

Chapter 17 - Service

"Here give me that," Hess says as he takes the paper and the pencil from Ember and puts it down on a small end-table. "What's this for anyway?"

"Master gave me a task to try and do tomorrow to see if I'm any good at designing stuff I guess."

"That's new. He really does like you." He grins, elbowing the other wolf gently.

Ember giggles awkwardly and then notices that Voigt is reclined in a very comfortable-looking chair with his head laid back and his eyes shut. One of his feet rests on a pouffe while the other is being supported and gently massaged by a pair of white, furry hands. At the end of the foot, currently working its way, delicately and skilfully around each of the toes, is Cal's tongue. He seems quite lost in the experience and takes a moment every so often to press his nose against the sole and sniff. Ember stares at the erotic display, having never thought that either of them would be interested in doing what they're doing.

"Wow, he's into feet." Ember realises, seeing Cal's dick pulsing to his heartbeat.

"Duh!" Hess exclaims, watching the white wolf perform his task. "He loves it when Master gives Voigt lots of garden work to do. You've probably not noticed, but whenever the old guy puts his boots on, there is always a sock in each one that he slips on first. Makes 'em extra huffy." He tilts his head towards Ember and curls his lips into an inquisitive smile. "You wanna go?"

"Uh ... I don't think I'd enjoy doing that." Ember replies with a grimace.

"I meant receiving. Voigt, shift, let the new guy have a go." He says authoritatively to the reclined grey wolf, gesturing with a thumb. Voigt turns his gaze upon the chubby wolf and growls.

"You what, boy?" He snaps, with noticeable irritation.

"Come on daddy wolf." Hess grins like a brat and puts his hands on his hips. "You've had your turn."

Voigt releases the leash that Ember hadn't yet noticed, and stands up, keeping his keen eyes locked on Hess. He strides toward the cocky brown wolf and grabs his collar, yanking it up and lifting him onto his toes.

"You're lucky we've made that agreement, boy, else I'd make you waste an orgasm right now for that behaviour." Voigt threatens, retaining the snarl on his lips.

"Grrr." Hess groans playfully, clearly turned on. "I love it when you talk like that sir."

Voigt loses the snarl but keeps his face stern, letting the chubby wolf drop back down on his heels. Eventually he turns to Ember. "You," the black wolf yips quietly and stands straight. "Get in the chair and be glad Cal was just finishing up with me."

The black wolf nods and quickly hurries over, plonking himself down. It's a very comfy chair, fabric lining with soft cushions, and the back reclines for better relaxation. He looks down at Cal, who's still kneeling by the footstool and looking a little nervous, but ultimately smiles up at him. They have a silent conversation with facial expressions which goes along this sort of line:

"Sorry about that. Hess can be a real brat."

"Heh, yeah."

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah I am ... are you?"

And instead of doing another subtle eyebrow movement or nod, he picks up the handle-end of the leash he's attached to and holds it up for the black wolf to take. Ember looks down at it, and over at Hess, who's busy being made wobbly from Voigt's powerful dominance, and then back at Cal who's smiling gesturally. Ember takes the leash and the white wolf pats the pouffe for him to lift his feet up onto.

He rests his heels up onto the stool and Cal slots the leash between them before getting a good long look at the work he has laid out for him. He stares intimately at them, at all the edges and wrinkles and toes, and even separates some of them to have a peak at the connective webbing. He looks back up at Ember and then at the leash, and sits patiently.

The black wolf realises that Cal is waiting expectantly for the collar to be tugged, so he can be given permission to begin. He looks at the loop of leather in his hand and gently tugs it until he feels a wet nose press between his toes. He hears a deep, long inhale as the white wolf draws as much of the scent into his body, absorbing the foot stink and locking the memory of it tightly away.

Cal moans, knowing that, like all feet, these are uniquely scented, but with that comes the exciting sensation of being able to sample a new flavour. He holds the feet firmly in his hands and starts sniffing them all over, slowly descending into a headspace, losing himself to it. His eyes only open to find where to move his nose next, the next toe, the next crease of skin, the next foot.

The other two have stopped their bickering and threats of a good time to look back at Cal's handiwork. They immediately approve of what's happening and Voigt drags Hess over to the bed to service him. He seems to revel in his body being worshipped by the other two and being in control; not that they seem to mind.

Ember moans softly through his breath when he feels a warm tongue press itself against the sole of his left foot and start working its way up. He watches Cal wet his brush and then drag it across the surface again, swirling it around the ball and skirting it under the webbing between the toes. He paints the entire underside in spit as he laps at the skin like it were covered in ice cream. Ember flinches sometimes when the flick of the tongue is quick enough to tickle, which elicits a cheeky smirk on the wolf at the end of the leash.

"Ticklish?" Cal asks, finishing up on the other foot, having left the toes completely dry up to this point.

"A little." The black wolf whimpers, fiddling with the leathery loop.

"Do you like it?"

Ember gulps and nods a little. "Yeah, it feels really nice. I've never had anyone do something like this before."

"I meant tickling, dear, but it's good to know you're enjoying my work" he chuckles.

"Oh, heh," he looks at his feet and back at the wolf. "It ... doesn't feel bad, I guess. I don't think I'd get turned on by it though."

"Shame," Voigt chimes in, hand on Hess's head as he slurps noisily under the older wolf's balls. "The master would have enjoyed to have another one"

"Another one?" Ember asks, and looks at Cal who's turned to throw an evil glare in their direction, while also being visibly flustered. Voigt simply grins back at him.

"I'm usually a bit more personal with my kinks," Cal explains to Ember, but saying it purposefully loud enough for Voigt to hear. He sighs and adds in a grumpy mumble. "But ... I am already worshipping your feet I suppose. I'd have just preferred to have told you myself."

“Hey, it’s alright. I think it’s kinda cute actually.”

Cal blushes hard and has to look away before the fur changes to match his cheek colour. “R-really?”

Ember gives him an understanding smile and nods. He sees that the wolf is struggling to talk about it with everyone around and decides to try and break the tension by attempting a little domination again. It worked well last time with Hess, and Cal seems the type to enjoy it too.

“Hey err ...” he says, tugging on the lead. “You still have some toes to clean.”

“Attaboy!” Voigt laughs. “That’s how you do it.”

Cal whimpers a little, looking up at Ember with his ears back. He gives the wolf on the bed a brief side-eye and returns his gaze back on the musky feet. Instantly regaining his lust for it, he grabs the left foot, presses his muzzle against the big toe and slides his tongue between it and the next one. He moans cutely as he collects the scent and doubles his efforts, washing the skin.

Ember rumbles contentedly and idly tugs on his dick as he feels the skilled tongue work its way around and between every toe he owns. It curls around them in turn and is each guided into the wolf’s muzzle for some attentive sucking, sometimes in a suggestive manner when their eyes lock and he’s caught pleasuring himself. No spot is left unlicked.

After a few more minutes, Cal finally finishes up and sits back. Ember lifts his head slowly after having been starting to doze, feeling the licking finally stop. He sees Cal sitting on his heels, touching himself and looking quite frustrated. Looking over to the bed, Voigt and Hess have stopped being horny and are just cuddling. The black wolf composes himself a little and sits up, realising he’d slumped a bit.

“Damn, that was really really nice Cal,” he says, wiggling his toes, feeling the slick saliva on them still. They also feel very sensitive now.

“You’re telling me.” Cal moans, letting his cock go quickly, assumedly on the edge. “Your foot musk is so good, holy fuck.”

Ember’s eyebrows bolt up, not expecting to hear the most proper of the wolves swear.

“That good eh?” Hess queries, rolling over onto his other side to look at him.

“Uhuh, I’ve been edging the whole time”

“Well, want me to tell him what we talked about? He might want you first.” Hess winks and Cal blushes again, dipping his head and shifting his eyes to Ember.

“What’s this about?” The black wolf asks, looking between them and at Voigt who could be asleep.

Hess grins and sits up on the edge of the bed and slips off onto his knees before shuffling over to the side Ember’s legs. He leans on them, while they’re still supported on the footrest and starts idly playing with the black furry testicles. He seems to take great pleasure in watching the cock twitch as his fingers make the heavy orbs jiggle. Ember fidgets again, flicking his eyes between the two subby wolves, waiting for an explanation.

“So we’ve all had a little chat while you were with the master, and we wanted to do something for you.” Hess starts, unable to tear his gaze away from the throbbing dick as he explains. He looks at Cal to take over and pushes himself up to take Ember’s shaft into his muzzle.

“S-something else?” The black wolf gasps, feeling that skilled tongue work its way around the sensitive flesh. The heat alone evoking a deep rush through his core.

"We want to give you our first free orgasm." Cal finishes in between nuzzling and kissing Ember's toes.

"Give me? I don't understand." Ember asks, resisting the urge to pant from all the attention.

"We're not giving you more orgasms," Hess says, pulling off and replaces his lips with his hand. "only the master can do that. What he means is we wanna let you choose how we cum."

"R-really? You want me to decide?"

"Yeah. So if you wanna do a one-on-one session with us where you make them cum, that's fine. Or if you wanna have like a full blown orgy, that's fine too."

"Or if you just want to watch some of us do something that would turn you on, that's an option too. Were happy to assist in you exploring your sexual fantasies." Cal adds with a gestural waft of his hand.

Ember nods shyly, thinking deeply about what he'd like for all of them. He likes all three scenarios, but the idea of having private sessions with each of them does sound like a lot of fun. More intimate, and he reasons it would help him bond with them a little more.

"Think about it, I really should be going t'bed." Hess says standing up and stretching his legs. He leans over the chair and plants his lips on Ember's, who, while initially surprised, quickly engages. He grabs his collar and keeps them locked together to empower the kiss. Hess lets out a meek whimper and is allowed to break away a few seconds later. "That was the IOU." He adds breathily.

"I hope your kinks aren't exhaustive, I'd like to keep doing that."

"There's still more for you to find, but I might just let you keep kissing me anyway."

"Let me?" Ember grins and jerks the fat wolf's collar still in his grasp.

"Or, maybe I'll let you." He giggles apologetically and wags his tail gently.

"Too right." Ember nods and releases his grip.

"Oh, don't worry about helping me with breakfast if you wanna have a lie in." Hess smiles and turns to leave.

With Hess now gone, Ember looks down at Cal who is leaning on the footstool and looking smug with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, looks like you two are really getting along. Already got a little arrangement going eh?"

"Yeah, heh. If I find one of his kinks, he kisses me."

"I'm almost jealous." Cal smirks. "What can I do to get regular kisses?"

"Nothing," Ember chuckles and gives a playful tug to the leash. "You can get them any time."

"Gosh," the white wolf wiggles on his knees, allowing his tail to swing with more sweeping force. "Don't tell Hess or he'll make it a competition."

"I dunno, that sounds like fun."

A snore coming from the bed breaks their conversation and they both laugh quietly. The wolf kneeling down gestures to the door and stands up, being allowed to straighten his back when Ember extends his arm holding the leash. They step out of the room into the hallway, hearing the sound of tooth brushing come from the bathroom.

"I really should be in bed too, but ..." Cal begins, turning his eyes to his bedroom and then down at the lead.

"Could you stay up a little bit longer?" Ember asks bravely, sliding a hand behind the white wolf's back as he pulls their bodies together at the hip. "I'd ... like you to."

Cal bites his lip and nods furiously, not bothering to check the time and walks backward, leading Ember towards his room by the leash.