

Chapter 15 - Unload

Alek opens the door into a walk-in wardrobe and then through the other end into a large bedroom. There is a wall-to-wall unit surrounding the door leading out to the hallway with a huge array of built-in cupboards and drawers, and in the corner, near the window, is an enormous bed that seems designed to fit at least three humans. Beyond the normality of the room itself, the sheer amount of plush toys scattered throughout is what attracts Ember's attention the most. On shelves, in hammocks, sitting atop most of the units and in the bed, likely a hundred soft toys riddle the room like they're stationed for a grand assault moments before battle. He notices a glass jar on the bedside table that looks exactly like the ones used for cum storage, only it's empty.

"Is that ...?" Ember asks, pointing at it, and sniffing the air. There is a very strong, musk smell in this room, but it has a sweetness to it, very reminiscent of candy floss.

"Yeah, that's the jar that I got you to cum into." Alek twists his upper body to look at it and rocks on his feet as he turns back with a smile. "I only need a very small amount for the sample, and when I'd logged the volume for calculations, I thought I'd have a little fun with it."

"With a jar of my cum? What did you do, master?"

"I gathered a bunch of plush and poured it all over them and myself."

Ember blushes and looks at the man "Really? You covered yourself in it?"

"Oh yeah, and I want to do it again, but with a fresher sample." He winks.

"Is that what that smell is master?"

"Yes, dried cum often has a very sugary scent to it."

"Huh."

"Right, that's enough questions." Alek says firmly, shutting the wardrobe door and starting to get undressed. "Are you ready to see your master naked?"

"Oh yes master, I can't wait." He replies genuinely and watches as the human takes off all his clothes. He hadn't noticed before but Alek is also slightly overweight, but it's well distributed around his body. Ember feels himself get especially excited when he sees a bulge in the underwear before they're slipped down and kicked off. Alek stands naked in front of the wolf and widens his arms in display.

"I'll take your drooling as a sign that you like what you see, pup." Alek says, not confirming if he meant Ember's mouth or penis, though both would be accurate.

"Sorry master, I'm just ... so very needy" The wolf whines.

"I know," he smiles sympathetically, "that's the idea. Anyway, I'd like to put more bondage on you, pup, would that be alright?" Alek asks, walking over to his wall of drawers.

"Y-yes master, I'm ok with that" Ember replies, glad of his nerves not being so prevalent now he has this new collar on.

Alek starts pulling out various restraints: cuffs, mitts, blindfold and all manners of straps and tosses them on the floor, along with an anal plug. Ember feels a little overwhelmed by the amount of things being retrieved, wondering if he even has enough body space to put them all on.

"Come here pup." Alek says, picking up a black cuff and strapping it to one of the wolf's wrists. Satisfied it's a good fit, he attaches the remaining three and stands back to admire his work. "You look very good in shiny leather, my boy"

"Thank you, master."

Ember lifts his hands up to look at the padded leather wristbands with a heavy duty buckle holding it in place. While he can't deny they look good on him, he's just glad they are comfy, unlike the metal ones he was forced to sleep in last night.

"How are you feeling so far, pup?"

"A little nervous, master, but I'm ok."

"I'll stop there for now then. With just one more little thing"

There's a click under the chin and Ember looks down, following the line to the hand that holds it, a leash, designed to match the set. He blushes again and feels himself being guided over to the bed. Alek climbs backward onto it, moving some of the plush out of the way and then sits up against the headboard, relaxing into the pillows and thick duvet. The collar is tugged and the wolf is led up on the bed as well, steered by the human's legs to the end of the bed. He perches, kneeling, knuckles buried into the quilt as it bends under his weight, positioned to look at his master, naked and erect.

"Let me feel that wolf mouth around my dick." Alek murmurs, temptingly stroking himself in front of the beast in training.

Ember looks down at the human's penis and licks his lips as he leans his body down and brings his large muzzle up close to the flesh. He slips past the cock for now and buries his nose into the hair at the crotch and sniffs, absorbing his master's scent to the fullest. The sensation is kindling to the flame in his loins and drives him further to opening his mouth and starting to lick the skin between the legs. His tongue snakes under the sac just beside and starts slurping around and underneath. His hot breath warming the loose skin instantly, making it more pliable and stretchy under the control of his dextrous tongue. As the sensitive balls roll around in their chamber, their owner lets out a slow, deep moan, inviting the wolf's tongue to continue its hard work. Only when a tug on the lead pulls his muzzle out from under the testicles do his eyes lock to the tip of the penis and his mouth follow.

Ember's long, wet tongue glides up the full length of the human's cock, swishing left and right against the underside ridge. The leash is pulled taut when he reaches the end causing him to pant and lick more eagerly, swilling his tongue around the opening of the foreskin. He feels a hand rest on the top of his head and ruffle the dense fur a little before sliding around to his cheek. Two fingers and a thumb force their way between his jaws and spread them open. But before Ember can react to the sudden loss of agency, the leash is pulled, and with his mouth jacked open, the erect cock slides neatly inside.

Alek pulls his fingers out and, letting go of the leash, wraps both hands around the big, black muzzle and clamps it down on his rigid length. He growls and grinds his hips forward, enjoying the warmth around his manhood as it pushes inside as deep as it will go. A minor resistance from the wolf slows the procedure but he settles down quickly when the groin bumps against his lips. The length of the muzzle is perfectly accommodating of Alek's length, so even with it all in, the wolf's tongue can still slip out and lap at the balls. He can feel the vacuum seal at the base and the rippling motion of the tongue up the shaft, sucking out fresh dribbles of pre which are instantly swallowed.

The wolf looks up at his master who, while repeatedly calling him his 'good boy', keeps petting and grinding slowly in and out of his muzzle. The way his mouth is being used feels like it should be embarrassing, but he can't help but love every second of it, and his tail and penis alike reflect the sentiment. Eventually he is pushed off and his head guided up the torso and chest, licking along the way, until they're nose-to-nose. Ember's legs are forced to be on either side of his

master's as he's brought up the length of the bed, his hands tucked under the fur-less arms below, supporting his powerful frame. Their mouths open and breaths mix, one much more heavily scented with musk as the human holds the wolf still and stares into his eyes lustfully. He feels Alek's fingers comb through the fur, gently, passionately, obsessively so, as he is brought closer. Their lips finally touch and the same electric surge he felt with Hess careens through his body and makes his cock tingle.

He's never kissed a human in wolf form, and it's a curious experience. The contrast of fur against skin is unusual, but not altogether unpleasant, and the way the master's tongue molests his own does nothing to abate the storm of his arousal. Over every passing second as they embrace, the wolf's feral desire to breed grows. He starts growling and air humping occasionally, getting extremely worked up as his master pleasures him in the simplest way. He's pushed away once again, and again he obeys, breathing heavily with the smell of dick still lingering on the exhale. He waits, straddling the human, sheath stretched over the plump knot of his turgid cock, drooling onto the bare skin.

"I want to bind you, pup." The master says, winding his hands around the beast's chest and belly. "I want to tie you up, tease your body and mind until you're begging me to make you cum."

Ember growls again, baring his teeth into a snarl, feeling this powerful urge to pin the human and fuck him until his balls are empty. But there is a more surface level resistance that prevents it, that tells his primal self to obey and submit. His breathing is tight and meaningful, the desire in his blood exciting every muscle. His eyes flit over the face of the man that works to tame him; just a human.

"My beautiful new puppy. How pretty you are." Alek coos softly, bringing his hands up to the wolf's face and stroking the fur and ears. "Such strong, powerful teeth." He drags a palm down to the jaw and traces a fingertip over one of the exposed canines. "I can see the feral beast behind the eyes wanting to use my body for your needs."

Ember's ears fall back and the muscles in his lips relax slowly as he feels his humanity take a stronger hold over his body. He whines and looks down at his master, feeling naturally submissive to the power he has over him.

"Please ... master. Do with me as you see fit."

Alek smiles and pushes the wolf so that he sits back on his legs. "Stay."

He climbs off the bed and goes to the pile of bondage on the floor, pulling out some and discarding others until he has all the ones he wants to use and tosses them on the bed. The wolf stays still, looking down at the assortment, his cock bobbing rhythmically in waiting.

Alek climbs back onto the bed and starts strapping all the leather belts and braces to the wolf's body, taking a second to enjoy the contrast of shiny and furry with each one. He binds his chest, his arms individually, then his arms together behind his back and then all that together into one. Then does a similar thing to the thighs and calves before strapping it all together into a tightly woven harness of belts.

Ember kneels patiently on the bed, still hard and still craving attention, but enjoying the feel of his master's closeness as he is slowly, methodically and tightly wrapped in tough bondage. When he's too busy thinking of what it will feel like when he finally orgasms, he hears karabiners being clipped and screwed into position at three points behind his body. He turns around to watch as his master climbs off the bed and moves the ottoman at the foot. When he then hears a cranking sound, he lifts his head up to see some ropes take up their slack over three pulleys. As they pull tight, his body loses gravity and he is slowly hoisted up off the bed.

Alek stops when Ember is a foot off the bed and grins when he sees him wagging his tail a little; which does a lot to sway his whole body now that he's suspended. He walks around to the side of the bed and glides a hand over one of the wolf's butt cheeks that were left exposed before climbing back on the bed and sliding his legs underneath the hovering, horny beast.

"How is my pup doing, hm?" Alek queries, lifting his hands up and groping the big wolf's belly.

"I ... huff ... wasn't expecting this, master..." Ember wiggles in the restraints, but he doesn't manage to move much. "It's kinda fun."

"Good boy."

"Master, this collar ... does it make me like this stuff?" The wolf asks, worried that he might actually be kinkier than he realised.

"No, pup, it just calms you a little bit."

Ember wanders his eyes a little and shifts his head, since that and his tail are all he can move with any real freedom. "So ..." he looks underneath at his cock hanging down with a long string of pre connecting him to the human lying below.

"That's right puppy, that's all you." Alek says, grinning and running a finger up the length of the wolf's penis, collecting the strand and lifting it up to his muzzle to lick off. Ember does so, and blushes.

His master smiles and starts collecting some of the plush animals on and around the bed, some of them appear stained and Ember can smell a scent familiar to him. One that reminds him of his underwear back at home; the ones he keeps by his bed for ...cleanup. It was hard to wash clothes thoroughly enough to get smells out of, so it was easier to just leave his cum-rags unwashed until they became too stiff to use anymore.

"Master ... are those ..."

"I'm sure you're aware by now, pup, me and my wolves have a lot of kinks between us." Alek says conversationally while arranging the plush around him.

"I have noticed." Ember nods, causing the ripple of frictionless movement to bob his cock.

"This is mine." He grins, getting an especially soft grey wolf toy out of the pile and using it to gently caress the werewolf's genitals. "Well, one of anyway." he adds with a snicker.

"Oooh, master ... that feels really good." Ember whimpers as hundreds of gentle hairs caress the sensitive flesh of his shaft, causing a shiver to run up his spine.

"Are you into some smells too? I know my boy Hess has a fondness for my stained toys."

"I'm still err, discovering what I like, master. But —" He mentions the underwear he'd use back in the cabin, "I'd enjoy sniffing those sometimes."

Alek hums with a ponderous tone and picks up one of his more heavily used toys to then hold up against the wolf's muzzle, insisting he sample the odour undiluted. As the wolf takes a hit, it's instantly apparent how effective the scent of dried cum really is when a long, deep groan escapes and is absorbed into the microfibre filling. The plush is pulled away and Ember stares at the hardened faux fur with tan-orange stains.

"Wow, this ... is really strong." The wolf pants, "How long have you been using this one?"

"I lose track, but a long while. It has loads from all my wolves on it, and I was hoping to add another tonight." Alek sees the tip of the wolf's tail appear on either side of his hips as it wags eagerly, causing the whole body to counter-wiggle along with it. "You like the sound of that don't you pup? You really want to cum."

"I really really do master." Ember looks at the wolf plush in Alek's hands. "Please can I sniff it again? It makes it so much more fun knowing that it has everyone's scent on it."

"I'll do one better, pup. This isn't the only one I have with loads from all four of us." Alek quickly slides himself off the bed again and rummages in a drawer for a second, pulling out another leather device. "This is for holding shoes against your muzzle, but it works just as well with my soft toys."

Ember huffs and looks at the pile of used plush on the bed below him and back at the human. "You want to force me to sniff one while I cum, master?"

"You bet I do, pup." Alek says, choosing an appropriately smaller plush with a good scent that will fit in the shoe-holster. When the wolf nods and gives the OK, the straps are strapped and the toy locked in place. "It's just a small fox, but it packs a big punch, and looks so cute with its arms hugging your muzzle." Ember just moans in response and his eyes roll shut.

Alek slides himself back into position under the suspended wolf, laying in a sizeable wet spot that had formed in the minutes he's been off the bed, and again surrounds himself with his stuffed animals. He picks out a soft, unsullied one that he likes to use for teasing and starts sliding the tail up and down Ember's shaft. Each time he gets to the base, the tail goes on a journey under the balls and around the groin. The groans get louder, even despite being so muffled, and the effects of all these sensations accumulating and affecting his penis directly, show in its insistent throbbing.

The wolf's eyes open and close dreamily as he's made to partake of the dense aroma, made thick by water vapour from every outgoing breath. Dizziness encroaches his headspace, filling in the gaps like a colouring book already mostly finished by the colours of *submissive* and *horny*. He feels his dick getting played with again and starts making noises he never thought he'd hear himself make; desperate, pleading whines. Even as he's touched, he starts to realise that it's taking him longer than expected to get to orgasm. Without the original collar restricting release, he should surely have cum by now ... unless.

Alek hugs the little toy wolf to his side as he starts to stroke his own dick while his other hand begins groping the heavy member twitching above him. His fingers and thumb don't reach all around, even with some squeezing, but with how firm the meat is, he'd be surprised if a vice could compress it. Collecting some pre in his hand, he's able to glide his fingertips and thumb all over the sensitive skin, causing heavy, lingering throbs and yet more lubricant to escape down onto his stomach. He drops his own penis, after having got close to the edge, and puts all his attention into the torturously slow manipulation of the strained wolf cock and the giant balls that hang behind it.

Ember starts to growl again as his orgasm is dragged through the muddy gravel of foreplay, caused, he assumes, from this other collar. He can't reach the peak any faster, no matter how deeply he sniffs or how much he thrusts. His feral side starts to bubble to the surface again the longer this frustration goes on, which makes him more horny because of how much he's losing control to his master, which then makes him more frustrated. He feels his sheath behind pushes back over his knot and revels at the impending release that must follow it, but, while the pleasure of being able to swell fully is there, he doesn't cum.

Alek knows how the wolf must be feeling right now, and can hear it just as well. The sounds of the growling and moaning getting louder and more erratic, along with the jaunty wiggles of him either trying to thrust himself to his release or to break free. His hands gripping the firm wolf member slowly knead their way up from base to tip, slick with pre and getting him closer at a logarithmic rate. The nearer the edge, the harder it is to go over, but not impossible, unlike with the other collar. He wraps one hand around the bulbous knot, feeling it still slick from the sweaty warmth of the furry coat it recently wore, and squeezes it.

The wolf held from the ceiling in countless leather bindings, groans and whines and snarls into the plush tied to his face, straining frantically, desperately. All he can think about is cum. The rabid and carnal need to blow his load by any means possible. The hands on his cock are exactly attentive to his needs, but they perform too frustratingly slowly. If he could just get one arm free he could jerk himself off and deal with the punishable repercussions after the fact. But he can't,

and he's running out of ideas. Only one solution rings true in his head, and he wants to do it, but also still knows how perfectly demeaning it is, even despite his current situation.

"Please, master," he mutters, in-between growling moans.

"Speak up, pup. I can't hear you through the dense cum soaked into that plush." Alek responds, smirking. "Take a nice deep breath and beg properly."

There is a long, sharp intake, causing another reverberating shiver to coarse through the wolf's body and he replies.

"Please master!" He groans, losing all will to fight his muscles. "I beg you, please." The voice of desperation coming through loud and clear. "Please let me cum, master. I will obey and serve and submit, just please let me cu-hu-huum."

Pleased with the response, and making a mental note to recall the pleading bargain of his servitude when all this is done, he makes sure to have all his plush tight against him for the expected torrent and gives him one last command.

"Good boy. Cum for your master."

The low rumble that emanates from around the fox plush is enough of a thank you as the Ember's hefty cock is jerked more vigorously with a clearer goal in sight. The growls become bated, the breathy moans become short vocal gasps as his body begins to judder. Like a coin spinning faster and faster on its rim, it reaches its most agitated state just before it falls flat and so too do werewolves after an arduous journey to his orgasm. With one last pump of his master's skilled hands, he bursts.

The experience Ember goes through at this point can only be described as being otherworldly. As the climax finally breeches, his body tenses rigid and the noises coming out of his mouth resemble nothing akin to what would be expected of a beastly werewolf. In the throes of his rapture, he feels the longest stream of semen flow out of his cock, well before his body has time to contract and begin shooting the biggest load he's ever produced in 24 hours. He jiggles in the restraints as it seems every muscle he owns work together to squirt each new jet of cum.

The human below is immediately surprised at the way Ember begins orgasming, with the voluminous gush of the white gold pouring out all over his torso. It pools instantly and runs down his crotch and his sides, soaking into the flood-wall of plush he'd set up in expectation. But before he has time to concern himself with it getting onto the sheets, he hears the wolf start to moan louder into more guttural roars, twinned with the onset of frequent, thrusting spasms. The resulting rockets of semen, shoot out and hit the headboard of Alek's bed, then his chin, then the wolf's own chest which then immediately starts dripping, and then several more random squirts on and around the human.

Even the dwindling end of the wolf's ecstasy looks like an eye before the storm as he continues to twitch and bark and leak like a hose. But eventually, the balls run dry, and the cock is left to throb its last with only a drop left hanging over a very wet and horny human.

Alek hears a sharp gasp from the other end of the room and quickly lifts his head as he spots three very nosey wolves peering in from around the bedroom door. They all instantly retract their heads like a prairie dog in the ground but they know they've already been seen.

"Get in here, all of you!" Alek commands, shuffling to the side so he can hoist his upper body up on his elbows. Fresh cum trickles down his chest, arms and belly.

The door opens slowly, his three other wolves timidly step into the room with bowed heads and firm erections.

"I'd tell you off for being snoops, but I'm honestly not even mad." Alek says, still desperately horny. "If you're here, you may as well all make yourselves useful. Voigt, get him down and get off all the restraints, and you two have some cleaning to do."

Alek pulls himself up the bed so he can lay his head down on the pillow and smirks as Cal and Hess approach his bed on either side, looking at all the fresh semen painting his body. They're both gobsmacked at the amount and notice the splattered headboard and then look over at the black wolf slowly being ratcheted down onto the bed with a plush tied to his muzzle. His body is limp and while still conscious, he seems on the verge of passing out.

"Holy fuck." Hess exclaims.

Cal would speak out in surprise too if he weren't already climbing on the bed to obey his master's wishes. The brown wolf quickly joins in and starts lapping up all the mess. Neither of them make a comment on the taste, but considering the voracity at which they devour every inch of the liquid mark, it's to be assumed that none was needed.

Voigt pulls the spent wolf, who is currently looking at the world through a kaleidoscope of blurry sparkles of light and pink hues, onto his knees so he can start work removing all the leather. He starts with the boot holster and the plush drops to the bed between Alek's legs in a steaming thud. Ember immediately begins panting with his tongue lolled and spots the shape of his master, lying on the bed with white and brown blobs either side mauling him by tongue alone.

Alek pulls each of the two wolves in for sloppy kisses as they clear up all the mess, but soon it's too much for him to handle anymore and pushes both of their heads down towards his cock. Eager and cock hungry they start licking at and all around the erect human penis making it twitch and wobble. Alek grips the damp sheets and pulls a used plush to his own nose to start enjoying as his two favourite dick-worshippers ensure their master is dealt with to the best of their abilities.

Cal deepthroats while Hess works the balls and then they swap over. The latter being able to successfully manage deep oral for much longer due to the benefits of having a muzzle as long as his master's shaft. When they aren't sucking, they are kissing each other around Alek's cock head. And when they aren't kissing, they are jerking it, licking it, rolling the balls, caressing the body, and doing everything they know their master will enjoy. Cal even makes his way to the feet and starts licking the soles and all around the toes.

"Cal, back up. I want to cum while you two make out." Alek says, ready to blow again, but now with the imminent plan to carry it through.

"Yes master." the white wolf responds instantly as he and Hess start sharing spit with Alek's dick caught in the crossfire, held up by a firm hand.

Their tongues swing wildly, making it as sloppy and slippery as they can, knowing how much more erotic that will be for their master. With a few final licks, Alek groans and judders as his orgasm barrels clumsily through his body. Cum erupts from the tip and into and onto the wolves worshipping him who continue to lick and kiss with now much more gooey lubrication. They clean it and each other as though the liquid itself kept them alive.

Voigt finishes releasing Ember and he's laid down on his side at the end of the bed just before Alek goes over. He watches the show with full attention, secretly wishing he was the master in this scenario and makes a mental note to get those two to perform an encore sometime.

When the human is cleaned up by the two attentive wolves, they are instructed to move Ember up the bed so Alek can cuddle and soothe him while he teeters on the brink of unconsciousness. His boys are thanked and ordered to leave the two of them alone.