

Chapter 11 - Exposure

Ember stands on the landing with his cock throbbing, and any attempt to touch it is met with a spark of needy sensitivity that makes it spring with excitement. He hopes the walk to the foyer will help it go down because he knows it's going to cause trouble if he enters the kitchen with a bone this firm. It swings left and right as he descends the stairs and considers apologising to Voigt for leaving the garden work half-done before he goes to help Hess. When his foot touches the bottom step, he glances over at the grandfather clock which reads 5:50, ten minutes early from the expected time after seeing Alek. So he swings around the banister and steps into the dining room so he can look out of the window in search of Voigt. The garden is empty. He assumes the old wolf must be in his personal hideaway and turns to go to the kitchen when he realises something that'd been overlooked.

"He gave me the key." Ember reaches to check the pockets he doesn't have and rushes over to the vestibule. Not remembering which set of trousers he'd worn, he rummages through every pairs and finds nothing. He whines, trying to think back when he was given it.

"Was it at the shed? Or was it later? It could be anywhere on the lawn."

Knowing he can't go out naked, he rushes to dress and squeezes into a pair of shorts that are too tight. Omitting the boots, he swings open the door and is immediately met with Voigt who was reaching for the door handle. The grey wolf stops and stares, raising his eyebrows as he looks down at the black wolf, top-naked, wearing shorts that reveal a sizeable bulge down the leg. The half-done zipper and waist button too far apart from it's hole giving a distinctive silhouette not dissimilar to a corset put on too low.

"I'd hardly call that outdoor attire, my boy." The elder wolf politely chides, unabashedly admiring what belly there is overhanging the taut waistband. "Not that I'm complaining."

"Voigt ... I ... " Ember stutters, suddenly feeling very exposed despite wearing more clothes than usual. "I'm sorry, I think I lost your key."

"It's alright, I found it in a pair of jeans." He says and pulls it out to hang on a hook by the door. Ember visibly relaxes. "There's a spare in the drawer over there anyway." The grey wolf adds, patiently waiting out on the path as Ember inspects the drawer. "I'd like to come in now if you don't mind."

"Oh! Sorry, sorry." The black wolf takes a step back and squeezes himself out of the shorts; his semi still very plump from the orgasm-less milking and the rub of the fabric. He manages at least to slip the sheath back over the knot now, which he knows should help it go down a little faster.

"You look like you could pop any second." Voigt laughs as he pushes his own shorts down and removes his t-shirt. "What's got you so riled up?"

"Al- ..." he clears his throat and tries again to use the correct title. "Master put this ring around my bits and made me cum, but without any of the feeling." Ember whines, even remembering the event causes his dick to jump again.

"Oh ho ho." Voigt booms with a perverse look of intrigue. "You poor wolf, that's Hess's favourite toy. Are you going to the kitchen? I want to be there when you tell him."

"Uh ... yeah. I was gonna go help him with dinner." They leave the vestibule, suitably nude again and go down the narrower hallway towards the kitchen.

"Oh hey, I just realised, you called him 'master'. He must have really got through to you huh?"

"Yeah I guess so. I don't wanna talk about it just yet."

"Fine fine."

Left wondering why anyone would consider that “toy” among their favourites, Ember stops Voigt at the door as he feels a pang of guilt. “Hey, I’m sorry for not finishing the garden by the way.”

“It’s alright, Cal talked to me while you were in the master’s study. Hey Hess, get over here!” Voigt commands powerfully as he barges into the kitchen. The chubby wolf hurries over dressed in his best fur-protection kitchenware, concerned that something might be wrong.

“What, what is it? I’ve got veg in the pan.” Voigt looks back at Ember who’d followed him in.

“The master used spill-band on him.” He smirks turning back to see the look of jealousy course itself through Hess’s veins and pour out of his face.

“Aaaah!” The brown wolf smacks the older one’s arms, quickly brought up to shield an assault he knew was coming and is pushed out of the kitchen “You bastard! Out with you or I’ll half your bloody ration!”

Voigt laughs and escapes to behind the door, still grinning through the glass pane. Hess grumbles and turns to Ember.

“I’m so fuckin’ jealous of you right now. I’ve been begging to borrow that thing but he won’t let me ‘cause it’d be ‘a waste of good spunk’.” The wolf air-quotes with a twisted face of mockery and throws his arms up as he returns to his vegetables. “If I wasn’t cooking, I’d drag you upstairs and get you to fuck all that frustration into me. I know you’re feeling it, I can see it in your perma-chub.”

Ember whimpers a little and is about to try and cover his genitals when he remembers it would be a bad idea to touch it in this state. “I can’t believe you like that thing. It felt so weird cumming like that.”

“What’s not to love. You got to empty your balls, which is actually a lot healthier for you you know than holding it in. Plus you get like, expushen-, expernesh-ally ...” He shakes his head, befuddled. “You get way more horny.”

“Yeah ... true, but-”

“Right, shut up and get your gear on, I’ve got work for you.”

“Yes chef” Ember quickly responds, dismissing his arguments and hurries to put on the neck sheath and sleeved apron he’d left on the chair after lunch prep.

“Oh shit, I totally forgot” Hess turns around and holds both his hands up at Ember to stop him in his tracks. “You haven’t got any allergies or intolerances have you?” He grimaces, suddenly very worried.

“No. I’m not a fan of tomatoes, or celery, but that’s mostly it.”

“We’ll work on the tomatoes and celery can fuck off anyway so you’re good. Phew, ok, back to work.” He sighs a reprieve and returns the spatula into the frying pan.

“What are we making?”

“We’re making a good old fashioned cottage pie. I’m working on the veg and will add the meat soon when they’re done. I just need you to chop all those potatoes into small chunks to be thrown into this pot.” He lifts the lid on a quietly simmering vessel of water.

“Yes chef.” Ember says, a little disappointed he has to chop potatoes again but he gets stuck into it nonetheless. He dices the lot and drops them into the pan now on a rolling boil.

"While they cook, I want you to go into the freezer and pull out some Yorkshire puddings, two per person. Then get me a tin each of sweetcorn and peas from the larder."

"Yes chef." Ember turns and starts in the direction of the larder before he realises he doesn't know where the freezer is. "Uh ..."

"What is it?" Hess looks up from the pan as he starts cascading in a spoonful of flour.

"Where's the freezer?"

"Didn't Cal give you a tour?" He tuts. "Other side, into the narrow hall, first door to the right."

"Got it."

He jumps out of the kitchen and pushes open the door across the hall into a chilled room. The door swings shut behind him so as to not lose too much cold. On the walls either side are various wines and several other bottled drinks including juices and pop, and at the back wall there is a huge metallic cabinet with two doors. He steps closer and yanks both open to find the fridge and freezer respectively. After a quick rummage for the bag of pre-made Yorkshires, he closes the freezer and hurries back to the kitchen. Hess has prepared a tray for him by the time he gets back which gets loaded with the puddings and set aside; the bag is returned to the freezer with what's left, then he goes to retrieve the tins.

The next half hour passes quickly, with the head chef giving Ember jobs to do around the kitchen while waiting for the next food prep task. The meat, veg and a heavy stock are poured into a dish and topped with mashed potato which Ember prepared, then thrown into the oven to bake and brown. Carrots are thrown in separately to go alongside and the Yorkshire puddings go in just before the end. Hess is busy stirring a jug of instant gravy, watching his sous-chef cleaning the pots.

"So did the master show you the ... thing?" He asks cautiously.

"Yeah, he showed me the Super Sucker." Ember replies and Hess snorts a hearty cackle.

"I'm glad to hear the name is catching on."

"I'm still nervous about it though. It's so ... hospital?"

"Yeah, I get that, but trust me, when those goggles go on, you won't wanna get out of it."

"What do you see?"

Hess smiles and drops his head as he checks the consistency of the gravy and adds a little more water. "Oh just ... stuff."

"Stuff huh?" Ember smirks from the sink, laying down a sparkling knife on the drying board.

"Yeah! Stuff." Hess sticks his tongue out with a firm resolve and finishes up with his task. "Let's see how eager you are to talk about what you watch when you've had your first session." He grins widely.

"Is it really that good?"

"Well, I'm maybe overselling it a bit, it's nothing like real life o'course. But you can watch anything you want. Me 'n Cal have recorded a whole bunch of videos that you can choose from, even Voigt has a couple in there now. There's also a bunch of default ones and background scenes to choose from. You could have Cal slurping on your dick at the back of a cinema, or be fucking me by a lake."

“Wow ... that’s more versatile than I imagined.” Ember pulls the plug and lets the used water drain away, washing his hands.

“Yeah there’s all sorts, and it’s private too. Not even the master knows what you watch, so you can feel totally safe and relaxed. Plus, with all the extra attachments and stuff, you could have all sorts of kinks explored if you want.”

“Attachments? Like what?”

“Oh you know.” Hess rolls his hand, and saying each as they come to him. “Plugs, vibrators, e-stim stuff, tickle tools ... even stuff like goo and wax can be poured on you if you want. But you have to clean it up.”

“What is this magic sex chair?”

“It’s incredible, and what’s great is that it isn’t even magic. Just decent, expensive technology for copying sex.”

“You make it sound like an improvement over the real thing.” Ember scoffs, leaning back on the counter.

“Oh no, nothing beats real sex; but at least you get to cum.”

“True. He showed me your cum storage drawer.”

“Yeah he had to give me a bigger one.” Hess states proudly.

“I’ll bet you’re the richest of the lot.”

“Heh, I wouldn’t bet on it. You haven’t seen my hobbies.” Hess grimaces and inhales through his teeth. “Even the master’s charity has its limits, so I’m always dipping into my pot.”

The oven bell dings and Hess quickly jumps up to pull the dish out of the oven. He places it down so he can start grating some cheese all over the top and checks on the carrots. He puts the dish back in the oven along with the tray of defrosting Yorkshire puddings and sets the final timer.

“Put these plates in the warmer.”

“Yes chef.” Ember says, taking the five plates and laying them down in the heating drawer.

The last of the remaining time is spent cleaning down the work surfaces and floor so that there’s less to do after the meal and getting all the plates out for Cal to distribute around the table. When he hands them over, Ember sees that candles have been lit now that the sun has started setting and they add a beautiful glow over the table. Some of the electric ceiling bulbs have been left on to provide some general room lighting, but the mood is still very charming. He flusters the white wolf with compliments on his work and goes back to help Hess sort out the food.

In the final minutes, the dish is put on the trolley with the carrots and Yorkshires, along with jugs of water on the shelf below. They both disrobe and Ember gets to flip the call switch again, a simple but very important duty which gives him a minor spark of joy. Once the master is summoned he takes his place with the rest.

“Would you like an alcoholic drink, dear?” Cal offers to the black wolf. “The master, will be having us usual martini and lemonade, Voigt and I are having wine, and Hess just wanted a cola.”

“I’d like a cola too please. But maybe with a bit of rum?”

Cal smiles and nods “Rum and cola it is. I’ll make it after I’ve served.”

“Thanks, Cal”

"I haven't had a good cottage pie in ages. I'm about ready to devour that entire dish." Voigt growls, sniffing the air and staring at the steaming bowl.

"Oi, I think Ember should still get a healthier portion for doing such a good job on his first day." Hess chides. "Plus," he adds, on hearing a deep, cautionary snarl from the older wolf, "I think he could do with a little more meat on the bone, eh?"

"Watch it you." Voigt says as his side is gently poked with an elbow; his face clearly showing that the teasing is working.

"Wasn't there supposed to be a soup starter?" Cal queries, and is met with a dumbfounded face of realisation.

"Fuck sake ..." Hess sighs with exasperation. "It's alright, it'll keep for a day or two."

The doors open and they all stand firmly as their master approaches. Cal helps him to his seat and serves him first, as is the tradition. Everyone gets an equal portion with a full quarter left in the dish for extra helpings.

"So tell me, Hess," Alek starts, pouring gravy over his Yorkshire puddings as everyone gets stuck into their meal, "How did your new chef do today?"

"Much better this time." The wolf responds, wiping his mouth. "The mash is perfect and he does a good job at cleaning up." He looks over at Ember who is averting his eyes from the praise. "He's great to work with and even better to talk to."

"High praise indeed." Alek follows his gaze. "How was he in the garden Voigt?" He asks, not letting his eyes wander. He keeps them fixed on his new wolf who's too embarrassed to look up as he guides a loaded fork to his mouth.

Voigt puts his cutlery down, not liking to speak and eat at the same time. "He did well master. The bushes and hedges were all trimmed to specification and completed timely." Ember's ears twitch, because he knows that is a lie. He thinks about raising this but instead drops his ears again and peers across the table at the older wolf who winks surreptitiously.

"Very good. I'm very impressed. Has he done much work for you yet, Cal?"

"Not yet, master. But he was very appreciative of his room."

Ember nods a little and raises his head to squeak an admission. "Yes. Thank you ... master."

"You're welcome. They're all the same size of course but you can decorate them however you like. I'll see to that."

"Cal got the best one though with the corner windows." Hess grumbles.

"Let's not start that again, he was here first." Alek says calmly, cutting up one of the Yorkshires to use as a tray for some of the meat filling.

"Sorry master."

"Since we're on the topic, tell me Ember, do you have any hobbies? Anything at all."

Ember looks around the table as the others look back in various states of eating. He shakes his head a little when his eyes snap back to the human. "I don't know, master. I haven't tried very many things."

"Well what have you tried?"

"My, dad took me fishing a lot, but it was kinda boring. I wasn't really allowed to do a lot of human activities where I grew up."

"Really?" Alek inquires with a gentle upward nod as though he'd expected this response.

"Yeah, our tribe was pretty secluded."

"Cal ... do you remember the names Cord and Gallow?"

Cal stops eating and nods slowly at Alek. "Yes, of course. They were two tribal families of some of the most brutal werewolves we'd ever seen." He turns to face Voigt and Ember, who'd also stopped eating to listen. Not Hess though because he'd heard it before.

"The master and I," he continues, engaging his storyteller mode, "had gone there to scout the place on a tip of violent werewolf activity, only to find a pack of 20 strong and growing. They would kidnap people of neighbouring towns and turn them against their will to add to their numbers. We had to leave, because they were all being perused by Hunters and there wasn't anything we could do to intervene. Plus, we didn't have the kind of capacity to re-habilitate that many wolves. When we got word that all of them were killed off by the Hunters, that was the last we heard of them. Why do you bring them up all of a sudden?"

"Because I'd like to introduce you to the last surviving member of the Cord family line." Alek gestures with an open hand. The sound of cutlery clattering to the plate as Hess drops his fork adds a chaotic sound effect to everyone turning their head to Ember.