

Sirius, Book III
The Essence

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 5

Alps inhaled deeply, still successfully hiding in the general's body. His mind was still very much his own, and he was still in desperate pursuit of his own body, controlled by the owner of this body. Nidaja intended to exact a serious and terrible revenge on the slave's former mistress. His intention now was just to prevent that, not wanting Nidaja to do bad things for him.

Distracting himself from these thoughts, he held up the mirror polished green metallic sphere he had picked up with Nidaja's authority from the temple in Jalana. What was it exactly? A Letai relic? What could this have been for? What was Nidaja's interest in it? He began to feel a little worse about taking it. If he lost it or it was a dangerous artifact, it might very well irritate Nidaja that he had it. It was too late to go back and hand it over though. Alps was already en route to Seravi, then to Luca. It would be a couple days yet before they arrived, but he was sure they would not, at the pace they were making, be too far behind his body. Had Tia found out that it was not him in his body yet? Had Nidaja done anything with Tia that he would have enjoyed as well?

He pondered so much in his meandering thoughts that he failed to notice Misha and Uri had fallen asleep as he stared with Nidaja's eyes at that perfect sphere. He had been unable to explain its purpose to them but Nidaja apparently would not have been able to either. The light outside was failing as the coach he was in, drawn by large beasts which resembled heavy hexapod ferrets, thundered toward the town far in the distance over open prairie.

The ferret things were called slinks, due to their odd but smooth style of running. Each weighed about 700 pounds, and four of them pulled the coach. They were solid black, unnaturally strong, highly intelligent if not basely sentient, and, to top it all off, poisonous. Alps had not seen many of them in Diera because on the island itself it was illegal to keep them due to the persistence of accidental mistaken feeding. The mistake being they ate their handlers from time to time. It was rumored this only happened when they were mistreated, however.

Now, they pulled the carriage evenly, though it lurched from side to side a

bit as the wheels hit ruts in the road. Alps put away the sphere and leaned back a bit, taking out the other item that had held his interest, rolling it around in Nidaja's hand. The Shadowfall crystal. The cold feeling to his touch told him that there was still someone in there. Seven hundred years they had remained trapped in this thing. He could almost not bear to have them trapped any longer. What kind of person was it? Was it someone's daughter or mother or best friend? Their friends were long gone, and the world had changed so much. Alps would be bringing this person back in a time of endless war and they were on the losing side.

Yet the crystal, the Shadowfall, the Letai... all these things held some meaning for him. The reason for all of this that still eluded him prickled at his senses continually. Maybe the reason his mother left him. It might explain why he had the effect on his friends that he did. The truth was worth the fear of going back into the pre-designed wastelands of the Shadowfall to bring those imprisoned out. Even saving one person gave the wolf's life meaning. More meaning than being a slave ever did, to be certain. He closed his eyes and held the object in his hand. Nidaja's body was not his own. He could not feel the seams of the crystal the way he could his own hands. He could not tell where it opened or even if it opened.

Alps looks out of the small square window of the coach he was in, lumbering long in the low light. The handler was driving late into the evening because the slinks were nocturnal. They would have their best running on the late evening hours. A late start in the morning would have them in range of Seravi by late afternoon the next day. He would be in a place he recognized. The orphanage Alps had been given to as a child was there. He closed his eyes. Had Nidaja seen his memories there? Had she seen his first real wound inflicted upon him?

The reflection on these serious matters made the lupine restless. He found it nearly impossible to sleep. He spoke softly to the crystal, concentrating very hard as if the mind ensnared there could hear him if he tried hard enough. "I will get you out. I know it's dangerous but I cannot in clear conscience leave you there. Hold on a little longer. When I get my mind and body whole again, it will be time for you to live again." He murmured.

As he leaned back, the wolf looked to his other side, to see the scenery out the other window. He expected, as it had been for most of the afternoon and evening, it would be the same as on the other side. Hilly grassland. He jumped, almost dropping the crystal when his eyes focused on something between him and the window. He clutched his chest, trying to keep his heart from bursting right out. The female fox, so lithe and graceful and silent, was sitting directly

beside him.

“You! Oh heavens you nearly killed me.” he hissed in Nidaja’s voice. It took him a moment to put his façade back up. He tugged at Nidaja’s leather armor a bit and stated in a stronger voice, still wavering from his surprise. “I am not even going to ask how long you have been there or how you got in, but please warn me next time.” After a moment of silent reflection, Alps watched the fox a bit longer. She wore a simple black robe with silver trim. He recognized it as one of Misty’s. It occurred to the wolf trapped in Nidaja’s form that he hadn’t seen this vixen at all for a long time after she was released, and he had wondered where she had been.

As usual, the lady vulpine wasn’t speaking. She looked ahead, enjoying the ride it seemed. Alps rode in silence for a while as those unblinking silver eyes gazed ahead, as if into nothingness. The disguised slave found himself wondering if the vixen could see, or if she was aware in some other fashion completely. After a few moments of silence, he finally spoke, very softly in Nidaja’s normally strong, dulcet tone.

“I have taken a brief sabbatical from my duties to tend to a matter of personal importance to the queen. Her servant –“ but in the middle of the sentence the vulpine turned her head rather sharply, looking into the general’s eyes in such a fashion that it sent chills up the wolf’s spine. It was a piercing gaze that seemed as if it could shatter a mirror. The fox spoke, not letting Alps finish speaking.

“You do not need to practice your story on me, consort.” Her tone was so rich and powerful and smooth that Alps felt immediately reverent. He gritted Nidaja’s teeth. Consort. The wolf had offered himself to this black and silver vixen when they first met, so of course she thought he was a consort, but that would mean that she also knew that his mind was in Nidaja. Was she watching when the mindwalk went awry? Nidaja’s voice crackled softly.

“You knew...” Alps looked over to the vixen, which was looking ahead. She nodded casually.

“Do my eyes frighten you?” she asked in a low and silky tone.

“I – No... I mean they are... unusual, sure. But I’m not afraid.” came Nidaja’s wavering voice.

“Do you know why you are not afraid of them?” she asked.

"No..." Nidaja's voice replied.

"That is ignorance." she stated. The way she said it was less like an insult, and more like the point to a lesson. Alps recoiled a little. He knew that the vixen was not especially a fan of him after his initial trip up, and she had been quick to establish her superiority from day one, but he remembered that she had said she would only talk when she needed to. The slave could not see how this needed to be said. He stated clearly in that feminine voice,

"That's not especially helpful. Why are you following me? What do you want?" he had found himself speaking a little more dominantly by habit while in Nidaja's form. He hoped he didn't start doing it when he was back in his own body, but it was growing on him. Being dominant and strong was a very uplifting experience, and without all his old wounds reminding him that he was a slave, it was a lot easier to stay in character. There was a long silence. She seemed to be thinking. She always seemed to be thinking very carefully about what she was going to say.

"Do you really want to stop her?" Again she seemed so sure of what she was saying. Alps flinched at it. He had not told anyone exactly what he thought Nidaja was going to do, so the fact that the fox seemed to know startled him.

"Chana is *my* past. Nidaja does not need to commit murder for what cannot be changed." Alps stated firmly, resigned to the fact that this vixen knew exactly what was going on. Another silence, her hands were on her knees, gazing forward, not turning to look at Nidaja's form again. Perhaps it was easier like this for her, as she was not speaking to Nidaja, and knew it.

"Do you think you are the only one she's ever hurt?" her voice careful and measured. Alps blinked at that. He had not really considered it. He only ever saw her harming him. She seemed respected in the community, but he knew that fear could look a lot like respect too.

"That does not mean that she should dirty her hands with a revenge killing." Alps stated in that stronger tone.

"What are you really chasing, consort?" she asked in a delicate and almost soothing tone. It made Alps pause.

"I'm chasing my friend. I don't want her to –" he was cut off again.

"Why would you ever leave the castle? You have your life-mate there, friends who fill you with great joy, no want of food or warmth, and even the public no longer holds ill will toward you for your strange appearance." She continued

to speak, sounding as if she were trying to lure him into a dark corner for lack of any better way to describe it. "What is there out here, in this dangerous world that you are chasing? What would make you willingly go away from the things you hold most dear?" Nidaja's head lowered as Alps thought.

He could not believe she was making him actually rethink what he was doing, but he found himself unable to blurt out the answer he'd intended to give. Anyone could have come and taken Nidaja back to the castle so they could switch back. It did not have to be him. He immediately jumped at the chance to go. Why?

"I have to go." He said simply in that now uncertain tone.

"When you arrive, I want you to think very carefully about why you are really there." She stated. "Don't waste your time there. You won't get another chance."

"I don't know what you are talking about." He stated honestly.

"You will." The fox replied. "I see you have taken up Ressaia." She noted, nodding to the sphere Alps had put away a moment ago. The wolf picked it up again, putting the Shadowfall crystal back in its pouch.

"Ressaia... This?" he held it up. "You know what this is? How?"

"This is to be used by a Letai guardian. The Letai however, failed at using it because they lacked what it took to give it shape. You have what they lacked. Ask Nidaja to give it to you. I believe that she will." The vixen said. Her appearance seemed almost younger than Alps, with her sharp, youthful, angular features and her beautiful face, lean body, thick, well groomed tail. And yet, her personality made her seem like a sage, grey-muzzled scholar. Alps blinked again in confusion at her statements.

"Who are you?" he asked cautiously. The vixen reflected on that for a time as if trying to actually figure out the answer. Alps blinked Nidaja's eyes, dumbfounded. He was starting to feel like she'd have known the answer to anything, and this question stumped her? She finally answered in that same silky slow even tone.

"History would be so much less complex without so many names." Came her cryptic reply. "Must it be so necessary to knowing the many things that happen to also know who they have happened to?" she seemed weary with the fact. "Call me whatever you wish."

Alps gritted his teeth, a little irritated with the dark-mysterious game, and looked up to argue his point that he was trying to be respectful with her, only to gasp at the empty coach around him. It was not like she suddenly left. It was like she was never there. The figure of Nidaja leaned forward, holding her head in her hands. She looked up at Misha and Uri. Asleep. They hadn't seen a thing. They had heard none of the conversation.

"Oi... I think I've got too much going on at once." Her voice spilled out in a deep sigh.

Nidaja got out of the coach and stroked the flanks of one of the slinks. They seemed amiable to the general, and did not seem to sense that she was anyone else. Alps himself had been afraid of slinks, and they seemed to know that, so they would act a bit aggressive and untrusting of him. In Nidaja's body, however, he was not afraid because these creatures knew her. She walked to the front of the inn that she had been dropped off at while the driver took his slinks for feeding. She looked up at the simple but elegant two story building. The slave looked up at the sign with his lover's eyes and rubbed the back of her head. She would walk right in, announce who she was, and get a room. That's how it worked. That was the power that the royal family held.

Seravi. It was a town just a little larger than Luca, where he was going, and it was the first place that he met his new mistress. As Alps considered this, he heard the sound of children playing. He turned around, and widened his eyes. A very familiar sight, but one he had not suspected he would see again.

"Priestess Akeena's orphanage..." he whispered. The old iron gates around it were exactly as he remembered, though they were only up to his neck, whereas before they towered above his head impossibly high. Alps looked back to the inn, and then turned and walked to that gate, pulling the latch, and moving into the yard. Four children were outside. It was later in the evening, so they were the older ones, perhaps about seven or eight. They were about the age he was when he was made into a slave. He nodded to them as they regarded the general. One of the girls chirped out brightly,

"Look, an emerald Amani woman, is it the queen?!" The others gathered around suddenly. Alps gritted Nidaja's teeth tightly. She didn't want recognition. She shook her head.

“No, no, children, I’m the General, Nidaja Razelle.” She waved her hands to them, trying to deflect their cheers. The girl tugged at the strap to her leather armor cuirass.

“Are you here to adopt one of us? I promise I will learn to clean your armor and feed your slinks and not even be scared.” Her tone was extremely serious and the other kids looked up at the general expectantly. Alps’ heart sank and Nidaja’s fur bristled. It was a terrible mistake to come here, he thought suddenly. Everything about the place came rushing in on him, and nearly brought the general to her knees as she held her head.

The image of himself as a child flooded his mind. At first he was a lot like this. He wanted to be adopted so badly. It was not to have a home or a purpose, but to get away from this place. It literally pulled the life out of him. The other children hated him, and the priestess here only fostered that hate by singling him out as being different and wretched. For most of his life he believed himself barren of soul and an accident of nature, abandoned by his mother because she would have been disgusted to have the world look at the thing she produced. This was what he’d been taught in this place, and these children wanted to leave too. It wounded him deeply, in the rapidly beating bosom of the general that the cycle continued now. What did these children feel? Were they looking at themselves as worthless burdens on society? Were they told they were there because their mother and father didn’t love them enough? Even if that were true, why would anyone tell that to a *child*?! Alps inhaled deeply, trying to clear his mind. Then something more recent overcame his reeling mind.

What are you chasing?

Alps gritted Nidaja’s teeth as she stated solidly. “No, I’m sorry I am not here to adopt today, but I will come back some time. For now, I am going to try to make things better for you while you are here.” He decided what his purpose here would be, if this was the only time he was ever going to come back to this place. Nidaja’s form entered the heavy double doors of the orphanage. The halls seemed so much smaller now, but were, as always, spotless, and almost polished clean. The children were still being used for this purpose. With a greater resolve, Alps entered an office at the end of the hall he knew very well.

“May I help you?” came an elder voice. Akeena was a lot older than Alps remembered, but it’s about what he expected. Nidaja closed the door behind her and pulled a chair up to the desk, feeling dominant again. Alps was finding that the more he did this, even in another form, the better he felt about it. Things needed done. As a slave, he learned what to do about things that needed done. No questions, you just had to do them.

"I am General Nidaja Razelle." stated the general. Akeena's eyes widened and she leaned over the desk, hands bridged.

"Are you wanting to adopt?" she asked. Nidaja shook her head.

"I want to talk to you about a child you auctioned about twelve years ago." She stated.

"That's a long time ago. I am not sure I would be able to tell you anything about them, other than their initial records. Do you have a name?"

"Alps." The green-furred general stated. The wolf in her mind felt a bit ashamed prying this way, but he felt it was his best chance to get answers that he badly needed.

"I don't know that name."

"I rather doubt you'd forget him. He had white fur." Nidaja stated calmly. The wolf knew that had to be memorable. The eyes widened again, this time almost fearfully.

"Alps... Yes, that's what we called him. With bad cases... We... We change their names. He was a bad case." Akeena said, her worn features a bit concerned.

"Explain what you mean by a bad case." He murmured in Nidaja's voice.

"Damaged. Not adoptable." She said flatly. Alps swallowed as he felt a prickle of anger welling in him.

"Why was he not adoptable?" the wolf wanted to know. Akeena narrowed her eyes and stated carefully,

"Why are you interested in that boy? He was auctioned as a slave. To my knowledge he still lives in Luca. He lucked out. Bought by a regional matriarch. I'm sure she would let you ask him anything you wanted to know." Akeena seemed evasive in saying that, which only irritated Alps further. This was not productive. This was not what he wanted to know.

"It was important to speak with you because you knew more about what the... situation was around his being an orphan. Do you have any idea what happened to his parents?" the general asked.

"That's what this is about? It's about his folks?" Akeena asked.

"What can you tell me about his folks?" Nidaja asked, hopeful.

"Nothing. He was found in the forests between here and Luca. Near some ruins, half starved. Would have died in a matter of a day or two if he wasn't found by some hunters. They brought him in. He spoke gibberish. Maybe he belonged to some mountain grays and got separated or something." The priestess explained.

"I fail to see how this makes him a hard case. I'm sure lots of kids have difficult pasts, and he was little when you found him, right?" he tried to remember his youth. He could not remember getting into trouble or causing problems. Was he really hard to handle?

"He was a mental case... saw ghosts, scared the other kids pretty bad. They became defensive, ostracized him, and then he started making friends with the spirits and the like. He calmed that down after a while, with a little humility and strict discipline, but the damage was done, and he was just... sullen and unapproachable. He tried to get people to adopt him I guess, because he didn't like me very much for the discipline I gave him. No one would take him though because I took him off the board. If we adopt out problems, we look bad, lose local funding, and then where are we?" she asked. "No, it was better that he have a life of work. Of purpose." She said.

"You took him off the board? You mean he never had the opportunity to be adopted by a nice family?" the general asked, shaking a bit. Alps really was mad now. He was having trouble controlling that.

"It's not as bad as all that. No one ever inquired about him. Ever. Just too unusual." She stated.

"What purpose did it serve to convince him he had no soul?" demanded Nidaja. This got a fearful stare from Akeena. "Answer me." The general added forcefully, thumping a fist on the table.

"Is that what he told you? That was the other problem. A liar. A storyteller." Akeena grumbled.

"I see. Well, the truth of this matter will come out soon enough. The orphan in question... if you will inquire about him from the local scribes receiving the news... He is my sister's new Life Mate." The look of horror that passed over

Akeena's face was unmistakable, and Alps felt a pang of guilt for the level of pleasure he felt in it.

"I can explain." Akeena said.

"Do you know what a mindwalk sphere is?" Nidaja asked.

"You don't know what it's like having to care for someone you know won't have a chance any other way but as a slave. You don't know the work I do for these children." She barked loudly, in a pleading voice.

"Perhaps not, but I *will* know. But I am going to give you a chance to... let the pressures of your past slide off your shoulders as it were. Alps needs not bother himself with memories of his time here if he knows that the children that are here are well cared for. Can I promise him they are getting the best chance at their new life?" Nidaja growled in a very threatening tone. Akeena gritted her teeth, and then bowed her head.

"These children will be the happiest in this entire town, I promise."

"Do not forget your promise." Nidaja stood and walked out, leaving the chair there, empty, as if a reminder that the office could well be occupied again.

Alps walked outside and nodded to the children playing, and headed for the inn. Uri and Misha were waiting patiently at the desk for Nidaja to get them in for free. Alps did this, and helped them with their bags and headed upstairs, forgetting, in his smirking sense of accomplishment that they were supposed to carry Nidaja's bags instead. They were both very tired, and did not complain, however.

Nidaja, still in Alps' body, lay out under an open sky, watching the stars glimmer, so many of them in a deep, moonless myriad of sparkling patterns. Alps' eyes had seen them from here before, she was sure. What had he been thinking? In his aching form, she found she was not getting used to the pain like she thought she might. Did he always really feel this way? Was he feeling better in her body right now? She looked up as Tia sat down beside him, and stroked his bare chest. He'd untied his tunic as they plodded along, late into the evening, trying to keep up a good pace. Having this body did not lend well to getting transportation, and she left without a silver bit on her, so this seemingly unwanted wolf was on his own out here. Somehow, Nidaja felt that it was not

something she should have expected to be any different. Alps' life was like this before. She was going to see it through his eyes now, and return some of the suffering on its source. The thought of it made her more resolute, even as she placed a slow and careful hand on Tia's when she caressed his strong, lean chest.

"You seem in a very pensive mood, Alpsie." The grey lupine said in a timid tone.

"I am not looking forward to seeing her." He stated truthfully.

"Why would you? What do you have to accomplish, aside from maybe rubbing her face in the fact that you are gonna have it better than she ever will?" the girl said with a smirk. Nidaja recoiled a little at how innocent and playful that idea sounded in contrast to what she had really planned, and she found herself hoping she could get Tia out of any involvement by sending her away when it was time.

"My life ahead is going to be happy, and I am not going to let my unhappy past interfere with it. I need to resolve this. If I don't I am afraid I will never be what Nita needs for me to be." Nidaja lied. She felt a little guilty making these statements as Alps. It was likely he'd be perfectly happy to simply never think of Chana again, but what the general saw in Alps' mind, the memories that she witnessed, she could never have go unpunished, and as far as she was concerned, that monster deserved to have her last moment spent in the killing hands of her most tragic victim. Tia nodded slowly and slid in close to Nidaja as the general tried hard to seem more timid than she was. A slow and casual hand stroked over the wolf's lean and soft-furred chest.

Alps inhaled deeply, and Nidaja felt that now oddly familiar stirring of heat and pressure at the slave's loins. It was so easy for Alps to go from serious to seriously aroused. Tia pressed in close and rested her head on his strong chest, listening to his heart as her claw tips sifted slowly over his trim tummy, tracing a scar there that Nidaja now had a complete and full memory of.

Those violet eyes closed as a delicate and small hand carefully teased down to his belt line. Tia said softly, in her most silky and seductive tone,

"I think I can help you relax a little. Lift off some of that anxiousness. I bet you can't think of Chana while I have my mouth around your flesh, Alpsie." She offered, getting up on her knees. The wolf regarded her through half-closed eyes, smiling to her. Nidaja arched a little in his body feeling that stirring increase. It made her feel better to know Alps could physically yearn for release

every bit as much as she could, and so quickly if he was not already interested. She would not have a second thought about “using” him now.

“I don’t know...” he teased with a smile, wagging his tail between his thighs, “I have been walking heavily all day... I don’t really feel like extreme physical exertion.” He stretched out, putting his hands behind his head as if he might fall asleep. Tia mock-pouted at him and slipped both her hands over his tummy, and began untying his trousers.

“I guess we will just have to leave the physical exertion to me then.” The gray lupine replied. Alps smiled, his muscles flexing a bit as cool air rushed into the front of his pants when his lovely childhood friend spread the front open, revealing his already thickening shaft. She gave a twittering giggle and stated sultrily, “I don’t think that’s a very convincing resistance.” Her mouth leaning in and kissing along his tummy, making Nidaja shudder within the confines of the slave’s body, and more of that thick masculinity pressed into visibility from those opened trousers. Nidaja wondered if Alps would actually allow Tia to just have her way like this so easily. It did not seem to matter though. If she was having fun with the wolf, it was not something the owner of this body would mind. Alps loved his friends, and it was apparent that Tia held a special place in his heart.

“My body is yours to have fun with if you think it will make for a better night’s sleep for us then.” The white lupine stated, stroking Tia’s thigh. The girl murmured,

“This is entirely for you.” as her hands slipped around his swelling length. She was able to get both around it, and with such a very silky and delicate hold, stroked up and down over his pinkened flesh. Alps arched his back, Nidaja’s mind thrilled with how easily the pleasure coursed through the slave. It would never escape her now what she was able to do for him, or any male, if she knew what to do. This was a victory far greater than the one she ever originally intended to accomplish by stealing this body. A blush stole over her face as she wondered again if Alps was abusing her body the same way somewhere else.

Nidaja groaned in Alps’ voice, the general’s mind swirling as a wash of heat stroked down over that turgid shaft, the meat pulsing in Tia’s now full maw. Nidaja clutched Alps’ chest, something she’d do in her own body which did not work much in this one. She could not help it though, as his thighs parted easily to give complete access to the forcefully loving lupine female. She stroked her tight, suckling muzzle back up that spire of tingling flesh, and then pushed back down, hands ahead of her muzzle to give the sensation of much deeper penetration. Her tongue pressed the underside of that aching cock to the ribbed roof of her muzzle, strumming him so artfully as she’d done perhaps many times

before.

“You could make me cum so easily like this, Tia.” came Alps’ panting voice. “It’s almost unfair. It should not... ahah... be so easy.” His hips began to rise and fall, hands clutching the grass he was laying on, and Tia’s shirt, half tempted to tear it off. However, the girl was interested in just pleasuring her friend, so Nidaja decided to let her do that despite how much she wanted to just fold that sweet little mountain gray in half and drive a trench into the ground with her. Nidaja was getting a good taste of just how violently filled with need Alps could be, and how much control it must have taken him to even endure their first night.

And then memories of that first night came flooding back into the general’s mind, the slave’s eyes closing as he groaned with pleasure, knowing that, because of how Tia shivered, she got a nice pulse of pre just from the memory of the heat that the general had shared on the other side of this very body. Alps had been a virgin, and Nidaja, while certainly no virgin to physical pleasure, had not made love properly in over a year before getting Alps. When she first purchased him, it was all she could think of from the moment she left the stage with his hand in hers, to the moment she had him pulsing his thick seed against her hot, joyfully receiving cervix. Alps arched and spread his toes from the thoughts and memories of that night. The hot mouth drew off of his twitching member.

“Oh dear, you are worked up, aren’t you? Is it because we are doing this just off the side of the road? Are you hoping someone wanders by and finds us and has to watch such a scandalous thing unfold?” Tia practically purred, her tail flagging over her back as she knelt over his prone form. Nidaja panted inside that white slave, and shook her head. He murmured softly,

“N-No, just the memories of other things. Happy things. And things to come.” He gritted his teeth and huffed out, “I feel so much heat and passion when I am with those who I have come to love and respect. It’s incredible.” Nidaja felt it was something Alps might say. Still, she felt odd talking with Tia about this, because she could not have been sure what their life was like before this, and how much the sexual relationship had developed.

“I’m going to make you cum, Alps.” She panted, stroking his shaft with one hand wetly, her saliva slicking it up and down thickly. “If you aren’t nice to me, you are gonna be wearing this in your fur, and we are miles from a river.” She teased, pumping her hand. Nidaja gritted Alps’ teeth.

“I don’t think I would mind so much, knowing how it got there. I’ve been a

sticky mess before, you know.” He laughed, flexing his legs a bit. Tia grinned a toothy grin and churred,

“Stand up. You still don’t have to do anything else, just... Stand in front of me.” She demanded, rising to her knees. Alps did as Tia asked. Nidaja was rather fond of Tia’s occasional dominant nature, but she only seemed to be that way with people other than Alps and Azia. The gray female drew the wolf’s trousers down casually enough, letting the white wolf step out of them. He closed his eyes and groaned again deeply as two hands followed by a mouth pressed down his thick, throbbing shaft, the veins lining it tightly in the heightened, aching state of arousal she had him trapped in now. The extra muscle tension needed to stand made Alps feel the pleasure even more deeply as hands slipped back up his length when the girl drew back, pulling softly on his flesh as she suckled the tip. She began to hold that tip in her mouth, suckling and fluttering the tip with her tongue as her hands pumped up and down his shaft. Alps squeaked out helplessly,

“Tia! I’m gonna-“ Nidaja was utterly stunned at how fast she was ready. She was still not used to controlling Alps’ body with something like that happening. Tia’s head pulled back, and she smiled up at him deviously, hand still pumping up and down on his length.

“You don’t mind wearing it in your fur, but are you really going to make me go the next few miles with it all over my face?” she barked as she stroked him, tip aimed at her muzzle. Alps gasped loudly, and Nidaja forced every muscle in that body to clench to prevent what nearly happened at that moment from the mere thought of spraying that lean gray face.

“Hnnk!” he grunted, almost toppling. “Tia, that’s not funny, I almost, oh heavens, stop! I can’t hold it!” he barked loudly, panicking as those hands continued to slip evenly and slowly up and down his pulsing shaft. He felt like he was already cumming, just a little, and her hands were soaked in his pre, so it was possible that a bit of seed slipped free in that eager pumping. Alps whined loudly, Nidaja tensing terribly as she looked down and saw a single drop of pearly white rolling down Tia’s bare chest. She had not even seen her open her shirt during her playful bantering with the wolf.

“Oh dear, my nice clean fur...” she teased.

“Tia, I’m on edge, you can’t understand what it’s like...” Nidaja said with complete certainty that Tia had no idea. Nidaja would never have known until now. Had she ever forced Alps to hold it? She could not remember. Tia’s grin spread over her face with a sense of near absolute evil just from looking at her.

"Then do something about it, baby." She barked back coyly. Nidaja grunted, and then narrowed her eyes, huffing. She was provoking Alps. The white slave growled darkly.

"I thought you said this was for me." he said, as the gray female rolled onto her back to peel off her own trousers, wagging her bushy tail in the grass.

"It still is." She crooned, getting back up. "But I didn't say you got to choose what was for you. After all, you are still a slave, aren't you? Your mistress has to feed you, but it doesn't have to be what you want, right?" she teased.

"That's mean." Alps stated, and then gasped as those wet hands returned to his cock, stroking vigorously. Tia had just licked them to heat them and wet them again.

"No, mean would be... knowing how long it will be before I have a bath, but pumping all your seed into my soft, clean fur anyway." She pressed herself up against him, rubbing his tip in against her neck, then cleavage as she used long, painfully expressive strokes on that thumping, pulsing cock. Alps groaned and bent his legs a little as Nidaja fought tooth and nail to figure out how to prevent those waiting torrents of thick cream from spewing violently all over Alps' little friend. She spoke again, stroking his aching cock with both hands blatantly, touching his tip to the top of her sternum. "Oh poor boy, she's not stopping, is she? She's gonna leave you no choice! You can't hold it, can you? I feel you shaking like a leaf... it belongs inside, why won't she just take it inside... But you are just a little slave boy, you can't make her do what you want, can you?" Alps whined a thick, wanting tone, and then Nidaja's mind snapped into focus.

In that second, Nidaja realized what Tia was doing. Had it been Alps this was happening to it might have been more easily and immediately apparent, since he was a slave. Nidaja had a choice, and was making the choice consciously to act like slave, but Tia was trying to get Alps to act like he wasn't a slave. This not only sent a surge of pleasure through Nidaja's body which almost overwhelmed her self control over Alps' aching body, but also gave her a rush of appreciation and genuine love for Tia. She wanted Alps to enjoy life, not just sex, and part of it was breaking the rules that had been forced on him for so long.

With that sudden realization came a flurry of motion. Alps' knees lowered, and he threw himself at Tia, sending her skidding on the grass, making her scream, but with tail rapidly wagging.

“Bad boy, this was for you!” she barked playfully, hands on his shoulders, mock-struggling.

“This IS for me!” he growled out. Nidaja was a little shocked at the tone his voice made. She had never heard Alps sound like that, and Tia widened her eyes in shock too, and then wailed in delight as the wolf scooped her up, rolled her onto her knees and stooped in close behind her. His shaking hand grabbed her tail base, pulling that swishing extension out of his way as he drove himself hard forward, making the little girl lupine wail again loudly as she was impaled on his already nearly squirting cock. Alps made another ferocious sound, a roar of desperate pleasure as Nidaja completely gave in to his body. The nature of what he was supposed to do now. What every cell in his body demanded that he do now.

Tia seemed thoroughly stunned, not that he gave in, but the force of it all. Nidaja was never a slave, and being forceful *was* in her nature. While she was perfectly aware this was not likely how Alps would have done it, she was again sure Tia would forgive this use of force, especially since her tight depths were already convulsing around him within seconds of his intrusion. Teasing him had her primed already, it seemed.

“Oh Alps, I’ve never seen you so strong, don’t stop!” she cried, giving her full permission.

“I intended to do no such thing.” He growled, making sure Tia knew he wasn’t going to stop even if she begged. She released a broken cry, a squeak of almost pain as his body impacted her from behind, skidding her elbows in the grass as he drove himself with angry force against her padded rump, sinking his tapered tip all the way to the firm barrier of her cervix! His body impact seemed almost a punishment with how solid each lustful meeting of his thighs against hers was. “Teasing your best friend, how... could... YOU?” he barked, thumping her from behind, making her cry each time. Alps’ eyes narrowed, his pupils dilating as Nidaja succumbed to a deeper level of primal lust than she ever remembered feeling in a female body. This was utter perfection of animalistic desire, and it was an intoxicating addiction to her senses.

Tia cried out again as strong white hands gripped her strong but fair hips with almost cruel force, sinking claw tips into flesh as he drove himself hard into her. Nidaja blushed a bit as she realized, hunched over Tia, fucking her so violently, Alps was actually drooling down her back. She almost forced herself to calm down until a sinking, helpless howl spilled from Tia’s wide jaws, head held down. She shuddered and quaked as the soft “chuff-chuff-chuffing” of his furry hips striking hers suddenly shifted to a lewdly wet “splatch-splatch-splatch” as the

girl climaxed heavily around him. Those slick, puffy inner muscles gripped him with dizzying tightness. Nidaja recognized the sinking howl that Tia gave, however. A full body release.

The desire to force pleasure into this girl was the deepest need Nidaja had in her mind now, pitching herself hard against Alps' screaming little friend, pulling her violently against his hips. His hand sometimes left that body where he'd been gripping so tight at her sides or tail-base only to slap the girl's backside or legs with reckless abandon, causing a mix of savage pleasure and pain. Violent and desperate sex was rapidly overtaking what the general was sure had always been an intimate exploration between the two. She didn't regret it though. This is what Tia was instigating, and based on her reaction to it, exactly what she was longing for. The harder and more viciously the general threw Alps' body against Tia's back, the louder and more desperately pleased her cries.

Nidaja realized, as her body lurched hard against Tia that the two of them had traveled a good eight feet across the grass, the forceful rutting having heavily pushed the suddenly helpless girl forward with every stroke. The general grinned sadistically. She wondered what this kind of sex felt like. The general tightened suddenly, as Alps' eyes widened. Considering the same thing happening to her self was immediately too much. When the thought of Alps driving into her this hard stabbed through her vibrantly imaginative mind, it was just too much. The image of her body lurching with Alps slamming from behind, relentless, and overpowering consumed senses in an instant!

She buckled over Tia and roared with furious release, hips hammering the lupine beauty from behind, shaking her violently, ravaging her as pulse after pulse after thick, opalescent pulse filled her convulsing wet channel, the sticky white goo splashing back into his lap as he slammed himself with only increasing ferocity into Tia. She wailed again, this time nearly at the top of her lungs as every muscle in her body went shakily rigid, and that tight sex choked around his pistoning shaft with fluttering release. It was hopeless to keep him still inside her though, no matter how tight the contraction as he thumped hard into her, chest against her back. Alps' legs were shaking with the strain of the force he was using against the now timid girl as torrents of his seed bathed Tia internally through the most copious male climax Nidaja had yet experienced. Her mind flooded with the simple realization that this was not merely pleasure, it was painful. It was agonizing to go through, but she could not make herself stop, driving Alps' spouting cock deep into his sobbing, shaking friend

Finally, holding her tight around the middle in his crushingly strong arms with his tip buried against her cervix tightly, he smeared what remained of that spurting essence against her deepest chamber before his legs sank down, the

wolf falling over her back, and pressing the girl flat into the grass. He grunted softly, wheezing with heavy panting, the muscles in his legs and arms burning as he held Tia tightly. Both were flinching and shuddering from aftershocks. Nidaja knew by how hard she had been gripping Tia that small wounds prickled her flesh from Alps' claws. The soft, happy crying coming from the girl was music to her ears, though.

Gasping for breath, Alps remained on top of Tia, cock still buried to the hilt in her. His hips were mashed up to her soaking and sticky rump. They were *both* going to need a bath after this. Nidaja could not find it in herself to regret it though. Tia began to breathe more evenly and slowly, so Nidaja held her self up a bit, arms shaking, muscles suddenly weak.

"Before you complain about the claw marks, I will remind you that you brought this on yourself." came Alps' unusually dominant voice. There was no answer. Alps leaned forward, his voice raspy from panting. "Tia? You okay?" Her eyes were barely open, one a little more than the other. Now completely spent, Nidaja drew Alps' still throbbing cock out of those tight, greedy depths, a bit of crimson mixed in the fur on his tummy from the abusive way took his friend. Nidaja could not even remember putting those red claw marks down her back like that, but things had gotten *very* frantic through the most intense of it.

"Tia?" he asked again, his voice concerned. Nidaja rolled the gray female onto her back. Her expression immediately told the experienced fighter exactly what she needed to know.

Out cold.

Tia had passed out from the ravaging. Nidaja stroked her face, watching her breathing a bit, and then smiled, sitting Alps down on his haunches, gazing at the girl. "Serves you right, you mischievous thing." The general said in Alps' voice. "You are gonna feel that for a week." She inhaled a bit, feeling the burn in Alps' muscles. "Ooohhh... so is Alps. I think I will have a little more explaining to do later." She noted, shaking her head and laughing.

Nidaja looked up at the stars again as she lay down heavily beside the now naked, soaking, sticky Tia. She churred softly, "The closer I get to this task, the more I question what I am going to have to do at the end of this. I know what I want to do, but these old wounds, these scars, all of these terrible things make me think that I am simply not capable of doing justice here. Not an eye for an eye." Nidaja narrowed Alps' eyes. "No matter what, I will make her be afraid. I will make her beg. I will make her regret what she did to you, my love." her hands caressing that scar down Alps' tummy. "I will make her regret it."