else. "Well, this isn't, but we are. And we can get out of here." She seemed to comfort herself in saying that. Alps looked to her, and then back to the victim of the Shadowfall.

"It's been a terribly long time, but please believe us. This is actually happening." The slave approached the throne and held out his hand. The guy sitting down rolled his eyes a bit, and held out a hand toward Alps.

"I cannot believe that my sleep is being interrupted by a dream. That is so unfair. Be gone." Alps blinked at the black-furred stranger's words, and then yelped as an arc of red light leapt from the outstretched palm of the seemingly indifferent lupine. Alps didn't feel pain, but he was launched backward, and did feel a bit of discomfort as he skidded to a stop well past the barrier of stone slabs. Nidaja barked out angrily.

"What the hell! We are here to help, not pick a fight!" Her words were forceful, and she put her hand on her sword. He looked up a bit more curiously.

"Longer-lived fantasies this time, I see." He got up off his throne. "What must I do to put an end to you so I can go back to sleep? I don't like being awake. I don't like thinking. I don't like remembering. Go away." He sent another bolt into Alps, which pushed him toward the edge of the cliff. The energy bolt itself, despite looking like crimson lightning, didn't hurt at all.

"I'm not a fantasy, quit it!" Alps barked, sitting back up, and clutching at the rocky ground to keep from being pushed over the edge. The lightning-casting prisoner of the crystal knelt down by Alps.

"Well, first off, if you were real, you'd not be capable of talking after that kind of attack, and second, you have no reason to go into a Shadowfall crystal to release me. Especially not me in particular, and finally, even if you were here to release me, it's laughable, since no one can get out. Trust me, if I cannot get out, you most certainly cannot get out." He smiled a bit, and caused Alps to close his eyes as the slave was bolted right in the face. Still no pain, but it was too bright to look at, getting right in his eyes.

"I said stop it, you silly shit!" Nidaja barked from behind the talking males, and put her boot right into the side of the threatening male's head. Alps was impressed by the somersaulting arc that the general got off her kick. The wolf rested on his back a bit.

"I will admit... that is new for crazy. I felt that one." He sat up a bit, and then cast that same red bolt at Nidaja. She screamed and crumpled onto the ground, clutching her chest where she had been struck. Alps got up quickly, a sense of panic flooding him. That hurt Nidaja. It didn't hurt him, but it hurt Nidaja. He watched as the dark-furred lupine padded over toward the fallen general, who continued to clutch her chest, wheezing in stunned pain.

"Leave her alone, I said we are here to help!" the white wolf shouted.

"Sure you are. I think I can get rid of this specter first and then I can deal with you. So many fantasies to trouble my already troubled mind in this place. I have put so many of you to bed that I could write a book on how to do it." He held a hand up, aiming at Nidaja again.

"No!" Nidaja cried, drawing her sword. She swung at the wolf, Alps cringing in fear. This was not going the way it was supposed to at all. They could not kill each other, but he was not likely to gain any essence off a fight that could last forever. The sword connected. Off came an arm. A new one faded into being where the first one had been. The general's attacker looked at his new arm.

"You seem so real. None of my other fantasies actually caused me pain like you do. And yet, the other one doesn't seem to feel pain." He seemed to marvel at this as Nidaja looked at the severed arm on the ground, and back at the new one.

"Okay, I admit, I don't know how to fight this kind of fight... Got any ideas, Alps?" she asked, looking back to her lover.

"Fighting him won't do much good here." The slave approached cautiously. He didn't know what abilities this person had. He had seen Luna heal the landscape of her Shadowfall, but he didn't know what other Letai could do. It seemed to really cause Nidaja pain though.

"You seem to care a lot about the girl." Alps looked back to the other male as he spoke. "As soon as you go away... I stop doing this." He held out his hand, and Nidaja folded up like a

love-letter, dropping to the ground and howling in agony as that red light struck her, and kept pounding her, as if he was kicking her with it.

Alps was always a very forgiving and non-aggressive sort when it came to himself, but seeing Nidaja tortured like that lit a fire in him that he had never felt before. He didn't want the dark-furred lupine to merely stop at this point, he wanted him crushed for daring to make his beloved general cry out like that. He reached for his own weapon, only to remember that he brought nothing like that with him. He felt the ball of that Letai relic in his hip pouch. He paused, gritting his teeth. Ellis had called it Ressaia, noting that it was a Letai weapon. Perhaps this Letai would recognize it and understand that Alps' threat was real. He took out the sphere and held it up.

"Stop it, or I will make you stop it." He said, his hand trembling as he held the mirror polished silvery-green ball in his hand. The metal felt different here. It was warm, as if it were a lump of flesh, not metal. The lightning stopped, and Nidaja jerked the wolf's legs out from under him, before scrambling over behind Alps.

"Alps, let's just go... I can't take that anymore. It feels like I'm having my guts stomped on!" Nidaja growled. "Leave his sorry ass here to rot, he's worthless if he treats the people who are here to save him that way."

"I don't know what that is, but it's hardly enough to make me stop... I suggest you follow your friend's advice, phantoms, and just leave me to my suffering like all the other dreams I have had." The dark wolf sat on his throne again. Alps gritted his teeth.

"You would not be saying or doing these things if you believed me. Maybe I will leave you yet, but you will know that I am real..." Alps began trying to well up energy the way that Rios had taught him. He'd have to get in close, but if he could, he would touch the male there with his own essence. Someone with Letai training would recognize essence. He would know then that Alps was no phantom.

"Come on over then. Prove it to me." the confident figure said as he relaxed on his burned out throne. Alps began to advance, welling up his essence more and more. He felt it flood him less like it did in the real world, and more like it had when he tapped into the essence that he knew was forbidden. The slave felt it possible that this forbidden essence was all he had access to here, though. It's where his power, his ability to move around, and his ability to escape came from.

As Alps advanced, the lightning crackled from the outstretched palm of his misguided adversary, but still it did not so much as push back against him, making the wolf push slowly forward, holding that sphere. Something odd happened as the slave welled his essence, however. He was not even aware of a chance until the flash of green entered his peripheral vision. The ball of glassy metal had changed form outright, seeming to take the shape of a slender wooden staff, slightly larger up top, and a little squared off. The wolf held it in front of him, and the lightening terminated at the top of the staff versus the white lupine's chest. That certainly made it easier to walk. Alps wondered, as he plodded toward the now very nervous-looking black

wolf, if Ressaia had something to do with the lightning not affecting him. He began to understand what Ellis meant by its limited usefulness. He looked grim and determined as he held the staff out, pushing more of his essence into it. It did not change shape further, but it felt strong in his hands. He felt safer with it, protecting himself.

“What are you?!” shouted the wolf. “Why won’t you leave me in peace?!” Alps finally shouted back, over the loud, low hum of that red bolt of seemingly endless energy.

“I am Alps, servant to the Amanian Empire and to the Head of the Royal House. I won’t leave you until you know that the opportunity I offer you is real!” and with that, he pushed his own hand out, and tried to focus on something different entirely from what he was doing. He put his thoughts and heart into the gift he’d given Nidaja when they met again in Rios’ palace... the technique that Alps had learned from the Asuna empress. Alps pushed stored up positive life essence into the attacking lupine with as much force and confidence as he could muster.

It appeared to be enough. The wolf made a startled half-cry, and then sank into the throne as Alps put his palm against his chest. He let that energy flow through the dark-furred lupine as he slumped into the chair, shaking a bit.

“What... What is this...?” he asked.

“It’s real. The Shadowfall would never let you feel this if it were not real. Think about it. You can only suffer in this place unless I am telling the truth...” Nidaja had begun to approach again. Her expression of shock, as Alps turned to check and make sure she was okay, was far beyond that of just being attacked by this. It took a moment of standing there while the other wolf just quietly thought about what Alps had said before Alps figured out the expression of shock. Nidaja had just seen the slave fight an essence-battle with a weapon that she had never seen used before. Of course she was a little at a loss for words. Alps stopped sending his essence into the staff and it coiled back into a little glassy ball.

“If I follow you, you will vanish. This is part of the Shadowfall. You make me think of hope for something different from the last several hundred years, and then the rocks all turn to laughing faces when I delight and agree to be free. I know this place far better than you know.” He stood up, straightening his robes. “This is by far more interesting than my other fantasies, so I think I will just continue along with you for now. It’s worth getting up and walking around, I suppose.” He seemed a bit smug in his assessment of the situation.

“I don’t care.” Alps said with equal confidence. “When you are out of this place, there will be plenty of time for you to believe me.” Nidaja walked up to the dark wolf and glared at him.

“I honestly don’t think you are worth our time wasted here. We climbed a fucking mountain for you. You could at least be thankful for that, even if we were not real.” She growled. Alps gritted his teeth. Yes, it was possible the general might still be a little sore about the lightning in her guts thing. He could not blame her.

“Alright, I appreciate it then. Besides, as half-breeds go, I admit you are actually kinda cute.” His words were flirty and light-hearted in comparison to the hardened and severe attitude that he presented earlier. Unfortunately, his words did not win him any awards for charm, and Alps could not even interject before the green-furred general arched back and then brought her head forward as hard as she could, head-butting the wolf hard enough in the face that he folded over backwards, legs kicking out like springs when the back of his head connected loudly with the hard stone of the mountaintop. Alps gaped.

“And for a Letai worthy of getting himself Shadowfallen, you are awfully fucking squishy.” Nidaja growled, before stalking off, adjusting her headband. Alps looked at the now profusely bleeding black wolf on the ground.

“She’s strong-willed.” The slave spoke softly as not to get himself into trouble.

“Very curious indeed...” the youthful-looking black lupine remarked as he blew his errant tendril of hair out from in front of his crimson eyes. “Very curious indeed.”