

Sirius, Book IV
A Slave's War

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 19

The sight before Alps was one of pristine beauty. He had traveled many times around the towns where he lived with Chana, and even around Seravi, where he had been in an orphanage. In all that time, he'd never seen something as perfect and untouched as this place seemed to be. After a few weeks of relatively comfortable, and thankfully uneventful travel via a boat that they thought would break down at any moment and leave them on foot, they had arrived at the mouth of Lake Frostpelt. To the north, and a bit to the west, Alps could see from where he was standing at wheel of the boat the small point of land that rose from the water in the distance. His heart quickened. He could not help it. He was born there. His mother had lived there with him, and he was going back. He would see the Letai Temple of Life for the first time in his memory, but his own life had actually started there. What was more important to him in his racing thoughts in that moment was that he and his beloved Nita would be joined for life as promised lovers in that place. It did not matter if a temple still stood there, his mother would unite them.

"You would not recognize it from here, Aris. You never saw it from this far back. You were kept safe at the temple your entire life before Vhale showed up." Luna said his name somewhat warmly. She had joined her son up on the deck. She embraced him from behind, obviously quite happy to be returning home regardless of what shape it was in. The forests were all in place around the island. She had worried that it would still be bare. The ground itself, left as she had ruined it, would never have been able to grow anything again without someone restoring the essence to the soil itself. Not many had the power to do it. Mannus had told them the truth. He stayed and took care of the temple in his last days.

The white male lupine pulled his cloak a little tighter to him, careful not to show his wings when he was outside his quarters. It was hard to say when someone could see, especially as thick and primordial as the forest around the lake seemed. An essence manifestation would be a pretty blatant advertisement of the Letai having returned. The former slave spoke in a hushed tone.

"Is this a jungle?" He'd heard of them before, as thick as they were, and with how tall the trees were. He'd never seen anything quite this impressive where vegetation was concerned.

“No, Alps. A jungle is the way it is because of how much water is available and the length of the growing season. These are mostly coniferous trees, see the needles?” She pointed out the bristly, long needle leaves which were easy enough to make out even as they drifted farther from shore and into the lake. “There are a lot of trees among them which lose their leaves in the fall, it’s very lovely that time of year.”

“I’ve seen plenty of them, I just... I never saw them so big.” He marveled as he craned his head up. They had to be at least 200 feet tall in places.

“They draw upon Luna’s Heart.” The priestess whispered in reverence. Alps looked at his mother’s chest. She put her hand over it and chuckled. “No, there is a very old and very powerful crystal under the temple itself named after the same Luna I’m named after. It’s a natural focus. It holds a very large amount of life energy that emanates from it over time. Many generations of Letai performed essence-drawing rituals and filled the crystal with potent life energy to be used for healing and the like. With no one to use this power, the life around here is bolstered by the energy, growing larger and more abundant. I had worried that it would have burned out with the spell I cast to attack Vhale so long ago. I’m glad to see it was shielded. I was supposed to use it to repair the damage I did. Maybe that’s what Vhale used. He would not have much life-essence ability left, I imagine. Not back then.” Luna rested against Alps’ back, her thick tail waving slowly.

As they watched, the island drew nearer and nearer. Nita and Nidaja were having breakfast down below them, and Lira was talking with Mytan about the kinds of things they would expect to see where they were going. None of the Shuraza clan had any idea where some of the more impressive high temples were, no one had dared to travel so far into the dark territories to find them. There was a lot for the two to discuss, as the knowledge they would bring back would be enough to fill books for years. Vhale was sleeping, seeming to have exhausted himself thoroughly helping shovel coal. As he slept, it was Lyat’s turn. Reika stayed with him there to keep him company, or perhaps just irritate him to madness, Alps was never sure which.

The sun was a bit higher in the sky when they finally came close enough for Alps and Luna to see that a structure still stood. A tall white spire at the highest point of the island. It was hard to see if, under the cover of the huge trees, there was any other building beneath the spire, but there was obviously something of importance there. As he watched it come closer, the white former slave became aware that Luna’s temple was actually taller than Nita’s home. Alps did not think there could ever be a larger structure than that. He had not even heard legends that there ever had been.

“I lived there?” he asked incredulously.

“Oh my...” Lira had joined them on the deck. Mytan took the steering again since he had locked it in place once they came out on to the lake. There was nothing to run into for a long way. He fine-tuned the steering again, and stood by Lira.

"I never thought I would see something like this." He whispered. "I had so many worries when you had me come with you, I even considered running away, but now, I see that would have been the biggest mistake of my entire life and I would have never known." The green-furred male lupine moved forward a little, holding onto the railing. Alps could tell that his heart was hammering. For as terrible and difficult as the journey had been for Alps, this was, it seemed, the high point to Mytan's life. He would have a story to share with his family for the rest of his life. Alps inhaled deeply. He would likely survive it, since he was taking the boat back once they got to the east side of the lake when they were finished at the temple.

"Is there anything dangerous there that we need to worry about?" asked Lira. Her mind was always on keeping the group safe. There had been plenty of occasions where they had recklessly done things that they should not have. Alps' entourage seemed to have a serious conflict with caution. Luna shrugged at that.

"It's been a very long time, and that kind of life energy attracts more than just plants. I can't promise there is nothing dangerous there. It's unlikely, based on the creatures that lived here before, but many things have likely changed since then, including permanent settlements of Uruk, though they would serve little purpose up here, so far from the supply routes and the actual edge of the queen's empire." She leaned forward a bit, looking at the island as it approached. "There's no dock there anymore, I bet. We might have to get our feet wet to get to land."

"I think we will survive that." Alps leaned back a little as he enjoyed the breeze.

"It's a bit cold, don't you think?" Lira added, seeming to think Alps was foolish for thinking so little of having to possibly get wet.

"We can warm up inside." He said frankly.

"We don't know if there's an inside." Lira replied.

"I am sure we'll be fine." Luna defended her son. "Besides, we can make a fire and dry our clothes. I really don't think we are going to be bothered here." Lira sighed, perhaps being more of a warm-weather wolf, and padded below deck to get her supplies in order. She did not like disembarking unless prepared, even when they stopped to resupply with fresh fruit along the way.

The rest of the trip toward the island was a flurry of getting things together and waterproofing what supplies they intended to take with them. There was a bit of food and drink that they opted to put together to celebrate Alps and Nita's binding, due to take place soon after getting to the island. Alps could barely stand with the level of nervousness and excitement running through him. He hardly even noticed the island getting closer and closer, the huge trees looming high overhead, blotting out the sun before they even had to anchor the ship. He would soon be joined with Nita, her choice in him a life-time promise. To have this blessing, that of life-binding at all was

unthinkable for him as a slave. To think Nita would have him was a child's fantasy, and as unrealistic a thing as Alps found their whole group trying to do. But, if he was going to be bound to Nita, he could think of no reason why he could not make the other thing happen.

Disembarking was actually fun for Alps. He carefully hopped down into the twelve foot deep water, not wanting his robes to be pulled up enough to show anyone his wings if he could help it. It was ice cold, but that never really bothered him, because he was used to taking cold baths all of his life. He floated their supplies to shore with four trips back and forth, before finally helping a barely tolerant Nita and Lira across. They could all swim, but swimming in the frigid waters was difficult. Nidaja had no trouble getting herself across, neither did the slightly hardy Mytan. Luna stripped down completely and dove in, opting to get dressed in dry clothes on the other side and having no shyness about it. Vhale followed her lead, having no consideration for himself really, and perhaps happy to swim in the nude with Luna, which Alps found a little odd. Lyat and Reika were the least pleased with getting into the cold water, but they finally did. Lyat had to pull Reika across, as she balled up and sank the moment the icy water shocked her muscles. Trying to hold onto Bone did not help her swim either and she complained the whole way across because the water smudged Bone's blank and staring face.

Once everyone was across it was a cold walk around the edge of the island until they found a very old, grown over pathway that lead further inward. Alps and Luna were the only ones not actively shivering, but no one really complained about the cold when enjoying the splendor of the tall forest trees towering impossibly high above them. As they pushed inward, the trees were considerably smaller, the growth not as old, as there had originally been a clearing around the temple where the trees were more sparse and likely decorative. As they entered this area, the white quartz walls of the temple became visible, green half way up with clinging moss and lichen, but gleaming bright as the light was able to hit the quartz more. Tall windows looked dark in the pale walls. There were no coverings or glass to cover the windows after so long. There were a few obvious wide cracks in the wall that did not seem to be caused by age, perhaps damage of Luna and Vhale's last fight. Alps looked back at them, and they looked around and marveled at how much it had changed, seeming not to even care that they last tried to kill one another in this place. What had changed so much since then?

Alps had a slight chill. He had changed that. Luna would have killed Vhale if he had not stopped her, and they seemed, in this moment, almost to be friends. Was that really his affect? Was there something more there all along waiting to be discovered, or did they become friends just because he would not let them be enemies? What if all conflict merely needed a voice to say stop? Alps shook away that naïve and childish thought. The world was insanely complex, but both Luna and Vhale had been in their own personal nightmares for centuries. The war died for them a long time ago. They might as well have been descendants of that great calamity. The real enemy had a face now, and Vhale was not it.

“Well, there’s still a door.” Lira rumbled, seeming to feel that concept meant it was a little safer in how she lightened up. It was not infested by monsters, perhaps. She moved over to the door and tried to open it.

“I would assume after this long, it’s pretty stuck.” Luna offered. The front double doors themselves were over twice as tall as Alps. Was there ever cause for them to be that large, he wondered? He tried his hand at them, finding them to not budge even though it did not seem to be locked. They just had not been opened in a long time. Lyat moved forward and gave it the hyena shoulder. There was a loud, unfortunate sounding crunch, but the door gave. And then fell inward, the powerful hyena having ripped the old wood right off its hinges. The plume of dust from inside told a story of a room not touched for centuries. Lyat cupped his muzzle, looking horrified. He broke the temple of a Letai High Priestess. He broke Luna’s front door.

“It’s alright, thanks for getting it open.” Luna whispered to him encourage and comfort him, appearing to know that he was mortified by what his reckless act had done. Alps stepped forward first. There was a very large hall that spanned to the left and right almost as far as he could see, roots and vines growing in through the windows covering the floor with soil and litter from centuries of seasonal growth. Directly in front of them however was a large door only a little smaller than the front door. Luna moved forward, holding out her hand. “Linista’tir curosmir tiruthu mirelda.” A globe of bright white light appeared floating above her hand.

“It seems to be a very social kind of layout...” Mytan spoke openly to Lira. He seemed to forget that he did not have to guess the function of the different parts of Luna’s temple, he could ask the one who lived there so long ago. Luna seemed to realize he was overlooking this, and, forgiving him, spoke up.

“Mass essence-drawings used to be performed here, in the inner chamber. It’s kind of like a coliseum. Crowds would gather, Lhap, Letai, Amanian, even Asuna, and there would be hours of singing, storytelling, and in some cases, far more carnal displays to incite just the right kind of essence, and then, the temple focus would draw the essence from all around, and the priestess would channel it into the crystal.”

“Temple focus?” asked Mytan and Lira both. They had not heard that before, and all new knowledge they hungered for.

“Someone who was very adept at drawing and holding onto Essence.” Luna answered as a casual matter of fact.

“So, someone could hold essence from a hundred or so people until it was transferred to your crystal here in the temple?” Mytan was not ashamed to ask all the questions that came to him. Lira took his hand, seeming glad he was asking.

“Mytan, the mass drawings here had as many as twelve thousand people.” Lira cupped her muzzle. Nita furrowed her brow.

“Who could handle holding that kind of essence, even for a little bit?” asked the queen. Her sister nodded at that. They knew at least enough about essence that they knew about burn-out... agony and even paralysis caused in the muscles when too much essence was channeled by one person.

“Someone who can manifest it outside their own body.” Luna rumbled in a blunt answer, looking at her son. Alps blushed a bit and looked away. He would have made a good focus in the temple. Perhaps there was a place for him in that future for mass essence drawings here in the temple occasionally while he enjoyed his life with Nita.

“How was the power transferred?” asked Lira.

“That depended on the priestess, usually. Some like long, solitary rituals that seem a lot like a cleansing ritual. I preferred something more primal and enjoyable.” She gave a hard look at Vhale who seemed to intentionally look away, taking in the sights. Alps blinked at that. A soft click announced that the curious Nidaja opened the next large set of doors.

“What’s in here?” she asked, her body still freezing even as the conversation made her feel a little warmer. She likely was imagining the same thing Alps was when Luna explained how the power was transferred. Luna pleasuring Alps in the middle of a crowd of cheering Letai. That was perhaps more common then, but it was pretty taboo in more current Amani. Luna answered as she moved forward to shed light into the room.

“It’s the temple meeting hall.” She answered. Inside, as the light shone brightly with Luna entering the room, it seemed there was far less dust. The air was stale, but that was filtering out quickly, but with the door closed all that time, far less dust had been able to settle in the room and the weather had been kept out. There was a massive table in the room that looked like a long banquet table. There would likely have been a dozen candle holders on the table in times of meetings, but the plane of hardwood was bare at the moment. There were simple but elegant chairs, a total of 24 it seemed, a dozen on either side. At the farthest point of the table was a much larger chair, the dark hardwood gilded in silver, the back much higher and capped with a single white crystal. The moment Luna came closer, it glowed brightly. Alps’ pulse quickened. He was actually seeing a place he recognized, but it was just a very faint image in the back of his subconscious. Then his eyes moved upward. There was a very large painting above the chair he knew to be his mothers. There were two figures in the image brightly illuminated by the crystal in Luna’s chair.

The first person in the image that Alps could instantly recognize was his mother, wearing the long, dark green velvety robes of a Priestess of Life. She looked young and beautiful, her hair so neatly and pristinely groomed, and her eyes half closed in a sweet and loving gaze. This was a face that Alps only sometimes still saw in Luna. This was someone who had not endured 700 years of suffering. He saw it more and more, and

he liked that he was bringing that Luna back. In the picture with Luna was someone Alps did not really recognize though, and his pace quickened again, because he realized there was an entire world that he left behind, people that lived so long ago that connected him to a world that he was a part of, but no longer. The figure was two heads shorter than Luna, and the immediately overwhelming fact about the individual was that it a white-furred Lhap.

The short, petite fox looked almost female at first, but closer scrutiny in the fact that he wore no shirt, just an ornate loincloth, proved that this was a male. His enormous ears splayed out from almost one side of the painting to the other, looking so incredibly soft to the touch that Alps immediately wished he could touch them. His hair was a little wild in places, but the length of it was tamed in a braided ponytail that rested down his chest over his shoulder, violet beads and a coil of leather holding the end tightly bound. His eyes were bright violet with slightly darker edges and pupils were narrow, typical to Lhap. His lean body seemed strong and well maintained, and he seemed as clean and pristine as Luna. Alps looked down around their feet where they stood. This Lhap's pillowy tail curled completely around their feet and up along Luna's robed thigh. It was obscene the amount of tail this fox actually had. Alps had not seen Lhap so much as to expect this, but this was a very striking creature. He had an earring in one ear that held the Letai crest and a pendant with the same. Alps looked back to his mother and pointed at the figure, wagging his tail a bit. He remembered the discussion from just a moment ago. She had a focus she would have been very close to and could handle a lot of essence. The Lhap were rumored to have been where some of the strongest Letai initially came from generations before.

"This must have been your focus!" Alps barked happily, feeling certain that he was right. Luna looked up somewhat dreamily at him.

"Oh wow..." Nita said in a half-whisper, her inner ears going scarlet. "It would not be wise to leave me unmonitored with that fox. Nidaja, I have learned something new about my most intimate interests that I did not know before." Her tail wagged briskly. "I am painfully allured by him, he just seems so..." She seemed unable to place it exactly. It was Vhale who finally answered with a smirk on his face.

"Like his son." He put a hand on Alps' shoulder.

Leal rested beside Ceriss on a pillow that seemed a bit extravagant for something the size of the considerably smaller lapine. They did like their puffy cushion things. The pillow he was on was covered in a velvety material which he could swear came from the outside of a plant, but he was not sure which. It was interesting to see it used in this way. He sipped at a drink that seemed to be made of some kind of fruit, and while no one had specifically said it, he was pretty sure it was fermented. He felt loose and happy. Two lapine females continued to top off their wide, shallow cups with

the stuff. It was golden in color and very pleasant, served warm. After the pair left again, he looked to Ceriss, sharing a small hut that was assigned to them. He whispered softly,

“Are you sure we should be having them spoil us like this? It would be one thing if we just came back and they insisted, but you requested it.” He looked at the lovely white Lhap-disguised female wolf as she sprawled on her own pillow, sized closer to the lapine villagers to show how much larger the pillow was than it needed to be. There were no beds here, they seemed to like cushions better, and it seemed they traded the things as gifts. A lot of care went into making them.

“Leal, there is a level of expectation of us here to enjoy the fruit of the village, as it were. We will enjoy it any way we like, and I will not feel at all guilty about it. Do you know why?” She had that tone of wisdom in her voice, like Leal was learning some kind of lesson. He usually did when she spoke that way. He sat up, taking another sip.

“Why is that?” he asked curiously.

“Because they feel awful for making us do that.” The priestess sipped as well. Leal tilted his head.

“They have been freed. They thought we were heroes and we turned out to be. That’s kind of what I got from that.” He offered.

“They hoped we were heroes, but they still held us hostage here, neat and tidy as it were, unless we helped. So that we sup of their wine and dine on their fruit brings their hearts peace. Leal, enjoy them, or it will darken the joy to come.” The guard gritted his teeth, surprised by the sage and sound reason behind what he thought might have been insulting their hosts. Based on how they had been acting in regard to her requests, he felt that she had to be telling the truth. She continued. “There will be an unpaid price in their hearts if we leave and take nothing, ask nothing, and they gain everything. Look at them. The honor of the group is paramount, whether it is a paradise or there’s tyranny. That they required our help we don’t deny, or I would have refused outright, but do we deny ourselves pleasure knowing that it leaves their hearts in debt?” Leal leaned forward, astounded by Ceriss’ level of perception. Was this something natural to her, or was it common to the Letai? Still, he felt that they could well risk overstaying their welcome after too long. Three days of rest, no limit to food or drink, and any civil request they could make in that time. Then again, much of what the Letai did that he knew of was wrapped in careful diplomacy. Keeping peace was very much a part of what they did before the war.

As he mulled that over, the lapine female who Ceriss and Neph had met outside the village initially came in, opening the heavy cloth flap that acted as a door in a place that needed no locks. Leal looked up at her and smiled welcomingly. Ceriss sat up, crossing her legs, hands between her thighs as she energized a bit at seeing the familiar visitor.

"Everything is meeting with your desires, I hope?" she asked, a genuine tone of care in her voice. She seemed almost achingly sweet, as if it was all she knew. It made Leal think that outside of this terror, there was not much suffering to be had here. He felt a little out of place in the face of that. Everything about him was hardened by war in some respects, but it was that toughness that was needed for what finally delivered the rabbits from their problem.

"For the most part, yes." Ceriss stated. Leal twitched a little, feeling that her tone made it seem that something was lacking. The girl seemed to pick up on it right away. She put both her hands in front of her hips and bowed a little, looking over to Ceriss carefully.

"Oh, is there anything else that you need, or any way that I can make your time with us more rewarding?" she asked. Leal could still not shake the feeling that she was being used a bit.

"Indeed... What did you say your name was again?" Ceriss asked. She looked up, her expressive brown eyes keen on the demands of their heroes.

"Vernicia." She stood tall. Perhaps the name meant something. Much of their culture was lost on the group, as they had not been there long enough. What Leal knew of them made him like the lapine people thus far. She stepped closer, the soft jingle of the tiny bells along the hem of her skirt adding a musical flare to her every movement. Ceriss leaned back into her pillows, sipping upon her wine again. "Bare your body, please." Leal's heart nearly stopped. What kind of a thing was that for a guest to say? Was the wine too much for the priestess?

"B-bare?" she stammered, her eyes wide. Leal wanted to dismiss what the priestess had said, but when he looked back over to the white-furred Lhap female, she had her eyes narrowed, fixed on her 'quarry' and she seemed absolutely serious.

"Err..." Leal started. Vernicia moved a hand to her shoulder, and pulled down the top of the delicate fabric, and then drew the garment smoothly down her body. Leal's heart hammered. He did not expect her to easily complete this task without asking more questions or trying to offer something else instead. Surely Ceriss would be overstepping her bounds. He looked back to the lovely lapine, however. Her body was a curvy wonderland of feminine beauty, and her rich brown fur seemed too soft to be tolerated. Her breasts were neither too large nor too small, seeming model-perfect for her body. She looked healthy and strong, and the flare of her hips suggested long family-lines and good fortune to whoever captured her heart. Leal shook his head a little and looked back at Ceriss, trying not to actually outright stare. What was his lover's purpose in asking to see Vernicia naked?

"Come close to me, Vernicia." Ceriss' tone was as soft and smooth as the rabbit's fur. She folded her ears back and blushed scarlet, that much was east to see

where the fur was a little thinner, but she moved over to the fox. She was only just slightly taller than Ceriss when she was in the Lhap form, but this was not as obvious at the moment because of the fact that the priestess was so comfortably relaxed on the pillows that she was very nearly laying down. Ceriss sat up and slipped a hand up along the back of Vernicia's leg, and over the smooth curve of her rump, making the girl gasp loudly, eyes wide. Leal gritted his teeth. The priestess was not drunk, she knew exactly what she was doing.

"This is what you desire, Ceriss?" she asked, seeming a little meek and unsure. Leal was pained to hear that the tone in her voice was not of offense, but worry that she might not meet the priestess' standards.

"We Letai draw upon energy from each-other in this way that we use in order to face such dark things, Vernicia." Ceriss rumbled softly. "We have drawn a lot from one another and this has left us very tired, and we need energy undrawn, untapped, something fresh. Young and virile." Leal's heart beat faster. She was going to draw from the lapines? Was this allowed? Did Vernicia even understand what Ceriss intended to do? There was a hot gasp from her and Leal refocused as he saw Ceriss lean forward and push a warm kiss right between the lapine girl's thighs. Her eyes locked on the wolf's, and he could not look away as they seemed slightly afraid for but a second, and then the priestess put her fast, agile vulpine tongue to work, fluttering it rapidly in a way that Leal could not see, but could certainly see the effect of. Vernicia nearly buckled, her knees bending, head moving forward and down and hands catching Ceriss' shoulders.

At first, he thought that she was going to push the priestess away in embarrassment and defensiveness, but she just held the white Lhap's shoulders as she kept her mouth over the bunny's sex. Vernicia's eyes were wide for a moment more, and then softened, closed, and her ears went from straight up, to splayed outward and down, her thighs pushing together and spreading apart in slow rhythm. Leal looked into her eyes with concern as she opened them slowly, fixed upon him as Ceriss dined upon her honey so brazenly.

"I am not... familiar with this... ceremony." She huffed, her little teardrop of a tail flitting as she arched her back. Ceriss moved back closer to the pillows and pulled Vernicia onto her knees slowly. The rabbit gladly did this, since she was having trouble standing steady where she was. As Ceriss got comfortably, and pulled her robes open for Leal to see that she was very willingly aroused, and teasingly exhibiting her pink vulpine folds to him. She moved a hand down between her thighs and pushed her fingers side to side, making a very graphic display of her body for the wolf who was already painfully aroused just from seeing her shameless treatment of their lapine host.

"It's not so ceremonial really, but she is right. Your energy is strong. It will help the priestess recover her strength from the fight." Leal suspected that Vernicia could barely hear anything he was saying, as her thighs tightened and relaxed around Leal's head. She began to breathe more heavily, and even embraced her own round breasts,

fingers over her nipples not in shame, but to tease herself a bit. Ceriss pulled her mouth off of Vernicia as she started to make tense, anxious whimpering sounds. The rabbit looked with some panic over her shoulder at Leal.

“This is good?” she asked, seeming anxious.

“Turn... Face my guardian.” Ceriss spoke softly, panting as well, moving her hand away from her puffy wet sex. Leal’s masculinity jumped a bit in his trousers with need. “Leal...” Ceriss’ tone was just as honeyed for him as it was for their host. “Undress as well. I am finding lapine scent and flavor has a potent effect on me and I need for you to tend me. I think this will be something Vernicia enjoys too.”

“T-tend?” The rabbit turned slowly, and sat down over Ceriss’ muzzle, the little vulpine priestess immediately resuming her pleasuring of their new friend. Leal pulled his trousers down, hard enough that his cock sprang back and slapped his lower belly as the waistline cleared, making him flinch a bit. He was a good deal larger than Vernicia, and even larger still than this form of Ceriss, which made him feel disproportionately potent in their company. He moved between his priestess’ outstretched thighs, and pulled her hips up, letting his cock rest on the fox’s tummy. Vernicia did not seem to have any compunction about staring at this. He rolled his thighs a little, watching openly as well since he was being given a better view of Ceriss’ mouth cupped tightly over a likely equally tight rabbit. Vernicia began to shake.

“Letai are pretty well learned about such things.” Leal said soothingly. “No need to fight it. Do as your body tells you, you are among friends.” He said this more for himself than for her, but he widened his eyes a bit as her hand slipped around his cock. She stroked his full length with first one hand, then the other, wrapping both around him. His girth was of the most interest to her as she drew in a deep, shuddering breath, and then lowered his head against Leal’s shoulder as she quietly, but obviously climaxed upon Ceriss’ fluttering, darting, and sometimes deeply penetrating tongue. Leal rolled his thighs, pushing back and forth as he watched the girl’s hands fold together as if praying, letting that thick wolf-cock penetrate her hands.

“I’m being greedy... Aheh... I shall share.” She panted, and, as Leal pushed his hips forward, she pushed his cock downward, angled just right with perfect timing, he felt cupping hands give way to very tight vulpine honeypot. Ceriss gave a long, low groan, and pushed her hips forward a little to hilt Leal completely. He pulled her hips up a little, and then smiled as he watched Vernicia lean back, hips pushing back to Ceriss’ mouth. She seemed very interested in watching.

“Good girl...” Ceriss said in a quick pant, catching her breath. Leal took pride in making this nicer for the rabbit, and began to really put in a hot, heavy rhythm for Vernicia to heat up over as she was pushed steadily toward another climax. It was Ceriss who was heating up, however. Leal watched the expressions of rapt interest in Vernicia’s eyes as he pumped his lover, feeling her impossibly tight smaller sex pulling at him. This was not mere illusion, there was a physical change that was used for this

technique that he could not hope to understand. However, when he glanced down, he finally understood part of why Ceriss was getting so wet so fast. The rabbit daringly pushed her digits at the apex of the priestess' sex, stirring her rapidly, making it obvious that, as sweet and gentle as Vernicia was, she was not utterly innocent. Ceriss popped first, making quite a lot of wetness for Leal to plow into as the rabbit hunkered against him, chin over his shoulder as she gave a long, hot cry, being unable to restrain herself that time.

Vernicia cried out again as she was suddenly pulled quickly down the priestess' smaller body, then had her shoulders gripped to lay her back against the fox beneath her. Leal understood what Ceriss wanted, and he moved himself forward, pumping away at the fox's spasming sex as his chest pushed against the bunny's. Ceriss wanted to focus on essence-drawing a moment and could not if she was cumming constantly from sustained naughty Vernicia fingers.

"L-Leal! I can't take this! Nnh!" The rabbit moved a hand down and startled Leal as she pulled the wolf out of Ceriss' soaking pussy and angled him up, making it so his next hard stroke had him pubic-bone to pubic-bone deep inside her still shuddering depths. Having not expected this, the why the intensity played out in his head and over his length, the wolf nearly spilled his seed that very moment. He jerked to a stop, got control of himself, and then began pumping again. Vernicia gave a hard cry, tightening like a vice around him, and then pouring her heat over Ceriss' own sex. Ceriss barked her approval.

"It's alright, take her! Hard, Leal!" The priestess growled hotly, cupping Vernicia's breasts. Submitting to the priestess made some sense to Leal, but in a matriarchal society, her opening up for him was not as expected. He felt a welling need, and he drove himself hard against the rabbit. She squeaked out cutely, and wrapped her arms around Leal. Her hands spread over his back and he comforted himself upon the softest fur he'd ever experienced. His hips hammered heavily enough that even Ceriss' body was shaken, making her grunt a little as the wolf over them both had his way with their host.

Vernicia's next climax felt to Leal like it must have been brutal, if not a little painful. She shook violently, gripping Leal tightly.

"I..." Leal gave a low growl. He didn't want to just flood Vernicia without warning, but before he could say anything, she kissed him. She cupped his mouth good and tight, and he shuddered, firing his load hard into her eagerly claiming nearly suckling heat. He felt her hips buck and her mouth released his.

"Aaaaaahhahh! Oh by the wind, I'm made!" Leal was not sure he'd ever heard that exclamation before, but it was followed by her wrapping arms and legs around his body and clamping as tight as she could before exploding around him, her sex convulsing and shuddering as she climaxed as violently as he'd ever felt a lover do, her constricting sex suckling every drop out of him. Ceriss panted heavily, but seemed

relaxed, happily drawing the essence of them both. Leal finally lowered his head a little and gave along, lilting growl, happily spent for the moment as he held Vernicia close against the smaller priestess and kissed her again. The rabbit crooned with satisfaction, though a bit of a mess between her thighs as Leal had not been neat and tidy about his own release, having continued pumping his cock to pleasure her to her highest peak even as she gushed around him.

Finally, he lowered his head and kissed the bunny tenderly, his hips mashing up tight and snug against her own as she kept him wrapped up in her arms and legs. Leal drew slowly out of her finally, grinning as he looked into her eyes, enjoying the expression of satisfaction upon her face. As he admired his 'work' he squeaked softly at the feel of Ceriss' legs snaring his backside, pulling him forward, and sinking him right back into her own body again.

"You can't possibly think you're finished here, my love." She crooned. Leal's heart sped up. He winced a bit as he was pulled in tighter. He had not considered that he would have to keep going, but he typically did not have more than one lover to tend to.

"I don't think my tide of essence is gonna be very useful by this point." Leal offered with some anxiousness.

"I don't want your essence, I want the bellyful you just gave Vernicia." The rabbit giggled, slipping down off of Ceriss, letting her hold Leal, but she slipped down alongside the pair, caressing the slightly overly-large-for-a-Lhap breasts. Leal groaned a bit, but nodded. He would not keep a priestess wanting. He held close and began to pump his thighs. The first few moments of this were a bit grueling, but he began to feel almost a fury and a drive to keep going at the prodding of the priestess. The discomfort did not last too long, and he felt re-energized as his hips slapped hers firmly. He felt a gentle hand stroke his back, over his tail, over his thighs. The rabbit was exploring them both now that she was content and full.

"I'm starting to think I really like this Letai thing." Vernicia spoke softly, but seemed giddy. Leal grunted and moved faster and harder. He was determined that the priestess would not be able to draw from him when he was done, even if she wanted to, because he would have her at her peak when he went. This was not so hard as he thought it might be, given that Ceriss was still smoldering from the last release. In a few moments of rather frantic, feral, aggressive ravaging, She bucked hard against him, cried out, and the tide opened up again. Ceriss happily plateaued for her lover, grinding, squirming, crying, groaning, and Leal finally got over the discomfort and enjoyed the ride.

The natural build-up to his peak was a lot smoother the second time around, he found, and this gave him something of an appreciation for what his role as a lover might be if he used that determination for essence drawing with the priestess. He could be quite useful to her if he mastered this kind of thing. He heard a soft, sinking cry from

behind him, and looked over his shoulder, his anxiousness rising rapidly as he saw Vernicia doubled over, hand between her thighs, other on Ceriss' knee as she used her fingertips to strum herself to a selfish little climax. Seeing that, knowing how much the rabbit was actually enjoying this too, that was all it took.

Finally, Leal gave a sharp cry, flinching a little as he just tipped off the end of his pleasure, and sprayed his thick spunk hard inside Ceriss' convulsing depths. She wailed loudly, surely making their actions in that hut plain and obvious to anyone even reasonably nearby. Leal ground hard into her, making sure to give it to her deep, knowing Ceriss seemed to like it that way. He gasped as he felt his sack stroked from behind encouragingly by Vernicia. She lovingly petted him as he flooded the white vulpine beauty, and then he finally slumped down over her and let himself rest.

He felt Vernicia pull up close alongside them both, wrapping an arm and a leg over them. Despite having been a guest in this essence drawing, she held her friends like lovers, and the obscene softness of her fur made that absolutely perfect for the drowsy, happy wolf and fox.