

Chapter 42 - Spoils

With his orgasm beginning to subside, Voigt pants into the dense fur in his mouth, feeling the heat of their bodies return to the forefront of his senses. Spending a moment, holding Ember's body tightly against with his own he allows himself a moment of calm. Noticing a metallic taste on his tongue, he widens his jaw and hears the other wolf wince as the teeth extract from the flesh. He gasps and turns to look at his face, still caught in dreamy wisps of his orgasm. He licks his lips, to wipe away some of the blood and tries to stir his sub.

"Ember."

He feels the muscles in his legs growing rapidly tired after all this exertion. The black wolf sways his head slightly and hums.

"Yeah ... sir?" He asks, smiling and blinking his eyes to encourage them into staying open. "I can feel your cock pulsing inside me," he growls lowly and tilts his head back a bit, before wincing again.

"Ah, yeah ... sorry, I err ... bit too hard," Voigt admits sheepishly.

"Oh ..." Ember reaches up and gingerly touches the wound, inhaling sharply through his teeth when it makes contact. "Heh, yep ... that hurts." He laughs as best as he can.

"I'll patch you up when we get back, I'm really sorry".

"Don't be, that was one of the most incredible experiences in my life."

Voigt looks surprised for a moment and separates their bodies a little more, finding thick strands of fresh cum connect their bodies, deeply soaked into the fur. Startled and very confused, he locks his eyes quickly on Ember's collar and then back up to meet his orange eyes.

"How did you ...?"

"Master gave me another free one, because of what happened today. I thought it would be a fun surprise when we had sex."

Ember giggles, and huffs again as he realises how sensitive his dick is while rubbing against all this wet fur. He only wishes he could jerk off and pump another load out, but it would be futile to attempt now.

"That's ... really hot," Voigt mutters, squeezing Ember's waist slightly in his hands. "You're really hot," he corrects and smirks.

The black wolf giggles softly and looks away. "Naw, I'm just me. You're definitely hot though, I've never had sex like that before."

"Well, now we all get a free orgasm every week, I'm sure this won't be the last time you and I get to share one," Voigt says confidently, stretching his legs out and laying back down on the dirt floor.

"I guess we're stuck like this for a bit huh?"

Ember hums a soft growl as he feels the cock inside him engorge with a powerful throb, which translates directly to his own, laying in a cooling puddle of fresh cum.

"Tell me another one of your fables to pass the time."

The grey wolf yawns, crossing his arms behind his head as he lays back in the dirt and leaves. His submissive, perched atop his waist with his exposed member twitching and steaming in the cold

air, and surface glistening reflected moonlight, nods firmly. He leans down a little and starts stroking the older wolf's chest, parting and grooming the grey fur with shadowy hands in the dark.

Over the 20 minutes that passes, Ember recounts some more stories that his mother used to tell him, most being very childish, due to his age at the time. He found it an odd scenario to be in where he's straddling the body of a werewolf maybe twice his age, with a turgid dick locked in his anus and twitching incessantly as it deflates.

Eventually, the black wolf feels a pressure at his ring, teasing it to widen from the inside. He finishes his story and bends over the older wolf, putting a hand on the floor and the other at his butt cheek, assisting it to stretch open. He leans to the side, and in one wet 'pop' the knot and shaft slips out and smacks against Voigt's thigh. Leaving a trail of hot cum, Ember lets his body flop over to the floor and then lays back, unwinding all of his tensed muscles.

"Ah!" The grey wolf woofs as his penis slips out, feeling the sensitivity across every square inch of red skin, and then being met with a bitter chill when it's exposed. He quickly pulls over his sheath and and relaxes.

"We should start heading back," Ember suggests, suddenly feeling a pang of homesickness.

"I suppose so."

Voigt yawns but remains still, slowly tapping his foot to a silent beat.

"Just think how warm and cosy the beds are back at the mansion," the black wolf adds, not-so-subtly persuading movement homeward again.

"You had me at warm, dear boy. Freezing my bollocks off."

The older wolf chuckles and attempts to stand. Ember helps him to his feet and they set off home.

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Halfway back, Ember spots a wire fence running parallel, ten or so metres away and walks over to it. There is a sign printed, laminated and weathered, stapled to the other side which he peers over to read.

CAUTION WEREWOLVES

Under the large, bold text is an addended warning, urges passers-by to not enter after dark and keep all dogs on a lead.

"They do realise that we can use gates, and jump, right? This weedy little wire isn't going to do much to keep someone like us at bay."

Voigt chuckles and nods. "It's all about the illusion of safety." He steps over and admires the silhouetted werewolf graphic on a separate sign with a large red exclamation mark. "A railing wouldn't stop someone falling off a bridge, but knowing it's there makes you feel safer. Plus, having a perimeter fence that could resist one of us, would be expensive and probably illegal, since it goes against our human rights."

"I suppose so. Is this all the master's land then?"

"Up to a point. Were not far from the house now." Voigt flicks his head and starts walking again. "Come on, let's get back."

The rest of the journey is uneventful. All the old branches and piles of leaves and dirt remain the same as they were, but seem more silent now the dark of night has fully set in. Neither speak after seeing the fence, both just happy to enjoy the sound of nature as it follows them all the way home. They pass the shed and walk through the garden, seeing the fountain laid to sleep after all

the guests had left. Once through the door, they find a couple of towels, a bowl of warm water with a damp cloth draped over to keep the heat in.

“Good old Cal,” Voigt says, taking it all outside so he and Ember can have a rudimentary wash before entering the house. “Though I can tell you now this was to benefit his floor more than our fur.” He grins.

“I can’t blame him to be fair. He expected us to return with dried blood on us.”

“We did.” The old wolf laughs awkwardly and nods to the bite wound. “We’ll have a proper shower when we’re inside.”

“Together?” Ember smirks.

“Can’t get enough of me huh?” The grey wolf smirks back.

“That depends, is there more of you to find?”

“Hah! You’ve found all I’m willing to give you, boy.” Voigt laughs. “You want anything else, you know where the other two are.”

They clean themselves off with smiles stuck to their faces and finally head inside, tipping away the muddy bowl and leaving it and the towels in the vestibule to dry. Making their way upstairs, they hear ceaseless giggling coming from the door cracked open at the far end of the hallway.

“They probably expected us to be away a little longer,” Voigt whispers and grins evilly, pressing a finger to his lips. He gestures the other wolf to follow as he tiptoes toward the sound.

They creep up to the door and gently open it so they can peer inside. On the floor, lying on his back is a prone white wolf, and sitting above him on the edge of the bed is Hess with a leg either side. Cal’s feet and hands are trapped in a stock of sort, and being mercilessly attacked with fingers and a hairbrush. In between bursts of laughter, Hess crams his foot on Cal’s muzzle, ordering him to stop laughing and clean it. This just makes the wolf laugh more out of frustration and, based on the firm erection trapped between his legs, arousal too. The tickler is still soft, proving to Ember that he’s not got his collar replaced yet, as ordered. The older of the two peering in decides to swing the door open wider and alert them of his presence with a throaty cough. They both jump and look over at the door.

“Good to see you two have been keeping yourselves busy,” he says sharply, and leans on the door frame.

“You startled me!” Hess grumbles. “It’s good to see you both though. Hey sir.”

“Hey pup,” Ember replies, feeling more confident with Voigt next to him.

“Did you catch many?” The brown wolf asks, continuing to rub his foot on Cal’s face, embarrassing him further.

“Just one,” Voigt replies, leering at wolf beside him.

“Oh really?” Hess droops his ears sympathetically.

“He almost got away from me, but I clamped my jaws down and didn’t let him go until he was dealt with.” He smiles, and sighs. “And now I have a bite mark to clean and dress, come on Ember”

The black wolf titters and winks at Hess who seems to be struggling to understand. His face shows the click-over of his mental gears just before the door shuts and he has chance to ask further questions.

"You love teasing him don't you?" Ember asks, catching up at the bathroom door.

"We all like teasing each other in our own way. So do you." Voigt steps over to the shower and switches it on. "Right, let's have a look at that bite now we're in good light." Voigt spends a minute looking at it in various angles and prodding it to find out how badly it hurts. "It's not bleeding, so that's all good." While he's there, he looks at the wound at the back of his head. "The other one's healing nicely and the sutures appear to all be holding."

"I've been wearing the bandage at night."

"Good lad. I'll leave 'em in until next week and take 'em out." He sighs and goes to check the water before stepping in. "As for your neck," he continues "just have a water shower and I'll wash the bite myself with soap. Then I'll give it a rinse with antiseptic and give you another dressing. But this one I want you to wear this one all the time. I'll check it in the morning and give you a fresh one to wear throughout the day."

"Thanks doc." Ember says, wandering to the mirror to get a look at it. The area under the fur is already bruising, and it's very sore to touch. "Quite a number you did on me," he laughs softly.

"I am sorry about that. I haven't done that before, I just got really carried away." Voigt's voice splutters as he runs the water over his head. "It'll be fine, but I'm still embarrassed by it."

"It's ok, it was still the hottest sex I've ever had." The black wolf moseys over to the bath and sits on the edge, waiting for his turn in the shower, knowing it won't be a very pleasurable experience. "And hey, the pain is distracting me from the soreness I feel elsewhere."

"I didn't hurt you back there as well did I?" He asks, peering out from behind the glass wall, looking nervous.

"No no, still intact. Just sore."

Voigt sighs and shakes his head, turning off the water and turning on the air jets. When he's out, Ember takes his place and runs the water over him. He winces as the heat burns at his exposed flesh and quickly turns it down to a lower temperature. It helps, but only a little. He watches the other wolf go and grab the bar of soap from the shelf and steps over to the shower to start cleaning the bite. Every touch feels like knives under the flesh but he's glad of the professional attention; he wouldn't have thought to use real soap and probably would have left it after a rinse. He feels the hand move around his neck and start stroking his back, pressing against the muscles below as it does. He purrs softly and shivers a little, looking painfully over his shoulder and smiling.

"You're a real sweetheart when you want to be." Ember says and promptly receives a spank to his behind making him yelp.

"False sense of security." Voigt grins and turns around to put the soap back. "Be right back, I need my bag."

The black wolf rubs his tingling cheek and turns off the water. The air jets thankfully have a pressure dial, so he turns it way down before they bore a hole through one of his bite marks. It takes considerably longer, but he eventually is dry enough and climbs out and is directed to sit back down on the bath. Voigt dabs on some antiseptic and then applies the dressing and bandage under his arm and across his chest to keep it in place. He directs the wolf to turn and tilt his head in all directions and nods once satisfied.

"Right you, final test," he says, moving to face the seated wolf. He hooks his finger into the D-ring of Ember's collar and tugs it forward and up, making him yip as he's forced to his feet and then back down onto his bum. "Any pain?"

"Only a little ... sir."

“Good boy. Can’t have the master or myself losing our ability to tug you around.”

Ember gulps, feeling his cheeks redden.

“Do you wanna come with me to raid the fridge or watch the boys?” Voigt asks, packing up his medical bag.

“I’m still quite hungry.”

“That didn’t really answer my question,” Voigt quips with a wink and is followed out into the landing.

The two make their way back downstairs to pilfer all the remaining Chinese food and stuff it all in the microwave. There’s thankfully enough for one hearty meal, so split between them will make up for the half-meal they had earlier.

“I saw you were playing that War Hammer,” Voigt says, ignorantly separating the halves of the word.

“Yeah, we’re going to play again tonight.”

Voigt checks the clock and raises an eyebrow. “I don’t think you are, lad.”

“Why, is it too late now?”

“By miles. You’ll have to save it for tomorrow,” the grey wolf reasons, stuffing a battered prawn in his muzzle.

“That’s a shame. But I suppose I did need to go see Cal anyway.” Ember dips his head, having been looking forward to playing again.

Voigt tilts his head slightly and waits to swallow before questioning it. “Oh, what about?”

“Dunno, he just says he has an idea for me.” Ember shrugs.

“Humph. That boy’s full of ideas.” Voigt chuckles, scooping his noodles into a pile. “So, how are you finding being Hess’ owner?”

“It’s kind of exciting, being in control like this. I’ve not had a relationship like it.”

“He really likes you, you know.” The grey wolf smiles and forks some of the noodles up to his muzzle. “You’re closer to his age too; unlike me who could easily be his dad.”

“Maybe he likes that about you,” Ember giggles.

“Cheeky.”

“It is fun though. I’m looking forward to us getting those hot-swappable collars too. I’ll be able to keep him soft and we can tease him even more.” The black wolf wonders of the possibilities dreamily, mixing up the rice with what’s left of the sauce to clear his plate.

“We sure will. Who knows what sort of terrible tools of torment the master will produce. Knowing his devilish mind, it could be anything.”

“Do you and the master do anything together? Y’no, seeing as he likes to be in control too.”

Voigt looks flustered by this question, which Ember finds very out of character. He turns and starts washing his plate, clearing his throat.

“I don’t always like to talk about it ... but err ...”

“You don’t have to, I was just curious.” Ember says reassuringly, getting up to pass over his dish and help with drying.

“It’s ok, I feel like I don’t need to be as dominant with you ... so in a weird way I don’t feel as pressured to maintain that persona. Not that I do feel pressured usually I mean, I love being the dom top for the other two ... but sometimes, the master turns me into a bit of a service top.”

“I’m surprised you’re so embarrassed to admit that.” Ember looks across at the grey wolf, lifting an eyebrow as he takes the wet plate. “It doesn’t matter to me what you prefer, you’re still you, and you know for sure they would feel the same way.”

“Yeah yeah I know. It’s a mental blocker thing. I like the position I have over them, and they do too, it just feels strange when they see a meeker side of me, so I don’t like to show it.”

“I’d hardly call you being a service top showing meekness.” The black wolf exclaims, surprised at the use of the term. “I bet they’d find it really hot actually, knowing that even when you’re with the master, you’re still a top.”

“Yeah maybe, but hey, I have my demons, they’re mine to face.” Voigt responds, smiling. “You let me worry about my problems.”

“Alright, alright, just don’t beat yourself up over it. You and me both have had enough problems in our past to not need something else to worry about.” Ember laughs, nudging his friend who chuckles and shakes his head.

“You’re a good kid,” the older wolf remarks as he puts away the dry plates and cutlery. “Now I’m going to grab my tubby wolf boy and cuddle him in bed. You coming up?”

Ember smiles and nods, “Yeah.”