

Chapter 3 - Breakfast

As the water rushes down his body, wetting the fur, Ember takes some time to reflect on the past hour of his life. How bizarre and unknowable this place is, what with the master being some sex tyrant, and the other wolves lapping from his hand like pets. He thinks about the forceful manner by which he was abducted and cringes, shaking his head which sprays the water onto the glass wall. The mere fact that he was captured so easily and led away by a human quickens his heart with anger. He lifts his head, feeling the tightness around his neck and allows the water to calm him down. The gentle patter on his head knocks partial sense into him as he realises this is the first time he's had a hot shower in months. Granted he was human at the time, and had snuck into a gym, but it still feels just as good. When you have to bathe in a lake or a stream because you can't afford to put the generator on, or even when you can and it's only to heat a bucket of water and use a sponge, you start to appreciate hot, running water.

He picks out one of the shower gel bottles from a small alcove cut into the wall and applies a portion to his hand, the fruity scents immediately working to quell the fire in his chest. Returning the bottle he steps away from the water and begins lathering. The girth of his cock has since receded and has nearly retracted back into its sheath when his hand starts to wander. It's unusual for him to have got this far into the day without emptying his balls, so he washes off the soap he'd worked in, making sure to not expose his shaft to the runoff. There is something undeniably pleasant about a natural cock scent, but Hess seems to adore it even beyond that. He reasons that if he must stay here, he'd rather be friendly with those like him, and that chubby one ticks a few extra boxes. So he keeps his dick away from the soap, at least to find out just how obsessive that wolf can be.

Having a wolf muzzle around his cock was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. His size, even in human form was always problematic for the guys he'd sleep with, but Hess took it to the knot without issue. He struggled keeping it so deep inside, but the attempt was impressive nonetheless. Ember's dick swells quickly in his hand as he remembers in detail how good it was. That attentive tongue caressing the sensitive skin of his cock; hot and slick, wetting every square inch until he eventually ruined the mood. He can't help but chastise himself for acting so lewdly with a guy he'd met just minutes before, but the effect of the collar around his neck induces a level of frustration that makes it difficult to be rational. He'd experience the same effect whenever he was stuck with his family, and anytime he could get away somewhere private, his hand would soon be around his shaft. But this is different. Here he experiences both paradigms together, where he can be as lewd as he wants, but with the annoyance of denial.

He growls as he slips the sheath over the length, stretching it almost to the head and back to the knot, just like when he was human and would roll his foreskin back and forth. He'd often exclusively shift his genitals just to experience it this way because he loves the way it feels. There were the added bonuses of being bigger in this form, so he could reach it with his mouth, and the volume of cum was significantly greater. He stares down at his engorged shaft as he pulls back the sheath, watching it stretch over the knot. Biting his lip and hoping, he springs it over to the base and grips tightly. He huffs low and jerks his hand in small movements until he feels his orgasm bounce against the wall in his brain. He huffs again, grabs the length with his other hand and jerks it under the heat of the running water; but again nothing happens. He repeats this over and over, getting more and more agitated with each rejection, until he drops his throbbing cock and watches it fidget for attention like a petulant child. Fed up with the denial, he sulks and resumes his shower until he can slot his penis back away safely in its home.

The hallway is empty when Ember steps out of the bathroom. Because he can't shift, he has to spend much longer than usual drying off, so he heads downstairs, assuming it must be close to breakfast time by now. Entering the dining hall, he spots Cal setting places at the table and walks over.

"Ah, there you are" the white wolf says cheerfully. "I was going to come up and get you in a minute. Everything alright dear?"

"Yeah, yeah fine. Just takes ages to dry with all this fur."

Cal stops putting a plate down and stares at Ember, then sighs heavily and continues the task. "Hess must have been too busy daydreaming about your cock to have told you about the air-jet function of the shower. I'll smack that boy" he tuts angrily and resumes his duty.

"What?" The black wolf asks dejectedly.

"The shower has pressurised air spouts on the wall to dry you off quickly"

"Oh, so why was I given the towel if the shower can just dry me?" Ember queries, idling around the table.

"For your feet, dear. The jets are great for the majority, but they don't go below knee level. You can lift your legs a bit but your feet are always gonna get wet. Plus, I always like to ruffle my fur after air drying, I don't like how it feels when the hairs have been all moved out of their natural place. Maybe I'm just weird, I dunno" Cal smiles at his own expense and finishes dressing up the table.

"For what it's worth, I think you're all a bit weird" Ember says lightheartedly and Cal laughs.

"You're growing on me already. Now can you go into the kitchen and bring in the two jugs on the serving-ready table? Orange juice and water."

Ember smiles and nods, stepping around the table to the in-door and spotting a tray by the door with two glass jugs as Cal said there'd be. There is a strong smell of bacon and toast instantly filling his nostrils as he pushes through, realising there must be some damn good seals around those doors if he couldn't smell it until now. His stomach growls as he's forced to remember how long it's been since his last meal.

He spots Hess busy working away at a table transferring various foods into individual serving bowls. He notes the strange garb being worn by the chef, seemingly very clinical so as to avoid fur contamination. The brown wolf notices Ember, and simply nods coldly before getting back to work. He half expected Hess to come barreling over and start molesting him again, but he really must take everything very seriously when he's working. Whether that's because he knows it will upset the master if he doesn't or if he actually enjoys it, yet remains to be seen. For now, Ember has to take it on his word and draws his attention back to the task given, picking up the tray of drinks to take into the dining hall.

Voigt has made his way back into the room, tracking dried dirt in on his shins and Cal is fussing over the mess, scrambling to get a dustpan and brush.

"Sorry, Cal, the water around the fountain is all sodden" he apologises, while still continuing his walk to the table.

"I don't wanna hear it Voigt, I've told you before. That's why I keep that towel by the back door." Cal puffs, sweeping up the dry dirt.

Voigt stands behind a chair positioned to the right of the head and turns his attention to the new wolf. "Ember, good to see you've not been sent back down to the basement."

"Were you expecting me to be?" Ember scoffs.

"I'm not expecting anything of you for your first day. You're just taking it better than I expected is all."

"Maybe this collar is manipulating me to enjoy it" Ember retorts incredulously.

"All the collar does is keep you from hurting the master, and prevent a few things like orgasm and transformation; that's about it. How quickly you integrate with us and this lifestyle is all on you."

Ember sighs, half because he doesn't like to be reminded of his situation, and half because he feels like it's true. Everything that's happened while he's been out of the basement, has felt more like a holiday at a horny nudist resort. He's not been put to real work yet, so those feelings may change, but so far, it's all been kinda fun. Imposing, embarrassing, and a little confusing ... but fun. Not wanting to give Voigt an answer he pulls out one of the chairs from the table, intending to sit down.

"No no, you can't sit down before the master. You're in the wrong place too, you can't be on his left, that's Cal's seat. You sit next to him, opposite Hess. When the master comes in, you are to be standing behind your chair, both hands on top of the back like this" Voigt demonstrates, placing his palms on the top of the backrest.

Ember sighs again, reluctantly complying and standing behind his chair as instructed. Cal finishes up sweeping the floor and quickly serves juice and water to all the glasses before putting the half-empty jugs down in the middle of the table.

"Two minutes" He shouts, kitchen-ward, getting no response. Cal, seems to not care that there isn't one and stands aside his chair instead of behind it, facing the master's chair.

Hess pushes a cart out a few seconds later with all manner of platters and bowls containing miscellaneous meats, potato products and eggs. He and Cal place the trays down on the table around the jugs, seeming to have a place for each of them as they go. The smell is incredible to Ember's senses. This must have been how Hess felt when he was on his knees in the bathroom. It's so dense you could chew it in place of eating and feel full after a few deep inhales.

"I've called him down" Hess says, pushing the cart back into the kitchen and hurrying over to his chair next to Voigt who turns his eyes back to the newbie.

"Do as we do, eat when we eat. We are your equals, so you can converse with us, but don't talk to the master unless addressed directly" he says sternly.

Hess rolls his eyes and shakes his head subtly at Ember.

The double doors open and in steps Alek wearing the same clothes as earlier. He shuts them behind him, perhaps to contain the strong food smells in one room and plods over. Cal pulls out the end-chair and helps the human to his seat. The white wolf then picks up Alek's plate and routinely starts filling it with two of everything on display before putting it back down. Bowing gently he steps back around behind his own chair and waits with the others.

"Sit down, please, tuck in." Alek says warmly and starts cutting up his sausages. Ember is almost surprised Cal didn't do that as well.

The wolves all move their seats aside in unison and start divvying out the food, passing plates and serving cutlery until they each have a pile; Ember's substantially bigger. Then they all sit down and dig in.

"Hungry, are you my boy?" Alek says, setting down his fork to pick up some toast for his beans.

"Famished mast ..." Ember starts, and quickly shoves a streak of bacon into his muzzle to shut himself up. Either Alek didn't notice or he didn't want to draw attention to it and moves onto his next question.

"How are you managing your first day?"

Ember waits until he's swallowed before replying. "I've not exactly done anything yet, just shower"

"Why has showering taken this long? Did you have some ... assistance?" Alek says, grinning toothily.

"Hess didn't show him the air-jet function of the shower, so he had to towel himself dry" Cal chimes in, clearly much more familiar with his master in the way he speaks up.

"Oh shit, I didn't!" Hess says, surprised at himself for forgetting. He follows it with a sharp "Ow!" as Voigt clips him behind the head.

"Watch your language at the table" he says.

"What difference does it make where I swear?" Hess complains, rubbing his head. "Maybe I should just stop cooking in protest"

Alek titters quietly to himself, enjoying the banter between his servants. "Well then, with that hour wasted, what do you have planned for our new member until lunch?" He says, sipping some juice.

"I have some ideas, master, but I didn't get chance to find where his skills lay." Voigt replies stiffly, as though he's addressing a general in battle and switches back to Ember. "Do you have any particular talents that could be useful to us?"

"Uh ... not really. I can cook a bit, I guess, but I've not done a lot of different stuff to know what I'm good at."

"That's settled then, providing Hess can keep his hands to himself, I'll put you in the kitchen first to help prepare the next meal."

"Hey, I take my work seriously!" Hess woofs, slamming his cutlery down, clearly starting to get offended.

"Now now, Hess" Alek says calmly, which in turn seems to instantly soothe the agitated wolf. "No one's questioning your professionalism. We're all consistently grateful of the work you put into preparing our daily meals, and I think it's a grand idea getting our new wolf to work under you. You run a very tight ship in that kitchen and since you two already seem to have a bit of a rapport, I think he will feel the most comfortable there for his first duty."

"Thank you, master." Hess beams snootily and looks across the table to the black wolf, slotting a sausage in his mouth. Ember's face heats up again and he draws his eyes back down to his food to distract himself from the naughty thoughts attempting to invade his mind.

"How are the preparations for this weekend coming along?" Alek says, turning to his left, driving the conversation efficiently.

"I should have everything in order, master" Cal replies and begins to list things off "We have eight butlers hired, two valets, a doorman, concierge and cloakroom assistant, a security team and two sous-chefs." He continues to detail seating plans, layouts and entertainment for the Saturday evening which Alek listens to intently.

"What about food delivery?"

"It's taken care of. All the food should arrive today, but the only time they could do it was at 2pm. So Hess and Voigt will have to manage that, unless you'd prefer we move my appointment with you?"

"No, I'd rather Hess was there to organise the food anyway."

"Yes master."

"Thank you for all that Cal. You always prove yourself invaluable to me." Alek smiles and Cal gets obviously flustered by this. "Speaking of, I think now's a good a time as any to talk a little bit about what to expect here" he says, placing down his cutlery and looking at the new member. The other three continue eating in silence, while Ember gulps down the last of his orange.

“Please continue your breakfast, I know you’re hungry and I’d like you to be well fed, just listen. Almost every day, barring most Sundays, functions and days where I’m simply not here, each of my wolves are called up into my office at a given time-slot. Cal is first at 2pm, then Hess at 3, Voigt at 4 and your slot will be 5. I won’t be calling you up for a session today, because I haven’t set you up yet on my computer, but I expect you at 5 regardless for a friendly chat.”

“I don’t understand, what’s all this for?” Ember asks, and Voigt gives him a serious side-eye.

“We will talk more about it later, I think it would be inappropriate to discuss here. You may ask the others about their experiences in my office if you wish; but what they can tell you is very limited, so I would advise them to be very discreet.” Alek says skilfully avoiding answering the question and the other wolves keep their eyes down.

Ember grumbles quietly, hating all the secrecy and continues ploughing food into his mouth, finally glad to be rid of his appetite.