

Chapter 9 - Tour

“Oof!” Cry the wolves as they hit the ground, cloth fluttering down around them.

“Where’s the fire?” Cal whines, rubbing his elbow which took the brunt of his weight.

Ember scrambles to pick himself up and is about to keep running when he looks down at the felled wolf and the scattered sheets. Feeling a pang of guilt, which sobers his panic somewhat, he bends down to help Cal to his feet.

“I-I’m sorry, Voigt took me upstairs ... and ... I saw Hess ... and he ... he looked so ... messed up ... he didn’t even look at me.” He mutters in broken speech, inhaling every few words as his body tries its best to calm down, despite the terrible thoughts.

Cal, immediately deducing what’s happened, takes ahold of the black wolf’s arms and steers his face until their eyes lock.

“Hey, hey, it’s alright dear, nothing bad happened to him.” Cal sighs and silently looks up the stairs scornfully. “It wasn’t a good idea that you saw that and Voigt’s going to get a smack for letting it happen”

“What? Why, so I can be kept hidden from the truth some more?” The black wolf moans, frustrated and the warble of sadness attacking his words as they come out. He sniffs, scared for his safety, and also for Hess’s.

“I’m sorry dear, that’s not what I meant. Come here” Cal smiles as softly as he can and hugs the wolf to try and calm him down. “I promise you, nothing bad happened in that room. It’s never a pretty sight when someone leaves the master’s study after a session, and Hess is the worst example of it. It’s self inflicted with him.”

Ember slowly calms down from Cal’s petting and manages to rejoin the words that went into his ears into the correct order.

“Self ... inflicted?” He pushes himself away to face the other wolf and rub his nose. Cal allows them to separate to give him some space and smiles, looking down at the strewn laundry.

“I like you, Ember. You’re a sweet guy and I hate to see you so torn up like this. Help me with the bedding and I’ll try my best to explain a little bit, ok?” He kneels and starts to pick it all up, trying to retain the neat folds they were once in.

“OK” Ember sniffs again and bends down to start helping.

Cal folds the last sheet up and puts it back into the basket. He stands up with it in his arms and walks to the foot of the stairs. “Come with me, I think it’s about time I gave you a tour.”

Ember puffs a laugh. “I still have the hedges to do” he flaps his arms against his sides and looks over at the dining room doors. Cal chuckles and starts walking up the stairs, knowing that he will be followed.

“You’ve seen the bathroom,” he says reaching the top of the stairs “So I won’t bother showing it you, but you’re not allowed to use it when we have guests over. There is a toilet downstairs next to the wash room.”

“Makes sense I guess” Ember wipes his nose again and Cal goes to a cupboard on the landing to hand him a tissue. “Thanks.”

“You’ve seen the door to the master’s study, make sure you’re here on time.”

"Yeah yeah, I know." Ember sweeps his hand to dismiss the warning, wanting to push any thoughts of that room out of his mind for now.

"Alright." Cal puts down the hamper and steps into the hallway. Walking down to the second door on the left. "We all have labels on our doors, here's Voigt's as you can see."

Ember nods, seeing a plaque on the door similar to the one on the master's bedroom with his name and various flowers and workman's tools carved into it; ones which he assumes are important to Voigt in some way. They step to the next door which has Hess's name on, and again some things imprinted onto the wood. Ember recognises a couple of video game characters from old advertisements, but nothing beyond that.

"And here's my room." Cal stops at the fourth and last door on the left. The plaque shows some things that seem important to the white wolf, including a needle and thread, an open book with a pencil, and a musical note.

"These things on the door ..."

"They're good aren't they? Voigt made them for us last month as a present. Supposedly in secret, but I know Hess was involved somehow because he would have helped with the calligraphy."

"Wow, he ... carved these?" Ember asks, getting a closer look at Cal's.

"Yeah, he's a pretty skilled woodworker, and Hess is wizardly with a pen."

"That's really cool." Ember looks over at the neighbouring bedroom door with Hess's name, remembering their last encounter. "What happened to him in the master's study?"

"Let me finish the tour first." Cal says insistently.

Ember nods as he's turned around to face a hidden staircase and a thin door next to it. Cal explains this is a storage closet and the staircase leads to the attic where they keep stuff for long term storage, like holiday decorations. Walking back the way they came, the next door has a very large plaque, decorated with video game controllers, a chess pieces of the king and queen, a computer, a bookshelf and lots of intricate swirls and cute patterns. The signage labels it as the 'Rec Room'.

"This is where we go to unwind, and also to have a bit of fun. We'll all be in here after dinner to watch a movie since it's Thursday." Cal opens the door and steps inside.

Ember is immediately taken aback by the sheer volume of things on every cupboard and shelf. The walls are colourfully painted, the floor is soft carpet, there are comfortable chairs and two sofas, a huge television on one wall with all manner of games consoles on the shelves beneath it. In front and facing it is an enormous bed, that looks like two mattresses stitched together. There is a PC in the corner, bookshelves on the wall next to it and a stereo with racks of CDs in the shelves below. On the wall with the door is a huge wall of DVDs and games, alphabetised.

"OK, I'm going to be spending a lot of time in here." Ember laughs, overwhelmed and starts wandering around the room to look at it all in closer detail. "This is amazing" he turns to Cal who has a big grin on his face and seems to be happily admiring the black wolf. He blushes instantly. "What?"

"It's just cute seeing you get so excited. I've not seen you this happy before." The white wolf replies, making Ember blush harder and look away. "Come on dear, let me show you to your room."

Ember perks up again and follows, "My room?"

"Well yeah. Did you think we were going to send you back down to the basement?" Cal laughs, surprised.

Ember shuts the door to the rec room, embarrassed to have assumed that he would. He shakes his head and mumbles “no.”

“You poor dear, no wonder you’ve been so nervous. Your room is opposite the master’s bedroom” he points to the door Ember saw earlier “It’s very plain, of course, but it can be decorated to however you like.”

He opens the door and the black wolf gasps at how big it is. His living room and kitchen combined back at the cabin would be about equal in size. The bed is twice what he’s used to, assuming to accommodate the permanent wolf form, and with room to spare. Beyond that and a wardrobe, the bedroom is very bare, with white walls.

“Thank you so much.” the black wolf says, unashamedly showing his joy. Cal smiles again, following the wolf inside and shuts the door before going to sit on the bed. He pats the space next to him expectantly.

“I won’t bite.”

“Promise?” Ember half-laughs.

“Nope.” Cal returns with a wide grin. “Just sit down.”

The bigger wolf plops himself on the bed and is pleasantly surprised at how soft it is. He looks down as he fiddles with his fingers, questions starting filling his head now that there’s a moment of quiet.

“I can’t talk about some of the details about what goes on in that room, for two reasons.” Cal begins, leaning back on the bed. “The equipment has a non-disclosure agreement attached it so I can’t even talk about it even if I tried. The second reason is because it’s a very personal and unique experience for everyone, not even the master knows fully.”

Ember listens carefully, disappointed that information is once again being withheld, but it seems clearer now as to why. They either aren’t legally allowed to talk about it or they don’t want to to keep their privacy.

“I can tell you this,” he continues. “The master wants your cum, and when it’s your turn, you are ... permitted to.” He pauses, thinking about his words and corrects himself. “demanded to.”

“You’re forced to cum?” Ember inflects with surprise and tenses his muscles at the thought.

“Yeah. And Hess ...” Cal sighs and shakes his head with a sharp exhale as though gently laughing. “Hess is one of those people who can’t get enough of a good thing and always pushes himself well past his limits.”

Ember stares at Cal. “So ...”

“So that’s why he looked like a fresh zombie ... yes. He makes himself keep going without taking any breaks until he’s shooting blanks.”

“That still sounds kinda scary, honestly.” Ember looks back down, not realising that he’d got a semi again. He quickly folds his arms over it and curses himself for being so reactive to the very thought of being able to cum, even by force. “Well ... scary-ish”

“Ha ha, yeah, the master scared me a bit too at first. He’s a very strange human, with such a unique power over us beasts; but after all the time I’ve spent here, he’s never hurt me, keeps me well fed, gives me good work, and the privacy of my own room that I can do anything I want with. All he needs in return ... is something I’ll freely give for the benefits.”

“I can understand all that.” Ember says reluctantly “I just ... don’t understand why, or how.”

"I know dear. But you will, and then when you do, we can talk about it as much as you want."

"Based on what you've told me already, I might not want to afterwards."

Cal chuckles to himself as though he knows better, and perhaps he does. He stands up and is about to say his goodbyes again when he feels a hand on his wrist.

"Can you stay a bit longer? With me?" Ember gulps, not looking up at the white wolf. Cal's expression shifts to pity and pats the hand on his wrist.

"Why don't you come with me instead, my laundry can wait."

"Where to?" Ember asks wearily and steps out of his room to be led back down the hall. Cal stops at his own door and turns the handle.

"If you'd like?"

Ember, too curious to say no, peers around the frame and immediately the theme changes again, just like when he looked in the rec room. The walls are different shades of blue, and all very neatly organised with shelves, cupboards, drawers and framed posters.

"Go on in." The white wolf urges and follows so he can shut the door. His eyes follow Ember as he wanders around the room, looking at everything.

The bed is against the left hand wall with pastel orange sheets and the headboard against the far wall. With this being a corner room, there is a window on the adjacent walls pouring in a decent amount of afternoon glow onto the floor. Under the window opposite the bed is a full size keyboard with a pedal and sheet music open on the stand while other music books lay stacked in magazine racks mounted to the wall. The bedside table has a book with a bookmark sticking out of the top and a pair of wide-rim glasses laying neatly on it. Above the bed is a long shelf with even more books, several of which also containing a bookmark.

Next to the piano is a desk with some blank sheet music paper on with some half filled-out with various notes written in pencil. There is a black laptop with a red trim in the corner of the desk underneath a lamp and surrounded with miniature plastic animals that you would buy for dioramas. On the left and right of the door are two wardrobes and at the foot of the bed is another hobby desk with a sewing machine built into it.

"The master likes it when we find a hobby," Cal says, slowly walking around. "- so he tries to introduce us to one's we find interesting. I learnt to sew and mend at first, I'm good at it, but I found my passion in music. I'm trying my hand at composing but it's still early days."

"Cal ... I didn't know you were so ... uh," Ember clears his throat, realising if he said what I was going to, it would imply he thought Cal was boring until now. "It's amazing."

"It not amazing, it's just me." He shrugs and sits down on his bed.

"Well I guess you're amazing then." Ember returns bravely and scratches his head.

"You're sweet." Cal lays back on the bed, its width allowing this without his head touching the wall. "I bet so many people go through life without ever finding their passion hobby."

"I suppose you're right. I don't know what makes me truly happy"

"And I can't wait to find out what it is. Perhaps it's juggling!" Cal laughs. "Or line dancing."

"Hey those take some considerable skill to do well!"

"I know they do dear, I'm only teasing. The point is, that you can learn anything you think you might like. The master would want that for you and will do everything he can facilitate you trying."

"Anything?"

"Well, I doubt he'll allow helicopter flight training, but most hobbies I'd say."

Ember giggles softly and shuffles on his feet, feeling the carpet under his toes. Cal sits up and gets his attention, gesturing him to come closer with a head flick. Ember steps forward and watches as the white wolf's arms move up until he feels a pair of hands on his waist.

"We ... have a bit of time ... if you'd like me to help you relax a bit before you go see the master?" Ember gulps and looks at the door then back down at the butler wolf. "Don't worry, we won't be disturbed. Here, set yourself down and lie back."

The black wolf bites his lip and feels his dick start to sense impending touches. He sits on the bed when room is made for him and lies flat with his head on the pillow, looking up at the wolf next to him. As Ember starts to feel his weight be absorbed by the mattress, he sees Cal shuffle a little and then lay down next to him on his side.

"I always find that the cure for anxiety is love." He says softly, laying his warm hand on the black wolf's chest and starting to stroke the fur. "Shut your eyes and let me look after you for a bit."

Ember opens his mouth to speak when Cal shakes his head, wanting there to be silence. So he slowly rests his muscles, letting his eyes relax and shut, and his body start to feel. The hand begins to circle around his upper torso and wander the body more freely. Gently petting and stroking, combing the fur on his front. He feels the bed jolt slightly as Cal repositions himself to his knees so he can use both hands to explore the new wolf in his bed.

The hands roam all over Ember's body, from fingertips to neck to toes, all over and around where they can reach, while also skilfully avoiding one area. An area that had quickly become more excited as the gentle massage continued. With Ember's face hot from embarrassment, he keeps his eyes shut so he doesn't have to look up at Cal who is likely smirking. He chances a peek between the lids and sees only a look of contention and serenity, completely focused on giving his full attention to the laying wolf. He closes and opens his eyes dreamily but eventually until he can't keep them open and submits to the full-body sensation. When he looks out again, to make sure Cal is still enjoying himself, he sees movement between the legs knelt beside him. Behind the white-furred leg obscuring his view, is a very firm and twitching member. The recombinant wolf lets out a horny whine and the other instantly locks gaze with him.

"Hey sleepy." Cal says softly and stops stroking the black wolf's leg.

"I'm not sleepy." Ember denies, and yawns when he stretches his body.

"Oh ok, so all that snoring was for show then?"

"Hah, snoring?"

"Yeah, it's been like 20 minutes."

Ember snaps open his eyes and looks up at the clock on the wall. It shows 4:45. "Oh wow, I just ... I didn't even realise."

"I'll take that as a compliment." Cal says, idling touching himself.

"Heh did you enjoy yourself." Ember queries, putting his arms up behind his head, feeling much more relaxed than he was.

"No more than you I'd wager." Comes the reply and a hand placed on the black wolf's cock; a gentle squeeze making him let out another very needy whine.

"Ahh ... rrrf" Ember stares down at his rigid shaft in Cal's grasp, twitching to his heartbeat. "It's so sensitive"

"Yeah, it's gonna be for a good while. It's still your first day after all" the white wolf smiles and starts to stroke the member in his hand, while also teasing his own.

Ember watches with his head propped on the pillow as his cock is stroked with purpose. The hand knows exactly how hard to squeeze as it drags itself up and down the full length length. He brings his hands down near his mouth, resting them just above his clavicle and pants softly, feeling his orgasm drawing near again even from such little attention. The added visual stimulation of seeing and smelling Cal's dick as hard as it is working as an enzyme for the arousal.

The wolf kneeling beside him noticeably salivates and leans down a little so he can sniff Ember's shaft. After a deep, long sigh he extends his tongue a little and looks up the length of the black wolf's body to meet his eyes. Ember nods nervously, granting permission and instantly lets out a deep moan as he feels the wet tongue slide up his penis from sheath to tip. Licking his lips and swallowing, Cal looks like he's been switched into full service mode and forgets about his own as he lifts the hefty member up to better take it into his muzzle. The new wolf watches intently as Cal takes the whole thing down his throat and stays there, letting it throb and twitch inside. The feeling is erotically soothing; a warm coziness on his most sensitive appendage. Eventually he has to come up for air, so the wolf pulls up to the head and breathes heavily through his nose. So as to not allow the tongue to loiter, its put to keeping the glans wet.

"Holy shit" Ember pants, very impressed and aroused by the display. "Hess wasn't kidding"

Cal pulls himself off completely, holding the dick upright and grins wide "Oh my, is my reputation preceding me?"

The black wolf nods and pines, wanting to feel it again. He's allowed this pleasurable torment some more as Cal's oral skills edge him until 4:55. The white wolf climbs off the bed, wiping his lips and jerks his cock a little, trying to get a bit of the frustration out before giving up.

"Huff, I'm really riled up now." He says, looking down at the hot wolf laying on his bed with a seductively relaxed grin. "And you're not helping, get yourself up and stop being so damn temping."

Ember smiles and gets off the bed so it can be made to look right again and stands in front of Cal, their cocks touching despite the distance between them.

"Hey er ... thanks for that. I feel a lot better now, if a little ... y'no"

Cal pulls him into a tight hug, causing their dicks to grind together and press against each other's body. Ember blushes again, feeling the hands that put him to sleep rub around his back and sides. He returns the gesture and they hold position for a minute. Realising he's going to get his eyes wet if he allows himself to be comforted for too long, he quickly pushes back and clears his throat, shuffling awkwardly. Cal simply kisses the wolf on his cheek and ushers him out of his bedroom.

"Go on, dear. You can't stay in my room being all cute. I need to put those sheets on your bed and you have an appointment."

Ember, now back in the hallway, looks over at the door he needs to go to. The door he saw Voigt walk into and Hess stumble out of. Feeling a tightness in his muscles again he turns back to the butler wolf.

"It'll be alright, I promise." Cal shuts his bedroom door and walks with Ember to the landing where he picks up the basket. "They should be finishing up. Wait for Voigt to come out and then knock. He'll call you in."

The nervous wolf nods again in thanks and goes to wait by the door. Less than thirty seconds later, the handle turns and Voigt steps out. He looks tired, but is still standing, and can address the black wolf without issue.

"Ember, good to see you're on time" he looks down at the still engorged semi from the session in Cal's room. Voigt smirks and pats the wolf's behind as he walks past to go back downstairs. Ember yips quietly from the gentle smack and watches as the old man looks like he's about to get stuck back into his gardening. He hopes he won't be too mad that the hedge wasn't finished. He turns back towards the door and raises a shaky hand, gently rapping his knuckles against the wood. Worried it wasn't loud enough, while also worried it was too loud, he is about to knock again when a voice comes through.

"Come in."