

Chapter 20 - Routine

The black wolf's eyelids flutter as he groans at the loss of his dream, expecting to see the same walls he'd seen hundreds of nights before. The broken, wooden walls with a musty smell he could never get out. The cracked windows; one that always whistled a dreary tune on stormy nights. The piles of clothes he had to hand wash in the lake because he couldn't afford a machine. The leftover foods in various foil trays and cardboard plates. The bin bag he forgot to take with him to dump in the skip at work on his last shift.

He refuses to open his eyes and witness his misery and rolls on his back, hoping the night will take him again. Here triggers a memory that he's so used to experiencing, a squeak from the damaged springs of his mattress like a cartoon sound effect; a sound that was absent when he moved. The room used to feel colder too. The air used to smell sooty and damp and the birds didn't used to sound like little clacks and thumps. He becomes slowly aware that he is in a place unfamiliar to him and dares to disprove the room he's sure his head designed. Everything is exactly as he imagined it, the windows on the adjacent walls spilling morning light all over the carpet floor.

His ears twist to follow the odd tapping sound and he lifts his head over the covers to see the naked body of a tall, attractive white wolf practicing on his piano. Headphones considerably connected so the music wouldn't wake his bed guest. He feels a tightness around his neck and touches it, feeling the collar from his dream. It depresses him somewhat, but then recollections of what he assumed was last night's invention, come back to him in a wave of emotion. He slumps back on the bed and lets his mind grope around in the memory banks of everything that happened, every word spoken and heard, every tear shed.

The clacking stops and he looks up again to see the wolf facing him, sat on his stool and wagging his tail.

"Morning." he says softly, in a buttery voice.

"H-hey ... Cal."

"Sorry if my practicing woke you. I hoped the headphones would be enough."

"No ... no you're alright," the wolf in bed says, looking back up at the ceiling. The other one stands up and plods over, sitting on the bed beside him.

"You alright, dear?" Cal rests his hand on the duvet over Ember's chest. He's met with a gentle nod, and a set of glossy amber eyes staring at him. He smiles and moves a tuft of black fur back into it's position above the eyebrow.

"You're ... real right?"

Cal laughs and jiggles the big wolf's body left and right on the bed until he laughs. "No dear, I'm an apparition of your deepest desires."

"Heh, you think very highly of yourself."

"Hey, you're the one that assumed I was imaginary. This must be peak male performance in that noggin of yours." He gestures to his body, leaning back and swishing his head seductively to the side as if he has long hair.

"Maybe I just have low standards," he teases with a wide grin.

"Ooooh you cheeky sod!" Cal picks up his pillow to smother the wolf in his bed. "Not letting you sleep with me again now."

Ember giggles through the pillow and reaches out over the duvet so he can start tickling the other wolf's sides. "Can't get rid of me that easily."

"Ah ha ha ha!" Cal drops the cushion and erupts in laughter, quickly escaping by shuffling away and toppling over the side of the bed and onto his bum. He quickly crawls back, regaining his composure and panting, kneeling and puts his hands on his hips. "That was unfair," he huffs.

"Cute though," Ember says and pulls the sheets away so he can sit up on the edge of the bed. However, he quickly realises how firm his morning wood is and quickly grabs the bedding to cover it back up.

"Oh come on, I'd have thought by now you'd be less embarrassed by us seeing your boner. I'd wager you sported one more often than I did yesterday." Cal crawls forward as he talks until he's kneeling on the floor in front of the black wolf with a foot on either side.

"Give me some credit," Ember whines. "I woke up thinking I was still back in my cabin."

"Alright. But it shouldn't take you long to realise that you're not eh?" The white wolf looks around the room to illustrate the point.

"Heh ... yeah ... I guess you're right" Ember agrees, slowly pulling back the sheet. "I suppose I should get used to it if I live here."

"I don't want you to feel uncomfortable, but yeah, boners are kind of a natural state in this house. You're gonna see a lot and you're gonna get a lot just being here."

Cal can't help but let his eyes wander downward as the quilt is pulled back and the dick springs back into view. He licks his lips a little and shuffles forward some more, hoping that the black wolf doesn't attempt to stop his advances. He leans over the throbbing length and opens his mouth taking in the tip.

Ember gasps quietly as he feels the warmth encapsulate his cock head and leans back a little to watch as his length starts to disappear into the white muzzle. He feels a tongue licking at the flesh as more of his penis penetrates deeper into Cal's mouth and further still down his throat. The wolf on his member holds himself still, licking and bobbing slowly, sucking on its entirety. Eventually he needs to resurface for air. And pulls back halfway to draw a few breaths before dropping right back down into place.

"Fuck you're good at that," Ember moans, gasping vocally. "Oh, pull back. Stop stop sss" He frantically pushes the wolf off and the suction stops in an instant.

Cal stares at him and his dick open-mouthed with drool and precum dripping from his teeth. He waits, watching to see what will happen, hoping that the black wolf can recover and hold himself at bay. A trickle of white cum flows out of the tip and runs all the way down the wet length before getting absorbed into the sheath and ball fuzz.

"Hooo boy," Ember says slowly, taking deep breaths. "I woke up way closer than I thought I was."

Cal, desperate to lick up the cum quickly asks. "Did you save it?"

"Yeah, yeah I'm safe. Just, don't suck it."

Not needing any more information, the wolf dives at the balls and licks them clean, then the sheath and then works up the length, lapping up all the cum that trickled out. Ember hoots like an owl, but slower and breathier as he feels the tongue make contact on his cock, but still he keeps the orgasm in check.

"Didn't know you could cum without orgasm," Cal says smacking his tongue as he enjoys the flavour.

"Yeah," Ember pants. "I can sorta do it. When you're alone in a room for long enough with only your hand for company, you learn to experiment." He grabs his dick and squeezes up the length, pushing out another long string of the white gold which Cal eagerly gobbles up.

"A man of many talents." He says, standing up finally and stretching his legs.

"I wouldn't say that."

"I would, and just did," Cal grins and put the lid on his piano. "Anyway, you better go shower, you smell like Hess's dreams."

Ember pushes himself off the bed and sniffs his pits. "Heh, are you complaining?"

"I'm not Hess." Cal smirks.

"Oh ... sorry".

"Don't be silly, go get yourself all cleaned up. Breakfast will be in half an hour." Cal shoos him out of the bedroom, follows him and shuts the door behind them. "I need to go and set up the table. Hess gave you a towel right?"

"Uh, yeah. I put it on the radiator in the bathroom."

"Ah yeah, I remember. It's still there and should be dry by now. Oh, and the air-jet thing in the shower. There's a button below the temperature dial, just press that when you're done. It won't turn on until the water has been stopped so don't worry about doing it accidentally."

Ember nods along as he follows the wolf to the top of the stairs where he's bid adieu and left on the landing with a softening erection. One quick shower, a powerful drying blast of air and a towelling finish later and he's back to being presentable. He puts the towel back on the heated rack and exits the bathroom, finding a dishevelled grey wolf leaning against the wall in waiting.

"Bout time," he grumbles and scoots his way around the younger wolf and shuts himself into the bathroom. Ember shrugs off the rudeness as pre-coffee irritation and wanders over to the rec-room door to retrieve his pencil and paper.

Everything is as it was left from last night, with the comfy chair and pouffe in its position where he got his feet licked and the bed in disarray from the other two. The wolf retrieves his stationery and shuts the door, walking over to his room so he can put them down on a desk, only to remember he doesn't have one. He sighs and assumes he'll have to do it on the dining table so he holds on to it and goes back into the hall. Before he gets chance to head downstairs the bathroom door opens again and he's met with the same grumpy figure than the one that went in.

"You're not going to be waking me up this early every day, are you boy?" Voigt mutters, narrowing his eyes.

"It's only ten minutes before you usually -" the eyes narrow further and Ember cuts himself off. "Uh ... no sir."

"That's my boy." He claps his hand on the black wolf's shoulder and hobbles downstairs whistling a jolly tune, leaving Ember to dust the frost off his composure.

"Ember." Another voice appears. He looks around and sees Alek walking out of his bedroom dressed in grey and red pyjamas.

"Oh, hey master."

"Don't mind Voigt. He talks big before he's had food and caffeine."

"Yeah ... I figured that would be the case."

"Had chance to do any sketches?" He gestures to the paper in the wolf's hand.

"Uh ..." he looks at them and wonders if he should come up with some excuse but eventually settles with "no".

Alek grins and nods. "Spending some quality time with my Cal instead, huh?" Ember's mouth compresses to a neat line and he looks to the side as he shuffles on his feet. "He's a good boy, he came to me after your session together so I could clean up the cum as best as I could with some of my soft toys."

"Oh ... really?"

"You really must learn to start taking what I say seriously my boy. I say what I mean".

"S-sorry master. I just wasn't expecting him to do that."

"He knew it would please his master. I don't like to let good cum go to waste if I can help it. Plus, it was really nice to hear that he had such a good time with you."

"Real- uh ... I mean. Thank you master." Ember blushes, realising that Cal must have talked about what they'd done together and assumed what was said was positive.

"I don't think I've seen him quite as happy as he was when he walked in my room. Not for a long time anyway. You did a good job, wolf. I wanted to thank you for being the cause of that."

"You're welcome, master." Ember's ears flop back, gratified that he'd pleased his master this way. "It was a learning experience for me, and I really enjoyed it."

"Is that so? I'm happy to hear that, Ember. He deserves someone who can tickle him more often, I can so rarely find the time these days."

"If I may suggest, master, we should do it together sometime."

"What a grand idea," Alek chuckles menacingly. "It's Cal's birthday next month you know, I have a gift planned for him that I think would tie in very tightly with your idea."

"Re- err ... that's exciting to know, master. I look forward to that," Ember says genuinely, thinking of what fun he and Alek would have tickling Cal together. He starts to get hard again at the thought and pushes it away before it gets awkward.

"Well anyway, I'd best get ready, I'll be called down soon and you should be at your chair," Alek says, wandering around the wolf and stroking his tail as he passes to go into the bathroom.

Ember shivers at the caress and quickly descends the staircase, opening the door to the dining room where Cal is setting the last of the glasses down with some fresh orange juice. He shuts the door behind him, walks over and places the paper and pencil down on the table.

"You'll not be doing that on my table," Cal says. "I don't want pencil marks on the wood."

"Where should I do it then? I don't have a desk in my bedroom."

"Oh." Cal looks embarrassed and laughs awkwardly. "I never finished giving you the tour did I? There's a drawing room beyond the stairs, opposite from here. You can do it in there."

"I did wonder what those doors were for."

"You should wonder more things out loud you know. We don't know what you're thinking." Voigt interjects.

"I'd hate to be a bother asking any more questions. I did enough of that yesterday."

"Nonsense dear," Cal says before Voigt can go again. "Come to any of us with any queries. Now you're inducted, we don't have any reason to hold back information. Unless it's personal of course".

Ember nods and smiles. "I'll remember that, thank you."

"Now go into the kitchen and see if Hess needs any help."

Ember goes in and finds everything at the end of preparation. Most foods are being kept warm while some toast and eggs are being made. He helps where he can until it's ready to be served and goes to his chair while Hess wheels in a trolley with breakfast. Trays of eggs and bacon are laid into the centre of the table, along with a dish of hot beans and two sliced loaves of freshly baked and toasted sourdough. The brown wolf looks at Ember with a cheerful grin from across the table.

"Have fun last night?" He growls seductively.

Ember quickly flushes and turns to face Cal. "Word travels quickly here huh?"

"I didn't say anything," he retorts grumpily, resenting the accusation.

"Oh I didn't need to be told. I'm just thankful I had earplugs." This time Cal looks more affected and quickly looks at Ember and down at his feet. "Oh come on, you don't need to be so shy about it. I've tickled you in the past."

"Yeah ... I know. It's just more embarrassing when it's with someone new. Plus, you're making me remember it which just makes me more horny."

"I'm surprised you can still get aroused after that. The howl of your orgasm penetrated the plugs and woke me right back up."

"Yeah and me," Voigt adds.

"Alright guys, don't tease him so much." Ember says, bravely stepping in. Worried that if they'd kept going Cal might fall over.

"Don't worry bud, I'm just teasing him." Hess covers his mouth so only he can see his mouth move and mimes 'he likes it' before winking.

The doors open and in walks the master, quickly resetting everyone's position into the appropriate designation and killing the conversation. The master makes no comment on Cal's boner and is contentedly seated, told what has been prepared and served his meal. He sits down, everyone helps themselves to food and the meal carries on like clockwork.