

Supplemental 4.5 - Voigt Takes Control

Voigt drags his subject upstairs and into his room, nearly throwing him down on the bed. A squeak of lustful nervousness escapes Hess's lips as he catches his fall, bent forward on the mattress. His tail flaps at his hip, showing an excitement from being so roughly handled. He subtly waggles his butt in the air, watching the older wolf collect a bottle of lube from the bedside unit and apply it liberally on his erection. He feels the cold touch of the gel as some is poured onto his opening as well, and with two fingers he's made prepared for what's to come.

The grey wolf grips and squeezes the cushiony buttocks, not being gentle as he spreads them outward while he twists his fingers deep inside. A needy hum from the other end is all he needs to consider his submissive prepped, so he places both hands on the cheeks, squishing them with a firm grip and presses up to the ring. In a single motion, he pushes in until his bulb grinds against the loose hole; one which he knows could take it right now, but he wants a good fuck out of him first. His hands work their way up and around the hips, grabbing folds as his dick pulses and stretches Hess's anus.

The chubby wolf, while pinned to the bed, fiddles with the duvet, the firm grasps at his weight and the familiar throbs of the cock inside him, telling how much his services are needed. Moans escape his lips as his body is manhandled, informing the other wolf that he's welcome to continue, and with barely a moment lost, the thick shaft recedes to the tip and slams back inside. The length and girth of it allowing for a deep exploration of his colon, along with an abusive punch to the prostate. Stuttered whimpers burst from Hess's mouth as he's immediately pummelled like fresh mochi, the knot bumping into him and threatening entrance with each thrust.

Voigt clenches the fat at the wolf's sides as he drives his member, pushing the knot in just a little more each time, until at last, it slips in. The ring of Hess's hole pushes back the sheath and tightens like an aperture behind the fleshy lump, locking them together. Or at least, it would, if, in his fervour, the older wolf didn't immediately start pulling back until it pops free. The submissive wolf yelps like a wounded dog, then follows it with a pitiful, desperate whine. A noise Voigt knows well; the plea of an insatiably horny wolf who wants nothing more than to feel abuse until he struggles to stand. He grins and leans over, pushing his weight down onto Hess's back while his other hand continues to fondle what he can reach of the plump belly.

Ensured his captive is secure, he pushes forward again until the knot squeezes back inside. A breathy gasp gets muffled by the duvet, but the assault is persistent and twinned with deep growls and barks at his neck. The sound alone as Voigt slips his bulb in and out of the slutty wolf's rear is enough to drive him to the edge; but the skilful work of his anus muscles as they contract in just the right ways would have drained anyone's balls by now if not for the collars. Despite knowing a release can never come, the powerful force of a wolf pounds away unrelentingly, snarling and chewing at the excess around the neck of his prey.

Hess falls into fuck-induced delirium, the relentless hammering on his prostate quaking his nervous system until every muscle fights against the weakness that threatens them. The teeth buried into his flesh, the hands that grope and tug his skin, the thick knot tenderising his ring all working together to bury him deep into the headspace of a useful toy being put in his place. He understands little else in this moment but the pleasure he can provide. No thoughts can worm their way to the conscious mind; not that he has any need for them. Only until he's discarded can he attempt to pull back his faculties, but until then, pleasure is all that exists, because it's all he needs.