

Chapter 27 - Furry

"Ember, get over here. Let's get you two properly introduced." Hess calls out as the Ember steps into the kitchen.

"No 'Mr Keystone', 'Mr Cord' stuff?" He asks with a grin.

Now in closer proximity, he's able to get a better look at the hired chef. She is a middle-aged woman who stands herself proudly upright, hair tied into a bun and netted and clothes very straightly ironed. She bears a welcoming smile, that reminds him of his mother when he'd return from playing the with other pups. He shoos away the memory before it latches and attempts a casual yet cordial temperament by dipping his chin to her.

"Tomorrow, yes, today, nah!" Hess dismisses with a flick of his hand. "This is Barbara. I've worked with her a bunch of times, and haven't one bad thing to say about her. Barbara, this is Ember, our newest wolf and keen, but inexperienced, sous-chef."

"How do you do," she says holding out a hand with short, unpolished nails and a slight blush in her cheeks at Hess's compliment.

"Nice to meet you."

"Now we have a shit-ton of prep to do for tomorrow, so I'm going to run through my meal plan. As always, Barb, you're welcome to butt-in and call me an idiot if you think I should make some changes."

"I'd call you an idiot anyway." She and the fat wolf laugh as a binder is produced from inside the island worktable.

Ember is startled by the sudden camaraderie, but soothed by it all the same. It gives him hope that come tomorrow, he'll not have to worry about any anxiety from this human, which gives his mind more freedom to fantasise about all the others in the next room.

"Alright, well I'm thinking sushi for hors d'oeuvres," Hess says, pointing at the top of the paper, "which gives us a lot of options for dietary requirements. We thankfully haven't got any guests with fish allergies, but there are two lactose intolerants, one gluten and one severe nut allergy. I've already made sure there are no nuts anywhere in the kitchen and all the food for tomorrow has no nuts in them. Gluten we don't need to be as strict about," he explains to the other wolf, "but all surfaces and cutting tools must be cleaned beforehand."

"Makes sense to me. As long as those uppity snobs will even eat Asian food," Barbara scoffs.

"They can eat it or starve for all I care. Sushi is amazing and I won't hear anything to the contrary!"

Barbara chuckles and looks through the rest of the meal plan, finding no issues.

"I love it, mackerel and dill pâté or cherry tomato and courgette on flatbread for the vegetarians is a good starter. Roasted salmon and buttered veg is a perfectly safe and delicious meal and fits the theme of fish. I love the idea of the crispy breaded tofu for meat-free too. I assume the gluten allergy is a meat-eater?"

"No he's a veggie. We'll be using corn flour and making our own breadcrumbs from a gluten-free loaf."

"See, you come up with stuff like this and I can't call you an idiot." Barbara praises backhandedly and Hess beams proudly. "Homemade ice cream and sorbet too. I've never made sorbet."

"Easiest thing in the world. It's only there because I wanted a cold dessert to mirror the starter and two of them can't have milk. We'll make a raspberry coulis as well to pour over."

“It sounds amazing.”

“Right, we’ll start with the desserts because they just go in the freezer and get forgotten about. Then we’ll get to work preparing the veg for overnight storage, ready to be cooked tomorrow. We’ll also make the breadcrumbs and pâté today and roll up all the sushi last so they can be left in the fridge for as little time as possible. I already cooked and seasoned the rice yesterday and I’ve got some carrots pickling.”

After putting on his kitchen-appropriate apparel, Ember is first given the coulis to make following instructions in a recipe book. The bulk of the work is handled by a machine so it is an easy task, but he’s glad of it to get started while the other two made the rest of the desserts. After which, he and Barbara are tasked with preparing all the veg for the body of the meal, ready to be cooked tomorrow. Once peeled and diced, the potatoes are boiled, left to cool and coated with cornflour and fat to be stored away in the freezer to be baked. Hess starts work on the fish pâté, blending together the smoked mackerel and a wide range of condiments and herbs.

Until 5pm, the three of them work together to do everything they can for tomorrow. The desserts are made, the different vegetables are ready to be cooked, the pâté is busy setting in the fridge, the gluten-free breadcrumbs are cooling in a tub with a desiccant and now all that remains are the hors d’oeuvres. Ember is allowed to attempt making some sushi but it proves too dexterous a task and is permitted to eat his failed creations. While he enjoys it, he determines he does not like wasabi. So he preps the veg for tonight’s meal instead and watches the other two more skilled chefs work. They slice the raw salmon and tuna as needed for nigiri and maki, and prepare it with pieces of avocado, cucumber, kimchi and pickled carrot, before rolling it in sticky rice and a thin parchment of seaweed called nori, like a huge cigarette. He admires the patience and artistry needed to make it all as it gets put onto a chilled slate and quickly refrigerated.

With everything ready for the final push tomorrow, they say their goodbyes leaving Hess and Ember alone in the kitchen. Still peeling and chopping sweet potatoes, the black wolf waits in silence for the chef to clean up and discard the stray food waste.

“What did you think to Barbara?” The short wolf says, his eyes never leaving the sink as he scrubs a sieve.

“She’s lovely, honestly,” Ember admits. “I never thought I’d say that about a human.”

“Yeah I love that woman. She’s so passionate about her job too, unlike that useless guy we got one time. That man could burn cereal!”

“You really do like saying nice things about people when they’re gone,” Ember chuckles and the brown wolf turns away from the sink to growl at him.

“When they’re worthy of it.”

“I say nice things about you too.” Hess’s brow furrows and goes back to the dishes, but the gentle wag in his tail betrays his happiness. “What am I doing with all these potato chunks?”

“Leave them in the water for now, it’s a little early to cook them. I just wanted to get it out of the way.”

“You did a really good job planning all the food, chef,” Ember adds, opting to verbalise the kindness directly this time, and finishes chopping.

“Thanks, I guess. I enjoy creating stuff.”

“Yeah, master said earlier that you’re an artist.” Hess stiffens and fidgets noticeably at this comment and quickly busies himself with another plate without responding. “I know you designed the art on everyone’s bedrooms and you made the little icing wolf for me, and you drew the collar so well. You must really enjoy doing art.”

“Uh ... yeah.”

“What kind of stuff do you draw?” Ember starts scooping up all the potato shavings to toss into the food waste bin.

“All sorts,” he replies noncommittally.

The black wolf looks over at Hess and smiles, realising he’s got something to hide. He saunters over to the sink, slipping his hands around the wide belly and pulling them both into a spooning cuddle. Ember nuzzles against the brown wolf’s head, who responds with a quiet whimper, knowing the game he’s playing.

“Is someone embarrassed?” Ember asks with a trailing hum as his nose touches the fluffy ear.

“No ...” Hess denies unconvincingly, speaking so softly it could barely be heard.

“I bet it’s something really naughty,” the black furred hands work their way around Hess’s belly, slipping under the waistband of his t-shirt.

“N-no ...” he responds again, sounding even less persuasive.

“I bet you like to draw really horny things, don’t you?” Ember teases further, pushing one of his hands down below the waistband and gropes the plump sheath underneath the fabric of some black trousers. Hess only whimpers at this, gasping as he feels the touch on his growing dick. “Have we got time for you to show me?”

The chubby wolf looks over at the clock on the wall and curses mentally at the ample time they do have, nervous about how much this would expose him.

“E-Ember ...”

He is turned around and pressed back against the counter as the black wolf connects. He can feel their bulges rubbing together as the powerful orange eyes burn into him, weakening his will. He wets his lips, ears pinned back and feels his cheeks burn at how quickly he is being broken.

“Yes?” The black wolf answers deeply, strategically shifting his hips left and right to make the crown of their tents flick across each other.

Hess groans and makes all manner of other submissive noises, looking desperately at the clock to try and will the spare half hour to pass. He shifts his eyes back toward the dark presence, knowing he never likes to say no under such a controlling force, even ones so subtly employed, and slowly nods his head.

“A-alright ...” he whispers, and the wolf backs off by a step. “Fuck ... you’re so mean when you want to be.” He takes a ragged breath.

Ember grins and grabs the D-ring of Hess’ collar, tugging it. “You bring it out of me.”

“Rrf!” The chubby wolf droops his ears again and stares up at the other, whimpering pathetically. “I’m ... gonna really enjoy hearing about how Voigt uses you.” He manages a childish giggle at his bratty comment before the collar is tugged again.

“Maybe I’ll make you watch,” Ember threatens, and judging by the dirty, greedy facial expression he’s met with, he knows he pressed a good button. “Now come on, I want to see the smut you’ve been drawing.”

Hess is turned, stripped and pushed out of the kitchen. They go upstairs and Ember is stopped outside his door.

"Let me ... quickly tidy, first?" The brown wolf suggests meekly. "You need to take off your clothes anyway, the staff are all gone"

"Hmm, alright."

Ember understands that he is forcing himself upon Hess's personal space and may need a few minutes to prepare, so goes back to his own room to disrobe. When he returns, the door is still shut but he can hear a lot of scuffling and clattering and cursing from the other side. The wolf busies himself as he waits by toying with his dick, glad of it to be released again after being dressed for so long. He'd never worn clothes in beast form before, and it is not comfortable for long periods. The door opens again and a panting Hess stands in the frame.

"Don't go rummaging, ok?"

"I'll only look at what's visible and what you show me," Ember agrees and is permitted inside.

Immediately, the room is considerably dissimilar to Cal's bedroom. Despite the quick clean he must have just done, the room is very untidy; not dirty, just cluttered. Every piece of furniture has things on it from the bedside table, to the writing desk, to the top of his narrow wardrobe. He has two desks around his room, one that he has on the opposing wall to his bed that's designed for writing, but also has scraps of paper with sketches on. The other is much larger and littered with small paint bottles, paint brushes and other craft tools along with a bunch of little figurines in several stages of colouration. Behind is a monitor and keyboard and mouse connected to a PC on the floor. The bed itself has dark blue sheets, is unmade and noticeably stained in patches of colour, likely paint or dyes.

Aside from the desks and surface tops, there are multiple shelves and shelving units populating all available wall space and filled with board games, card games, computer game boxes and many others of varying styles. There are also groups of more figurines of all sizes and shapes and intricate designs. So many in fact that there are labelled tubs to manage the overflow, along with additional containers for grasses, foliage, textures and more with chunks of terrain, buildings and vehicles. What little real estate is left over is decorated with colourful, framed posters of films and games.

Ember notices Hess fidget awkwardly as he noses around all of his belongings. He targets a particular set of shelves with a large selection of books, games and CDs, seemingly all relating to fantasy worlds and science fiction. Below these are huge binders sorted into different groups, all relating to art in some way. The biggest collection by far are a series of three, labelled and numbered.

"What does 'furry NSFW' mean?" Ember asks, turning to his host.

"Uh ... oh boy ..." Hess replies with a look of embarrassment. "I suppose you'd see those sooner or later if you wanted to see my art." He goes over to the shelf and pulls out one of the binders, but this one is missing the 'N'. He then sits over on the bed and waits for Ember to join him. "Do you know what a furry is?"

"A furry? No"

"Ok, so, some people, actually quite a lot of people around the world, in some way or another are super into humans that look like animals." Hess opens the binder and passes it over to the other wolf, laying it on his lap, who then flicks through the plastic wrap pages of drawings.

"Woah. Ember looks at the pictures, seeing humanoid animals of different sizes and kinds in all manners of dress and poses. Some crime fighting, some dancing, some sitting with coffee, some just walking or gaming; all very mundane actions, but as animal people. "So, are these all werefolk?"

"It's more like cartoons and mascots. Like for cereals and stuff." Ember nods and flips through some more pages. "Furries are the people that like that sort of thing. Most of them have their own

character that they design themselves and identify as, and then pay me to draw. They call it a 'fursona'." Hess stops one of the pages turning and points at a group of them around a table holding dice and with some excitable expressions. "This is my D&D group."

"That one looks just like you!" Ember notices. "So is that your fursona?"

"Well, I dunno if you can call it one, that's just how I look, heh. But yes."

"So what does SFW mean?" Ember asks, closing the binder and lifting up the spine.

"Oh, 'Safe For Work'." He air-quotes. "It's like a shorter way of saying, not porn."

"So ..." the black wolf returns his gaze to the shelf, at the binders with the extra character, which he assumes immediately must be a negation.

"Do you ... wanna see 'em?" He asks, looking more relaxed now that Ember has shown interest.

"You mean, you've drawn ... sex? Of these furies?"

"Yeah ... they *really* love it." Hess stands up, taking the binder back with him and swapping it for one of the others. "I mean, I love it too. It's really fun."

"Wow, uh, yeah ok. I really wanna see this. I mean, I figured you just drew dicks and stuff, I could never have expected this. It's really good art too." Hess blushes and wags his tail, nervously handing over the folder.

"Thanks." He accepts the praise timidly and sits down at the writing desk, busying his eyes by idly flicking through the loose papers on top.

Ember opens the binder excitedly and is immediately met with lewdness and lasciviousness; smut in every which way it could be conceived, with every animal he knows. Most of them seem to be unusually coloured to what would be expected and some with unnatural addenda or malformations to their bodies. There are dogs and rabbits and very small dragons and cats and foxes ... it's so overwhelmingly horny that Ember doesn't realise he has an erection until he gets halfway through the folder and his cock bumps it from underneath.

"Oh ... err." He pulls the binder away, and finds his sheath near-taut and the bulk of his meat already exposed. "Eheh ... these are, really hot." He pants and looks at the other wolf.

Hess growls lecherously when he sees how hard Ember has got from looking at his art. He quickly checks the time and then dives to his knees.

"Keep looking. But don't you dare cum, I want that pent up load in my butt later."

"You're a real sweet talker," the black wolf chuckles and sets the binder down on the bed so Hess can get an unhindered view.

The wolf on his knees inches forward, able to get an intimate look at Ember's cock and wants to spend all the time he has free to admire and service it properly. He lifts his hand and wraps his fingers around the length and presses the tip of his thumb just under the head. The flesh is hot and slick, and the longer he looks at it, the deeper into the obsessive headspace he gets.

He tilts the dick to the side and lets his focus glide up the length like a paintbrush, watching the light reflect off the shiny red surface. The rim of Ember's sheath which so tightly hugs the knot and keeps it at bay, bulged and pulsing in time with the heart. Hess thinks about forcing the shaft deep into his muzzle until his lips meet that of the furry covering; making out with the musky, slimy home where this hot wolf's cock sleeps. Teasing himself with the mental imagery before he allows himself to partake.

His other hand, which had found its way to his own penis, is torn away to grip the bulb. The dense, black fur adding to the tactile feedback at his fingertips as he rolls the skin around over the smooth knot. He pulls it forward toward the tip and lets it spring back; admiring how it stretches effortlessly and so perversely exposes the contours of the flesh beneath. Then he pushes it backward, slowly and carefully, so as to not let it snap back, knowing intimately how dangerous that can be to do. He imagines it nonetheless.

He looks up, watching the wolf above pant and gasp at every little touch as he scours through pages and pages of filth. Proud of the double-effect by his hands, be it art or touch, Hess brings his muzzle close and lets the slippery head nudge under his nose and skid over, leaving a streak of precum all the way across the fur of his cheek. Finally getting personal with the stretched sheath again since yesterday morning, he squeezes it forward to make it smack wetly open and inhales. His eyes roll as the dense vapour streams up his nostrils and inflates his lungs, sending a quake through his body, and a turgid throb through his shaft.

His tongue flops out as he starts to pant but wanting to put it to good use, he slips into the sheath. He slowly lets the skin pull itself back which sandwiches his tongue against it and the surface of the cock. After scooping around inside for a few laps, he retracts and glides it all the way up the length to the tip, where a fresh dribble is waiting to be collected. He zips the tongue back in like a sprung tape measure and savours the cocktail with a shameless moan.

"Oh! Hello," Ember says suddenly and lifts up the book. Hess's face instantly changes from lustful serenity to embarrassment.

"Uhh heh ... yeah ... that's me and Voigt," he clarifies with a goofy grin, reminding himself of the occasion that made him want to capture it in pencil.

"Did he tie you up in all that stuff?"

Hess nods. "He likes all leather bondage and wanted to -"

"Hey wait a sec" Ember interrupts and drops the binder back down, flipping back through the pages. "Sorry, I just realised something."

He stops at a page and lifts it up again showing an illustration of a white wolf in similar bondage but with much more of it. He's on his knees and the head of a brown wolf is poking out over the shoulder behind him and biting into his neck. There is a portion illustrating the reverse as a close up of the white wolf's anus, knotted and pumped with cum.

"Oh ... err ... y-yeah. That me and Cal."

"Did you tie him like that?" Hess looks visibly ashamed and shakes his head. "Did ... this happen at all?" Again, Hess shakes his head, looking away.

"I've humped him before, sometimes, but he'd never be able to take my knot like that. I just ..." he fidgets on his knees and idly fiddles with his dick. "I just thought it was a hot."

"It is hot! What did he think?" Ember asks, closing the binder finally and placing it back on the bed. The wolf on the floor is still looking away and doesn't respond. "Ohhh you never showed him, did you?"

"You won't tell him, will you?" Hess begs softly, looking back up.

"No no, I won't, but I think you should. I just didn't think you were much of a top."

"Oh I'm not, like 90 percent of the time, but ... y'no, every so often you get an urge. Cal gives me that urge sometimes."

"Oh I totally get that, he's very cute." Ember nods and smirks at the brown wolf. "Like you."

"Pfff I'm not cute. I'm just a dumb, fat wolf who likes WoW and Warhammer."

"I don't know what they are, but you're not dumb, and the weight thing ..." he shrugs. "I dunno, I kinda like it. Maybe not as much as Voigt, but you still turn me on a lot."

Hess's tail wags frantically. "Really?"

"Actually, I take it back ..." Hess's face drops a little. "You are dumb if you think I'm lying." He grins and quickly grabs the chubby wolf's head and scruffily tousles his head fur.

Hess makes a warbled groan as his happy senses are abused and wags even harder than before. He giggle brokenly as he's petted and continues even after it stops.

"Thanks, Ember ... the others call me that too, but it's easy to forget the meaning of the word until someone new says it." Hess lays his chin on the black furred knee in front of him and nuzzles the thigh. "It means a lot."

"Well, I guess you can't deny it anymore, everyone in this house calls you cute, so it must be true." Hess growls and flushes again, rolling his head off the knee and flops down to the floor.

"You're as mean as the others." He shifts his head over to the clock on the wall and whines. "Aww, we gotta go make dinner."

Ember follows his eyes and looks back at the wolf on the floor. He nudges him with his foot which makes him groan and roll around.

"Come on cute wolf. Get up." The black wolf stands up and stretches, his semi swaying like a metronome over Hess's body.

"Nah, I think I prefer being where I am," he says with a grin and puts his hands behind his head, staring at the pendulous dick above him.

"Alright, I'll just do it myself and make beans on toast or something." He steps over the lazy body and walks over to the door, stopping upon hearing a loud, vocal sigh.

"I'm not leaving you alone in my kitchen for one second," Hess says, catching up. "But I like the beans on toast idea, might do that for breakfast one day."

"It's one of my favourites." Ember smiles and is grabbed before he opens the door.

"I'm really looking forward to tonight by the way," Hess mews softly, cuddling the black wolf from behind and rubbing his hands all over his front.

"Me too. Now stop being so dang adorable."

"No" Hess huffs and pulls them tighter together. "You've unleashed it now, I'm never not gonna be cute."

"Oh no," Ember exaggerates with a chuckle and drags the lazy hornball back to the kitchen.