

Chapter 1 - Human

A resonant howl chases itself down through the trees, pricking Alek's ears. He smiles and keeps the thick collar hidden against his thigh, the silver plate on its surface cold against his skin. Deeply-cut into the metal are a series of symbols with a shimmery dark-blue resin pooled in the grooves. Sat on a thick root, he leans back against the tree and looks out above the bush beside him, hearing a heavy padding of feet growing unquiet.

In less than a moment a black-furred beast of double his size bounds into view snarling and rearing to attack. The sharp teeth in its open maw glistening in the blue moonlight as drool reaches for the earth. Its ears can barely be seen from being pinned back against its scruffy head, but the shape is noticeably wolf-like. Faced with a human reclined, smelling no telltale fearful scents, and returned stare with calm and powerful eyes; it retracts the bare on its teeth and relaxes some select muscles.

"You're not running" it says with coarse, wet words in a masculine voice, "Why do you make it easy for me?"

"Because I've been waiting for you." Alek says, drawing no attention to the collar as he rests it on his lap. "I'm not not going to run or cower, because I'm afraid of you. I know you're better than this"

The beast half-slouches, partially defeated in being denied the thrill of a chase. He stares at the human, as if trying to recognise him, but he is unfamiliar. Confidence aside, the need to kill is strong, and easy or not, it will be deeply pleasurable to claim another victim.

"Then I'll make your death painful to spite you" it says, with fervour and ascending volume as it pushes its head forward threateningly, using its huge hands to pin down Alek's legs.

"Such a primal display. I can't tell if you're hungry or horny" Alek says with a tut, and notices a quiver in the beast's eyes. "Perhaps it's both, based on what's happening between your legs".

The wolf furrows its brows and pulls its gaze away to look underneath at its genitals, not believing there to be anything happening there. It looks at the sheath, soft and not at all excited. But before it could pull its head back and respond, a gentle rush of air bats at the wolf's ears and with a click, the collar is locked in place. It roars and backs away from the human, gripping at the tough leather strap on its neck but fails to get purchase. Despite its bestial rage, the claws and sheer muscle strength aren't enough to break him free. Angry and frustrated, it decides to deal with the collar later and quickly returns its attention back to the foolish human. Without further need for display, it lunges and bites at Alek's belly.

But no more can it do than simply bite at. The jaws snap together like hands clapping, spraying spit over the human's shirt. Alek watches the creature attempt to bite and slash at other parts of his body to no avail. The work is done and he cannot be harmed. The beast throws himself at the ground, tearing at the dirt and bushes, roaring.

"Be still" Alek says, strongly without shouting and the beast stops its wild thrashing and pants heavily, growling at the ground. It turns to the human and plods over, lips raised and fingers still curled, with dirt and rubble falling off them.

"You are no ordinary human" it growls, straining to remain composed.

"Correct, wolf" Alek says, standing up and brushing off the dirt from his trousers, showing a little disdain at the wet stains on his shirt. The beast raises himself up in contest at the human's height, keeping its head above. "I am not a hunter of your kind, so you needn't fear me"

"Fear you?!" The beast roars in Alek's face. "I loathe you!"

"Sit" Alek commands, sharply and watches the torment reaping the beast's face as its body is forced to obey. It does its best to remain intimidating despite the humiliating position. "Of course

you're afraid. You're scared you've been caught and that this is the end for you, just as it usually goes with your kind." Alek drifts his head down and shakes it sadly. "Left to your own devices, you become dangerous, like a dog left to fend for itself on the streets."

The wolf sneers, its ears and eyes twitching, angry, and nervous. It stands back up to contest the human but he's made to sit again, and again he has to obey.

"What power is this that you have over me?" The beast snaps, eddies of growls forming on its breath.

"That collar binds you to me. You have to submit to me now." Alek paces around the wolf, looking around to ensure there are no others, beast or man, coming this way. The wolf glares up at the human, livid and embarrassed.

"You enjoy this, don't you? Getting your jollies from dominating others" it says through gritted teeth.

"Coming from a beast who likes to torture and slaughter innocent humans. I consider my actions charitable by comparison."

"Charitable!" it yells, enraged too much to find the hypocrisy.

"Such a temper you have. I look forward to seeing how you are when you're not blind with rage." Alek stops in front of the wolf and turns his body towards it. A bassy growl escapes its throat.

"My pack will devour you"

"No matter" Alek says turning to the side and begins walking down the wooded path. "Come with me, I have plans for you at my home."

The wolf attempts to hurry in the opposite direction but doesn't manage a few steps before having a painful urge to turn around. Powerful emotions of guilt and fear, and even respect attempt to burn at the wolf's mind. Walking away feels like turning your back on a loved one in need, or like defying a parent. So instead he turns himself on all fours and bounds towards the human, ready to pounce. He can face the turmoil in his head after the deed is done; the human must be dealt with.

As the wolf gets close to jumping distance, the bubbling emotions start to cast waves of terror. Its hands and feet feel heavier with every step. A sickness curdles in its stomach. The running slows and veers off course, avoiding Alek with room to spare. This man cannot be hurt, and further attempts to do so feel like a fresh knife wound in the belly and heart. Its mind is left to wander, for now it seems, so the wolf continues to threaten the human in the safety of its head while it climbs out of the bushes it had tumbled into and back onto the path.

The walk is long through the woods, and Alek allows the wolf its peace while the moon seems to copy their journey over the sky. Eventually the trees become more sparse, and a large house peeks out between them in the distance. The sound of the wolf's claws scraping against stone signals the transition to cobble as they approach the grounds of the mansion. They climb a staircase up a dirt embankment and into a large garden with finely trimmed hedges and bushes. Flowers of the season are scattered around in neat clusters with not a weed in sight.

"You live here?" The beast asks, its tail swaying limply, being nudged by its thighs with each step. It looks around at the lavish greenery, impressive even in the dim light.

"Yes. We'll be going in through the basement."

The wolf nods slowly, the humiliation of its submission to a human showing plain on its face. Over the long walk here, and several further attempts to escape or attack has left the wolf weary and tired. Methods of escape have been catalogued and left to be explored after a nights rest.

Alek walks the wolf to a path beside the house and down a set of stairs to a door leading to the cellar. They step inside and through a narrow stone hallway to another door leading to a wide chamber. The reluctant wolf totters inside closely behind and shuts the door as it looks around nervously.

Inside the room are various methods of restraint made from metal and wood. Stocks are bolted to the floor, a rack table with the gear mechanism removed stands against the far wall, and several metal cuff and chain sets hang from hoops buried deep into the stone. A twang of fear ripples up the wolf's body as it looks around, but channels that back to aggression as best as it can and turns to the human.

"You ... wouldn't dare" it threatens unconvincingly.

"Why? What are you going to do? Bite me?"

Alek pushes the wolf back up against the cold wall and commands it to stay put while he attaches the cuffs to the wrist and ankles. It struggles against the chains but Alek quickly pulls them tight so its wrists and ankles are locked, flush against the stone.

"This is humiliating." The werewolf mutters, glaring at the human.

"I'm surprised you haven't asked why you're here. Aren't you curious what I want you for?" Alek sits down on the floor looking up at the wolf. It simply growls again, not meeting his eyes.

"I don't care what you want"

"Really? I always thought wolves were such inquisitive creatures"

Alek smirks and shuffles himself forward a little, reaching out between its powerful legs. His hand lifts up and cups the heavy balls hanging like a bell above an arch, rolling them around with his fingers and thumb. Its eyes instantly snap back to Alek and what he's doing.

"H-hey! Stop that." It says, snapping its jaws together before a whimper escapes.

"Why? Are you afraid you might enjoy it?"

The shame on the wolf's face is measurably greater at these words and as his most sensitive area is handled by the human. A gasp escapes its maw, attempted to be hidden by an exhale, and makes another attempt at pulling the paws away from the wall. But whether the walk was so long, or the fact that it's been hours since it last ate, or possibly by any subduing magic around its neck, it was weak.

"I have no intention of hurting you" Alek continues as he fondles the balls still "Only good things await you here. Pleasure, not torture."

"P-pleasure?" it mutters, gritting its teeth as it fights to hold back the arousal this attention is giving.

"Ahh, there's that curious nature I was expecting. I've piqued your interest now have I?" Alek smirks and looks up into the beast's eyes as they flicker in torchlight.

"What do you mean, you want me for pleasure?" It asks, ignoring the jest at its expense.

"Well I want you for a lot more than that. In here you earn your way through obedience and a small fee."

"I don't have anything to give you" it growls again.

"Oh but you do. I want your cum."

The werewolf tenses. Its lips form a neat line around its muzzle at the very thought of orgasming for this human fills him with dread, and a smattering of curiosity. Why cum, and why its own -

"I wasn't expecting you to give in so easily" Alek says, cutting the wolf's string of thought and pointing between its legs "Have I found myself a gay werewolf?"

When it looks down again, it sees a swelling formed in its sheath and the head of the cock buried in starting to poke through. Heat rushes to the wolf's cheeks and it looks away, trying to think of anything other than the gentle caress on its balls and the thoughts of cumming for him. But now even wriggling its body to escape the touch of the human is movement enough to stir its loins.

"P-please ..." the wolf musters, hoping the human will be responsive to pity instead. Alek just smiles back up at him.

"It's alright, wolf. Things will go a whole lot more smoothly if you just come to terms with the fact that you're enjoying this."

Alek lifts a hand from the balls and rests the heavy penis on it, bouncing it up a couple of times and feeling it engorge to its fullest. The beast shuts its eyes and tries its hardest to fight the urge, but the damage has been done. Its face burns with embarrassment while its cock throbs and twitches at every touch applied.

"I can't believe this is happening"

"I can't either. What luck." Alek grins, sliding his hand down the length of the shaft and teases a finger into the sheath it came from. "I bet you're kinky too. Probably not the first time you've ended up in restraints huh?"

"No!" The wolf's brow furrows and growls at the teasing comment.

"Not even in your imagination?" To which the wolf harrumphs and looks away again.

"What do you want from me? Why do you draw this out?" The wolf sighs, still not making eye contact. It bites its teeth together and forces itself to attempt reason. "If you ... want ... my cum, then just take it and let me go"

"I'm sorry, wolf. My intentions are much grander than that." Alek says, still gently stroking the beast's cock and groping the balls with the other hand. "While I do want your cum, it is still only the means to an end. And until I have what I'm truly after, you will be staying here, with me."

The wolf notably deflates somewhat, shedding layers of confidence and motivation to escape. The futility of struggle evident from the bindings, and the magic that holds it all together.

"To what end?" The wolf whimpers, "What are you really after?"

"Your freedom in this world, of course." Alek squeezes the swollen knot inside of the sheath. "Believe it or not, I'm a protector of your kind. But that protection comes at a cost ... and cum is the price."

It stares at Alek, worry and fear cast in marble on its face. It attempts to speak again but the jaw won't move as its head rushes with all strange and conflicting thoughts. How all of this could be happening, and what it would be like. It shakes its head and does its best to think about being away from this nightmare, and the war raging inside.

"My expectation was to spend the next however many days it took, keeping you locked up in here until I broke you. I have no doubt you will have renewed energy once you have eaten, but let me make this very clear to you." Alek pulls his hands away from the beast's genitals and stands up so they're eye level "That collar around your neck will make it very difficult for you. Every step you take in defiance will be like trudging through knee high mud. Guilt will burn away at you so much that if you do push through even that, you will have a constant feeling of abandonment. You will

be homesick of this place, dream of it, even catch yourself ambling back if you let the guard down on your subconscious. Submit to me, and you will suffer no pain, anguish or longing for anything ever again. You will be treated well here.” Alek sits himself back down and begins stroking the cock again so as to not be given a chance to soften. “All I ask is for something in return. Something that intrinsically gives you pleasure anyway”

The wolf ears lay flat against its head, trying to wet its dry mouth and whines softly as the touch returns to its member. It doesn't know what to do, and fights a war in its head. It can't deny that it feels good, and the idea of being cared for sounds more appealing than anything it had on the outside, but what's the cost? If it has to stay in a dungeon and be used like this, it'd soon go mad anyway.

Staying silent, barring the odd grunt and voiced breath, it hopes the post-orgasm clarity will help lubricate the gears in its head. All it can think about at this moment is how good it feels to have its genitals tended to so thoroughly. It can't help but feel glad for the attention, and seeing how much its body is responding, helps to loosen the nerves and untangle the knots in its tensed muscles. Pleasure courses through it so deep it hits bone. The pressure builds in its groin causing pre-cum to jettison from the tip from how engorged the cock is.

“I ... I'm going to” it musters breathily, clenching and unclenching its hands and feet, muscles quivering with anticipation as the precipice draws near.

“Already close to the edge? My, you are horny. Has it been a while, or are you just insatiable?” Alek says, smirking and snaps the sheath back over the bulbous knot. Then, he withdraws his hands.

He sits back a half-meter and looks up at the wolf who stares back down with a pleading expression. Ears still pushed back and jaw shaking as it tries to form a “please”. Alek observes the giant beast in all its beauty, cock throbbing, rock hard and slick with pre, teetering on the edge and begging to be touched.

“You know that collar is really something” Alek says standing up and taking out the pin holding the chain in place for the beast's right hand. A hand which snaps to its dick instantly and starts furiously jerking.

“It has so many benefits” Alek continues, moving back around to the wolf's front and observing the display. He lifts a hand and strokes the side of its head, before bringing his fingers down to trace the symbols etched into the silver. “My favourite being a denial spell. Try all you like, my boy. You're not going to cum”

The wolf barely pays attention to the words of the human, focussing almost entirely on the end goal. It masturbates quickly, orgasm only a pane of glass away, but visible through it all the same. The sensation being pulled against it like a magnet but it can't break through. Then the words start to sink in. It snaps its eyes open, panting hard, and looks at Alek who remains calm as usual and showing no sign of mockery.

“See? You haven't been given permission, so your mind won't let you cum. A very persuasive thing, the brain.”

The wolf trembles, frustrated and bothered, desperate for a release that cannot be attained by its hands alone. The added shame of losing this ability breaks its will just a little more. It drops its free arm, the chain swinging and clanging against the wall, and looks down at its penis as it seems to jolt gleefully.

“Please ... this is ... humiliating” The wolf whimpers, softly. So little fight left in its voice.

Alek pets the beast's head again and goes to remove the pins from the other three limbs. The wolf steps away from the wall, glad to be free of it, but yet it feels no freer than the collar allows. It slumps on the floor and continues to stroke its penis. It may be denied orgasm, but it has not been denied the pleasure of masturbation.

“Orgasm is a pleasure best earned.” Alek says sitting down again. “Tell me, wolf. How desperately do you wish to cum?”

The werewolf’s breath hitches in its throat as it considers the question. It swallows hard before answering. “I ... cannot express ... in words.”

“Will you obey me in order to achieve that orgasm”

It hesitates again, clearly torn between its primal desires and newfound submission. Finally it looks up with a shaky nod. To which Alek stands back up and heads out of the chamber, shuffling back a moment later dragging a heavy mattress. The wolf was about to make an attempt to help the human, but then caught itself and fought the urge. Instead it watches as the mattress is dropped against the floor beside it and then a pillow and blanket retrieved after.

“What is all this?” The wolf asks, no longer touching itself and only making the slightest movements, like a sulking child.

“Well I can’t have you sleeping on the hard floor can I? I’ll come for you in the morning and might bring you up into the mansion, if you prove to behave.”

The beast snarls at the word but is ultimately grateful that it will not be sleeping on cold stone tonight. When its body shifts in the morning, it would be very painful against bare skin.

The wolf’s ears prick, and a thought creeps into its mind. When its wolf skin is shed, the collar will be too big and might to slip it off! The cuffs will be another problem, as they’re pretty tight, but that can be dealt with that when the collar is off. A flick of a smile creeps onto its face as it thinks about tearing this human to pieces, before an unpleasant sickness reaps havoc in its stomach. While the collar remains, it can’t think about hurting this human, or even formulating an escape as it soon starts to weigh down on its mind.

“Hey” Alek says, snapping the wolf out of thought, “what’s your name?”

“What?” The wolf lifts its head up to face the human and tilts it slightly.

“Well, you’ve got a name haven’t you? Out with it.”

It shuffles a little on the ground, and looks down at the floor where it pokes at the grouting between two stones. “Ember”

“What a sweet name. It suits you, with those eyes you’ve got.”

Alek reaches out and strokes a hand down over Ember’s head and scratches behind the ears. The wolf’s nerves tingle from the sensation. A shiver trickles down his arms and a gentle moan escapes his mouth before he has chance to catch it. The hand squirms its way around the ear and under the chin where it hoists the muzzle skyward. The human leans down and plants a kiss on his forehead and all the muscles just relax away into the floor beneath him.

The wolf stares up at him, feeling nothing in this moment but gratitude. He isn’t sure exactly why or what for, so he fights the urge to say thanks. Instead a smile works its way across through his cheeks and his face feels hot again. Alek stands back up and walks to the door.

“Um ...” the wolf starts, but then cuts himself off.

“My name is Alek” the human adds. Ember nods slowly, and looks back down at the floor. “Lay down and rest my boy, I will be down again at dawn to check on you. If by then, you’re stable and willing, you can come upstairs and meet the others.”

Ember bolts his ears up at the word ‘others’ and is about to ask, but the human merely smiles and nods, walking through the door and shutting it behind him.