

Chapter 10 - Machine

A black muzzle peaks around the door as it slowly swings open, sniffing curiously at the odour of waxed leather, old books and dark, expensive wood. As the eyes are given more to see, they brighten at the sight of such a lavish and anachronistic design that does nothing to hide Alek's wealth and sense of style. The black wolf steps in gingerly, worried that even the claws on his feet might damage the floor and sees the human shutting a heavy door to his right, not yet directly acknowledging his presence. In the seconds he has spare, he looks around some more, seeing shelves upon shelves of books, binders and hard drives. By the heavy door there is a deep cabinet covered in drawers with labels on that cannot be read from this distance, and an electrical cord which he finds very curious. Looking further around, a large wooden desk stands proudly in front a large window, supporting a computer, random paperwork and assorted stationery. Around it are three chairs with tightly bound leather and archaic wood framing, two in front and one behind. Books and papers are scattered over the slim units against the wall, and towards the left beside another door is a small table with two smaller armchairs that look just as relaxing to sit in.

"Ember." A sharp voice to his side breaks him from his visual tour, he jumps and turns to face the human. "Are you alright?" The wolf wets his mouth quickly and clears his throat, suddenly nervous to be alone with the man who wields powerful magic.

"Yes ... thank you." Ember replies, desperately attempting to convince himself.

"Do I frighten you as much as all that?" Alek chuckles and slaps his hand down on the wolf's shoulder. "Sit down, please, let's have that chat I know you're desperate for." He moves behind his desk and slumps down on his seat, which swivels slightly.

Ember complies, already feeling better from the polite friendliness, and carefully drops into one of the chairs. He is surprised to find it is comfier than he'd imagined.

"Water?" Alek tips the jug on his desk into an empty glass and fills another when he's met with a quiet lip smack. "You've had a lot of questions today." He says casually, passing over the drink and leaning back so he can prop his feet up on the desk.

"Only a couple." Ember says timidly.

"More than that," Alek sips his water. "but don't worry you're not in trouble. It's a good thing for you to find out on your own what the limits are with my boys. You learnt from Hess the hard way, but that's fine." He lowers his head into a curious leer. "You did learn didn't you?"

"Oh yes, I'd never want to upset him like that again." The wolf replies confidently, knowing that he's accidentally admitting to liking Hess, but it is still the truth.

"Good." Alek returns his smile. "Well, you're here now and you have my undivided attention." He gesticulates cautiously with the glass in hand and sets it down on the desk so he can interlock his fingers. "Ask away."

"You mean you're not just going to tell me?"

"A new approach I'm trying. Why should I tell you everything if you don't care to know it all? I'd rather satisfy the things you care to know and leave it at that. Because if you're happy, I'm happy."

"That's a little unfair, I don't know what questions to ask." Ember pouts, gaining enough confidence to respond so coarsely.

"Then they can't be things that bother you. If you aren't sure how to phrase it, be general. I'm an open book, dear wolf." Alek smiles again, this time more cruelly.

Ember grumbles and falls back into the support of the chair, mulling over the compiled frustrations from the day. All the questions that were once in head, left uncategorised and fractured now trying to be put them into some kind of tangible order. He pulls out the first and raises it with trepidation; the one that's been nagging at him the most and the one he most fears the answer.

"Why am I here?" He asks with his eyes set on the glass as light from the low sun cascades through it.

"Heh, when I said general, I didn't mean that much. Because why you're here is a very broad an open question with many philosophical answers."

"You know what I meant." Ember huffs, setting his face into a deep scowl.

"Yes, I'm just teaching you a lesson." Alek smirks and pulls his feet off the desk so he can lean on the desk. "Rephrase."

The continued fortitude in the human's resolve breaks the wolfish glower and immediately sets him back into a timid deference as his eyes return to the water.

"Why did you bring me here?"

"So you can be rehabilitated to re-enter society."

"Rehabilitated?" Ember scrunches his brows and cocks his head.

"Even in this modern era of acceptance for all human races, genders and sexualities, werewolves continue to be the most demonised, hated and feared around the globe. I strive for a world where you can live among us without fear of persecution or death."

"That's a bold claim for slave-driver." The wolf mutters.

"It's the truth. This is a prison in many ways, I won't deny that, but a balance must be maintained. Statistically, we die by your hands more than you by ours, so what are we to do to ensure our children can play safely in the forest?" Alek gestures to the open space, referencing the building in general. "That's where I come in. But," he holds up his hand, stopping the wolf from speaking up, "your kind are often difficult and prone to violence, so I need to ensure you can't do any more harm under my care." He taps the side of his neck and nods at the wolf's collar.

"You're not making a strong case for yourself." The wolf growls.

"Would you rather I did nothing? I may not have a particularly firm moral compass, but there really is no one else fighting this cause so vigilantly. While you may not agree with my methods, I'm the only one who cares enough to try." Alek shrugs, and leans back in his chair, lifting his feet back up onto the desk. "Unfortunately, due to the lack of interest in my work, funding is often scarce and this is expensive work; the house isn't cheap either. So, as payment, I take your cum."

"Why though." The scowl returns to Ember's face, "Why do you need it? That's so weird." He raises his voice slightly and then instantly brings it back down when the powerful stare reminds him that he shouldn't in this human's presence.

"I sell it" Alek says plainly and the wolf raises his eyebrows, startled.

"You ... sell our semen?"

"It fetches a high price to the right buyer. I'm the only distributor in the country with as much output."

"You're telling me that you pawn off all the cum you extract from your wolves?"

"Yes. I'm not lying to you" Alek reaches for the glass and takes another sip of water.

"And the others are all OK with that?" Ember swings his arm outward, careful to not to spill his drink.

"Yes, they've all agreed to it."

"I can't believe that, no way."

"Why is that so hard to believe? It's almost an infinite resource with high value that serves no function to you beyond reproduction. Not only that but it's a pleasurable experience to produce."

Ember sits quietly for a minute, thinking about the ramifications of cum economics. "What do the buyers use it for?"

"Don't know, don't really care either."

"They could be breeding werewolf soldiers or something."

"Is it the merchant's fault when an arsonist uses matches he bought?"

"Well ... no ... I guess not. But he shouldn't sell them to an arsonist in the first place."

"How many criminals advertise their offence? If the seller was aware and sold them anyway, that would be negligent and of course I don't agree with that. But all of my buyers are allies to me and my business. Should one be found to be doing something illegal with the produce, their contract would be terminated." A small silence grows as Ember struggles to refute the logic. "I'm surprised you care so much about this. I wouldn't have gone into this detail if I'd have just started explaining. You're making me regret giving you such freedom with your questions." Alek laughs quietly to himself and starts playing with a juggling ball he picks up from the table.

"You juggle?"

"Is that one of your questions?"

"Do I have a limit?"

Alek grins toothily, lifting his head in admiration and starts tossing the ball between his hands. "No, I can't juggle, it's just a good fiddle toy."

Ember is about to ask if Cal was his fiddle toy too but thinks against it.

"Alright ... you sell our cum. But how do you ... extract it? I can just jerk off in a bucket for you if you like."

"That, my boy is where we come to a crossroad."

Alek puts the ball back down and stands up. Ember sinks back into the chair and watches as the human walks to a shelf and pulls out a binder. He plants it on the desk and opens it, rifling through the pages until finally pulling out a number of staple-bound sheets and putting them in front of Ember.

"What's all this?"

"To go any further, I need you to sign this."

"What if I don't? You won't be able to take my cum." Ember puts the glass down and folds his arms.

"I don't imagine you'd be able to withstand two months without orgasm."

Ember gulps nervously. He realises he needs to question about the two months thing since Cal told him about that in confidence. "Two months?"

"That's sort of out of my control. I can really go into all the finer details on how this all works but it's quite complicated. The bullet points are these: you were classed as a dangerous werewolf, I took you in, you have two months to prove you can be integrated. After then, you're free to leave."

"You said I had a choice. What if I want to leave?"

Alek looks down at the paperwork and puts the lid back on his pen "If you truly want to leave, you can. You will be sedated and returned to your home as though nothing ever happened."

"But it will have though. I know I'll have been kidnapped and put to slave labour under duress." Ember bares his teeth, "I could easily find my way back to you and tear this place down with my pack ..." he scrunches his face and keels over in pain as he feels this horrible urge to throw up.

"I was wrong to let you out of the dungeon so soon." Alek sighs and shakes his head. "I'll have you put back there tonight and we can start this again on Monday." He picks up the papers and starts putting them back in the binder.

"No ..." the wolf winces and manages to right himself again to look up at the human. "Please no. I don't want to stay down there for four nights."

Alek leaves the binder where it is and sits back in his chair, locking his fingers together on the surface and stares coldly across the desk

"I know you don't have a pack, Ember. You live on your own, in a cabin on the outskirts of a shitty town. You work in a convenience store. You sit alone every night watching television when you're not jerking off or aimlessly wandering the woods picking fights with wild animals."

Ember sits quietly, his mouth slightly agape as he listens, hating every word that comes out of the human's mouth. Hating only because of how true they are.

"How -" He begins and is quickly cut short.

"I don't pick my wolves at random, Ember. I'm informed of werewolf sightings by an outside source and I go with one of my boys to do some reconnaissance. We watched you and we took you."

"You spied on me?" Anger rising to the surface again, his eyebrows burrowing down.

"Yes." Alek looks over the desk at him coolly. "Just as I did with the others, bar Hess. I don't take you into my bosom to spite you, I do it to help you."

"And take out my semen"

"Willingly, yes."

"You still kidnapped me to do it."

"Correct, and I am sorry for that, but wild animals must be captured before they can be trained."

"I'm not just some mangy dog!"

"When Cal and I were watching you, you killed a person. Would you not consider that wild behaviour?"

Ember is about to respond but he can't, so he just gets silently more angry and pushes himself out of the chair so he can pace around the room.

"Do you remember how we even met? The threatening behaviour you displayed to a defenceless human? You were in the middle of a bloodlust. What would have happened if there was a mother and child instead of me that night?"

The wolf stays quiet, still pacing and grumbling.

"Sit back down, Ember. Now." Alek commands sternly but calmly. Ember looks at the human and his anger wanes somewhat to be replaced with a twinge of servility. He lumbers back to his chair and slumps down into it. "Since you're being difficult, I'm going to forgo the questions and you're just going to sit there and listen.

"I was told there was a dangerous werewolf near your town, so I went with Cal to investigate. He found your scent and we watched you from a distance. After nearly a week of staying in the woods in a tent, we observed you and tried to see if you really were a dangerous person. On the second to last night, seeing you go out in wolf shape, we saw you attack a human. Making a kill so close to your home was reckless, I knew it wouldn't be long before you were hunted down, so we took you that night. If we have to give up on you because you're too uncontrollable, you're sent back early and will likely be targeted by Hunters. My wolves are protected. They're safe here, and so are you while you're under my roof." Alek sighs and looks down at his hands.

"Cal was very close to being thrown out you know. He was my first attempt, and it was so difficult for the both of us. He started showing some promise after the second week and I let him come out of the basement during the day, but he was still a little too unpredictable to be left alone at night. With his help, I've been able to do so much more with this place, getting some money back into the estate since my dad died and making it all look nice. I'm eternally grateful for everything he's done for me, including the induction of new members.

"I think even you must admit that having others like you around the house has made the experience much more bearable, yes? I've seen the way you are around Hess."

Ember flusters, having calmed down a little more from his outburst, but he still hasn't returned eye contact yet.

"I just need a little cooperation from you. I hope you'll understand at least that I don't just do this for my own gain."

The awkward silence grows again as Alek keeps his eyes on the the black wolf. He waits patiently for some kind of response, giving him the time he needs.

"Were they all ... dangerous?" Ember asks quietly. "Your wolves."

"No, only you and Cal. Voigt was a bit violent, but he isn't a killer. And Hess was a willing member."

"What? He joined on his own?"

"Sort of. Cal caught him roaming around out in the woods behind the mansion and brought him in. I came down to begin the induction process but ... he was already willing and extremely submissive."

Ember finally looks up at Alek again after hearing this and looks away slowly. "So ... they do all like it here." He fiddles with his fingers and sighs, realising that that was a statement, not a question, and he believed it.

Alek lets the wolf sit and think for a minute or two before standing back up and opening back up the binder. He pulls out the sheets again and holds out his pen.

"Would you like to find out what happens in there?" He gestures to the heavy door.

Ember leans forward and takes the pen, looking down at the NDA. He glances at the pages and signs on the line. "Yes."

“Good boy”

The wolf's ears prick up at those words and quickly shakes his head to try and reset them. He follows Alek to the heavy door and watches as the latch is disengaged and a large bolt is slid out of the frame. The human pulls the door open letting a lot of clinical white light rush out. He peers inside and sees first what looks like a dentists chair but with restraints built into the arm and leg rests. Above it is a pair of thick, white and black goggles wired into the ceiling. Dangling a little further down the length of the chair is another device that looks like the end of a vacuum cleaner's hose with a wide plastic tube attachment and a silicone sleeve inside. Around the walls of the room are cabinets and drawers of all sizes and there is a terminal in the corner with a keyboard.

“What is all of this?” Ember asks, stepping onto the white tiles.

“I never gave it a name. It's just ‘the Machine’ to me, but Hess calls it the ‘Super Sucker’.” Alek chuckles.

Ember catches himself smiling and instantly wipes it off. “OK, so it's a dick sucking machine?”

“Yes, with added stimulants, including virtual pornography that you watch through those goggles and there are other tools for added pleasure in all these drawers.”

“I can't imagine myself getting off in a thing like this.”

“No?” Alek grins and starts walking around the chair. “You can't imagine getting aroused to a specially designed machine sucking your dick, while an anal insert is slowly pumped into your hole? Maybe watching a point-of-view, simulated pornographic video of Hess worshiping your cock? Or Cal maybe? You can't imagine blowing a huge load under those conditions?”

By the time Alek has made a circuit of the chair, Ember's penis has decided it wants to have a look as well and has gotten to half-mast. He quickly covers it and turns to leave the room. The human follows him back out with a smug grin and shuts the door again.

“That's what I thought.” The bolt is engaged again and Alek turns to look at the big cabinet with the electrical plug coming from it. “This is where all the cum is stored. I have a new name tag on this drawer ready for you”

Ember turns to look at the smiling human who's pointing at a sticker with his name on it. He watches as the drawer marked ‘Voigt’ directly above is pulled open. A river of fog pours out, indicating a drastic temperature difference, and explaining the reason for its need for power. Inside, are three full jars of frozen semen and one half-filled which Alek pulls out.

“Freshly collected less than an hour ago.”

“Woah, that half jar was just from today? That's like half a litre.” Ember says, shocked.

Alek chuckles again and replaces the jar so he can close the drawer.

“You should see Hess's,” he adds, and points to a drawer twice the size with the brown wolf's name on. “He sure is productive.”

Ember follows the human back to the desk and sits down. “So, that's everything? You take our cum, sell it and use the money to perpetuate the cycle?”

“The money is for all of us. I put most of it back into the house for luxury food, the best tools, equipment, technology and entertainment. None of it is wasted.”

The wolf bites his tongue as his cutting remark is shot down again with good reason.

"Not only that, but I help fund personal wishes for anything you may want to try as a hobby. Using the money I get from selling their semen, I've been able to make this a home for my boys, and I'd like you to really think about what that has meant for them."

Ember looks down, feeling slightly ashamed. "Yeah ... Cal showed me his bedroom"

"Then you've seen first hand. With the added production from Hess, I was able to buy him that piano he loves so much and the lessons to teach him how to use it. Now he can play some select songs quite beautifully and is still learning."

"That is ... nice of you."

"There is something else I would like to ask of you, Ember."

"Oh?"

"I would like to request that you start addressing me properly."

"You mean you want me to start calling you 'master'" The wolf confirms, his face twisting somewhat.

"Yes, that's right. It would mean a lot to me and the boys if you could be ready to start doing this before the banquet on Saturday."

Ember sighs again and leans back in the chair, looking up at the ceiling lights. "I'll try."

"Good boy." Alek praises cheerfully. "Now, unless you have any further questions, I'd like to run through some legal stuff with you. For you to stay here, you need to be on record as a registered employee for the local council."

"Don't I need to be paid to be employed?" Ember smirks cockily.

"Yes, that's right."

"Wait ... you'll be paying me?" His childish grin instantly wiping away.

"Not directly. An allowance goes into a fund. The fund can be accessed through me for things you might want which I'm not willing to pay for."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't think it would influence your decision so much. Plus, you didn't ask"

Ember shuts his lips tightly and frowns. "You like playing games with me don't you?" Alek laughs again and turns on his PC.

"Alright, tell me your surname please." He says, flipping open a pair of glasses and resting them on his nose.

"M-my surname?"

"You have one don't you?" Alek peers over his glasses curiously.

"Yeah ... I guess I just ... don't really use it. It's Cord." He says, a slight quiver attacking his voice.

"With or without an H?"

"Without."

Alek clacks on the keys and starts asking about previous occupations and places of residency.

"I lived with my family in a tribe before I got the cabin. Was there my whole life until then."

"How long were you at that place?"

"At the cabin? Err ... two years maybe?"

Alek pulls his fingers away from the keys for a moment and looks up in thought, then returns them back down to the screen before continuing to type.

"Something wrong?" Ember asks with a twinge of nervousness.

"No, no ... just thinking about the date two years ago." The wolf nods in understanding and Alek continues, "I need to know some more information about your relationship history as well. Are you ok with me asking these questions now?"

"What like ... sexual relations?" Ember asks, reservedly.

"Yes, and also familial."

"Uh ... yeah ... I guess now is fine."

"When was the last time you had penetrative sex with someone?"

Ember fidgets awkwardly on the chair. "I don't know ... maybe two months ago"

"Male or female."

"Male. I've never been with a female."

"And before that?"

"Maybe a month or two." Ember sighs.

"A regular partner?"

"No, not for a long time. Just whenever the need got great enough I guess."

"So I take it no children then?"

"No"

"OK, and what about any other family? Parents, siblings?"

"No, they ..." Ember looks down and sighs again. "It's just me"

"Alright. Sorry for all this, it's all legal requirement stuff. And it's good for us to know who to contact in case they file a missing person report etc."

"I get it, you wanna make sure no one's gonna come looking for me."

"It's not like that. We communicated with Hess' family for instance so that he has a next of kin set up." The wolf huffs slowly. "I need to ask some personal questions about your body measurements as well."

"Why does the council need to know that?"

"They don't, it's for the calibration of the chair."

"Oh" He says, and relays all the additional information including height, weight, known allergies and any medical conditions that could interfere with the instruments.

"Right, that's all set up and ready for you for tomorrow."

"T-tomorrow? You want me in there tomorrow?"

"I'm surprised you're not more eager to try it out. Even if only as a means to an end."

Ember fidgets his feet on the floor and feels his dick start to engorge again. He pines quietly under his breath and averts his gaze. "I really ... really want to cum." he grits his teeth a little and speaks through them "master."

"I know, that's how I want you" Alek looks away from the monitor toward the wolf. "Orgasm is a powerful motivator don't you think?"

Ember nods slowly and looks up with sorrowful eyes.

"You really have such a pretty face." Alek rests his chin on a palm, leaning on the desk. "And you pout so cutely too"

"Now you're mocking me."

"Not at all. Now shush and let me finish this." the human goes back to typing while the wolf is left flustered and throbbing, thinking about the prospect of cumming in that chair.

"Can ... can I cum now?" He asks, waiting for Alek to finish typing. "Master."

"Already so eager huh? It's barely been a day."

"I've been teased all day, it's been torture." Ember whines, now fully hard.

Alek grins mischievously and pushes back from the desk so he can open a drawer. He pulls out an elasticated band woven with similar runes like those on the collar. He then gets up and pulls out a new glass jar from a cupboard and holds them out in front of the wolf.

"I need to get a sample anyway so I can add it as a new product."

Ember noticeably excites and quickly gets up thanking his new master.

"On your hands and knees."

He's commanded and quickly follows the order, getting down onto the floor. He looks underneath as the wristband-looking strap is stretched over his genitals like a cock ring and the jar is placed below his engorged member. Alek grips the wolf's shaft and starts to stroke it slowly, holding the jar with the other hand just below the tip of the glans.

"Thank you, thank you." Ember moans and pants, feeling his legs vibrate as a powerful orgasm approaches the brink. He shudders as he gets to the edge very quickly, a familiar feeling by this point and starts to whine as he struggles to go further. But then he feels something different. He looks down and watches as his cock freely flows semen into the container. "Wh- what ... is ... this." he struggles as he is continually masturbated to keep the river of cum flowing without any sense of relief.

"The band lifts the curse of the collar and applies a new one in its place." Alek explains as the cum flow eventually stops, leaving the jar a sixth fuller than it was. He pulls it away and slips off the band, leaving the wolf on the floor.

"Hhhrrr ... you ... mrrrrf ... grrrrgh" Ember groans frustratedly and jerks his cock, now harder than it's ever been, but his balls feel much less full. "P-p-please mast-ter" he whines desperately,

eventually giving up on his attempt to cum by hand but continues to squeeze the shaft to give some pleasure.

"Keep begging, I like it." Alek growls happily as he locks away the jar in a blank slot in Ember's new drawer.

"I'll ... do as you say ... I want to cum so badly."

The human walks his way over to the wolf and kneels down next to him. He puts his hands on either side of Ember's head and pets his face, and scratches behind his ears and all over his neck.

"Remember back in the basement? When you said you would serve me to achieve orgasm? That's all I ask, wolf. Obey, and I'll give you anything you could ever want."

Ember's face drops, mostly because of the forcefully relaxing petting on his head which he realises Alek must know is a weakness of his kind. He's eyes shut and his body sags a little.

"OK ... OK, I get it. ... I'll ... I'll serve."

"That's my good boy." Alek rubs the wolf more vigorously all over, eventually making him giggle a little. "Who's my good boy?"

"Eheh ... stop ... I said I'd serve" the wolf laughs, toppling back and trying to grab the human's hands.

Alek smiles sweetly and gets back up.

"That'll be all for today my boy. I imagine Hess might need your help back in the kitchen for tonight's meal." He helps the wolf up to his feet and walks back around to behind his desk.

"However, if you're going to be taking up a permanent role in that kitchen, I might need to move your time-slot so you're not out of action until 6. I'll discuss it with the others."

"Alright."

"And Ember, if you do have any more burning questions, we can talk again after the meal if you like."

"I appreciate that, thank you ... master."

Alek smiles again and nods as the wolf exits the the study.