

Sirius, Book IV

A Slave's War

Comments or Questions?

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Chapter 5

The trip had been rather uneventful for the second night. This left Alps some time to do something he had not had the luxury of doing since returning to the castle with Nidaja. Nothing. The wolf decided to fill this vacuum of his time by talking with his friends, as the more time he had alone, the more time he had to fret about how dangerous the course of action left to him actually was. He knew Nita and Nidaja were discussing political things with Lyat, which bored him greatly, and Lira was quietly creating a course to follow once they were on land and did not need to be disturbed. Vhale had kept himself hidden for the most part after getting aboard because he was trying to avoid any attention from Lira who still didn't know exactly who he was, and he seemed to still feel badly about Alps' link to him. Still, finding someone to talk to was not hard. He found Reika and Luna up on the deck. Alps was a bit confused at finding those two talking as he had always felt his mother to be very sensible and calm; Reika, not so much. As if to further illustrate how *not* alike the two were, Bone was present. The now winged wolf felt his capillaries open in his ears and the bridge of his muzzle as he remembered Reika's enjoyment of the weapon earlier that day. His blush was not solely because of what he caught the girl doing, but because it was actually Luna holding the weapon.

"Aris, come here." she commanded. The lupine shook his embarrassment and looked reverently to his mother and nodded, padding over to the hyena and priestess and flittering his wings curiously before consciously stopping them. He was trying to avoid moving them without meaning to as it would be obvious even with a cloak on if he pumped them like that. He still wore his dark-colored uniform, but the top had been altered by Lira to allow for his wings, which he appreciated.

"Yes?" he asked, happy to be so openly invited to conversation, even if he did not expect them to be having one. This would take his mind off of how weird things had become. Luna chimed,

"I need you to talk to Bone." Alps gritted his teeth. Perhaps it wouldn't. The fact that it seemed sentient was eerie enough to the wolf, but the thought of actually purposefully conversing with the item made him feel a little shy. He knew little about it, but what he did know suggested a link that only he and Reika

seemed to share, and he didn't understand having that in common with her. He had done his best not to think of it.

"I am not sure what I would say to him." the white former slave said softly.

"I need to verify that his mind is independent from Reika's, not an extension of it. I don't sense any essence at all from him."

"I do." Alps stated bluntly. "It's the same essence I sensed that allowed me into the Shadowfall. I know that's not good news." Luna's son sat on one of the crates tied against the starboard side of the ship. "Nidaja already verified that I could understand him." The priestess nodded to that curtly and spoke up again.

"Verified with Reika present. I need to be sure that Bone can say things that Reika does not know about. So, you can translate for me, and I will ask a few questions of him through you, since you are less biased toward Bone. No offense Reika."

"Reika is offended." The hyena crossed her arms.

"Sorry." Luna responded, seeming to not worry about the potentially violent girl at all. Alps reached out for Bone. Reika handed him the weapon with the silly eyes painted on it. Immediately, Alps was able to feel the cold, alien essence flowing through it. With practice, he had become more and more sensitive to it. He was far more in tune with that essence than the last time he had held the weapon. He wondered if it was because of the wings. Then came the voice.

"Greetings again." The sound was distant and whispered, but invitingly friendly. In a noisy place, Alps wondered if he would even notice it. "I had hoped I would get to talk with you again. Reika speaks highly of you now. You make a good impression. Your wings look dashing."

"Does he speak with you?" Luna asked.

"Yes." Alps answered.

"Reika, first a question for you." The white-furred female leaned forward a bit. "What is Bone to you?" The hyena girl seemed immediately confused and flustered.

"He is very best friend. Always can trust him. Always with Bone." Alps arched his brow a bit at how flustered she got about it. He had assumed with how she carried on in the tub the girl did not really consider it taboo, but perhaps she guarded that closeness a little more than he had assumed.

“No, I mean, what is he? What kind of creature does Bone tell you he is?” Luna spelled out her question a little more carefully to the younger girl, as she didn’t speak the Amanian language very well.

“Oh. Bone is a bone, you are seeing him there.” Her answer was matter-of-fact and short.

“I mean, is he a spirit haunting the bone? Is he connected to it from somewhere else?” Alps immediately got a better idea of why his mother was doing this. The priestess was justifiably worried that Bone might be a spy of some sort for the avatar. It made perfect sense that she would try quickly to ascertain this.

“Reika is not asking this. Bone is Reika’s friend, he is saying so. It is okay, he is helping Reika when parents are gone.” The hyena seemed to understand where the questioning was going as well.

“Alps, ask Bone *where* he is.” Luna asked.

“Bone is in Alps’ hand, see?” Reika announced this simply. The male lupine knew that Reika was not daft, she was likely just fearful that saying much would incriminate her long-time friend. The essence around the weapon rippled a bit and Alps heard the words from him in that steady whisper.

“This is a wise question that she asks. She is right to wonder. I have tried before to explain to the girl, but she does not quite have a grasp of such things. I will admit it’s hard not to be excited about being in contact with others.” Alps sighed softly.

“He’s a bit excited to be talking to more people, and says you are wise to ask that question, but that Reika has not understood the answer in the past.” He worried that this would not be helpful, and worried more that the ultimate response would be that Bone was a danger to the mission. Reika would not take leaving him behind very well at all.

“Then ask him where he is.” Luna clarified.

“He heard you before.” Alps stated.

“That’s not comforting.” Luna said in a hushed tone. Perfect for spying, Alps understood her concern.

“I am not sure this will make much sense to you either...” the whisper lilted in his ear, “... I am in a place that is between all the places one can go. It’s a very large place with very large creatures and impossibly small creatures. It would be insurmountably perilous to you or Reika. It is home to many dark

things and many light things, and a great deal of dangerous struggle in between. Wide enough is this world that great separation is possible and conflict can often be avoided, but in your world, conflict with something from this world would be both inevitable and disastrous.” Alps gritted his teeth at that explanation. Bone was more forthcoming and wise than he thought he would be, but the tone of what he said was not encouraging. He repeated this to Luna.

“Alright... Bone...” she seemed reluctant to refer to it with a name. “Do you know the peril we currently face? Have you learned of this in this journey already?” Alps held the weapon in both hands as she spoke, and the essence around it rippled again.

“I am aware, a bit. You may already be contending with such a disaster as I have suggested. Something may have slipped through from this harrowing place, to your more ordered and less chaotic existence. This unfortunate fact has led to much suffering, I fear.” Alps felt a sudden chill run through him. His suspicions about Bone’s link were becoming more obvious. He repeated this to Luna. Reika seemed perturbed.

“So, crazy dark thing that is taking Vhale’s place, is coming from Bone’s country?” Alps nodded to her, realizing that her understanding was still very simplistic. That was, however, basically what he understood that to mean. Luna obviously understood it too.

“So you are from the Nether...” She leaned back a bit against the railing of the ship, seeming heavy-hearted about that. “This is dangerous. How do we know that you can be trusted?”

“Reika knows, for what that’s worth.” The voice seemed to guess that it would not hold a lot of weight. To Alps, however, it did hold some weight. It was hard for the wolf to place, but Bone’s presence, while eerie, lacked any kind of malice.

“There’s no way to really know.” Alps stated, “However, if Reika believes he does not intend harm, I would side with her. She’s had Bone a while, and his ... influence has been helpful, not harmful. Reika under the influence of someone who meant harm would not have such strong loyalties to her friends.” Reika nodded emphatically.

“You can trust Bone. He is being a good friend for years to Reika.” she barked insistently. Alps could feel the tension go up.

“Where did you find Bone, Reika?” the priestess asked. The girl hyena looked up to her and frowned, obviously worried already that Luna might not want Bone to come with them after such a revelation.

“Asuna is finding him in the sand, in big desert near where sand is made hard by great fire. Reika thinks he will make a good club, five years before now. Then he speaks with Asuna, and it is comforting worries. They is always comforting Reika, who is being upset because mama and papa is not coming back.” She tried to explain in a way that painted him in the best possible light.

“Bone, why do you speak through this ... item?” Luna asked. Alps raised an eyebrow. That was a pretty sensible question.

“It was once a part of me. I was pulled into your world briefly, and slipped back mostly into my world before the door I wandered through closed.” Alps widened his eyes at that. The books that he had read in the Asuna capital had spoken of those who experimented with Nether Essence accidentally pulling horrible things through which caused all kinds of problems. This creature had been one of those things, it seemed, but wished to go back instead. Alps repeated Bone’s words.

“You slipped into this world, but you immediately went back. Why?” Luna asked. Bone responded.

“Because it is not my world. Suddenly being in a world you do not know is a problem. It can be a danger to all. To bring such danger would be needless. What if your air is poisonous? What if nothing is edible in your world for me? It is wisest to stay in a world you know.” Alps repeated Bone’s explanation. To the former slave, it was as sensible an answer as one could want. Luna rocked side to side a little, pondering this. She then spoke again.

“You say this... Bone is a part of you? You were torn apart trying to return home? You were injured?” she asked. The Asuna’s weapon responded, his drawn eyes blankly staring forward. Alps had no idea why he even looked into them. They were not really eyes. The weapon replied softly.

“Slightly, yes. I was unaware that my energy remained linked to it until someone who was sensitive to it picked it up, and I heard her voice for the first time. It was a very long time after I nearly got trapped in your world that she found it. Over time, I became more keenly aware of what was going on around that lost piece. I could see things, hear things, even smell things sometimes. I can’t see very far, and hearing is best if I am held by Alps or by Reika, but I have grown... fond of the company this link has provided. Fond of Reika.” Alps repeated all of this, to much flustering from the Asuna girl. He could not help but blush a little as well, given what he knew about the extent of that fondness.

“You healed from your injuries, I take it? What bone was this? A leg? An arm? How severe were your injuries?” The priestess was unsurprisingly concerned with things a healer might immediately be concerned with. Did Bone suffer for the loss of his limb? The implement of war answered.

"I was scarcely aware I had even been injured." Alps found that unbelievable, given the size of the bone that Reika was holding. It was twice the size of his own femur. He repeated that ridiculous claim anyway, however. Luna paused a bit, then spoke again.

"How could you be unaware? This is not a small piece. What part of you sustained this injury?" The priestess examined the bone more closely, as if trying to picture the body part it went to.

"In my escape, I lost the tip... the very last bone of my tail." Alps felt another hard, cold chill. He did not really want to repeat that. The creature Bone came from was huge. Was the creature they were intending to ultimately face just as large? Could it be even larger?

"Well?" asked Luna as Alps' mind spun with this revelation.

"That bone came from the tip of his tail." Alps repeated, his chest feeling heavy. "He barely noticed his injury at all." Luna grunted in surprise, speechless.

"Wow! Bone is big creature to Reika!" the hyena marveled, not seeming at all concerned. It seemed to actually delight her.

"What kind of creature are you, Bone?" asked Luna. The creature linked to the weapon through the essence answered.

"Your language and mine are somewhat different, and while I speak to the minds of those who hold me and can be understood, I have no way to know what creatures you know of that would be similar. At least none that I have so far seen. I am far larger than your kind, and much stronger. I have teeth and claws, I am smooth to the touch, and white in color. I have a long neck and a long tail. I have the ability to fly. I don't know how else to describe myself. To your people, I am a monster." Alps reluctantly repeated all of this, and Luna paled a bit. Reika, however, seemed almost predictably thrilled.

"Wow! You are being this great thing and never telling Reika!" she danced around a bit. Alps held the club loosely in his hands.

The journey was going to be difficult to begin with. He was travelling with the very person responsible for the dark fate that had befallen their people, an unstable hyena girl, three people who he felt obligated to protect with his life – Nidaja, Luna, and Nita, and then poor Lira, who had gotten herself in way over her head. Now he found he would be travelling in the indirect company of a monster that came from the very place as the darkness they moved to face. This gave the wolf no comfort whatsoever.

He just wanted a respectable post. He wanted to be able to tell his family that he contributed a bit more than someone who stood in a tree-level watch-post on an internal village which was more likely to suffer the misfortune of a windstorm than any hostile action. The grey-furred Leal rested his chin on his hand and gazed across the table from him as he stirred his stew with his spoon. There was a Letai Priestess. Not someone posing as one, a real one who had been trapped since before clearly recorded history. And there she was, blowing on her soup to cool it just like him. She had fur so black that he could not even make out her features very well. If it were darker he would not see her at all if it were not for the simple robes that she wore. She slowly lifted the spoon to her lips, watching him a moment. Why was she watching him? The lupine guard then cast his eyes to his dinner. She watched him because he was staring at her. He murmured softly,

“I apologize. I am sure you can understand that you and this entire surreal scenario mystify me.” He felt bad about being caught staring, but was sure she would understand it.

“That is fine.” Ceriss replied. “You are expected to deal with much, the least you should be allowed is the satisfaction of your curiosity.” She sipped from her spoon delicately.

“You use a lot of energy to disguise yourself the way you do, is that why, when you cannot be seen from outside, you have dropped the disguise?” he asked. He felt it was a bit uncanny to travel to the place openly with someone only posing to be Nita. They had pulled it off, and a few people even came to bow and offer their respect to her and wish her well. Leal had assisted in keeping folks back enough to not notice any small variations if they were so keen.

“I do. It drains me, so I will do so only when needed.” She stated.

“How about the dark-fur thing? That takes less energy?” Leal asked. He had not seen her without at least that form of disguise, leaving him with no knowledge of what her real fur might actually be like. This darkness left her feeling like a spirit or a shade, and it was very disquieting.

“It takes less, but I can do it for far longer. I prefer this color. It feels... quiet.” She nodded at her description of it. Leal rubbed his chin a bit. Of course, yes. Quiet. Because she was utterly terrifying at first glance. She sipped her soup again.

"I am honored to get to help protect you. I mean, the queen, who you will be portraying, but you as well, of course."

"You will find..." she put her spoon down, "... That a Letai priestess requires little protection, but I shall enjoy your company in this task nonetheless. As a guard, I shall make use of your eyes and ears when rest is necessary. You will be useful to me, and to this mission. Misty knew her reasons for choosing you, but perhaps not all of mine. Letai require positive-feeling energy to perform the manipulation of the essence that allows our abilities. This would be far more difficult without you and Lunar is here to draw upon. You are both strong, and you are quite young and energetic. This is useful."

Leal considered that a bit. He was not sure how much help he could be just in being present, but he was glad to help nonetheless. Ceriss continued on her soup, and Leal watched a while longer.

"Where do you think Lunar is has gotten to? It's pouring out there. I hope he is back before any of our guests show up." Leal leaned back, tilting up his bowl, sipping from it eagerly. Ceriss looked to the guard and nodded.

"He is fine. He is just spreading a rumor that the queen is barely guarded, to encourage a larger group attack. Fear of dying will ensure a smaller group of scouts takes a peek first, but Misty and Lunar is are encouraging an all-out assault. The more of these traitors we can dispatch at one time, the safer the Queen will be when she gets back." The priestess explained this and took another sip.

"Will we be arresting anyone?" Leal asked.

"If we can. Information about the group will be useful, and Nidaja will be able to ... extract that when they get back."

"I wish I knew more about where they were going. It worries me to have them out of the castle during times such as this."

"Assassins are not something Nita has to worry about, trust me." Ceriss laughed, tipping up her bowl as well, as the soup had cooled enough. Leal smiled at that, encouraged a little.

"So... When the fight happens... You want me and Lunar is to spread out your attackers a bit and thin their numbers? What is your plan?" Ceriss put her bowl down with a dull thump and wiped her muzzle delicately.

"Your job will be to keep them from getting away from me. They will run. We cannot have anyone make it out. Knowing I am here could cause great harm." Leal nodded at that, a bit stunned. He had no idea what a priestess

could do, but she seemed very confident. What if there were impossibly large numbers of attackers? At least the real queen was not in any danger. Their assault would expose them, and their plans would be dashed, even if Leal and Ceriss and Lunariss fell. He finished his soup in a somber mood. Ceriss spoke.

"I would not spend too much time worrying. Be confident, Leal. Know that the next day comes because you will fight for it. Know you are a part of the world, and all that happens now and what will happen later. Even if only a small part is played, you are still a part." The priestess stood up and reached her shadowy hand out for Leal's. He took it, and felt himself drawn to his feet. In a moment, he was in step alongside her, being lead through the halls of Nita's large vacation manor. She eventually led him to a large, heavy door.

"This is where the queen would sleep. You will guard me here when I rest, and Lunariss will patrol. You are okay with this?" Ceriss opened the door and led Leal in. He blinked at the size of the room. It was no smaller than the massive, luxurious room that the queen had in the castle. It looked like it took up nearly a quarter of the manor. This was definitely a place geared entirely around the queen's rest. There was a massive four-post bed with wrought-iron vine-work at the head of it, gauzy curtains spilling down from metal leaf-decorated railing at the top. There was a violet and gold carpet under the bed that spread out through half the room, and a heavy, ornate desk and a lovely wardrobe on one wall, with a second floor balcony that overlooked a dense and beautiful forest which extended down to a thin private beach in the calm and sparkling bay. Much of the manor, this room included was not made of the white marble that the castle was predominantly lined with indoors, it was made with gold-orange colored sandstone which gave the rooms a warmer, cozier earth-toned feel. Getting to stay here was as much of a treat for Leal as getting to stay in the castle, and he still could not believe that he was so privileged as to be a part of everything that was happening. He walked around the room, marveling as he looked around. He heard the door close, and looked over to Ceriss.

"It's a nice room. You have done well for yourself, your majesty." Leal stated, grinning to the priestess. She closed her eyes, smiling back, and her form shifted. There was a flicker, like lightning shining off the white cliff face of a distant mountain, and her form was different, the queen standing there before him. She nodded warmly to him.

"Much responsibility comes with a room like this, Leal." Ceriss even altered her voice, though Leal could not tell if she sounded much like the queen, he had only heard her a few times giving speeches, with her voice amplified by a spell. Still, the look was very convincing.

"Quite a bit comes with getting to see it as well, I imagine." Leal made his remark, considering the amount of trust the queen would have to have in bringing

someone in here, even though this was a false Nita. Ceriss smiled in her royal form and moved over to the bed.

"Won't you sit down, Leal?" she asked. "You have earned the trust of the royal house, after all. You should visit in comfort." The guard felt his face heat up. This was so wrong. Ceriss pretending to be the queen, inviting him to sit on the queen's bed, seeming so charming and taboo. He was just a guard, he'd not have a chance with the real thing, but was it a lapse of good conscience to fantasize? Surely Ceriss knew the thought might play across his mind. The devilish grin she gave through Nita's features as she patted the bed told him she knew. He swallowed and followed his orders, however... even if he would nearly have to have been ordered not to sit by her side. She looked so inviting.

"This would probably irritate Nita if she knew, Ceriss." The lupine guard chuckled to the priestess as he watched her sit prim and proper on the bed.

"Aww, does this make my loyal subject feel shy?" Ceriss rumbled in a soothing and sexy version of what he imagined must have been the queen's voice. For how spot on her appearance was, she would surely put effort into mimicking the voice too. Leal inhaled deeply.

"It feels like we are breaking some unspoken rule." He admitted to her, looking up in Ceriss' disguised violet eyes. She smiled playfully.

"Taboos are fun, Leal. You should relax and just allow the queen a bit of relaxation. This is her vacation home after all..." The priestess leaned in and touched her lips delicately to Leal's. He gave a full-body shiver. Misty having him as she did was a shock to him. He would have never considered it if she had not made it so bluntly obvious what she wanted. The guard could not get over the image of his queen kissing him, and his muzzle and ears went scarlet. He finally pulled back, gasping out.

"If Lunar is walked in on this..." Leal whispered.

"Oh if only he did..." Ceriss crooned softly, her sweet-smelling breath teasing Leal's lips a bit. She plucked the link to his cape and pulled it away from him, and then began to pull up his chainmail cuirass. He gasped out.

"Oh heavens, you *want* to get caught! I'll be reprimanded!" The lady wolf who looked exactly like his royal highness, Nita, pouted back at him.

"Maybe it's worth a little reprimand, Leal." She chuckled, and he realized she was having some fun at his expense. He crossed his arms, looking forward.

"I respect Queen Razelle a great deal, and look up to her!" he protested, but he could not get the plentiful images out of his mind. He had been poisoned

by the thoughts thoroughly. The queen pushed down on the bed, pitching and moaning as Misty had done, plowed heavily by her lover. Did she experience it often? Had she ever experienced it right there on that very bed? Leal felt extremely hot, and tried to shake away a thought of the esteemed and powerful Queen Razelle on her knees before him taking hot, plentiful ribbons of his lust over her muzzle and chest. He squirmed.

“Respect or not, the thought makes you glad I took off your armor, doesn’t it?” Ceriss asked, this time in her own voice. Leal looked back to her. The inky-black hole in the world shaped as a lovely lupine female was back. Leal sighed heavily, glad of it. Such teasing. Now he would be walking around aching for Misty and he might not see her again for days. He saw the blouse of that copy of the queen’s relaxed silky outfit fall on top of his armor on the floor. His head snapped up and Leal saw more of that inky darkness. There were no intimate features to behold, but he knew the priestess to be bare under that darkness. Was she going to do more than tease him? He swallowed loudly.

In another anxious moment, she pressed Leal back and undid his trousers, the belt slipping away and his boots cast to the floor with the rest of the clothing. The pants were jerked away eagerly, and then he was bare save for his bracers. He felt ashamed at the level of arousal that Ceriss was immediately treated to, but those thoughts of the queen were intense, and so forbidden, he could not help it. He then felt dexterous, skilled hands take his masculinity, both ensnaring him, working together so gently to stroke and tease along that very thick spire.

“Mercy... Please... I did not expect this...” Leal whimpered. Surely if his captain caught him failing to observe his duties and keep watch, he would be punished. Ceriss did not seem to care... or was she still teasing him? He would certainly be able to stay awake all night and alert after being riled up so heavily.

“Do you beg for mercy already Leal? I felt for certain the Royal Guards were made of sterner stuff.” Her hands were so soft and silky and gentle, as if she were wearing gloves made just for this touch. If she were, he could not see them. She was bare save for the silky skirt of the Queen’s outfit. She was so dark, and if she were not right that moment tending to the pleasure his body was begging for, she would perhaps have been scary to look at. But all he could see at that moment was her astride, riding him, interrupted occasionally with hot flashes of his mind serving him a thought of his Queen screaming in release that he had lustfully delivered. The stroking of those palms became more lubricated, and Ceriss crooned hotly. “Oh, but those thoughts did do a number on you... pre already...” The guard shifted nervously.

“Please... We will get caught. Lunaris has a way...” Heat overtook his member, and he tensed up completely. Oh god her muzzle was pure heaven wrapped around beauty and washed wet and slick with his hottest wishes. It had

to be some kind of essence trick. Nothing felt that good. Her tongue undulated slowly against his twitching shaft, pushing him very intentionally toward a release he knew he could not prevent or control. Her mouth finally pulled off his throbbing heat and she looked sinfully in his eyes, her yellow-tinted irises tracing him with embarrassing hunger. He saw a bead of pre form at his fleshy tip, and just vanish when it ran down and met her stroking hand. It was eerie how her darkness obscured things that got close enough to her.

“Lunaris knows I intend to draw essence from you, Leal. He won’t care if he catches us.” Ceriss licked her lips, her pink tongue a stark contrast against her shadowy muzzle, white fangs briefly visible too, only making her more predatory and frightening. At the same time, it made her highly alluring. That sense of danger was playing a very masterful head game with Leal. He snapped back into focus.

“Drawing essence... Wait, this is how?” he asked, sitting up a little. He was forced back down.

“Not always, but it works quite nicely.” The priestess said breathlessly, and with that, her mouth was back over him, the lady wolf shimmying down the bed a little, hovering over Leal as she stroked up and down with her muzzle, her eyes gazing right at him.

“Ceriss, s-slow down, I’ll cum too soon!” he barked in desperation. He could not believe what her mouth felt like around him. She could mimic sensations almost as well as forms and voices, and he was not sure what could possibly feel like her mouth did over him, but it was unfair. She slipped free to slowly stroke his cock with her hand.

“You should not fight it, Leal. The more you resist the first one, the more you suffer when you find out I am not stopping. Pop the cork already, so we can have a little... heavier fun.” Ceriss grinned to her guard, who winced. She knew what she was doing. The first easy climax out of the way, he would last far longer when they resumed. He laid his head back, still looking down his body as that muzzle traced up and down, tightly suckling and feeling like perfection over his aching, jerking meat.

“Ah-huh! I’m gonna!” he barked in breathless warning to Ceriss.

“What a lovely tribute, Leal...” came a smooth and sultry voice. The guard’s eyes bolted open at Ceriss’ mimicked royal tone, and he cried out in a hot yip of disbelief as he saw Nita’s mouth overtake him again just as he gushed, her cheeks going concave as she suckled from the lupine geyser lying on the bed. He groaned helplessly and writhed as he sprayed an even more forceful second torrent as a reward for the broken taboo, and then squeaked out in desperate protest as the image of his queen was marred when Ceriss slipped

him from her muzzle and let him paint the next few hard stripes of his potent release over her muzzle before engulfing him again. Leal squirmed in the almost painful fit of a climax far more body-shaking than it would have been if Ceriss had not playfully taken the queen's form again and brought his fantasy to life.

"Damnit!" panted the guard, twitching in hot, aching spasms. He dropped his head back, wheezing from the force as Ceriss suckled the last few drops from him, slipping back to her dark form again. She then lifted her head and grinned at the embarrassed guard.

"You know you wanted it." She giggled to him sweetly.

"Ahuh... You cruel priestess! I haven't actually met Queen Razelle yet, now that's all I'm gonna see when she meets me for the first time, and she's gonna wonder what the hell's wrong with me!" he barked. Ceriss burst into a fit of laughter, and then got upon her knees and slipped back over the guard, straddling his chest.

"Quiet you." She panted. "You like this." Her skirt fell around his head, and it was nightfall for Leal. Her darkness was ahead of him, but the scent of her sex drove him to prove her right. His tongue parted her slick folds, and he was actually surprised to find out how hot that little exploitation of the guard's fantasies made her. She was literally dripping. His tongue dug into her eagerly for a while, and the priestess released a series of hot, shuddering, satisfied sighs. It was less like just pleasuring her and more like scratching an itch she could not reach. He smiled a bit at that. She had really worked herself up.

Then something occurred to the wolf guard.

"Wait... How do you know I like that?" he asked.

"Imagine me without clothes." Ceriss panted. Leal lapped at her as she spoke, intentionally trying to make it hard for her to speak. She was so youthfully tangy and sweet. She was every bit what he longed for upon his tongue, but he felt this was not a disguise of taste. She was a woman after all, and certainly felt and tasted the part as she shivered with sweet joy at every eager push and pull of that powerful oral muscle.

"Easy enough, since you are almost nude as it is." Leal panted out glad to get to recover at least a little from his climax. It really wiped him out.

"Now... If you were in a somewhat darker room... or one with just a little lamplight, and a lot of shadows... would you notice me if I were naked?" the priestess asked. Leal widened his eyes and slapped Ceriss on the rump.

"You watched?!" he barked loudly.

“With keen interest. Misty would not have minded, I assure you. It was fascinating. It’s nice to see her with such confidence these days.” Crooned the priestess. “There’s my answer, so keep stuffing that tongue, Leal. Just because I draw upon your pleasure does not mean I am not allowed to have pleasure of my own.” Leal growled ardently and pushed his hands into her rump, spreading her half-moons and using his thumbs to part her slick, puffy folds. His tongue then assaulted that darkness-obscured tangy heat with a furious lust as he tried to get the mischievous priestess back. With the seriousness of all that was going on, how could she afford to be so light hearted?

It then occurred to Leal finally. It’s how she drew essence. She needed to have this light-hearted play to gain the power she would need for the fight ahead. As a priestess, she was trained to do this regardless of the amount of fear or pressure that was on her. He marveled at her training and her strength, and then resolved himself to lend her his own. He parted his muzzle wide and pitched his tongue hard into her, slathering it around and around and tightly against the little nub of her more shallow but prominent need. She squeaked happily and murmured eagerly,

“Rare to find ones who like doing it, much less do it well. Good Leal...” Ceriss then slipped down over him in a 69 position, and took him back in her mouth, making him tense up a bit, but it was not really as shocking with oversensitivity as he might have been a moment before. He was soon throbbing with life again in her muzzle, and began sawing at her clit feverishly with his pistoning tongue-flesh as he envisioned the things he wanted to do to her, but relaxed himself to prevent the rise back to a quick release. Because of how hard he was focusing on not popping again, he was almost not prepared when he heard a hot little “Nnnneeeh!” from Ceriss, and then a sweet howl as her hips quivered, and nectar poured from her convulsing honeypot onto his chest, marking him with her scent. She pulled off his cock to have her happy little fit, before turning around on him rather abruptly. She faced him, panting, looking quite pleased as the guard licked his chops.

“Nothing so amazing as what you do, but I am trained to patrol and give reports, M’lady.” Leal said cheekily, wiping his muzzle a bit.

“Good enough to earn a shared reward...” the priestess panted hotly, before driving her hips down and taking him inside herself in one hot, hard stroke. Leal grunted and then gave a surrendering groan. He could not believe he was being taken by another beautiful lady in his new post, let alone a Letai priestess of legend. It was hard for him to even look at realistically. Would his new job have a lot of extracurricular activity? Was it just him, or were the other guards used in this way? It certainly was not this way for him in his old post.

Ceriss stayed where she was a moment, letting him just wildly twitch inside her before started to rock her hips, smearing herself in an obvious intent of pleasuring herself against the root of his shaft for a while. It was only lightly pleasurable for him, but a lot of his joy came from the fact that he was being ridden happily by a legend. She kept her hands on his chest, and his ears folded back as he panted happily, watching her. Her hair was so long and full, bouncing and flowing as if lifted by invisible water sometimes as she shifted her form over his. He wondered at how she tamed that hair when she took another form, but supposed the extra volume of it was just obscured in the form, or even used to assist with the features. He had no idea how it really worked, but it was magical to watch her nonetheless. Her dark form left a lot to the imagination, since she literally appeared as a shadow astride his hips. He blushed again hotly, inhaling deeply as a predictable image played through his head.

“Ceriss, I can’t get that image out of my mind, damn you...” he panted with a short laugh to show he wasn’t genuinely angry about it, just a little frustrated.

“You would do anything for your beautiful queen, wouldn’t you, Leal?” came the royal voice again. Leal cried out in hot anxiety as he found his beautiful green-pelted highness astride him, his thick cock buried almost painfully deep inside. Even her hair was exactly as the portraits showed her. Was Ceriss guessing the rest, or was this really what Nita looked like in the nude? A ribbon of his seed was painted down her left breast, fallout from his hot release earlier. His thick masculinity jerked hard inside her squeezing sex, feeling so tight around him, those pink lips pulling outward a little as she drew her hips up and then plunged back down.

“Change back, Ceriss, you are gonna warp me permanently!” he cried, pitching his hips a bit, as if struggling to get free of the queen’s depths... like he would ever dream of getting free if it really happened to him.

“What scandal, the Queen of Amani... corrupting her innocent young guards...” the illusion of Nita’s voice crooned delicately, and her breasts bounced a bit as Ceriss rode Leal. Leal whined loudly, and then he heard Ceriss’ normal, and very hearty laughter. The shadowy lady wolf bounced hard and fast, not able to hold that appearance much longer as she felt the pleasure of their heated rutting rising in her. Leal growled and took Ceriss’ shoulders, making her squeak as he rolled her onto her back, hips driving hard into her, his passion, frustration, and slight fear driving him wild.

“Teasing... someone who works so hard... to help!” he barked in panted breaths, hips slapping hers almost abusively.

“Oh there you are, Leal... That’s where your passion lives... Your confidence... Let’s get a better look...” the devious expression in those yellow eyes was blotted out when they closed, and Leal growled out in fury as he felt

her bite the point where his neck and shoulder met. He snarled in furious lust and began shaking the entire bed with the barrage of hips, every ounce of muscle power going into the pounding that Ceriss was getting. He was not angry so much as frustrated, and it seemed the priestess knew exactly what buttons to push to get him in a state of sexual frenzy that he didn't know himself to be capable of.

"Nnnff! Mph, nk... Guh.." he drooled a bit against Ceriss' dark shoulder as she lurched back to meet him stroke for stroke.

"Harder, Leal, don't hold back!" she grunted. "Spend all that sweet energy for me... be angry! Look how I tease! I deserve it!" laughed Ceriss. Leal heard the protest of the wooden frame of the bed as he ravaged the dark priestess who finally released him from her teeth. He lifted his head only to see the panting, pleased, squirming and naked vision of his queen once again.

"Damn it Ceriss, I'm not stopping!" Leal barked in frustration. He could not remember ever truly letting himself completely cave to his whims, but there lay the Queen, shaken, ravaged, being slammed and roughed so savagely by her guard, and he could not possibly stop. Even if Ceriss told him to, he could not. He was given the further teasing of the image of his beloved majesty wailing in climax, before Ceriss lost hold of that essence ability and shifted back, her fur flickering even beyond that, paleness glimpsed beneath it. All Leal could think about though was the positively *raped* vision of his queen beneath him, with the full knowledge that he would carry that memory around with him forever.

So he didn't stop, even as Ceriss squalled with climax, and then gripped his hips with her thighs to slow him. Her legs were not strong enough to prevent his motion, and she just got her hips pulled up and slammed down with each stroke. The priestess got control of herself again, as best she could, having to use quite a bit of effort it seemed, to take that green-furred vision again.

"I'll come, your majesty..." Leal said, and then grunted loudly. She actually made him say it! That dirty trickster!

"Yes, my guardian! Please!" came Nita's voice. He surrendered to the fantasy, and exploded inside those greedily clinging depths, unable to believe the tremendous level of depravity he had driven himself to with this encounter with a Letai priestess. He burst so hard he hurt from it, and roared with his release as Ceriss arched, flickered black again, and contracted hard around his squirting member.

Leal lowered his head and bit Ceriss, just as hard and savagely as she had bitten him. If she liked it rough, that is what she would get. He continued to slam into her until his balls ached from the absolute emptiness from his fantasy-driven climax. What loyal subject didn't dream such a dream in the most

depraved and darkest recesses of their loins? Ceriss had just poured the brightest light on his most forbidden lust, and ignited it like wildfire! He then lifted his head, panting heavily, feeling so deliciously spent and grateful, despite how depraved he felt.

Ceriss lay before him, panting, barely conscious, dazed, and solid white. Her fur was the most pristine snowy color he had ever seen, her long hair poured around the pillow, silky and gleaming, her perfect body limp on the soft bed, her eyes amber-gold, barely visible through heavy lids as she panted raspily. This extraordinary vision of lupine beauty, Leal understood immediately, was Ceriss' real appearance. He was looking at her true form, and he was in utter awe. He held himself inside her, still twitching, and then kissed her. She half-heartedly kissed back, seeming too dazed to give it real effort, and he rested against her, just feeling himself against her quivering, spent body.

"I think I broke you." Leal panted, gazing lovingly at her prone and tortured form. She smiled weakly and nodded a little.

"I'll recover. I misjudged how much energy... I spent to capture the queen's look. I overextended my focus a little." She panted. "Drawing essence makes it harder to focus on spending it... when drawing it feels so goood." She tilted a long and satisfied groan. "You are lucky. No one else in this era has seen my real fur, Leal. No blabbing about it, got it?" the priestess asked, looking at him sternly. He nodded, as she took her darkened form again, her fur flickering occasionally for a while until she recovered more fully. He kept his body over hers for some time.

"Was there enough energy, M'lady?" the slightly exhausted guard asked softly. Ceriss smiled up at him.

"There is more to you than you realize, Leal. Your essence is a lot stronger than a normal Mountain Grey." Ceriss stated cryptically.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just what I said... You might not know it, but you have essence similar to a royal house member. I would not be surprised if you were related far, far back in your family tree." He felt her gentle hand stroke his backside, trailing claws over him worshipfully.

"So... this is good? I can help?" he asked. The lady wolf grinned at him lovingly, an expression of genuine affection that warmed Leal to his bones. She answered in a breathy, but serious tone.

"In time, you may be doing more than you ever imagined, Leal..."