

Sirius, Book III

The Essence

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 4

The town of Jalana stretched out before Alps seemingly endlessly. He tugged at the straps to Nidaja's leather armor uncomfortably. He was not used to wearing this stuff, even if this body was used to it. He looked back to the boat, from which he was now departing. The trip had been almost completely uneventful after that now looted and charred Uruk ship they had happened across. They had been frightened at first, thinking that they might be overtaken, even on Nidaja's ship, but then it appeared to not even notice them, so Misha and Uri used a spyglass, and found it to be abandoned. They investigated it, and found nothing of value. There was orcish blood everywhere though, which seemed to satisfy Misha and Uri both. They set fire to it again, and watched as it finally sank, just to be sure. There were no other distractions to the journey though.

After their initial serving of the general, Misha and Uri let Nidaja have her space, bringing her supplies they said she usually needed. Alps did not argue, even if he didn't know what to do with the journals and maps that were brought to him. Many of these were hand written or drawn by Nidaja herself, apparently. While Alps didn't know what Nidaja would usually do with them in the privacy of her quarters, he took the hours and hours of time he had on the ship to read through them as best he could. He was still not very adept at reading and writing, so it took some time.

However, in reading these journals, Alps learned a lot about what Nidaja was doing as a general, and the kinds of strategies she would use, and her approach to the war. Nidaja, it seemed, originally felt that the only chance for her people in this war was to stave off the encroaching enemy, and fight small skirmishes to lead attention away from the major cities. The war, thus far, had been primarily about sacrifice. The slave could understand that. However, in the past few months, Nidaja had started looking at her tactics and her entire approach differently.

The victory at Kishu Valley, in those snowy mountains, had caused Nidaja to examine alternative strategy heavily. Attacking the enemy indirectly,

deception, and stealth and strike had become the general's obsession. And by the numbers, this plan was working. Alps learned, in looking through the maps, all the locations of major and minor orcish camps, and even orcish piracy routes, on sea or land.

Something that interested the white male, as he read Nidaja's notes, were references made to Letai treasures placed in a temple in Jalana. These were royal treasures, but were not being kept in Diera for some reason. In two cases, referring to this treasure, the word Letai came up. This peaked Alps' interest. Freeing the priestesses had given him a deep longing for knowledge of that lost race, because he now found himself heavily involved in very important events involving them. Despite the fact that he was already trailing behind his body, he had to know. He had to see what these treasures were.

And so, he found himself, in Nidaja's body, looking out over the docks, to the city of Jalana, which only months ago, he'd helped to save from destruction. He was secretly thankful that Misha and Uri had to remain behind with the boat. There were supplies they were procuring while they were here, and once they got those supplies they would accompany the general to the town of Luca, for reasons they had not been told. But, for the next few hours, Alps could move about and not have to try so hard to act exactly like Nidaja. He made a beeline for the local temple. He had to learn more.

It did not take too terribly long to reach the gates of the temple, but it was primarily an uphill walk, so the general, under direction of a slave's mind, panted and huffed as she pushed the ornately carved wooden gates open. The temple was mostly empty space inside, domed all the way to the top of the ceiling. It was very white within, and vines clung to the walls, inching their way to the ceiling, where there was an opening. Beneath this opening was a pond which was populated with lilies and flowers. A life temple. One of the few left. This was a remnant of the old Letai faith.

"Hello?" echoed Nidaja's voice. Normally so sure and secure, the general's voice, under Alps' control, seemed small and alone.

"General Nidaja? Is that you?" came a female's voice. Alps was not surprised to hear a female voice reply. Males did not run temples. Only a female could bear the power that came with being a life priestess, for only a female could bear new life.

"Yes, I have come to inspect... The things... That I left. Here in the temple." Alps rambled from Nidaja, feeling kind of stupid, suddenly. The general drew in a soft gasp as she finally found the location of that voice. In shimmering

robes somewhat similar to Luna's, sat a green-furred female lupine. She looked as if she could be related to Nita and Nidaja directly, even in her violet, expressive eyes. Alps realized, with a start, he had never even asked if Nidaja was Nita's only sister. This lovely girl had stepped out from behind one of the pillars which lined the walls of this circular wide-open space.

"You mean the relics?" came the girl's voice. "Yes, I still have them. They are within the altar. You are lucky you came today. I was going to go on a trip and you would not have been able to see them till I got back, you know." she said. Alps gazed at her through Nidaja's eyes. She looked about Nita's age, but was more slender, looking like she fasted a lot. She had wide, round spectacles perched on the bridge of her nose and laced behind her long, flowing hair. She looked like she should have her nose buried in a book, even more so than Misha. Alps, still trying to put on airs of being both military and royalty, held Nidaja's head high, and put her hands behind her back, patiently awaiting something, it seemed.

"You are looking well." Alps said in Nidaja's firm voice, trying a little harder, as it seemed this priestess, at the very least, was familiar with Nidaja. The girl looked at Nidaja for a little while, and then put both her hands behind her, mirroring the general. She seemed a little bashful all of a sudden, as she drew close. She obviously admired Nidaja, which made Alps a little more comfortable that this was not a sibling.

"I have been well..." she said softly. She moved over to an altar, and pushed hard on one of the stones that supported it. It slid inward with some difficulty, and then she pushed another. She did five stones in this fashion, in no particular order it seemed, and then she slid the top of the altar, an alabaster lined wooden top, to the side at a right angle, revealing a chamber inside.

There was a silk tapestry, rolled up, which had peculiar writing on it similar to the stuff Alps had seen Misty study, and there were a few coins and gems, but one object Alps didn't recognize, and had Nidaja's hand reach down to pick up, was a green-tinted mirror-shined sphere, about the size of an orange.

"Still obsessed with that one?" came the priestess' calm and soft words.

"What is it?" Nidaja said, Alps gritting his teeth, realizing that Nidaja might already know what it is, and that would have sounded peculiar.

"You ask me every time you pick it up, General, and I don't know any more now than I did a few months ago." she said, smiling wryly. "You seem nervous, General Razelle... Would you like one of my backrubs?" the younger

female asked. Alps gritted teeth again. Would Nidaja usually have refused, or would he stick out like cactus needles if he didn't accept? Alps cringed a bit. He didn't even know what the girl's name was! Would Nidaja have known? Surely she would! He began searching for some sign of what it might be.

"I think I shall take it with me this time. I know someone who could study it and tell me more." Alps murmured. He felt a little wrong about it, since he was technically using Nidaja to steal something, but it belonged to Nidaja, and if he asked to have Luna and Ceriss look at it, surely she would allow it. The priestess looked at Nidaja mischievously, and pushed the altar shut again, leaving the general holding the sphere. She hopped up onto the top of the altar, sitting cross-legged over it, the loincloth-like front of it spilling down the side of the base of the altar.

"Oh now, here I was looking forward to keeping it here a while for the good of the shrine. You would not want to take it and offer nothing in return, would you? The temple will feel so empty without your gift to keep us company, yes?" she said, kicking her foot casually. Alps swallowed reflexively. Was he cursed the same way in this body too? Or was he reading something into it that was not there? Either way, Nidaja smiled nervously.

"Ahh... Err... I am not sure that is such a good idea. It is a conflict of interest, is it not?" the general stammered. Alps felt that if she was NOT talking about sex, this would have been nonsensical, but if she was, it would at least bring those motives into the open and Alps could deal with them then. The response however, was not one he expected, and especially not one he wanted. The priestess wilted. She slid off the altar, and sat in the floor, looking away, silent.

"Oh no... I didn't mean it like that... I just..." Alps had Nidaja get onto her knees by the young priestess and hold her, just as he would have done if he had made some kind of misunderstanding that hurt her like this. She whimpered a little bit.

"I feel so foolish!" she cried, hugging Nidaja tightly now. "I didn't mean to offend you... I just... I believed what the regional matriarch said about you being ... Being..." She shook her head, "And now I've offended you! I spent a so much time studying to be a priestess, and now I can't get past this one trial. Any normal girl could do it..." she said dolefully. "But normal lives are not afforded those who dedicate their lives to healing. Just the same as those who lead the queen's army." she added, nodding to Nidaja. "So I thought, if I could share something of myself with anyone, anyone who would understand, you would be the safest to ask!"

Alps paused a moment to think about this. Having sex with Misha and Uri was one thing. Nidaja would readily take them anyway. But for Alps to be with a stranger, at least to him was not so acceptable. What would Nidaja say if she did not actually WANT to be with her? Nidaja's head turned toward the priestess. She seemed so visibly distressed. The general sunk her head a bit. Nidaja would have to understand. Alps was simply conditioned to respond in favor of those around him, even if it was not his body to do so. It was Nidaja's fault he was in this position anyway.

With this logic firmly in mind, Nidaja brought both hands to the girl's cheeks, and made her look into her violet eyes, the one thing that had not changed from Alps own body. There was a long pause as they looked into each other's eyes. Finally, Alps, through Nidaja, spoke.

"Priestess..." she said softly, as if only to break the tense silence that surrounded them like a tomb.

"Vahna." she said. Nidaja blinked. "Call me Vahna.. Remember? You don't have to be so official with me... We're friends." she elaborated. Nidaja nodded silently, still holding her face. A name. That was going to be helpful for what she was about to do. Alps leaned down, and pressed the general's lips tightly to Vahna's, eliciting a sharp gasp from the priestess, but she melted right into it, and slipped her hands around to the back of Nidaja's head, to hold her there. Alps felt that warm full body glow of arousal trickle through that strong, pain-free body. He stood back a bit, to give Vahna a chance to get out of the floor, surely not feeling as bad after that kiss.

And, indeed, she did not seem to feel bad at all, as she hopped back on the altar, sitting perched on the edge. Her green, fluffy, almost vulpine tail swished behind her merrily. Alps brought Nidaja's muzzle back to the young priestess', and kissed this time without drawing away again. It was a very long, passionate, and heated kiss, similar to any he might give to the one who was now doing the kissing under his guidance. How far would the priestess take this? What could it chance for Nidaja? Or for her?

Before Alps could consider this further, his mind was snapped back to the there and then, by the metallic 'chink' of two straps, one over each shoulder, of Nidaja's leather armor. It loosened on her, and she inhaled deeply, enjoying the improved flexibility. Alps was not at all used to wearing that stuff. So many times had he been relieved of clothing by others that it didn't even strike him as odd while Vahna unclasped the catches on the sides of the armor. It fell away easily with the last clasps undone and left Nidaja wearing a white cotton shirt and black

suede breaches. The mind of the white lupine felt the heat of blushing. Nidaja wasn't so shy, but at the moment, he felt the priestess was probably on all new territory, and would not notice.

Her hands came to Nidaja's chest, as she kissed her, and suddenly, Alps realized that they were in a completely public place. There were not even any doors to hide what was going on. If someone walked through the main gates, they would be exposed, enjoying one another.

"Shouldn't we move to somewhere more private?" Nidaja asked softly. Alps traced Vahna's lips deftly then, shivering a bit. For being unfamiliar, she was fast becoming very alluring to the wolf. The priestess shook her head softly.

"Mmm.. Nidaja, I thought you of all people would know exactly what I'm up to." she said, pinching Nidaja's hardening nipples through her soft shirt. Nidaja looked at Vahna blankly. Alps had no clue. He thought he was going to yet again get used for the pleasure of another lovely girl. There was a brief silence, before the younger girl spoke again. "Nidaja, this is a Letai life tap ritual." she churred softly. Alps still hadn't a clue, but nodded softly.

"So it doesn't matter that it's right out in the open, huh?" she asked.

"Of course not. It's considered bad manners for anyone to just stop and stare, though, if you are feeling shy. I was told that you were not at all shy about your body, General Nidaja." Vahna added. Finally, the nature of what the priestess was wanting became clearer. She needed Nidaja for a ritual, and for this particular one, she trusted the general to get it right.

"What should I do?" Alps asked via the general curiously. Vahna was the one who looked blankly at Nidaja.

"It's a life tap. Doesn't matter, as long as its great pleasure for us both." she said with a smile. "Oh my goodness, Nidaja, am I to believe you have *never* done this? Scandalous!" she chimed. Alps bowed the general's head sheepishly. "It's okay. Just do whatever you like to me, and I will take care of you, and it will be enjoyable for us both. Finish taking your clothes off." she said. Nidaja nodded obediently as Alps' heart raced. He shimmied out of the pants, and removed the shirt, and the white cotton and lace panties. He was glad to be out of them. He felt so wrong putting them on in the first place. Now, the female general's nude form was bare for Vahna, who busied herself in undressing. Her tail was really beating behind her now.

"Sit on the altar." came Nidaja's voice, as Alps decided to try to play her

closer to character. Nidaja would be in some control of what was going on, at least! The girl looked at her with a surprised expression, as she unclasped the loincloth-like skirt at her hip, letting it slip to the floor. She nodded briskly, slipping out of her iridescent shirt, and hopping up onto the altar again, sitting at its edge, gazing at Nidaja.

“Mmmm... Okay... I take it by you telling me where to sit you wish to start the ceremony?” she asked. Alps cringed inwardly. He had no idea what this ceremony was about, or what it was supposed to accomplish. Males were not brought into temples for this sort of thing. It was something that only a female would have any cause to know about. He nodded though, which seemed to satisfy (and in fact, elate) the priestess. Carefully, the general lowered herself before the priestess, not wanting to go too fast to doing the wrong thing. If Vahna thought this was Nidaja’s first time, she might helpfully point out if she were making a mistake. Alps moved Nidaja’s warm lips to the pert, youthful, smallish breasts of the slender priestess, and took a nipple into her steamy muzzle, tweaking it slowly, but very firmly between her teeth, and teasing with her tongue. Vahna did not protest at all, as she slapped her hands behind her on the altar for support, arching her back, and instinctively spreading her legs from the rush of pleasure that Nidaja knew now all too well this was causing her. She squeaked with a tight chest, almost unable to make an audible noise at all.

Vahna was not able to touch Nidaja in any way just yet, which was okay for her at the moment. Alps would have Nidaja give Vahna as much pleasure as she could stand. It seemed a rather pleasant task to take up the time he had to wait for Misha and Uri, at least. And, he would be letting Nidaja perform a function that Nidaja would have been expected to do. Nita might even be pleased at the extent he went to play as her sister.

Nidaja, under Alps’ compulsion, continued to suckle softly at the nipple she had taken, while she brought her other hand to the opposite breast, and began massaging it slowly, the opposite nipple caught between her fingers, tugged gently in the massage. After a few moments of this, the priestess issued a guttural moan, followed by soft, shaky words.

“Mmmh - Nidaja... by the light... You have... Made love to a female before.” she said softly. Alps reflexively nodded, not thinking about whether or not Nidaja would want that to be common knowledge. It didn’t matter much at the moment. Vahna’s legs wrapped around Nidaja’s waist, pulling the priestess’ hips up against the general’s tummy tight enough that Alps could feel her wet folds soaking the general’s tummy fur slowly. At least it seemed that he was doing this correctly, as much as expected.

Slowly, Alps moved Nidaja's body up and down a bit, bending her knees, and standing again, rubbing her tummy against Vahna's weeping, burning sex. Nidaja stooped down until the base of her breasts rested on the priestess' youthful hips, and then up until her pubic region nearly meshed against hers. Nidaja could not help but to breathe long, heavy breaths as she did this, increasing the feel of passion here. She did not turn toward the door at all to see if someone was watching. Alps was completely intent now on what the general was doing.

As more and more high-pitched squeaks of pleasure were dragged from the priestess, Alps finally moved both of Nidaja's hands to her legs, and parted them, releasing the general from her grasp. He looked down Nidaja's tummy. It was rather wet already with the girl's growing lust. The intensity was reaching a point where Alps felt it was time to give the priestess something that he'd been taught very well to give.

He lowered Nidaja's muzzle, bringing the general to her knees in front of the altar, and touched the general's lips to that soaking wet sex, parting the priestess' swollen folds with her muzzle, and sliding her tongue from the bottom of Vahna's glistening slit to the top, flicking her clit hard with that last inch of tongue, making her gasp and squeak very loudly, falling flat onto her back on the altar, her head bent even further back as it rested over the other side.

"Oh my..." she groaned deeply, "You actually do that!" Alps was finding again and again that this was not a terribly common pleasure. He smiled, and opened the general's jaws, cupping the tight mound of the youthful Vahna, and just plunging her tongue suddenly and deeply into her tight channel. She shrieked loud enough that it startled Alps, and Nidaja coughed and sputtered, her muzzle instantly flooded as the general inhaled with Alps' surprise at the loud noise. "Don't stop!" cried Vahna immediately. Alps composed himself, and cupped Nidaja's muzzle tightly to the now squirming female's convulsing sex, and jammed Nita's sister's long tongue deep into the grunting priestess.

Vahna gripped the edges of the altar, and released a long, hoarse moan of obviously torturous pleasure as Nidaja's tongue hooked inside the younger female's clenching channel. Again and again, Alps lustfully drew out her sweet nectar, holding her legs tightly now, to keep her from bucking into Nidaja's teeth. She even gave a bit of an assertive nip to the region around the priestess' sex on occasion, just to give her a start, before finally drawing back, panting, sputtering a bit, as Vahna gasped and heaved through her recovery.

The mind-trapped slave hopped up onto the altar with Vahna, and straddled her in a neat sixty-nine position, holding the edges of the altar with her

hands, and her feet just over the other side. The priestess immediately buried her muzzle into Nidaja's sex, stabbing rapidly with her hard-licking tongue, delving as deep as she could it seemed, and dragging the full length of it over the general's now burning clit. It was immediately almost more pleasure than Nidaja could bare, and she seized up just a bit, before resuming her assault on the priestess' sex, making her gasp, and slow down her attack on Nidaja's soaking sex.

This gave Alps an idea. He could, through the level of pleasure he was providing to Vahna, control just how much she was able to give to Nidaja. He grinned almost cruelly to himself, and let the priestess start licking again, Nidaja lowering, pressing her body against that of her younger companion. The general hung her head, and rolled her hips, feeling the surge of pleasure like a small explosion in her body with each caress of that curious, learning tongue. It didn't have to be skilled, though. Alps was not used to pleasure inside Nidaja's body, and Vahna was not having any trouble at all getting the job done. As soon as he felt the pulse of growing climax, Alps would then use both hands to hold the priestess' sex open, and ravage her clit with a hot, long velvety tongue, and probe deeply, hooking and suckling loudly on her honey-pot, forcing her to stop pleasuring Nidaja's sex, as she very quickly neared climax herself. Nidaja would then let off, giving her time to recover just a little, and begin licking the general's sex again, rolling her tongue against that tingling bud of her clit, and grooming Nidaja's juices deep inside with her expressive tongue.

Alps performed this cycle several time, letting Vahna bring the general painfully close to climax, a little harder to resist each time, and each time, Nidaja forces her back by bringing her rapidly, skillfully almost to climax. This might be a learning experience for the priestess, but Alps knew how to do this very confidently, and it was the one thing he had no trouble pretending to be Nidaja-like about.

The general began tensing up as she let Vahna bring her close, so very close to climax. Alps felt like every fiber of his being were lit on fire, and he would let it almost consume him completely within Nidaja's now blazing hot body, and she would drive the girl back with her intense oral stimulation of her own in just a few short moments. Pulse... Pulse... Pulse... Her it came... Nidaja cast her head down, cupping Vahna's sex completely as she buried her long lupine tongue into that grasping, pulling sex. She began hammering and hooking her tongue, dolloping loudly and splashing those plentiful juices all over the altar and the base of Vahna's tail, and to Alps' shock, this time, the priestess withstood it. Vahna kept right on licking, loudly and messily, as Alps put all his skill into the pleasure he gave the priestess.

Alps groaned through Nidaja's lips as he tried desperately to distract the priestess again, but to no avail. Finally, the last hot pulse of energy seared through Nidaja's body and Alps knew even if she jumped off the altar completely to avoid that wonderful tongue, she'd be climaxing already. There was just no stopping it. At first, the slave didn't know why the priestess was suddenly resisting the general's tongue, and then it became perfectly obvious.

Vahna howled almost deafeningly into Nidaja's shuddering mound. Nidaja's entire body went with it, causing the priestess' howl to be silenced with a wet splash to her face, which coaxed her to return to pleasuring the general with her tongue again. The girl had forced herself to keep licking because she knew Nidaja would bring her all the way to climax. She forced Nidaja to make her pop! The general was in no mental state to feel indignant about control being stripped from her though, as the most intense, deep, full body orgasm Alps had ever felt ripped Nidaja from the inside out, and then right back in. Between her sloppy licking and now weak undulating motions, Vahna continued to whimper, and even squelch out a raspy scream, as Alps forced Nidaja's almost unwilling body to keep pleasuring the girl. Finally, the intense release folded Alps' mind, and he grunted through Nidaja's parched lips, and dropped on top of the priestess, rest on top of her, face pressed to her trembling thigh. Vahna too, it seemed, needed rest now, just caressing Nidaja's soaking rump as the two rested together on the top of the altar. Alps still had absolutely no idea what that had to do with the Letai religion. What kind of ceremony was that supposed to be? He didn't care, though. Not now. It felt perfect.

Alps stayed there with Vahna as Nidaja for almost half an hour more, before they both shakily got up, and started to dress again. Vahna didn't talk much, handing Nidaja the sphere she had intended to take. She obviously had permission to take it, since it was hers, but it still felt a lot like a reward to Alps, and that felt good.

Misha and Uri met up with 'Nidaja' only a few blocks away from the temple, and both could tell by scent what Nidaja had been up to, though neither of them were forward enough to ask about it. Or perhaps they knew Nidaja might be expected to do something like that on a temple visit. Either way, no questions made things easier for Alps until he could get the general to a stream to wash off properly, and enjoy, for that small leg of the journey, the scent of his encounter within a temple where males did not generally tread.