

Chapter 35 - Pet

The wolves natter amongst themselves, and a little while in, the door to the dining room opens and Hess hobbles in, panting and carrying his clothes. His cock is soft, but you can tell he wouldn't be if not for that collar. Everyone stays quiet while he potters over and takes his seat, looking at the small pile of sandwiches on his plate.

"Hey boy, what happened to you?" Voigt asks, taking the bundle of clothes from him and standing up so he can fold them over one of the empty chairs.

"Master put a chair collar on himself and fucked me," he mumbles, picking off the apex sandwich. "I couldn't even get hard the whole fucking time."

The other wolves collectively express intrigue and feigned sympathy, knowing full that he will have been filled at least once.

"Wow, he really wanted to torment you huh," Cal says, grinning.

"Yeah, and he wanted to make sure I thanked you -" Hess directs his attention across the table towards Ember "- for making me do that; and -" he looks at the white wolf "- he wanted you to take up some coffee."

"I'd best get on that then." Cal gets up off his chair and steps into the kitchen.

"I'm glad he enjoyed it, I was a little worried I'd stepped out of line," Ember mutters, nervously scratching his neck under the collar.

"It surprised him, but he's always happy to forcefully take away my boner," Hess grumbles, tucking into his second sandwich already.

"Also there's another collar?" Ember queries, already starting to lose track of how many there are.

"Yes," Voigt says, now sat back in his chair "It's almost the same as the one we usually wear but without the cum blocker and with mild arousal effects. I think it has an analgesia spell also, which would explain why the master wore it."

"Huh?" Hess asks mid-chew.

"Pain relief. Don't talk with your mouth full," Voigt berates.

"That reminds me, the stuff he injects you with, is it safe? Do I have to take it?" Ember asks, having forgot all about the Machine until this conversation.

"Trust me," Hess says, now having swallowed, "you will want to. Before we had that stuff I could only go maybe four times tops and I would be sore and tired for the rest of the day. That stuff is so good, I can cum maybe ten times now per session. 14 was my record," he adds proudly.

"Crikey, eight is my current maximum, the years are catching up to me," Voigt grumbles with a melancholic smile.

"Ahh you're still good old man. You can still fuck like a wolf half your age." Hess giggles cheekily. He huffs when in response, Voigt dumps the last two sandwiches on his plate and makes sure the one in his hand disappears in the brown wolf's muzzle.

"Even eight times is about twice what I've ever managed in a day." Ember hikes his brows, impressed by the numbers, and can only imagine the volumes they produce.

“That’s the power of that serum.” Hess sighs dreamily, having removed the baguette chunk from his mouth.

“I would be remiss to omit that the long term effects are unknown,” Voigt chips in, “but, monitoring Cal and Hess, and to a lesser degree myself, it’s shown no negative side effects. According to the supplier, any nausea or headaches were shown to be a byproduct of anxiety experienced by the patients, but I saw no proof of that.”

“Not wholly comforting, doctor,” Ember winces, “but I suppose, we have our own proof that it’s fine at least short-term.”

“I wanted you to have all the facts,” He replies primly.

“I can appreciate that, thank you. I’m just a bit nervous by it.”

Cal comes back in carrying a tray holding a filled cafetière with the plunger unpressed and a cup and saucer. He smiles at the lot of them and is about to continue on when Hess hails him.

“Cal, you remember what it was like before the serum, don’t you?” The white wolf immediately turns his nose up as if recounting a poor experience.

“Oof, how could I not? That wasn’t a fun time honestly. The cum felt good but gosh it left you real sore real quick.” He shivers to think about it. “Why?” The brown wolf points across the table.

“I’m a bit nervous about it,” Ember admits.

“I understand. Being injected with a foreign substance that’s been barely tested was a nightmare on my nerves too. But hey, you try it a few times, you start missing it.”

“You make us sound like addicts,” Hess says coarsely.

“Well, it is addicting I suppose, but only as much as your own bed would be after a holiday. It’s just a more pleasurable way to cum, so of course I’m gonna miss it.” Cal puts the tray down and kneels next to Ember. “If you’d like a chaperone, one of us could be there for the injection.”

“Will the master not mind?” Ember queries.

“No, Hess and I used to tease each other in the early days of the Machine, groping and kissing whoever was in the chair.”

“They were fun days.” Hess leans on the table reminiscing.

“So yeah, don’t worry dear, we’re here for you if you need us.” Cal bumps his nose against the side of Ember’s muzzle and gets back up. “I’d best go serve this. Voigt, you should probably go put your suit on now.”

“Yeah I suppose so. But not before I see my boy eat his last sandwich.” He grins and turns to the wolf beside him. Cal smiles and wanders off with the tray.

“Huff, yes sir,” the brown wolf harrumphs and picks it up, steering the food to his mouth.

“If it’s alright to ask, what’s the relationship you two have? Is it like what the master has on us?”

“Sort of, but not officially, and not to the same extent,” Voigt explains. “I like the more random, spur-of-the-moment thing we have anyway over being his owner.” Hess blushes at the term, quietly munching on the last few bites. “It’s just fun to order him to do stuff that pleases me; especially when I know that that would please him in turn. Like making him overeat.”

“Surely being his owner would just be same?”

“Again, similar, but but I have difficulties with commitment, pup,” Voigt says calmly, but in a way that suggests Ember shouldn’t push it further.

“Oh, sorry.”

“Right,” the grey wolf sighs, standing up, “I’d best put some clothes on. See you boys later.” He casually salutes the remaining wolves and strides off, slowly swishing his tail. Ember notices Hess watching him walk away.

“I would like an owner,” Hess mumbles, thinking about the idea again now since last he asked Voigt. He shifts his eyes over at the wolf across the table and quickly averts them sheepishly. “H-hey ... Ember?”

“Yeah?” The black wolf smiles, resting his chin in a palm as he puts his elbow on the table. He knows what’s coming, but just as before in the kitchen, he can’t wait to hear him say it.

“I asked Voigt ... a little while ago, and as you heard, he said he didn’t want to.”

“Yeah, it’s a shame.”

Hess perks his ears, assuming that Ember agrees then that he should be owned by someone. “R-really?”

“Well yeah, the trauma he’s been through. It’s no surprise I guess that he’d have difficulty with forming tethered relationships.” The black wolf says, knowing he’s toying with the boy.

“Oh ... y-yeah.” Hess nudges the crumbs on his plate around. “What’s your opinion on the whole ... owner-pet thing?” He tries to look up at the other wolf but keeps getting too embarrassed.

“I don’t know really. I’ve never had that relationship with anyone, but I guess it sounds fun” he grins thinly and gently bites his lip.

Hess noticeably shuffles on his chair, still very horny from all the torment he’s received today. He knows there’s no harm in asking and won’t be offended if he’s rejected, but there’s something nerve-wracking about asking someone you’ve only known for two days if they want to be your handler. He sighs softly and nods to himself, lifting his head.

“Would you like to be my owner?” He blurts, desperately holding the locked gaze.

Ember gets up from his chair and walks around the table to where the chubby wolf is and towers over him. Hess gulps and feels the oppressive wolf fiddle with the front of his collar as he slips a finger into the D-ring. It is tugged sharply upwards, eliciting a quiet yelp and forcing him to stare up at the luminescent orange eyes amid the dense, dark fur. The sparkling, jagged teeth, bared.

“That depends, do you want to be my pet?” The black wolf growls, watching as the one in his grasp noticeably flusters again.

“Fuck yes. Absolutely I do,” he moans, the half-lidded eyes showing his lust.

“Good boy.”

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“So, ” Ember starts, leaning on the table and now sat in Voigt’s chair “what does it mean to be your owner? I’ve never done it before.”

“Oh, well it just kinda means that you get to decide things for me. Mostly sexual, but I guess some other things too if you want. Like if I wanted to have sex with someone, I have to ask for permission from the master first, and then you. Same for cumming.”

“So I guess the master would take precedence.”

“Yeah, of course; he is at the top. Technically you’re also my master, but I’m not allowed to call you that. So I’ll call you ‘sir’.”

“Alright. What should I call you?”

“Whatever you like, sir.” Hess fidgets his hands, smiling and clearly enjoying this conversation. “‘Pet’ and ‘puppy’ are good ones, or ‘toy’ if you want, it’s sorta the whole point that it’s not up to me.”

“‘Pet’ sounds really cute. Which is appropriate, because you’re a cute pet.” Ember smirks when this sentence alone makes the other wolf huff and mumble a quiet *thank you sir*. “But I’ll probably switch them out depending how I feel. ‘Toy’ is more demeaning than the other two.”

“Yeah for sure.” Hess looks down at his plate and leans on the table. “I’m really happy you agreed to it, sir. I hoped you would.”

“Im happy you asked. I never would have thought that after two days of being here I’d be owning you. I thought you were the most rebellious of the lot the way you talked to the master.”

The brown wolf chuckles at that. “Yeah ...” he drawls, “I act it, but if he tells me to do something, I do it. All bark, I guess.”

“Perhaps you just need some more training.”

“He he, yes sir.” Hess sticks out his tongue, smiling.

“We’d best get all these dishes cleaned up, come on boy.”

The wolf and his new owner tidy up the dining room and kitchen ready for the first arrivals. Once dressed in casuals, any exposed fur on Ember’s body is dusted with a mist of hairspray to lock in any loose fibres. Barbara shows up expectedly early to help with any food or drink prep needed before the guests are due to show. Very little additional work needs doing until they arrive so Hess runs through the meal plan again.

A selection of wines are brought from the larder and opened early to air before serving. Raw ice is crushed and boxed, fruit are sliced into edible embellishments and refrigerated, and several cordials are pre-diluted into decanting jugs for quicker serving. Upon Barbara’s persuasion, for any of those unwilling to partake in sushi, a tray of olives, cheeses and fruit chunks are skewered to toothpicks to be served alongside.

As the guests begin to arrive they start to receive their first orders for drinks and send out Barbara’s substitute starters. Hess decides the sushi can be served when more of them have shown up, to ensure they have enough for everyone to try. Cal pokes his head in a little after 1pm to inform them that all guests have been accounted for and that there have been no changes to the dietary requirements.

Now everyone is here, all the rolls of sushi are then pulled out of the fridge and cut into bitesize pieces and then paired based on their filling. These are then placed onto tiny plates with a smear of wasabi and an indent filled with soy sauce which then go onto serving trays to be carried into the drawing room. Waiters are called in to collect the trays and to Hess’s pleasant surprise, it comes back empty. Though unsurprisingly, few have touched neither the chopsticks that were supplied, nor the wasabi.

“I wonder what they’re talking about in there,” Ember muses aloud, addressing no one in particular while pouring a glass of wine for a waiter standing by.

“You, mostly.” The human says, “well, all the wolves really, but you’re the main topic.”

“Oh dear,” the black wolf mutters.

“Did you really kill somebody?” He asks, leaning forward and lowering his voice.

“Oi! In’t someone waiting for that? Off you go,” Hess pipes up, in the middle of cutting some salmon and waves the knife in his direction. The man jumps a little and apologises, scurrying out of the room.

“Thanks,” Ember says, looking down at the bottle.

“Today’s going to be tough mate, but it’s only for a few hours, alright? Cal will be right there with you the whole time.”

“Yeah, I know. But I’m not looking forward to more questions like that.”

“The guests won’t ask that, because they already know about it.” Hess explains. “But,” he sighs, “they might like ... analyse you or some shit. Ask you how you felt when you did it or whether you feel like doing it again, stuff like that. They fuck with your head.”

“I don’t know if I’m ready for this.” The black wolf murmurs, putting the wine back on the table with the others and leaning against the wall. “They sound like such awful people.”

“Try not to think too far ahead, just take everything as it comes. Right now I want you on veg prep.”

“Yes chef.” Ember nods dejectedly and refers to the meal plan to see what he needs to go collect from the fridge.

When all the hors d’oeuvres have been finished and the food is nearly ready, the guests are called through into the dining room. Ember peers out through the window to look at them, seeing people of random ethnicities, genders and shapes. Hess looks out with him and points out a few notable persons.

“That’s Hamish, there.” He points at a bearish older man wearing expensive clothes and a jacket riddled with medals. “Hard to miss him, he sounds like someone jangling keys when he walks.”

“Heh, I’ll bet.”

“That Indian lady over there is the nature preservationist, Prava Burman.” Ember sees a slight and petite woman with a dark green dress being seen to her seat. Her dark brown hair woven into a thick braid lays heavily over one shoulder. “She’s lovely but she might pester you about animal rights a little bit. She’s been told before not to push vegetarianism, so Cal will rescue you if she gets a bit soapbox-y.”

“Are there any you like?” Ember asks, concernedly that all of them will be either be insistently persistent or just outright rude.

“Oh yeah, Lord Emil Cartwright over there is a hunk of a man and wolf lover. Not in the gay way though, unfortunately.” Hess chuckles, pointing at a tall man with a clean shaven jaw and naturally dense and wavy hair. “Or at least, not that I’ve noticed. Never know, he might put the charm on you” he softly elbows the other wolf.

“The charm?” Ember giggles.

“I’ve seen him do it on some of the women here. I’d swoon if he did it on me.”

They watch as he takes off his blazer to secure over the back of his chair, exposing a tight-fitting cloth that could barely be considered a shirt with the right lighting.

“Now there’s a man,” Barbara chimes in, peering between their shoulders. They both look at her and she shrugs. “What? You said not in a gay way, so sue me for sampling.” They all laugh quietly and get back to their designated tasks.

“So you think any of them will like me?” Ember asks, trimming green beans.

“Emil will, he hates the Hunters and if not for his father’s preference to stay neutral, he’d be a powerful ally.” Hess says, sitting back down at the island. “His father owns a lot of land. Emil often dreams of turning it into a woodland sanctuary, which Prava is very keen on.”

“That sounds really nice. Though, I imagine a lot of werewolves would feel like they were in captivity”

“Yeah probably, but for some it would be a safe space. A lot ‘a shifters, are caught because they have nowhere to live and have to stay on private property or trust estates and hide.”

“You seem to know a lot about Hunters and wild kin.” Ember queries, starting to get curious about his history.

“I should, my parents were activists. Pure bred me.” He jabs his chest with a thumb proudly. “Went to posh school ‘n all, but din’t much care for it though. All the kids were right tossers.”

“Wow, I’m kinda surprised they let a werewolf study. I know there’s some places where wolves can study in isolation, but I didn’t know we could mix.”

“Yeah a lot of private schools let us in nowadays. They really don’t care as long as you can afford it, and my parents could.”

“Heh, you’re a lil rich boy huh?” Ember chuckles tossing the last of the chopped beans into a bowl.

“Sorta. My mum and dad aren’t very showy with their money. Preferred putting it where it mattered. They wanted me to do more with my life and weren’t very happy when I wanted to be a chef. They still supported me though and paid for my education. When I heard rumours of a werewolf rehabilitation centre and said I wanted to work there, they became a lot more supportive of my decision.” Hess flushes a little, “I just don’t tell them ... everything about what I do here.”

“Ha ha, I’ll bet. Wait so ... do you already have your civility licence?”

“We all do, silly. But you meant if I already had one when I joined right?” Ember nods, embarrassed. “Yeah benefits of being born into society I guess, got my provisional at birth and then my full licence after hit 16.”

“Huh, so, you just get it by default?”

“Well, same rules apply for when you get your own o’course. You break a law you lose it instantly. If you’re still under 16 and you commit a crime though, you just get put into like a house arrest thing or something. I dunno, my parents talked about it once, but I was a good kid.”

“You’re still a good kid,” Ember says with a saccharine smile to bully him a little. “So you still talk to them; your ‘rents?”

“Yeah, I write them letters. It’s old school, I know, but it’s a fun personal touch and they like it.”

“That’s really cute. Have they ever come here?”

“Nah, they’ve mentioned it, but I don’t know how I’d explain the collars or the permanent bestial form.”

“Hmm. Maybe master can make bracelets or something and let us shift back for a day.”

"I dunno, maybe. I love them, but I think I'm getting to a point in my life where I need to break away."

"I can understand that, but then my family were abusive murderers, so, I'm not a good standard for advocating disconnecting yourself from family." Barbara shifts her eyes a little which Ember catches. "I ran away. I hated them for what they did."

"Right," she says unsurely, gently bobbing her head.

"He's cool Barb, really." Hess lands a heavy hand on her shoulder. She smiles and nods again after that, seemingly more at ease.

The first two courses are prepared and released without a problem, most plates returning with very little food waste. Hess says he prefers to see a plate with a small amount still left on because it likely means they were full or saving room for desert. If it's barely touched or only certain things sampled, that's when it's concerning.

"I hate going to a place and still being hungry after a meal. Especially if it's expensive," he adds.

"Have you ever paid for a meal?" Barbara asks cuttingly. The wolf frowns and curses at her in a particularly northern way and scurries off to the freezer. She beams cheekily in Ember's direction

After whipping the naughty smile off his face, Ember helps divvy out the ice cream on Hess's return. Two scoops are portioned into bowls, each with a drizzle of coulis, a rhomboid wafer biscuit and a shaving of dark chocolate. The sorbet for the lactose intolerant sweet is served with a couple of fresh, halved strawberries and the same coulis to top.

"How are you doing Ember, you feeling ok about going out?" Hess asks, looking up at the clock, assuming the guests will be finishing up their pudding by now and will soon be asked if they want any hot drinks and be allowed to mingle or go outside.

"The distraction of cooking has helped a lot, but I'm definitely getting more nervous," the black wolf says, drying wet plates that Barbara hands to him. "My opinion of humans has been forcibly skewed while I've been here; by quite a lot too."

"We aren't all bad," Barbara interjects, hoping the opinion of her is a positive one.

"I know that Barb," Ember continues, having been given earlier permission to shorten her name. "I just never experienced the good ones before now, or at least, never when I looked like this. Every time I was in wolf-shape, I was always feared or hated or both."

"Well I suppose you can be glad that no one fears you here," Hess quips, insinuating that some will definitely hate. While obviously true, Ember appreciates the dark humour and gives a half-chuckle. "You'd best go get changed."

"I suppose so," he responds, putting down the plate and starts to take off his fur-guards. "If I don't see you again, it was nice meeting and working with you Barb." Ember holds out a hand for her to take, which she does after wiping it.

"Likewise, my guy. Don't let 'em get to you, alright?" She says, shaking the hand once firmly.

"I'll do my best." He smiles weakly and heads to the door with a pat on the shoulder from the other wolf.

Ember steps out into the narrow hallway finding it empty and hearing the dull murmur of chatter behind the dining room door. He takes a deep breath and exhales it slowly, turning towards the washroom to go and collect his suit and carries it to the bathroom to change. A task which should take only a few minutes, stretched longer to give him more time to try and calm his racing mind. Unfortunately it does nothing to help, and soon he finds himself standing before the door, ready to

enter into a room of prestigious humans. After another deep breath, he turns the handle and steps in.