

Chapter 7 - Delivery

Ember makes his way back inside, pulling Cal's boots off at the door and lays the game board down on the dining table as instructed. All the plates, bowls and glasses used for lunch have been cleared away and the table itself looks shiny. The decorations in the centrepiece consist of neatly arranged leaves and flowers spiralling a long, oval dish. Inside it there is a bed of coloured pebbles with small twigs and mossy clumps laid over them. Standing up out of the pebbles are two beautifully decorated, hand-pulled glass fish facing each other.

Ember never took the time to properly admire the attention to detail that goes on in the peripheral vision. Cal seems to do very good work making sure this house looks pretty, no matter where you look. The door to the kitchen opens and Hess pops out, startled by the black wolf's sudden presence.

"Ah! Fuckin' 'ell." He curses, and puts his hands on his hips. "Don't loiter behind a door like that. Where's Voigt?"

"Sorry Hess. He's still doing gardening, your master said I should help you instead of him."

"Heh, *my* master." He chuckles and peers inside the kitchen to check the clock. "Alright, come on, the delivery guys are usually on time."

Ember follows along behind Hess to the main hall who then opens a small cupboard and pulls out two pairs of black shorts with elastic waists. He hands one to Ember and slips his legs into another, slotting his tail into a crudely cut hole under the waistband.

"Can't have regular people see our dicks" Hess mutters, almost sounding disappointed.

"I'm surprised you're not more concerned that we're still in wolf form. Don't they get scared?"

"They did, for a while. It was a whole thing early last year and was not pretty. Took us ages to find a delivery service to transport stuff to us because a lot of the distributors wouldn't do it themselves." Hess explains walking to the front door and opening it.

Walking out behind him, this is the first Ember has seen of the front of the mansion. It seems very typical of this style based on what he's seen of the rear; trim grass, well-tended bushes and flower beds on either side of a path leading to the bulb of a teardrop roundabout. A van is just pulling up behind the gate and a man steps out to punch a code into the keypad. The gates swing open and he steps back inside to haul the vehicle closer.

The two wolves go down the path, one approaching more cautiously than the other as the van is pulled to a stop and two men get out. One smiles nervously and walks around to the back to unlock the metal doors and the driver comes around the front and up to the brown wolf.

"Hess! Good to see you." He swings his arm and vigorously shakes Hess's hand, talking cheerfully. "It's usually the other two I see for deliveries, how are you doing my friend?"

"It's been a while, eh? They don't let me out of the kitchen very much" he replies, winking to show he's joking. "Is that a new guy? Where's Eric?"

"Broke his leg poor guy, so he's out of the deliveries for a bit while he gets better. I'm hoping he can bounce back, 'cause he was a good lifter." The cheerful human says solemnly.

"Oh no! Give my best to him, alright?"

"I will, he'll like that. I have Keith with me instead today." He turns around but his partner is already out of sight. "He's here on my word he'll be safe, but with you here I'm not too sure now."

They laugh and Hess turns to the side, holding out an arm towards the black wolf. "Simon, I'd like you to meet our newest member, Ember."

"Heh, Ember ... member" Simon chortles and holds out a hand which Ember takes gingerly, not sure how tightly he should grip. "It's great to meet you, mate. You look like you can carry pretty good, so why don't you go help Keith haul the stuff off the van?"

"Oh err, sure" Ember plods over to the vehicle and Simon looks over at Hess.

"Hate to see him go." the chubby wolf says, sighing to himself.

"Love to watch him walk away, eh?" Simon finishes and they laugh again. "You're terrible. Come and check the inventory, there's been a couple of subs due to stock damage."

"Fuck sake."

"Yeah I know. You guys need to get a new supplier." He lowers his voice and leans down to the wolf's ear "I heard they can't afford to run the fridges full time so they shut them off for a few hours at night." Simon holds his hands up as Hess stares at him, mouth agape. "Just a rumour"

"Shit man, thanks for that. I'll mention it to Cal and we'll do a little research."

While Simon and Hess check over the stock list, Ember reaches the back of the van, spotting Keith inside hoisting wooden boxes up and out onto the tarmac. He stands up straight and stares at the towering beast in front of him, wandering his eyes between the glistening teeth, the dangerous claws and threateningly powerful frame.

"Uh ... uhm ... h-hi" he says, quietly, as though too much volume could set the wolf off into a murderous rampage.

Ember looks down at the man, forcing himself to forget the contempt he had for humans no more than 24 hours ago, and tries to focus on the task at hand. But to try and show, at least to Hess, that he is a professional, he extends his hand and introduces himself.

"K-Keith" the man responds, very slowly connecting their hands and whimpers when his arm is shook once and released.

Ember says nothing further and bends down to pick up two of the crates and hauls them around to the side. Hess looks up from the stapled document on the bonnet of the van and gestures to the open door.

"Put them in' larder."

Ember nods and takes them inside. He walks into the hall to the door opposite the kitchen and ends up in the room he walked through earlier this morning when he was led out of the basement. Finding some free floor space he drops the boxes and makes his way back to the van. With the vehicle emptied, Hess and Ember say their goodbyes to the delivery men and carry the last of the boxes together to the pantry.

"I wasn't expecting to see humans so accepting of werewolves today." Ember puffs, placing his haul down.

"Yeah ..." Hess pants, having struggled carrying two at a time and drops his as well. "Simon ... is a great guy." He takes a moment to catch his breath and stretches upright. "Eric is really cool too, it's a shame you didn't get to meet him. I'll have to get a card for him."

"It's kinda weird for me to think that wolves and humans can work together."

"Why? We're still half-human"

"I guess, it's just a historical thing."

"Times have changed mate. Voigt goes into town every so often for supplies when we don't wanna get a delivery."

"Don't people run scared?"

"No? Us werefolk are getting more welcomed in human communities, it just takes a long time. Not a lot of people are very accepting of that though o'course, but as long as we're quick and go during working hours, we're not really bothered. Plus, the local town I'm pretty sure have seen all of us now, 'cept you."

"That's really interesting."

"Anyway, we should really get this stuff put away."

Ember nods and starts taking off the lids off all the boxes. Inside are arrays of meats, cheeses, condiments, spices, breads, pastry, fruits, vegetables, milks and creams, and all manner of other foods ready to be turned into a feast.

"Wow that's a lot of food." Ember remarks, leaning all the lids neatly against the wall.

"Yeah. Most of it will be used up on Saturday of course, but we also just needed to restock in general."

"I haven't really had chance to ask, but what's happening on Saturday?"

Hess starts putting various foods away onto appropriate shelves and cupboards all labelled and catalogued in an expiry date book. Ember mostly helps by passing things from the box to Hess, but manages to find some use by putting the breads away.

"It's a business thing I think, but sorta played off as a social gathering. I dunno what the business is, and don't care really. All I know is that I'm gonna be really busy tomorrow doing a lot of food prep."

"Will you need some help?"

"I'll need a lackey." Hess laughs. "A lot of it is really repetitive stuff, especially for hors d'oeuvres."

"That what?"

"Dinky decorative food served before the meal"

"Oh ok. So you need someone to do a lot of the repetitive work?" Ember asks sounding more deflated.

"Yeah, and the dishes. It's a bit boring I'm afraid, but I would appreciate the help. I'm supposed to have two sous-chefs from the hiring agency, but if you'd like to take one of their places, I'd be fine with that?"

"Really? If you think I can do a good enough job, I'd be happy to help you."

"Yeah, 'course I do. I'll tell Cal to just get the one then." The brown wolf smiles appreciatively and puts the last of the food away. The boxes are all stacked together with the lids and left against the wall. Hess explains they have a bin collection service, and they'll take the boxes on Monday, but they need to be put out of the way so they're not a trip hazard.

"They need to go down to the basement." he says casually, looking down at the itemised receipt to make sure everything is accounted for. He looks up and over at Ember who had stopped moving. "Sorry, I can do it if you don't wanna go down there"

"No no ... I'm only going to drop some boxes off, it's not so bad." Ember sounds more sure that he feels, but he knows he'll only be there for a second and not going to get chained up again.

He picks up the stack of boxes with the lids on top. They're much lighter now so he has no problem carrying the lot. He pushes open the door and looks at the stone steps leading down. His legs are uneasy, but he descends slowly until his feet touch the cold cellar floor. Not wanting to look in the direction of the cell, he quickly drops the boxes in a pile away from the stairs and hurries back over to them. But not before realising that the lighting down here is still using sconces. He'd noticed them when he was here before, but only now found it strange. Wanting to spend no more time down here, he races back up the stairs and shuts the door.

"You alright?" Hess is there waiting for him.

"Yeah ... yeah I'm fine." Ember forces a smile and looks between the door and the other wolf. "I don't even know why I'm being so silly over it"

"It has a bad memory for you that's still really fresh. No one liked being in that cell ... of those that needed it anyway." He chuckles nervously and turns back to go to his inventory check.

"Hey what's with all the torches?" Ember asks, oblivious to what Hess just implied.

"Oh, the master's idea. I quite like it, really, it's a nice effect. They're kept burning with magic so we don't need to worry about them going out."

"Oh ok."

"Right, well I'm a bit annoyed about some of these substitutions. Asparagus instead of green beans? What rubbish. I might see if I can get some from Voigt if he ends up needing to go to town."

"Oh, speaking of, I should probably go and help him in the garden."

"Yeah that's fine, we're all done here anyway and it's nearly time for my session." Hess plants a hand on Ember's shoulder and grips firmly. "Thanks again for the help mate."

Ember bites his lips and feels an urge to do something that he knows will make Hess happy. So, in a smooth action, brings his hand down, under the belly of the brown wolf and into the shorts. He smirks nervously as he feels his first penis since coming here. Hess is startled, but soon leans into the attention, growing quickly in the adventurous hand.

"Mmmh stop, stop ... hah" the brown wolf says, pushing back. Ember's face turns to worry as he feels like he's done something wrong again. "You're a huge tease, but we can't do this stuff in the larder."

In a second, the shorts are yanked off and the black wolf is pulled out into the hallway and under the staircase. Hess guides the hand back to his groin and nods at its owner to continue. Ember smiles again and takes a gentle grip of the penis beneath the round belly while his other hand makes its way to Hess's side and starts squishing the plump fur. He feels his own member start getting attention and notices a hand that's snuck its way down there. Ember moans softly and looks at the face in front of him, showing a desperate look of want.

"Do ... you like to kiss?" Hess asks, gently, and pushes his face close to the other.

Ember flits his eyes around the muzzle making its way to his and closes the gap in a flash of bravery. Their lips meet, and after a few short pecks, the tongues engage. A deep urge starts to build up inside the black wolf, surging through his body from the heart, as though it's pumping primal energy instead of blood. He finds himself having pressed the chubby wolf against the wall and has started groaning as their swords clash and rub together.

The heat of their bodies rising as the lust swaps between them like saliva, their chests and stomachs rubbing together, mixing the colours of their fur to a dark chocolate brown. Pre slicks each other's cock, both ragingly hard and desperate for attention. Hess starts to push the black wolf back and eventually their bodies separate, but before Ember can ask why, he finds out.

"Do you wanna fuck me." Hess pants, desperately horny, and staring dreamily up at the bigger wolf.

A large hand is placed on Hess's shoulder and guides him to turn around so his front is facing the wall. Ember pushes their bodies together again and his cock slots into the bare cheeks, grazing over the hole buried between them. He grapples the brown wolf's body and caresses him, gently, but meaningfully as he starts to grind his hips against the opening, leaking all over it.

"Hah ... please ..." The submissive wolf gasps, clenching his fists against the wood panelling.

Needing no further invitation, Ember pushes his cock head into the hole and is surprised to find very little resistance as he slips in. In fact, despite still being clutched around his cock, the hole stretches without any verbal discomfort from Hess. He finds no difficulty in getting his whole cock inside up to the knot, feeling the hot flesh cuddle his shaft and clench in very strategic ways. The arms around the large waist tighten and a muzzle buries itself into the dense fluff of Hess's neck. Ember sniffs and gropes around, hearing deep groans when his dick engorges and stretches the ring around it wider still.

"Fuck yeah" Hess moans, shivering a little as he feels the bulge of the other wolf's knot threaten to push its way inside.

"Damn your hole is good" Ember says, pulling back a little, so he can enjoy watching his meat disappear inside the brown wolf's ass.

After enjoying observing a few slow, deep thrusts and coasting on a perfect wave of pleasurable torment, he pushes himself back in to the knot and clings to the wolf against the wall. He rests his muzzle back on Hess's neck and licks at his cheek as he starts to thrust a little faster. Ember is already getting very close to orgasm, but he knows nothing will happen, so he keeps humping, just to enjoy the feeling of his cock being hugged and caressed by such a perfect butt.

Then there is a deep toll from the grandfather clock opposite the base of the stairs, sounding the hour. Hess's eyes bolt open and he pushes himself away from his dominant.

"Shit shit shit shit ..." He curses continually, except to let a squeak of a moan escape as the dick slides out of him. "I gotta go" he quickly kisses Ember and hurries off and up the stairs as quick as he can. "Sorry!" He shouts from the stairs.

Ember, left desperately horny, trapped on the edge of orgasm, growls and faps, immediately missing the warmth he just had around his shaft. But after a few bounces off the wall of denial, he gives up his futile attempt to cum and slowly leans back against the wall to catch his breath. After a few minutes, he is still unceasingly throbbing and curses the effectiveness of the collar he's forced to wear. Reasoning that the fastest way to lose his erection is to just start walking, he pushes himself off the wall and wobbles into the dining hall, feeling like how Hess looked after Voigt was done with him.