

# **Sirius Saga: More Than Silver**

By Alps Sarsis

The boat was exactly where the merchant had said it would be. It rested at the edge of a slender inlet to a wide and crystal clear lake, semi-obsured under the sheltering boughs of a willow tree which seemed oddly to be perpetually in bloom. The willow's pale blue flowers created a picturesque scene to actually showcase the boat that one might otherwise assume was being hidden. No, this was not hidden; it was an invitation to... to what? To borrow it? How had it stayed? Perhaps most in the area knew what it was for and knew better than to do anything dishonest. Regardless, there it was... the small but sturdy narrow green boat. The trim was painted a shiny gold but the paint was peeling a bit to suggest that it has weathered a little over the years.

Elek inhaled deeply and put one foot into the boat. It was pretty steady against the mossy shore so he was able to get in easily enough. The lean, young black-furred wolf sat down in the bottom of the rather simple watercraft, legs crossed. His tan, worn and threadbare trousers were not likely to be spoiled any further by the bit of rainwater at the bottom. He reached down and picked up a little metal rod that was in the boat and moved it out, pushing the shallow soupy lake-bed with the bar. As he had been told, the gentle but noticeable current of the river that fed into the lake from that inlet took control of the craft. He put the rod back into the boat and leaned back a little with his elbows on either edge. The wind seemed to help urge the craft toward the small forested island that rested neatly off shore. It ruffled the loose leather-bonded sleeves of his light white fabric shirt. It tied only half way up as he had been a little too warm in the considerable walk to get to this place from town. He closed his ice-blue eyes and just let the current carry him, the slightly longer crest of black hair atop his head bouncing in the breeze as he let himself become absorbed in his thoughts. What would he say? What *could* he say? What could he possibly offer?

The dark-furred lupine jerked with a start as the craft suddenly stopped with a raspy shuffle against a slightly sandy shore, tiny stones cringing as the boat beached itself. He had dozed off. The sun was now high in the sky, leaving his black fur quite warm. He shook off his dozy feelings and stumbled out of the boat. He hoped that the merchant knew what he was talking about. A short walk up the sandy shore found a very thin cobblestone path at the edge of the sand where it met the tall grass that pushed its staggered way out of the dense forest. It was only about three stones wide, but it was certainly put there to mark a trail even if one would not likely be expected to walk directly on it. He followed the line. It was an island so he assumed that it just made a circle that one could follow no matter where they came ashore. The towering deciduous trees were not a different sort from those in the deep forest around the lake, but they seemed so much larger, thicker and taller. There was an eerily primeval feel to them.

Following the path as it stretched before him, Elek found that he had perhaps selected the right direction on his own as it was hardly a ten minute walk before he found a line of stone that led directly into the forest. Cautiously he followed this along its winding way into ominously tall trees densely placed to make them seem almost like a wall around the island. Once he had zig-zagged through these seemingly strategically placed trees for about fifteen minutes they dramatically spaced out in a more natural fashion. He did not have to walk much longer before he found that the merchant has certainly told him right. There were tall white stone columns in the forest which held up tablets that held inscriptions on them in a language that the arguably educated lupine of 19 summers had never seen

before. He paused at them only briefly, and felt a pull at the pit of his stomach. He still did not know what it was he intended to do, but he could not just leave it alone after he'd already come this far. He followed the path between these columns for another fifteen minutes or so and finally he found himself standing at two very large wooden doors, dark wood, with silver gilding on all edges. There were vine-like silver filigree patterns along the center line and around the handles. He felt a little better about the small bag of silver ingots he'd brought. He turned the handle and pushed, finding the door unlocked and remarkably easy to move for its size.

"It's lovely to have visitors." Her voice was almost musical, the savory flow of its perfect pitch and tender tone over his ears, his heart jumped the moment he heard it. He looked up from the door handle with hesitation at the one waiting just inside in a large foyer, perhaps the very person he had come to see, even with the uncertainty and worry he'd battled the whole way. It seemed almost surreal to know she was right there, but his heart nearly stopped when his eyes reached the source of that voice. Yes, it was her, but Elek was alarmed.

Standing before him was a wolf female, perhaps in her mid to late twenties, though he'd heard it was hard to tell with their kind. She had solid white fur and long, well-groomed hair that went down to the middle of her back. Her eyes made it very clear that this was the one he'd come to see. Her right eye was violet in color, and her left eye was green. This was a unique enough trait that he suspected only she might have it. Her mere presence was not what shook the boy, however. It was that she stood confidently and casually before him bare of anything but some manner of silky garment which hung like a skirt from her hips but covered only the back, merely decoration and not even a suggestion of modesty. As his eyes locked on her, unable to immediately look away despite his horror at being rude to the lady, he found she had no reason at all to want to be modest. Her body was well cared for, healthy, warm and inviting with her bosom being quite generous. Her hips flared out in a fashion that made Elek immediately, shamefully consider how it would feel to pull on them to draw her hips against his own. He turned his feet inward as if fearing he was instantly visibly aroused. The nation of Amani which he called his home was a matriarchal society. Thinking in such a fashion, disrespecting a woman, was pretty heavily frowned upon. The way she was standing did at least leave the apex of her thighs closed and helped to prevent his racing, wandering thoughts from advancing too much. As she stepped close he looked up, his eyes locking on hers. This was not well received by some, but she did not seem to mind it. It was better, Elek thought, than how she might receive his reactions if he gazed elsewhere. She seemed so happy and friendly however, as she moved close. Her expression comforted him a bit.

"Uh... Um... Hello – P – Priestess Luna?" he asked.

"I am. What's your name?" she asked, hands clasped behind her back. Her ears were a bit larger than his own, which was a trait he found particularly alluring, pinning back a little in her happy grin. Her thick and voluminous tail waved casually and comfortably back and forth behind her under the slightly gossamer skirt. The lupine swallowed and spoke, his voice raising a little and making him feel as if he was being too loud, causing him to awkwardly modulate it softer half way into the sentence and making him sound even sillier, he thought.

"I'm Elek, Priestess Luna. I – I have come from the village of Harringen." He put his hands behind his back as well, wanting to not seem like he was aggressive. It was also because he kept thinking about placing his hands on that perfect, toned, beautiful body.

"Yes, I remember Harringen." Luna stated calmly in her soothing voice. Elek was not in the slightest prepared for the grace of the one before him, but he was determined to see his mission through. He was having trouble even remembering why he walked here the more he thought about that pristine, touchable body. She was so close to him, right there before him. She spoke again and shook him from his intimate reflections. "I mourn your losses from the mine. I do hope those who could be helped are managing? Wounds of the body I am good with, but loss is something even I cannot help any more than anyone else." Her tone was somber and motherly. Her visitor stood up a little straighter, feeling the weight of his loins in his trousers and trying desperately to ignore it. He shook his head a little. He was not here for more help; he did not want her to think that. Finally, he pushed forbidden thoughts to the back of his mind and spoke.

"Priestess Luna..." he huffed.

"Luna's fine." She corrected.

"Ah... Luna..." he spoke softer. "It's been four moons since you came to us. It was late, and there was panic and our town wasn't in the best shape with everything that was happening. You saved 16 people who were terribly injured in the silver mine collapse. Four others were gone before you got there, but none who were not already cast back into the lifestream perished. All whom you laid your hands on that night... they continue to love their families and support our little village. I can't imagine we could have supported ourselves at all if we'd lost more. Many of those you saved... even if they didn't die, they'd not have been much help to the town after that. Instead of one set of helping hands, each would have needed more than one set of hands to care for them. You helped us more than I can even fathom, so, I've come to bring tri-tribute!" He quickly pulled a cloth bag from his belt and jingled the silver 'stones' inside. Luna peered at it curiously, that pleasant warm expression unchanging.

"I do not request such things. That's not why the Letai heal." She made no effort to take it.

"Leaving without our gratitude is hard for many of us to understand." Elek flattened his ears a bit. That merchant had told him she might try to refuse the offering. What had he told the boy to say? Oh yes. He spoke up again. "It would bring us pleasure if you accept our gift." Her eyes lit up a bit. She bowed her head a little.

"In that case, come. I will allow you to make tribute." She turned, the silky skirt billowing a bit, licking over his trouser-clad thighs that suddenly felt poor and filthy in comparison. He swallowed and followed her through the foyer, light coming through frosted windows leaving it washed in alabaster gleam on quartzite stone. She took him to the end of the corridor, and then turned right, down another corridor which had no windows. It became darker as they walked, but not too much so. He could not stop looking at those hips. The way she walked seemed to beg that he look at them, that drifting tail teasing his senses just as much. Did Letai never wear clothing in the temple? Was he supposed to be bare as well? He knew little about them despite their popularity in this land. She opened the smaller door at the end of the hall and led him into a room that both gave him chills and filled him with a sense of awe. The round chamber had, recessed at its center, a pedestal. It was ornately designed with three basins on different levels which appeared to be filled with something that Elek could not recognize. It glowed blue, but seemed like water. At the top of the pedestal was, faceted in, a heavy-looking glowing blue crystal nearly a third of Luna's body-height. Around the room, seeming to support a domed roof were columns which had inscribed some kind of runes that reminded him of the ones he saw outside.

There were torches that flickered on the walls but they did not put off as much light as the fixture in the center which was definitely the focus of attention for the round room.

"This is... This is beyond words." Elek stated as eloquently as he could muster. "I have never seen something so magical." He moved toward the center, to that crystal, cautiously. It felt a little cooler than the rest of the room, the opposite of what the boy was used to with light-sources.

"This is the Drawing Chamber, Elek. It's a very important place." He felt her graceful hands slide over his shoulders, and his body tensed hard instantly. He caught his breath so as not to gasp and seem startled.

"It looks like it would be." He whispered.

"Please... If you would, pour the silver into the basin there, the middle one. Letai do use silver, but our use requires that it be essence-purified." Her command was as gentle and undemanding as one could be, but he was compelled to instantly follow her order. He opened the bag and poured the small yet plentiful silver stones into the water. They hissed a little as they went in, and the water began to fizz a little around them, but not violently. The scent of sulfur was briefly palpable but went away quickly. Was their silver that impure? He turned and tied the bag back to his belt. Luna smiled at him.

"It was a long trip for this tribute, but the Letai do appreciate the chance to bring happiness and closure to your home. Thank you Elek." She bowed to him a bit. His heart caught in his throat. She prevented a tragedy that he could compare to nothing he'd ever seen. All he had given her was apparently filthy silver pulled crudely out of the dirt. He inhaled deeply, at least wanting to seem a bit more regal than that.

"Priestess... I mean... Luna..." he hesitated, and then spoke again. "You brought back, from the edge of darkness, my brother and my father. If they had passed, if either had not made it, I fear my mother... her heart... she could not have been far behind them. I... This means more to me than just to speak for a grateful town. I would offer you anything of me that the temple could ask. Any tribute, any work. It is why I came personally. Why I chose to come." He stood up taller. She looked back into his eyes with that same pleasant expression, and then seemed to look him over. She slowly circled him, hands behind her back. Her bare feet were essentially soundless on the cool stone floor.

"Elek was it?" she asked. He nodded. "Elek, you offer yourself as tribute, is that what you wish to say?" Her tone was so gentle that he immediately nodded, but suddenly realized that he didn't know what that meant. Would he be harmed if he offered himself? He didn't dare retract it... not with how that beautiful woman smiled to him. Luna leaned in close, her cool nose touching at his cheek as she put her hands on his shoulders again, facing him. "You need to say it, Elek."

"I...do?" he asked. And then stammered. "Oh... Oh like in ritual, sorry I..." He felt claw tips push into his shoulder to focus his mind again. "Ah!" he gave in plaintive squeak. "Yes. I... I offer myself in tribute to you. To the temple. To the Letai." He was not at all sure how this worked. He wished he read more about the temple. He feared he was insulting the priestess by not knowing the right words and ritual. Fortunately, she did not seem displeased. She moved back a little, hands behind her back again. She spoke again softly.

"Please bare yourself to me, Elek." Her thick tail danced around visibly behind her. Elek's heart fell to the floor. The black-furred wolf stood stark-still. Did that mean what it sounded like? He couldn't afford to misunderstand.

"Bare?" he asked.

"Remove your clothing, Elek." She commanded. He felt dizzy. It was done...he had spoken the words. This was what she wanted. He inhaled deeply, mustering his courage. Purification. That *had* to be the reason. He felt silly for not considering it. He would need to wash himself at the basin to present himself to the Letai, however they intended to make use of him. He removed his shirt easily enough, but hesitated, anxiousness causing him to nearly lose his balance as he considered taking his trousers off. He could tell she was at least slightly aroused. Was this an insult? He was young, she was bare, and very beautiful. She'd understand, right? He inhaled deeply and undid his belt and very carefully pushed his trousers down, back to the priestess. He kicked them aside and awaited her command. She would request that he pour some of the water on himself, perhaps. It felt rather cool in the round chamber with no clothes on. His fur was short and he was certainly not used to being bare like this outside of a bath. There was a long pause, making him wonder if she had actually left as he undressed for his modesty. He half-turned and widened his eyes. No, she was still there, but as he turned, the light in the room increased quite a bit, caused by one of the most beautiful things he'd ever seen. Two long ribbons of light swirled slowly around Luna as she stood before him, suspended in the air around her as she watched him. He gave a weak grin to her.

"You have never given tribute before, I am certain?" she asked. He nodded. Every part of this was new to him. He didn't share that bit with her though, eyes slipping up and down that perfect form. Suddenly, one of the ribbons of light extended out, a rapid motion, and coiled around the elbow of his arm farthest from the priestess, pulling it rather firmly to have him turn and face her. The other ribbon slipped silently and just as eye-blinkingly quickly to hook behind his knees, pulling and bringing him down on his knees in front of her. He winced a little, the stone floor not being forgiving to that sudden change in position. Still, he was sure that he was supposed to be on his knees before she did that, so he likely had it coming. He was a tribute now and would in no way complain. He then felt his ears scorch as he realized that his partial arousal was not a secret now. He closed his eyes and lowered his head. This would certainly be offensive to such a beautiful and regal and powerful creature. He moved his hands to cover himself a bit, hoping his shame might not have been noticed yet. He gasped as he felt both wrists ensnared by a warm, silky sensation. He barely had time to realize both his wrists had been drawn tight behind his back by one of the ribbons, pulling them down towards his ankles, which were drawn together and bound by the other. This served to arch the boy's back some and fully bear his shameful, swollen animal need to the pristine gaze of the mysterious healer that loomed over him. The coiling light felt like something that the black-furred male could not place immediately. It wasn't unpleasant, and it certainly didn't hurt him, but his mind screamed with embarrassment and distress. She could not enjoy his physical transgression. He fearfully looked up at her, but her expression was not of disgust.

She looked infinitely pleased. His ears perked. The trim, young lupine male arched a bit, pulling against that unusual restraint. He was presented in such a way that this arousal was particularly visible to her. Did she want him to feel that way? He really wished he knew more.

"I ... I am sorry if my inexperience displeases you, P... Luna... I'm not well practiced in this kind of... meeting." He semi-whispered.

"Elek, you know little of the Letai. I can tell. But understand that I know what your intentions here are; you'd never have been allowed in if I were not rather certain. No part of what you are will find you out of favor now. So relax. It will make the tribute easier." She grinned at him boldly as she approached. To find that she was accepting of his nature did not discourage the male's burning loins and he arched a bit more, wincing as he felt his dark, bare flesh pulse and lift higher and higher, eventually angled upward in the intensity of his swollen need. He looked up at the beautiful and mostly nude priestess as she carefully got onto her knees before him and looked into his eyes.

"Will this hurt?" Elek asked with a hint of fear. There were not many other reasons he could think of that someone needed to be bound. Luna leaned in and placed both her hands on the bare, hot chest of the younger male and spoke close to his face, her whiskers slightly mingling to his own.

"Oh Elek... Someone told you how to get here to offer a tribute, and they told you absolutely nothing about it? I suspect they are having a laugh at your expense here, but do not fret, certainly do not fear." She murmured in that sensual and slow crooning tone. "No, this does not hurt unless you wish it to." She stated.

"Who wishes to be hurt?" he asked.

"Some do. Relax. Your muscles will start to ache if you stay so tense. You will need to remain as you are for the tribute for a while." She leaned back a bit. She was so close to him. He leaned forward a little to let his hips pull back so he did not accidentally force some unwanted intimate contact. Not minding that he was aroused could not be seen as an invitation of desire. He knew better. Luna actually smirked a bit at the fidgeting.

"Here, let's just erase that particular worry. I'm not afraid of your body, Elek." He gave a sharp, long gasp as he felt dexterous, graceful fingers wrap around the first four inches of his aching cock. He felt it actually bounce a bit in her grip in response. Every nerve in his body lit on fire. Surely she had no idea how intense that would be for him. The slight jump he gave caused the ribbon to snap tighter. They felt slightly spongy, but strong, smooth, and were so warm. They looked like nothing but light, however. What kind of power did a priestess have? He gasped again a little, just to pull in more breath. She released his length finally, leaving him trembling.

"I will try to relax." He said finally. He watched the other coil of light-ribbon drift around and around the priestess as she moved her hands to his chest again and stroked him slowly and sensually. He looked down at his hips, that shamefully thick and ready masculinity beading with pre at the time. It felt so much like this was being welcomed by her. He felt almost more ashamed that she would be on her knees in front of him as well. He looked up and parted his lips to speak, but her mouth cupped to his, and he tensed up exactly how she told him not to. Her tongue pushed instantly and intensely into his mouth and pushed and caressed bossily against his own. He let his mouth submit to hers and forced himself to relax a little, but could not help that he was shaking a bit. He'd certainly kissed a few girls back home, but never, ever with that kind of heat and passion and ... suggestion. It was while she was kissing him that the boy recognized the feel of the tightly coiled restraints. Their supple texture, their heat and flat banded width... They felt like being wrapped in a long serpentine tongue. It was a little jarring thought, but Elek did not think he could possibly be more aroused than he was at that very point.

He was so obscenely wrong about that. He knew that the very next moment when the free ribbon slipped around the base of his tail and pulled his hips down, leaving him unable to move much at all. Luna then put her hand along the underside of his heavy thick cock, a good 8 inches of dark flesh wet with his pre along the underside. That was the exact second that it became apparent what his tribute might be. Luna gently cupped his sack in her other palm, making it feel so warm and guarded, and the next thing that happened made the poor boy squeak like a girl.

He watched in seeming slow motion as the priestess lowered her head, eyes nearly closed with relaxed determination. Her nose moved toward the tip of that twitching erection resting on her fingertips. He widened his eyes, gritting his teeth as her mouth parted. She couldn't possibly. Her steamy mouth overtook more than half his length and the pressure inside dropped, the slow, wet suckle and undulating caress of that tongue causing wildfires through Elek's entire body. He wanted to warn the priestess that he couldn't possibly take that as he felt himself start to erupt almost immediately. But, her hand suddenly tightened around his scrotum and she pulled her head back quickly, popping his cock free of her mouth. The combination of pressure from her hand and the soft blowing of cool air she gave prevented him from being sent over the edge. Teeth still gritted, Elek watched a single drop of pearly seed slip free of his tip, only to be flicked into Luna's hot mouth by that long pink tongue. He felt a clutching of claws on his leg from her other hand. He was too tense again. He relaxed, panting raggedly. That was by far the closest to climax he'd ever come without completely losing it, and it nearly happened all over the beautiful priestess' face. He trembled a bit, looking at her. Did she intend to stop his orgasm? She stroked his tummy soothingly a while and it dulled the ache of near climax a bit, but her hand still cradled his sack and his twitching dark phallus.

"Feeling okay, Elek?" Luna grinned wryly up at him. She was enjoying this, it seemed. Was this really a part of his tribute? Or was she doing this for her own enjoyment. He wanted to ask this, but all that came out was,

"Uh huh..." his panting voice waving a little with the trembling of his body. Luna murmured softly,

"Good. Let's try it again." Her mouth sank over him again, causing Elek to grunt loudly and tense up, claws forcing him to relax. That hot mouth stayed on him, and then, slowly, a drifting stroke up, and then back down, up and back down. He felt her caressing hand cupping his sack, felt those tongue-like ribbons of light holding his tail to keep him from following his instinct to thrust into that heavenly mouth, and the ribbons on his wrists and ankles preventing most other motion. He flinched a bit, feeling that rushing need well up so fast he could hardly get out another desperate little peep, but off her mouth came, and this time even that errant little bead of his opalescent cream was absent as the gentle blowing and tight grip of her hand were enough to push him back from release. She seemed to be able to sense based on the tightness of his sack that he was about to pop.

This was when Elek realized that Luna knew exactly what she was doing, not just in whatever ritual this was, but in how she was working his body. She knew his body perhaps better than he knew his own, and that was a bit sobering. He hung his head and panted softly, eyes mostly closed as she had him cool a while longer. Without warning, after a few moments, her mouth returned, and she was able to stroke him against her tongue for a full minute before pulling free just in time. A sinking sensation in the pit of Elek's stomach accompanied the pondering that he might not be allowed to cum at all. Still, he did not mind the possibility so much every time he felt that mouth slip back down over his cock, taking a bit more of his length each time. She brought him close to the edge each time and then held him back,

eventually not even needing to grip his sack, just pull away, forcing him to focus on the pleasure a little more each time.

He felt dizzy after more times than he could reliably count of being brought to the brink and then suspended at its edge. It might have been eight times, it might have been a dozen, he wasn't sure, but without a word, rather suddenly, the gorgeous creature turned around before Elek, pulled that not-quite-skirt over her back to the side, and moved those hips back. Elek whined loudly. He'd been stunned enough about all that had happened to this point, but was his first experience with a woman really to be with this most coveted imaginable? He didn't even get a chance to dwell on that wandering thought. Obscene slick heat engulfed his twitching cock as her hips pushed tight to his own, her fingertips having guided that thick, flagging masculinity to the sopping, tangy-scented honeypot of the priestess. Elek made a completely unintelligible sound of shattered logic and welling pleasure at just feeling himself answering to fantasies beyond his own imagination.

"Do you propose already that you are worthy of leaving an offering of your own in a place so sacred?" asked Luna with a somewhat teasing tone. Elek gave a worried chirp under his breath. He wasn't allowed? How the hell was he supposed to hold back?

"Ahhh... I... I can't..." He wanted to tell her he could not possibly prevent what was coming. Even as he held perfectly still he felt every beat of his heart, and hers, through his tightly, wetly squeezed pussy-snared shaft.

"Indeed. You can't." Her tone was solid. He tensed up hard, suddenly fighting it. What part of tribute was this supposed to be?! He gave a sharp yip at a stinging impact to his thigh. With her back to him, the lady wolf could not reach with her claws, but the other ribbon swatted his rump like a wet whip of some kind. He flinched and cried out, but *couldn't* relax. He was about to explode! He felt the lash of the light-ribbon again, this time harder. "Those worthy are only those who can resist. Are you so unable to resist? What value is a tribute so common? So easy to just pick up?" Her words were not disappointed, they were outright goading. He grunted loudly, swearing he felt some of his seed already slipping, but he forced himself to relax, his cock twitching wildly within her spongy, searing, suckling depths.

"I'm trying!" cried Elek. He lamented his inability to impress, but he certainly was not miserable. At no time in his life could he remember being more excited, more interested, more engaged and intensely focused on one thing, and this moment was that one thing. They were completely still for a few moments and then a long sigh from Elek announced that, still stuck inside the tightly pressed sex of his priestess, he was drifting back from that point of no return.

She did not let him enjoy his victory long. She rested her chest upon her crossed arms, rump somewhat higher and looked back at the boy, multi-hued eyes gleaming with mischief as those hip rose slowly, drawing his cock out of that suckling heat almost entirely, then slowly claimed him again with an actual wet sound of hungry victory. The boy almost lost again, shaking, teeth gritted, and getting another hard stinging swat from that ribbon.

"You think about it too hard, Elek!" she barked. Elek noticed for the first time that the priestess' eyes were softly glowing and the crystal in the room was glowing a bit brighter, and with a bit more of a green hue than the still blue-glowing basins. He should perhaps have been scared, but he could not bring himself to experience, in that moment, any emotion but raw, intense lust. He held still as she let



him rest a little more, and then her hips drew up and down slowly a few more times, followed by an immediate relax, not letting him get so far that time. Each time she was able to move a little more and her motions became a little more deliberate and aggressive. Finally, the short breaks were interrupted by a full 45 seconds or so of hard hip-bouncing. The dark-furred lupine felt at one point he might even be able to thrust back to let her feel his confidence rising, but found his tail still anchored between his ankles by that ribbon making it impossible to push back up into her by an inch.

Eventually, Luna slowed to a stop after pumping that cock inside her for more than a few minutes, the raggedly panting, confident, eager wolf grinning as he gazed over her back as she turned to look up at him. He beamed at her.

"Aheh... Heh... I think... I've finally gotten it." He ticked his tail in a bit in its snare by way of wagging. "I have taken your challenge and done alright, yes?" he asked in a wavering voice. He had gotten distressingly close on the last round and wanted to parlay a bit to give himself more time before the next exhausting round. The ribbon that was around Elek's tail sprang forward, suddenly pulling him forward over Luna's back, his chest between her shoulders. He still had his hands bound behind his back. The coils bound him to Luna and he panted raspily over her shoulder. She looked up and murmured softly,

"So... You think you can at least resist me while we are perfectly still like this?" she asked.

"I am certain of it." Elek panted with bravado, reassured by his recent victories.

"I'll hold you to that." Luna growled teasingly. And with that, she rested her chest back on her crossed arms, the angle of her body making it harder for the wolf pulled tight against her to move. He felt himself pulsing inside her, but felt pretty capable otherwise.

Then Luna added a new level of difficulty to the task. The coil of light that was around his tail slid down the cleft of the dark wolf's backside, and over the swell of his sack, stroking like a tongue again and again. He whined a bit at that eerily pleasurable sensation, and felt himself twitching and throbbing harder inside the priestess' soaking furnace. He closed his eyes, trembling a bit. He could handle that after the pretty eager pumping he'd been given before.

"That is ... more tempting than I had planned, but I think... I think I'm alright." He panted over her shoulder, so very ready to provide her with whatever tribute this was supposed to be preparing him for. It would at least be a worthy tribute by now, he felt.

"I'm glad." Luna whispered sensually. And Elek felt even better, but suddenly, the stroking tongue-like ribbon sensation slipped under his sack completely and pushed right into Luna along the underside of Elek's tightly swollen and twitching cock. It coiled around his length twice, as much as it could by the flat width of the ribbon.

"What the-" and all Elek could do was give a sinking groan as the ribbon, wet with Luna's tangy heat and already feeling like her internal flesh, began to stroke his cock inside Luna's already tight depths. He couldn't say a word. He couldn't cry foul. He couldn't do anything but force himself to relax as much as he could. Luna chuckled a bit at the huffing, heaving wolf on her back, surely knowing his welling horror. The tip of the ribbon pushed in deeper, wrapping more around the tip of Elek's cock,

snugly cupping it inside Luna's depths. Nothing the boy had ever experienced even this very day would allow him to take that. He grunted out desperately.

"Already?" crooned Luna teasingly. He shook softly. WHAP! A stinging blow to his rump. It didn't matter. He barely felt it.

CRACK! The light-lash fell again.

It likely drew blood. But it didn't compare to what it felt like to that massaging coil of flat heat inside the already hot, soaking depths of the most beautiful woman Elek had ever seen. He whined out louder. She had to stop, he was losing it. Wasn't the point to keep him from losing it?

The coils slowed a bit, but they also tightened. He spread his toes, the pressure he felt inside actually causing him a bit of discomfort. Any second she would stop and remind him he needed to work harder. But she didn't stop, the coils just went slower and slower, tears in Elek's eyes as he was suspended just a miss-timed heartbeat away from spraying Luna's depths with his not-yet-worthy gift.

Finally, there was no motion from that tightly coiled heat at all, and it lightened, and drew out of the priestess, leaving just his naked cock inside her still tight nethers. He could not move. He dared not move. The slightest sensation is all it would take, and it seemed like this time he was not able to calm down. He finally realized why. Luna didn't need the ribbon at this point. Her inner flesh contracted slowly, squeezing and massaging that ebony flesh inside her. He whined pitifully as she seemed to relax as she tortured him.

"This is so hard..." he finally whined, not understanding what the tribute even was, but not even considering for a second telling her to stop. Who could possibly?

"Elek?" Luna whispered soothingly and with compassion in her voice.

"Yes, Luna?" he answered, his voice cracking in his parched throat from all the oral panting. Her hips rose to push his cock deeper inside her than it had ever been. The feel of that depth, tightness and heat were too much and his body gave in instantly. Fortunately, her next words were like a commandment from the lifestream itself.

"Fill me." If she hadn't said it, it would not really have mattered, it would have happened, but to be allowed the very same second, to know he was worthy... That paired pleasure with joy, and he tilted his head back, a shameful roar of pleasure rushing from his lungs as he felt himself let loose inside the priestess' obscenely tight depths. He felt every pulse of his cock send heavy, hard-earned, almost painfully delivered ropes of his thick seed splattering into the deepest depths of her constricting, rhythmically massaging sex. Even as he helplessly sprayed his lust inside her she worked that thick cock with her perfectly trained muscles. The ribbons finally released him, but he found they were glowing much more brightly, and their color had changed to green along with the crystal. They swirled around the pair as he used the sudden freedom to do what he'd wanted to do almost since he first saw her with his own eyes. He arched back, placed both hands on her lovely, flared hips, and spent himself fully and completely for Luna as she pushed and pulled at her hips, slapping her thighs against his own, letting her grunt from each heavy, needful impact until his body finally alerted him that his climax had reached its end.

He fell to the side rather suddenly, slipping free of Luna and plopping onto his back, overtaken by dizziness. She turned around and laid on him, looking into his eyes as she sandwiched his by-then-spongey cock between her and his tummy.

“Oh Priestess...” whimpered Elek. He worried that she was going to push the nearly flaccid member back into her, or force it in with that ribbon, and he had become more than hypersensitive. Fortunately, she remained still, resting against him. Her eyes were still softly glowing, though not as bright as before.

“There. That was a nice, worthy tribute, Elek.” She stated.

“I fear... I don’t understand... the Letai very well. How was that... a tribute?” he asked in a panting voice. His head was still spinning.

“Letai use essence energy... energy we all give off naturally, but we can draw it to ourselves, or to our crystals and store that energy if it’s charged with life energy... Like joy, contentment, or even pleasure.” Luna stated, not out of breath at all. “You always release this energy, it’s part of being alive, but if I charge it like this, I can take it instead of it just returning to the lifestream. Not forever though. It’s a gift I only borrow because I use that energy to help others. It’s with this energy that your friends and family were healed.” She settled warmly against the dizzy male’s chest.

“I like that. It means that... My tribute...” he stopped talking to try harder to catch his breath as he tried to fully wrap his mind around what had just happened to him. His head dropped to the stone floor with a bit of a clunk. It was so cool and nice. How had he never thought of laying flat on a stone floor like this before? Were they always this nice?

“It means...” Luna continued, “The tribute you have given me will allow me to do for another just as I have done for you, and the happiness you and your family felt, the joy and relief... you have helped another to feel. This is the value of your tribute, and why I wanted to let you make it a good one. Thank you Elek.” Luna whispered softly, kissing his lips in a tender and gentle touch.

“Thank you, Luna. For everything.” Elek closed his eyes. Maybe he’d sleep right there, maybe not, but he did not want that moment to stop. The crystal continued to glow, drawing upon his essence, pulling it through the ribbons and purifying it for the purposes of healing even as he shifted from pleasure and soft, quiet contentment.

*--The characters in “More Than Silver” are featured in the Sirius Saga hosted on Sexyfur.com. This event is understood to take place well in advance of the Sirius Saga as a highlight of who the Letai are and what they were like before the war. Those interested in seeing more of the Letai can find the ongoing story on Sexyfur.com!*