

Seeds Of Fire

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Fandom:	The Silmarillion, Flameborn (Multiverse)
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Character:	Fëanor, Nerdanel, Fingolfin, Finarfin, Finwë, Maglor, Maedhros, Fingon, Finrod, Bëor the Old, Aredhel, Daeron, Orodreth, Gil-galad, Elrond, Celebrían, Indis, Míriel Perindë
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Seeds Of Fire

by [DumpsterPhoenix \(verhalen\)](#)

Summary

An Omegaverse retelling of *The Silmarillion*, where Omega Fëanor gives birth to his sons; this provides the canon-era backstory to later post-canon Omegaverses featuring Maglor, that I have written. Posted on Ao3 from 2019 to 2022 with much blood, sweat and tears.

While this starts off with F/M, it soon evolves into predominantly M/M and incest ships. If that isn't your thing, back away now.

On Ao3, I posted this as [a series of one-shots](#), which allowed me to update out of chronological order. For the ease of archival here I have decided to post this as one multichapter longfic. Ships are in brackets in chapter titles so you can skip the ones you don't like.

Notes

The "Non-traditional Alpha/Beta/Omega" tag is being used because in this verse there is not secondary dimorphism (Omegas are not necessarily shorter and physically weaker than Alphas; Omegas with penises do not necessarily have smaller penises than Alphas).

Obviously, the Elves are not speaking English so they would have different words for Alpha, Beta, and Omega designations; I use the Omegaverse terms here for convenience and recognition.

"Ana" and "oma" are used for the Alpha and Omega parents irrespective of gender. Though Finwë is an Alpha, he prefers to be called "Father" per Valarin custom.

While the Children were made Alpha, Beta and Omega, the Valar still favor Betas and more "traditional" secondary gender expressions (male Alphas, female Omegas). As an Omega, Fëanor takes exception to this and it contributes to his hostility towards the Valar.

In this universe, Alpha Elves do not knot, but Alpha humans do. This becomes important towards the end.

Finally: I do not condone incest IRL. Fiction is not reality.

Catch A Fire [Fëanor/Nerdanel]

It was the whimper that roused Nerdanel out of sleep, and the *scent* that jolted her fully awake. It had been one thing to catch a whiff on the breeze when they were out hiking, it was another thing for it to permeate the tent.

But not even that could prepare her for what she saw when she opened her eyes.

In the dim light of the tent, Fëanor was completely nude, legs open, fingering himself as slick pooled from his hole onto the covers underneath him. His entire body glistened with sweat, his nipples were hard, and there was a desperate look in his eyes.

Just wait it out, they'd agreed, but clearly he couldn't, the Omega heat seeming to consume him. And as much as Nerdanel had been trying to ignore it, she couldn't now, and every nerve in her Alpha body screamed to take him.

He whimpered again, fingers moving harder and faster, and Nerdanel shivered, her own nipples hardening in response, her clit expanding to a cock, throbbing with need. *Damn you, Fëanor.*

"Please, Nel," he panted. "Help me."

—

It had been Fëanor's idea to go on the trip in the first place. Mahtan's Alpha mate - who had a name, but Fëanor forgot it and referred to them as RAWR, which Nerdanel agreed was a better name than their actual name - had come back from their latest hunt, and Mahtan was closing the forge for a week, giving his apprentices that time off. Fëanor had just had another fight with Finwë, and didn't want to be stuck at home that entire time. So he'd managed to convince Nerdanel to go exploring with him, his best friend next to his half-brother Fingolfin, who had to pretend to be his enemy under Indis's watchful eye.

They had been climbing a hill when it happened. Fëanor felt like he was set on fire, but nothing was burning. His cock hardened spontaneously, and his hole began leaking. Embarrassed, he went behind a tree - he hadn't soiled himself, the fluid was clear. When he came back, Nerdanel's nose twitched, and her eyes narrowed.

"Fëanor," she said. "You... you're..."

"I don't know what's happening to me." Fëanor felt like he could hardly breathe.

Nerdanel needed to help him walk, but all her touch seemed to do was make that ache in his body worse. And he could smell her, sweet and musky and intoxicating. He'd had feelings for her for awhile, but hadn't wanted to make their friendship awkward by telling her and being rejected, as he was sure she would - it did not matter that he was a prince. In fact, that was the last thing that mattered to her, and she constantly made fun of him for his noble birth.

He liked it.

He liked a lot of things about her - her tall, strong body, her auburn hair, her art, her wit. He enjoyed her company.

Now, he wanted to enjoy her body. He'd thought about it before, but this... *this* was something entirely different. And he felt like she would punch him in the face if he told her so.

She's going to kill me. Fëanor swallowed hard, trying not to stare at her breasts.

"Has your father never explained any of this to you?"

"Any of what."

Nerdanel facepalmed. "You know nothing, Fëanor Finwion."

"Listen, you, I know some things!"

"You don't know about *this*. I can't believe Finwë never told you... well, you know, actually I can." Nerdanel sighed. "Sit down, Fëanor."

"I am not a dog -"

"*Sit.*"

Fëanor sat. Nerdanel also sat, although Fëanor noted that she kept a greater distance between them than usual.

"Have you been more irritable than usual the last few days?"

Fëanor recalled the most recent argument he'd had with Finwë, which had been about Fëanor's impending coming of age and the need for him to take a wife. Finwë had been bringing it up more and more as of late, and the subject was always bothersome to Fëanor. But this time, the suggestion had made white-hot fury seethe through him, and Fëanor had told Finwë quite plainly what he thought of Finwë's plans.

Fëanor nodded. "Yes, that... would be a mild way of putting it."

"What about your appetite?" Nerdanel asked.

Fëanor made a face. The mere mention of food made him feel nauseated. "Everything's just... wrong. Too greasy, too... rancid. Fresh fruit and bread are OK, but even then I can only get a few bites down. And everything smells too much. Not just food. Everything. People in particular." Finwë's scent had been overpowering, like the olfactory equivalent of being kicked in the groin, which hadn't helped any with Fëanor's mood regarding the marriage issue being brought up yet again.

Nerdanel nodded, sighed, and rubbed her face. "There's no easy way to say this, but... you're in heat, Fëanor."

"...What."

"It's possible for you to get pregnant now, provided you have intercourse with a suitable partner before the window closes." Nerdanel's tone was dry. "Although with this being your first heat, that's probably unlikely. The first few times are just your body adjusting to the new hormones, Omegas usually don't get pregnant then."

"Oh, Eru." Fëanor lay in the fetal position, his heart pounding like it was trying to run away. The thought of pregnancy was terrifying. He'd always known what being an Omega meant, but it was one thing to know that and another thing to be living it.

And yet, despite the terror, there was also a twinge of excitement. The thought of spreading his legs for someone (*Nerdanel*, his brain suggested), to grow with their child, to give birth and suckle and care for the child...

Fëanor shivered, and more slick pooled out of him. He whimpered, swallowed, and tried to focus. A few moments of awkward silence passed, during which more fantasies of Nerdanel played across Fëanor's mind's eye and another flood of slick gushed out of him. Nerdanel was giving him a strange look, and he could see her nostrils twitching, as if she could pick up his scent. He could definitely smell her, and it was intoxicating, enough that it was taking him every ounce of his restraint not to come closer to her and breathe deeply, begging to be -

Fëanor let out a little cough. "What do we do now?"

Nerdanel looked away. "We should make camp before it gets much later. And then we just wait it out, I guess." She raised an eyebrow. "Are you quite sure you don't want to go back home, and rest?"

"I really... don't want Father smelling me when I'm like this. We packed a week's worth of supplies, it shouldn't last longer than a week...?"

"Probably not." Nerdanel sighed. "Come." She quickly added, "Er, let's pitch a tent."

I'm already pitching a tent. Fëanor wasn't just slick, he was hard, and it was starting to hurt.

Fëanor liked to watch that hour when the Trees shone silver and gold together, shimmering in the sky in beautiful iridescent ribbons. As he watched Telperion and Laurelin shining together, sitting outside the tent, Nerdanel cooked a rabbit and some root vegetables on a fire. When the gold was fading and the silver stronger, Nerdanel handed him rabbit on a stick. Fëanor made a noise.

"You have to eat, Fëanor."

His mind immediately took that in a direction she probably wouldn't appreciate, the oft-played fantasy of tasting her, bringing her to climax after climax with his tongue. Nerdanel did in fact smell more appetizing than the food, and her body seemed to be the only thing that would slake his hunger.

He accepted the rabbit and nibbled it, even though food was still unappealing to him. It was less so than it had been just before the heat started, the days prior to his heat had been agony, made worse because he didn't know what was happening to him. He silently cursed his father for not telling him about any of this, and as the silver glow washed over the hills and forest, Fëanor wondered *why* exactly his father had not told him about this.

Nerdanel tucked him in his bedding, a surprisingly tender gesture. She spent a moment stroking his hair, sympathy in her warm brown eyes, and normally he'd be comforted by it, but it was just making him ache all the more.

"Sleep, Fëanáro. We'll wait it out, it'll be over soon enough."

But he *couldn't* wait - the more he tried to slow his mind and drift off to sleep, the more intense the ache became, until his entire body was screaming with it. He thought maybe relieving himself would help, as he had done countless times before, but he couldn't bring himself off, edging and edging, the need sharper and sharper. His body needed to *mate* with another person. The attempt to relieve himself was the worst possible decision he could have made, made countless fathoms worse when Nerdanel was roused from her sleep and saw him laying there like that, sweating and desperate.

She is sure to reject me now. But he didn't know any other way. "Please Nel..."

—

"Fëanáro, what in the *Hells* are you doing?" And Nerdanel immediately regretted those words, because it was so very obvious what in fact he was doing. And her body was responding to it, nipples peaked and throbbing, cock making an obvious bulge in her bedding.

"I." Fëanor swallowed hard. "I'm sorry, Nel. I know you said wait it out but I couldn't. I need..."

"Hells, Fëanor."

Fëanor whimpered. "Maybe if I change positions I might be able to relieve myself..." He got on all fours, thrust his ass out, and tried to reach behind, but that just seemed to frustrate him further.

And the sight of him on all fours, puckered hole blooming, slick dripping into a pool on the bedding... the *scent*, more powerful than before...

Nerdanel heard herself make a guttural noise, like an animal, and before she knew what she was doing, she was behind Fëanor. She yanked down her sleep-trousers and her cock sprang free, and it, too, was leaking with arousal. She guided the head against his opening. "Fëanáro," she rasped. "Fëanáro... do you..."

"Yes, *Hells*, Nel, yes, please, *fuck me...*"

Nerdanel plunged into him. Fëanor let out a sharp cry, and Nerdanel rested a moment, realizing this was probably the first time he'd taken a real cock, and she didn't want to hurt him. But Gods, the slick heat, the tight silk wrapped around her... She shuddered.

"Nel. Nel, fuck me... please, **FUCK ME...**"

She growled and began to thrust. Still going gently at first, but when he was bucking his hips back at her she let loose, driving into him with abandon, and oh, it felt delicious. Not simply the sensation of him around her cock, but that feeling of *conquest*. Possession. *Mine, mine, MINE.* She had been attracted to him for some time, pretending not to be, and her body wouldn't let her deny it any longer. "Oh, Fëanor." She gasped, getting closer. "Fëanor..."

"Nel, oh, Gods, Hells, Nel, just like that..."

She grabbed his hips. "You like that?"

"Yes. So. Fucking. Good."

"Mmmmm." The sight of her cock pumping in and out of his hole, drenched and dripping with his slick was driving her wild. The wet suctioning sound, the slap of their hips... the smell of them, together... "Fëanor." Her voice shook.

"Nel..." She watched him grab the pillows, fists white-knuckled. "Nel... I'm gonna..."

"Yes, Fëanáro. Come." Another growl. "Come for me."

"NEL! Nerdanel, oh *fuck*..." Fëanor shuddered.

And then she felt him contracting around her, throbbing, and she threw her head back and cried out, a few last savage thrusts before the lightning bolt of her own orgasm, feeling like a shot bird as she spent and spent and spent into him, a wall of what felt like fire taking her breath away.

They were gasping together, panting, continuing to shiver with each pulse of their climax. It subsided, and there was a moment of pure peace, an inner light that seemed to rival the Trees themselves. Before she could rest on top of him, Fëanor breathed, "Please... more..."

She blinked, her body waking up again. Fëanor moaned, "More..."

That one word stirred her cock back to full hardness, and snapped her into action, pounding him again, harder than before. Fëanor met her thrusts, rocking his hips back at her, crying out, "Yes, yes, more, more, Gods, give me more, please, Nel, more, more!"

Soon he wasn't able to make words at all, just pant and whimper and scream as she pounded him. The wet suctioning and slapping was even louder than before, the scent stronger than before. His hole was hotter, and her sensitive cock found it even more delicious this time around. The sight of his perfect, firm, shapely ass wiggling as she fucked him was inflaming her like never before.

They came together this time, screaming, shouting. Nerdanel collapsed on top of him, and Fëanor started sobbing.

"Did I hurt you?" She stroked his hair without thinking about it.

"No. It's..." He tilted his face towards her. "You feel good."

She cupped his chin in her hand and kissed him for the first time. As their tongues met, Nerdanel's cock went hard again, and she felt Fëanor gushing slick.

"Nel." Fëanor's voice was husky. "I..." He flushed, looking almost ashamed of himself. "I need more."

She pulled out of him, and he made a whimper of protest. "It's too much for you, isn't it?" He pouted. "I know you probably just felt sorry for me, and that's OK, I appreciate that you wanted to help -"

"Roll onto your back, *now*."

He did as he was told. She grabbed his legs and parted them, and straddled him, her cock pressing against his opening again.

"You... you don't have to..."

"I want to." Their eyes met. "I want you."

"You do?" Fëanor blinked. "It's not just the heat...?"

"No, you fool." She silenced him with a kiss as she plunged into him again. This time she went more slowly, teasing them both. It was worth the wait, as the sounds he made, the faces he made, were exquisite, making the sensations that much sweeter. She savored every moment, lost in passion.

"You're so beautiful, Fëanor. I'd pulled out because I wanted you in a position where I could better look at you."

"*You're* beautiful, Nerdanel." Fëanor wrapped his arms around her and kissed her deeply. "I've wanted this for so long..."

The words brought tears to her eyes. "Why didn't you say anything?"

"I didn't think you would want me."

Her hand wrapped around his cock, as her own cock sped up inside him. "I want to, Fëanor. If I'd known we'd be doing this well before your first heat."

They kissed again, and then he lowered his head to her breast, drawing an aching nipple into his mouth, lapping it, sucking it again. She clutched his head and thrust harder, playing with his hair and the points of his ears as he feasted on the other breast.

Soon she was on her knees with her breasts bouncing as his legs were on her shoulders, slamming into him as the pleasure and tension wound so tight it threatened to shatter them both. And as needy as they both were for release, when she felt it approaching she slowed down again, leaning down to kiss him, pet him.

"I love you," Fëanor confessed.

"I... I love you." She kissed him harder, and moved in for the kill, hammering so hard it felt like they would put a hole in the ground.

Their orgasm ripped through them, making them scream so loud it hurt their ears and throats, but oh so worth it, Fëanor's hole grasping and kissing her cock again and again, milking it to spurt after spurt of her hot seed deep inside him, endless throbbing waves of pleasure. The look of *worship* on his face as he let go was one of the most beautiful sights Nerdanel had ever witnessed.

Still they wanted more. Fëanor rolled Nerdanel onto her back and rode her. She played with his cock and his nipples, clawed his back and hips and thighs to urge him on harder and faster. Another powerful orgasm surged through them, and this time they did have to rest for awhile after, Fëanor curled up against Nerdanel, listening to her heartbeat as she held him, rocked him.

They finally managed to get some sleep. But when the light of the Trees shone gold again, they were both hard, Fëanor's hole dripping more slick, the scent overpowering.

"We're not going to get much exploring done if we keep this up," Nerdanel joked as her thumb rubbed Fëanor's nipple in lazy circles.

"On the contrary, my love." Fëanor nibbled her lower lip. "This is *much* more interesting exploration than what we originally planned."

Hit [Fëanor/Nerdanel]

*You've put a seed inside me
Oh, and while you're away
It's growing silently
To be a life
Starts in my stomach
Embraces my insides
And about to reach my heart*

-"Hit", The Sugarcubes

Not long after Fëanor and Nerdanel returned from their camping trip, Fëanor went to see Mahtan privately - this time, not about matters of his apprenticeship, but about the nature of Alpha and Omega life. Mahtan was surprised and a bit angry that Fëanor's own sire hadn't explained any of this to him, but it wasn't the young man's fault, and Mahtan was fond of him besides.

Mahtan's information included courtship rituals in the old custom, before the Elves came to Valinor. One day, just before the Mingling of the light of the Trees, Fëanor took Nerdanel's hand and led her out to a nearby grove, where he'd assembled a structure looking like a fort from blankets and pillows. "I made us a nest," he said, and they curled up together to watch the light show in the sky, and at last, the silver glow. That night, they made love for the first time with Fëanor inside Nerdanel, rather than the other way around.

Nerdanel responded in kind by hunting with RAWR and bringing down a bird, which she roasted on a fire as Fëanor watched, and fed him from her fingers... another rite of the old customs. Again they made love.

Finwë saw them together in the garden at his palace, with flower crowns in their hair, dancing. Another old custom - one where he'd wooed both Miriel and Indis, before they came to Valinor. He said nothing, but gave them both disapproving looks, and made a mental note to get in touch with Ingwë about Anairë's hand for Fëanor sooner rather than later.

Fëanor saw that his father saw, and the coldness in those eyes was like a slap in the face. Once again, Fëanor decided he needed to be away from Finwë as much as possible. But he was also feeling the fever to create even more than usual. He wanted to make Nerdanel a crown like the one she'd worn of flowers, but with jewels.

He worked tirelessly for days, taking breaks only when Nerdanel brought him food, concerned that he wasn't leaving the forge, and suspicious when he hid his work before

she came in.

Finally, after days had become weeks, Nerdanel showed signs of upset, frowning at the evening meal with her parents.

"What troubles you, daughter?" Mahtan asked.

"Surely you know Fëanor has been working more than usual. Why don't you get him to stop for a few days?"

"Does anyone make Fëanor stop doing things?" Mahtan raised an eyebrow. "I have tried to reason with him."

Nerdanel sighed. "I see."

"You miss him, don't you?" Mahtan looked into her eyes. "You care for him."

The small nod was worth a thousand words. RAWR got up from the table and began to march out the front door, in the direction of the forge workshop down the hill from their house. Mahtan and Nerdanel followed behind them.

"Ana, where are you going?" Nerdanel asked, knowing perfectly well.

"IF MY LITTLE GIRL WANTS TO SEE HIM, I'LL MAKE HIM COME OUT OF THAT FORGE."

The forge door slammed open, and for once Fëanor was surprised to see it was Mahtan's mate and not Mahtan himself. Before he could open his mouth and try to remember the name that had always eluded him - hence the nickname RAWR, that just stuck - RAWR's mouth opened to speak... and then their nose twitched, as if they were smelling something strong.

Then RAWR stared at Fëanor.

"What." That stare was terrifying in its intensity, making Fëanor want to hide under the anvil.

RAWR's nose twitched again, sniffing. **"ARE YOU PREGNANT? YOU SMELL PREGNANT."**

"Er."

"He's only had one heat, *Ana*," Nerdanel said.

"HE SMELLS PREGNANT," RAWR said, hands on hips.

"Conceiving with the very first heat is *unusual*, but not necessarily impossible," Mahtan said. "And there is much about Fëanor that is not usual."

"Well..." Nerdanel stepped forward. "Fëanáro, how have you been feeling lately?"

"Restless. Creative. On fire." Fëanor felt like he was on trial suddenly.

"You've only been eating when I bring you food, and you barely touch it."

"My stomach has been acting strangely," Fëanor admitted. "Like before the heat started but... worse. Feeling nauseated in the first light of Laurelin."

"HE'S PREGNANT," RAWR said, nodding.

"Oh Eru," Fëanor said, mouth suddenly dry. "My father's going to kill me."

Family Matters [Fëanor/Nerdanel]

For the next several weeks, Fëanor spent much of his time in the forge, or as a guest at Mahtan and RAWR's home. When the time came that Fëanor could no longer hide the swell of his belly, he, Nerdanel, Mahtan and RAWR made the trip to see Finwë.

RAWR hung back in the foyer as Nerdanel, Mahtan and Fëanor were taken into Finwë's drawing room - RAWR was displeased with Finwë and did not want to make an already fraught situation more tense by being there, though Fëanor had a feeling RAWR would be eavesdropping on the conversation; RAWR's hearing was very keen, necessarily so as a renowned hunter.

In the drawing room, a few moments of awkward silence passed, where Finwë stood rather than sat, and Fëanor knew his father was sizing him up, looking at the bump in his tunic - and, no doubt, also smelling him. Finwë's expression was like stone, registering no emotion, though Fëanor recognized the look in Finwë's silver-blue eyes - it was the same look Fingolfin got when sword fighting.

Finally Finwë said, "What have you got to say for yourself, Curufinwë?"

"I am with child," Fëanor said, "but you knew that."

Finwë folded his arms and gave Fëanor a stern, disapproving look.

Fëanor put an arm around Nerdanel, who also put an arm around him and smiled at him adoringly, daring to kiss his cheek in front of Finwë. Heat flooded Fëanor's face and the rest of his body - her bold audacity was one of the things he loved about her, and even the smallest physical touch from his mate was making him crave more. More of her boldness... her power over him. Just that morning, she'd bent him over the anvil and had her way with him. A frisson went down his spine as he fantasized about what it would be like for her to claim him right here...

Not now, my Fëanáro, Nerdanel spoke into his mind. Their moments of ósanwe had been happening more frequently, seeming to be strengthened by the life quickening in Fëanor's womb. Business first, pleasure later.

Fëanor almost *whined*. Nerdanel patted him - that little touch didn't help either, and *she knew that*. Fëanor was going slick... something that no doubt his father would be able to smell. Nerdanel smiled as sweet as could please, though there was ice in her green eyes as she regarded Finwë. The touch and Fëanor's response hadn't just been to tease, making the delayed release all the more delicious - though there was that as well - but as if to tell Finwë, *This is mine*.

Finwë was still silent, and was not bothering to mask the displeasure on his face as he regarded Nerdanel in turn. He'd always politely tolerated her as the daughter of the most skilled craftsman in Valinor, a fine sculptor in her own right, her friendship with his son a necessary alliance for Fëanor's apprenticeship. But Fëanor had always gotten the sense that Finwë disapproved of her, thinking of her as somehow "lowborn" even though Mahtan and RAWR were just as much Unbegotten as he was. They did not put on airs the way Finwë did, and Fëanor preferred that, always feeling much more welcome in their home than he felt with his own blood save Fingolfin. And now, Fëanor could feel it as Finwë looked Nerdanel up and down. *You are beneath my House*, Finwë spoke with his eyes. Fëanor could have spat. For the briefest instant, Fëanor wanted to draw his sword

on his father.

At last Finwë spoke out loud. "I see."

Those two words - the contempt dripping from them - were worth a thousand. Even Mahtan, who was usually calm and gentle, was now giving Finwë a wary look.

Finwë sat in his chair, and gestured at Fëanor's belly. "This poses rather a problem. I had betrothed you to Anairë."

Fëanor was even angrier now. "You had no right to do such a thing. I am not a stallion to be bought and traded off..."

"No. But you are my son, and the eldest of my House. Valinor was built on the Laws, and the cooperation of families upholding those Laws. Alliances - the kind that preserve the peace and integrity of the realm - are not simply made through good will and one's word, but actions. Ingwë is better as a friend than an enemy. And now, you have insulted him and his daughter, you have brought dishonor upon our House..."

"If you had consulted me first, I would have told you not to even go through with the *arrangement*." Fëanor felt white-hot anger surge through him as he spoke the word *arrangement*. Words kept echoing in his head, a litany of rage. *You had no right. You had no right...*

"And whose fault was that? You have not exactly been available to consult, the last while," Finwë said.

"And whose fault was *that*?" Mahtan threw Finwë's words back at him, finally angry enough to speak up, to dare challenge the King. "You did not teach Fëanor anything about his body, and his first heat came upon him suddenly. It should be a *crime* to deprive someone of that kind of information -"

Fëanor decided to interrupt Mahtan before things could get even more tense and heated. "Even if I was not with child," he spoke, "Nerdanel and I are married by the oldest Laws of our people, the days of Endor. *Those Laws*, of old, trump your plots and schemes to stay in power."

"Oh, is that so." Finwë's nostrils flared as he looked at Nerdanel again. He looked back at Fëanor, and then at Nerdanel. "You would deny the marriage with Anairë, you would insult my alliance with Ingwë by calling it plots and schemes... but this one would seduce you, take advantage of you in heat, to marry into a royal house -"

RAWR stormed into the drawing room then, slamming the door open. Even by Noldorin standards, RAWR was huge, towering a foot above Finwë, two feet above Fëanor. RAWR wore fur pelts and necklaces of teeth and bone over the usual silken embroidered garb of the Elves, black hair wound in elaborate braids adorned with bones and flowers. Their meaty fists clenched, showing off spiked rings made by Mahtan. "ARE YOU CALLING MY LITTLE GIRL A RAPIST?" RAWR bellowed.

"Rape is such a strong word, Lord, um, Lady... Lord..." Finwë couldn't figure it out. He also couldn't remember RAWR's name and turned to Fëanor. "Help me out here..."

"You just insulted my *mate*, why should I help you?" Fëanor snarled, not wanting to admit that he couldn't remember RAWR's name either.

"IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE CALLING MY LITTLE GIRL A RAPIST," RAWR said, frowning, putting their hands on their hips. "I DON'T MUCH APPRECIATE THE INSULT TO HER HONOR."

"Neither do I," Fëanor said. "Relations between us are *very* consensual." He held off adding to that *I'm surprised you can't hear the way I beg her for more, all the way across the valley.*

"I WOULDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL TO DEFEND MY DAUGHTER'S HONOR," RAWR said, shaking their head. "THOUGH SHE COULD PROBABLY MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU ALL ON HER OWN, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MY SWEET LITTLE SUGARPLUM?"

Mahtan held up a hand. "There are better ways to resolve this than bloodshed." Mahtan came around behind Nerdanel and Fëanor and put a hand on each of their shoulders. "They will be wed, whether you give your blessing or not, Finwë. And if you wish to have any contact with your grandchildren - who are the future of your House - I would suggest that you adjust your attitude."

Finwë looked down, and Fëanor knew he was taking that into consideration.

"If you can be respectful, or at least keep your bloody opinions to yourself, you might be invited to the wedding," Fëanor said. "I am inviting Indis and her children as a matter of courtesy. Indis does not like me, but she has manners." *And Fingolfin needs to be there.* Fëanor's heart ached a little, missing his younger half-brother - his secret friend. He wanted to go find Fingolfin now, and tell him the news, but with the tensions already being what they were, it was better he leave the premises as soon as possible, once this discussion was done. He could catch up with Fingolfin at the wedding.

There was another moment of awkward, uncomfortable silence, and then the discussion indeed seemed done. "Is that all?" Finwë asked.

"That is all," Fëanor said.

"I will be at the wedding," Finwë said. "If you are inviting Indis, it would be rude to not invite her brother Ingwë. Though it will also be a slap in the face, considering..."

"Again, the blame for that rests on you, Father."

"HRMPH, *FATHER*," RAWR sneered under their breath; Mahtan elbowed them. Neither RAWR nor Mahtan approved of an Alpha calling himself *adar* rather than *ana* - it seemed as if Finwë were desperate to hide not just his son's alignment but his own.

"I will have to renegotiate with Ingwë." Finwë frowned. "Make an arrangement with another from our House -"

"You leave Fingolfin alone." The words were out before Fëanor could stop himself, and those words of concern were the closest thing Fëanor had made to a confession of the secret friendship. Finwë's eyes widened now, recognizing it. *Dammit*, Fëanor chastised himself, not wanting Fingolfin to be given a hard time later. And yet, every instinct he had screamed to protect his brother from their father's machinations. "If I find out that you have forced Nolofinwë's hand -"

"Go," Finwë said, waving his hand dismissively. "I will see you at the wedding."

The guards stepped forward with their spears - not quite a threat, but a strong message sent, that the conversation was done.

RAWR charged ahead, muttering under their breath. Fëanor was next, with Mahtan and Nerdanel following behind. Before they could get out of the drawing room and into the foyer, Finwë's voice called after them.

"Good luck." A pause. "You're going to need it."

That "blessing" felt more like a curse.

After the heat of his anger was cooled some by Nerdanel drawing him a bath, giving him a massage, and then pounding him into the mattress, something occurred to Fëanor that had not in the midst of the high emotions in his father's drawing room - Anairë was a Beta.

Finwë knew that his eldest was an Omega, though he'd done his best to deprive Fëanor of knowing anything about what that meant. But now, laying in Nerdanel's arms, Fëanor realized that Finwë would have sold him off in a marriage that would not produce any heirs. The House of Finwë would then be continued through Fingolfin's eventual line, as Fingolfin was an Alpha, provided Fingolfin was partnered to a Beta or an Omega.

A Beta like Anairë. Fëanor fumed at the thought of Fingolfin being forced to marry her, or anyone being forced to marry anyone against their will. But especially not Fingolfin. *My brother. MINE.*

It was yet more evidence that Fëanor was the unfavorite, seen as a bastard in all but legality. It took Fëanor every ounce of his restraint to not go back across the valley and give in to the brief urge he'd had to draw his sword on his father.

He could not fault Fingolfin. Fingolfin had, indeed, many times privately expressed to Fëanor his sorrow and regret in how Finwë treated him. Fingolfin had often wished that Fëanor would take him far away, perhaps even back to Endor with its dangers. *"We could build a new house there. Someplace you'd feel like you belong."* Fëanor's eyes misted, remembering his brother's warm hugs.

Now Fëanor did have a place where he belonged... with Nerdanel. And he had the seed that would continue the House of Finwë growing inside him, whether his father liked it or not.

I will call you Nelya, for the third generation. Fëanor gently rubbed his belly.

Nerdanel's hand covered Fëanor's. "I was thinking Maitimo is a good name," Nerdanel said. *I know you were thinking about names.*

Fëanor smiled in the dark; Nerdanel traced his lips with her fingers. *Well-Shaped One.*

"A child made in our love. And that makes them perfect, regardless of what your father thinks - how hard he might have tried to keep you from producing an heir to begin with." Nerdanel kissed the tip of Fëanor's nose.

"I love you," Fëanor husked, kissing her deeply.

"I love you." Nerdanel rolled Fëanor onto his back, gently stroking the cock that had sprung back to life. Soaking wet from their last coupling, she sank down on it, taking him inside her - not caring that the world might disapprove of an Alpha being penetrated. Love was love. Glorious, defiant, passionate love.

As Nerdanel rode him, Fëanor's cares slipped away once more.

Nature And Nurture [Fëanor/Nerdanel]

Fëanor was two thirds of the way along into his first pregnancy, and it seemed to Nerdanel that when pregnant, Fëanor was even more himself than usual - so creative, so passionate. Finwë wisely kept a wide berth from his son after a few bitter arguments, and Fëanor spent much of his time in the forge, coming out when Nerdanel dragged him out to take care of himself... and her own needs. And oh, how he cared for those needs, his appetite stronger as the pregnancy wore on.

Nerdanel was excited for the baby's arrival, not just in and of itself but the way it seemed to bring Fëanor joy, making things for the child, talking about all the places he wanted to take his little family, all the things he wanted to teach the child. She loved that sparkle in his eyes, the spring in his step, the *life* in him, when she had seen him so despondent before, given to melancholy under his father's roof. And the more Fëanor's belly grew with child, the more he seemed to glow.

It was a glow that she basked in, his own happiness contagious when she touched him. They often liked to just hold each other, with Nerdanel rubbing his belly. For a time, there was peace. And then, the crankiness that had plagued him at the beginning - taken out on Finwë - resurfaced. Fëanor did his best to not be cross with her, but she could see the furrow of his brow, the downturn of his mouth, when he thought she wasn't looking.

At last she asked him: "What is troubling you, my husband?"

Fëanor looked down. "Nothing."

Nerdanel took his chin in her hand and made him look her in the eye. "It is not nothing, Fëanáro Curufinwë Finwion. *Something* is bothering you."

Fëanor sighed. Finally he admitted, "My nipples are sore."

"Oh." Nerdanel patted him. "Well, let's see what we can do to make them better."

They took a hot, soapy bath together, scented with the flowers and herbs they both liked. They took turns massaging each other's backs and legs, and finally just snuggled together, relaxing together, until the skin of their fingers was wrinkled and Nerdanel's arousal from the massage was too strong to ignore. Nerdanel picked Fëanor up out of the tub and carried him to their bedchamber.

"So strong you are, my Nerdanel," Fëanor said, his arms wrapped around her neck. "Even as heavy as I am now."

"You're not that heavy," Nerdanel said.

"Shhhh, let me enjoy your strength." Fëanor winked.

Nerdanel laughed as she set him down on the bed. Ordinarily such a statement would get her to pounce on him with a growl, but she wanted to be careful in his condition. So she simply climbed over him, and let her clit grow into a cock, bumping up against his as they kissed.

"Oh, Nel."

Fëanor leaned up to take one of Nerdanel's breasts into his mouth, as he always did. Nerdanel clutched his head and pet his hair, moaning and sighing as Fëanor suckled, then she cried out as he lapped, before suckling some more. His clever fingers rolled and pinched the wet nipple as he feasted on the other one. Back and forth he went, mouth hungry, their cocks continuing to slide together. "So beautiful," Fëanor husked.

Fëanor could worship her nipples for hours, but Nerdanel wanted to take care of him, too. They kissed again, and Nerdanel began kissing Fëanor's neck and shoulder, which she knew from plenty of experience now was one of his most exquisitely sensitive places. Then Fëanor grabbed her face and pulled her into another kiss, deep and sweet, and as they kissed, Nerdanel's nipples rubbed against Fëanor's.

They both gasped, and cried out together as their nipples continued to rub. And then Nerdanel saw it - liquid leaking from his nipples. Pearly white - not clear like his slick, and not thick like the seed he spent. Fëanor moaned. "Hells, Nel, they're so sensitive..."

Nerdanel bent her head to taste. It was delicious, sweet and spicy. She licked up the milk dripping down his chest and then she needed more, lips latching onto one nipple, sucking hard. Fëanor bucked against her and cried out, grabbing her hips. "Oh, Hells, Nel, fuck me..."

Nerdanel gave a throaty chuckle before licking the nipple, then suckled it back into her mouth. Fëanor whined, and Nerdanel's cock throbbed, but she didn't want to give in just yet.

Now it was her turn to worship his nipples, teasing him, drinking his milk, savoring the taste of it, and his equally delectable reactions. Those noises he made... "Oh, Eru." Nerdanel shuddered.

"Nel, please, fuck me..." Fëanor's nails were digging into her now as he writhed, thrashed, panting. "Please... oh, please, Nel..."

"I do love to hear you beg, Fëanáro."

"Nel! Please! Fuck me! Take me, fuck me..." Fëanor pleaded with his eyes.

He was so slick... and then, he teased her back, taking some of the slick pooling between his thighs and anointing his nipples with it. Nerdanel *growled* before she took a peaked nipple between her teeth, tugging it. She laved and suckled harder, turned her attention to the other for the same treatment. The taste of his slick combined with his milk...

Nerdanel couldn't hold back anymore. She pushed into Fëanor - loving that cry of "yes" - and she began pounding him into the mattress. Fëanor rocked his hips back at her, matching her rhythm, panting "yes, yes, more, more." Faster and faster, harder and harder, Nerdanel hammered into him, both of them trembling, trying to hold onto that edge as long as they could, losing themselves in the fuck.

When Nerdanel bent her head to feast on those delicious nipples some more, it was then that Fëanor gave into his climax, and Nerdanel moved her head back just in time for Fëanor to aim and shoot his seed all over his nipples. Three more thrusts and Nerdanel spent into him with a roar.

But they were far from done. Not wanting that seed to go to waste, now Nerdanel tasted the combination of seed and milk from those taut peaks, and the way Fëanor whimpered made her harden up again. Fëanor grinned as he felt her arousal, and kissed her. "More,"

he said.

"You always want more." Nerdanel laughed, kissing him back.

"Of you." Fëanor stroked her face, her hair. "I can't get enough of you, my beauty."

Nerdanel seized his face and kissed him hard, before thrusting into him again.

But after a few minutes of Nerdanel pounding him into the mattress again, Fëanor pushed Nerdanel onto her back and began to ride. She loved it when he rode her cock, watching her cock plunge in and out of him again and again, watching his lithe body move so gracefully, like a dancing flame, as he bounced on her. Her hands slid over his flesh, and his over hers, and soon they were playing with each other's nipples, teasing them. And when Nerdanel leaned up to suckle him once more, Fëanor pulled her close, holding her as he continued to buck away feverishly, and there was such love in his eyes and in his touch that she had never felt closer to him.

They came together, holding each other. Nerdanel kissed him, sharing Fëanor's milk with him in the kiss.

"Mmmmm, I taste good," Fëanor said.

"You taste *wonderful*. It'll be a challenge to leave some for Maitimo."

Fëanor's smile was radiant - Nerdanel knew he loved it when they talked about the baby growing inside him, called it by the names they had picked out.

"Well, Nelya already feels huge," Fëanor said, patting his belly. "Takes after their mother, I think."

"You're not so small yourself," Nerdanel said, slipping out of Fëanor, reaching for Fëanor's cock, which was hard once more.

This time Nerdanel opened to him, her cock retracting to a clit, which Fëanor's fingers stroked once he was inside her. She was as wet for him as he'd been slick for her, and Fëanor gasped when he began to thrust. Then he moaned at the sound of her wetness.

Soon Fëanor was collecting her juices on his fingers and rubbing them onto her nipples, tasting her from her nipples, before she tasted his once more. Their nipples rubbed as they kissed, and it was when Nerdanel suckled him again, that his fingers worked wicked magic on her clit as he sped up inside her just right, and she came harder than ever, screaming as her body heaved and she contracted around him, glorious pleasure throbbing through her entire body.

"Thank you," Fëanor said as he lay in her arms. "They feel a little less sore now."

"Thank you." Nerdanel couldn't help joking with him. "If that's what you're like when you're producing milk, we might have to keep you pregnant *all* the time."

Fëanor snorted. "I don't know about that, Nel."

Not Dying [Fëanor/Nerdanel]

As Fëanor's pregnancy wore on, Nerdanel found that he was even more... himself... when pregnant. More temperamental - argumentative, given to take offense at slights real or perceived. More affectionate, wanting to touch and be touched, held and be held. More insatiable, wanting sex as frequently as possible. And more creative, getting ideas at random times, consumed by his projects, holing up in his forge and losing track of time. Nerdanel would have to drag him out to make sure he ate or slept, and where that failed, lure him out by showing up bare-breasted, bending him over his anvil, carrying him out later.

But at last, in the final days, Fëanor grew quiet, and took to bed, not feeling well. Nerdanel went to Mahtan and RAWR for advice, and Mahtan assured her, "Some Omegas get like this when they're getting closer to the due date."

"BUILD HIM A NEST," RAWR suggested. "THAT WAS WHAT I DID FOR YOUR OMA."

Nerdanel made a fortress of blankets and pillows for Fëanor, which at least provided him with some small comfort, where he produced less of that "distressed Omega" smell that was worrying her.

And she had good reason to worry. She had learned Fëanor's mother, Miriel, died giving birth to him, which was no small part of why Finwë was so resentful of him. Finwë had given Fëanor that name, "Spirit of Fire", calling him a demon. And Fëanor, when he grew old enough, turned it around on his father, embracing the epithet as a smith. But Finwë's hatred of him still stung, and now that Fëanor was with child himself, he couldn't help wondering if he would face the same fate as his mother, the curse repeating itself. Nerdanel tried to be reassuring when Fëanor voiced these fears, but she herself wasn't nearly as sure as she sounded.

Now, as the day drew nearer and Fëanor could feel it - retreating to the nest to rest and quiet to get ready - there seemed something in him like he was a prisoner awaiting execution, resigned to it. And that terrified Nerdanel. The thought of life without her mate...

Mahtan and RAWR came by, as they did, and over tea RAWR asked, "HOW'S THAT NEST WORKING OUT?"

Mahtan added, "He seems well-rested?"

Nerdanel gave a thin smile. "Yes. Well-rested."

RAWR raised an eyebrow, knowing when their daughter was dancing around an issue. "WHAT'S WRONG? OUT WITH IT, NOW."

Nerdanel told them her concerns. RAWR and Mahtan gave her hugs, and when they departed for the evening Mahtan told her, "Don't worry. We'll figure something out."

A couple of days later Indis arrived, with small Finarfin in tow.

Nerdanel was surprised to see her mother-in-law. She didn't hate Indis the way she hated Finwë - Finwë was actively mean to Fëanor, while Indis just seemed withdrawn, ignoring him. But that was still enough to bother Nerdanel, enough for her to keep her distance

from Indis, no warmth for her.

"Indis? What are you doing here?" Nerdanel folded her arms. "What can I do for you?"

"I heard Fëanor is due anytime now," Indis said, and Nerdanel realized then Mahtan and RAWR had gone to say something to her. Before she could grumble under her breath about needing to have a few words with her parents, Indis went on, "I'm a midwife. I can potentially be of use."

"All right." Nerdanel gestured. "Come in."

It happened that Indis had arrived just at the right time - within a few hours of her showing up, Fëanor's water broke and the contractions started. Indis and the healer that Nerdanel had on-call went to the nest, while Nerdanel hovered a few feet away, biting her nails.

"Breathe, Fëanor." Indis showed him how to breathe. "Breathe and push."

But Maitimo was a big baby - Fëanor was swollen more than usual for a pregnancy - and it was determined that the child would have to be cut out of him. The healer and Indis prepared for surgery, and Nerdanel fainted.

She came to in the greatroom. Mahtan and RAWR had come for the birth. As soon as Nerdanel woke up, she wanted to go right to Fëanor and RAWR held her back.

"HE'S NERVOUS ENOUGH," RAWR said. "I CAN SMELL HIM. YOU BEING IN THERE WORRYING IS JUST GOING TO MAKE HIM EVEN MORE NERVOUS."

"They're right," Mahtan said. "You should find some way to distract yourself in the meantime. Maybe sculpt?"

Nerdanel laughed bitterly. "It would not be my best work, feeling like I am. All of that energy of panic would go into it, 'twould be fearsome things to see."

Before Mahtan could give other suggestions, Finarfin walked into the greatroom in his sleep-clothes, yawning.

"Ingoldo," Nerdanel scolded, "you are supposed to be in bed at this hour."

"I can't sleep," Finarfin protested. "Something's wrong with Fëanor!" He scowled. "I wanna see my brother."

"You can't right now, sweetheart." Nerdanel smoothed the silver-gold waves of hair.

"I wanna see him. I wanna see him *now*." Finarfin wriggled out of Nerdanel's grip.

Nerdanel scooped up Finarfin and put him on her shoulders, piggyback style. She had figured out just the thing to help distract her - distract both of them. She started walking towards the kitchen.

"Where are we going?" Finarfin asked. "Are you taking me to Fëanor?"

"No," Nerdanel said.

Finarfin tugged on her hair. "I wanna see my brother!"

"You're going to help me with something," Nerdanel said, continuing to march to the kitchen. "Something that will help Fëanor feel better."

Finarfin stopped tugging on her hair. "What?"

"...Cake."

—

Nerdanel set out the ingredients to make a lemon cake, Fëanor's favorite. Finarfin was surprisingly obedient with following instructions, and two sets of hands working on different tasks made the preparation go faster.

When Nerdanel had lined a cake pan, the bowl of batter sitting on the counter, and she checked to see if the oven was ready, she heard movement behind her, and turned around to see Finarfin stealing a spoonful of raw cake batter out of the bowl. He gave her a guilty look as he sucked on the spoon - getting a little batter on his face. With a chuckle, Nerdanel wiped his face and then wagged a finger at him.

The cake was poured into the pan and put in the oven. "Now we wait," she said. "Help me clean up."

Finarfin stood on a stool to assist Nerdanel at the sink. He kept glancing anxiously at the oven, and Nerdanel patted him. "It'll be awhile."

"Do we get to have cake when it's ready?"

"Of course. It's for Fëanor, but it's to share, too."

Finarfin gave her a sad smile. "Father said there would be no more cake for a long time."

Nerdanel remembered that from the wedding and cringed. "Well, we don't have to tell your father."

"He didn't want us to come," Finarfin said. His voice lowered to a whisper. "He's really mad that Fëanor is having a baby."

"I know." Nerdanel nodded and tousled his hair, feeling bad for Finarfin being caught in the crossfire. "It was good of your mother to come." She wondered how much hell Indis was going to get from Finwë for that.

"I don't understand it," Finarfin said. "Babies are nice, right? They're like dolls, but they poop and stuff."

Nerdanel couldn't help laughing. "Yes, sort of like that, Ingoldo."

"And having one is going to make you happy, right? And Fëanor. It's going to make Fëanor happy."

Nerdanel thought of the soft look on Fëanor's face when Nerdanel showed him the crib she'd made, the way Fëanor sang to the baby growing inside him. Apart from the moments of worry about going the same way as his mother, Fëanor had come to really embrace the idea of having a child. "Yes. Very happy."

"Father should want Fëanor to be happy. He's our *father*." Finarfin scowled.

That's part of the problem. He's your father. He won't allow himself to be your ana. But Nerdanel did not say that out loud, only gave a small sigh and nodded in agreement.

And then what came out of Finarfin's mouth next shocked her. "If having a baby makes Fëanor happy, I'll put a baby in him someday."

Nerdanel's eyes widened, her jaw dropped, and all she could do was laugh.

It was spoken innocently enough, but Nerdanel had heard things from her parents - that in the days of Endor, siblings had lain together with no shame, no guilt, it was only when they moved to Valinor and had to abide by the laws of the Valar that there was any prohibition there. It seemed to Nerdanel that many of the old ways of Endor were better, more natural - like having more than one lover. She could barely keep up with Fëanor's appetites on her own, and in any case the idea of being with only one person forever seemed strange, like only eating one type of food or listening to the same symphony for life. If Finarfin still felt that way when he was older, and it was something he and Fëanor both wanted, Nerdanel wouldn't stand in their way. But in the meantime Finarfin was still a child, and likely didn't understand what he was saying... Nerdanel patted his head.

Finarfin seemed annoyed that Nerdanel found his declaration amusing rather than serious. He made a face like a pufferfish Nerdanel had once seen. "I will, I tell you!"

Then Nerdanel sobered, remembering this was Finwë's child... Finwë who had not even told Fëanor about the mechanics of his biology, keeping him ignorant up until Fëanor's first heat, Finwë who was so outraged at Nerdanel getting Fëanor with child, so aghast at the small customs of Endor present at their wedding. If Finwë objected to even these things, such a statement from Finarfin would... Nerdanel shuddered. "Perhaps someday when you are grown," Nerdanel said. "But you must never speak of your plans to your father."

"I don't talk to him much," Finarfin said. "He's always got a look on his face like this." He imitated Finwë's sour expression.

Nerdanel laughed again, not able to help it - but also she felt for him even more now. She took him into her arms, and wished that he could come visit more, but doubtless Finwë would have a problem with it.

Finarfin gave her a curious look then. "Nerdanel?"

"Yes, Ingoldo."

"How are babies made, anyway?"

—

Fëanor tried to stay awake for as long as possible during the delivery - afraid that if he closed his eyes, it would be for the last time. But the herbs were too strong, and he sank down into darkness, and then into fire. In the flames he saw his mother, Miriel.

"Oma," he called out.

He walked through the fire with her to a garden. He stood and watched as she danced with Finwë, then with a man who looked very like Finwë but even more beautiful, then with Indis. His mouth opened with shock as he saw Miriel and Indis kiss, like lovers, and each of them kissed not-Finwë in turn, and then Finwë kissed the man. There was laughter, and the scents of happy Alphas and Omegas as rich as the perfume of the garden itself.

And then Miriel was beside him again, in the flames.

"Oma," Fëanor called out to her once more.

Miriel took him into her arms. He tried to push her back towards the garden - not used to seeing his father smile, and certainly not used to seeing his father *love* - and she got in his way.

"You must go," Miriel said. "Where I am, you cannot come. Fight for your son. *Burn* for your life, and his life, my child."

And like that, Fëanor was dragged backwards through the flames - trying to resist, trying to get to his oma again, crying out, "No! Oma!"

He woke with a gasp, to the strong screaming cry of Maitimo, to the weight of his child in his arms. He was indeed a very large boy, almost too heavy to hold when he was so exhausted.

He was adorable, a tuft of copper hair on his head. Tears came to Fëanor's eyes, spilling down his cheeks as he kissed the damp brow, smoothed the little copper hair. "Why, hello there," he cooed. "Aren't you beautiful."

"He is lovely."

Fëanor looked up and saw Indis across the room, looking as drained as Fëanor felt. Indis gave him a tired smile. "You have made many beautiful things, Fëanor, but that is your finest work."

Fëanor swallowed hard. Finwë had never had anything but faint praise for his crafts - if that, often resorting to some sort of criticism or outright ignoring him. Indis had kept her silence and Fëanor had assumed that she shared Finwë's opinions. But now to hear her say such a thing... "You... What. You really think my work is beautiful...?"

Indis gave a deep sigh, and pinched the bridge of her nose. She sat down beside Fëanor. She gave him a sad look - Fëanor saw her eyes were too bright, with unshed tears. Then she looked away, not at anything in particular - far away.

"Your father," Indis said, "would not let me have anything to do with you. I *begged* him. 'That boy needs a mother. He is just an innocent child. He did nothing wrong.' And it was always, 'Silence, woman, he is a demon.' I did not want to argue with him, make things even more tense... make him hurt even more. He still grieves for your mother all these years later. He is in so much pain, even now."

"I'd feel sorrier for him if he wasn't such a miserable *arse* to me." Fëanor glowered, and then he smiled at the face of his son, snuggling into him. Instinctively, Fëanor turned down the blanket and let the babe suckle.

"I know." Their eyes met. Tears spilled silently down Indis's cheeks. "Please, *please* forgive me, Fëanor. I knew you were hurting. I wanted so very badly to..." She couldn't finish the sentence, and started to sob.

Fëanor reached across the bed to where Indis was sitting, and took her hand. Indis squeezed.

"You came when you knew I needed a midwife," Fëanor said. "The surgery would have been a lot for the healer to handle."

"I had to," Indis said. "And it was a lot more than you know. You lost a lot of blood. You were burning up with fever."

"*Eru*," Fëanor said under his breath. Then he muttered, "No wonder I was seeing shit." At the watchful gaze of Indis, he quickly corrected himself. "Er, stuff."

Indis rolled her eyes, but didn't take offense. Then she frowned. "What... were you seeing, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Oma," Fëanor said. "Miriel."

Indis nodded - as if that were the answer she were expecting - and she continued to cry, silently.

Fëanor went straight for it. "You loved her, didn't you?"

"I did." Indis's jaw trembled. "We cannot speak of it, it is against the Laws -"

Fëanor felt like yelling *fuck the Laws*, but the pain on Indis's face made him keep that impulse in check. Now was not the time to argue. "But you did."

"Very much."

Fëanor resisted the urge to ask about the man he had seen in his vision. Now was not the time for that, either. And it could potentially be useful as a weapon against Finwë, if...

If what?

Fëanor didn't know what, exactly, just a small sense of foreboding.

"Your father will be here in the morrow to see the baby," Indis said, changing the subject. "You should try to rest, when he is done suckling."

"Is Nolofinwë coming?" Fëanor asked hopefully.

Indis shook her head. "He is staying with Ingwë right now... preparation for the eventual wedding to Anairë. Getting to know the bride, pass muster with her father..."

Fëanor felt the hot, sharp surge of resentment. "How convenient," he gritted out. Of course Finwë would want to shuffle Fingolfin off as he knew the time was approaching. The thought that he might have died without seeing Fingolfin again...

Indis seemed to sense his discomfort. "Try to relax, Fëanor."

And then the door slammed open and Nerdanel and Finarfin walked in. Nerdanel was

carrying a tray of lemon cake and Finarfin snatched it out of her hands and ran up to Fëanor with it. "CAAAAAAAAFAKE," Finarfin yelled. He didn't even bother to cut a piece properly but ripped one off with his fingers and shoved it in Fëanor's face.

"Arafinwë Ingoldo Finwion, where are your manners?" Indis scolded.

"Right," Finarfin said, and then he tore off a piece of cake with his fingers and shoved it in Indis's face. "You get cake, too."

Nerdanel shook with silent laughter, as Fëanor's face burned, knowing he looked a sight dishevelled from giving birth, and now with cake and icing all over his face. Nerdanel took back the tray of cake and cut proper pieces for Fëanor, Indis, Finarfin and herself.

"I helped," Finarfin said.

"That was very nice of you," Fëanor said.

"I wanted to make you feel better. I could feel how scared you were." Finarfin made a face then. "It smelled funny, too."

Fëanor and Nerdanel looked at each other - Fëanor raised an eyebrow. It was a bit soon to be able to tell, but the sense of scent tended to be the first to develop, and if Finarfin could smell Fëanor's distress he almost certainly was going to be an Alpha when he grew up.

Like their father. Like Fingolfin.

"That's a nice baby," Finarfin said, looking at the babe in Fëanor's arms.

"Yes. Yes he is," Fëanor said, and gave the baby to Nerdanel to hold. He got choked up as Nerdanel held the baby for the first time, not able to restrain her tears, smiling as she cried.

"Ingoldo, dear, we should get you back to bed and let Fëanor rest," Indis said. "He's had a rough time of it."

"Awwwww, OK." Finarfin got up, and then he paused before Indis could lead him out. "Mother, may I bring Fëanor something from my room?"

"Be quick."

Finarfin shot off like a bolt of lightning and when he returned he had a cloth doll in his hands - a lion. He climbed onto the bed and thrust the stuffed lion into Fëanor's arms. "This helps me get to sleep," he said. "You can borrow him."

Fëanor hugged his youngest brother, touched by the act of generosity and caring. "Does he have a name?"

Finarfin nodded solemnly. "His name is Ára, because when it's dark and I'm scared, he reminds me the light will come back tomorrow."

Fëanor felt a tight lump in his throat. He tousled the silver-gold waves, pressed a little kiss to Finarfin's brow. "Thank you, brother." *Precious.*

Finarfin beamed. Then Indis picked him up off the bed. "Bedtime now," she said, then,

"You were supposed to already be in bed."

"I know, but Fëanor was scared. And he's never scared of anything. He's my hero." Finarfin pouted.

Fëanor wanted to scream, raging inside at Finwë keeping his brothers from him. Indis gave Fëanor an apologetic little smile as she carried Finarfin off.

Nerdanel and Fëanor sat with the baby for awhile - Fëanor did need his rest, but it could wait a little while yet. They marveled at the baby's tiny pointy ears, the perfect set of tiny fingers and tiny toes, every movement the baby made, every breath he took.

"We make nice kids," Fëanor said.

"We sure do." Nerdanel gave him a kiss.

"He should have brothers, someday, like my brothers." Fëanor smiled fondly. "My brothers are amazing."

"Fëanor, you just endured a very difficult childbirth, you had to be *cut open*. Let's not talk about you making more babies right now."

"It might get easier," Fëanor said. "And I liked being pregnant -"

Nerdanel put a finger to Fëanor's lips. "Get you to sleep."

Fëanor was woken more than once throughout the night to feed the baby. He found himself famished, after what his body had gone through, and grateful the cake was right there. Nerdanel woke up to feed him, since Fëanor barely had enough strength to sit up.

Finwë came in the afternoon, as did Mahtan and RAWR. Fëanor made it a point of giving the baby to Mahtan and RAWR to hold first, which drew a sharp glare from Finwë. Fëanor didn't understand why Finwë was reacting that way, considering he hadn't even approved of Fëanor being pregnant, or by Nerdanel, or any of this at all.

"Have you decided on a name?" Finwë asked as he was allowed finally to take the baby, seeming to examine him rather than actually cradle him.

"I will call him Maitimo," Nerdanel said.

"And I will call him Nelya," Fëanor said.

"Nelya." Finwë rolled the word around in his mouth. "So Nelyafinwë, then?"

You have some fucking nerve. Fëanor looked over at Mahtan and RAWR, who were staring daggers at Finwë, seeming to share that reaction. Mahtan and RAWR, who had gotten past their dislike of Finwë to go over to his home and ask for Indis to come and help deliver the baby. Fëanor had a feeling if the situation was reversed, Finwë would have just not asked for the midwife and would have let him die, in his pride. Mahtan and RAWR were more parents than Finwë would ever be.

"No, not Nelyafinwë," Fëanor said. "Nelyaraurë."

RAWR's eyes widened, and their laughter rang out. Mahtan smirked.

Finwë thrust the baby at RAWR, and then he seized Finarfin's arm hard enough for Finarfin to yelp. "We're going home now," Finwë said.

"Can't we stay a little longer?" Finarfin pleaded.

"No."

"YOU DON'T NEED TO BE SO ROUGH WITH THAT KID," RAWR said, getting in Finwë's path, and then they added, not able to help but take the shot as it presented itself, "OR YOUR ELDEST, EITHER."

"I'll thank you to stay out of it," Finwë said, giving RAWR a filthy look. He gave RAWR a little shove.

"They're right," Finarfin said. "Why do you hate Fëanor so much? You're so mean! You act like a big poopyhead!"

"*Arafinwë*," Finwë snarled through clenched teeth, "you will not disrespect me, and you especially will not disrespect me in front of my subjects."

Mahtan snorted, and RAWR rolled their eyes.

Finarfin stamped his feet and wrenched his arm away from Finwë. "You've been even meaner since Fëanor got pregnant. Nerdanel put her thingie in his you-know-what, so what?"

Finwë's jaw dropped, stunned. Fëanor let out a howl, not able to stop himself.

"WHICH OF YOU FILTHY DEGENERATES HAD THE TALK WITH MY SON?" Finwë bellowed.

Nerdanel raised her hand and gave a guilty grin.

"We're leaving *now*." Now it wasn't Finarfin's arm that Finwë grabbed, but his hair. Before RAWR could grab Finwë, he marched out of reach. As they made their way outside, Fëanor heard Finarfin cry out, "But *my lion!* I let Fëanor borrow my lion, *I need to get my lion!*"

"You shouldn't even have him at your age," Finwë scolded. "You don't need him."

Fëanor swallowed hard. His fists balled up. That more than anything enraged him - he could feel his little brother's anguish, losing something so precious to him. And before he could offer to give it to Indis, now she was gone too. If he wasn't so exhausted from giving birth yesterday, he'd run out there and...

The urge to do violence to his own father terrified him. The strong protective urge he had towards Finarfin terrified him. He knew that the chemicals in his body from childbirth were making him want to protect his family and hurt anyone who stood in his way, but it wasn't very comforting knowledge right now.

I will get you your lion, Fëanor vowed to himself. He knew that seeing Finarfin from now

on would be easier said than done - Finwë already seemed determined to keep them apart, much moreso than Fëanor and Fingolfin; after today it would be worse. But he would visit Finarfin somehow, and return that lion if it killed him.

"What a mess," Nerdanel said, taking the baby back from RAWR. Maitimo spit up on her then as if to agree.

Constantly Consuming [Fëanor/Fingolfin]

*So grow
Libido throw
Dominoes of indiscretions down
Falling all around
In cycles
In circles
Constantly consuming
Conquer and devour*

*Cause it's time to bring the fire down
Bridle all this indiscretion
Long enough to edify
And permanently fill this hollow*

- "The Hollow", A Perfect Circle

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It had been close to two years since Fingolfin had last seen his brother Fëanor - there had been an invite to come visit once things had calmed down after the birth of Maedhros, but of course Fingolfin had heard from his mother that the childbirth had been more difficult than anticipated, and Fingolfin had gotten the gist from Fëanor's letters that his first child was taking some getting adjusted to. So Fingolfin waited until he was given word that Fëanor and Nerdanel were ready to receive him, and he kept himself busy with the preparations for his own wedding...

...the wedding he desperately did not want to have.

He and Anairë liked each other well enough as people, but he had figured out soon enough that Anairë was as enthusiastic about the match as he was, which was to say, not at all, and for somewhat similar reasons. Anairë had a best friend since childhood, the Lady Eärwen of the Teleri, who she'd met through her father Ingwë's political machinations. It didn't take long to be in the presence of the two young women for Fingolfin to figure out they were a little more than just friends, and that was without the gossip as to why Eärwen herself was still unmatched. Publicly, Eärwen claimed it was her devotion to the Valar, but Fingolfin knew it was devotion to someone else entirely.

It was something Fingolfin himself understood, except that the love he held was even more forbidden by the Valar. He was in love with Fëanor.

He and Fëanor had been very close, even though Fingolfin was a bit younger. As a small child Fingolfin had followed Fëanor around, with Fëanor making jokes about his little shadow. And yet, Fëanor never talked down to him the way the other adults did. When Fingolfin got old enough, Fëanor taught him skills and sport and games, and Fingolfin idolized him for it. His fondness for his brother was all the stronger with the unjust way their father treated him - Fingolfin saw the tears Fëanor tried to mask and not let anyone see, and offered hugs, brought secret snacks, built blanket forts for them to hide in. When

it became apparent that Fëanor liked Nerdanel and was spending more time with her, Fingolfin tried to be happy, but mostly he was jealous, and that was when he realized he had fallen in love with his own brother.

And that realization had become even stronger at their wedding, when he'd put his hand on Fëanor's pregnant belly and felt the as-yet-unborn Maedhros kick. Once again, he'd wanted to be happy for Fëanor and Nerdanel. But all he could think of was *I wish that was my baby inside him*. It didn't help that Fëanor had smelled utterly delicious, even more delicious than the cake that his mother had made special for the wedding, which Finarfin had gotten all over himself at the ceremony. Even now, close to two years later, Fingolfin could smell Fëanor's scent if he closed his eyes and thought, and it drove him mad with *want*.

He had been trying so hard to fight it, key word being "hard" - whenever he stiffened, he prayed for strength, for purity. He could not give in to this sin and bring dishonor on his family, especially because he worried how Finwë would find a way to take it out on Fëanor.

Fingolfin was forty-nine now, almost of age. Very soon. He was expected to be wed to Anairë not long after his fiftieth birthday, and then Finwë and Ingwë were both going to get on their cases to produce an heir; they were going to have to figure something out.

But though it was coming up soon, it also felt far away yet - right now the only thing that mattered was that he'd finally gotten a message that Fëanor and Nerdanel were ready to receive him, and he would ride out in the morning.

He couldn't wait.

Fëanor and Nerdanel were staying at their new vacation home, which Fëanor called Formenos. It was in the northern regions of Valinor, much more heavily forested than the rest of Valinor. It seemed to Fingolfin as he rode out that as the land got wilder, less touched by people, that the land pulsed with its own heartbeat and sang. The air was crisp and fresh, and despite the length of his journey, Fingolfin felt more refreshed by its end than when he'd set out, such was the restorative properties of the forest. He could see why his brother, the artist, had chosen to make his home-away-from-home up here, surrounded by the wild peace, trees as far as the eye could see, the forest teeming with life. A short distance before arriving at Formenos, Fingolfin stopped to watch a family of elk crossing, tears in his eyes at their majesty.

Then tears came for a different reason - he wished Finarfin could see this, but Finwë had of course forbade his youngest son to come along, claiming that he didn't want Finarfin "corrupted" by Fëanor's "impiety".

Once there, Fingolfin saw that the vacation home was indeed properly named "Northern Fortress". As his place to get away from people, Fëanor necessarily had designed something heavily fortified, to reduce the need for guards among his staff. And Fingolfin knew that, on a deeper level, this was Fëanor's sanctuary. Fëanor was hiding from the world, up here. This was his safe place, as far away from Finwë's hatred and the politics of court that he could get and still be in the same land.

But here and now, Fëanor wasn't hiding. He was waiting with Maedhros outside, wearing the baby in a sling. Fingolfin felt his entire face break out into a grin, mirroring

Nelyafinwë's smile and laughter as the baby waved, cooing.

And then their eyes met, Fëanor's silver eyes like a flash of lightning that he had missed so much for the last almost-two years. Fingolfin's breath caught in his throat. Fëanor ran to him, and Fingolfin felt the tears again as Fëanor's arms were tight around him and he too was holding Fëanor as tightly as he could, spinning him around, rocking him, overcome with joy so fierce he felt he could break.

"Brother," Fingolfin cried.

Fëanor pulled back and smiled at Fingolfin, eyes shining with tenderness. "Look at you." Fëanor stroked Fingolfin's cheek. "You're so tall now! Taller than I am." Then Fëanor grabbed Fingolfin, pulled him down to his shoulder, and put his fist on Fingolfin's head, rubbing with his knuckles as he did when Fingolfin was younger and smaller. "I can still do this."

Fingolfin grabbed Fëanor's nose and tweaked it, and Fëanor tweaked Fingolfin's nose right back. Then, as the brothers laughed, Maedhros reached out and grabbed both their noses. Fëanor's laughter rang out, echoing in the trees.

It was *so good* to hear that laugh.

"Come in," Fëanor said, practically dragging him through the gates. Fingolfin's horse walked beside them and Fëanor led the horse to water, pet the stallion fondly. "Good boy," he said to the horse. Then he looked up at Fingolfin. "How was your trip?"

"It was a nice ride," Fingolfin said. "I can see why you chose to build a place here."

"I knew you would." Fëanor's voice was soft.

Somehow, Fëanor acknowledging that Fingolfin would understand something so important to him, so close to his heart, was better than any compliment on how much he'd grown. And then Fëanor's face fell and Fingolfin felt the pit of his stomach rise, not wanting his brother to be sad. "Where is Ara?"

"Father would not allow him to come. My apologies."

Fëanor swore under his breath, his fists clenching. Then he just nodded, eyes closed, looking like he was in pain. Fingolfin *felt* it, the heartbreak at not being allowed to watch his youngest brother grow up... the knowledge that Finwë was this angry with him for marrying Nerdanel.

"Let us go inside," Fëanor said, putting an arm around Fingolfin's waist; Fingolfin felt a shiver go through him, his entire body aflame at the simple, innocent touch of Fëanor's hand.

And that scent... sweet Eru, that scent.

—

Finwë had only given Fingolfin leave for a fortnight, and then he was expected to ride back to his father's palace. A fortnight did not seem nearly long enough for not having seen Fëanor in close to two years, and Fingolfin sensed that it troubled Fëanor just as

much as it troubled him, but they put their despair aside and concentrated on making those days count, at each other's sides as much as possible.

The first several days of that time was spent exploring the wilderness surrounding Formenos. They hiked together and Fëanor showed Fingolfin the different plant life; they watched birds and squirrels and elk. They quietly watched a bear drinking from a distance. They went riding on horseback together through the trails in the woods and through the hills, racing each other, and Fingolfin felt as if he could fly, not just from how fast his steed was going, but the sheer exhilaration of being in Fëanor's presence. Fëanor had been so temperamental in the months and years before leaving Finwë's palace, which Fingolfin knew was because of Finwë himself. It was amazing what being away from his father and being in a healthier living environment - being allowed to be himself - had done. It was so wonderful to see Fëanor smile, listen to him laugh, watch him take joy in the simple pleasures of the beauty of the world around them, which felt so much bigger than the land Finwë owned. The sky and the forest felt infinite, and exploring it with Fëanor made Fingolfin feel infinite.

Of course, it wasn't all depth and profundity all the time. Fëanor took him to a river and a lake that was not so far, to go fishing and swimming. Splashing about with Fëanor in the lake was like old times, especially when they ducked each other, grabbed each other's toes underwater.

And yet, it was not like old times. Fingolfin was painfully aware of Fëanor stripped to his underpants, his bare chest, the muscle definition in his arms and back from wielding the hammer in his forge. Fingolfin tried not to look for long, but it seemed Fëanor's beauty was as magnificent as their surroundings. *You were made for this place.*

The painful truth. *You were made for me.* But Fingolfin dared not speak it.

On some of their outings they brought Maedhros, even though Nerdanel had concerns with the baby being out there in the forest. Fingolfin assured his sister-in-law that he would look out for the lad as much as his own Oma would, and indeed, it seemed Fëanor was just as ferocious as any bear in the protection of his son, a knife in his hand at the smallest rustle in the brush. Maedhros, though, did not frighten easily - indeed, he was a happy child who seemed even happier out with his Oma and uncle, smiling and pointing and clapping at all the little wonders - flowers, butterflies, small rodents, wildcats.

One of Fingolfin's favorite memories of that time was when he and Fëanor were coming back from a hike, and Fëanor just threw himself down in the grass as the light of the Trees was changing. Fingolfin thought he was being ridiculous, and then Fëanor used his mind to shove Fingolfin down without touching him, falling down right beside him. Fëanor held Maedhros and they all looked up at the sky together, watching the silver and gold mingle, and the way the streaks of light made shapes.

"Look," Fëanor said, pointing. "There's a horse."

"As you know, that's not a horse," Fingolfin said. "That's a cloud."

"It's a goddamn horse, Ñolo." Then Fëanor pointed to a phallic-shaped cloud. "Look. There's you. A dick."

Fingolfin glared, and Fëanor cackled, before attempting a wink and failing - more of a clumsy blink - that somehow, maddeningly, made him even more appealing. Then that grin. Fingolfin heard himself sigh. Their eyes met, and held, and Fingolfin felt that same frisson through him that he'd felt at Fëanor's wedding to Nerdanel, when he'd put his hand

on Fëanor's pregnant belly and for just an instant, he thought maybe his love was returned, that Fëanor wouldn't think he was sick and wrong for loving him this way.

But Fingolfin was too afraid to ask, not wanting to be rejected - or worse, dragged to the Valar and judged for his perversion. He knew, of course, that Fëanor did not like the piety of their father, and often said hilariously blasphemous things in private. Just the same, Fingolfin did not want to take any chances.

And then Fëanor's attention turned back to the sky. "What do you see?"

"Er."

"Come on, Nolo. Play the game..." Fëanor began poking him, so boyish that Fingolfin couldn't help but laugh.

"Very well." Fingolfin examined the sky, the shapes the ever-changing streaks of light formed. "There is a castle, and there is a swan..."

"Yes, good..."

"And there is a heart." It seemed like an omen. Fingolfin swallowed hard, biting back *It's yours.*

Fëanor took Fingolfin's hand and squeezed, and Fingolfin's own heart began to race, wondering again *Does he know?*

Fingolfin's mouth went dry, and at that moment Maedhros - usually cheerful and not fussy at all - began to squall.

"Oh no, he's hungry," Fëanor said. "Usually I wait until the light has changed to feed him, but he's had a long day, haven't you?"

Maedhros cried harder.

"All right." Fëanor exhaled sharply. "I have to feed him..."

"I understand."

What Fingolfin wasn't expecting was for Fëanor to just hand the baby over, Fingolfin holding Maedhros as Fëanor took off his tunic, once again bare-chested, looking more delicious than he had a right to. His nipples were hard and swollen... and as soon as Fëanor took his son back, Maedhros latched onto one, sucking away, milk spilling out of the corners of his mouth. Fëanor rocked the baby and pet his mop of red hair.

"That's it," Fëanor soothed. "Drink up, get big and strong."

Fingolfin couldn't stop staring at Fëanor's nipples. Maedhros slurped hard at one and then turned to the other, and Fingolfin watched the milk dripping from the nipple that had just been suckled, the nipple even more swollen than before. Fingolfin wondered what Fëanor's milk tasted like, and the mental image came of suckling Fëanor's nipples himself, lapping them with his tongue as Fëanor panted and writhed underneath him...

Eru's name, stop that. Fingolfin shivered. He felt even more like a deviant now, wanting to suckle his own brother, wanting to give Fëanor's sensitive nubs pleasure...

When Maedhros had his fill, Fëanor sat there for a few moments still shirtless, his nipples continuing to drip milk down his chest. He noticed Fingolfin staring and Fëanor stammered, "I'm... I'm waiting to stop leaking before I put my tunic back on. So it doesn't get wet, and all."

That made sense, but it was *distracting* - Fingolfin was no longer watching the dazzling light show in the sky - and Fëanor's scent was stronger now, which was intensifying the distraction. Fingolfin took deep breaths, trying to keep himself under control, not wanting Fëanor to know how aroused he was, not wanting his breeches to tent. He desperately wanted to help drain those nipples, sucking them dry.

When Fëanor's nipples stopped dripping milk, Fingolfin held Maedhros again as Fëanor put his tunic back on, and they went back to the fortress as if nothing had happened. Fingolfin couldn't help notice that the bottom of Fëanor's breeches was wet when he stood up, as if he had been laying in a patch of wet grass, but of course it wasn't time for dew yet. It had been Indis to tell him about the bees and the trees, the mechanics of Alpha, Beta, and Omega - he was an Alpha and Anairë was a Beta, so it seemed useless to learn about Omegas, "but one of your children might be," Indis pointed out. And so Fingolfin had learned about slick, and he wondered, again, if Fëanor had felt the spark between them and his body was reacting.

Wondering... more like hoping. But Fëanor said nothing at all, strangely quiet as they went to and through the gates.

It was another ordinary dinner, Fingolfin delighted yet again by watching Fëanor "do the bird" with a forkful of Maedhros's mash, but Fingolfin could feel Nerdanel staring at him and he kept glancing over at her, nervous, wondering if she sensed anything...

...or, as importantly if not moreso, if she smelled anything.

As Fingolfin lay there that night, alone in the guest chambers, his mind once again replayed the fantasy of just him, sucking Fëanor's nipples as their hard cocks rubbed together... as Fingolfin's hard, aching cock slid in and out of Fëanor's slick passage. Fingolfin tried to not give in to the urge to relieve the pressure building and building, chanting the prayers Indis had taught him, and at last he went to sleep.

But when he slept, the fantasies played out again, even more vividly than before, as if it was real. And when he woke, he saw his nightclothes and the sheets were stained with his seed, erupting in his sleep.

Fingolfin hoped the few servants around would not gossip among themselves as they did the laundry. He did not want a scandal, did not want to be known as a fornicator. He especially did not want word getting back to Finwë so he could hear yet another lecture about purity.

Fingolfin had five days left before he was supposed to go back to his father's palace, and after spending so much time in the forest, now Fëanor needed to go back to the forge; he bade his brother to accompany him there. Fingolfin was not surprised that the smithy at Formenos was as grand as the one at his place closer to home, and yet he was surprised all the same, amazed to be in the presence of a master craftsman.

It turned out that Fëanor had a reason for wanting to spend most of Fingolfin's last days in the forge, with Fingolfin at his side. "I am going to make you a sword," Fëanor said. "But not just any sword. A very special sword. And I need you to be here so I can..." Fëanor made a vague hand gesture, his eyes far away; Fingolfin could feel Fëanor's mind racing, like a whirling wheel. "Feel your energy. Code the sword to your essence, so it is for you and you alone."

Fingolfin thought that was very strange, but he had learned long ago to not ask questions, just nod and let Fëanor "do his thing". And the fact was, as utterly mad as it sounded, Fingolfin would have went along with far stranger things to be around Fëanor in his forge, the privilege of watching him create.

For Fëanor, in his forge, was in his element. Their father had named him "Spirit of Fire" to mock him, call him a demon for Miriel dying in childbirth, but Fëanor had turned that epithet around, a sort of magical alchemy, transmuting a curse into a blessing, the gift of smithcraft. To watch Fëanor at work, creating, was like watching a force of nature. It was indeed, to Fingolfin, like watching one of the Valar themselves - Yavanna walking through the fields and orchards to bless the yield of the crops, Ulmo rising the waves - but even more astounding. That thought was blasphemy, and yet it was truth. It seemed to Fingolfin that Fëanor's talent rivaled Aulë himself, and Fëanor was still young yet. Fingolfin watched Fëanor with nothing less than worship in his eyes as Fëanor worked on the blade and its hilt, getting it all just right, seemingly down to the very molecule.

The blade was finely etched with knotwork and a spell of runes. The grip of the sword was curved, the hilt of the sword was simple and elegant, its most notable touch being a four-pointed star with a wheel in the center, and in the center of the wheel, Fëanor set a blue diamond. "Like your eyes," Fëanor said, his voice hushed, reverent. Once again, that frisson went through Fingolfin, wondering, hoping.

Feverishly, tirelessly, Fëanor worked almost non-stop for the next three days, barely eating, not sleeping, pausing only to tend to Maedhros as needed. As exhausted as Fingolfin was staying up with him, he was also enthralled to watch the entire creative process, and it seemed that his excitement - his awe - was feeding the sword.

When it was at last finished, Fëanor put it in Fingolfin's hand. Fingolfin gave him the salute he always gave before sparring a worthy opponent, and then he moved the sword in the usual positions. But unlike the one that Finwë had given him years ago, this sword seemed to better fit his hand, and felt fluid - almost as if the sword were moving him, rather than him moving the sword, the sword seeming to already know how to strike, how to counter. Fingolfin marveled at it.

"Do you like it, brother?" Fëanor looked so much like an eager puppydog.

Fingolfin put down the sword and threw his arms around Fëanor. "I love it." His arms tightened around his brother. "I love you."

Of course, he meant those words above and beyond the love of a sibling. But for now, it had to be taken as a sibling's love. Fëanor returned the embrace and for a few moments they just held each other, completely lost in that space where it seemed they were all that existed, and everything would be all right so long as they held onto each other.

Out of the corner of his eye, Fingolfin saw the blue diamond on the hilt of the sword, and it seemed like it had become a blue flame. Fingolfin felt fiercely protective of his brother - he would die for Fëanor, he would kill for him - and it was almost as if the sword knew that, and was acknowledging that bond.

They finally left the forge, now that the sword was done. Fingolfin had some food, but Fëanor just wanted to go to bed.

On his way to his guest chamber, it became apparent that Fëanor had not gone to bed to sleep. There was a wet slapping noise in the hall, and the sound of Fëanor crying out, and Fingolfin's footsteps took him in the opposite direction. He paused near the doorway of Fëanor's bedchamber, watching as Nerdanel had her cock out and was pounding into Fëanor hard and fast, with Fëanor bucking wildly underneath her, panting, whimpering. Nerdanel was suckling Fëanor's nipples, Fëanor's voice getting louder and louder, begging her "more, more..."

The scent of Fëanor was overpowering, and indescribably delicious. Fingolfin went hard, a shudder through him at *those noises*, wishing he was the one making Fëanor produce them... wishing it was his cock gliding in and out of Fëanor, his mouth on Fëanor's swollen nipples, drinking his milk. Making Fëanor beg for more.

Fingolfin hurried to his guest chamber before anyone could see him spying on his own brother having sex, and as soon as his clothes were off, before he could change into his nightclothes, he found himself reaching for his throbbing cock and stroking it furiously, his mind playing the images he'd just witnessed but it was him on top of Fëanor, their bodies slapping together, his cock producing that filthy sweet slurping sound as it drove in and out of Fëanor's slick passage. He thought of those cries, and he heard himself groaning, grunting, until he couldn't make any sounds at all, could barely breathe, pleasure-tension wound so tight it threatened to break him...

...and then the flood. Fingolfin gave a strangled sob as his seed shot out in arc after arc, cream covering his hand, cream dripping down the wall. Fingolfin's body shook and twitched involuntarily, and Fingolfin lay there feeling like he was made of stone, yet impossibly light at all at once.

He'd crossed a line. He'd crossed several lines. And it felt wonderful. He would do it again.

He was sure that somehow, the real thing would be even more wonderful. But he was also sure the real thing could never, ever happen. That was his brother. That would be sin.

—

On the next-to-last day of Fingolfin's visit, a courier brought a message from Finwë himself. The message, to everyone's amazement, invited Fëanor to come back with Fingolfin - alone and with Maedhros, not Nerdanel - for a fortnight. Finwë had not seen his grandson in some time, and, as importantly, Arafínwë was throwing a fit because Fingolfin had gone to see Fëanor and Finwë would not let him come; Finarfin was refusing to eat, including refusing cake Indis had made to bribe the boy to eat. Finarfin refusing cake was very serious indeed.

Nerdanel was not happy about the snub, but she also did not care to be in Finwë's presence either. And so it was that Fëanor rode south with Fingolfin, Maedhros in the sling, a bundle of baby care supplies on Fëanor's back.

Despite Finwë's invite, he still was, at best, coolly polite to Fëanor, indicating that he was more tolerated for Finarfin's sake and the sake of seeing Maedhros. As soon as Fëanor strode into the entryway, Finarfin ran past the guards right for Fëanor, who scooped his

youngest brother into his arms and spun him around, Finarfin riding on Fëanor's shoulders into the palace.

As much as Fingolfin was happy to spend additional time with Fëanor, it being under their father's roof was downright oppressive, and Fingolfin watched Fëanor sink back into the depression that had been all too familiar in the years before his marriage to Nerdanel and striking out on his own. Playing games with Finarfin - and making sure Finarfin ate, including feeding Finarfin cake while Finarfin sat on his lap - did brighten Fëanor a bit, but always it was cut short, Finwë dragging Finarfin away with a stern, disapproving look on his face as Finarfin cast a mournful look over his shoulder.

It seemed, though, that it wasn't just Finarfin that Finwë didn't want around Fëanor, but Fingolfin also... Fingolfin moreso. Fëanor playing games with his younger brother, letting Finarfin ride on his shoulders as they took walks around the palace grounds, was completely innocent. Fingolfin wondered if their father knew Fingolfin's interest in spending time with Fëanor was less innocent... if Finwë could smell the strong scent Fëanor was giving off when Fingolfin was close by, and if Finwë could smell the scent from Fingolfin in return. Unlike Finarfin, Fingolfin wasn't small anymore - he was taller than Finwë now, too - and could not be dragged away by the hem of his tunic or his ear. But Finwë's glare was much sharper, his tone much icier if he even acknowledged Fëanor in Fingolfin's presence.

And it made Fingolfin worry. For the first time, Fingolfin wished the visit would fly by, if only because Finwë's contempt felt like it was poisoning the very air they breathed.

On the last night of the visit, Fingolfin heard weeping from the guest chambers. He let himself in and saw Fëanor huddled under blankets.

"I'm fine," Fëanor called out.

"You're not fine."

Fingolfin just held him. Every nerve in Fingolfin's body, every cell, every pore, was screaming to do more than just hold Fëanor, wanting to take him the way Nerdanel had done and make him forget everything for awhile, make Fëanor forget his own name. But he could not, not here under his father's roof... not ever. And though just holding Fëanor like this hurt, it would hurt even more to not hold him, not offer him comfort in some way.

As if he *knew*, there was a rap on the door, and Fingolfin's heart froze, feeling the glacial fury of their father's presence on the other side. Before Fëanor could tell Finwë to come in or give them a moment, the door opened on its own, and Finwë stepped through.

"I was giving my brother a hug," Fingolfin said, "to..." He had to think fast. "Thank him for my gift." Fingolfin reached out his hand and the sword he'd hung up by the door flew into his hand. Fingolfin saluted with the sword and proceeded to demonstrate its fine craftsmanship to their father by letting the sword move this way and that, guiding his hand.

Finwë relaxed a little as he studied the artisan blade. "That is very good work," Finwë said. "Aulë has given you a great gift, son."

"Thank you, Father," Fëanor said, but there was no warmth in his voice, and Fingolfin knew that their father giving Aulë credit for Fëanor's work was indeed a sore spot.

"I will give Aulë extra wine tomorrow," Finwë said, "to give thanks."

You can pour that wine up your ass, Fingolfin heard Fëanor's voice, but he didn't speak it, and Fingolfin realized he could hear Fëanor's thoughts, or at least that one. Fingolfin tried not to laugh, even as he felt the smallest pang of guilt for Fëanor's blasphemy.

"It is good seeing my grandson," Finwë said. "You should come more than once every two years."

Fëanor just gave a small nod, but Fingolfin could feel how much he'd hated this visit, even with seeing Finarfin, and getting to spend more time with Fingolfin. And Fingolfin hated seeing Fëanor like this, it *hurt*. It felt like the extra time had been wasted, like they'd been robbed, cheated, and that made Fingolfin angry. He had the sudden wild urge to take Fëanor, Maedhros, and Finarfin, and run away with the three of them, somewhere far, somewhere outside the reach of the Valar, even if it meant being outside the realm of their protection.

Breathe. Fingolfin looked at the sword again, the blue diamond. A thought came to him. "I should have a shield," Fingolfin said.

"I can make one for you," Fëanor said, "but of course I would prefer you be present, as you were for the sword-making."

Fingolfin nodded. "And I should have it before the wedding... so I can properly defend milady, if need be."

"That's a good lad." Finwë nodded, and gave a small grunt.

Fingolfin decided to test his luck. "May I go to Formenos for my fiftieth birthday? As you know, I will be an adult, and I can think of no better coming-of-age gift than a shield forged by my brother."

Finwë narrowed his eyes, but Fingolfin knew Finwë could not exactly say no, and there was another small nod. "Yes. But remember that you have a wedding a month after your birthday, so you can't stay too long --"

"*I know.*" Fingolfin felt irritated, not wanting to go through with the wedding at all, not even wanting to hear about it.

Finwë opened his mouth, as if Fingolfin's sharp tone was going to elicit some sort of stern comeback, but then Finwë just turned on his heel and left.

"I should go to my room now," Fingolfin said softly. As loath as he was to leave Fëanor alone - as much as he wanted to hold him close some more - he knew it would look very unseemly if he spent the night in here, even if they just held each other.

"OK," Fëanor mumbled, nodding.

The vulnerability tore at Fingolfin's heart and he gave his brother one last tight, fierce hug. "We will visit again soon. At Formenos, not here." Fingolfin smoothed Fëanor's hair. "The real birthday present isn't the shield... it's seeing you."

Fëanor's eyes lit up, and before he could say anything, Fingolfin left the chamber, feeling like he'd said too much... but also not enough. But also, there were no words to properly express how he felt about his brother. It was beyond love, beyond sin.

And that, more than it being sin itself, made it dangerous. Playing with a consuming fire.

Finwë [Finwë/Indis/Miriel/OMC]

Finwë lay awake, his heart heavy.

It was one thing for Fëanor to live as an Omega, giving birth to children as was the way of Endor, and not the way the Valar had proscribed in Valinor. It was another thing entirely for Fëanor and Fingolfin to *desire* each other, and that smell had been undeniable.

Finwë feared the judgment of the Valar, not just upon his sons, but upon himself for not raising them better. And not just for that alone, but for his own sin.

—

Finwë himself had a brother, a twin, who had awoken at his side under the stars in Cuviénen. His brother had been given the name Palcë for he was as fierce as Finwë tried to be calm and rational and diplomatic; Palcë was wild and passionate, and channeled his aggressions into hunting and fighting. When the threat came to Cuviénen, Palcë went to fight, as Finwë fled with his mate to Valinor. And when Miriel had died, Finwë took Palcë's mate, Indis, as his own.

But the secret was, in Cuviénen, they had all been lovers, the four of them. In Cuviénen, the Elves loved as they would, irrespective of gender, and though it was not unusual to take a mate, it was also not usual to be exclusive with that mate, no other lovers. That came later, when the Valar gave them a safe haven but also proscribed the Laws. The union of one man and one woman, only. No love of one's gender. And no mating with one's sibling.

They had tried so very hard to behave themselves, but the desire was too strong. And in Indis's grief for Palcë, Miriel and Finwë could not deny her comfort.

Miriel died giving birth to Curufinwë, who Finwë called Fëanor thereafter - he couldn't help but see Miriel's death as a judgment from the Valar for their sin, and Fëanor as some sort of demon. He knew logically that Fëanor was not a demon, but his presence was certainly a torment like one, and though Indis had tried to get him to be kind to the child, it felt more and more like Fëanor's existence was a mockery of him, especially as Fëanor grew older and more defiant...

...much more like Palcë, the brother-lover he had lost, than his own son. Palcë had been an Alpha, like Finwë himself - Alpha-Alpha bonds had their own special magic - but otherwise, there was so much of that same ferocity, passion, and tendency towards solitude, Fëanor preferring to craft in his forge over the pomp and circumstance of the royal family, much as Palcë had preferred being out in the woods.

The years passed, and Finwë tried to keep his grief restrained, as it was not seemly. The Valar had given them much, and Finwë did not want to appear ungrateful. He most of all did not want to give into anger at the Valar for Miriel's death, and be seen impious.

But the wound festered, and a rift grew between Finwë and Indis. They had times of reconciliation and other children, but it was never the same as it once was. And with the festering wound came a new one, that of loneliness.

As the man the Valar had appointed King of the Noldor, Finwë took his role seriously, and spent much time visiting his subjects, listening to any suggestions or complaints. He grew particularly close to Ingwë, one of the nobles, fair of hair, one of Indis's kin.

In his longing for Indis, he found himself desiring Ingwë. He tried not to, he tried so very valiantly to fight it, not wanting to defy the Valar, who had declared such relations forbidden, an abomination. But the desire grew stronger, and Finwë could scent that it was returned. And at last, Ingwë took him to bed, gave him what he was craving, filled his emptiness and took him to ecstasy, a release, an escape, his mind going to a better place for a little while.

They tried to be discrete. Finwë did not want the wrath of the Valar visited upon his other children, or on Ingwë's. Yet, Ingwë lived in a fine palace and had many servants, and inevitably, one saw them kissing in the gardens.

A few days later, Ingwë and Finwë met to discuss it.

"He will not talk," Ingwë said. "I have paid him handsomely for his silence."

"Thank you," Finwë said.

Ingwë leaned back in his seat. "At least... I am hoping he will not talk. Everyone has a price, but the guilt may weigh too much upon him. Let us pray that will not be the case."

Finwë had a sinking feeling in his gut that there was more. He looked Ingwë in the eye and Ingwë gave a small nod, indicating that was indeed so.

Ingwë went on. "If he were to confess what he saw to the Valar, you and I both know that would be very bad indeed. Worse than if, say, I were to confess my own sin."

There it was. Anger flared in Finwë - *you would betray me?* - and he folded his arms. "What is *your* price, then?"

"Something that benefits both of us. Fëanor is next in line for the throne, is he not? I want him to wed my daughter, Anairë. Join our houses. Should something happen to Fëanor, which I would hope not -" Ingwë knew of Finwë's hatred for his own son, and Finwë's not-infrequently expressed desire that Fëanor was dead. "...then the son in line after that. But that, of course, would not be as adequate as the first son."

Finwë put out his hand. "All right."

Fëanor was still a child when the deal was made, too young to determine if he was an Alpha, a Beta, or an Omega. When Fëanor got older and began demonstrating signs of being an Omega, most notably his scent, as much as Finwë was ashamed to have an Omega for a son, he also felt a sort of vindictive pride - Ingwë would not get an heir so long as Fëanor and Anairë were wed.

Fëanor had managed not just to defy him by marrying Nerdanel, the daughter of one who refused to conform to the Valar's Law of gender, but now this, the desire for his own brother as Fingolfin was coming of age.

It was adding insult to injury. And Finwë did not like it at all. He could suggest Fingolfin not see Fëanor, but he could not outright forbid it without looking unreasonable. He hoped that Fingolfin would have enough respect to not go there.

Finwë's fists clenched in the dark.

I will keep Finarfin far from him, I will raise Finarfin to hate Fëanor, and at least he will be free of the corruption of sin.

Conquer And Devour [Fëanor/Fingolfin]

*So grow
Libido throw
Dominoes of indiscretions down
Falling all around
In cycles
In circles
Constantly consuming
Conquer and devour*

*Cause it's time to bring the fire down
Bridle all this indiscretion
Long enough to edify
And permanently fill this hollow*

- "The Hollow", A Perfect Circle

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"Brother!" Fëanor ran towards Fingolfin, and before he knew what was happening, Fingolfin was in Fëanor's arms, being spun around and around.

The spinning intensified that giddy rush. Fingolfin laughed, his arms tight around Fëanor, heart soaring, never wanting to let go. "Fëanáro. Ai, Fëanáro, I have missed you."

Fëanor kissed both of Fingolfin's cheeks, and Fingolfin fought the urge to take Fëanor's head in his hands and kiss his mouth. Once again Fingolfin was overcome with longing for his own brother, forbidden lust, that *ache* for the one he loved.

Once again Fingolfin smelled that delicious, intoxicating smell, Fëanor's Omega scent, floral spice mixed with woodsmoke. Fingolfin felt his cock stir and he willed himself to get control, to not stride into Formenos to greet his sister-in-law with his breeches tented for her husband. But as Fëanor put an arm around him, leading inside after his horse was led out to the stables, it was all Fingolfin could not do to drag Fëanor out to the stables and rut with him like a stallion.

Nerdanel was sitting in the foyer, holding Maedhros. She rose to embrace Fingolfin. "Nolo," she said, smiling warmly. "It is good to see you."

Fingolfin kissed the baby's brow, then the brow of his sister-in-law. *I wish I could say the same for you*, he thought to himself, seething with jealousy, but he reminded himself that Nerdanel had been nothing but kind to him over the years and it was unfair to feel like she'd "stolen" Fëanor. "And you," Fingolfin said, patting her shoulder. "Thank you for your hospitality."

"Thank you for coming to see us for your birthday," Nerdanel said, "instead of making us come out there and deal with your father." She made a face, freckles standing out on her wrinkled nose.

There was no love lost between Nerdanel and Finwë, and that was one thing Fingolfin

could not fault her for, was taking Fëanor's side in the conflict with their father. Fingolfin did not like the way their father treated Fëanor either, but it was harder for him to take an outwardly disapproving stance. He admired Nerdanel for having the fortitude to stand up to him.

"Would you like something to eat or drink?" Fëanor offered.

You. Fingolfin did not say it aloud. He swallowed hard and nodded. "As you know, I have had a long journey. Refreshment would be welcome."

"Right this way," Fëanor said, leading the way from the foyer into the greatroom. Fingolfin tried to not look at his brother's ass in the way in, and was a little relieved that Nerdanel got between them, obstructing the view.

—

After a meal, Fëanor wanted to get right to the making of the shield he'd promised Fingolfin for his fiftieth birthday present, dragging Fingolfin off to the forge.

The three days that Fëanor had spent forging Fingolfin's sword had been intense, still burned into Fingolfin's mind. This was even moreso. Fingolfin was once again in awe of Fëanor, even a little afraid, watching him hammer the metal and shape it, watching all of the little intricate details, Fëanor glowing more brightly, seeming to burn with an inner fire as he wove spells into the silver knotwork on the edges of the blue shield, spells into the four silver diamond crystal points and the eight blue diamonds forming a wheel in the center between the four points. Hours became days, Fëanor more and more fevered, frantic.

And as his focus on the craft got stronger, so did his scent, until it was overpowering. It was not an unpleasant smell, but it made Fingolfin light-headed, and was driving him mad, every cell in his body screaming to take Fëanor right there on the anvil.

Servants came with food and drink. As the work wore on and Fëanor was perfecting and perfecting his design, he got angrier with the servants who came. At first he merely grumbled when they put their food down and left, but finally Fëanor's temper snapped. "I am in *the middle of something!*" he roared at a servant after he set down a tray. "Can't you see there is *art* happening here? How dare you interrupt me!"

"Fëanor," Fingolfin said, feeling bad for the poor servant who was just doing his job, "I am hungry."

And then Fëanor looked sheepish. "Forgive me," he said to the servant, and then repeated, "Forgive me," to Fingolfin. "I should have realized you have needs," Fëanor said to his brother softly.

If only you knew, beloved. Fingolfin once again swallowed hard, and as he made his way to the tray to pour himself some water and wine and take of the food that had been left, which meant necessarily coming closer to Fëanor, he couldn't help but notice Fëanor didn't just smell stronger than usual, but the scent was changing. Usually the floral predominated with just a touch of spice and smoke, but now the spice and smoke was stronger. And the next time the servants brought food and drink, the smoke was stronger still.

Though Fingolfin was loath to sleep, not wanting to miss a moment of the beauty and wonder that was watching Fëanor craft the shield, sleep nonetheless claimed him... and then Fëanor woke him.

"It is finished," Fëanor said. "It is finally done."

Fingolfin held out his arms and the shield floated towards him. His mouth dropped as he took a look at the fine craftsmanship, all the textured detail of the body of the shield itself, the setting of the stones, the knotwork on the border. He turned the shield around and marveled at the inside, which had a subtle yet intricate pattern, and as he ran his finger over it he felt the shield vibrating underneath his fingertip. The metal seemed to sing.

"Now," Fëanor said, "you must test the shield."

Fingolfin looked outside and saw that it was night. "Right now?"

"Right now."

Fëanor brought less staff to Formenos, his place to get away, but nonetheless he had a few guards for safety's sake. Fëanor approached one of them. "Nahtaro," Fëanor commanded, "pull your sword on the Prince."

The guard grimaced and squirmed. "My lord, are you sure?"

"I would not have asked if I was not sure. There will be no penalty for you doing as I command."

The guard nodded, and drew his sword. Before it could connect, Fingolfin thrust out his shield. The shield not only encased him in a bubble of faint blue light, but Fingolfin watched as the guard was thrown several meters backwards onto the ground, falling hard.

"Very good." Fëanor chuckled. "Sorry about that, Nahtaro."

Fingolfin let out a low whistle. "As you know, I have never seen a shield of its like. Such powerful magic."

"Well," Fëanor said, "to a point. Since I enchanted it, I can..." Fëanor waved his hand and the bubble of light went away. "Disrupt it. As could someone more powerful than myself, but hopefully we won't run afoul of anyone like that."

Fingolfin felt a shiver down his spine. He resisted the urge to grab Fëanor and hug him tight and never let go. He didn't even want to think about the sort of dangers he'd heard rumors of, why his family lived in Valinor now instead of Cuviénen.

Fëanor cleared his throat, breaking into Fingolfin's thoughts. "Still, even without the enchantment upon it..." Fëanor's hand rested on the sword in his belt. "Ready yourself."

Fingolfin took a defensive stance with his shield. Fëanor's sword struck, and Fingolfin moved his shield to block it. The shield made a loud *clang* as if it were a bell, and Fingolfin watched with fascinated horror as the blade of Fëanor's sword snapped in two - and Fingolfin knew that Fëanor's sword was not cheap craftsmanship by any means, he'd made it himself.

Fëanor's laughter rang out almost as loudly as the shield had, delighted. Fëanor waved his hand and the shield sang again, Fingolfin once again encased in a bubble of soft blue.

"Excellent. Works just as I intended." Fëanor waved his hand and a broken piece of the sword floated off the ground into his free hand. "Now I have an excuse to forge myself a new sword. I shall do that at once -"

"Curufinwë Fëanáro *Finwion*," Nerdanel's voice scolded - and they saw her at the gate, hands on hips. "You can do that another time. Right now you are going to get some *sleep*. You haven't slept in days."

"I'm fine," Fëanor called back, but Fingolfin could tell he wasn't fine - there were dark circles under his eyes, and his eyes were fevered, wild.

"You are not fine. You need rest." With that, Nerdanel came out to where they were standing and started dragging Fëanor towards Formenos by his hair. Fingolfin couldn't help laughing - while his mind went right to thinking about pulling Fëanor's hair in the heat of passion - and Fëanor gave Fingolfin a wicked grin that let his brother know that he didn't mind Nerdanel roughly handling him like this at all; it was exactly what he wanted. For a moment Fingolfin went from envying Nerdanel to almost sympathizing with her - he imagined Fëanor was a lot to deal with. But then, as he saw Nerdanel grab Fëanor and kiss him hard as soon as they crossed the threshhold, and Fingolfin once again smelled a waft of that delicious scent, Fingolfin's thoughts returned to envy.

"To bed with you," Nerdanel said.

"To sleep?" Fëanor gave her an innocent face that wasn't innocent at all.

"Yes, *to sleep*, and then if you're *good* and you get some rest like a good boy, we'll see about other things."

"Yes, milady." And then Fëanor winked at Fingolfin, but it was more of a clumsy blink.

Fingolfin wondered what Fëanor meant by that. He didn't want to get his hopes up, that Fëanor wanted him the same way.

But he wanted so badly. He had tried to fight it, and not even his shield could save him from these feelings.

Fingolfin, too, got some much-needed rest that night, but then he woke up with a start, heart pounding in his ears, the smell of spicy, musky woodsmoke as intense as if Fëanor were right there in his bed. And of course he was not. His guest chamber was at the opposite end of the hall from Fëanor's bedchamber. That was how strong the scent had become. It also felt like the temperature in his room had gone up considerably, and there was no fire going in the hearth.

Fingolfin was sweating, and his cock was painfully tented in his sleep-breeches. He went to the washroom of his chambers and threw water on his face, looked at himself in the mirror and saw his pupils blown wide, a look of desperate hunger in his eyes that scared him. He needed to get some air, needed to get away from that impossibly luscious smell before he exploded.

He found himself walking into the woods, not thinking, just moving. After a few minutes he became aware of the fact that he was followed and he paused in his tracks and whirled

around, hand on his sword... but it was just Nerdanel with Maedhros, several meters behind.

Fingolfin breathed a small sigh of relief; he had never been so happy to see his sister-in-law. "Good morning, Nerdanel. Care to join me on my walk?"

"I would like that, yes. I thought about calling out to you but I didn't know if you didn't want to be disturbed or not."

I am already quite disturbed. Fingolfin didn't say it aloud, and tried to keep all smiles as Nerdanel strode towards him and then they kept the pace together along the trail. Fingolfin looked up at the sky, admiring the golden light of day and the way it lit up the trees. Once again, he was impressed with Fëanor for coming out here, making this his retreat. Fingolfin knew he couldn't live here year-round, he had too many obligations to the House of Finwë much as Fëanor begrudging them, but Fingolfin was glad Fëanor got to come here at least some of the year, knowing what a bad fit the culture of court was for him... the culture of Valinor in general, it seemed.

A few minutes into their walk, Nerdanel stopped to drink from a flask. Fingolfin waited, and when Nerdanel passed him the flask he didn't refuse. It was just water, cool and crisp. Even the water tasted better up here, fresher, purer. "Thank you, sister."

"Fingolfin, I need to have a word with you," Nerdanel said.

Fingolfin braced himself, wondering about what, hoping it wasn't a lecture about letting Fëanor spend so much time in the forge.

What came out of Nerdanel's mouth was far worse. "As you know, you desire my husband," Nerdanel said.

Fingolfin had chosen that moment to take a second sip from the flask, and he sputtered. "Er."

"Yes, er." Nerdanel cocked her head to one side, and pursed her lips. "It's no use pretending otherwise. I see the way you look at him." Her eyes narrowed. "I *smell* you."

Fingolfin realized he should have known he would give off his own scent as an Alpha but he was so used to his own scent that it didn't occur to him. Now his face was on fire and he was tempted to run off into the woods, but instead he just nodded. He wasn't going to insult Nerdanel by lying to her. "It's true, lady. I'm sorry -"

"Don't be."

Fingolfin's jaw dropped.

Nerdanel took a deep breath. She led him over to a large, flat-top stone where there was room for both of them to sit. She put Maedhros down to let him play in the grass; Fingolfin was glad the boy was still too young to understand any of this conversation.

"How can you say that, lady? It is sin." Fingolfin frowned. "I am trying to behave... I would not want to dishonor you by..."

"Ñolo. Finwë has never talked to you about... before, has he? Meaning Cuviénen, before he came to Valinor."

"Er, no."

Nerdanel nodded. "My ana and oma have told me things about that time. In those days, your mother and Fëanor's mother were lovers."

Fingolfin's jaw dropped again. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. And yet, it made sense - why Miriel was such a sore spot for Indis. Fingolfin had always assumed she cried because she was so jealous of Finwë's first wife. But now he knew it was sorrow for a lost love, one who had died so tragically. Fingolfin's eyes teared up at the realization.

"And your own father, Finwë, was lovers with his own brother. Palcë, his name was."

"Our father has a brother?" Fingolfin was consumed by a surge of violent emotion - grief for never having known his uncle, and rage for his father never having spoken of him, so he didn't even know he had an uncle. "Where..."

"We don't know," Nerdanel said softly. "Our families came here to escape grave danger, Nolo. Your uncle fought... the evil." Nerdanel would not even speak of it.

That meant the uncle was probably dead, though Fingolfin wondered if that was truly so, and if he was out there... if he was suffering. Fingolfin wanted to weep, not able to bear the thought of his family in captivity or worse. Nerdanel put a hand on his arm, gentle but firm. "There are rumors that your father has been intimate with Ingwë, the father of your intended. I do not know if these rumors are merely talk or if there is substance to them. But I do know that in his past, Finwë had male lovers. My oma was almost one of them."

"Why are you telling me this?" Fingolfin's head was spinning all over again.

"Because I want you to know that the Laws of the Valar are unnatural for our people. We did not always pair off one man, one woman. It was common for our people to take many lovers of different genders, so long as all parties were consenting." Nerdanel sighed and looked around to make sure they were truly alone. "Nolo, I love your brother, but he is a lot. And he is even more of a lot when he is in heat."

Fingolfin swallowed hard. His mouth was suddenly dry. Seeming to sense it, Nerdanel gave him the flask again.

"You mention heat," Fingolfin said. Of course he'd known Fëanor had gone into heat before, it was how he ended up with Maedhros. But...

"Just before Fëanor goes into heat, he gets very irritable, moreso than usual, and very creative... moreso than usual. I'm sure you've noticed his obsessiveness with his latest project... and the scent. He started his heat this morning."

"Why aren't you there with him now?" Fingolfin felt almost angry.

"Because that is my birthday present to you." Nerdanel gave him a small smile. "He has had a bath, I made sure of that, and I have built him a heat nest, as I do... he is waiting in the chambers, thinking I will return. It will be you who takes my place there."

"But... but... does he even want me?"

Nerdanel threw back her head and laughed. "Do you think I'd be offering if he didn't?"

"And..." Fingolfin still couldn't believe any of this was happening. He had a mind to tear off

and rush to Formenos, right into that heat nest and make Fëanor scream. But he still needed to understand what he was getting into. "You're all right with all of this? Truly?"

"It's like I said. Fëanor is a lot. Truth be told, I've been hoping he would take other lovers, like his father once did, to give me a break. He's insatiable and it's exhausting to keep up with."

Fingolfin did not think such a thing was even possible, getting tired of Fëanor. To Fingolfin it seemed a privilege beyond privilege, to worship Fëanor's body and pleasure him for hours and hours, days and days. Many years later, Fingolfin would look back on this moment as a clear sign that Nerdanel and Fëanor were doomed. But here and now, Fingolfin thought it was incredibly generous of her to step aside for him, exhaustion or not. "I will do my best to satisfy him, lady."

"Good." Nerdanel chuckled. "And just so you know, I won't tell anyone. Especially not your father. I will make sure the servants are distracted sufficiently and the nest has already been enchanted to keep others from hearing."

Fingolfin was almost disappointed by that - part of him wanted all of Valinor to hear him make Fëanor cry out - but he also knew it was better to be prudent. Fingolfin gave a polite little bow as he got up. "Thank you, lady."

And then he ran, as fast as he could.

—

As eager as Fingolfin was to claim Fëanor, he was filled with anxiety again once he entered Formenos. Instead of going right to Fëanor's bedchamber, he went to the washroom in his own guest chambers, cleaning himself thoroughly, as if he were preparing himself for a ritual. He realized then that this was sacred to him - knowing the ancient ways of their people, the proscription of the Valar would never feel the same way again, and indeed their father was a hypocrite. Fingolfin took deep breaths, trying to calm his nerves, but as he put a silk robe over his naked body he felt ready to burst at the seams. And his cock was tented again, the scent of Fëanor's heat thick through the fortress.

Fingolfin quietly entered Fëanor's bedchamber and heard movement from the bed. He watched as Fëanor got in position, hands and knees, face down ass up - his passage was dripping slick, pooling onto the sheets.

"Nel, hurry, please," Fëanor said, and let out a plaintive whimper.

Fingolfin cleared his throat.

Fëanor gasped and looked over his shoulder. "Oh, *Eru. Ñolo...*" Fëanor quickly rolled out of position and pulled up a sheet around himself, covering his nakedness. "I'm sorry -"

"I'm not," Fingolfin husked.

Fëanor's eyes widened. He swallowed hard, and his mouth opened slightly. "You..."

Fingolfin nodded. "I'm in love with you, Fëanáro."

Fëanor looked at him with disbelief. His breath hitched. Then he gave his brother a wicked, teasing grin and said, "Hi In Love With You -"

"I'm being serious, Fëanor, damn you."

"Hi Being Serious Fëanor Damn You."

Fingolfin put his hands on his hips and then Fëanor laughed... and let the sheet drop. Fingolfin's breath caught at the sight of Fëanor's perfect naked body, as exquisitely sculpted as a statue - but even more beautiful than anything the most gifted pair of hands could shape. His cock was as beautiful as the rest of him, standing at attention, long and thick, also dripping.

"It's always been you, Fëanáro." Fingolfin approached the bed slowly, and when he was almost there he let his own robe slip to the floor.

"Forgive me... I didn't want to say anything before now," Fëanor said softly. "I'm older, I didn't want to... abuse that power, influence you or make you feel... pressured or obligated..."

"This is not obligation," Fingolfin said, gesturing to his own hard cock. "I want you. Really and truly."

Fëanor held out his arms. Fingolfin climbed onto the bed. He had never even kissed anyone before, and yet, when his mouth met Fëanor's for the first time, he seemed to intuitively know what to do - it felt as natural as the changing light of the Trees, the changing tides of the sea, the sowing and the reaping. When their tongues played together they both groaned, and Fingolfin found himself running his hands over Fëanor's beautiful body, needing to touch him, needing to feel him, everywhere. Fëanor trembled beneath his hands, and made a high-pitched, urgent noise into the kiss, which deepened, more insistent... more hungry.

"Get as you were before," Fingolfin commanded.

For a brief instant Fingolfin worried that he was being too bossy, that Fëanor would tell his younger brother to mind his place... but Fëanor's eyes lit up as if he liked to be told what to do, by Fingolfin anyway, and Fingolfin watched eagerly, cock throbbing as Fëanor once again got on his hands and knees, the perfect globes of his ass pushed out, and he was dripping even more slick than before.

Fëanor smelled delicious, and now Fingolfin had to taste him. Fingolfin leaned in and began to lick around Fëanor's passage, around and around in circles. Fëanor cried out, "Ai, Ñolo!" and gripped the pillows, fists white-knuckled.

Fingolfin laughed softly, delighted, and then he dipped his tongue inside.

Fëanor's slick was sweet, like a diluted honey, with a touch of the floral spice of his scent. Fingolfin groaned, his cock stiffening even more at that first taste. He began to rub his tongue inside Fëanor's channel slowly, kissing it, and wasn't able to keep from stroking himself as he licked, going mad with lust at the taste, the thought that he was inside Fëanor this way, pleasing him, listening to Fëanor's whimpers and cries. Soon Fingolfin's tongue worked faster, and faster still, lashing away at a nub inside him, Fëanor panting and howling, at last bucking against him, fucking himself on his brother's tongue.

"Please, Ñolo, please, take me, please, I need your cock..." Fëanor begged.

Fingolfin decided to tease him just a little more, making Fëanor beg for it, even as his cock was raging, so hard it was almost painful, balls tighter than they'd ever been. Fingolfin's tongue slowed down, and Fëanor made guttural noises into the pillows, then higher-pitched ones, almost sobbing. "Please. Nolo. Please. Nolo. Nolo, please, brother, please, I need it, please, *fuck me!*"

Fingolfin relented. He felt like he was going to die if he didn't take Fëanor now, *now*. He rose up, kneeling behind his brother, cock poised outside Fëanor's dripping passage. "Are you very sure, brother?"

"YES, WOULD YOU JUST FUCKING FUCK ME."

Fingolfin couldn't help laughing at that, and then his laughter became a groan as he guided in the tip. He went slowly, inch by inch, letting Fëanor get adjusted to the size of him, and at last he was buried to the hilt. Fingolfin paused, not just for Fëanor's own sake but for his, hearing himself breathing harder at the magnificent feeling of Fëanor's silken heat clamped around him...

...the indescribable feeling of being joined with his brother, his beloved, body, mind, and soul.

I love you, Fingolfin spoke directly into his mind. *Now and always.*

Always. Fëanor looked back over his shoulder. *I am yours, Nolofinwë. Now take it.* Claim it.

Fingolfin took a deep breath, and then he took his first thrust. The wet, tight velvet rubbing around his cock was almost too exquisite to bear. Fingolfin fought his own release, not wanting to come too soon. He thrust again, and again, slowly. Fëanor whimpered and gasped out, "That's so good, brother..."

"Ai, Fëanáro. This is better than I had hoped for." Fingolfin sighed. "This feels so right."

"More," Fëanor begged.

Something about that word turned Fingolfin into an animal. He began to thrust again, harder, faster, finding a rhythm. Fëanor matched his rhythm, rocking his hips back at Fingolfin, until their hips were slapping together, balls slapping together. The lewd, obscene wet suctioning sound of Fingolfin's cock gliding in and out of Fëanor's slick passage was as exciting as watching his cock go in and out of the slick, dripping hole, watching his cock coated with Fëanor's sex. Fingolfin gripped Fëanor's hips and drove into him even harder, and Fëanor shouted, "Yes, Nolo. More, brother, more! More..."

Fingolfin groaned deeply. He thrust faster, giving into the beast inside him, giving into the *fire*. Their bodies slapping together, the wet slurping sound of their fuck was almost as loud as Fëanor's cries of "More, more, *more*, ai, Nolo, don't stop, give me more..." And as the pleasure and tension built within Fingolfin, and he could feel the pleasure building in Fëanor too across their bond as his cock hit that place inside him again and again, Fingolfin felt a freedom he'd never known before, like he wasn't just claiming his beloved, but he was reclaiming something that had been stolen from him, something that was his *birthright*.

He thought of Fëanor forging the sword, the shield - like a force of nature, like a god, and Fëanor in his element was almost as arousing as Fëanor on his hands and knees in front

of him, getting fucked by his cock. He remembered the power he'd felt... and he could feel that same power now, but it was even stronger, his fire calling to Fëanor's fire.

The thought came, blasphemy. *Ye shall be as gods.*

It was dangerous... even more forbidden than what they were doing with their bodies. And it was wonderful. He drank that power now, fucking Fëanor harder and harder, Fëanor bucking against him so Fingolfin didn't know who was fucking who. Fingolfin could hear himself crying out now too, getting closer and closer to that point of no return...

Fëanor was shaking, panting. Fingolfin leaned down, his chest against Fëanor's back. His arms wrapped around his brother, his beloved, and he brushed Fëanor's hair aside and began to kiss and lick and nibble his neck, his shoulder, back up his neck to lick along his jaw, up the shell of his ear to the sensitive point. He licked back down Fëanor's neck and then his teeth were on the back of Fëanor's neck, growling. Fëanor had been panting "more, more" and now he couldn't even make words, almost sobbing.

"Yes, brother." Fingolfin could feel Fëanor there too, and he wanted Fëanor to have his pleasure first. "Burn for me, Fëanáro."

Fingolfin reached down, took Fëanor's cock in his hand, and with a few strokes it spurted. Fëanor gave a wild, broken cry, and Fingolfin groaned deeply at the feel of hot seed flooding his hand... then Fëanor's channel clamped down tighter around him, pulsing, and Fingolfin gave into his own release, shooting and shooting inside him. "Fëanor. My love."

"Ñolo," Fëanor wept. "I love you. I love you..."

Fëanor tilted his head and they kissed, passionately, fiercely. Their tongues duelling together made Fingolfin's cock rise again, and Fëanor whimpered into the kiss and started rocking on his brother's cock once more.

But this time Fingolfin went more slowly for longer, one arm around Fëanor, hands clasped, Fëanor's head tilted towards his as they kissed and kissed, tongues licking and rubbing together, teasing, playing to the slow, sensual rhythm of Fingolfin's thrusts.

They couldn't keep it slow forever. The need between them burned, and Fingolfin pounded Fëanor into the mattress. It was a reverse of the previous fuck - where in the first one Fingolfin had started off upright on his knees behind Fëanor and at the end leaned down to kiss him, now Fingolfin went from kissing Fëanor to rising back up, gripping Fëanor's hip with one hand and grabbing his hair with another, pulling it hard as he'd fantasized about. Fëanor loved it, getting louder, rocking against Fingolfin as hard as he could. "More, more, more..."

"That's it, brother." Fingolfin tugged Fëanor's flood of hair again. "Who does this belong to?" He slapped Fëanor's ass.

"You. It's yours. I'm yours..."

Fingolfin groaned, loving it. "Mine. *Mine.*"

"Yes. Yes..."

It didn't take them long to come again. Fëanor screamed as he climaxed, and an instant later Fingolfin threw back his head and gave a hoarse shout as he spilled into his brother a second time, Fëanor's passage throbbing around him, his own cock throbbing into his

entire body, seemingly endless pulses of joy. He sank down and sighed with contentment, feeling like he was made of pure light.

Soon enough, he had somehow slipped out of Fëanor and now Fëanor was facing him and raining kisses over his face, Fëanor's fingers walking over his body, making him tingle, making him burn. Fingolfin's cock rose again, and now Fëanor's cock was rubbing against his, and Fingolfin shuddered, kissing Fëanor's mouth as hard as he could. "I can't get enough of you," Fingolfin whispered.

"Good," Fëanor said, smiling, and kissed Fingolfin back.

Fingolfin's cock was aching to be inside Fëanor again, but looking at Fëanor's body, he felt overcome with the need to adore him. He rolled Fëanor onto his back and began to kiss and lick him all over, from his neck down his throat to one shoulder over an arm and back up, burying his nose in Fëanor's armpit and licking that, too, enjoying the spicy, smoky smell of Fëanor's heat. He kissed back over the shoulder to Fëanor's chest, and seized a nipple between his lips, sucking hard. Fëanor cried out and Fingolfin groaned at the sight of Fëanor's cock jolting at that, slick gushing out of him. Fingolfin continued to suckle, savoring the sweet spice of Fëanor's milk, and then his tongue rubbed the nipple fast and hard, fucking it with his tongue, before suckling again. His tongue swirled around and around the nipple fast, then slow and teasing, and then his tongue brushed the nipple with light, slow strokes. Fingolfin moaned at the sight of milk beading down Fëanor's chest and chased the drops with his tongue, before lashing the nipple some more, suckling and drinking his milk. Fingolfin rubbed his hard cock against Fëanor's thigh, indescribably turned on to finally be fulfilling this fantasy of suckling his brother's nipples. Fingolfin loved the sight of Fëanor's nipples hard, swollen, and glistening, like perfect little rosebuds. And he found himself saying, "Such beauty deserves adornment. Like jeweled rings."

Fëanor laughed softly. "All the better for you to play with."

"Indeed."

Fingolfin turned his head to the other nipple and gave it the same treatment, sucking hard, licking hard and fast, then swirling his tongue around and around the nipple fast then slowly, tongue fluttering before suckling again. His fingers and thumb pinched and plucked and rolled one nipple while his mouth feasted on the other, making the nipples swell even more, making Fëanor cry out louder and louder until he was writhing, screaming, whimpering, a complete wreck. Fingolfin kissed back up the other shoulder and over Fëanor's arm, scenting his other armpit, and then down Fëanor's side, across the stomach to the other side, and back.

Fingolfin was pleased that Fëanor had a sensitive stomach, too, licking, kissing, nibbling over the angles and planes. He kissed over to one hip and down a thigh, stroking himself as Fëanor started to pant and writhe and cry out again while Fingolfin kissed and licked and nibbled the thigh. He went to the other and did the same, and spent awhile just licking his brother's dripping cock, licking it and licking it, lashing at the slit, swirling around the head, up and down the shaft and back up to suck on the head, kissing it, before burying his noise in the lovely dark bush and breathing in the scent of him, craving it like a drug. Then he kissed and licked back up the hip, back over the stomach, up and up and up to Fëanor's heart.

"You are beautiful here most of all," Fingolfin husked, kissing there. "You burn so brightly."

Fëanor stroked Fingolfin's face, silver eyes aflame, looking at him with such love - such *worship* - that Fingolfin wanted to weep. It was so good, to love and be loved like this. He

felt consumed by the fire of Fëanor's passion - and his own passion for Fëanor - and rather than destroying him it was making him stronger. That strength, that power, coursed through him now as he took Fëanor's face in his hands and drew him into a deep, fierce, savage kiss.

They kissed and kissed, and Fëanor arched to him, legs spread and lifted. Fingolfin pushed inside him and they were joined once more.

"Ñolo," Fëanor breathed, wonder in his eyes, as if he'd discovered some sort of magic. He reached up to stroke Fingolfin's face again, and smiled with joy that threatened to break Fingolfin's heart. "I love you."

Fingolfin kissed him deeply and began to thrust. Slow and sweet at first, but soon enough yielding to that hunger, like he had been starving for this... a sort of madness, obsession.

It was a magnificent obsession. In these moments, Fëanor wrapped around him, his sweet cries, the rhythm of their flesh slapping together, was all that existed. Their pleasure. Their passion. Their joy. The eventual ecstasy of their release, exploding like stars.

"Mine," Fingolfin called out as he came. "Always mine." And then a wordless cry, as Fëanor sprayed his chest with another arc of hot seed.

"My own," Fëanor said.

That release was powerful enough that Fingolfin found himself drifting off, a smile on his face. He woke up feeling that fever again, smelling Fëanor's powerful scent, his body *hungering* once more, wanting, cock standing to attention, painfully stiff.

"Yes," Fëanor whispered between kisses.

"Yes," Fingolfin said back.

Fëanor pushed Fingolfin onto his back, straddled his hips, and sank down. Fingolfin groaned at the sight of his cock pushing into Fëanor's passage once more, and cried out as he watched Fëanor bounce on it, the cock gliding in and out of him, so slick.

"More," Fëanor cried out. "More, more, I need it, don't stop..."

"As much as you want," Fingolfin said, fingers sliding over Fëanor's sweat-damp chest and stomach. "You can have all you want. Take all you need."

"Yes, yes, yes, *more...*"

Hours passed, days passed. Food was discretely left outside the chamber at regular intervals. Fëanor took occasional breaks to feed Maedhros and fuss over him. Watching Fëanor nurse made Fingolfin even hungrier for those nipples when Fëanor disrobed and got back to bed.

At last the heat was over, and Fingolfin was exhausted, but he'd never felt better in his life. Sometime during the heat his fiftieth birthday had come and gone. He was sure

Nerdanel had made some sort of excuse for why he wasn't attending a party. Nonetheless, Fingolfin worried that his absence would be remarked upon, even by the staff Nerdanel and Fëanor had sworn were trustworthy, even with an enchantment on the bedchamber to mask the sounds coming out of it.

Fëanor and Fingolfin finally came out to have breakfast with Nerdanel, and Nerdanel asked loudly in front of the servants, "How was your spiritual retreat in the forest, Nolo?"

Fingolfin knew then that had been the cover story. He nodded as he took a piece of fresh bread. "It was very insightful. I truly felt the power of Oromë out there, in the call of the wild."

You felt the power of a horn, all right. Fëanor smirked just a little as he sipped the herbed tonic that went with their breakfast. "I admire your devotion, brother." *And your stamina.*

"As you know, when one becomes a man it is good to seek the rede of the Valar. Our father taught us faith is very... important." *Bloody hypocrite.*

"Indeed," Fëanor said. "There is much in our esteemed father's example that we can follow." He said it with the straightest of faces, and it took Fingolfin everything he had not to fall apart laughing.

—

Fingolfin was reluctant to leave Formenos, especially because soon, within weeks, he would be wed to Anairë. Fëanor and Nerdanel were scheduled to depart Formenos before the wedding, where they would attend, and Fëanor would be living at his usual residence, not so far of a journey...

...close enough to be a constant temptation. Fingolfin knew they would have to be very careful, with their father nearby, and so much of the court. And yet, he could not be without this now.

Before Fingolfin left, Fëanor pulled him into the woods for a last kiss.

"Soon," Fëanor promised. "We will see each other again and then you can ravish me some more."

"I wish I could run away with you," Fingolfin said. "No court. No farce of an arranged marriage. Just us, just this." Fingolfin kissed him back with all his might.

"We cannot run away," Fëanor said, looking sad. "But we will find a way, somehow. In the shadows... we will find our light, together."

"Together," Fingolfin husked, and kissed him again.

—

Fingolfin's wedding day was the saddest moment of his life so far. Even with knowing that Anairë didn't want this either, and they would not be consummating their marriage tonight, if at all, he still felt sick to his stomach. Sick with the distaste of the dishonesty of the

whole thing. Sick with the anger at his father's hypocrisy, forcing him into this, talking a good game about piety and devotion, while skulking around with Ingwë, and hiding the truth of his brother, Fingolfin's uncle. Sick with the anxiety that at some point, he and Fëanor would be discovered, and punished.

Fingolfin had tears in his eyes as he made the vows. He heard one of Anairë's handmaidens say, "Bless him, such love for his wife!" And it took Fingolfin all his strength not to storm over there and shout *I DO NOT LOVE THIS WOMAN, MY TEARS ARE OF SORROW*. He did not. He could not. He felt as if he were in a trance, his mind going far away to escape the horror of the ceremony.

He came back to himself a little at the reception. Indis had made another lovely cake, and of course Finarfin was proceeding to get himself covered in icing all over again. Finarfin grabbed Fingolfin's sleeve and dragged him over to the layered cake. "Have cake," Finarfin said. "You're too sad. Cake will help."

Fingolfin wondered what Finarfin *knew*. Fingolfin felt too ill with all the negativity coursing through him, but he nibbled on cake to appease his younger brother.

And at last there was Fëanor, looking regal in a new red tunic, red roses trimmed on black breeches, a matching cape of black with red roses. He had a rose for Fingolfin, which was not in and of itself unseemly, gifting his brother on his wedding day, but Fingolfin knew as he took the rose that it was a romantic gesture.

"I am very happy for you," Fëanor said, looking around the room, knowing they were being watched. "This is truly a momentous day."

"Truly," Fingolfin said. "I feel as if I shall burst."

"Indeed." Fëanor nodded, and then he lowered his voice and whispered, "I am with child again."

Fingolfin blinked. And he realized, Fëanor had not lain with Nerdanel during his last heat.

The child Fëanor was carrying was his.

Fëanor smiled at him and patted his back. "Congratulations, Ñolo."

Fingolfin let out a shout of joy. Anyone else observing would think it was his marriage... but of course it was not.

He might be living in a gilded cage, but at least he had this, and that gave him strength.

The Snack That Smiles Back [Fëanor/Nerdanel]

During his second pregnancy, Fëanor began to have strange cravings.

He had cravings during his first pregnancy, and was assured by Mahtan - who had educated him on the nature of being an Omega, since Finwë had not - that cravings for unusual food were perfectly normal during this time. But though the combinations were odd, for example, fish with apple slices, it was all things that existed and could be easily put together.

Not this time. Fëanor craved something like lembas, only crispy, and cheese-flavored. But crisping lembas on the broiler and melting cheese on it wasn't quite satisfying it. *It needs to be baked into the lembas.*

Fëanor spent weeks in the kitchen perfecting the recipe. At last, he produced a tray of small squares of hard lembas, cheese baked in. As a concession to Maedhros, who wanted what his *oma* was having, he also made a tray of the same but in the shape of smiling fish.

"Try it," Fëanor said, holding out the tray of squares to Nerdanel.

She did, and frowned.

"You don't like it?"

"It's not that. I would have enjoyed these more if I'd seen you more. I missed you."

"Oh, Nel." Fëanor smoothed a lock of her hair and kissed the tip of her nose. The baby bump kicked her, and then it was Fëanor's turn to frown - pregnancy made him a bit cantankerous. "Listen, when you're the one having pregnancy cravings, then you can complain."

Meanwhile, in another universe, a very pregnant Nerdanel nibbled a piece of cheese and said, "I sense a great disturbance in the Force."

Time To Bring The Fire Down: Part 1 [Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin]

*So grow
Libido throw
Dominoes of indiscretions down
Falling all around
In cycles
In circles
Constantly consuming
Conquer and devour*

*Cause it's time to bring the fire down
Bridle all this indiscretion
Long enough to edify
And permanently fill this hollow*

- "The Hollow", A Perfect Circle

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

As Fëanor saw his father's palace coming into view, he felt that old sense of dread he'd had for as long as he could remember - it was no home, but a cage, a prison, a place where instead of feeling loved and nurtured and guided his father had tried to break him, and hated him because he couldn't succeed, mostly.

But now the dread was intensified, feeling new and fresh as well as old and stale. Fëanor still couldn't believe that Finarfin had personally invited him to his fiftieth birthday. Finarfin, who he had not seen in years and years, who had not bothered to keep in touch with him. Fëanor supposed that was the influence of their father, who had become devoted to the Valar to the point of fanaticism - it was even worse now than it had been when Fëanor was a child, and it was pretty bad when Fëanor was a child - and Fëanor had no doubt that Finwë had told Finarfin that Fëanor was "a demon who had killed his own mother" and poisoned Finarfin's mind against him, and Finarfin couldn't really be blamed for that. Nonetheless, it had been a sore spot for Fëanor to have his youngest brother go from idolizing him, always exuberant and giddy to see him, to not a single visit, not a single message, and it had increased the distance between Fëanor and Finwë, had caused Fëanor to spend more and more time at his vacation home in Formenos and less and less time in the city. Some of that, of course, was his secret trysting with Fingolfin, making passionate love together far from the watchful eyes of their father and his court. But some of that was just plain hurt.

And now the wound was ripped open all over again as Fëanor's carriage approached the palace, Maedhros and Maglor silent as stones as if they could sense the distress their oma was in.

Nerdanel had not come, even though she was invited too. She could not stand to be under the same roof as Finwë any longer, after Finwë snubbing the name-day party of Maglor decades ago. And she had expressed doubt about the sincerity of Finarfin's invitation. "He probably thinks he can get expensive gifts out of you," Nerdanel scoffed.

The fact of the matter was, Fëanor would be only too happy to give Finarfin the finest of

jewelry - costly stones, and a high cost of intense labor - if it meant Finarfin would love him again. He had missed his youngest brother, and he hated their father even more for poisoning the well.

It was hard to think of Finarfin as a man now. Indeed the thought was laughable. Fëanor remembered one of the last times he'd seen Finarfin, at Fingolfin's wedding, getting icing all over his face as he dug into cake like it was the last cake Valinor would ever know. There was no way that hyper, loud, little cake-eating terror was an adult. That seemed outside the realm of possibility.

Of course, Fëanor had done the impossible... Maglor was proof of that, though he and Fingolfin would never admit it to anyone besides Nerdanel, and Maglor himself when he was older and ready to hear the truth about his parentage. Fëanor rubbed his belly. He badly wanted another child, and he was hoping Fingolfin would be there for his next heat. They'd been using herbs since Maglor's birth so Fëanor wouldn't get pregnant again, to give everyone some time between children - especially since Fingolfin had Fingon, with Fëanor's help - but Fëanor was starting to feel ready again. Right now, though, he was feeling a bit feverish, like it was suddenly too warm in the carriage. *Nerves*, he told himself. *Deep breaths*.

The deep breathing just seemed to get him even more tightly wound up inside.

Fëanor was shaking a little when he climbed out of the carriage. He really hoped he wouldn't see his father right away at the door, not wanting his father to see his moment of weakness. Fëanor braced himself as he walked with his sons to the gates, and through.

There was a man sitting in a chair in the foyer, writing on a scroll, looking thoroughly engrossed in what he was doing. Fëanor recognized that intensity - he had that same intensity when he was in his forge, working on projects. But the man looked quite different from Fëanor. He had long waves of pale yellow - almost white - hair and in the play of light and shadow in the foyer, his hair shifted from silvery to gold and back again, like the way the sky changed when the light of the Trees mingled. His hair was magnificent, as was the rest of him, the most beautiful man Fëanor had ever laid eyes on next to Fingolfin himself. A chiseled face, almost haughty, wide-set light-green eyes, a full, generous mouth; his blue-and-white tunic and breeches clung to his body all the right ways... the sculpted body of a warrior. Though he was a scholar, judging from the scroll and the concentration as he moved his quill, those arms were the arms of someone who had swung a sword.

And *Hells*, he smelled delicious. Rain and dew and forest and wildflowers with a touch of animal musk, like innocence defiled, the threat of danger in the peaceful wood.

Fëanor just watched him for a few minutes, breathless, until he realized he was probably being rude by staring. He cleared his throat. "Pardon me," he said in his best court voice. "I am here for my brother Arafinwë's fiftieth birthday. Have you seen my brother? Or my father, perhaps? I wish to greet them." He thought it was odd neither of them were there at the entrance, but then he supposed he shouldn't be surprised that his father wouldn't greet him properly, and would have trained his youngest brother not to as well.

The gorgeous man looked up from his scroll and lifted his eyebrows, looking Fëanor up and down with something like disbelief... and disdain.

Anger flared in Fëanor, as hot as his desire. Just that *look* was impossibly rude. Fëanor put a hand on his hip. "Well?"

The man chuckled. Fëanor wondered who he was, if this was one of Indis, Ingwë and Anairë's kin. He had a lot to answer for if so, he should know better. The man rose to his feet - he was taller than Fëanor, almost as tall as Fingolfin. "Come along, Fëanor."

Fëanor followed into the hall, but he felt that sting of irritation. "Are you going to answer me?" His irritation intensified with the continued silence. "Who are you? Who do you *think* you are? *Do you understand who I am?*" He had no great love for the court and its politics, the games of hierarchy and who was deemed "better" by mere fact of birthright; he normally thought people should be judged on their merits. And yet, the seeming disregard for Fëanor's status, treating him like an equal, was rankling Fëanor in a way that normally wouldn't rattle him. Maybe it was because this was obviously kin of Indis and Ingwë and Anairë, somehow, or maybe it was because he was maddeningly, infuriatingly *attractive*. Fëanor did not want to notice this man's beauty, did not want to be *compelled*, and here he was, practically drooling on himself like a dog.

The lovely blond man grinned over his shoulder - a cheeky grin, mischief in his eyes. "Your room is eighth on the right, and your sons the ninth room down."

They kept walking in silence; Fëanor paused outside the door of his guest chambers. "That's not an answer."

The man smirked, and shook his head, giving Fëanor another annoyed-yet-amused look before he walked off. "You know nothing, Fëanáro Finwion."

Fëanor's first act of business in his guest chamber after unpacking was to enchant the room with a soundproof barrier. It would both limit the sounds outside the room, and limit what could be heard within the room. This was important not just because excess noise in the halls irritated Fëanor, but he had plans for later that he didn't want his father's servants hearing.

After the spell, Fëanor took some time to himself in his guest chamber to rest, not really sleeping, just laying there, trying to relax after the anxiety attack he'd had approaching the palace. But his thoughts kept straying to that gorgeous man with the attitude problem, and he was angry with himself for feeling that heady mix of desire and fascination.

There was a knock on the door, which Fëanor had allowed through the spell. Fëanor didn't know if it was one of the servants bringing refreshment, or perhaps if it was Finwë himself. "Who is it?" Fëanor called out.

"Guess," came Fingolfin's voice.

Fëanor waved his hand and the door opened. Fingolfin stepped through, and as soon as the door closed they were in each other's arms, holding each other tightly. They kissed, away from the window where they might be seen. Then for a moment they just looked at each other, breathing each other's breath, no need for words.

Fingolfin nodded in acknowledgment and broke the silence. "It is good to see you. Always."

"And good to see you." Fëanor stroked Fingolfin's face. He was tempted - sorely tempted - to drag Fingolfin over to the bed and offer himself for the taking, but it was still daytime

yet and their father's household was busy. Too much chance of being discovered. Even at night it was risky, but they had taken that risk before.

"It is almost mealtime," Fingolfin informed Fëanor. "I came to get you."

"Ah." Fëanor had been out of his father's house long enough that he forgot everything was on a much stricter schedule here. "Well, let's go, then."

Fingolfin led the way, and Fëanor followed down the hall and through a corridor to another hall. Maglor and Maedhros and Fingon had already been sent for, sitting with Anairë towards the middle of the table.

Close to the head of the table - not quite at the head, but the chair nearest - was the blond who had sat in the foyer, writing on the quill.

It was one thing for the man to look at him and speak to Fëanor the way he had earlier, it was another thing to sit *there*. It felt like a mockery, outright disrespect. "What are you doing there?" Fëanor snapped at him. "Go find another seat!"

"Fëanor," Fingolfin said gently, but firmly, "that is Finarfin."

Fëanor's jaw dropped. And then his face burned. This beautiful creature was Finarfin? Cake-on-face, riding-on-his-shoulders Finarfin?

Fëanor started to laugh. "Don't fool me, Ñolo."

"How is it you invented a script and yet you are such an idiot?" Finarfin asked, a cool, amused smile on his face. He rose from the table and put out his hand. "I would have thought you'd recognize me sooner than this, brother."

Fëanor realized it should have been more obvious - little Finarfin was blond, this man was blond - but of course it wasn't. Fëanor did not shake his brother's hand. "I would have recognized you sooner if you'd bothered to keep in touch with me instead of ignoring my existence all these years, *brother*."

There was a wounded look in Finarfin's eyes, and Fëanor saw he had hit a nerve, and Finarfin's mouth opened as if he wanted to say something in return... but then Finwë arrived in the dining hall, with Indis at his side. Everyone seated rose in respect for the High King; the servants bowed.

Finwë strode to take his place at the head of the table, Indis beside him. The seven-course meal was brought in, and much wine. That was one thing Fëanor could not fault his father for - everyone ate well under his roof, even the servants, though Finwë liked to make it a show of how Yavanna had blessed him with abundance for his righteousness. Tomorrow, for Finarfin's birthday, the feast would be even more sumptuous. Fëanor imagined Finwë patting himself on the back for being such a righteous parent would be just as lavish as the food.

Finarfin and Fëanor regarded each other warily across the table. There was small talk, but Fëanor only half-listened, his mind far away, trying to reconcile the mental image of small, boisterous Finarfin with the cool, aloof man seated across from him. He found himself getting angrier and angrier that Finarfin had not contacted him in years...

...getting angrier and angrier that Finarfin was more attractive than he had any right to be, smelled so delicious it should be a crime.

Fingolfin of course smelled delicious as always, and was himself exquisitely beautiful. Fëanor ached for his touch, his kiss, eager for when the night would come and so would they.

Though Fëanor had a sour opinion of the Valar, in no small part due to his father's hypocrisy, he nonetheless knew he was in violation of the Laws and there would be judgment if he and Fingolfin were ever found out. It was, for that reason, bad enough to sin with Fingolfin. Feeling the stirrings of desire for his other brother... that was dangerous. Twice the sin, double the risk.

But also unlikely to ever be realized. Finarfin had forgotten about Fëanor's existence all this time, and likely after he got his gifts he'd go back to forgetting Fëanor existed. Much as Fëanor missed Finarfin and wished things had been different, that he'd gotten a chance to know his youngest brother, he was relieved that soon the temptation would be gone.

And looking upon that glorious hair. It was much nicer than Indis's hair. It was as if Finarfin had been blessed by Vána herself, except that Fëanor thought Finarfin was even more beautiful than fair Vána, blasphemy or not.

After the meal, Maglor performed for everyone on his harp. While Maglor was still a boy, still learning, he was nonetheless possessed of immense skill, and Fëanor thought as he watched and listened that Maglor would become the greatest bard the Quendi had ever known, or would know. Of course he knew he was biased, with Maglor being his son - and Fingolfin's, the magic of his music seeming to be shaped by the fire of their passion. But he was far from the only person in the room moved to tears by Maglor playing the harp.

Finarfin, himself, was getting choked up. Maglor was playing something light and joyous rather than his usual melancholy repertoire, and yet it seemed to make Finarfin cry even more than Maglor's more haunting songs had. And suddenly in his mind's eye, Fëanor saw a memory from Finarfin's childhood, one of the last times the brothers had seen each other, Fëanor carrying Finarfin and running with him, making him sail, then Finarfin climbed on his shoulders and watched the light of the Trees change, and they fed swans together.

And in that memory Fëanor felt love, felt the *worship* from Finarfin, Fëanor on a pedestal even higher than the Valar in Finarfin's mind.

Finarfin gave Fëanor a filthy look, as if to tell him he was intruding, and then Finarfin looked away and closed his eyes.

Fëanor wondered then what happened, why Finarfin had gone from that intense, fierce love to not a single thought for decades. He assumed it was Finwë's influence - even now, Fëanor noticed his father glaring at him with disapproval, as if the only reason he was allowed to be there was because Finarfin had invited him and at fifty, Finwë couldn't tell his now-adult son "no".

Fëanor retired early to his room and he found himself weeping, letting out the tears he could not shed publicly at Maglor's song. His heart broke for the years of Finarfin's life that he had missed, and the disapproval of their father, growing stronger all the time. He felt like a scared, hurt little boy again under his father's roof, and he hated that powerless feeling. He had half a mind to go back to his own palace, but he made himself wait, not until after Finarfin's birthday tomorrow. If nothing else, he did not want the time and labor he'd spent on Finarfin's gifts to be wasted.

Fëanor had a bath to unwind, and then as he lay there, he heard movement underneath the floor. He smiled to himself.

Finwë's palace not only was heavily reinforced by walls and wards and guards on the outside, but there was an intricate network of underground chambers so in the event of a siege, the household could escape through the tunnels. As boys - then secret friends, not lovers - Fëanor and Fingolfin had figured out the tunnel system and used it to sneak into each other's rooms to spend time together, which was discouraged by Finwë, trying to isolate his other children from "the demon". And when they became lovers, though Fëanor's visits to Finwë's palace were few and far between and indeed, Fëanor had not been in a long time, they had once again used the tunnel network to rendezvous at night.

Fëanor heard footsteps up the steps. His entire body began to tingle with anticipation, his cock hardening already. When the secret door in one of the floorboards opened and it was Fingolfin standing there on the steps, Fëanor got on all fours and showed Fingolfin he was slick for him even now, without being touched, so great was his need for the man he loved.

Fingolfin's breath hitched. "Brother," he husked.

But as much as Fëanor was aching to be taken, filled, *claimed* by his Alpha brother, he knew it had been long enough since their last tryst that Fingolfin wasn't going to give in right away. Fingolfin rolled Fëanor onto his back and kissed him roughly, kissed him like he was starving for it.

They kissed and kissed, hard cocks rubbing together, hands roaming over each other's bodies, exploring, teasing. Their tongues licked playfully, and Fëanor moaned, arching to his brother, using his nails as his fingers slid over Fingolfin's back and hips once more.

"So hungry for you," Fingolfin rasped, and began to kiss Fëanor's neck, knowing how sensitive he was there. Fingolfin kissed, licked and nibbled Fëanor's neck and throat, their cocks continuing to rub, slick with desire, streamers between the two cocks.

Some time ago, Fëanor had gotten both his nipples pierced, to adorn his body for Fingolfin's enjoyment. And Fingolfin had gotten a ring in the head of his own cock, studded with a blue diamond, a ring Fëanor had crafted himself. The knotwork texture on the ring felt indescribable when it was inside Fëanor's passage, as did the round diamond bead itself. Now Fingolfin was playing with Fëanor's nipple rings, tugging on them with his fingers, and Fëanor cried out at the pull on his exquisitely sensitive nipples. "So beautiful," Fingolfin whispered, before he leaned in to lick an aching peak.

Fëanor's nipples had always had a direct line to his cock, but since getting them pierced, they were even more sensitive, and Fingolfin knew that. Fingolfin's tongue lashed at Fëanor's nipple fast and furious, making Fëanor howl, grabbing Fingolfin's hair. Then Fingolfin suckled, his cock rubbing more insistently against Fëanor's as he drank Fëanor's milk - though Fëanor had not been pregnant in some time and Maglor had long since been weaned, his milk continued to flow with regular suckling from Nerdanel and Fingolfin. "Delicious," Fingolfin growled, and his tongue swirled around and around the nipple, lashing hard and fast again then taking slow, light strokes, before suckling again.

Fingolfin played with the nipple ring, working it back and forth, up and down, tugging here and there, as he turned his attention to the other nipple, lapping, suckling, licking around the nipple, licking fast then slow, sucking harder. Back and forth he went, licking, suckling, tugging the rings with his teeth, until Fëanor was panting, gasping, whimpering, writhing,

begging "Please, Nolo, *please*, fucking fuck me, Nolo, *fuck me...*" Fëanor was glad he'd remembered to put an enchantment on his room to prevent others from hearing.

Fingolfin just chuckled, not giving in yet. Fingolfin sucked a nipple even harder, rubbing the other nipple with his thumb, pinching it, tugging the ring before he sucked that nipple too, playing with the other. Back and forth, back and forth, drinking Fëanor's milk, murmuring his pleasure as he sipped. Fëanor could feel the slick gushing out of him, making a wet spot in the sheets. He felt like he was going out of his mind with need.

Then Fingolfin proceeded to kiss, lick and nibble the rest of Fëanor's body - his stomach, his hips and thighs, kissing behind the knee, and at last, licking and sucking Fëanor's cock. He sucked slowly, licked and licked slowly, deliberately, watching Fëanor react, listening to his cries, each more broken than the last. When Fingolfin rose up, Fëanor saw that Fingolfin's cock was just as slick as his own, and Fëanor groaned at the sight of more clear flow pooling down Fingolfin's shaft, so ready for him.

And still, not just yet. Their cocks were rubbing together again, Fingolfin kissing him, Fëanor kissing back with all the fire of his being, hands not able to stop touching Fingolfin's beautiful, perfect body, touching and touching, feeling, needing to feel all of him, every part. With a wicked grin, Fingolfin maneuvered his cock so the blue diamond bead in the ring in the head of his cock pushed into the slit of Fëanor's cock. Fëanor gasped and shuddered, and cried out as Fingolfin thrust, fucking the slit of his cock with the blue diamond, each thrust threatening to send Fëanor over the edge and make him spill.

"Don't come yet. Not until I say so," Fingolfin commanded, the finger of his free hand tracing around Fëanor's nipples, walking a teasing trail down to his belly and back up. "I want you to burn for me, Fëanáro."

"Damn you, Ñolo..." Fëanor so desperately needed to come, but this felt so good he never wanted Fingolfin to stop.

And the ache for Fingolfin inside him got stronger and stronger, until Fëanor was biting Fingolfin's shoulder, growling, whimpering, feeling like an animal in his need. Fingolfin finally relented, laughing softly, and Fëanor watched as he pulled his cock away from Fëanor's cock and guided the tip of his cock to Fëanor's spread, waiting passage.

That first moment of Fingolfin inside him was always so sweet. If this was sin, Fëanor didn't want to be right. It felt like the most natural thing in the world, the two of them becoming one, fitting together so perfectly, like they were made for each other.

"I love you, brother," Fingolfin whispered, and kissed Fëanor deeply.

"I love you," Fëanor said, and kissed him back.

Fingolfin began to thrust, slowly, the two of them savoring the way they fit together. But that ring in Fingolfin's cock felt too good - Fingolfin's cock, itself, felt delicious stroking inside him - and soon Fëanor was urging him on harder, faster, rolling his hips back at his brother. Fingolfin matched Fëanor's rhythm, kissing him, then kissing his neck again, the hollow between his neck and shoulder. And then Fingolfin's teeth were there as he went faster, harder, rubbing inside Fëanor, pleasuring that sweet spot inside him over and over again.

As the pleasure inside Fëanor built higher and deeper, the scent of Fingolfin got stronger, more intoxicating. Fingolfin's Alpha scent was like sea air, musk and roses, and now the

rose-musk notes were more intense, Fëanor craving that scent like a drug. He rubbed his nose against Fingolfin's flesh, both to caress Fingolfin's body and to breathe him in. *My breath of life.*

At last Fingolfin was slamming into him, Fëanor's legs in the air, howling, nails raking Fingolfin's back as Fingolfin bit his neck and shoulder, grunting, growling. Fingolfin was rubbing inside him just right and Fëanor heard himself crying out "don't stop don't stop don't stop don't stop, more, more, *more!* Give me more!" but he so badly needed to come, trembling, shuddering, feeling like he would shatter or burn up if he didn't get his release soon.

Fingolfin grabbed Fëanor's hair and looked into his eyes, fierce, commanding. "Come for me," Fingolfin said.

Fëanor's entire body throbbed as his cock shot off arc after arc of cream over Fingolfin's chest and stomach. He melted into bliss, feeling himself smile, hearing himself sigh with pleasure. "Yes, Ñolo. Oh, yes..."

"Fëanáro. Beloved." And Fingolfin was right there too, spending deep inside him, hot as fire. Fëanor loved that feeling.

They held each other and rocked together, kissing, nuzzling, stroking each other's faces, looking into each other's eyes. Fingolfin's eyes were such a beautiful blue, iridescent; Fëanor could get lost in those eyes. Looking into Fingolfin's eyes was like being bathed in light.

That made Fëanor think of Finarfin's hair. What it would be like to touch it, play with it. What it would be like to grab it in the heat of passion...

I cannot think of my other brother that way.

Finarfin was not a child anymore; indeed he was so much of a man now that Fëanor had not recognized him, and would not be noticing him this way were he not a man. And that scent...

Damn you, Arafinwë.

Fëanor tried to push the thought of Finarfin out of his mind, but his cock had woken up again. Fingolfin smiled at it, and took both their cocks into his fist, stroking slowly as they kissed.

"More," Fëanor whispered.

"As much as you want," Fingolfin whispered back, kissing him harder.

"All night," Fëanor said, wanting to be taken over and over again, *needing* Fingolfin now more than ever. Being under Finwë's roof made him feel vulnerable; being in Fingolfin's arms made him safe.

—

True to Fëanor's request, they had spent the whole night making love, in different positions - Fëanor on his back again, looking up into those blue eyes with worship. Then

Fëanor riding Fingolfin like a wild horse, riding for all he was worth, Fingolfin pounding into him, making him work for it. Fëanor on all fours like a dog, Fingolfin grabbing his hair, slamming into him. Then one last slow, gentle fuck, Fingolfin laying behind Fëanor and holding him, nuzzling and kissing his neck, letting Fëanor feel the tight shield wall of his arms. "I've got your back, brother," Fingolfin whispered as he thrust slowly, sweetly. "You may be older but I'll always watch out for you."

They got only a short rest before Fingolfin had to clear out of Fëanor's room to not arouse suspicion in the daytime staff. Fëanor slept until a servant let him know the feast for Finarfin's birthday would begin soon, and then he bathed, and dressed in finery. Fëanor made it a point of wearing costly purple, as if to announce to the entire House of Finwë and their kin by marriage that he was still the eldest son, Omega or not.

And when he came into the banquet hall he saw Fingolfin was wearing a deep, rich blue with shades of lighter blue that brought out the blue of his eyes; Fingolfin was lovely as always, and Fëanor had to stop himself from staring for long, not wanting to rouse suspicions.

Today Finarfin was wearing green and gold with touches of white, and though Fëanor was wearing purple, Fëanor couldn't help but look at his youngest brother and think *He looks like a king.*

After a long speech where Finwë, predictably, congratulated himself for being such a "good" parent all these years, saying much more about himself and his own piety than praise for his youngest son - and Fëanor fought the urge to scream - then Oromë and Tulkas came in themselves for a brief appearance, per the prayers of Finwë, who wanted his most pious son to receive a blessing from the Valar directly. Oromë had a golden wolfhound with him, and Finarfin's eyes widened and he made an undignified little squeak at the sight of it - a reminder of the boy Fëanor knew. "Her name is Manyallë, for she is a blessing to you," Oromë said.

"Thank you, my lord," Finarfin said with a graceful bow. He smiled as Manyallë put her paws on his shoulders and began to lick his face, and it seemed to Fëanor that Finarfin's smile lit up the entire room.

That smile took Fëanor's breath away.

But apart from the gift of the dog, Finarfin seemed a bit uncomfortable with the presence of the two Valar there, looking nervous, even a bit annoyed... and Fëanor began to wonder if in fact Finarfin was as pious as Finwë claimed, or if Finarfin was just going along with a display of piety to appease his father. Fëanor preferred to show his disdain openly - he did not drink the wine that was poured out to toast the Valar in their presence - but then, he had been out of Finwë's house for some time now, and it was not considered sin to abstain from strong drink given to the Valar; indeed, it was part of the Law that people could express the occasional complaint or challenge without retribution, for the Valar did not want to be perceived as petty tyrants. And yet, Fëanor thought that was exactly what they were, and had shaped Finwë to be that way himself.

The feast was fourteen courses, double from the seven of yesterday... and there was a cake. Fëanor pretended to not be offended that the cake for Finarfin's coming-of-age was even more grand than the cake for his own wedding to Nerdanel. He knew Finarfin was Indis's favorite son, and Finarfin would only come of age once, and he did love cake so. But nonetheless, it was one more thing Fëanor found obnoxious, moreso when Finarfin went right to the cake before eating his actual meal. *I never got away with that when I was a boy*, Fëanor thought bitterly. *Spoilt.*

Then he reminded himself, *Finarfin can do it now because he's fifty. He's not a boy anymore.*

He definitely didn't look like a boy. The flowing green robe left his arms bare, and Fëanor found himself staring at those arms again, the muscle definition, wondering what it would feel like to be in those arms, feel that power...

It was time for Finarfin to receive his gifts. From Finwë he received a sword and shield - Fëanor tried not to scoff, thinking *I could make him something better*. Indis gave him a new cloak, white with silver and gold trim. Fingolfin gave Finarfin books and Finarfin was especially eager to receive these; somehow this made Fëanor even more jealous, that Fingolfin had been included in Finarfin's life and knew he liked to read, to study and learn.

Fëanor went last to present his gift... or one of the two gifts he'd brought. Only this one would he be giving in the sight of others. It was a necklace, the focal pendant a flower made of golden jewels, leaves made of emerald, and there were smaller flowers made of gold leading up to a golden chain. Between the flowers were tiny emeralds. "I remember your favorite color was green," Fëanor explained.

"This is very fine work," Finarfin said, looking almost in awe as he accepted it. "Would you do the honors of putting it on me, brother?"

Fëanor did, and regretted that decision, the proximity of Finarfin, feeling like he had been shocked by lightning with each touch. His mouth went dry and his cock strained against his breeches, making him glad for the voluminous purple robes he was wearing. Finarfin already looked regal in his outfit, but the necklace made him look even more majestic, and once again Finarfin's face lit up with delight and Fëanor couldn't stand the beauty of it.

"Thank you, brother. Though we have not seen each other in years it seems you do indeed remember who I am," Finarfin said softly.

Those words were like a punch to the gut, a stab to the heart. Finwë was glaring at them - Fëanor could practically hear Finwë screaming *get away from MY SON* internally - and so Fëanor resisted the urge to embrace him, but he leaned in and said, "I have another gift for you, for your eyes only. After the feast is done?"

"Yes," Finarfin said.

Fëanor arranged to meet Finarfin out in the garden. He saw the garden had changed a lot since the last time he was there, and he asked one of the old servants, Laiquo, about it.

"Oh, that's Lord Arafinwë's doing," Laiquo informed him. "He loves to come out here and tend the garden. And over there is his bird sanctuary." He gestured to a clearing that led out to a grove of trees. As if on cue, a cacophony of bird chirps started.

Fëanor could not imagine the regal-looking scholarly prince out here getting his hands dirty, but then he supposed that, too, was a touch of the Finarfin he'd once known, who was always playing in the dirt to the annoyance of Indis and Finwë. Fëanor took a walk through the grove and saw different varieties of songbirds in the trees, and up ahead there was a pond where swans were sailing. Fëanor sighed.

Finarfin was suddenly beside him, his footfall so light it made Fëanor jump. Finarfin chuckled at the reaction. Then he pointed at the swans. "Nenyo and Mastamë," Finarfin

said.

"You named one of your swans Cake. Well, I suppose I shouldn't be surprised," Fëanor said, laughing.

"I was still a boy," Finarfin said. "They have lived awhile. I will probably take them with me when I eventually go." Finarfin sighed. "Father has been pushing me to marry."

Fëanor made a noise. For a brief instant he felt sympathy for his youngest brother. Then he pushed that feeling away, angry once again that he had not been there to see Finarfin name his swans... he had not been there, period.

Finarfin seemed to sense his hurt and got in front of Fëanor rather than beside him, letting Fëanor see the sadness in his eyes. "He would not let me contact you."

That was somehow even worse than thinking Finarfin had just gone along with whatever filth Finwë was spewing, and deliberately ignoring him. Fëanor's fists clenched. Before he could march off to the palace and give their father a piece of his mind, Finarfin tugged on the hem of Fëanor's tunic, stopping him. "I'm sorry. I wanted to and..." Finarfin sighed. "Father is difficult."

"*What did he do to you?*" Fëanor could see it in his mind's eye, Finwë backhanding Finarfin as he had occasionally backhanded Fëanor. Making Finarfin kneel for hours and pray for forgiveness to the Valar for the smallest infractions. And yet, Finarfin had defied him in the ways he was able. He spent as much time as he could outside of the palace in the garden, and with his birds. Fingolfin came to visit when he could, and brought Finarfin books to remind him there was a world outside the palace, waiting for him. Finarfin wrote stories and poetry, in secret.

"He thought he had been too lax with you and Ñolofinwë, so he made up for it with me." Finarfin swallowed hard. "I would have written to you before now, if he had not been watching so closely."

With that, Fëanor threw his arms around Finarfin. He didn't just want to scream at Finwë now, pummel him with his fists, he wanted to burn the entire damn palace down. But he did not, because Finarfin was crying on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, brother. I'm sorry..."

"Shhhhh." Fëanor stroked that glorious hair, breathed in the scent of him, and tried not to feel the desire coursing through him at the way Finarfin's body felt against his, the way those strong, powerful arms were tight around him. "It's all right, brother. You're a man now. We'll make up for lost time."

Finarfin pulled apart and kissed Fëanor's brow. For a moment Fëanor wondered if Finarfin would kiss his mouth too, but he just stood there and looked at Fëanor expectantly.

"Your other gift," Fëanor said. "Right."

"I don't want to seem greedy. I still have to be careful, man or not, our father has eyes everywhere. If I stay out here too long with you..."

"I understand."

Fëanor reached into his pocket. Though it had been surprising to see Finarfin all grown up now, nonetheless Fëanor had known Finarfin was becoming a man when he received the invite, and he had forged an arm-ring to fit a man's arm. The gold torc had two lion heads

- Fëanor remembered Finarfin's stuffed lion, and calling Finarfin his little lion when he was a boy.

Finarfin gasped. He teared up again, this time from joy, and then he pulled Fëanor into another fierce, tight hug. "Thank you, brother. Thank you, thank you, thank you, your work is so magnificent..."

"You are magnificent," Fëanor said before he could stop himself. It was true; not just in looks, but with what little Fëanor knew about him. Fëanor put the ring on Finarfin's arm. Then he smiled and said, "I would like to make more jewelry for you."

It was an excuse to be around Finarfin some more, but also, Finarfin looked like a king, and he should be decked out like one. It was something not even Finwë could object to - he encouraged Fëanor and Fingolfin to dress up to the finest for events, and Finarfin's attire was much more simple by comparison. Fëanor thought that was probably part of the piety angle, but he knew Finwë would be pleased to see Finarfin flaunting the status of their house, even as Finwë was not pleased with Fëanor himself.

"I would like that very much," Finarfin said. "You are truly the most gifted artisan in all Valinor. I am picky about what I wear..." Finarfin gestured to his own outfit and the distinct lack of jewelry apart from what Fëanor had given him, and Fëanor saw now it was less piety and more vanity that had kept Finarfin less accessorized. "But what you make... there is nothing finer."

"Your words honor me, brother."

Finarfin clasped his hands for a moment, and his touch was like fire. "I am sparring with Fingolfin shortly. Would you like to watch?"

"Yes."

Fëanor had misgivings after he gave his answer, worried Finwë would also be watching, and he was already tired of that glare of disapproval. But to his relief it was just the three of them, and Manyallë the dog, in one of the smaller courtyards to the side of the palace, with a high wall around it.

Now Fëanor's worry was for the weaponry he'd given Fingolfin, versus the sword and shield Finwë had given Finarfin. While the sword and shield didn't look shoddy, Fëanor knew they were no match for what he'd made for Fingolfin. *Go easy on him*, Fëanor spoke into Fingolfin's mind.

How will he learn? Fingolfin shot back.

Fingolfin had a point, but Fëanor still had concerns. Though, Finarfin seemed to know right away that the sword and shield were enchanted, and Finarfin, being of their blood, was able to temporarily bind that enchantment with a wave of his hand. Fingolfin would have to fight on his own merits, without magic. Of course, Fingolfin was a skilled warrior, and his sword and shield were nigh indestructible - Fëanor remembered how Fingolfin's shield had broken a sword of his own make, as intended.

It took five thrusts for Finarfin's sword to finally connect with Fingolfin's shield, and then, of course, it broke. Fingolfin then bashed Finarfin's shield with his, breaking that as well.

"Part of learning how to fight is learning when to surrender," Fingolfin said, "and hoping your enemy will be merciful."

Before Fingolfin's sword could threaten Finarfin again, Finarfin leapt on him, like a giant predatory cat. Finarfin wrestled him to the ground, and quickly disarmed Fingolfin, grabbing away both his sword and his shield and tossing them off to the side. They rolled around in the grass together and Fëanor's cock woke up as he remembered rubbing cock to cock with Fingolfin last night, and his mind entertained the wicked fantasy of Fingolfin and Finarfin tearing each other's clothes off, rubbing cock to cock to see who would spill first. The thought of the two most beautiful men in Valinor rubbing their cocks together and coming almost set Fëanor off right then, and he heard himself whimper, then bit his hand, trying to force himself to keep calm, keep under control, not think such thoughts.

Finarfin was fighting dirty, punching, kicking, with a savagery the gallant Fingolfin had not been expecting. Somehow, Finarfin had a knife hidden in his sleeve and at last he pulled it on Fingolfin's throat. "What's that about surrender now?" Finarfin asked.

Fëanor's cock felt ready to explode. He stood up and clapped, if only because his robe hid the erection straining painfully.

Fingolfin shot him a look as he got up and brushed himself off. "You did not fight with honor," Fingolfin scolded Finarfin.

Finarfin grinned. "No. I fight to win."

Both Finarfin and Fingolfin smelled a bit stronger than usual, and with the way they were looking at each other, Fëanor wondered if they were aroused by each other. He wanted to see them fuck, but he wanted them to fuck him too. And he knew it was bad to want that. He was trying to not want it. But oh...

Finarfin and Fingolfin moved closer and whispered to each other, as if they were conspiring. Fëanor raised an eyebrow and wondered what they were talking about.

Before he could ask, though, Finwë was standing in the side doorway leading out to that courtyard now, standing on the top step, his arms folded. "Arafinwë, I think you have been around Fëanor enough for one day."

Fëanor glared at his father, and Finwë glared back. Fëanor gave Finarfin a pleading look and spoke into his mind. *You are fifty now. You are a man. Resist him! Stand up to him!*

But Finarfin did not. And even though Fëanor knew that Finarfin's childhood had been miserable under his iron fist, and he could not entirely blame Finarfin for compliance, he still bristled at it anyway, moreso as Finarfin said, "Yes, you are right. He is a bit much."

Finarfin gave Fëanor a very quick sympathetic glance as if to say *I don't mean it*. But the words still stung, after years of hearing Nerdanel call him "a lot" and there was a growing distance between them. Before he could stop himself, Fëanor shot back, "You may be a man now, but you have no fire in you. You are just a wilting flower."

Finarfin's nostrils flared, and then he flounced off in a huff, silver-gold hair billowing behind him. Fëanor tried to not watch the hair.

Fingolfin's hand was on Fëanor's shoulder. "Great job," Fingolfin said dryly.

And yet, years later, it would be this moment that Fëanor would recall when the Valar wanted to have "a meeting", as rumors of indiscretion were circulating the court; Fëanor would draw upon it to spare him and his brothers, pretending that he hated them,

especially Fingolfin.

Here and now, Fëanor felt like he had messed up everything, but then, the situation had been all messed up before he even arrived.

With a sigh, Fëanor retreated to his chamber.

—

Not even a second bath of the day, perfumed with lavender and rose, could ease Fëanor's tension. It was taking Fëanor every last scrap of his restraint not to throttle their father and burn the palace down. He was furious.

But mostly, he was just tired, and very, very done with his father, after decades of this nonsense. It was one thing for Finwë to mistreat him, it was another thing to know what he'd done to Finarfin, the ways Finwë had tried to break Finarfin's spirit.

Fëanor was emotionally exhausted, and he went to bed early. He figured Fingolfin would be in later for a repeat of last night, so he better catch up on what rest he could now. He sank into the linens, naked, and dozed off.

Some time later, Fëanor felt kisses on his neck, a hard cock rubbing in the crack of his ass. Fëanor moaned and stretched, thrusting out his ass, flexing his fingers and toes like a contented cat. "Mmmmm, Ñolo..." Fëanor shivered at the kisses over his back shoulder, kisses and licking down his spine.

A soft chuckle. "This isn't Ñolofinwë."

Fëanor recognized that voice. And that scent, now that he was waking up - rain, wildflowers and musk, with the musk getting stronger. Fëanor gasped and looked over his shoulder, and before he could say anything, Finarfin claimed his mouth with a kiss.

Fëanor's cock jolted and his passage gushed slick, another shudder going through him, nipples aching, *wanting*. Their tongues teased, tasted, the forbidden kiss delicious. Finarfin's fingers followed the trail his mouth had taken down Fëanor's spine, making him shiver again, and then Finarfin was kissing his neck more insistently, licking, biting, growling.

"Ara..." Fëanor let out a little whimper. He wasn't going to say no. Every fiber of his being was screaming yes. But he worried about the risk. "Our father..."

"I put a spell on him to make sure he sleeps very soundly," Finarfin said. He kissed Fëanor again. "You, my dear, won't be getting any sleep tonight."

Fëanor gave him a lazy grin. "Promises, promises."

Finarfin slapped Fëanor's ass, hard, immediately letting him know who was in charge. Fëanor loved it, gushing another puddle of slick. Then Finarfin grabbed Fëanor's hair - Fëanor loved that, too, moaning - and kissed him more roughly, just before he rasped, "Tonight I will show you fire, Fëanáro, and we will scorch the earth."

Time To Bring The Fire Down: Part 2 [Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin]

Though the words sent a thrill through Fëanor, he also knew they were a reaction to what he'd said earlier after the sparring match, when Finwë had bade Finarfin to come inside, away from his brother. *"You may be a man now, but you have no fire in you. You are just a wilting flower."* Fëanor knew it was easy enough for himself to stand up to their father, having lived away from his roof all these years. It was more difficult for Finarfin, who had been raised even more strictly... more severely.

"I am sorry for what I said earlier, brother," Fëanor said sincerely. "I -"

"Not as sorry as that arse of yours is going to be." With that, Finarfin slapped Fëanor's ass again, harder. And again. And again.

Fëanor moaned and rubbed his aching cock against the silk sheets, more slick gushing out of him. His ass stung sweetly, and he was desperate to be filled, to feel that gorgeous man inside him, pounding him. Finarfin leaned in, grabbed Fëanor's chin and turned Fëanor's face towards his, and kissed him again with such passion that it made Fëanor shiver and whimper into the kiss, cock throbbing.

Finarfin growled as he nipped Fëanor's lip, heat flaring in his eyes. Now Fëanor kissed him back, hungry for it, and Finarfin moaned into the kiss, one arm around Fëanor, hand sliding over Fëanor's chest, resting on his heart for a moment before his thumb brushed a nipple. Finarfin teased the nipple, rubbing it with his thumb, before tugging on the ring.

"I see Ñolo wasn't lying," Finarfin said, pulling on the ring again. Fëanor cried out. Then Finarfin shoved Fëanor onto his back, roughly, and his eyes raked Fëanor up and down, lingering on the pierced nipples. "Mmmm, very, very nice."

Fëanor's mouth opened, scarcely believing it. "Ñolo... told you... my nipples are pierced?"

"Ñolo told me a lot of things, Fëanáro." Finarfin gave him a small, amused, wicked smile. "Quite a lot of things."

"You..." Fëanor blinked. "You talked about... *that*?"

"Father wouldn't teach me about sex, and Mother only gave me very limited, basic information. So yes, Fingolfin spent some time educating me, when I was old enough. And part of his education involved telling me about you."

"Why?"

"Am I to believe this is the same man who invented a script, invented lamps?" Finarfin had that amused-and-annoyed look on his face now. "I have loved you as long as I can remember, Fëanor. When I started that change of life, growing from a boy into a man, I am very certain it is why Father forbade me to contact you, why he tried to poison my mind against you. Little did he know that it would just push me towards you all the more. Whenever Fingolfin came to see us, I begged him to tell me stories about you. And when I was old enough, those stories were... less innocent. And he gave me his blessing to share you with him." Finarfin's eyes twinkled with mischief. "He was going to make me wait until after my birthday festival was over, so he could have you to himself these few days, but I didn't want to wait anymore. That sparring match you witnessed was a custom from the old world, where two Alphas would fight over an Omega. I won, so I get to have

you tonight."

Fëanor was deeply touched. He'd had no idea Finarfin had felt that way, the innocent hero-worship of his childhood blossoming once he approached manhood into something deeper... more dangerous. And he couldn't deny his desire for the beautiful man in front of him... the scholar, the warrior. Fëanor thought of the garden and the birds, a sanctuary to Finarfin as much as Fëanor's forge was to himself. He wanted to get to know Finarfin better... and that meant intimately as well.

But Fëanor couldn't resist playing with Finarfin the way he played with Fingolfin, at least a little. "Is that so?" Fëanor propped himself up on one elbow, giving Finarfin an incredulous look.

"Fëanor, I can smell how aroused you are, I can see the way you're hard for me, leaking slick for me. By all means, if you say no, I'll leave and we'll never speak of this again. But you don't want me to leave, do you?"

"I never want you to leave again." Fëanor held out his arms.

Finarfin fell into Fëanor's arms, kissing him as if their lives depended on it, kissing and kissing and kissing. Their hard cocks rubbed together and Fëanor moaned at the feel of Finarfin's cock against his, the feel of Finarfin's body against his. His hands ran over his brother's body and then his hands were in that flood of hair, that glorious mane as if Finarfin's hair had been made from the light of the Trees itself.

"I love you, Fëanor," Finarfin whispered. "I am so sorry for not being there -"

"I wish I'd known." Fëanor swallowed hard. "And I wish Fingolfin had told me that was why -"

"I asked him not to tell." Finarfin closed his eyes and shuddered. "I didn't want you to think I was a coward for not standing up to Father."

That made Fëanor's careless words from earlier stab him even harder with guilt. Fëanor's arms tightened around Finarfin and he pulled Finarfin into his chest, rocking him, petting him. But instead of breaking down crying - which Fëanor would have held him through, ready to cry himself, aching for the way his youngest brother had been hurt - Finarfin picked his head up and once again kissed Fëanor so hard it took his breath away. Fëanor cried out as Finarfin began kissing and licking his neck. "Nolo told me what you like," Finarfin husked, licking, nibbling. "I'm going to make you scream."

"Hi Going To Make You Scream..."

Finarfin gave him a look, then he lifted up one of Fëanor's legs so he could reach an ass cheek and swatted. Fëanor moaned and Finarfin resumed kissing and licking his neck, his throat. "So... you do want this, yes?" Finarfin asked, kissing down over a shoulder, his tongue trailing down to a nipple, pausing just before his tongue could lick the hard nub.

"What do you think?"

"I think you have a smart mouth."

"Mmm, maybe that mouth needs something in it." Fëanor batted his eyes.

Finarfin started to lick Fëanor's nipple, and before he could do more with it, he drew

himself up, straddled Fëanor's chest, and thrust his hard cock into Fëanor's face. Fëanor swallowed it to the hilt, looking up at Finarfin, letting him see the lust in his eyes as he began to suck hard and fast. Finarfin groaned, and grabbed Fëanor's hair, pulling it, gently thrusting into Fëanor's mouth.

"That's it, big brother," Finarfin rasped. "Gods, that feels even better than Ñolo said it would..." He shivered, closed his eyes and moaned.

"Mmmmmmm," Fëanor said with his mouth full, slowing down the sucking, savoring. Fëanor's own cock was painfully hard now, and he could feel the slick pouring out of him. Fëanor reached down to stroke his own cock as he sucked his brother, rubbing his tongue as he sucked, his cock pulsing with each moan and gasp Finarfin made.

"Ai, Fëanáro. That's so good..." Finarfin let out a little cry, breathing harder, thrusting faster into Fëanor's mouth.

Fëanor started sucking him hard again, wanting to devour him, eat him alive. It wasn't long before Fëanor felt Finarfin tensing, and he spoke into Finarfin's mind with ósanwe. *Come in my mouth, brother. I want to taste you.*

"Fëanáro!" Finarfin's head threw back and he gave a shout, body heaving as he flooded Fëanor's mouth with hot seed.

Fëanor loved the taste of it, salty-sweet, fresh. Finarfin filled his mouth so full that it seeped from the corners of his mouth down his throat. Fëanor felt ready to choke from the volume, swallowing down as much as he could. Finarfin pulled out of Fëanor's mouth just for his cock to spurt again all over Fëanor's face and hair, and another spurt over Fëanor's throat and chest. Fëanor groaned, licking his lips, almost coming himself from how utterly *debauched* it was to be covered in his brother's seed like this.

Marked. Claimed.

Finarfin regarded Fëanor with that cool, amused smile again. His finger lovingly, playfully traced the seed dripping down Fëanor's throat. "Now it seems I have given you a necklace." He stroked Fëanor's cheek. "Don't say I never did anything for you, Fëanáro."

Fëanor was delighted by his brother's sass - indeed, they were quite a bit alike. He kissed Finarfin's hand and nuzzled it. "You did indeed do something for me." Fëanor leaned back against the pillows, smirking. "Since you spilled, it means you will last longer when you fuck me."

"Oh, is that so?"

Fëanor nodded.

Finarfin leaned in and began to lick his seed from Fëanor's face, then his throat and chest, making Fëanor shiver and moan with each lash of his tongue. Now Finarfin was lapping Fëanor's nipples, one then the other, and when he suckled one, drinking Fëanor's milk, Fëanor clutched at him and cried out, arching his back, spreading, needing it like he needed air. Finarfin chuckled and licked around and around the nipple, tongue taking a few more strokes before he looked up and said, "I'm not going to fuck you, Fëanor."

Fëanor's face fell and he heard himself make a whine of protest, despite himself.

Finarfin chuckled, took Fëanor's chin in his hand and kissed him. Then he rasped, "I'm

going to fuck *the Hells* out of you."

Fëanor grinned, and Finarfin grinned back.

"But first," Finarfin said, lowering his head back down to Fëanor's nipple, "I'm going to tease you."

"Hi Going To Tease You -"

Finarfin lifted up Fëanor's other leg and slapped his other ass cheek. Fëanor's grin got bigger.

"You are a brat," Finarfin said.

Fëanor needed to goad his lion. "I'm your brat... you cake-eating... poncy... twat."

Finarfin *bit* Fëanor's nipple, and Fëanor cried out, grabbing Finarfin's hair. Then Finarfin soothed the throbbing bud with his tongue, the teasing pleasure even more exquisite after the painful bite. Fëanor whimpered, arching to him, bucking against him, and Finarfin chuckled before he took a few more licks, then he suckled the nipple hard, drinking Fëanor's milk. He made a groan of pleasure as he suckled.

"And that is even better than cake," Finarfin said, chasing the beads of milk dripping down Fëanor's chest with his tongue.

"Only the best for my little lion." Fëanor tenderly stroked Finarfin's face, and the smile Finarfin gave him melted his heart.

But then the tenderness was gone as Finarfin bit Fëanor's other nipple, making Fëanor scream, and again when Finarfin's tongue lashed it hard and fast before suckling, drinking from that nipple as well. He played with one nipple, rubbing it and pinching it with his thumb and fingers, tugging the nipple ring, as he licked and sucked the other, sipping Fëanor's milk, making Fëanor writhe and pant underneath him, until Fëanor was almost sobbing, begging, "Ara, please... please, fuck me..."

"Mmmmmmm." Finarfin suckled Fëanor's nipple harder, a wicked look in his eyes. "Can't I enjoy my birthday feast?"

"Damn you, Ara..."

"Mmmmmmmmm." For that, Finarfin licked around Fëanor's nipple slowly, gave some fluttery, light brushes of his tongue on the throbbing nub before suckling again.

Finarfin spent a long time just on Fëanor's nipples. Fëanor supposed he shouldn't be surprised, since Finarfin was Fingolfin's brother too and Fingolfin loved to tease Fëanor's nipples, but Fëanor was nonetheless surprised by how much *passion* Finarfin had, the cool, aloof man in the palace now all blinding fire here in the sheets, sucking Fëanor's nipples like he was starving for it... and Finarfin had only just begun. A shiver went down Fëanor's spine, wondering what he was in for tonight.

Fëanor's nipples had never been so swollen, not even from Fingolfin's treatment. Milk dripped down his chest, and Finarfin let the beads of milk roll all the way down to his stomach before he licked them, his tongue like fire, a fire that sent chills of pleasure through Fëanor's body. Fëanor's cock felt ready to explode now, and his hole was still pouring slick, filling the room with its sweet scent. He needed desperately to be filled, to

be fucked.

But Finarfin wasn't done. He covered Fëanor's chest and stomach with kisses, licked and nibbled, hands stroking over Fëanor's flesh. He kissed and nibbled down a hip and thigh, behind a knee, and down a calf, and up the other calf, knee, thigh, and hip, and then he rubbed his nose in Fëanor's dark bush, breathing his scent deeply. "You smell incredible," Finarfin said.

"Gods, Ara, please..."

Finarfin began to lick Fëanor's cock, slowly, watching his eyes. Fëanor heard himself make wild animal noises, writhing, trembling, grabbing at that magnificent silver-gold mane again as Finarfin licked and licked and licked, tormentingly slowly, and then he sucked just the head of Fëanor's cock, kissing it, swirling his tongue, as his fingers played around the rim of Fëanor's opening. At last Finarfin slid down and then his tongue was inside Fëanor, groaning into him as his tongue lashed away, fucking him. Fëanor screamed and howled and whimpered, pulling on Finarfin's tongue, bucking his hips, fucking himself on that tongue rubbing the sweet spot inside him, driving him mad with sensation and desire and raw, primal need. He saw Finarfin's left shoulder moving and knew Finarfin was stroking himself as he ate at Fëanor, and that threatened to send Fëanor over the edge, knowing Finarfin was just as aroused by this as he was.

Just before Fëanor could come from Finarfin's tongue inside him, Finarfin pulled out and resumed taking long, deliberate licks at Fëanor's glistening cock. He took Fëanor's cock into his mouth inch by inch and sucked slowly, eyes locked with his, and his fingers slipped into Fëanor's passage, rubbing that spot inside him again. Fëanor gave a wordless cry, he was so close, so close, but Finarfin kept him on that edge, building the pleasure-tension higher and higher.

Finarfin let Fëanor's cock slip from his mouth. His tongue lashed the slit and then swirled around and around the head, and then he was licking up and down the shaft again, ever slowly. After a few last slow licks at the slit, making a show of collecting Fëanor's flow on his tongue, he rose up and kissed Fëanor, letting him taste himself, as his hard cock rubbed against Fëanor's cock.

Then Finarfin spread Fëanor's legs. *Finally*, Fëanor thought to himself, though in truth he had loved all that teasing, Finarfin worshiping his body that way. Fëanor's breath hitched as he felt the tip of Finarfin's cock at his entrance...

...and then Finarfin began to tease again, just the tip of his cock, in and out. An amused smirk on his face as the tip of his cock teased the opening, before slipping back out.

Fëanor couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed Finarfin's hair as hard as he could and *bit* his brother's neck. "FUCK ME NOW," he roared.

Finarfin laughed just before he kissed Fëanor hard, and pushed into him. Then he bit Fëanor's neck and began to slam into him, showing no mercy, fucking him hard and fast. Fëanor loved it, pushing Finarfin's hair aside to claw his back. "Yes, yes, yes," Fëanor panted. "Fuck me, Ara, fuck me..."

Finarfin growled and bit Fëanor's neck again. And again. Bit the sweet spot where the neck and shoulder met. Bit Fëanor's chest as he worked his way to the other side of Fëanor's neck, to bite there, too. "Like that?" Finarfin rasped.

"Yes, Ara. Oh gods, yes. YES. Fuck me..."

Finarfin seized his mouth and kissed him roughly again... but there was sweetness there too, a lifetime of love, of adoration, pent up and exploding into brilliant fire. Fëanor had tears in his eyes, not from pain, but from the sheer joy of reuniting with his brother like this, become such a beautiful man... a man he could love, just like he loved Fingolfin. His heart was so full of love it hurt, and every fierce, savage stroke Finarfin took within him pushed away those years of seeming rejection, pulled him into light, into hope.

"Mine," Finarfin growled, before kissing him again. And again. "Mine."

"Yours, brother, yours..."

Fëanor's legs were on Finarfin's shoulders, Finarfin pounding into him harder and harder, rubbing that sweet spot inside him frenziedly, driving Fëanor wild. Fëanor grabbed fistfuls of that beautiful hair, and felt like he was having a religious experience, feeling an awe he'd never felt in the presence of the Valar, but felt here, now. The man he'd dismissed as a wilting flower mere hours ago was more worthy to be a god than they, Fëanor felt in his heart. The entire room seemed to glow much more brightly, almost as if the only thing that existed was light, and them loving each other in the light, in the glorious fire.

"I love you," Finarfin said, thrusting away. "I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you..."

Fëanor let out a strangled sob, and at last he was overcome, an orgasm so powerful he heard himself shriek, a high-pitched noise that evolved into a deeper roar as he pulsed around Finarfin's cock inside him, his cock spurting and spurting all over Finarfin's stomach, some of it getting into Finarfin's hair. Finarfin kissed Fëanor again and Fëanor felt him shudder, felt that hot rush inside him, flooding him with seed.

I want to have his baby. But Fëanor wasn't in heat yet. He didn't know when his next heat cycle would be; they came so randomly.

They kissed and nuzzled, holding hands, and then Finarfin rolled onto his side and pulled Fëanor close. Fëanor wept into Finarfin's chest, shattered by that feeling of connection between them, loving and being loved. This was more than he could have hoped for, seeing Finarfin again. He hadn't even thought it possible that Finarfin would have grown into such a delectable, desirable man.

"I love you too," Fëanor said, and kissed Finarfin's chest, over his heart.

Finarfin pet Fëanor's hair, rocking him. "I've missed you so much."

"I've missed you too."

"Nothing will keep you from me now," Finarfin said. "I will leave our father's palace as soon as possible."

"That means getting married." Fëanor didn't like that idea at all, even though Fingolfin had of course married Anairë and they had managed to make it work, in secret. Fëanor still hated that they had to lie like this, had to hide like this, they couldn't be free and open. He hated it even more, knowing what Nerdanel had told him - and what Mahtan and RAWR had told him themselves, as Unbegotten who awakened under the stars - about the old days, when people could choose their lovers freely, even their own siblings, so long as it was a choice, it was consent.

Finarfin just nodded. "It will be as Fingolfin's marriage is. I don't desire women. Just you."

Finarfin kissed the tip of his nose and then he smirked. "And I suppose our brother too, if I'm being honest."

Fëanor made a noise and bit his lip, his cock stirring at that thought.

Finarfin chuckled, feeling Fëanor's cock rise. "Somebody likes that."

"Oh, Ara, what I wouldn't give to watch you and Nolo together." The thought was indescribably erotic, threatening to make Fëanor come untouched.

"You wouldn't have to give anything, except perhaps an audience." Finarfin leered. "But if you insist, I could use a new sword and shield, since mine was broken earlier."

"Father should have come to me to make you weaponry in the first place." Once again, Fëanor felt that sting of being shut out of Finarfin's life.

"Well, my dear..." Finarfin kissed Fëanor's brow, and his lips slid down to kiss Fëanor's nose again. Fëanor loved those sweet little nose kisses, nuzzling Finarfin's neck, smiling, breathing in that delicious scent that made his cock throb even harder. "We will make up for lost time."

With that, Finarfin rolled Fëanor onto his back again, and slipped into him. Fëanor's arms and legs wrapped around his brother, holding Finarfin with all of him. Finarfin began to thrust slowly, much moreso than before, and they kissed and kissed, tongues licking, playing together between kisses, all sweetness and sensuality. Finarfin sucked on Fëanor's lower lip, bit it, kissed and nibbled Fëanor's neck and throat, kissed and licked the sensitive hollow between neck and shoulder, licked down to a nipple, and suckled hard. His thrusts sped up as he went back and forth between Fëanor's nipples, lapping, fluttering, sucking, tugging the nipple rings with his teeth, sucking again. But he was still much more gentle than before, the slow strokes teasing the magic spot inside Fëanor, sensitized from their previous fuck. Fëanor gasped and moaned with delight as Finarfin thrust slowly and made love to his nipples, taking him to dizzying new heights of pleasure and passion. And when they kissed, it was so deep and hungry that it felt like they were kissing each other's souls. Fëanor had only just gotten to know his youngest brother as a man, but it felt in those moments like he already *knew* him, could see into him, and he loved what he saw, what he felt, the fire that Finwë's ice had not been able to quench, the *light* of it.

They kissed and kissed, and Fëanor's need rose, fire calling to fire. He found himself rolling Finarfin onto his back and riding him, bouncing on Finarfin's cock harder, faster. Finarfin slapped Fëanor's ass hard, making Fëanor cry out, and he gripped Fëanor's hips as he thrust up into him, matching and surpassing Fëanor's wild rhythm, making him work. "That's it, big brother. Ride me. Take that cock."

"Ai, Ara..." Fëanor was grabbing his hair again, white-knuckled, hanging on for dear life. "Oh, gods, that's so fucking good..."

"You feel so good to me, brother." Finarfin shuddered, and his hands slid up over Fëanor's hips and stomach and chest, playing with the nipples before they slid back down, and then up, playing with the nipples again. He tugged on both the rings at once, making Fëanor cry out and ride him even harder.

Fëanor rode fast and furious, Finarfin's balls slapping against him, the wet suctioning sound of their fuck almost as loud as their cries. Soon Fëanor couldn't cry out anymore, just pant and gasp for breath, until he climaxed again, making a guttural noise as he shot

all over Finarfin's throat and chest and stomach. Finarfin gave a shuddery sigh as he spent into Fëanor again, and Fëanor moaned at the feeling of Finarfin's hot seed. Then Fëanor chuckled as he came down to kiss his brother, playfully lapping up his own seed that was beading down Finarfin's throat.

"It seems I have given you a second necklace," Fëanor said.

Finarfin smiled. "Always the finest craftsmanship, dear heart."

Fëanor kissed his brow, and then he started raining kisses over Finarfin's face, getting the erotic mental image of Finarfin wearing nothing but jewelry Fëanor had made just for him, laid out like a feast. "I want to make you things," Fëanor said. "I want to make you so many things."

"I'd like that." Finarfin kissed him. "But right now, I want you to make love to me."

"Again?" Fëanor laughed, pleased by his brother's appetite.

"Again and again."

They kissed, and Fëanor began to ride again, moaning at the feel of Finarfin's hands exploring him, adoring him, the feel of Finarfin's cock rubbing that magic place inside him just right. He would never get tired of this. He thought of Fingolfin for a moment, hoping Fingolfin wasn't taking the loss of the Alpha battle too hard... and then the thought of including Fingolfin in their play made Fëanor start bouncing away on Finarfin's cock again, desperate. The look of lust Finarfin gave him as he watched Fëanor's body working, watched his cock glide in and out of the slick passage, just made Fëanor even wilder.

It didn't take long for them to come a third time, and then gentle, sweet kisses in the afterglow quickly heated, their cocks rubbing together as they kissed... and then Finarfin rolled Fëanor onto his stomach to resume what he had started earlier, kissing and licking down Fëanor's sensitive spine. Every now and again Finarfin slapped Fëanor's ass, knowing how much he loved that. And when Finarfin took Fëanor from behind, Fëanor rocked back against him as hard as he could, needing another hot, nasty fuck, needing it as fierce and frenzied as Finarfin could give... and oh, how he could give it, grabbing Fëanor's hair, smacking his ass as he took control of him, claimed him, pushed away any last lingering doubt that he was *wanted*.

"Mine," Finarfin growled. "Nothing will ever, ever take you from me again. *Mine*."

"Yes, Ara, yes..." Fëanor whimpered, shivering. "Yours, brother. Yours..."

"When I leave our father's house, you and I will do this for days."

"Gods, *please...*" Fëanor shivered again. "More..."

There was the briefest worry that they would be caught when that happened, there would be consequences. But then that worry faded from Fëanor's mind when he couldn't think anymore, just feel, just hunger. Right now, this was all that mattered...

Time To Bring The Fire Down: Part 3 [Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin]

Fëanor and Finarfin were reluctant to part after their night of passion - Finarfin had made good on his promise that Fëanor would get no sleep - but they knew that they could not be discovered together. Fëanor watched, almost ready to cry, as Finarfin opened up the secret door in the floorboards and descended into the tunnels below, to get back to his room.

Fëanor's heavy heart was lightened somewhat when he saw Finwë at the breakfast table looking groggy - Finwë, who had always gotten on Fëanor's case about being more of a night person than a day person, saying "this proves you are a creature of darkness". It was apparent that Finarfin had indeed put quite a potent spell on Finwë, but Finwë seemed none the wiser as he ate his breakfast. "Having my sons in one place seems to help me sleep better," Finwë remarked at the curious look Indis was giving him, but then his glance went only to Fingolfin and Finarfin, as if to say only two of his sons counted.

Fëanor would take exception to that, but then he saw Maedhros glaring at his grandfather, ripping bread with his teeth like it had personally offended him. *That's my boy.*

Fëanor followed Maedhros, Maglor and Fingon outside, watching them play with a ball, throwing, catching, kicking, chasing. Maglor was less inclined to sport than his brother and cousin, but still kept up with them, and then Fingolfin was beside him, and discretely took his hand.

"We have great kids," Fëanor said.

"Anairë and I are talking about more," Fingolfin said, and then he spoke into Fëanor's mind. *As you know, that requires your assistance.*

Fëanor grinned and squeezed Fingolfin's hand. *It will be my pleasure, brother.*

Anairë came out then, walking with Eärwen, smiling and laughing as if they had shared some private joke. Eärwen hung off to the side as Anairë came to join them, hugging Fingolfin warmly - they had become good friends, protecting each other's secret - and then Anairë kissed Fëanor on the cheek and patted him. "Has Fingolfin told you we would like another child?" Anairë asked.

"Yes, lady, he just told me," Fëanor said.

Anairë nodded.

It would be nice to have a more discrete way of sending for you than a courier Anairë spoke into both their minds. *It is unfortunate that ósanwe only seems to carry so far.*

I am sure Fëanor can think of something, perhaps, Fingolfin spoke to both of them. *As you know, he's very inventive.*

Anairë tried to keep a straight face at that, knowing exactly *what* Fingolfin was referring to, and Fingolfin gave a little smirk before he looked out at Fingon... who was now balancing the ball on the tip of his nose, spinning it around and around.

Fëanor looked back at Eärwen and he couldn't help but feel terrible for her, as she had to

hide her relationship even more than he and his brothers did, unmarried as she was, and where at least a couple of eyebrows had raised around the court. Eärwen gave him a sad little smile and Fëanor, for the first time, felt the urge to walk across the courtyard and hug her, wishing there was something he could do to fix it. If he didn't think it would cause a scandal he'd offer to take her as a second wife, even though he would never touch her - he knew she had no interest in men, beautiful though she was and he wouldn't mind fucking her if she had been interested - but of course, polygamy was against the Laws as much as sodomy and incest was.

And then Finarfin came out, with Manyallë the golden wolfhound following him, and he paused on the step beside Eärwen. They looked at each other, and then at Fëanor, Fingolfin, and Anairë, and the boys playing, and then Finarfin took Eärwen's arm and began to lead her out in the direction of his garden. "Have a talk with me," Finarfin said. Manyallë yipped and trotted after Finarfin and Eärwen.

Fëanor raised an eyebrow; Anairë had a conspiratorial little smirk on her face.

Now Maedhros was trying to spin the ball on his nose, and it kept falling off. He finally threw the ball at Maglor, who also couldn't spin the ball on his nose, but managed to spin it on his fingertip, whistling a tune. Then Maglor tossed the ball to Fingolfin.

"You try, Ana!" Fingon said, nodding.

Fingolfin shook his head.

"Aw, come on." Fëanor tugged at Fingolfin's sleeve. "Humor the boys."

"Shan't," Fingolfin said.

"Oh, for fuck's sake..." Fëanor waved his hand and the ball floated up from the ground. Fëanor couldn't balance it on his nose like Fingon had, and he threw it to Anairë, who gave it a good try before she passed the ball back to Fingon. Fingon started to kick the ball again and Maglor said, "I want to go visit the swan pond. I'm feeling another song come on."

"Awwwww..." Fingon pouted.

"We could go fishing," Maedhros said.

Fingon's face lit up. "I know where the poles are!" He ran towards the steps. "Race you inside!"

Maedhros and Fingon raced each other inside, and Fingolfin chuckled. "It's kind of Nelya to let Findekáno tag along with him like that," Fingolfin said.

"I imagine Ara would have done the same if Father..." Fëanor's voice trailed off and he once again felt that bitter sting of not having gotten to be involved in Finarfin's life, growing up.

Fingolfin sighed, grabbed the ball, and put it on his nose. Fëanor's laughter rang out, delighted that Fingolfin was doing something that he thought made himself look like an idiot, to distract Fëanor from sadness. And when the ball fell, Fëanor caught it.

Holding the sphere in his hands, an idea shaped in the back of Fëanor's mind. A communication device that wouldn't necessarily be obvious, could easily be disguised, like

a child's toy. Like a ball. But how...

Fëanor was once again distracted by Maedhros and Fingon running back out, armed with fishing poles. They grabbed Maglor and proceeded to drag him off in the direction of the garden, the grove, and beyond it, the swan pond... just as Finarfin was coming back with the swan-maiden.

Fëanor had a pretty good idea what that talk was about, especially when Finarfin and Eärwen went to see Finwë and Indis. That suspicion was confirmed when it was dinner time and once again there was a lavish feast - ten courses, not as grand as the fourteen courses of Finarfin's birthday but still impressive - and yet another cake. Before the meal commenced, Finwë rose and banged with a spoon on his wine glass.

"My youngest son has an announcement," Finwë said. "Hear him."

All eyes were on Finarfin, who rose from the table, bowing to Finwë before their father sat, with a nod of acknowledgment. Finarfin looked around, took a few seconds to compose his thoughts, and then he spoke, "I have asked the Lady Eärwen, daughter of Olwë, to be my wife, and she has graciously accepted." Finarfin looked at Eärwen, who smiled and nodded, and then she rose, clasping his hand with hers.

Eärwen spoke then. "For many years I have remained alone, pursuing a chaste life in devotion to the Valar. But Arafínwë is himself so devoted to the Valar that it made an impression upon my heart. It is as if the gods made us for one another."

Even though Fëanor knew the words were a ruse, and Eärwen's devotion was to Anairë's cunt, he nonetheless felt a flare of jealousy that he hoped nobody at the table would see - or smell. *Get your hands off my Alpha, woman*, Fëanor screamed internally. And yet he understood it had to be this way. If Finarfin did not marry, Finwë would eventually arrange a marriage for him, and it was better for Finarfin to take a wife of his own choosing - especially one who just happened to prefer women, and would not care if he laid with men - than to marry whoever Finwë chose and risk a scandal that would blow everything apart. At least this was convenient, with Anairë being Eärwen's lover.

Or as convenient as it could be. A heavy feeling came over Fëanor as Finarfin went on. "We will be married in a month's time, and from there we will be making our home in Alqualondë, the land of her people, the Teleri. It is my hope that this match will not just enrich us both spiritually and be fruitful with heirs, but it will create a strong alliance between the Noldor and Teleri, for the greater good of our people."

Fëanor was almost impressed - almost impressed, because he was still angry even as he knew it was irrational and he needed to get a grip. Finarfin was clearly much more comfortable with the game of thrones than he was, and Fëanor wondered exactly how long Finarfin had been plotting this strategy, knowing it not only was the perfect facade to sin with his brothers and keep Anairë and Eärwen together, which in turn helped them... but was also a match that Finwë could ill refuse. Especially when Fëanor knew, if Ingwë ever tried to make a coup - something he knew Finwë lived in fear of, though Finwë did not know Fëanor knew the real reason why, because Ingwë had been scorned as Finwë got more intensely religious - and before now Olwë would have been more likely to support Ingwë and now he would necessarily have to back Finwë if it came to that.

Yes, Finarfin knew exactly what he was doing, and it was downright scary.

And yet Alqualondë was quite a distance. It was not an impossible distance, and Fëanor knew he had no right to complain when he vacationed in Formenos at least a couple

times a year, which was even farther away... but Alqualondë still felt too far for his liking, even as Fëanor knew that, too, was part of Finarfin's game - to get as far away from Finwë as he could.

Fingolfin and Anairë rose from the table. "A fine match," Fingolfin said.

"I am so happy for you, my dear friend," Anairë said, lifting her glass. "Though I have long admired your intense devotion to the Valar, I think they were wise to admonish us to marry - you see how happy my own marriage is -" Anairë put an arm around Fingolfin, and Fëanor felt ready to scream, even as he knew that too was a ruse. "And you honor them more by taking the mate they have clearly destined for you." Anairë raised her glass higher and said, "To the Valar! May they keep us in their light."

"To the Valar," Fingolfin said more quietly, and drank.

"To the Valar," the voices echoed around the table. Fëanor muttered his without feeling, and the wine was bitter in his mouth.

Finwë raised an eyebrow at Fëanor. "Why are you not happy for Arafinwë, Fëanor?"

Now it was Fëanor's turn to lie. "She is too beautiful for him. It is too bad we cannot take more than one wife, or I would have had her when I married Nerdanel." It would get him into trouble, but not as much trouble as the real reason. *Forgive me*, Fëanor spoke into Finarfin's mind, hoping he understood the necessity of the lie... and that it was indeed a lie, because as beautiful as the lady was, Fëanor thought Finarfin was the most beautiful Elf in the room next to Fingolfin himself.

Finwë glared. "Coveting your own brother's intended wife? That is a most disgracefully sinful thought, Fëanor. You will repent of it at once. Go make an offering to Lord Manwë when the meal is over."

After the meal, Fëanor poured wine over Manwë's shrine with servants watching... and then when nobody was looking, he pissed on it.

That night Fëanor lay on his back, staring up at the canopy of his bed, trying not to think about Finarfin's impending wedding and how it would change everything. He knew, of course, that it would also protect him and Fingolfin, as well as Anairë and Eärwen. He knew that it was necessary, and that Finarfin was wise for his age and planned well. But he was concerned... and jealous. He wanted to take Finarfin, Fingolfin, and their children, and just go. Where, he did not know.

He heard movement under the floor, and then the floorboard opened and both Fingolfin and Finarfin were ascending the steps. Fingolfin was wearing a bag on a sling that a bottle of wine was peeking out of, and Finarfin was carrying a dish of some sort, and when they pulled themselves up out of the hatch to the floor of Fëanor's guest room, Fëanor saw that the dish had cake in it. He couldn't help but smile.

Fingolfin quickly closed the floorboard and put down the bag of wine, and Finarfin set the dish of cake down on the table by Fëanor's bed, and they began to undress each other, putting on a show for Fëanor. Fëanor stroked himself as he watched them kiss with each garment removed, watched them caress the exposed flesh. Fëanor moaned, stroking

harder when they were completely nude and came closer, kissing deeply as cock rubbed cock, and Fëanor let out a whimper as Fingolfin took his and Finarfin's cocks into his hand and began to stroke, as one hand played over Finarfin's body.

"Have the two of you had each other before?" Fëanor asked.

"No," Fingolfin said. "He wanted his first full-fledged time to be with you, and I encouraged it. But now..." He pulled Finarfin into another kiss, then he pinched one of Finarfin's nipples before he made his way over to the bed.

"I put a spell on Father again," Finarfin said, grinning as he sauntered over to the bed.

"I *almost* feel sorry for him," Fëanor said. "Almost. Get over here, both of you."

Fingolfin picked up the bag of wine and once he was on the bed, he pulled the wine out of the bag, and three clean glasses. There was something else in the bag too, but Fëanor was distracted by Fingolfin opening the bottle and sniffing the cork, then passing it around, satisfied.

"Dorwinion," Fingolfin explained. "I brought it with me when I arrived but I've been saving it for this occasion."

"You knew about the engagement?" Fëanor asked.

Fingolfin nodded. "Arafinwë asked me weeks ago, just to get my opinion on whether or not it was a good idea."

"I don't like it," Fëanor admitted honestly. "But I will tolerate it for our sakes."

"I'm sorry," Finarfin said, and kissed the tip of Fëanor's nose, then his mouth. "But Fëanor, you should see Alqualondë. It is to the sea as Formenos is to the forest. It would be good for you and the boys to spend some time there." Finarfin stroked Fëanor's face. "Please don't be angry with me, brother."

Fëanor took Finarfin's hand and kissed it. The sweet expression on Finarfin's face - the love in his eyes - went right to Fëanor's heart, and he put Finarfin's hand on his heart for a moment, taking Fingolfin's hand with his other hand. "I love you, Arafinwë. And you, Ñolo. Love will find a way." He wanted to believe that. His *will* had a way.

Fingolfin poured the wine, and once they were each holding a glass, Fingolfin toasted, "To love. May it keep us together."

They clinked glasses and sipped, and then they took turns kissing - Fëanor and Fingolfin, Fingolfin and Finarfin, Finarfin and Fëanor. Fëanor was already more than ready to be fucked, but something told him he was in for even more of a wild time than last night.

That was confirmed when Fingolfin, who was normally not clumsy at all, "accidentally" spilled wine down Fëanor's chest. "Oh my," Fingolfin said. "My *sincere apologies*." With a wicked gleam in his eye, he handed his wine glass to Finarfin and then he leaned in and began to lap up the wine he'd spilled, including and especially over Fëanor's nipples, while Finarfin watched, his already-hard cock stiffening even more.

Fëanor moaned with each lash of Fingolfin's tongue, and when Fingolfin was done cleaning the wine from his skin, then they kissed, and in that kiss, Fëanor "accidentally" spilled wine over Fingolfin's chest. "Oh dear," Fëanor said. Now it was his turn to lick the

wine from Fingolfin's body, his own cock throbbing as Fingolfin gasped and panted, and when Fingolfin cried out, Finarfin silenced him with a kiss.

Fingolfin pushed Fëanor onto his back, and poured the rest of his wine glass out - some over Fëanor's mouth, with Fëanor lapping it like he was drinking from a fountain, and then from Fëanor's throat down over his chest and stomach. Fingolfin leaned down then and licked up the wine, licking and licking, making Fëanor whimper and writhe, cock aching, his hole gushing slick. When his body was clean of wine, Finarfin "accidentally" toppled over his glass, pouring wine right into Fëanor's navel. Now Finarfin leaned in and sipped the wine directly from Fëanor's navel, tongue lapping it, and he poured the rest of his wine over Fëanor's cock. Fingolfin and Finarfin licked that together, slow, deliberate licks that made Fëanor howl, grabbing their hair, gasping for breath. Nothing had ever felt so incredible as two tongues licking his cock at once, and he was about to find out it just got better.

Fingolfin and Finarfin kissed, and then Fingolfin sat up and grabbed the bottle of wine. "I do believe there is enough left in this bottle for another round of drinks," Fingolfin said. He handed the bottle to Fëanor with a smirk. "Would you do us the honor of pouring it, brother?"

"Certainly," Fëanor said, and he shoved Finarfin down and poured out the rest of the bottle all over Finarfin's body.

Now it was Fëanor and Fingolfin who licked Finarfin from his throat down over his chest and nipples to his stomach and at last, his thighs, cock, and balls. Finarfin thrashed around, gasping, panting, as Fëanor and Fingolfin spent a long time licking his cock, one sucking his cock slowly as the other licked and sucked at his balls, then trading places, then licking his cock together some more, chasing the clear flow that dripped down the shaft. At last Fëanor and Fingolfin's tongues rubbed together, sharing the flow between them as Finarfin watched, moaning. Then Fëanor and Fingolfin kissed Finarfin in turn.

Fëanor was definitely ready to get fucked, feeling like he could climb the walls in frustrated need. "What now?" he asked.

"Cake," Finarfin said, gesturing to the dish he'd brought.

Before Fëanor could protest, Finarfin shoved a piece of cake in Fëanor's mouth. Then he presented his fingers to Fëanor's lips, and Fëanor licked and sucked the icing from Finarfin's fingers.

Fingolfin fed Finarfin cake from his hand, and then Finarfin was licking Fingolfin's palm clean, licking and sucking on Fingolfin's fingers and thumb, and it was all Fëanor could do to not come just from watching. Fëanor took a piece of cake and fed Fingolfin from his fingers, moaning as Fingolfin sucked on his fingers, and with his other hand he fed Finarfin more cake, his cock throbbing as Finarfin licked his fingers clean, heat in his eyes.

Fëanor pulled Finarfin into a kiss and then Finarfin stuffed more cake in Fëanor's mouth. After cleaning Finarfin's hand and fingers again, he ate cake from Fingolfin's fingers, and licked and sucked Fingolfin's fingers, before Fingolfin kissed him. Fingolfin's other hand played over Fëanor's body, resting on Fëanor's cock, and Fëanor looked over at Fingolfin's hard cock, dripping. Fëanor licked his lips. "There's something I'd much rather eat than cake," Fëanor said, looking into Fingolfin's star-blue eyes.

"I'm sure," Fingolfin said. "But as you know, we are celebrating right now. There is still

more cake."

"We can't let all this cake go to waste," Finarfin said, nodding.

Fëanor let out an animal noise through clenched teeth. "Damn the cake, just fuck me..."

Fingolfin and Finarfin looked at each other with a grin like they'd been waiting for this moment. Fëanor watched as Finarfin reached into the bag that had carried the bottle of wine and the glasses, and pulled out a length of rope. Before Fëanor knew what was happening, Finarfin and Fingolfin were tying his wrists to the bedposts with the rope.

"Do you want us to stop?" Fingolfin asked, looking a little concerned.

Fëanor's cock spoke for him, jolting, flowing, as more slick gushed out of his passage. Fëanor heard himself making a high-pitched, urgent noise, going out of his mind with lust at the reality of being bound and vulnerable to his brothers, to do with as they would.

"Don't stop," Fëanor rasped, cock throbbing. He made a deeper, more feral noise through his grit teeth. "Damn you..."

Fingolfin chuckled, and Finarfin laughed aloud. Finarfin stroked Fëanor's cheek once he was securely tied. "You see, Fëanor, cake is very important." With that, Finarfin took what was left of the cake, and dumped it onto Fëanor's naked body. Then he began to mash the cake into Fëanor's skin, spreading it out over his chest, stomach, and thighs. Fëanor made a little whine at the slippery feel of the cake, and the touch of Finarfin's hand.

With that, Finarfin and Fingolfin dove down and began to eat the cake off of Fëanor's body, each stroke of their tongues more and more exquisite, sensitizing him, until he was quivering, whimpering, driven mad with pleasure and want. Every few bits of cake, Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed, sensually sharing it between them, teasing Fëanor further with the erotic sight of them enjoying each other too. They made two rounds of his body to make sure they got his skin really clean of any crumbs or lingering traces of icing, and of course, to tease him. Fëanor was writhing, panting for it by the time they were finished.

"That was delicious," Finarfin said. "And the cake was pretty good too."

Fingolfin chuckled, and so did Fëanor.

Then Finarfin asked, "You know what goes well with cake? Milk."

It had been one thing for Finarfin and Fingolfin to lick the cake from his nipples simultaneously. Fëanor almost wept as Finarfin and Fingolfin suckled his nipples at the same time, the sensation so intense he almost came, but instead they kept pushing him closer to that edge, keeping him there, the tension in him building and building, wild, frenzied excitement. Fëanor loved it. As badly as he needed release, he never wanted his brothers to stop sucking his nipples. It didn't just feel incredible, but the sight of them suckling together, drinking his milk...

"Gods..." Fëanor arched, gasping for breath. "Oh, gods, please, fuck me... fuck me, I need it, *please...*"

"Mmmm, I'm sure you do," Fingolfin said, taking a few teasing licks at the nipple before suckling again. "Mmmmm." He closed his eyes with pleasure as he sipped at Fëanor's milk, enough of it flowing that it was seeping from the corners of his mouth. He licked the nipple some more and resumed sucking, harder. Finarfin took that as his cue to lap it a bit

and then suck harder too.

"Fuck..." Fëanor writhed against the restraints again, wishing he could grab their hair.
"Fuck, just fucking fuck me! *Please!*"

Finarfin and Fingolfin looked at each other, another conspiratorial look like they'd been planning something. Fëanor whimpered as he watched them kiss again, and then Fingolfin asked, "Well, Fëanor, the question is, which one of us should fuck you?"

"Yes." Fëanor made another desperate noise through clenched teeth. "Either, both of you at the same time... just give it to me."

"As you know, you would have to be stretched a bit first to accommodate us both at once," Fingolfin said. "I shan't hurt you. That means one of us first, before both of us." Fingolfin looked at Finarfin. "Shall we settle this the way we discussed, brother?"

"Mhm." Finarfin grabbed Fingolfin and pulled him into another kiss.

Fingolfin rolled Finarfin onto his back and Fëanor watched, tied up, as Fingolfin and Finarfin began to rub cock to cock, kissing, caressing each other's bodies. Not being able to stroke himself as he watched his fantasy come to life was like torture, his cock getting harder and harder, aching to be touched, to be pleased, but all he could do was watch... and be teased, in that watching.

Fingolfin and Finarfin knew exactly what it was doing to Fëanor, now and again giving him sly looks before their focus turned back to each other, kissing. Fingolfin informed Fëanor, "Whichever one of us finishes last gets to fuck you."

"It will be my pleasure defeating you again," Finarfin said, kissing and licking Fingolfin's neck.

Fingolfin kissed Finarfin roughly, and began to rub against him harder and faster. "Don't be so sure of yourself, Arafínwë."

Hard cock rubbed hard cock, and soon their cocks were glistening, cock dripping into cock, streamers clinging between them. After a little while Finarfin shoved Fingolfin onto his back and rubbed against him more insistently, and Fingolfin matched his rhythm... and started to brush his fingers down Finarfin's spine, smiling wickedly as Finarfin gasped and shuddered. Finarfin's response to that was to growl and bite Fingolfin's neck, then his shoulder. Then Fingolfin rolled Finarfin onto his back again and kissed Finarfin more tenderly, sensually, licking and nibbling down Finarfin's neck to his chest. Fëanor moaned as he watched Fingolfin lap at Finarfin's nipple, and suckle. "Not as delicious as Fëanor's, but still lovely," Fingolfin husked, his thumb rubbing the nipple as he turned his head to the other, Finarfin and Fëanor both moaning together as Fingolfin licked and sucked that nipple too.

They rubbed and rubbed, every few minutes one rolling the other onto their back, a dominance contest between them. Fëanor watched the rhythm build until at last they were grinding against each other frenziedly, kissing hungrily, like they wanted to eat each other alive. Finarfin was on top now, and the fierce look on his face made Fëanor sure that he would win, as Fingolfin got more vocal, quivering... but then Fingolfin pushed the bead in the ring in his cock into the slit of Finarfin's cock, and Finarfin cried out, and Fingolfin gave him a predatory grin before his mouth latched onto a nipple again.

"Oh gods." Finarfin cried out again, and dug his nails into Fingolfin's hips. "That's not fair,

Nolo..."

"What was it you said yesterday? I believe it was, 'I fight to win.'" Fingolfin's grin got bigger, before he kissed Finarfin again. "So do I, Ara."

Fëanor howled, his cock and hole both throbbing, desperate for relief as he watched the bead in the ring in Fingolfin's cock push in and out of the slit in Finarfin's cockhead, fucking him, relenting after a few more thrusts, cock rubbing against Finarfin's harder, faster. Now Fingolfin was sucking on Finarfin's nipples again and Finarfin grabbed Fingolfin's hair, bucking against him, panting, and Fëanor knew he was going to lose control.

Finarfin gave a wild, fierce cry as he spent, cock shooting all over Fingolfin's cock - Fëanor cried out too, the sight the most erotic thing he'd ever seen in his life, and then Fingolfin's cock coming all over Finarfin's cock a few seconds later just made it even hotter, cocks spurting together, his brothers kissing as they shuddered with their release, moaning into the kiss. Fingolfin collected some of the seed on his fingers and stuck it in Finarfin's mouth, and Fëanor moaned again as he watched Finarfin taste their combined seed from Fingolfin's fingers, then Finarfin did the same, scooping up seed and feeding it to Fingolfin... and then Fingolfin and Finarfin had seed to feed Fëanor, and the taste of his brothers' cream combined was a delightful nectar.

Fëanor let out a little whimper as he licked his lips, savoring it. "Are you going to fuck me now?"

Fingolfin chuckled. "So impatient, Fëanáro."

Fëanor gave him a look. Fingolfin smiled at him indulgently, stroking Fëanor's cheek and chin as if he were petting a cat, before he and Finarfin undid the ropes binding Fëanor's wrists. Fëanor grabbed Fingolfin and kissed him hard, and then he kissed Finarfin just as hard, and glared at them again. "Now."

"So demanding," Fingolfin teased, and then he grabbed Fëanor by the hair and got him into position on his hands and knees in front of Finarfin. Fingolfin, still holding onto Fëanor's hair, got behind him on his knees, and Fëanor moaned as he felt the tip of Fingolfin's cock at his entrance. "But now we get to make the demands here." Fingolfin slapped Fëanor's ass, hard, and then he pushed inside Fëanor's slick, dripping channel.

Fëanor cried out when Fingolfin was all the way inside, and then again when Fingolfin began to thrust, taking him hard and fast. Before Fëanor could cry out yet again, Finarfin shoved his hard cock in Fëanor's mouth and held Fëanor's head in place as he started to gently thrust into Fëanor's mouth. "Oh, *fuck*," Finarfin called out as Fëanor's mouth wrapped around his cock, and Fëanor sucked him hard, hungry for it, wanting it.

It was the biggest thrill of Fëanor's life to date to have Fingolfin fucking him from behind, while Finarfin's cock was in his mouth. He loved being taken like this by his brothers, dominated, used... and yet it didn't feel degrading at all. He felt taken care of, loved. In his submission was the greatest freedom Fëanor had ever known, perfectly safe with the two men he loved, *trusted*... and who knew just what he liked. Fëanor's hips rocked back at Fingolfin's, matching Fingolfin's thrusts, fucking himself on his brother's cock. And Fëanor sucked Finarfin, devouring him, relishing the feel of that thick cock in his mouth, watching Finarfin tremble and gasp, hearing his cries. Fëanor loved the sound of Fingolfin grunting and growling as he drove into Fëanor's channel with savage, punishing thrusts, loved the sound of their hips slapping together, the wet suctioning sound of Fingolfin's cock gliding in and out of him. Fëanor whimpered with his mouth full, worshiping Finarfin's cock with

his mouth, worshiping Finarfin's body with his eyes. That glorious hair... Fëanor couldn't resist reaching out to touch it.

"Oh, gods, that's so good," Finarfin moaned, and Fëanor moaned back as he heard Finarfin panting, watched Finarfin shudder again, closing his eyes. Then Finarfin's eyes opened and he looked at Fëanor eagerly sucking his cock, looked across at Fingolfin pounding away. "Fuck him harder."

Fingofin's pace sped up, driving into Fëanor even harder. The sweet rubbing of the ring in the head of Fingolfin's cock was working its magic on that place inside Fëanor and he was *right there*, his body quivering as Fingolfin kept him on that edge. Fingolfin growled and pulled Fëanor's hair again. "Suck your brother's cock, Fëanor. You don't get to come until Ara spills in your mouth."

Fëanor cried out with his mouth full and sucked Finarfin even more furiously than before. Soon he and Finarfin were both trembling together, and the sound of Finarfin moaning as he too got closer threatened to bring Fëanor off without permission. But then, finally, Finarfin let go with an, "Ai, Fëanor!", shooting into Fëanor's mouth.

"Mmmmmmm." Fëanor swallowed it down greedily; Finarfin's seed was so delicious.
"Mmmmm, mmmmmmm."

"Oh gods." Finarfin shivered again, gave a shuddery sigh as he shot off another load. Fëanor almost choked, there was so much of it.

Fingolfin lay down then on Fëanor's back, pounding him as hard as he could, and grabbed Fëanor's cheek, tilting his head so they could kiss. In that kiss, Fingolfin sharing Finarfin's seed with him, Fëanor gave into his own climax, whimpering, and soon Fingolfin was coming too, groaning into the kiss. Their tongues licked together playfully before they kissed again, and again. Finarfin moaned and Fëanor saw he was stroking himself - already hard again - as he watched them kiss, tasting his seed.

"Fuck, that's beautiful," Finarfin whispered.

"You're beautiful," Fëanor said, and now he rose up to kiss Finarfin, who let go of his cock for a moment and wrapped his arms around Fëanor, returning the kiss madly, deeply. When they pulled apart, Fingolfin leaned in to kiss Finarfin too, and Fëanor's cock hardened right up again at the sight of them kissing. When Fingolfin noticed he pulled Fëanor into another kiss and reached down to take their hard cocks into his fist, stroking them together.

"Oh gods." Fëanor let out a little whine, and shuddered. "Oh gods, I need it so bad..." He wasn't even in heat. He had a feeling he was going to be even more insatiable during his next heat cycle.

Finarfin pulled Fëanor back towards him, and patted his hips. Fëanor straddled Finarfin's hips and sank down on Finarfin's hard cock. They both moaned as Finarfin filled him, and then they kissed again. Fëanor began to work his hips, going slowly on Finarfin's cock, teasing them both. Then Finarfin made the "come here" gesture to Fingolfin, who drew in closer, positioning himself behind Fëanor.

Fëanor screamed as Fingolfin began to push inside too. It was a tight fit, with those big cocks inside him, and Fingolfin went slowly, pushing in bit by bit, letting Fëanor adjust. At last they were both inside him and the three cried out together and joined hands. Nothing had ever felt so right, and when Fingolfin and Finarfin both held him Fëanor could have

wept for joy.

"I love you," Fëanor said.

"We love you, Fëanáro." Fingolfin once again tilted Fëanor's face so they could kiss.

"So much," Finarfin added, pulling Fëanor into a kiss.

Then they began to thrust. The tight fit of two cocks inside him just intensified the pressure and friction, the deliciousness of his sensitive insides being rubbed. Finarfin and Fingolfin's cocks found the perfect rhythm of push and pull, and the thought of their cocks rubbing together inside him - the knowledge that they weren't just making love to him, but also making love to each other, cock rubbing cock - made Fëanor moan and tremble.

"More," Fëanor panted. "Oh gods, more, please, more..."

Finarfin groaned, and Fingolfin began to kiss the back of Fëanor's neck and shoulder, knowing how sensitive he was there. Finarfin leaned up to kiss Fëanor's nipples, tongue lashing feverishly, suckling hard, fingers tugging one nipple ring as his mouth worked on the other. Every now and again Finarfin's fingers would collect the milk beading down Fëanor's chest and he'd stick them in Fingolfin's mouth for Fingolfin to lick and suck before tilting Fëanor's mouth to claim it with a kiss, letting Fëanor taste his own milk.

The sensation built and built, the desire burned and burned hotter until it felt like this was the only thing in the universe that existed, the three of them and their love for each other, their lust, their passion. Fëanor couldn't get enough of his brothers' cocks rubbing together inside him, pleasuring him, but soon he was right there again, wanting this to last but needing to come, needing to shatter...

...and shatter he did, spurting and spurting all over Finarfin's chest and stomach and throat and face and hair - as he shot over Finarfin's face, Finarfin lapped it like he was drinking from a fountain, which made Fëanor's orgasm all the stronger. Then Finarfin and Fingolfin were coming inside him together, and the feel of their hot seed flooding him, so much of it that it was dripping out of him, made Fëanor shoot off another arc of his cream, hitting the canopy of the bed, laughing and crying as the euphoria throbbed through him.

"Oh, my love." Fingolfin sighed, tender little kisses on Fëanor's shoulder as they sank down together. "My beautiful love."

"Oh, gods, that was amazing." Fëanor felt the tears stream down his face, his smile so big it almost hurt. His entire body felt like it was made out of jelly, especially his legs. He was a stone and a feather all at once, and everything was so bright. "You are the best brothers."

"This was the best birthday," Finarfin said, chuckling.

"And yet I feel like I got a present." Fëanor gave him a tender little kiss.

Fingolfin eventually slipped out of him and the three found their way into a cuddle-pile, all holding each other. Some of Finarfin's glorious hair was wrapped around Fëanor like a blanket, and Fëanor sighed, feeling as safe and cozy as he'd ever felt.

Soon he'd have to go back to Nerdanel, and soon, Finarfin would have to marry Eärwen, and Finarfin would go to Alqualondë. It was uncertain how things would change, only that they were going to. But right now, what was certain was that the brothers loved each other, and things had gotten quite a bit more interesting... and fun. Fëanor was looking

forward to spending more time with Finarfin in the future, and exploring passion with him.

Finarfin kissed Fëanor's brow, and the embrace tightened around him. "All will be well," Finarfin assured him. "We have each other. So long as we have that, we are unbreakable."

Silver And Gold [Fëanor/Finarfin]

"We're almost here, Your Grace."

Fëanor picked his head up. "Thank you," he said to the driver, who nodded. The horses' hooves were louder now on the road, so much so Fëanor was surprised he hadn't roused from that. But then, he was exhausted, not having slept much at all the last several days. It was in fact for that reason that he was coming out this way. Fëanor's heart began to beat a little faster as he breathed in the salt air, feeling the giddy rush of anticipation. Soon, he would see Finarfin, and soon Finarfin would make everything OK, at least for a little while.

Once again, Fëanor's mind's eye replayed those last few bitter moments at his home.

I have taken a break from my projects in the forge to spend time with my wife, and you ignore me.

Nerdanel could only say to that, *Hm.*

Fine. I will take Arafinwë up on his offer to visit Alqualondë. At least there I am wanted. Fëanor had stormed out, taking Maedhros and Maglor with him.

It was Fëanor's first trip to Alqualondë since Finarfin's wedding. It had been awhile, too long - since the entire reason Finarfin married Eärwen was so Finarfin could continue his relationship with his brothers, and Eärwen with Anairë, without arousing suspicion, it wouldn't do for Fëanor to visit extremely frequently. Fëanor missed Finarfin, and now he couldn't hold back anymore. He felt like he was starving.

Maglor and Maedhros were riding in the bed of the carriage, in the open air. Fëanor felt a twinge of guilt that they saw their oma so sad, so frequently. This trip would do them some good, as well, to get away from the stifling tensions at home and see their oma in better spirits for awhile.

Already, the smell of the ocean - the promise of seeing his brother - was lifting Fëanor's spirits. *Soon.*

When Alqualondë came into view, Fëanor felt ready to cry from sheer relief - and the beauty of it. Marble towers gleamed in the light of Laurelin, and there were climbing white roses over the palace walls, white rose bushes around the palace, a forest grove bordering the sea. Fëanor could understand why Finarfin was taken with this location. It was very different from Fëanor's vacation getaway of Formenos in the wild northern forest, but it still took Fëanor's breath away.

Finarfin greeted him at the gates with a warm hug, chaste with witnesses present. Finarfin kissed Fëanor's brow, and just that little press of Finarfin's lips made Fëanor's body tingle, craving more. And Finarfin smelled so *good*, that intoxicating mix of wildflowers and Alpha musk. Already, Fëanor could feel himself going slick.

"It is good to see you." Finarfin touched Fëanor's face. There was concern in his eyes. "You look exhausted."

"I'm fine." Fëanor gave a tight smile.

You're not fine, Finarfin spoke into his mind. "Come, let me give you a proper tour."

Though Fëanor had been here once before, attending Finarfin's wedding, Finarfin had been too busy with the preparations to show Fëanor around the palace himself, and Fëanor had spent most of the visit in his guest chambers sulking - he understood the necessity of Finarfin's marriage, and could not fault him for it, but it was still not a happy occasion for him, and he didn't want to ruin it for everyone else so he kept himself at a distance.

Now, there was much to see. Many of the halls were open-air, with finely carved marble columns. In the library, there was a tall window of glass tiles in the form of a rose, lined with gold. In Finarfin's private study, there was another tall glass window, this with tiles shaped like birds. The west wing of the palace had a yard with a high wall of more climbing roses, and a garden plot that grew different fragrant herbs, small trees. The wall had an opening for a long cascade of steps that led down to a white sand beach. The east wing of the palace led out to a cliff with a gorgeous view of the ocean. The south wing of the palace led out to the forest, with Finarfin explaining there was a trail to a private, secluded cove that he visited once a day for meditative purposes, and along the forest trail was Finarfin's bird sanctuary. In the courtyard of the palace was a pond with swans and a swan-shaped fountain, and more roses. Eärwen was lounging in the courtyard watching the swans as she embroidered and when she saw Fëanor she quickly rose to embrace him.

"Hello, brother." Her smile was friendly. "I hope the trip here was pleasant."

"Yes." Fëanor didn't tell her the truth - that his mind had been replaying the neglect from Nerdanel over and over again until he passed out. He patted his sister-in-law, trying to not hold it against her that she and Finarfin had to wed to protect their partners. "You look lovely. That dress brings out the blue of your eyes."

"Perhaps you could make me a necklace or a tiara to go with it. I've seen your work and it's exquisite."

Fëanor liked her more already. "Perhaps. My wife thinks I spend a bit too much time in the forge." *Until I leave to spend time with her, then she acts like I don't exist. And wonders why I retreat back to the forge.* Making things helped distract Fëanor from the sting of rejection.

"Speaking of work..." Finarfin smiled, knowing to change the subject from the sore spot of Nerdanel. "When we received word you were on your way, I had the cooks go all out. Including making a cake."

Fëanor wanted to be happy about that - and he thought his youngest brother's love of cake was adorable - but he hadn't had an appetite for days. He knew some of that was the sadness of feeling neglected by his wife, and some of that was from having limited food options in travel. But even things he liked tasted wrong, and sure enough at the banquet celebrating his visit, Fëanor could only eat half-heartedly. Finarfin kept glancing at him with worry, as it wasn't like Fëanor to pick at his favorite foods.

Late that evening, Fëanor stood on the balcony of his guest chambers, looking out to sea in Telperion's silver glow. He felt a presence behind him, and Finarfin's Alpha scent mingled deliciously with the sea breeze. Fëanor managed a genuine smile and laugh as he felt Finarfin's chest against his back, Finarfin's arms encircling tight around him.

"It's all right now, brother," Finarfin husked. "I'm here."

Fëanor turned his face and they kissed, tongues playing. Fëanor's hole twitched and began to pool with slick, but instead of claiming another kiss, Finarfin pressed his forehead to Fëanor's and nuzzled him; the brothers breathed each other's breath.

"You will get some rest tonight," Finarfin said. It was not a request, but a demand.

Fëanor pouted. "Don't you want to fuck me?"

"I do want to fuck you." Finarfin chuckled. "All night. But I cannot do that in good conscience until you've gotten a good night's sleep." Finarfin stroked Fëanor's face and played with a strand of hair blowing in the wind. "I can *feel* how tired you are, Fëanáro."

"It's like an ache in my bones," Fëanor admitted softly. *A sickness in my soul.*

"You're safe here," Finarfin said, nuzzling him again. He tenderly kissed the tip of Fëanor's nose. "She might not care, but I do. Only the best for my Omega." Finarfin narrowed his eyes. "Which means getting some damn sleep tonight."

Fëanor chuckled and gave in. "Will you tuck me in?"

"Of course, my heart."

It was such a strange reversal from the way they were long ago - some nights, Fëanor would tuck in Finarfin, after telling him stories or putting on puppet shows. The days before the long darkness when Finwë refused to let Fëanor associate with his youngest brother at all, after Fëanor married Nerdanel. Of course, now Finarfin was a grown man, one who'd sparked desire in him, a strong, leonine sex god of a man. But there was still worship in Finarfin's eyes as he pulled up the covers and pet Fëanor, who was starving for touch and soaked it up, making content little purring noises. Fëanor found himself reaching for Finarfin's hair, pulling it around himself like a blanket, and he felt safe, like he was wrapped in a cocoon of warm, soft light.

Finarfin kissed Fëanor softly, and whispered, "Sleep now." He breathed out, and Fëanor felt himself sinking down, down, down into rest.

—

Fëanor woke with a groan, and whimpered at the cool empty spot in the bed.

Finarfin was an early riser, and he was not. Fëanor hated mornings, preferring to sleep in as late as he could get away with. That was easier said than done now that he had two children, but Fëanor still tried to avoid mornings. Fëanor couldn't blame Finarfin for not throwing off his rhythm to linger with him in bed - it would cause too much suspicion, not to mention that Fëanor had come on short enough notice that Fëanor knew Finarfin still had royal duties to perform.

Indeed, it was the first thing out of Finarfin's mouth when Fëanor found him in the study. "Unfortunately, tomorrow I have meetings all day. It can't be helped, they were planned before I received word -"

"It's all right." Fëanor patted him. "I'm sure I can find ways to amuse myself."

"I will make it up to you tomorrow night," Finarfin said, and gave him a gentle kiss. "In the meantime... I have something to show you that might contribute to your entertainment tomorrow."

That sounded promising... and kinky. Fëanor's hole started twitching again, aching for his brother to fill it, claim it as his.

But it was something innocent, or at least, it started off that way. There was a footpath from the palace that led out to a road, and that road took them to a harbor. Fëanor marveled at the swan ships, the grace and power of their design.

"I know you like learning new things," Finarfin said. "Today, I thought you might like to learn how to sail."

"You know how to sail?"

"It was one of Olwë's requirements for my marriage."

Fëanor hated being reminded that Finarfin was married, even though he knew it was just for convenience on both ends. Finarfin put an arm around him, seeming to sense how his brother was bristling, and took him to a smaller swan ship, designed for one or two people; the sail had the emblem Finarfin had chosen for himself, gold on a cream background. "This is mine," Finarfin said. "It's a calm day, which is good for sailing practice."

Fëanor could not begrudge the time spent with his brother, or the opportunity to learn something knew. Fëanor took to sailing quickly, first watching and observing Finarfin's actions, then Finarfin "motoring him through" to go through the motions himself, standing behind Fëanor and guiding his hands and arms so Fëanor would have muscle memory. It was also a delicious tease, to feel Finarfin's touch... and to feel like he was being mastered.

And it was a source of pride, to pick up the skills of raising the sails, determining the direction of the wind, and steering the small vessel around on the waves. It was also soothing, tranquil hours spent gliding on the water, the rest of the world slipping away. After the tension at home with Nerdanel, this was exactly what Fëanor needed, and Finarfin knew that. When they had sailed far enough away from the harbor not to be seen, Finarfin put his arms around Fëanor, and Fëanor rested his head on Finarfin's shoulder, admiring the way Laurelin's light sparkled on the sea... the way Finarfin's hair blew in the breeze, shifting silver and gold in the catch of the light. As deeply as Fëanor's soul had ached with the sting of Nerdanel's rejection, in these moments he felt like the festering darkness had been cut away and all that remained was this, the sweet peace of his brother's love, enjoying the beauty of each other and the shining waters.

Waters that looked very inviting. Fëanor had only seen the sea a few times in his life, and had gone in it exactly once, when he was younger and on a holiday with Finwë and Indis; Finwë had yelled at him for splashing around in the water, a big lecture about how Fëanor was being disrespectful to Ulmo. He'd cuffed Fëanor for his "blasphemy" and made him cry, and Fëanor still hadn't understood years later how he was being disrespectful in any way - he thought that it was, in fact, the utmost respect to take joy in Ulmo's domain. That had been one of many experiences that soured Fëanor on the Valar, but as he looked at the ocean now, Ulmo was the farthest thing from his mind. He wanted to feel the waves wash him, wanted to take back that moment of playful curiosity and exuberance in the magic of the world.

Finarfin saw Fëanor looking longingly out to sea. "You better not jump overboard."

Fëanor batted his lashes and gave Finarfin an innocent look that wasn't innocent at all. "Would I do that?"

"Yes, you would." Finarfin patted him. "If it's a swim you want, let's get this boat back to shore and then I'll take you to the cove."

"Deal." Fëanor couldn't wait - much as he enjoyed the sail, now he wanted to feel the waters himself.

After they docked the boat at the harbor, Finarfin took Fëanor on the trail through the woods. They paused here and there for Finarfin to point out different varieties of birds that were nesting in the trees. As they got closer to the beach, where Fëanor could see the waves from a distance, two ravens alighted from a particularly tall tree and one perched on each of Finarfin's shoulders.

"These are my messenger birds," Finarfin said. "This is Sanwë, and that is Enyalië."

Sanwë croaked, and let out a deep, creaky "Aiya."

Fëanor laughed, delighted. "Pretty bird."

Finarfin crooked a finger and gently stroked Sanwë's feathers, then with the other hand he did the same for Enyalië, who leaned into his touch. "They're good birds. When I come out here to meditate they like to perch on me and it helps clear my head."

As if on cue, Enyalië flew up from Finarfin's shoulders to rest on the top of his head, and pecked at a strand of Finarfin's hair with his beak. Finarfin chuckled, then he stopped in his tracks, closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. He touched Fëanor's face and he found himself closing his eyes too.

In Fëanor's mind's eye he saw himself as a younger man, storming from his father's palace to the nearby grove, needing to get away, cheeks hot with shame, rage boiling inside him after yet another fight with Finwë, yet another lecture about how Fëanor was "wasting his life" in the forge making "fripperies". *A king needs to be at his court, not holed away in a forge all day*, Finwë had said. *This hobby of yours is useless*. Fëanor didn't want Finwë, or anyone, to see him cry, so here he was needing to get *out*... and little Finarfin ran after him, at last catching up and barreling into him, hugging his waist. Fëanor picked up his little brother, put him on his shoulders, and carried him like that for the rest of his walk; they stopped for awhile to watch birds in the sky.

I wish we could turn into birds and fly away, Fëanáro.

That memory was bittersweet and Fëanor winced as if in pain. Finwë and Fëanor had argued away from the hearing of others, but Finarfin had still known too much; even then, Finarfin had been aware of what a cruel bastard Finwë could be.

Fëanor opened his eyes, looking into Finarfin's silver gaze. He still sometimes had difficulty believing that the exuberant, silly boy had grown up into this gorgeous man. It was, in fact something that Fëanor tried to separate in his mind, since children were innocent and their love in those days had been strictly innocent, and now his love for the grown man was not innocent at all. But Finarfin had always loved him, always worshiped him, always wanted to run away with him, and here and now Finarfin had sort of made good on that wish, with Alqualondë being quite far from Finwë's palace, Finwë's control.

Fëanor realized that Finarfin hadn't just married one of the Teleri as a move to protect his secret relationship with his brothers, and his wife's secret relationship with her female lover, and he hadn't just married one of the Teleri as a political move to win his father's favor and further ease any suspicions of indiscretion... but it was as if Finarfin had come all this way to offer Fëanor an escape, if he ever needed one.

It was not one Fëanor could take now, or anytime soon. It would cause too much scandal for him to take the children and leave Nerdanel for good, even if nobody thought Fëanor and Finarfin's relationship might go beyond that of brothers. And Fëanor still loved Nerdanel - that was why her rejection *hurt* the way it did. She was the first Alpha who claimed him, and even as she hurt him, he still held out hope things would work out somehow.

The ravens flew back to their roost, and Finarfin put an arm around Fëanor's waist, marching them to the sea.

The cove was one of the most magnificently breathtaking landscapes Fëanor ever had pleasure to see. There were basalt stacks a few hundred meters out, and a cave to their right. The cave obscured the view of the cove from the east wing of the palace, as the forest obscured the view from the west wing; the stone staircase leading down a cliff from the west wing went to another part of the shoreline. A dark jetty stretched out from the white sand, and the waves seemed to go on forever.

"No one can see us out here, and almost no one comes out this way. We very likely won't be disturbed," Finarfin said, watching Fëanor look around.

With that, Finarfin disrobed, letting his breeches, smallclothes, tunic and robe fall to the sand. Completely nude, and half-hard for Fëanor, he began to walk towards the water. He paused briefly to glance over his shoulder, as if to say *Well?*

Fëanor took a moment to ogle Finarfin's firm, taut ass, before he took off his own clothes and walked up to his brother. Hand in hand, they walked into the ocean together. The shock of the cold water at his ankles made Fëanor gasp, and he shivered so hard his teeth chattered when the water was at his waist. They went in all the way to their chests, the waves lapping at their skin. Fëanor adjusted to the water temperature, going from unpleasantly cold to less unpleasant to comfortable, cool and refreshing without an icy bite. With the waves rolling over their shoulders, Finarfin pulled Fëanor close to him and gave him a deep, sensual kiss. Fëanor moaned, pushing up against Finarfin to feel their hard cocks together; the flowing water at his hole teased Fëanor, needing to rub against his brother-lover. They kissed again and again, a moment of joy, wonderment in the beauty of nature and the beauty of each other, their passion like a force of nature.

Then Finarfin picked Fëanor up, making Fëanor shriek and laugh, and Finarfin put Fëanor on his shoulders, a reverse of the way they had been a long time ago. Finarfin waded around with Fëanor riding on his shoulders, and after awhile Fëanor climbed down and Finarfin picked him up again, this time just to hold him, cradle him.

"I love you," Finarfin said, leaning in for a kiss.

"I love you too." They kissed. Then Fëanor felt playful, mischievous, for the first time in too long. "You know what?"

"What."

Fëanor splashed him.

Finarfin let go and started splashing Fëanor madly with both hands. They chased each other, splashing, howling with laughter, until finally Finarfin caught him, grabbed him by his hair to hold him in place, and splashed Fëanor's face again and again, making Fëanor sputter. Being held by his hair like this also made Fëanor's hole throb, needing his Alpha now, and when Finarfin was done with his victory splash, Finarfin gave him a smug look and said, "Anything else, brat?"

Fëanor pulled Finarfin down into a hot, needy kiss that made both of them groan. They kissed like their lives depended on it, tongues licking, teasing between kisses, hands wandering, exploring every inch of flesh they could touch. They began marching out of the waves, still kissing, caressing, cock brushing cock, wet hair clinging to them; Fëanor licked Finarfin's neck and savored the taste of salt mingling with Finarfin's Alpha musk. He wanted so fiercely it hurt; it was all that mattered.

On the shore, Fëanor pushed Finarfin down into the sand and Finarfin pulled Fëanor atop him. Fëanor was dripping slick, and after he straddled Finarfin's hips he paused a moment to show Finarfin his dripping passage, lewdly teasing him. Finarfin groaned and smacked Fëanor's ass, then reached to guide his cock to Fëanor's opening. Fëanor sank down slowly, and when they were fully joined they both sighed with pleasure. Finarfin reached up to touch Fëanor's face, play with a strand of his hair. "I love you," Finarfin husked. "So much."

"Love you..." Fëanor drew Finarfin's thumb into his mouth and sucked the tip, his cock and hole both throbbing at the heat in Finarfin's eyes.

Finarfin smacked his ass again. "Ride me." He grabbed Fëanor's hips and began to thrust, making Fëanor work for it.

Fëanor bounced feverishly, hands roaming over Finarfin's chest and stomach, brushing a nipple here and there, and at last rubbing Finarfin's nipples, pinching them. Finarfin reached up to do the same to Fëanor, driving Fëanor mad with pleasure, the rhythm on the sweet spot inside him combining with the exquisite sensitivity of his nipples in a most delicious way. Fëanor heard himself crying out, like he had become a wild bird. He felt as free as one... free to be completely and utterly himself, free to love and be loved with this beautiful man taking him.

Fëanor rode and rode, aching to come but never wanting to stop feeling that cock rubbing away inside him... never wanting to stop feeling *Finarfin*, joined not just with their bodies but their souls, one hunger, one need, one joy. Finarfin kept a hand stroking Fëanor's chest, and the other moved down to stroke Fëanor's cock. "I can't hold back much longer," Finarfin rasped. "You feel so good..."

"Oh, Ara." Fëanor shuddered, feeling himself push closer and closer, ready to fly off the edge. "Ara, you feel... so..."

He didn't even have words. "So." Fëanor exploded, shooting over Finarfin's chest and throat; Finarfin lapped at the gushing flow like a fountain, and the sight of his cream on Finarfin's tongue and lips, so lewd, made Fëanor pulse again, crying out wordlessly. Two thrusts later Finarfin was done, letting out a hoarse shout and then a shuddery sigh as his body twitched and Fëanor felt the hot seed rush inside him.

Fëanor leaned down and they kissed deeply. Finarfin held him, pulled him close, and they lay there, kissing, petting, lost in each other. The light of Telperion and Laurelin was mingling now, the sea like diamonds. Even damp and disheveled, Finarfin's hair was

beautiful fanned out on the sand, Fëanor admiring all the subtle shades of silver and gold in the changing light.

The high tide rolled in, and under Finarfin, still laying on the sand. Finarfin let out a squeak as the cold water touched him, and Fëanor couldn't help laughing. Fëanor pulled Finarfin to his feet, and kissed him as the waves rolled back to kiss their ankles. Then Finarfin stooped down and paddled at the water before the tide could pull away, to splash Fëanor one last time.

They got dressed and headed back to the palace together. There was no need for words; what they'd shared on the shore was sacred. Not in the way of Valarin holiness - Fëanor had no love for the Valar and didn't think they would particularly approve of what had just happened - but in a way that felt older than them, wilder, primordial. Fëanor was shaken by its beauty.

Even as the passionate lovemaking on the beach had soothed Fëanor's hurts, he still didn't have much of an appetite for the evening meal. He also felt sore, even though their activities of the day hadn't been much more strenuous than anything Fëanor was normally used to. He wasn't, however, too sore to make love a few more times with Finarfin before they fell asleep, tangled up together.

—

In the morning Fëanor once again woke up to a cool empty spot in the bed... but nothing else was cool. He felt like he was on fire; the sheets were soaked with his sweat.

And not just his sweat. Slick was pooling out of him again, his cock painfully hard, his balls almost unbearably tight. "Oh, *Eru*." Fëanor realized now why he'd had very little appetite, why his joints and muscles ached last night... why he'd felt more emotional the last several days. He'd been like this other times he went into heat. He still wasn't quite used to it.

Finarfin had royal business to attend to all day, like he'd warned yesterday; Fëanor wasn't feeling up to sailing on his own. Fëanor desperately wanted to pull Finarfin out of his meetings and ride him to oblivion, but he knew that would get them both in trouble. Indeed, he stayed close to his quarters as much as possible - he'd heard the staff at Alqualondë was Betas and wouldn't be able to smell his heat, but he still didn't want to risk that there might be an Alpha or Omega at one of these functions who would. He felt guilty about leaving Maedhros and Maglor so much with Eärwen, but she'd volunteered, both out of sympathy to Fëanor and as practice for when she would be expected to produce children of her own.

The hours wore on and Fëanor got more frantic. Fingering himself only served to frustrate him more. When it was time for the evening meal, Fëanor requested to take it in his room, saying he wasn't well - that was not a lie, but he also didn't want his heat to be noticed by any dignitaries.

Telperion was shining by the time Finarfin came down to Fëanor's guest chamber. Fëanor was practically in tears with relief. Finarfin just stood in the doorway for a moment after it was closed, looking at Fëanor - nostrils twitching, breathing in the scent of Fëanor's heat. Then Finarfin began marching towards the bed, undressing as quickly as he could. "Ai, brother, if I'd known you -"

Not thinking, just feeling, Fëanor leapt up from the bed, rushed to Finarfin, and began pulling him towards the bed, kissing him feverishly, whimpering. Finarfin groaned and as they got closer to the bed, he kissed and nibbled Fëanor's neck. Finarfin shoved Fëanor on the bed with a growl, but before he could mount his brother, the minute Finarfin climbed onto the bed Fëanor pounced on him like a wild cat, and rolled Finarfin onto his back, wanting to ride Finarfin's cock again.

Finarfin chuckled. "My, so impatient."

"I have been waiting for you. Aching for you. All. Fucking. Day." Fëanor leaned in to claim a fierce, ravenous kiss.

Finarfin grabbed Fëanor's hair, pulling on it a little - Fëanor's cock and hole both twitched at that, more slick dripping from him, loving it. With Finarfin's free hand, he ran a finger down Fëanor's chest, brushing circles around a nipple before rubbing it, pulling on it. Fëanor gasped. "You've been waiting all day, what's a few more minutes?" Finarfin gave him an amused, wicked smile.

Fëanor growled. "Damn you, Arafinwë, I need you *now*." Fëanor bit Finarfin's lower lip, hard enough to draw blood.

Finarfin's breath hitched and then he body-slammed Fëanor onto his back, still holding a fistful of Fëanor's hair; his other hand reached for Fëanor's throat, not hard enough to choke, just applying a bit of firm pressure. Fëanor bucked, cock throbbing, hole gushing slick, feeling like he could come just from that alone.

"It's cute when you think you're in charge," Finarfin rasped, "but you're not." He seized a kiss, then another, making Fëanor whimper, clutching at him, nails digging into his hips. Finarfin chuckled and let go of Fëanor's throat to lick and nibble his neck. "You may be the older brother... but your younger brothers are the ones in control."

"Fuck. Me."

"I think you need a lesson in restraint, my Fëanáro. Very literally." Still holding his brother's hair with one hand, Finarfin waved the other and the silver-and-gold rope of his belt came flying over. Finarfin finally let go of Fëanor's hair, grabbing one arm and tying a wrist to the bedpost with one end of the cord. He then did the same with the other. When Fëanor was properly tied, Finarfin stroked Fëanor's cheek and gave him a tender little kiss. "Very nice. Are the bonds too tight?"

Fëanor moved his wrists to test them. "They're fine."

"Good. You soon won't be. I intend on making you a wreck." Finarfin rose and slowly strolled over to a fan decoration on one of the walls. The fan was made of rows of swan feathers. Finarfin plucked one from the fan and came back over with it; Fëanor shivered at the predatory look in Finarfin's eyes, cock throbbing, hole twitching. Wanting with every fiery cell of his being.

Finarfin climbed back on the bed and brushed the feather against Fëanor's lips. "Now then..."

What followed was the most luscious teasing torment of Fëanor's life thus far. Finarfin stroked the feather all over Fëanor's body, caressing his throat, shoulders, arms, chest, nipples, stomach, behind each knee, down one calf and up the other. Everywhere the feather danced, Finarfin followed the trail with his fingers and tongue, making Fëanor

break out into gooseflesh, whimpering, panting, at last begging to be fucked. But Finarfin kept playing, the feather making several rounds over Fëanor's body, sensitizing him more and more until Fëanor was almost sobbing, drenching the sheets with slick. Finarfin at last relented and took Fëanor's cock in his mouth, sucking slowly... as the feather brushed and flicked Fëanor's balls, and the sensitive place between his balls and passage. Fëanor writhed against the restraints, wailing.

"Ara. Ara, *please*. I need you inside me." Their eyes met; the lust in Finarfin's eyes sent a shiver through Fëanor. "Please. Inside me. Need you in me, now..."

Finarfin's response to that was to lick around and around the rim of Fëanor's opening, before his tongue lashed inside. Fëanor howled and shuddered. "Damn you..."

"You said inside you." Finarfin laughed softly. "I'm inside you." He resumed licking.

Finarfin had a wicked tongue, rocking inside him like a storm, then flicking much more slowly, deliberately. Building Fëanor up and up and up until he thought he could come just from that sweet tongue inside him, and keeping him there, orgasm glimmering in the distance, just out of reach. Finarfin's tongue sped up and slowed down, sped up and slowed down, Fëanor thrashing against the restraints, letting out broken cries, not able to make words anymore, just animal noises, completely gone in his passion.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Finarfin let up. He unbound Fëanor's wrists, and rolled Fëanor onto his stomach. Grabbing Fëanor's hair again, Finarfin pushed into the slick, ready channel and began to thrust, fucking hard. Fëanor rocked his hips back at Finarfin, urging him on harder, faster. His wrists ached, but he still grabbed the pillows white-knuckled, needing this like the air he breathed. "Ara, Ara, fuck me, *fuck me...*"

"Oh, love. Mmmmm, you feel so delicious, like liquid silk. And you smell delicious."

"Need you," Fëanor panted, feeling like he was going to die if he didn't come soon. "Need you, Ara..."

"You've got me." Finarfin pulled Fëanor's hair. "Always got me."

Finarfin pulled Fëanor's hair again, this time lifting him up. With Fëanor's back against Finarfin's chest their hips slammed together harder, faster, the bed thumping against the wall, creaking. One of Finarfin's arms held Fëanor tight, as his other hand slid down to play with Fëanor's hard, aching, dripping cock. Finarfin kissed and nibbled Fëanor's neck, and when Fëanor tilted his head Finarfin claimed his mouth, kissing fiercely. Their tongues rubbed together before another deep, needy kiss.

Fëanor pulled back to whimper, "Close... so close..."

"Mmmmm." Finarfin kissed him again and stroked Fëanor's cock even harder, his grip tightening.

Fëanor was quickly undone, crying out into the kiss as he spent all over Finarfin's hand, his passage clenching Finarfin's cock, pulsing with pleasure. A few more thrusts and Finarfin was done, letting out a shout before he bit Fëanor's shoulder, quivering against him, and they sank down together, gasping for breath. Their minds linked for a moment, the two of them as one, throbbing with waves of light, one long note of joy.

"Love you so much." Finarfin kissed Fëanor's shoulder. "You are so precious to me."

Tears filled Fëanor's eyes. "And you to me, Ara." The feelings went even deeper than that - they *burned*, could not be put into words. He took one of Finarfin's hands and pressed it to his heart, his hand on his brother's hand.

"I know," Finarfin whispered, taking Fëanor's hand and squeezing. "I know."

As apprehensive as he was about returning to his life with Nerdanel, Fëanor nonetheless felt better than he had in a long time. His visit with Finarfin had been a necessary bright spot, reminding him there were still joys and wonders to be had in life. He felt like he'd been given a gift... like Finarfin had sparked something inside him, fire to carry through the dark times.

—

That was not all Finarfin sparked inside him.

Maglor had been easily passed off as Nerdanel's, when he was actually Fingolfin's, because he had black hair like his oma. But the baby's hair was neither the red of Nerdanel's nor the black of Fëanor's. The baby was born with hair the same marvelous silver-gold as Finarfin's.

Nerdanel was still willing to claim it was hers, if only to avoid the scandal and chaos if she did not. She claimed that her ana had a twin who had not come with the Children to Valinor, who had hair very like the baby's, and that explanation sufficed for most, though there were still a few suspicious looks... most of all from Finwë himself, who had known both Mahtan and his Alpha before the journey to the Blessed Realm.

Even though the truth of the boy's sire being discovered felt like a sword hanging above Fëanor's head, ready to drop anytime, Fëanor still delighted in another new baby... especially one that had been forged in the fire of Finarfin's love, Finarfin's gift of hope during such a bad place. The silver-gold of the boy's hair wasn't just a reminder of Finarfin's blood, but the strength Finarfin had given him, to *endure* like a precious metal, staying silver, staying gold, ever shining. *Turcaraurë, for the strength, the power.*

Nerdanel named him *Tyelkormo*, "hasty riser", which felt like a warning to Fëanor about his own argumentativeness and leaving for days. After the naming ceremony, when they were in private, Fëanor remarked on it.

"So you *did* care that I was gone."

Nerdanel smirked. "You know nothing, Fëanor Finwion."

A Dog Named Dog World [Gen]

Though Nerdanel had agreed to pass Celegorm off as hers to avoid the judgment of the Valar, nonetheless Finarfin took an active interest in being a father figure to the son he'd gotten on Fëanor, and whenever Fëanor visited Alqualondë he brought Celegorm along. Indeed, taking Celegorm on those visits made Fëanor love Finarfin even more; seeing his love and kindness for their son made Fëanor melt.

And it was good for Celegorm. Fëanor had hated being cooped up at home all the time as a youngster, with Finwë being so strict about where Fëanor could go and what he could do, even on the palace grounds. Fëanor made sure that his own children got enough time outdoors, whether they were at the manse or in the north at Formenos. But being at Finarfin's villa in Alqualondë was its own special kind of magic. Celegorm loved accompanying Finarfin out in the garden, the orchard, learning about the different types of flowers and herbs and shrubbery and trees that there were in the world. And even more than that, Celegorm loved Finarfin's menagerie; Finarfin took great pride in his birds especially, and Celegorm's joy in the birds and animals was contagious.

Celegorm particularly loved Finarfin's dog Manyallë, a gift from Oromë. Each time they visited, Finarfin had Manyallë beside him when he greeted them at the gates, and Manyallë recognized Celegorm right away, leaping up on him and licking his face. And when it was time for them to depart, Manyallë would tackle Celegorm to the ground and sit on him, as if to say *you're not allowed to leave me*. Manyallë slept in Celegorm's bed when they visited, Celegorm was allowed to walk the dog by himself though the wolfhound was larger than the small boy, and his attachment to the dog became such that eventually Celegorm began to inquire about borrowing the dog. But though Finarfin loved his son with Fëanor, he feared that Manyallë would get homesick.

Eventually, there was a resolution. Celegorm was to spend a birthday at Alqualondë, and at the celebration Finarfin had a very special gift for him - he'd found a stud to breed Manyallë and she'd had a litter of pups. He'd timed it so they were weaned for Celegorm's birthday, and Celegorm was given the first pick of the litter.

But rather than Celegorm picking the dog itself, it seemed instead the pup picked him. A golden wolfhound pup came running towards him, yipping and wagging its tail, and untied the lace of Celegorm's boot, proceeding to tug on the lace - and Celegorm's foot - like he was trying to convey the message *you're coming with me*. Celegorm laughed and scooped the little pup in his arms, who yipped again and licked his face all up. "I like you, too," Celegorm said, and the pup squeaked, tail wagging, and licked his face even harder.

That night the pup slept in his bed rather than Manyallë, who slept in her own custom-made dog bed on the floor by the foot of Finarfin's bed. And the next morning, the pup was given his own highchair to sit at the table, and eat from his own dish at breakfast. Then Celegorm took his pup on a walk, and when he came back Finarfin and Fëanor were watching them. Fëanor pulled the silken tie out of his hair and tossed it over, and the pup fetched it and ran back to Fëanor, with Celegorm running behind. Fëanor gave the hair tie to his son, and watched for awhile as Celegorm threw the ribbon and the pup retrieved it and brought it back, over and over again.

Finally Celegorm stopped, and stooped down on the ground to hug the dog and give him pats. "Good boy," he said. "You're such a good boy."

"What's his name?" Finarfin called.

"Er."

"His name is not Er," Finarfin scolded. Fëanor snorted.

Celeborn made a face. "I hadn't thought of a name."

"He needs one."

"All right..." Celeborn looked at the dog, then back at his parents, then at the dog again.
"Huan."

Finarfin's brow furrowed. "You're naming your dog... Dog."

"It's a name."

Finarfin looked at Fëanor and then gave an eyeroll, chuckling. "Well, I suppose you're as good at naming things as your father."

"Thank you -" And then Fëanor realized it wasn't a compliment. It took him a moment to figure it out. "HEY NOW."

"I mean, I suppose I shouldn't expect better from the son of the man who seems to be naming all his sons Something-raurë. You'd probably name them all Something-finwë if your relationship with *our esteemed father* was better."

"RAWR has been more of a parent to me than he is," Fëanor said.

"That's a low bar." Finarfin had his own bitterness about their father. "But, do you even know what RAWR's actual name is?"

"Uh." It had been so long Fëanor had actually forgotten it.

Finarfin's lips quirked, amused. "It's -"

Then Huan started barking, like he'd seen something. Fëanor and Finarfin looked in the direction Huan was barking and saw Maedhros was walking, eating a sausage roll. Maedhros stopped, laughing, and gave the dog a bit of his snack.

"Anyway," Fëanor said, with a toss of his hair, "at least I didn't name my son *Goldilocks*."

"I still think Hair Commander is worse," Finarfin said, referring to Fingon. "Not Ñolo's finest moment."

I heard that, Fingolfin spoke into their minds with ósanwe.

Good, Finarfin shot back so both his brothers could hear it.

After Huan's treat from Maedhros, Huan leapt onto Celeborn and started licking his face as if Celeborn had been the one to give him a treat and not Maedhros, which fortunately just made Maedhros laugh. Then Celeborn made a face. "Ewwwww, your breath stinks after that sausage roll!"

Finarfin raised his index finger, and then he dashed inside while Fëanor waited. Finarfin came out with a brush for teeth, and herbal paste. He put some paste on the bristles of

the brush and walked over to Celegorm. "You should do this for the dog every so often," Finarfin said. "It will keep his teeth clean." Huan obediently opened his mouth and Finarfin guided Celegorm's hand, brushing the dog's teeth.

It was ridiculous, and it made Fëanor laugh... and then he felt like crying, too, knowing that sweet, silly moment wouldn't last forever. Eventually Celegorm would be grown, and who knew what the future would hold. Fëanor could only hope that his children would somehow inherit a better world, where they could be themselves. It seemed like an impossible hope, and that made him sad.

But in the meantime, there was this, Celegorm giggling as he brushed Huan's teeth, Finarfin letting go of Celegorm's hand so he could finish the job himself, patting Celegorm's head, tousling the hair silver-gold like his own. The golden light of the sky bathed them in gold, and Fëanor burned the beautiful innocence of it to his mind to treasure. *Stay gold.*

Inconvenience And Truth: Part 1 [Maglor/Maedhros]

"Go camping, he said. It'll be fun, he said." Maedhros glared through the opening flap of the tent before he closed it back up, and sat down heavily next to Maglor on the furs.

"I'm sorry." Maglor frowned. "I didn't know it would rain."

As if on cue, there was a loud clap of thunder.

Nelya was afraid of very few things... and thunder was one of them. He jumped, with a little cry that would have been comical if Maglor did not feel that surge of panic in the Song. Maglor put an arm around him, and then when Maedhros started glaring again, Maglor chuckled, tousled his older brother's hair, and pulled him close.

"It's all right. We do have wards on the tent, you know."

Maedhros sighed and buried his face in Maglor's shoulder. "Usually I'm the one looking out for you, little brother."

"Not so little anymore." Maglor would be turning fifty very soon. *Not soon enough.* He cupped Maedhros's chin in his hand and looked him in the eye. "We look out for each other. Just like Oma does with his brothers."

Except... not just like his Oma and his uncles, or at least, not outside of Maglor's vivid, and hormonal, imagination. Maglor had realized at a fairly young age that Fëanor's relationship with his brothers was not strictly brotherly, and somewhat more recently Fëanor felt he was old enough to know the truth - that Fingolfin was not just his uncle, but his Ana. Maglor had been conceived in the secret passion between brothers.

It made a lot of sense. Too much sense. Looking into his brother's eyes now, Maglor understood what it was like to burn for his own brother. But he had kept that fire as contained as possible. He'd seen the ways Fëanor's, Fingolfin's and Finarfin's love for each other had complicated their lives. The secrecy and the web of lies to protect themselves and each other, when their love was against the Laws. The gossip that persisted despite all of that. It was a wonder they hadn't been caught and brought to the Valar yet, especially with the way they looked at each other, the way they smelled when they were around each other.

Maglor wondered if Maedhros could smell him, his own Alpha arousal. He had been trying very hard not to notice Maedhros's Omega scent, but when they were in close proximity like this it was harder to do. Even if Maedhros had been a Beta or an Alpha, Maglor would still want him - Maglor, in fact, lusted for a couple Alphas he knew, as well - but the deliciousness of his brother's Omega scent just compounded the way innocent love had been transformed over the years into fierce, aching lust.

Maglor was starting to think this camping trip was a bad idea, and not because of the thunderstorm. "I'd wanted to spend more time with you," Maglor heard himself muse aloud, not thinking, just feeling. "I never get to see you anymore."

Maglor didn't want to be jealous of Fingon - a fellow Alpha and one of his favorite cousins - but he felt that sharp prickle again, and got angry with himself for it. *You're acting like an Alpha possessive over his Omega.* And of course, Maedhros was nothis Omega. Could never be his Omega. It was bad enough for one generation to be incestuous. Two

generations might be enough indiscretion to make the whole house fall down. He also felt like a hypocrite, when Maedhros was not the only man he fancied.

But the heart wanted what it wanted, and thunderstorm or fair weather, Maglor was glad to be here with his brother. And when Maedhros pulled back, his eyes and face were soft. He gently touched Maglor's cheek, sending fire through Maglor's veins. "I'm sorry about that. I really do need to make more time for you. You and Finno are my two best friends, and I know I've been acting like I only have one, lately."

"I understand."

Probably not, Maedhros broadcasted, and then that shield went around his mind again, like a thick pane of glass.

Maglor sighed. He understood all too well - it was obvious Maedhros was in love with Finon. Maglor needed to distract himself, before he said or did something stupid. He glanced over at his harp, sitting by their bags of supplies.

Maedhros did too, and chuckled. "I still can't believe you lugged that thing on our camping trip."

Maglor shrugged. "It's a good workout, at least." He flexed his arm. Maedhros put his hand on Maglor's bicep and again his touch was like fire. Maglor's cock stirred uncomfortably in his breeches. He swallowed hard and looked over at his harp again. "I brought this to play for you. I wrote some new songs, I know you haven't heard me play in awhile." He stopped himself from adding, *Because you're never around*.

Maedhros nodded. "That sounds good."

Maedhros lay back and Maglor did some scales to warm up, then he started with an old favorite of Maedhros's. He alternated between older and newer material, saving the best - and deepest - for last. He'd recently written a song called *Forbidden Flame*. One of the verses was about someone he admired with flaming red hair.

One of the verses was about his own Oma, without revealing directly that was who it was for. This was, in a way, even worse than his lust for his own brother. Worse still because he knew he was Fëanor's favorite - much as Fëanor tried not to play favorites with his children - and Fëanor seemed to, if not quite worship him, thought Maglor was close to perfection. Little did Fëanor know how filthy his second son's mind was. How corrupt his heart. How fevered his body, bringing himself to furious climax with the most wicked, debauched fantasies of making love to his own Oma, as well as to Fingolfin and Finarfin, sometimes all three at the same time.

Maglor's voice shook as he sang.

Maedhros lay there not reacting, and Maglor hoped he was just relaxing to the music, not reading too much into it, especially not anything that could be construed as longing for himself or for Fëanor.

When the song was over, Maedhros opened his eyes. Silver eyes so like their Oma's. "That was really beautiful," Maedhros said, his voice husky.

Maglor took a small bow, still seated. "I'm glad you approved. I worked very hard on it." Immediately, his filthy mind conjured the image of how hard he could get thinking of Maedhros, of Fëanor. Wanting their hard cocks. Wanting...

Maedhros cleared his throat and sat up. "I've got a bit of an appetite now."

Maglor's mind plunged deeper into the abyss of debauchery.

"It's still storming out there so I can't cook anything, but we've got plenty of ready-to-eat stuff packed," Maedhros said.

Or, they had. The bag of snacks was missing from their supplies.

"SHIT," Maedhros yelled and jumped to his feet - having to stoop because he was only slightly shorter than the tent. "Fuck. The bag must have dropped along the trail."

And before Maglor could call out "Nelya, no," Maedhros was gone, running into the forest.

Maglor facepalmed and made noises. Going out into the forest in the middle of a storm wasn't the greatest idea. Yes, that bag of food was important, but probably the storm would let up in a few hours and they could cook over a fire then. Maedhros was as impulsive as Fëanor, and that was both endearing and maddening at the same time.

Stay safe out there. Don't get struck by lightning, Maglor spoke into his brother's mind.

Heh, was all Maedhros had to say in response.

Maglor wondered about that, as he lay back, trying to make himself think of other things, and inevitably, his "happy place" became a sweaty, writhing orgy.

Fuck.

In Your Eyes [Fëanor/Fingolfin]

It seemed to Fëanor that more than anyone else he'd known, Fingolfin's eyes were indeed the window to his fëa. They were light blue, iridescent. They were like the stars - icy cold as space, and yet burning with the fire of novas, as intense as a galaxy exploding. Fingolfin, himself, was outwardly cold and reserved, yet in private he was warm, loving... passionate, a fierce, savage lust that ripped Fëanor apart and put him back together each time.

Fëanor loved to get lost in those eyes. Even more than the sex - which itself was magnificent, a force of nature made flesh - it was holding Fingolfin and being held by him and looking into his eyes, that Fëanor enjoyed. He felt as if he were witnessing some holy mystery.

This was his religion. Not the Valar, not Eru, but the truth he saw in his brother-lover's eyes, the depth, the wonder he felt, looking upon something so beautiful. When he and Fingolfin lay there in the afterglow of their lovemaking and Fëanor looked into those eyes, he felt infinite... like no matter what else was going on in the world, no matter what troubles they faced, there was a light that could not be quenched, a light within each of the Finwion brothers that would survive any darkness.

And that was sacred to him.

Inconvenience And Truth: Part 2 [Maglor/Maedhros]

By the time Maglor felt it had been too long and he was going to need to go out and search for Maedhros, the tent flap suddenly opened and in came a completely sodden, dripping Maedhros, carrying the bag of snacks... which was equally drenched.

Maglor pinched the bridge of his nose. "You went out there to get the bag, and what's in the bag is probably completely ruined now -"

Maedhros threw the bag at him. "You can be in charge of inspecting the contents, how about that."

Yet again, Maglor's mind went there, thinking about exactly what sort of "contents" he'd like to "inspect". It didn't help that right then, Maedhros decided to start stripping out of his wet clothes. He needed to do it, of course, he couldn't sit around in soaked clothing, but the timing of Maedhros presenting his "contents" for "inspection" made Maglor wonder if Maedhros wasn't at least subconsciously aware of his brother's attraction and very subtly flirting.

Maglor thought it best not to entertain such ideas. He tried desperately not to look at his brother's sculpted muscles, especially not his taut, firm ass, as he rummaged through the bag that had been lost on the trail. The bread was soggy, much as Maglor had feared, but the cheese and fruit and mushrooms seemed all right. "I think we can eat some of this," Maglor said.

"Good, because I'm fucking starving." Maedhros immediately reached for a slice of cheese and shoved it in his mouth.

Even with his mouth full of cheese, Maedhros was still more attractive than he had any right to be. Perhaps especially with his mouth full - Maglor couldn't help but wonder what Maedhros's mouth would look like full of -

"Balls," Maedhros growled, as he opened one of the supply bags.

Maglor raised an eyebrow.

"I mixed up my bags. This was supposed to have changes of clothing in it." He pulled out a scroll. "Finno got my clothes and I got his scrolls."

"I guess you'll have to be naked then." Maglor grinned before taking a bite of mushroom - he was only half-joking.

Maedhros's response to that was to wiggle his ass, and Maglor's face burned, almost choking on the mushroom. "Hells," he muttered under his breath.

"We'll probably have to cut our camping trip short if this doesn't let up, so how about you lend me something of yours?" Maedhros cocked his head to one side.

I'd like to lend you something of mine. You can keep it. Maglor quietly went in his bag of clothing. He watched as Maedhros got dressed - Maedhros, who stood at least a head taller than him. Maglor's shirt revealed Maedhros's navel, and Maglor's breeches were a bit too high up Maedhros's ankles. Maglor tried not to laugh.

"This will have to do," Maedhros sighed.

"It's a good look for you." Maglor snickered. He was only half-joking about that, too. "Your belly button is kind of cute."

Maedhros gave Maglor a look like he'd just grown an extra head, and then he spluttered with laughter before reaching for another piece of cheese.

Though Maedhros was wearing dry clothes now, his hair was still wet and plastered down. After a few minutes of eating together, Maglor couldn't take it anymore and used another one of the shirts from his bag to begin rubbing Maedhros's hair. Maedhros laughed, and Maglor tried to laugh too, but it was getting harder and harder to resist the urge to touch him; soon Maglor handed Maedhros the shirt so he could finish the job himself.

When they had their fill, Maglor played some more scales on the harp, and improvised a little bit, as Maedhros looked over Fingon's scrolls, eyes wistful. It made Maglor want to scream. *You'd much rather be camping with Fingon than with me.* But it was what it was. And when Maedhros started to doze off, Maglor still felt tender through the bitter pangs of jealousy, and covered Maedhros up with blankets.

For awhile Maglor lay there awake, watching Maedhros sleep in the blue glow of one of the lamps Fëanor had made. Maedhros was almost too beautiful to be real with his chiseled features, his full lips, the coppery hair fanned out. Maglor resisted the urge to come over to his brother and play with the glorious hair.

At last Maglor got to sleep too, but the peace of his sleep was disturbed by Maedhros crying out. Maglor sat up with a start. That cry had been one of distress - Maglor reached into the Song and he could feel it - and then Maedhros gave a whimper that confirmed it.

"Nelya, you're having a bad dream." Maglor slid closer to Maedhros and began rubbing his back. "Just a bad dream, Nelya. You're safe. You're -"

"Finno," Maedhros called out.

Maglor closed his eyes and winced. That word went right to his heart. Of course Maedhros would call out for the man he loved - the one Maedhros's heart had claimed as his Alpha, even if Fingon had not claimed his body yet - and it made him hurt, both for Maedhros and for himself. *The burdens we bear.* Maglor continued to rub his back. "No, Nelya. Finno's not here. It's Macalaurë."

Maedhros sat up a little. He turned over, blinked as if in disbelief, and then he said, "Oh, shit."

That hurt even worse than Maedhros crying out for Fingon. Maglor hated how insecure he sounded, how needy, but the words babbled out of him anyway. "What, is there something wrong with me? You don't want to be here with me? We can just leave -"

"No, that's not it." Maedhros looked down, and away, but not before Maglor glimpsed tears in his eyes.

The silence was deafening. Maglor wanted to grab Maedhros by the shoulders, shake him, scream at him, and kiss him. But he sat and waited. Finally, before Maglor could ask what it was - though he knew already - Maedhros frowned, glanced back at him, and said, "I know how suspicious it sounds for me to call out for Finno, and... yes, I'll admit it. I'm in love with him. I shouldn't be, it *can't* be, but I am."

Maglor took a cue from Fëanor, not able to help himself, because if he didn't laugh, he was going to cry. "Hi In Love With Him I Shouldn't Be It Can't Be But -"

"But you're a fucking asshole."

"Thank you."

Maedhros gave a death glare, and then his face lit up with laughter. He flopped back, howling, heaving. The tears that streamed down his face weren't longing or shame, this time. Maglor laughed too, even as he felt like his heart was breaking.

When Maedhros calmed down, wiping his eyes, he sat back up. "You don't judge me?"

"No."

"But it's against the Laws."

Maglor exhaled. He didn't want to go there, but he knew if he didn't own up to something on his end, Maedhros would keep wondering if Maglor was secretly judging, or perhaps even spying, ready to turn him into Manwë as soon as they got back to Tirion. "I know what it's like to want someone you can't have," Maglor said softly.

"You do, huh? So who's the lucky... man? It's a man, isn't it?"

Maglor nodded.

Maedhros started elbowing him, grinning. "Come on. You know you can tell me. If you won't judge me about Finno, I won't judge you about whoever it is."

Don't be so sure of that. Everyone Maglor fancied was problematic - especially the man sitting right next to him. But he knew Maedhros wasn't going to let it go, and was the type who would start playing guessing games if Maglor didn't say anything and that could potentially cause even worse trouble.

"It's Finrod, right?" Maedhros's eyebrows went up.

Finrod was another Omega, like Maedhros but it wasn't Finrod - though Maglor wouldn't say no if Finrod approached him for sex. "No." Maglor took the shot, terrified of the reaction. "His father."

That was not the whole truth, but it wasn't a lie, either. Maglor fantasized about Finarfin regularly. The idea of having sex with another Alpha, a struggle for dominance, was thrilling, and there was something about quiet, gentle Finarfin that suggested he was an animal behind closed doors.

"Oh!" And then Maedhros nodded, and shrugged. "Uncle Ara's pretty hot, sure. He has nice hair."

His hair was better than nice - Fëanor was obsessed with it. Maglor's mind's eye conjured the image of Fëanor playing with Finarfin's radiant silver-gold hair, and Finarfin doing things like tying up Fëanor with that hair. *Mine.* Maglor would give anything to watch a scene like that.

Maglor thought Maedhros would be satisfied with that answer, but as Maglor lay back

down, Maedhros continued to sit up awake, so Maglor sat up. "What was the nightmare about?" Maglor asked, wanting to change the subject away from his love life, or lack thereof.

"I dreamt about evil creatures attacking Finno. Wraiths of fire." Maedhros shuddered. "It was awful."

"It sounds awful." Maglor cringed.

Then Maedhros raised an eyebrow. "There's someone else, isn't there?"

Maglor looked away.

That lack of an answer, was a partial answer to Maedhros, and he kept pressing. "There is. I can tell. Manwë's shriveled *balls*, Káno, you can tell me."

"No, I can't."

"Yes, you can, and you will." Maedhros looked him in the eye, glaring again.

Maglor shook his head. "Drop it, all right?"

"No."

"Drop it."

"No."

"Nelya, drop it, or I'm heading back right fucking now."

Maedhros grinned. "Hi Heading Back Right Fucking Now."

Maglor threw a piece of cheese at him. Maedhros caught it and nibbled on it.

An awkward silence hung between them as Maedhros finished the cheese, and finally Maedhros said, "You win... for now. But it's not over. You *will* tell me sometime."

"Sometime," Maglor said non-committally.

"Don't tell me it's Finno. I mean... I don't blame you if it is, but -"

"It's not Finno." Though Fingon was another person Maglor would fuck if they propositioned him. Now that Maglor thought about it, Fingon bore a strong resemblance to Fingolfin, who got his blood stirring.

"I feel like such an idiot," Maedhros said. "We see the problems all of this has caused Oma. I wish I could just be normal."

"What is normal?" Maglor asked, and meant it. He sighed. "If so many of us are inclined to go against the Laws, maybe the Laws aren't normal, healthy behavior for our kind."

"I don't know that this... obsession... I have with him is healthy. It's..." Maedhros exhaled. "It's a lot." Their eyes met again. "Thank you for not judging me."

"I couldn't, even if I didn't have forbidden loves of my own. Besides... I already knew

before you told me."

"Is it that obvious?"

Maglor nodded solemnly.

"Shit, I wonder if *he* knows." Maedhros scowled. "I try to be so careful. Like... wearing extra layers of clothing to mask my scent, and taking heat suppressants. That's actually part of why I agreed to go camping with you, I'm out of the herbal mixture for the suppressant and I know those herbs grow along this trail -"

"Nelya, you know you're supposed to tell Ana or someone when you get low." By Ana he meant Nerdanel, even though Nerdanel was only Maedhros's sire and not his, but Nerdanel had agreed to claim him as her son in public to keep Fëanor's secret.

"I know that," Maedhros gritted out, "but I also didn't want to be asked awkward questions about why I haven't found a mate yet."

"I can't fault you for that." Maglor hoped he would be spared the same question in the coming years.

"At least he lets me hang around, even if he knows and he... he's weirded out by it." Maedhros gave a nervous chuckle. "That's all I can ask, is to keep being a part of his life. Little crumbs are better than nothing."

Which was exactly why Maglor had asked Maedhros to go camping with him. Maglor nodded.

Maedhros yawned and stretched out again, delectably. After a few minutes of laying there in silence, Maedhros closed his eyes.

"Sleep well," Maglor said softly. "Better dreams this time."

Inconvenience And Truth: Part 3 [Maglor/Maedhros]

Of course, Maedhros didn't sleep well. The thunderstorm started up again in the middle of the night, and Maedhros woke with a scream at a very loud clap of thunder.

Maglor went right to him. "Shhhhh. It's all right." The rain poured, but Maglor's heartbeat seemed louder than the rain as he began rubbing Maedhros's back, petting his hair. "You're safe."

Maedhros began shaking, and for a moment Maglor thought it was lingering fear from the thunder outside, but then he heard Maedhros's teeth chatter as well. "I'm so cold, Káno. So cold..."

Maedhros had changed out of his sodden clothes to Maglor's dry ones hours ago, and his hair was dry - much as it had taken a very long time to dry all that hair - and he was covered with at least two blankets. But then Maglor remembered Maedhros saying he was prone to wearing extra layers of clothing to mask his scent, and he was only wearing one layer of clothing now.

So, as much as he thought it was a bad idea and possibly seeding a storm of its own - Maglor hoped and prayed his cock didn't get hard - he snuggled up against Maedhros, his chest against Maedhros's back, arms encircling him. Maedhros scooted back a little to get even closer, and after a few minutes he stopped shaking, and made a little noise of contentment.

"That's nice, Káno. We haven't huddled like this since we were kids."

Back then, it had been innocent. Maglor's feelings were far less innocent now - his brother had become a gorgeous, breathtaking man.

A man who smelled delicious. Maglor grit his teeth, willing his cock not to rise with every fiber of his being. *Do not get hard. Do not. DO NOT.*

Inevitably, Maglor got hard, but by then, Maedhros was snoring, just like Fëanor did. Maglor's arms tightened around his brother, and he buried his face in Maedhros's shoulder, his nose in a lock of hair. "Love you," Maglor murmured - it just came out.

He closed his eyes, and let the rain lull him to sleep.

—

Maedhros woke him up again, not with a scream, but with a whimper.

Maglor sat up and when he looked down at Maedhros laying there, his jaw dropped.

Maedhros was almost as drenched as he'd been yesterday going out in the rainstorm. Where he'd been shaking from cold last night, he was too hot to the touch. Maglor would have thought illness, perhaps brought on by being out in the rain...

...but the smell from Maedhros was overpowering.

When they were old enough to have the conversation, Fëanor had sat Maedhros and Maglor down and spoke frankly with them about Alphas and Omegas, and in particular, Omega heat cycles. Finwë had not educated Fëanor at all about his biology - Fëanor's first heat had come on suddenly and he didn't know what was going on; Nerdanel had to tell him - and he didn't want his sons to go through the same ignorance. Maglor remembered a snippet of that discussion now, when Fëanor said sometimes just before he went into heat he had chills, and when his heat started, he broke out in a sweat.

Maedhros wasn't just sweating - he pulled back the too-warm covers to reveal a hard bulge in his breeches, and a wet puddle underneath him. Slick. The smell got even stronger.

Maglor's cock got hard as well, and to make matters worse, Maedhros saw those breeches tenting, and now it was Maedhros's turn for his mouth to open.

"I." Maglor ran a nervous hand through his hair, rubbed his chin. "Morning wood."

Maedhros snorted. "That's like a morning tree there, brother." Then Maedhros shifted his position a little, and let out another whimper. "Varda's tits, this is embarrassing."

"You said you were getting low on the herbs you use for your heat suppressant and need to gather more. Do you have any in your supply packs?"

"By low, I mean I'm out." Maedhros gave a sheepish grin. "Oops."

Maglor facepalmed. "All right, then I'll go out on the trail and gather some -"

Maedhros grabbed Maglor by the tail of his shirt, before he could get up and go out there. Their eyes locked, and this time Maedhros didn't whimper. He *growled*.

"Nelya." Maglor swallowed hard; his cock jolted as he realized what this meant. As badly as he wanted it, he still felt awkward about it, like he was doing something wrong. If he rejected his brother now and went out into the forest to gather herbs, he was going to make Maedhros angry. But if he gave in, that could cause a host of problems.

"Fuck me, Káno."

"Nelya... look at me. I'm not Finno. He's who you want."

"You admitted last night you're in love with more than one person." Maedhros's eyes narrowed. "So am I."

Maglor's heart leapt. Tears stung his eyes. He'd wanted *so much* to hear this. But he couldn't trust it. "Nelya, you're in heat. I know you're desperate. You don't need to lie to me -"

"Damn you, I'm not lying. And something tells me it's mutual. I listened to that song last night, I paid attention. One of those verses is about Oma. One of those verses is about me. Isn't it?"

Maglor nodded, tears sliding down his cheeks. He wasn't going to deny it.

"I thought about telling you but..." Maedhros sighed. "Just like getting involved with Finno is a bad idea, this is a bad idea."

"It's a horrible idea."

"My body doesn't care." Maedhros gave a bitter laugh. "So let's... cross the line, this once... and then I'll be a good boy and won't run out of suppressants anymore, and -"

Maglor had never kissed anyone, but he'd seen it done enough times - including and especially the kisses Fëanor and his brothers stole when they thought nobody was watching - and now he dove down, took his brother's face in his hands, and crushed their mouths together.

The real thing was far better than the fantasy. Maedhros's lips were full and soft, and they both groaned as their tongues met, swirling together slowly, sensually. Maedhros let go of Maglor's shirt and slid his hands over Maglor's chest. With trembling hands, Maglor began to undo the buttons of his shirt, guiding Maedhros's hands over his bare flesh. When Maedhros's thumbs brushed Maglor's nipples, Maglor moaned - he never knew anything could feel so good, and they hadn't gotten started. Maglor needed to make him feel that good, too. He tried to unbutton Maedhros's shirt, but his hands fumbled in the haze of his urgent desire, and when the shirt couldn't get undone fast enough, Maglor growled "fuck it" and tore the cloth. Maedhros let out a throaty chuckle at the ruined garment. He stopped laughing when Maglor kissed him again, pulling the scraps of fabric away from Maedhros's body.

They undid each other's breeches and yanked down each other's smallclothes - somehow, this was far less of a problem. They groaned together again at the sight of each other's hard cocks, completely glistening wet with precum, already so wet for each other.

They kissed again and again, cock rubbing cock, hands roaming over each other's bodies. As urgently as Maedhros's heat was driving him to fuck, now that Maglor had agreed to fuck him, Maedhros seemed to be taking his sweet time getting there... and Maglor couldn't blame him for that. They had waited a long time for this, and now they were both going to savor every possible moment.

Maedhros's thumbs rubbed Maglor's nipples again, and Maglor gasped at the exquisite sensitivity. He reached to do the same to Maedhros, who bucked against him with a delicious little whimper that went straight to Maglor's cock. Maglor kissed Maedhros again, deeply, fiercely, and then began to kiss Maedhros's neck, licked it, nibbled. Maedhros gasped, panted, writhed, clutching at him. Maglor's kisses moved lower. His thumb rubbed and flicked one nipple as his tongue lapped the other, as his lips suckled, hungry. Maedhros cried out, almost sobbing as Maglor went back and forth between his brother's rosebud nipples, admiring the way they swelled and glistened from his tongue. He sucked on them harder and harder, finally nibbling on them, until Maedhros whined, "Káno, please. Fuck me. Please."

Maglor had to ask. "Has... anyone ever had you before?"

"No."

Maglor knew his brother wasn't lying, but he couldn't believe that such a beautiful Omega had gone this long a virgin. "Have you ever..." He felt even more awkward with the question. "Had anything inside you?"

"A toy. A small one. Not like the real thing." Maedhros looked down at Maglor's cock, dripping precum, and back up. "Not as big as yours."

Maglor knew from The Talk with Fëanor that a first penetration could be tight and uncomfortable, so it was important to get the bottom very ready first. Maglor let his fingers walk from Maedhros's nipple down his stomach and thigh, to the hard cock, brushing slowly, smiling at the way Maedhros shivered. Then Maglor's fingers went lower, down between Maedhros's legs, to his opening. Maglor's breath hitched. "You are so wet."

Maehros nodded vehemently. "I told you. Fuck me. I can take it."

"I need you to relax first, I don't want to hurt you." With that, Maglor pushed one finger inside.

Right away, his finger found something that felt like a little button. He began to rub it in circles. Maedhros cried out and his hips bucked. He clutched at Maglor again. "Ai, Káno, fuck me!"

"Shhhh, we'll get there." Maglor kissed him again, and kept kissing as he worked his finger in and out, rubbing the button. One finger became two, and three, and when Maedhros was fucking himself on Maglor's fingers, whimpering, Maglor knew it was time.

He brought his fingers to his lips - Maedhros smelled so sweet Maglor couldn't resist tasting - and Maedhros cried out again as he watched Maglor sucking and licking the slick from his fingers, enjoying himself. With the taste of slick still on his tongue, Maglor gave Maedhros another deep kiss and hooked one of Maedhros's legs over his shoulder. He pulled back just to guide the tip of his cock to Maedhros's opening, and watch his cock push in, bit by bit. The sight of Maedhros's hole swallowing down his cock was almost enough to bring Maglor off right then. When Maglor bottomed out in him he rested for a moment, not just to let Maedhros get used to being stretched, filled, but so he wouldn't come immediately.

They joined hands and kissed as Maglor thrust slowly at first, keeping himself in check, letting Maedhros adjust. Soon Maedhros's free hand was grabbing Maglor by the hair, and his hips rolled against Maglor's, then rocked, urging him on harder, faster. They kissed again, almost angrily, as Maglor gave in and thrust harder, the delicious rhythm building, building.

They clung to each other, trembling, panting, as they thrust to that edge and stayed there, wanting to make this last, wanting to *be together* as long as they possibly could, this horrible idea that never should be repeated once Maedhros's heat was done. Maglor fucked like his life depended on it and Maedhros worked his hips right back. Maglor started kissing Maedhros's neck again, tears in his eyes - he had never felt so close to his brother as he did right now, never loved him more.

And then Maedhros was the one to say it. "I love you."

"I love you, Nelya." Maglor bit the sweet spot where the neck and shoulder met, and Maedhros screamed as he spurted over Maglor's chest and stomach. The feel of Maedhros's release splashing him, the channel pulsing, milking his cock, hot slick gushing, set Maglor off and he let out a scream of his own, burying his face in Maedhros's neck as his body shook with seemingly endless pulses of relief and delight. He'd climaxed before, by his own hand, but feeling Maedhros clench around him was an even stronger release, and he loved it. Nothing felt better.

They nuzzled and kissed, laughing and crying, petting each other. They rested there for awhile in each other's arms, half-dozing, and then Maedhros rained kisses over his face, and started grinding against Maglor's thigh. Maedhros was hard again.

It was one thing to be told an Omega was like this during heat, and another thing to experience it. Maglor's body responded, cock rising back to life, and he kissed Maedhros passionately, reaching down to take both their cocks in his fist. They moaned at the sweetness of the silken steel rubbing together in his tight grip, and Maglor's free hand wandered to play with Maedhros's nipples, rubbing, pinching, plucking, mastering them like he had the harp. After a few breathy moans from Maedhros, Maglor licked up Maedhros's throat to claim his mouth again, and rasped, "How do you want it?"

"Yes."

They both laughed. Then Maglor let go of their cocks. "You're like an animal, so maybe you should get on all fours."

"Maybe." Maedhros did as he was told, and gave Maglor a sassy ass wiggle. Maglor playfully slapped Maedhros's ass and both men moaned as slick squirted out of Maedhros.

"Somebody likes that." Maglor smacked Maedhros's ass again.

"Oh, fuck, Káno..." Maedhros fisted the blankets and let out a whine, shivering.

Maglor slapped Maedhros's ass over and over again, cock stiffening at the way the beautiful firm globes turned pink. The sight of Maedhros's hole gaping, pooling slick and his seed, made Maglor mad with lust. He knelt behind his brother and teased a little, rubbing his hard cock in the crack of Maedhros's ass, then putting in just the tip of his cock, pulling out, just the tip, and out, until Maedhros hollered, "DAMN YOU, KÁNO, FUCKING FUCK ME RIGHT FUCKING NOW."

"Twist my arm."

"I'll twist something."

Maglor slapped Maedhros's ass. He pushed inside. Maedhros's used channel was so hot, and so wet, it was like gliding on warm liquid silk. Maglor moaned and grunted as he thrust, keeping a tight grip on his brother's hips. Soon Maedhros was rocking his hips back at Maglor, giving it back as good as he got, and the sound of their bodies slapping together drove Maglor wild, gritting his teeth, shaking as he made himself hold back, needing his Omega to come first.

My Omega. It was dangerous to think of Maedhros this way - especially when he knew Maedhros still had feelings for Fingon, and Fingon would have to be a madman to refuse him.

But Maglor's body was already there, possessing with each savage thrust, and he found himself grabbing a fistful of Maedhros's hair, pulling. Maedhros whined and howled, rocking against Maglor even faster, begging for more. Maglor gasped for breath, desperately struggling to keep his release at bay, more and more difficult to do when Maedhros's ass was so lovely, and the flood of that copper hair...

"Káno. Káno, oh fuck, I'm coming, YES..." Maedhros trembled and let out a wordless cry.

Maglor felt Maedhros's channel clench and twitch, slick pouring. Maglor shouted out as his balls throbbed and his cock spilled deep into his brother's passage. The brothers pulsed together, shaking, sighing. Maglor collapsed onto Maedhros's back and kissed his

shoulder.

"Fuck. You don't know how many times I've beaten off thinking about that," Maedhros husked.

Maglor grinned, elated. He could sing, if his voice wasn't so hoarse from the way he'd yelled when he came. "Me too."

They still weren't done. After more cuddling, Maedhros was grinding on him again, panting for it. This time Maglor made his brother work for it, laying back and watching as Maedhros straddled his hips, sank down on his cock. Watching Maedhros's hole fill with his cock never got old, and the sight of Maedhros riding him, muscles rippling, hair flowing, the look of ecstasy on his face, was as good as the way Maedhros's channel felt.

Maglor let his hands slide over Maedhros's body, wanting to worship his beauty, express love and adoration with every touch. He loved pleasing Maedhros, playing with his hard nipples, his cock. He liked finding new sensitive spots - his stomach, his thighs.

Maedhros rode more feverishly, bouncing away... working his hips in circles. Maglor cried out at the way that teased his cock, and he reached out to grab Maedhros's own cock, stroking in time to Maedhros's rise and fall. They stayed lost there, pleasure building and building, the aching tension almost hurt, but it was so indescribably luscious to fuck like this, to be in that space where nothing else mattered but that fuck, nothing else mattered but each other. Maglor understood why it was called heat now. It burned the entire world away. It immolated, consumed the lovers mating.

They climaxed together, and as they lay in each other's arms, Maedhros's head on Maglor's chest, Maglor knew another reason - it transformed the way fire did. And this fire had forged their love into something dangerous, like a weapon. They could vow never to do this again, but things would still never be the same. And Maglor had a feeling they wouldn't be able to keep from each other. It had been too good. It had been too right.

The storm let up and Maglor cooked for them, and then they made love some more. Several times. They didn't head back the next day, or the day after, too busy satisfying each other again and again. But finally, when Maedhros's heat passed, they packed up their tent and, hand-in-hand, went into the forest, down the trail back to Tirion.

Back to pretending they didn't feel what they felt. Back to a life where they would have to pretend they hadn't done what they'd done.

Along the trail they stopped so Maedhros could gather the herbs used for his heat suppressant, and Maglor sat and rested. As Maedhros picked the herbs he whistled innocently, like he was up to something, and when he joined Maglor on the large rock Maglor was sitting on, Maedhros pulled out a flask from his satchel and drank.

"What's that?" Maglor asked, assuming it was alcohol. "Can I have some?"

Maedhros chuckled and wiped his mouth. "No, it's birth control."

That was smart - though the idea of having a child with Maedhros didn't horrify him, he knew there would be a scandal. Nerdanel had been willing to cover for Fëanor when Fingolfin got him pregnant; Maedhros had nobody like that in his life.

But then, Maglor realized something, and he wanted to scream. "Wait. You... brought birth control with you on the camping trip."

"I did."

"And you were... out of heat suppressants."

"Completely."

"And you've had heats enough times now that you recognize when you're in pre-heat, a few days in advance. And you agreed to go camping with me." Maglor put his hands on his hips. "I seem to recall when Oma told me about his first heat, he was camping with Ana."

Maedhros just grinned.

Maglor narrowed his eyes. "You wanted to get down my pants."

"And?" Maedhros kissed him.

Maglor kissed him back, laughing. He gave Maedhros a playful shove, then kissed him again. "You brat."

"I was hoping there would be an opportunity for us to talk." Maedhros stroked Maglor's face. "And... more than talk."

"I have no regrets," Maglor said honestly.

"Nor I."

"But we really can't do that again. We're going to end up getting in trouble, and not just us. The Valar will know it's in our blood."

Maedhros nodded. "We'll behave."

"We can't tell anyone, either."

"We won't."

But as they continued down the trail, Maglor had a feeling that promise would be broken by one or both of them, sooner or later. Already, Maglor wanted him again, wanted to pull Maedhros deeper into the trees, push him down on the grass, and fuck him senseless. He didn't.

He cherished the memory of those days in the tent, days of heat, days of fire. It was all he could have.

Fuck Around And Find Out: Part 1 [Fingon/Maedhros, referenced Maedhros/Maglor]

"Russandol!"

Maedhros felt himself grinning so hard his face hurt as he watched Fingon throw his scroll down and rush right over. Even as Fingon's arms around him made him ache for what he could not have - what he should not want - it felt so, so good. Maedhros leaned on him for a moment, savoring the weight and shape of him, the fortress of those strong arms.

"I missed you," Fingon said, keeping his hands on Maedhros's shoulders as he pulled back. Their eyes held, and Maedhros's breath hitched looking into those blue-flame eyes, the most beautiful color.

"I missed you too."

Fingon gave a small, soft smile that seemed almost wistful. "I hope you didn't miss me *too* much, after all, you went camping to catch up with Macalaurë, and have fun."

If only you knew. Maedhros's cheeks burned, thinking of exactly how they'd caught up and had fun.

Maedhros had loved and desired his younger brother as he grew into manhood. It ran in their blood - their Oma, Fëanor, was intimate with his own brothers, in secret. And much like Fëanor burned for Fingolfin, Maedhros burned for Fingolfin's eldest son.

When Maglor had invited Maedhros camping, Maedhros started to recognize he was in pre-heat, but instead of refusing - and risking his brother feeling rejected - he went anyway, willing to take the risk and scratch the itch just once. He was hoping that Maglor satisfying him through his heat would take the edge off his desire for Maglor... and his desire for Fingon.

But instead, the desire had just sharpened, like a blade. Even though Maedhros wore extra layers to mask his Omega scent, so the people of his father's and uncles' courts would not be able to smell his body's reaction to Fingon, Maedhros could smell himself now. And he could smell Fingon too, like lilies in a forest, with the wild musk of a lurking beast. Smelling Fingon was nothing new, but the scent seemed stronger now, as if the forbidden act with Maglor had done something to his senses, making them more acute.

Maedhros swallowed hard, realizing he was taking too long to answer, Fingon watching him carefully. "Er, yes, we had fun."

"Good. Take a walk with me, I'll play you my latest song."

Fingon kept a harp in the palace gardens; Maedhros loved to hear him play and sing. He especially loved it when Fingon and Maglor did duets, or had "harp-offs", seeing who could outplay the other. Maedhros was looking forward to Fingon's new music. As Fingon sat on his stool and played a lovely, lilting melody of happy, bright major chords, singing of joy, Maedhros lay on his stomach in the grass and wildflowers, looking up at Fingon, adoring, worshiping.

And as much as Fingon's song was one of peace and good feelings, and there was Power in it to soothe and calm the listener, it still made Maedhros ache. He wanted to make

Fingon happy... and he knew that if Fingon knew of his feelings, it might make Fingon angry, since what Maedhros felt for him was decidedly against the Laws. It was almost unbearable to be around him, to be so close yet love him from afar, and it was going to be even worse when Fingon found a mate of his own, especially if she was an Omega. But it was even more unbearable to think of life without him. To no longer witness the magic of Fingon's music, hear that crystalline voice.

"You look sad." Fingon frowned.

"Oh, what? No, not me." Maedhros gave a nervous little laugh. He rolled over and sat up. "That song was your best yet, Finno."

Fingon folded his arms. "No, I can tell something's wrong."

Maedhros sighed. He didn't want to admit his feelings, but he knew if he continued with the pretense that all was well, Fingon would know he was lying - after all, Fingon had been his best friend and constant companion for years.

"A little bit," Maedhros said. "It's not important, and in any case, I don't want to get into it."

Fingon shrugged. He got up. "Let's go feed the birds, that should help."

They walked together out from the gardens through the orchards, to the pond that was populated by ducks and geese, and the occasional swan visitors. A statue shaped like a duck, that Nerdanel had made Fingolfin and Anairë as a wedding present, contained birdseed and served as a dispenser. They took handfuls of it now and threw it out at the birds; a mob of geese fought over it and a few waddled over for the source, honking. Before one of the greedy geese could bite Maedhros, Fingon wagged his finger and gave the goose a stern look. "No," he said. He tossed out more birdseed a few meters away and the goose chased it.

"Thanks." Maedhros gave another nervous laugh. "You saved me."

Fingon patted his back; his touch was like fire. "But I can't save you from yourself, Russandol."

Maedhros raised an eyebrow. He didn't like where this was going. "What do you mean by that?"

Fingon put his hands on his hips. "*A little bit, it's not important.*" Fingon shook his head. "I know you, Russ. If something upsets you, it's never 'nothing'. You don't take anything seriously, until it's deadly serious."

Maedhros glared. He felt raw and exposed. He reflexively took a step back, and Fingon took a step forward, as if to say *You can't run from me.*

Fingon looked him up and down. "Did something happen while you were camping? Did you and Macalaurë fight? Do I have to have a word with him -"

"NO." The word came out much more forcefully than intended. Now Fingon was the one to take a few steps back, blinking in disbelief.

"Sorry." Maedhros exhaled sharply. This was getting worse by the minute. "No, nothing happened while we were camping."

That was a bold-faced lie - they didn't fight, but the camping trip had been pretty significant, in a this-changes-everything-ever sort of way. Maedhros hoped Fingon wouldn't catch it.

Fingon didn't call him on it, but started to dig, as if he did suspect something. "So... what did you two do, then? Surely you must have some interesting stories to tell, something funny that happened. Macalaurë is always making an ass of himself, it's so cute."

Maedhros felt an irrational surge of anger. *Did Finno just call him CUTE? He thinks Maglor is CUTE? Does he want Maglor? And not me?* He didn't want to be jealous of Maglor - Maglor, who he loved also, so fiercely; Maglor, who was good and kind and beautiful and had an amazing cock - but there it was. "Nothing really eventful. Nothing to report home about."

Fingon's eyebrows raised and then his eyes narrowed. "Now I know something happened. Listen, I like Macalaurë, a lot -" His cheeks turned a little pink. "But if he said something, did something, if he was an asshole to you, it's all right to tell me. I -"

"It wasn't that." Maedhros got as close to the truth as he was willing to tell. "To be honest, I was sick. It was kind of embarrassing."

They continued walking in an awkward silence, Fingon processing the information he was given. Maedhros hoped Fingon would just let it go, since he'd invoked being embarrassed. But then Fingon stopped in his tracks, and Maedhros's heart skipped a beat. *Oh shit.*

"Russ." Fingon looked around to make very sure they weren't being watched. He lowered his voice to a near-whisper. "Russ, did you go into heat when you were camping?"

Maedhros gave a too-loud, too-hearty laugh like Fingon had said the funniest thing ever, but he stopped laughing at Fingon's intense, penetrating gaze. Like Fingon had seen into his soul.

"You did, didn't you?" Fingon cocked his head to one side. "Did you forget to bring your suppressants, or -"

Maedhros had run out. It had been equal parts not wanting to ask Nerdanel for more and be pressed about when he would find himself an Alpha, and hoping that some suitable Alpha would come around and fuck him out of his misery. As his heat approached, he began hoping it was Maglor.

And then Fingon's eyes widened. "How did Macalaurë deal with it? No wonder you're embarrassed, poor thing. He didn't make fun of you? He -"

"He was kind, Finno. He took care of me, he cooked and stuff."

Maedhros immediately wished he hadn't said *and stuff*. There was another long, awkward silence and finally Fingon said, "I see."

Maedhros thought that would be the end of it - that Fingon would be so scandalized by what that implied that the conversation was over, and perhaps their friendship was as well, since Maedhros had broken the Laws and a truly good man would not want to associate with such a pervert - but as they made their way back to the palace walls, Fingon's voice lowered again and he turned to Maedhros and asked, "So, was he any good?"

Now it was Maedhros's turn to stop in his tracks. He felt like his jaw could hit the ground. "He what."

"You heard me."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes, you do. Just like we both know what my Ana and your Oma get up to behind closed doors. And with Uncle Ara. I had a feeling sooner or later, something was going to happen with someone but I didn't realize it would be with *you and him*."

Maedhros sighed. There was no use denying it. If Fingon was going to disown him because of this, better it be done and over with. Maybe that was what he needed - a clean break. "Fine. Yes. It happened. He was good. Are you happy now?"

"No."

"Of course not, no. I don't blame you, you must be disgusted to know what a deviant I am -"

"No, it's not that. I know... these things happen." Fingon rocked back on his heels, looking around again to make sure they weren't being watched. "But it does make things complicated, and I have concerns."

"We promised each other it wouldn't happen again. It was just the one time. Well... several times. But -"

Fingon put up his hand, like he'd heard enough - Maedhros bet it was making him ill. And yet, the smell from Fingon was almost overpowering. "You and I both know it's not going to stop at once, just like it didn't stop with Ana and your Oma." Fingon pinched the bridge of his nose and winced like he was in pain. "Come on, let's get inside and... forget you told me any of this."

"You asked. You kept asking -"

"*Enough.*" Fingon's eyes blazed.

Fuck Around And Find Out: Part 2 [Fingon/Maedhros, referenced Maedhros/Maglor]

Maedhros always loved eating dinner at his uncle Fingolfin's. Though Fingolfin had kitchen staff, like Fëanor did, Fingolfin had learned to cook and bake from Indis, and quite enjoyed it, so he was the main creator of the wonderful meals served. Tonight was an especially delicious meal, with stuffed potatoes and a colorful salad. But Maedhros had no appetite, picking at his food. He felt like his world was crashing down around him.

It didn't help that Fingon smelled... different. Outside, it had been Fingon's regular, normal Alpha scent, if quite a bit stronger than usual. But now, that smell had an added metallic tang, and a touch of smoke. Not the pleasant smoky smell of the hearth or a bonfire or his Oma's forge, but acrid, like burnt flesh. It made Maedhros want to run.

Fingolfin was much more reserved than usual during dinner, and Maedhros noticed Fingolfin kept glancing over at Fingon - he likely could smell it too and knew something was wrong... and Fingon's blazing glare made it obvious. When the meal was over and everyone began to exit the table, Fingolfin gestured to Fingon and Maedhros and said, "Wait, you two stay for a moment, I wish to speak with you."

This was never good; Maedhros braced himself for a lecture. Fingolfin kept glancing back and forth at them, like he was trying to assess what was going on and choose his words accordingly, and finally Fingolfin leaned back in his seat, swirled his wine in his glass and said, "Findekáno, you are tense. Troubled."

"That's life," Fingon said in a flat tone of voice.

Fingolfin let out a booming laugh. A very dry laugh. He instantly sobered up again and returned Fingon's glare with one of his own. "No, it's not. You weren't like this until Maitimo returned from camping. Did the two of you have a quarrel?"

"Not exactly." Fingon looked away.

There was another pause. Fingolfin was looking at Maedhros now - like he was looking not at him, but into him. Through him. Maedhros squirmed in his seat, hoping Fingolfin wasn't making assumptions that turned out to be correct.

Fingolfin turned back to Fingon. "As you know, you have been a bit behind in your sword practice as of late. As you know, mastering the sword is a very important life skill. I shan't have anyone saying that *my son* cannot fight to defend his family and the realm if necessary. And as you know, sparring is a good release to work out stress. You will take Nelya out and do sparring drills."

"Later."

"Now."

Mercifully, Fingolfin did not follow them, trusting that they would be honest about their training session. So after taking their swords from the armory, they went back out to the garden.

Maedhros tried to grasp at levity on the way there. "Look on the bright side, at least he only said 'as you know' three times this time."

"Shut. Up."

Maedhros was taken aback - Fingon was never like this. Something hadn't just hit a nerve, but struck it repeatedly. "All right then," Maedhros said under his breath. He was starting to wonder if perhaps, possibly maybe, Fingon was jealous that it had been Maglor who took him during his heat, and not himself.

He didn't want to hope - and the thought that Fingon might want him too was a dangerous hope. But there was something predatory in Fingon's eyes, and Maedhros felt himself go slick under that burning gaze.

Maedhros saluted with his sword, as Fingolfin had taught him many years ago. To his surprise, Fingon did not salute back, as he was supposed to. Instead, Fingon charged with lightning speed, as if Maedhros were a real foe on the battlefield.

And not just charging, but swinging, with what Maedhros picked up on as anger - not entirely directed at him, but still there... like fighting Maedhros was a substitute for fighting someone else. Fingon felt Maedhros grasping at his mind, and then Maedhros felt like he was smacked in the face, untouched, just before Fingon took a swing at Maedhros's shoulder. Maedhros blocked just in time, and then he swung back. Fingon dodged, and went for Maedhros's hip. Maedhros stepped out of the way, and swung again. Sword clashed sword, the steel ringing out against the courtyard walls.

It was a dance, beautiful and lethal. Maedhros's heart pounded in his ears, trying not to look at Fingon's blue-flame eyes, or the flood of silky raven hair, but to watch his sword instead. Fingon went for Maedhros's throat and Maedhros's sword pushed it away, then came down. Fingon's sword nudged Maedhros's sword away from his chest, then he went for Maedhros's groin. Maedhros stepped back and came forward, taking another swing, Fingon's sword hitting hard against it.

Don't think of his cock. His cock on your cock, like those swords...

Maedhros shuddered. He resisted the urge to throw down his sword and offer to fight Fingon bare-handed. To grab at Fingon's body, to touch him, feel him, grind against him there in the grass, like two animals. Three of his uncle's servants were returning from the orchards with bushels of fruit. Maedhros felt sweat dripping, returning his focus to Fingon's sword. Once again dodging just in time, as it went for his arm. Maedhros almost got Fingon's elbow, but Fingon stepped aside and then Fingon's sword was coming for his hip. Maedhros's sword struck Fingon's sword, clanging, mirroring the friction and chaos of his mind.

Fingon stepped forward, aiming for Maedhros's heart. As Maedhros's sword moved to block, Fingon's sword swung lower, for the stomach. Maedhros blocked it at the last second.

"You're getting sloppy," Fingon taunted.

Maedhros couldn't resist trolling. He lowered his voice. "Not as sloppy as when I was camping with Macalaurë."

Fingon's eyes flashed and his nostrils flared. If there had been any lingering doubt that Fingon was jealous of what had transpired during that camping trip, it was gone now. Fingon lunged again, and Maedhros blocked just before the sword could make contact with his shoulder. Then Maedhros moved forward and Fingon stepped back. Maedhros

made a feint, going for Fingon's knee, and when he saw Fingon move his sword in place, Maedhros switched to the other side. Though Fingolfin had rules about how far they could go with their practice on his property - no stabbing, no hacking off body parts, they were to touch only - Maedhros shred open Fingon's trouser leg at the knee and nicked him. Fingon dropped his sword, scowling.

"You shit."

"Oops." Maedhros covered his mouth in mock surprise. Then he looked at the bleeding wound - superficial, but should be treated anyway before it made a mess everywhere. "Here, let's get you fixed up."

Maedhros's healing ability wasn't as strong as Maglor's or Finarfin's, but he had a touch of it; his hands pulsed and radiated warmth and light as he sat beside Fingon and waved his hands over the bloody knee, then put his hands on it, pushing the energy into it. That was a mistake - just touching Fingon made his cock stir in his breeches, made slick start to drip from his passage. Even with the extra layers he wore to mask his scent, it was harder to mask when he was tingling like this, touching the man he loved.

The man who seemed to be jealous that he'd had sex with someone else. Hope beyond hope.

Their eyes met, and a frisson went down Maedhros's spine. Maedhros desperately wanted to lean in and kiss him, but they weren't completely alone out here - out of the corner of his eye Maedhros saw two of Fingolfin's servants bringing in laundered clothing and carpets that had been drying in the fresh air outside.

So Maedhros behaved himself, as excruciating as it was. Right down to going to his guest chambers alone. Bathing alone. Wondering what, if anything, would come of the tension between them. Tension that sparring had not resolved, could not resolve.

Maedhros lay in bed after his bath, trying to calm his mind so he could sleep... and he kept thinking of that sparring drill. The ferocious look in Fingon's eye. How fierce he was when Maedhros teased him about Maglor taking him during his heat.

He let himself entertain the fantasy of what it would have been like to throw down his sword, for the two of them to fall on each other, rutting, cock to cock as their swords had clashed, then Fingon pushing into his slick passage, Maedhros's legs on his shoulders. Pounding away. Rising up, sweat dripping from his body, slamming into him over and over as Maedhros begged for more...

Maedhros felt slick pool out of him and cursed under his breath. He hadn't brought a toy to his uncle's palace, and he wished he had now, wanting to fuck himself with it. Fuck himself and think about Fingon's cock working in and out of him. The even more delicious mental image of Maglor's cock in his mouth as Fingon fucked him. Then Maglor inside him, and Fingon fucking Maglor, ordering Maglor to fuck Maedhros as hard as Fingon was fucking him.

Maedhros shuddered and moaned. His hand strayed to the hard bulge in his sleep-breeches, palming it gently, not yet taking it out to play. He tried once again to push away those lustful thoughts, the sin, seeing how the web of secrecy wrapped around Fëanor and his brothers strangled them, not wanting that life for himself, not wanting that life for *Finno*, Finno who he wanted to make happy, Finno who he would die for. Fingon deserved better than the isolation and mistrust that had always been lingering around the family.

And yet, Maedhros had still given in, with Maglor. That forbidden fruit had been the most luscious thing Maedhros had ever tasted. He'd had one bite and he wanted the entire damn tree, the entire forest.

Maedhros had his cock out now, stroking it. Still wishing he had a toy inside him, filling him, as he ached to be filled by Fingon. He'd only ever had one cock - Maglor's - but he imagined Fingon's cock to be the same way. The fire in those blue eyes promised an explosive fuck. He wanted so badly...

There was a knock. Not on the door, but on the window.

Maedhros sat up, alarmed. Servants didn't typically knock on the windows. Especially not at this hour. Then Maedhros heard a voice from just outside the window. "Russ, let me in."

It was Fingon. Maedhros quickly pulled up his sleep-breeches, took a moment to smooth his bed-tousled hair - feeling ridiculous about the preening gesture - and then he walked to the window, drew the curtain, and slid open the glass pane. Fingon stepped through.

"What." Maedhros didn't mean to sound so grumpy, so defensive, but every nerve in his body was screaming for sexual release and Fingon standing there in his sleep-clothes with that look in his eye - smell muskier than before, downright intoxicating - was not helping. At all.

"You know what." Fingon closed the window and walked towards the center of the room, without even asking Maedhros if this was a bad time. "So you just... you just let Maglor fuck you."

Maedhros had to troll again. "As you know..."

Fingon glared.

"I was in heat, Finno. I am an Omega, he is an Alpha. Did you expect me to just suffer?"

"No, but -"

"But -"

"Heat is one thing. Would you still fuck him if it weren't your heat driving you? Do you love him that way?"

"You already know the answer to that, Finno, you know how your Ana is with my Oma, and with uncle Ara."

Fingon made an exasperated noise. So did Maedhros. Maedhros finally climbed back in bed, pretending to be bored of this and wanting to sleep, hoping Fingon would drop it and go away, before things escalated even more. Fingon just sat on the edge of the bed.

"And if I had been there?" Fingon's voice was low, almost a growl. "Would you have asked me to fuck you?"

"What do you think?"

"And what about now."

Their eyes locked.

Maedhros exhaled, feeling like all the weight of the world had come out in that breath. He wanted to crawl under the bed and die. Instead he sat up. "So now's the part where you tell me what a disgusting deviant I am and I hope you don't march down to the temple and report me to Manwë."

Fingon laughed. It was not a pleasant, humorous laugh. It was bitter. Menacing. For a moment, Maedhros was afraid that was exactly what Fingon would do.

Then Fingon got up, pulled the drawstring of his sleep-breeches, and let them fall to the floor. He was wearing nothing underneath. He pulled off his shirt and tossed it on the floor beside the pants. Maedhros's mouth went dry as he saw how hard Fingon's cock was.

Fingon said nothing, but climbed onto the bed, on all fours, like a hunting animal. His eyes locked with Maedhros's once more and he gave a throaty growl that sent a shiver down Maedhros's spine, fire through his veins...

...heat to his cock. Maedhros's own cock was hard, and stiffened even more, painfully, his balls so tight. Slick felt like it was pouring from his opening.

Fingon crawled to Maedhros and settled atop him, pulling Maedhros by the hair into a deep, hungry kiss.

Fuck Around And Find Out: Part 3 [Fingon/Maedhros, referenced Maedhros/Maglor]

"This is a terrible idea." Maedhros kissed Fingon back, breathless, hands trembling as they slid down Fingon's naked body for the first time.

"Horrible." Fingon kissed him again. "The worst." He nipped Maedhros's lower lip with a growl, hard enough to draw blood. He sucked on Maedhros's lower lip, making Maedhros's cock jolt, slick pouring.

Maedhros pulled back, breathing harder. Fingon's blue eyes blazed his soul, and Maedhros clutched at him desperately, wanting this more than he'd wanted anything. But... "If we cross this line, Finno, we can't go back." He knew he was a fool for believing things would be the same with Maglor, too. "This is going to make our lives a lot more difficult. A lot more dangerous."

Fingon's lips quirked. "As you know..."

Maedhros narrowed his eyes, knowing he deserved it. "And you say I'm a shit."

"Because you are." Fingon kissed him again. Then Fingon lay there for a moment, looking into Maedhros's eyes, stern and troubled. "I know this, Russ. I considered it before I came down here. My Ana and your Oma and our uncle have had a hell of a time trying to keep their relationship from becoming public knowledge, but they've succeeded thus far. We can too. Of course, if you truly *want* me to stop, if you think this can come to no good, I'll respect that. I'll put on my clothes, walk out, and we'll pretend this never happened -"

"No." The word came out forcefully, so much so Maedhros was worried people would hear beyond the thick walls. Then, more softly, Maedhros looked into those eyes - the center of his world, the pulse of his fëa - and he touched Fingon's face, pushed back a lock of blue-black hair, and breathed, "I've wanted this for so long."

"Good." Fingon came down to kiss him again.

Maedhros moaned into the kiss, cock and hole throbbing, aching to be filled, taken, fucked. His hands played over the silken steel of Fingon's naked flesh, and he moaned again as their hard cocks bumped up against each other, rubbing together as the kiss deepened, tongues more insistent, Fingon's tongue in his mouth a promise of the way Fingon would be inside him soon.

Not soon enough. Maedhros let out a plaintive cry as Fingon kissed and licked down his neck, over his shoulder. Maedhros arched to him, panting, quivering, as Fingon kissed down his chest and stomach, palming the hard bulge in Maedhros's sleep-breeches.

Then Fingon's tongue was in his navel, Fingon's teeth nibbling at it. Maedhros threw back his head and cried out. Fingon clapped a hand over Maedhros's mouth, while his other hand pressed harder on the bulge, rubbing more firmly. "We have to keep it down," Fingon hissed. "We don't need Ana's servants hearing."

Maedhros let out a muffled moan through Fingon's hand, not able to resist trolling him a little, even as he knew himself they had to be discrete about this, not wanting to risk one of Fingolfin's servants reporting them to the temple for sin.

The next moan he gave wasn't staged at all, as Fingon's teeth left Maedhros' stomach, to take the waistband of Maedhros's sleep-breech. Maedhros watched as Fingon yanked down the sleep-breeches with his teeth, freeing Maedhros's hard, glistening cock. Fingon continued to tug the pants down Maedhros's thighs with his teeth, and once the pants were down to Maedhros's knees, Fingon used his hands to pull them off. Then his hands slid up Maedhros's calves and thighs, making Maedhros shiver, so sensitive there.

Fingon licked his lips at the sight of Maedhros's hard cock jutting out, dripping precum, and the sight of Maedhros spread to him, exposing his hole, dripping slick. Maedhros watched, seething through grit teeth as Fingon took a few long, slow licks up and down the pulsing cock, chasing precum with his tongue. Maedhros threw back his head and let out a growl of his own as Fingon's clever tongue swirled around and around the head of the cock, lapped at it. Fingon tapped Maedhros's cock against his tongue, making a show of the streamers, before licking it some more.

"Need you," Maedhros ground out. He needed to come, he needed Fingon to make him come. Needed to give himself, to surrender to what he'd ached for.

Maedhros thought Fingon might tease him some more, sucking his cock or tonguing his passage, but instead Fingon did exactly as Maedhros asked. With a growl, Fingon grabbed Maedhros and rolled him, then slammed Maedhros down on his stomach. Maedhros gave a whimper, hole twitching, dripping, as he felt Fingon climb on top of him, Fingon's chest against his back. Then the tip of Fingon's cock was at his opening, and Maedhros cried out into the pillows, feeling like he was going to die of happiness. "Yes, yes, yes, please..."

Fingon pushed inside him. His cock was about the same length and thickness as Maglor's, but not exactly the same. When Fingon was all the way in, Fingon gasped for breath; Maedhros smirked at the feel of Fingon trembling against him, the proof that Fingon wanted him just as badly.

Then Fingon grabbed a fistful of Maedhros's hair, tugging hard, and began to rock inside him. Slamming away, fast and furious. No gentleness, no tenderness, only raw, feral hunger. Yes, Fingon was as needy for this as he was. Maedhros loved it, working his hips against Fingon's, their bodies slapping together, no care for whether they'd be overheard or not.

"Yes, yes, take it, fucking take it," Maedhros panted, shaking his ass to tease them both.

Fingon growled, yanking Maedhros's hair harder. His free hand smacked Maedhros's ass. "Who does this belong to?"

"You." Maedhros wanted Maglor too, still, but he wasn't going to admit that here and now; if he had to choose, much as he didn't want to, this was the one.

"That's right. You're mine." Fingon spanked Maedhros's ass again. "My Omega."

Maedhros's fists gripped the pillows white-knuckled, his hands shaking. Fingon's cock hit that spot over and over again - he was already so close to coming, but he needed to make this last just a little longer. Needed to be possessed, conquered, with each savage, punishing thrust.

"Mine," Fingon growled. "You're mine."

"Yours," Maedhros panted, still working his hips and his ass, the obscene smacking

sound - and the wet suctioning of Fingon pumping in and out of him - getting him closer, closer.

Fingon leaned down, and kissed the back of Maedhros's neck and shoulder, licked it. "Is this how he fucked you?"

Maedhros couldn't resist trolling again. "Harder."

Fingon growled and sped up, pounding into Maedhros so hard it almost hurt, making the bed rock against the wall, mattress creaking, the wet slurping sound getting louder. "Like this?"

"Yes," Maedhros gasped.

Fingon bit the sweet spot where Maedhros's neck and shoulder met, pulling Maedhros's hair again. The rough handling, the pleasure-pain, that feeling of being completely his, sent Maedhros over the edge, coming hard, sobbing into the pillows. A few thrusts later Fingon came too, shooting deep inside him as he bit Maedhros's neck again, growling.

"Oh fuck." Maedhros shivered as he contracted again, toes curling. "Oh fuck, Finno..."

"*Russ.*" Fingon let out a shuddery sigh. That one word held so many words, so many feelings, going straight to Maedhros's eyes, burning them with tears.

Maedhros turned his head, looking over his shoulder. Fingon moved closer and crushed their mouths together, both men groaning into the kiss as they pulsed together in the same rhythm of orgasmic pleasure. Maedhros sighed and smiled, and Fingon nuzzled him, as sweet as he had been fierce in his taking.

For awhile Fingon just rested on top of him, petting his hair, rubbing his shoulder. When Fingon pulled out, Maedhros rolled onto his side and they held each other, looking into each other's eyes, lost in their own little world of love.

But soon enough the passion rose between them once again and this time it was Maedhros's turn to grab Fingon and roll him, shoved Fingon onto his back, pinning Fingon's wrists with his hands as he climbed on, straddling Fingon's hips. Fingon grinned up at him, and then his face gave way to a beautiful sigh as Maedhros sank down slowly.

They kissed once they were fully joined, and then Maedhros began to ride, bouncing hard, urgent in his need, having wanted this so long. Fingon grabbed Maedhros's hips and gave it right back, slamming into him. Once again the bed banged against the wall, the deliciously filthy wet slurping sound, the smack of Fingon's balls against him, drove them both mad with lust. Their eyes locked as Maedhros rode, and then Fingon's arms were around him, holding him tight, kissing him passionately. Maedhros got closer, closer, whimpering into each needy, devouring kiss.

"Almost there," Maedhros rasped.

Fingon reached down to grip Maedhros's cock, working it in time with his thrusts and Maedhros's hips rocking, circling. Maedhros's cock rattled, Fingon's hand a blur. Then his other hand grabbed Maedhros by the hair again. "That's it, Russ. Show me who you belong to. Show me you're mine -"

Before Maedhros could scream, Fingon let go of his cock and shoved his precum-coated fingers in Maedhros's mouth. Maedhros whined around the fingers in his mouth as he let

go, creamy white ropes spraying Fingon's chest. Then Fingon was done, groaning as he spilled deep inside Maedhros. Fingon pulled his fingers out of Maedhros's mouth and kissed him hard. They rubbed noses, breathing each other's breath, looking into each other's eyes, as the pleasure throbbed, crested, and ebbed.

They were sated, for now. Fingon lay back and cradled Maedhros, stroking his hair, his face, rubbing his back. "You don't know how long I've wanted this," Fingon husked.

"Probably as long as I have." Maedhros felt like an idiot that he didn't know... and a wave of relief, of euphoria, that his feelings were returned.

Then the crashing wave of dread. They were going to have to be *extremely* careful - if they were caught, it would likely be discovered that their incest ran in the family. Especially if Maglor ever acted on his feelings for Ara and Fëanor, and they were returned.

"You look troubled." Fingon cupped Maedhros's chin in his hand.

Maedhros nodded. "This is still a horrible idea, as much as we're enjoying it."

After a moment Fingon also nodded, with a reluctant sigh. "I don't want to go back to... not having you. Not having this."

"No, neither do I. Just warning you that we need to be careful. We already took too much of a risk doing this here with your Ana's staff lurking about."

Fingon stroked his chin for a moment. "Well... I felt a little guilty that we rushed right to the sex and I didn't take my time worshiping your gorgeous body the way you deserve it. So perhaps we could go away somewhere for awhile, where we won't be disturbed, and I can spoil you and make you scream as loud as you can."

Maedhros grinned, heart fluttering with anticipation and joy. He loved those plans. Of course, he had to troll Fingon a little more. "Promises, promises. We'll see if you're not just all talk."

"We'll see if you can walk or remember your name by the time I'm through with you."

In the morrow, Fingon and Maedhros went to see Fingolfin, who was working in the garden, feeding the plants - he liked to do the chores of the garden himself, not simply rely on servants to do everything for him. Fingolfin stopped what he was doing, and sat there in a soil bed, looking up, waiting, as if he already had an inkling of what they were about to say.

Since they weren't completely alone, Fingon and Maedhros did not confess they were now together as Fingolfin and his brothers were. Fingon said instead, "Maitimo had such a good time camping that he wants me to explore the forest with him."

Fingolfin's lips quirked and Maedhros could hear the broadcast *is that what you're calling it now*, then he sobered and said, "I am glad that the sparring session I encouraged smoothed things over between the two of you. As you know, physical activity is good for the soul."

Maedhros glanced around at the servants hanging laundry out to dry, choking back a laugh. "It was quite stress-relieving, Uncle."

Fingolfin gave them a knowing look and then he said, "However, perhaps going camping again so soon might look unseemly, for princes to be engaging in such rough behavior, living like savages in the forest. Might I recommend using Fëanor's vacation home of Formenos, in the north? You will get plenty of opportunities to see nature, while still being able to return to the comforts and luxuries of home, and the place is so lightly staffed it is almost like being alone."

Maedhros and Fingon looked at each other, and then they looked back at Fingolfin and nodded.

"You should ask Fëanor permission first. As you know, it is his home, even if he and I make frequent use of it."

That's not all you make frequent use of, Maedhros thought, keeping it to himself.

Later that day Fingon brought Maedhros back to Fëanor's palace. Just as they were coming in, Maglor was heading out. This wasn't unusual in and of itself - Maglor went walking a great deal, as it helped him think better, which in turn helped him compose. What was unusual this time was that Maglor was carrying his harp and several heavy packs, like he was about to go camping again... but with more gear than he'd brought for the camping trip.

"Where are you going?" Maedhros asked.

"Oh." Maglor gave a nervous laugh and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, smiling awkwardly, like he'd hoped to just be gone before they'd shown up. That bothered Maedhros a lot. "I'm going away for awhile, to see different places, different people. Hit a bit of a dry spell with music, so going out and living a little might help break me out of that."

Maedhros folded his arms. "And you were just going to leave without telling me?"

Do we have to do this, Maglor spoke into Maedhros's mind. Another awkward smile. "I was going to stop at Fingolfin's palace before I went on the road, I assumed you'd be there so I could say goodbye for now."

You're a terrible liar, you know that. Maedhros pursed his lips. He felt angry, almost like he'd been betrayed, but he also knew that what had happened on their camping trip had changed the nature of their relationship, it had changed everything, and likely Maglor was having a lot of complicated feelings about it. Which would get all the more complicated if Maglor knew what had happened last night. Maedhros had a feeling Maglor had already figured it out, somehow.

Despite his anger - trying to keep some compassion for how Maglor must feel - he wanted to try to fix things from his end. "Any chance your travels might take you up to Formenos? Finno and I are going there for awhile, if Oma says yes."

Maglor shook his head. "I don't know where I'm going, or how long I'll be gone - I'll try to come home by or before my fiftieth birthday -"

That was a few months away yet. *Months.* Maedhros's jaw dropped. "That long?"

"I told you, I need this for my music."

Sure you do. Maedhros sighed deeply. "Well... stay safe. And have fun, I hope."

The brothers hugged - Maedhros's body thrilled to the feel of Maglor's body against his, and it was all he could do to not push Maglor down in the grass right there, beg him to stay, show him with his body how much he was wanted. But then Maedhros glanced over and saw Fingon's narrowed eyes, saw Fingon's nostrils twitch as he smelled the way Maglor and Maedhros were responding to each other.

After Maglor pulled back from Maedhros, slowly, reluctantly, he put an arm around his cousin and half-brother. "Take care of Nelya," he said.

"I will take very good care of him." Fingon gave Maglor a pointed look. "You take care of yourself, now."

Maglor opened his mouth like he was going to make a comeback, then closed his mouth as if he thought better of it, gave a curt nod, and a little salute before he walked off. Maedhros sighed again and looked down at his shoes, fighting the urge to chase Maglor and plead with him not to go. Hoping it wasn't going to be the last time they saw each other - though Aman was a safe place, they had heard enough stories from Finwë about the old days and what had been happening to their people, the dangers that called the Valar forth to protect them, and it seemed to Maedhros that nowhere was truly safe. The Valar were not as powerful as they thought, or Maedhros wouldn't feel like this, with his forbidden lust for another man, and one of his own blood.

Then Maedhros looked into Fingon's eyes. He didn't like the jealousy - he found it exciting, arousing, but that didn't mean it wasn't awkward and uncomfortable, when Fingon and Maglor had also been good friends.

"Come," Fingon said, putting an arm around Maedhros's waist, leading him through the palace gates. "Let's talk to your Oma about our vacation."

It would hardly be enough - all too soon they would have to go back and start to keep their distance, except for stealing secret, cautious trysts. But it was still something to hold onto, something to keep them warm. Despite Maedhros's sadness to be without his brother for the next few months, he had something to look forward to, and there was a little spring in his step as they headed to Fëanor's study.

Worth The Wait [Fingon/Maedhros]

Fëanor was not in his study when Maedhros and Fingon arrived, but in his forge. Maedhros knew he shouldn't be surprised by that - Fëanor was in his forge more and more often as of late - but it added to his anxiety about asking for permission to vacation at Formenos, since Maedhros knew Fëanor did not like being interrupted when he was at work, and the question was already fraught. It wasn't that Maedhros expected Fëanor to be angry with asking, it was more a concern that his Oma might misinterpret a desire for vacation as a desire to get away from him. The distance between Maedhros's parents had been increasing, and if there was one thing Maedhros did not want, it was for his Oma to think his sons hated him and wanted to be anywhere but here, too - especially when Maglor was taking off for awhile.

To Maedhros's relief, Fëanor was taking a short break to have some water; Maglor had seen to that on his way out. Fëanor gestured for them to come in and for a moment they sat across from him in silence.

"This must be important, if you're coming to see me here," Fëanor said.

"In a sense." Maedhros took a deep breath. "Finno and I want to go camping but I've just been camping and Uncle Ñolo suggested we go to Formenos instead, so the court doesn't complain about my 'rough manners.'" Maedhros didn't care what the court thought of him - he hated all that royal pomp more than his Oma did - but he cared about people wagging their tongues even more at his Oma.

"I see." Fëanor nodded.

"It's not you," Maedhros quickly added. "It's..." He looked down, not sure of how to explain why he and Fingon wanted a vacation.

But Fëanor was sharply observant. "You two want privacy to fuck."

Fingon's jaw dropped. Maedhros blinked - he was used to his Oma being frank and a bit crass, but this was blunt even for Fëanor.

There was no use denying it, however. Maedhros knew Fëanor could probably scent their attraction. Maedhros nodded slowly. "Yes. I'm lovers with Fingon."

Fingon facepalmed. "*Eru*."

Fëanor's face lit up in a grin and Maedhros realized why Fingon had reacted that way. "Hello Lovers With Fingon, I'm Oma -"

"OMAAAAAAA. OOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMMA." Maedhros gave Fëanor a stern look, but he couldn't help laughing a little, relieved that Fëanor wasn't upset. It wasn't that Maedhros thought Fëanor would disapprove of the union itself - he would be a hypocrite, considering his affair with his own brothers - but he had worried about how Fëanor would consider the societal implications of this; it was hard enough for Fëanor and his brothers to avoid suspicion, it would be even harder with Maedhros and Fingon involved.

Fëanor sobered, and Maedhros knew his Oma was thinking about precisely that. "I wish," Fëanor sighed, "my father had not agreed to the Laws. That we could love as we will, as

we once did under the stars."

"I do too," Fingon said, putting an arm around Maedhros.

Fëanor looked from one to the other. "It doesn't surprise me the two of you love each other. *As you know*, your relationship mirrors mine with Ñolo's." Fëanor gave a wistful smile and Maedhros could feel Fëanor broadcasting how much he missed his brother, but they necessarily had to spend time apart to avoid watching eyes and gossiping tongues. "You come by it honestly."

"I love him very much," Fingon said, "and I swear to you I will never hurt him."

Maedhros couldn't resist. "Awww, too bad."

Fëanor turned red, but his laughter rang out. "You come by *that* honestly, too."

When they calmed down, Fëanor went on, "Consider Formenos at your disposal when you need time together. It is remote, and private. The few staff I have are all trustworthy, or they'd be dead."

As much as Maedhros loved his Oma, who had always been kind to his sons, Maedhros saw the glint of danger in Fëanor's eyes and involuntarily shivered.

"Thank you," Fingon said.

Maedhros needed humor to distract from the uncharacteristic severity of his Oma. "We'll try not to burn the place down."

Fëanor grinned again, and Maedhros relaxed a little. "If your sex isn't hot enough to burn the place down, you're doing it wrong."

Fingon's mouth opened again - after all these years he still wasn't completely used to Fëanor's candor - but Maedhros howled with laughter. "Thanks, Oma."

The journey to Formenos was agonizingly long. All Maedhros could think of was the sex they would have when they got there - a vacation to make love as much as they wanted - and he knew Fingon was thinking about it too, he could smell Fingon's Alpha arousal even from a few feet away. More than once, Maedhros wanted to tether their horses and push Fingon down into the grass, but every time he gave Fingon a hungry look or a little whine, Fingon would just laugh and say, "We have to keep going."

At last they were there, and the minute they unloaded their packs in one of the guest rooms they'd be sharing, Maedhros began shoving Fingon towards the bed, undoing the buttons of Fingon's tunic and the drawstring of his breeches, while Fingon laughed.

"So impatient, Russ."

Maedhros was already hard and slick. Slick enough for his own breeches to be uncomfortably wet. Maedhros stopped fumbling with Fingon's clothing and quickly got out of his own, while Fingon undressed himself more slowly, eyes riveted on Maedhros's body.

Once Fingon was also naked, Maedhros walked over and pulled Fingon against him, cock rubbing cock as they kissed deeply. Fingon ran his hands over Maedhros's bare chest and arms, thumbs rubbing Maedhros's nipples, and Maedhros shivered and groaned. Maedhros returned the touch, caressing Fingon's chest and back, rubbing the firm globes of Fingon's ass, his cock stiffening even more at the gorgeous sight of Fingon's sculpted body, a perfect work of art. The heat in Fingon's eyes, like blue flame, was the most erotic sight of all. Fingon began kissing and licking Maedhros's neck, and Maedhros's cock jolted, more slick pooling down his thighs.

"Love you," Fingon whispered, before nipping at the sweet, sensitive hollow where Maedhros's neck and shoulder met.

Maedhros almost came just from that. He growled and seized Fingon's face in his hands, kissing him hard, then he marched over to the bed and got on all fours, sticking his ass out at Fingon, presenting. Letting Fingon see how slick he was. Maedhros felt the slick dripping, knowing it would make a wet spot on the sheets.

Fingon climbed on the bed and Maedhros shook his ass. "Please," Maedhros gasped. He wasn't in heat, but he still felt the urgent need to be filled, taken, claimed.

Fingon laughed again. He leaned over Maedhros's back - and instead of putting his cock in the waiting hole, Fingon swept Maedhros's hair aside and began kissing down the length of his spine, fingers brushing in the wake of his lips and tongue. Maedhros shuddered - his back was exquisitely sensitive, and each kiss, each stroke, sent fresh fire through his body, tingling all over. His balls ached and he felt like he was pouring slick now, gasping for breath.

"You are so beautiful," Fingon husked. "Even your back is beautiful."

Maedhros loved to hear it, but - "Will you shut up and *fuck me*."

Fingon laughed and slapped Maedhros's ass. "Cheeky brat."

Maedhros whined. Fingon's response to that was to start the trail all over again, this time licking, as his hands made lazy circles over Maedhros's back and ass, down then up, and down again.

"Damn you, Finno. Oh, Hells, fuck me..."

Fingon wasn't giving in right away. He continued licking at Maedhros's spine, making Maedhros's skin all gooseflesh, slick pooling, cock throbbing, going out of his mind with sensation. Maedhros's fists gripped the pillows, white-knuckled, and he cried out as Fingon's mouth reached the base of his spine.

Fingon rubbed Maedhros's ass cheeks, smacked them, and started to lick around and around the open, twitching, slick hole. Maedhros moaned, and let out a gasp as Fingon's tongue dipped inside. Maedhros made broken cries into the pillow as Fingon ate at him, licking slowly at first, then faster, fucking with his tongue, before slowing down again. "Your slick is delicious," Fingon purred. He kissed and nipped at an ass cheek before his tongue traced the rim of the opening again. "Sweet, just like you."

Before Maedhros could respond to that with some sort of endearment, Fingon's tongue was back inside him, lashing away. It felt so good, and Maedhros began to rock his hips, fucking himself on Fingon's tongue. But he needed more. He needed to be stretched,

stuffed. He needed cock. Fingon's cock. Needed to be joined, one flesh...

"Please, Finno. Please. I need you inside me. Please. *Please.*"

Fingon slowed down again, maddeningly slow and feather-light. Maedhros howled. He felt like he was going to explode. Fingon laughed at him again, rubbing Maedhros's ass as his tongue kept teasing.

Fingon stopped licking after awhile, and kissed the back of Maedhros's thighs, and behind the knee. Maedhros was sensitive there, too, whimpering. Fingon kissed his way up Maedhros's side, nibbling here and there, and then he was kissing Maedhros's neck and shoulder again, hard cock grinding in the cleft of Maedhros's ass as he turned Maedhros's face so they could kiss. The sweet taste of his slick on Fingon's tongue, knowing where he'd been, what he'd been doing, drove Maedhros wild.

Maedhros thought for sure Fingon was going to take him now, rubbing his ass against Fingon's cock, but then Fingon stopped grinding on him, rose up, and gently pushed Maedhros onto his back. Fingon climbed over him and settled atop him, cock grinding cock as Fingon kissed him deeply. They kissed and kissed, and as good as it felt to feel Fingon's cock rubbing his, Maedhros needed more. Fingon kissed and licked and nibbled Maedhros's neck, slid down to start lapping a nipple. He sucked it into his mouth, eyes locked with Maedhros's as he sucked hard, then he licked at it some more before turning to the other. Maedhros's nipples were intensely sensitive and Maedhros couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed Fingon by the braids. "Fuck. Me. Now. *Fuckmenow.*" Maedhros yanked Fingon's braids as hard as he could, pulling Fingon up to crush their mouths together as he arched his back, spreading for him.

Fingon grabbed Maedhros's wrists to take Maedhros's hands off his hair, and then he chuckled and tousled Maedhros's hair. "Do you remember what I said, Russ?"

Maedhros could barely remember his own name right now, so lost was he in primal rutting instinct.

When Maedhros didn't answer, Fingon said, "Our first time was rushed. I told you I wanted to take my time with you. That's why we're here. We don't have to hide, we don't have to be careful, so we can take as long as we want. I've waited a long time for this, and I want to make it worth the wait."

Maedhros wanted to please Fingon - he didn't hate the loving attention to his body, but he was desperate to get fucked. Maedhros whined again.

"But you..." Fingon laughed and stroked Maedhros's cheek. "Have always been a lot. It seems you need a lesson in patience."

Fingon got up, and Maedhros let out a little cry of protest, but Fingon didn't go far, just to the door where they'd put down their packs. Maedhros watched as Fingon stooped, opened up his pack and rummaged around, and after a moment he got up, holding two lengths of gold ribbon like the kind he currently had woven in his braids.

Maedhros didn't understand... until Fingon got back on the bed and grabbed one of Maedhros's wrists. He took one of the ribbons and began tying Maedhros's wrist to the bedpost. Maedhros gasped.

"Do you need me to stop?" Fingon asked.

Maedhros shook his head. As badly as he needed to get fucked, there was something delicious about letting Fingon control him like this. A feeling of being claimed that went even deeper than being fucked.

"I trust you with my life," Maedhros said honestly.

Fingon leaned down and rewarded him with a tender little kiss. "Good. But if at any time you need me to -"

"JUST DO THE THING AND STOP BEING SO POLITE ABOUT IT, DAMN YOU." In the back of Maedhros's mind, he wondered if Fingolfin was this ridiculously polite and scrupulous when he made love to Fëanor. The thought of Fëanor tied up like Fingon was tying him now... *Oh, Eru.* Maedhros's cock jolted. He hadn't wanted to find that thought erotic, but he did. The mental image of Fingolfin and Fëanor together... "Fuck," Maedhros said under his breath, more slick dripping. *Why is that so hot.*

When Maedhros's wrist was secured, Fingon worked on tying the other one. After that wrist was tied, Fingon had Maedhros test the bonds to make sure they were neither too loose nor too tight.

Then Fingon got to work.

He began by kissing and licking one of Maedhros's arms, then the other. He kissed down to the nipples, and lapped at one, then the other. Sucked at one, then the other. Licked and licked at a nipple and then the other - Maedhros's nipples had never been so hard - before nibbling it, suckling harder than before. Back and forth he went between Maedhros's nipples, tongue lashing, lips tugging, making Maedhros writhe against the restraints, panting.

"Such lovely little rosebuds." Fingon's thumb rubbed at one nipple as he suckled the other. His tongue swirled around and around the nipple and then he picked his head up. "I wonder what they'd look like even more swollen than this, full of milk for our pups -"

Maedhros gave a feral growl, then a sob, slick gushing, cock twitching. The thought of having Fingon's child was indescribably erotic, but also so, so dangerous. It was bad enough Maglor was sired by Fingolfin, and Celegorm sired by Finarfin - the family didn't need more secrets to protect. And yet...

Before Maedhros could get too caught up in the fantasy of carrying Fingon's child, Fingon was kissing down one of Maedhros's sides, once in awhile biting hard enough that Maedhros knew he would be covered in bruises later. He wanted that; he wanted to see where Fingon had been, the evidence of their passion. Fingon kissed and licked the planes of Maedhros's chiseled abs, kissing over to the other side, to kiss and lick and bite. Then Fingon kissed and licked all over one thigh, and the other. Licked down one calf, up the other, to kiss and lick the other thigh.

Maedhros's cock twitched again. His cock was glistening, completely soaked with precum, and he could feel the wet spot underneath him from his own slick. Fingon leaned over Maedhros's cock, breathing in the Omega scent. Then he started licking up and down the shaft, just licking, in long, slow, deliberate strokes. Licking and licking and licking. Maedhros screamed, but Fingon just smiled and continued to lick at the shaft. After another scream, Fingon licked around and around the head a few dozen times - Maedhros lost count, Maedhros was lost to everything but those eyes, that mouth - and then Fingon drew just the head of Maedhros's cock into his mouth, sucking slowly as he played with Maedhros's balls, cupping and gently rubbing.

"Please," Maedhros begged again. "Please, I need you inside me..."

Fingon took the head of Maedhros's cock out of his mouth and tapped it against his tongue, making a show of the streamers of precum. With one hand still massaging Maedhros's balls, the index finger of the other slipped into the slick passage, finding the sweet spot right away. "Like this?"

"Oh, Hells..." Maedhros writhed again, and bit his lower lip hard enough to draw blood. Fingon's finger felt so good, rubbing that little nub, but it wasn't enough. "More..."

Fingon pushed a second finger inside him, thrusting his fingers in and out, harder and faster. Maedhros was slick enough to make a wet suctioning noise, deliciously filthy. "Like this?"

"Fuck me!" Maedhros bucked his hips, fucking himself on Fingon's fingers. "Fuck me, now, now, I've waited long enough, please, you know we both need this..."

Fingon fit a third finger in him, and the wet slurping sound got louder. Fingon licked his lips - Maedhros knew his slick was gushing. Maedhros seethed through clenched teeth, and Fingon relented, bringing his fingers to his mouth to taste the slick. Then he dipped his fingers inside, fucked a little more, and slid up, hard cock rubbing against Maedhros's thighs as he put his fingers in Maedhros's mouth, for him to taste himself. The act of sucking Fingon's fingers drove Maedhros mad with lust. He clenched his fists, pulling on the restraints, which made them tighter.

Fingon hooked one of Maedhros's legs around his waist, and Maedhros's breath hitched as he felt the tip of Fingon's cock against his opening. "Yes," Maedhros urged. "Yes, yes, yes -"

Fingon silenced him with a deep kiss as his cock slipped inside, easing its way in with how very very wet Maedhros was. Fingon gasped once he bottomed out, feeling the wet silken heat wrapped around him. "Oh, Russ."

"I love you," Maedhros said, tears in his eyes from relief... and joy. He had never felt as close to Fingon as he was now, joined with him. Bound to him. Giving himself completely.

Fingon tenderly brushed back Maedhros's hair, kissed his forehead, slid his lips down to the tip of Maedhros's nose, and then claimed his mouth once more as he began to thrust. Slowly. Slow and gentle. And as much as Maedhros wanted to fuck, to be pounded, and the slow rubbing of Fingon's cock on that spot teased him, building the tension higher, to the shatterpoint, it was luscious. They stayed lost in that sweetness as long as they could, Fingon taking it slow, the two of them savoring the way they were connecting, *finally*, after all these years of burning for each other. All sense of time slipped away. All sense of everything slipped away, but this. There was nothing in the world but each other, their bodies, their hearts, their love, their lust, their need for each other, to be one together like this.

But when the tension built to a certain point, Fingon started to thrust faster, and Maedhros matched his rhythm, rolling his hips. Fingon reached down to stroke Maedhros's cock, as he kissed Maedhros's neck and nipples. Soon Fingon was giving Maedhros the hard, wild pounding he craved, bodies slapping together, bed slamming against the wall, both of them panting, sweating.

"That's it," Maedhros gritted out. "Fuck me, Finno. Don't hold back. Give me everything."

Fingon rose up, propped Maedhros's legs on his shoulders, and drove into him frantically. He jerked Maedhros's cock so hard it rattled, his hand a blur. Maedhros howled and sobbed, the sensation more and more intense until he was right there, ready to release.

Their eyes met. Maedhros knew Fingon was there too, Fingon had a fevered look in his eyes as he gasped for breath, trembling.

"Come with me, Russ," Fingon rasped.

"Finno!" Maedhros shot a powerful arc of cream over Fingon's chest, another over the tight stomach, then one over his own chest... another into his own face. Fingon threw back his head and cried out, and Maedhros cried out too as he felt Fingon spurting into his contracting walls. He was so sensitized that each splash of Fingon's seed made his contractions harder. Maedhros began crying from the euphoria, completely shattered.

Fingon collapsed on top of him, shivering. They kissed, and then Fingon untied Maedhros's wrists and Maedhros wrapped his arms around Fingon. Fingon rolled them onto their sides and they held each other, rubbing noses, giving each other sweet little kisses as they crested on the throbbing waves of their pleasure, melted into the peaceful bliss.

"That was amazing," Maedhros said.

"See? Sometimes it's good to not get what you want right away."

Maedhros pretended to scowl. "I don't need a lecture from you."

Fingon cleared his throat. *"As you know..."*

They laughed together, and then that reminder of Fingolfin made Maedhros wonder if it had been like this for his Oma and uncle. He didn't understand how something that felt so *right*, like he'd been completed - finding a piece of his soul he didn't even know was missing - could be wrong in the sight of the Valar. This was as natural as the rain and the tides.

Fingon picked up on Maedhros tensing a little. He took Maedhros's chin in his hand and looked him in the eye. "Nothing will ever keep me apart from you. No man, no god. You are *mine*."

Fingon kissed him again, and as powerful as his climax had been, Maedhros's cock hardened up again, the hunger rising once more. "Take what's yours," Maedhros whispered. "As long as we're here, let's make every moment count."

Fingon rolled onto his back and pulled Maedhros atop him. Maedhros straddled Fingon's hips, sank down, and began to ride.

Paradise [Fingon/Maedhros]

After a few days in the bedroom, doing little else but fuck, eat, bathe, and sleep, Fingon and Maedhros decided it might be a good idea to get some air and a bit of exercise. Besides, Fëanor had chosen the location of Formenos for its natural beauty - it was as close to the wilderness as one could get in the safety of the Blessed Realm - and it seemed almost criminal for any aesthetic-minded Noldo to not admire such a gorgeous forest.

For once, Fingon had his hair entirely unbound, as if to leave the formal elegance of the royal court behind and give in to the call of the wild in their surroundings. Maedhros kept having to pause to take it all in - Fingon's hair, the redwoods and oaks, the lush green docks and ferns and sorrels, the patches of dianthus and buttercups and poppies, flaming pink, gold and orange.

It was a magical, wonder-filled day. They found a stream, and spent awhile skipping stones, seeing who could make bigger splashes and ripples. They looked at new kinds of birds they hadn't seen before, and watched squirrels play together. A young deer pranced gracefully. A blue butterfly landed on Fingon's nose. They came upon a blueberry bush and took turns feeding each other... and licking and sucking the sweet juices from each other's fingers.

Licking and sucking Fingon's fingers - and watching Fingon's full lips wrapped around his own fingers - put Maedhros in an amorous mood. It didn't help that Fingon's Alpha scent was accentuated by the green and earthy scents of the forest. Before Maedhros could suggest taking a "rest break", Fingon stopped in his tracks, eyes wide, and for a brief instant Maedhros wondered if Fingon had spotted a wolf or bear - but then Fingon's face lit up in a huge grin, he grabbed Maedhros's arm and began to run, dragging him along. Maedhros looked ahead and through a cluster of trees, saw what Fingon had spotted. The creek led out to a waterfall, cascading down a cliff into a pool.

They came to the edge of the pool, and Fingon and Maedhros began to undress. But before Fingon could step into the pool, Maedhros's sense of adventure took over. There were rocks like jagged steps going up the cliff, and Maedhros rushed over and hoisted himself up. Halfway up he looked over his shoulder at Fingon, standing there with his arms folded. "Come on," Maedhros said.

Fingon laughed and came over, following behind. Once they were up on top of the cliff, looking down over the forest - Maedhros could see the towers of Formenos from here - and down into the pool, Maedhros turned to Fingon.

Fingon knew what he was thinking. "You're ridicu -"

He didn't get the chance to finish. Maedhros leapt from the cliff, doing a somersault on his way down. He splashed into the pool, letting out a whoop. Fingon took a deep breath and Maedhros watched as Fingon bent forward and dove. Maedhros caught Fingon in his arms, and kissed him hard, feeling caught up in the moment, high on life. High on love.

Fingon kissed him back, and then splashed him. "You're not just ridiculous, you're crazy."

"Thank you."

Fingon splashed him again, and Maedhros splashed him back. They chased each other

around the pool, water up to their shoulders, splashing madly, until Fingon grabbed Maedhros, ducked him, and splashed his face repeatedly as Maedhros sputtered.

Maedhros picked Fingon up, but didn't duck him. Instead, he carried Fingon over to the waterfall and the fall poured over him, one mighty, continuous splash. Fingon shivered, gasping for breath, but he laughed. "That's cold."

"Let me get you warm." Maedhros joined him under the waterfall, pulled Fingon against him, and kissed him hard.

As their tongues teased, Maedhros's cock rose and so did Fingon's. Their cocks rubbed together, hands sliding over each other's bodies as they kissed. Maedhros wasn't just drenched from the waterfall but his own slick, wanting Fingon so fiercely it hurt. They had made love that morning, but already Maedhros craved him again, insatiable for the man he loved.

They clung together, holding each other tight, rocking together under the waterfall. It was one of those perfect moments of peace that Maedhros knew he would remember and cherish for the rest of his life. The world was beautiful, life was beautiful, their love for each other was beautiful. Maedhros's love for Fingon poured out like the waters crashing over them, a seemingly endless flow, unstoppable. "I love you so much," Maedhros said as Fingon snuggled into his shoulder. "I love you so very, very much."

When the waterfall got to be too cold, their fingers wrinkled, they waded out, hand in hand. But instead of drying off and getting dressed right away, Fingon lay back in the grass, propped himself up on one elbow, and gazed up at Maedhros adoringly, stroking himself. Maedhros dropped down beside him and they kissed again. Fingon stopped stroking himself and instead took both their cocks into his hand, stroking them together. The sight of Fingon's gorgeous cock on his, the feel of the velvet steel rubbing in Fingon's tight grip, made Maedhros shiver and growl, balls throbbing... and his hole twitched and dripped more slick.

Fingon began to kiss Maedhros's neck and throat. When he nipped Maedhros's shoulder, Maedhros thought about getting on all fours and presenting, asking Fingon to take him just like that, from behind, like a dog. But instead, Fingon's free hand reached up to stroke Maedhros's cheek and Fingon looked into Maedhros's eyes and said, "I want you to fuck me."

Maedhros's mouth opened. He swallowed hard. "You mean... me inside you, this time."

Fingon nodded.

It was something they hadn't done yet. Something that hadn't really crossed Maedhros's mind. But now, his mind burned with the delicious possibilities. It felt right that they would take turns inside each other, a union of equals.

"You're mine," Fingon went on, "but I want to be yours, too."

Maedhros kissed him like his life depended on it, with all the consuming fire of his passion. Fingon stopped stroking their cocks and reached out to hold him. Their cocks continued rubbing as they kissed, and Maedhros groaned - if just the silk of Fingon's cock felt good on his cock, the silk of his insides would feel even better...

Then Maedhros frowned. "Alphas don't get slick and we didn't bring anything like oil."

Fingon smirked. "We could use your slick." With that, Fingon got on all fours, and thrust his ass out at Maedhros. "Rub your hole against mine. Let me feel you dripping into me."

Maedhros almost came from those words alone, so gloriously debauched. Trembling with desire, he also got on all fours, backing his ass against Fingon's. They rubbed their asses together; Maedhros was aroused enough to be dripping copious amounts of slick, and Fingon moaned as he felt the slick flowing into him. "Yes, that's it. More..."

Maedhros had an idea. He stopped, turned around, and straddled Fingon's ass, but instead of putting his cock inside, he scooted so his hole lined up with Fingon's, and then he began stroking his cock and playing with his balls, making the slick gush. Fingon cried out, grabbing fistfuls of grass, rocking his hips, slamming his ass against Maedhros. "Yes. Yes, give me your slick."

Maedhros had to stop, not wanting to come too soon. He climbed down, then got behind Fingon and put a finger in him, to relax him. One finger became two, and Fingon rocked his hips again, fucking himself on Maedhros's fingers, whimpering.

Maedhros couldn't take it anymore. He flipped Fingon onto his back - he wanted to look into those beautiful eyes, wanted to watch Fingon's face when he came - and he guided his cock to the waiting, slick channel. Fingon's legs wrapped around him, and when Maedhros began to push inside, Fingon bit his own hand, making a guttural noise that made Maedhros want to slam away, but he held back, going slow, not wanting to hurt Fingon.

Fingon gasped for breath when Maedhros was all the way in. "Hells, you're big."

"You're so tight." Maedhros let out a little moan.

Maedhros leaned in to kiss him, thrusting slowly. The soft kiss of Fingon's most intimate place drove him mad, and the slow rubbing teased them both. Fingon took Maedhros's hands and squeezed. "I love you," Fingon husked.

"I love you." Maedhros kissed him again. "Love you." Another kiss. "Love you." Another.

"Damn the Laws," Fingon said, kissing him back. "You are my mate. We belong together. This is right."

"Always," Maedhros said, and kissed him fiercely.

They kissed and kissed and kissed, each slow thrust expressing love beyond words. But after a time Fingon let go of Maedhros's hands and his nails were in Maedhros's back, bucking underneath him, urging him on faster. Maedhros let him have it, biting his neck as he gave in to his lust, pounding fast and furious, like an animal, while Fingon begged "More, Russ, more, Russo, fuck me, give it to me, take it, more, fuck me hard, give me more..."

And then, Fingon couldn't make words at all, could only gasp and whimper, eyes locked with Maedhros's. Maedhros burned in that blue flame, it was all that existed, his everything, and they were both *there*, needing that release, but needing to stay lost in the fierce, hot fuck, just a little more, so good...

Fingon threw back his head and cried out "Russo!" as his seed spilled over his stomach. Two thrusts later Maedhros came with a predatory growl, Fingon's channel clenching and pulsing, milking the pleasure until Maedhros laughed and cried, head spinning, heart

thundering. The forest seemed to glow. It was right, honoring the beauty of his mate here in the beauty of this place. They belonged to each other and they belonged here, not in the stuffy, poncy court, but here where they could be free, untamed.

"Mine," Maedhros said.

"Yours."

They kissed, and took each other's hands again, before holding each other.

They lay there in the grass for awhile, completely at peace, until Maedhros's stomach growled. Fingon nodded and tousled Maedhros's hair. "We had better get back, see about getting you something to eat."

Maedhros gave him a pointed look. Fingon threw Maedhros's smallclothes in his face, cackling. "You're terrible."

"You love it."

Fingon sighed. "I do."

They got changed and headed back to Formenos. Fingon walked a little more slowly than usual - and a bit gingerly. Every now and again he winced. Maedhros finally stopped. "Do I need to carry you back?"

"No."

"I hope I didn't hurt you much."

"I have no regrets," Fingon said. Then he elbowed Maedhros, grinning. "I consider it a challenge, to fuck you just as hard later."

Maedhros grinned back. "Yes, please."

Fingon took Maedhros's hand, and leaned on him.

You, Me, Him: Part 1 [Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor]

Maglor kept his word to Maedhros and returned in time for his fiftieth birthday. Now he was sitting across from Maedhros - who was seated next to Fingon - at a combination "welcome home" and birthday party. Fëanor had spared no expense, hiring kitchen staff to make a dozen-course meal and not one, but three cakes; Fëanor joked that Finarfin could eat an entire one himself.

"He's got quite an appetite. He loves to eat sweet, creamy things," Fëanor said, with a smirk and a twinkle in his eye, making Finarfin's cheeks pink.

Maglor was one of the few people seated at that table who knew the double meaning in that statement... and once again, his mind's eye conjured an image of Fëanor with his ass spread, hole dripping clear, sweet slick onto Finarfin's waiting tongue, before Finarfin devoured him, tongue lashing away, making Fëanor gasp and whimper and cry out, getting even wetter for him.

Maglor had been hoping the time away on the road, exploring other parts of Valinor, would be good for him. Would help him get over this obsession he had with his own Oma and uncles and his elder brother... and his eldest cousin, now his elder brother's lover. But instead absence had just made the heart grow fonder, had made the lust burn hotter. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, trying not to think of what Fëanor's slick would taste like as he ate his cake. Trying not to think of Finarfin's tongue in Fëanor's hole, making Fëanor howl with pleasure. Trying not to think of Finarfin's tongue in *his* hole, Finarfin's hungry mouth on *his* cock, as Maglor had his mouth full of Fëanor and Maedhros's cocks at the same time, watching them kiss and caress each other...

"Kanafinwë." Fëanor rose from the table, and for a brief instant Maglor felt that clench of terror, worried that everyone at the table could scent his arousal, but then Fëanor smiled as he raised his goblet. "You have become a man on your journey." Fëanor's nostrils twitched ever so slightly, and Maglor swallowed hard - wondering what Fëanor made of that scent. Fëanor adjusted his stance ever so slightly, and looked off to the side. "Both in form and in deed. I am sure you've had adventures and learned much from it... and that it has inspired your music. Would you do us the honor of playing with us? Playing for us." Fëanor cleared his throat and gave a nervous smile, meeting Maglor's gaze before he looked away again.

Fingolfin sipped his drink, saying nothing.

Maglor now was very, very curious if his Oma could tell - he was sure his Ana certainly could, Fingolfin's eyes caught his and held for a moment before Fingolfin glanced at Fëanor. Briefly - perversely - Maglor wondered if Fëanor was aroused by it; he hoped so.

Maglor quickly got a hold of himself, not wanting to make it any more obvious, and he stood up and said, "I would love to play for you all."

There was a harp in the banquet hall. It wasn't Maglor's, and he preferred his own, but it would do. Maglor sat down at the harp, flexed his fingers, and did some scales to warm up - Fëanor seemed enthralled by just the scales, a look of awe on his face that was beautiful to Maglor.

Maglor started with something light and sweet. It was more accurately bittersweet - on his journey he'd met another bard, named Daeron. An Omega. An Omega who had wanted to

be his Omega, and Maglor had considered it. But he'd come back, even though he knew he couldn't repeat what he'd done with Maedhros, and he could never have Fëanor, or Fëanor's brothers. It hurt so much to have them just out of arm's reach, pining so close yet so far... but it would hurt even more to be without them. And yet, it still hurt to leave Daeron behind. Daeron and Maglor had fueled each other's creative fire for the time they were together, the passion between them inspiring songs, the songs they shared inspiring passion. It had been beautiful, all the more so for its ephemeral quality, and Maglor tried to remember the joy now rather than feel the pain of loss, tried to project that joy in his voice. Joy in returning home, seeing his loved ones again.

And yet there was that ache there. A sadness that seemed mirrored in Maedhros's eyes. Regret, perhaps. Or longing. Maglor dared not hope that Maedhros still wanted him, that Maedhros wanted more of what they'd done in the forest. Once was bad enough.

It was still that longing that caused Maglor to follow up the first few happy, gentle songs with the stormier, darker song that he'd composed in his pining for Maedhros, his pining for Fëanor. The lyrics were subtle - Maedhros had been able to figure it out - but Maglor doubted anyone else would know. Boldly, Maglor looked at Maedhros as he sang it.

Boldly, Fingon stared back, his blue-flame eyes burning cold.

He looked so much like Fingolfin. Not exactly, but close enough. Maglor found Fingon handsome. But he knew Fingon knew what they'd done, he could feel the jealousy that Maglor had Maedhros first. He didn't expect Fingon to share... or want to be shared, even though Maglor would eagerly please him as well, if offered.

Stop this madness. Stop lust for them like some rutting animal. Maglor tried to bring his thoughts back, tried to not project so much lust and angst with the song, aware Fingon was probably picking up on it - Fingon a fellow harpist, and sensitive to music the way Daeron had been - and he didn't want to make Fingon uncomfortable.

Or Maedhros, who was looking down, staring into his goblet instead of drinking it.

Maglor bowed when the songs were done, enjoying the praise from everyone in the hall, most of all the cheers and whistles from Fëanor, who had always been the biggest support and champion of his music - not mere obligatory praise of one's kin, Fëanor did not mince words if he disliked something, no matter who it was. To receive such a lavish, enthusiastic response from Fëanor meant all the world to Maglor.

"Your talent has improved," Fëanor said, putting an arm around him on his way back to his seat, that little innocent touch making Maglor tingle all over.

Oh Oma, if only you knew. Maglor flushed as he thought of licking Fëanor's slick passage, sucking Fëanor's cock, fucking Fëanor until Fëanor spent all over him, screaming. He'd had a lot of practice with Daeron. *A lot* of practice indeed, countless hours of pleasure.

Maglor sat down and Maedhros managed a smile. "That was beautiful," Maedhros said softly, his voice husky.

"Yes. Lovely songs." Fingon did not smile. "You put on quite a performance."

Maglor knew Fingon was also talking about fucking Maedhros, that little glint of jealousy in his voice like a knife's point. "Thank you," Maglor said, just as icily.

Maglor couldn't wait for the banquet to be done and to get out of there, but next there was

a set of drummers and dancers, and the big finish was Fëanor himself, fire dancing, shirtless, sweating in the warmth of the flames. Maglor's cock stiffened in his breeches, his mind racing with thoughts of taking Fëanor in many different positions, watching his muscles ripple and the sweat pour like the way Fëanor's body looked now.

Finally it was over, and Maglor stepped outside to get some air. Telperion was glowing silver, and Maglor went to a grove of trees, somewhere he liked to hide when he was a boy. Maedhros found him right away.

"I wanted to compliment you again on your songs," Maedhros explained.

Maglor nodded. "Thank you."

Maedhros held out his arms. "I've missed you so much."

Maglor went to him, even as feeling Maedhros's body against his was agony, reminding him all too well of what they'd done, the sweet sin. Making him crave more of the same. Maglor's cock got even harder, and he knew the flowing robe he wore over his tunic and breeches would only conceal it somewhat, and definitely would not hide the feel of the rock-hard bulge.

Maedhros surely felt it, but didn't comment on it right away. "You met someone, on your journey."

"I did."

Their eyes met. *He's so beautiful*, Maglor thought to himself, taking in his gorgeous brother, mouth going dry, stomach churning.

"It didn't work out," Maglor went on. *And that was my fault, because I can't let go of what I cannot have.*

Maedhros gave a little smirk. "I'd say I'm sorry, but..." Maedhros's arms tightened around him and pulled Maglor closer... pulled Maglor's hard bulge against his own. Maedhros's voice was husky as he finished with, "I'm not. I'm glad you're back."

And then he kissed Maglor, tongues playing sensually, teasing. Maglor moaned into the kiss, a shiver down his spine. Maedhros smelled delicious, intoxicating. Maglor's balls ached now, mind feverish with the thought of taking Maedhros right here, mounting him...

Maedhros pulled back a little and smiled, then he moved in again, kissing Maglor harder, deeper. Then they kissed open-mouthed, tongues licking, before their mouths crushed together again and this time Maglor took the lead, kissing Maedhros hungrily like he was trying to fuck mouth-to-mouth, the motion of his tongue a promise of what his cock could do -

Suddenly, there was a loud throat clearing. The kiss broke and Maglor froze. Fingon rose out of a shrub, hands on hips. He marched over - each step he took, his Alpha scent was stronger - and drew his sword at Maglor's throat.

"Mine," Fingon snarled. He bared his teeth and growled.

You, Me, Him: Part 2 [Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor]

Maglor had *never* seen Fingon like this. Usually Maedhros was the aggressive one and Fingon was the calm one, but then... a lot had changed. Fingon was in full Alpha form now, defending what he perceived as a threat.

Maglor couldn't help but find it arousing, and at the same time, his own Alpha instinct kicked in. He put a hand on his own sword, and growled back at Fingon. "I don't want to come to blows with you, cousin. And I think Nelya should make his own decision about who he belongs to."

Maedhros glanced around - Fingon quickly stepped back and sheathed his sword, suddenly aware there might be onlookers and that would be very bad - and then Maedhros's shoulders heaved as he let out a deep sigh. "We need to talk, all three of us."

Maedhros led the way to the study. Once they were safely inside and it was determined nobody else was there, Maedhros showed them a secret passage that led to his bedchamber. "Meet me there," Maedhros said, followed by, "Don't kill each other." He waved and walked off, leaving Fingon and Maglor alone.

Fingon gave Maglor an angry look - one that Maglor found quite attractive - and then Fingon shoved Maglor into the passage. Maglor walked forward, Fingon close behind, shoving him every few steps, until Maglor turned around and shoved Fingon back. Fingon shoved Maglor harder, knocking him over, then proceeded to a secret door, dragging Maglor through. The door let into the wardrobe in Maedhros's room.

Fingon and Maglor each took a chair a few meters away from each other, with Maedhros sitting in front of them, between. He looked at each of them, then took a deep breath and said, "I want both of you."

Maglor's mouth opened. Fingon's eyebrows shot up.

"But if you insist on fighting each other for it, do it without bloodshed." Maedhros leaned back in his seat and smirked. "There is a much better way. A more enjoyable way."

"Is there?" Fingon's eyebrows shot up.

"I have heard things from my uncles. They share my Oma, but they have... contests between them, to see who gets time with him next, who gets to do what to him when they're all together." Maedhros gestured to them. "I would like you to wrestle. Nude. To rub your cocks together, and whichever one of you comes first, wins."

Maglor rose from his seat, flung his sword onto the floor, and quickly undressed, freeing his hard cock. He needed to come, and the thought of "fighting" Fingon this way drove him mad with lust. Fingon also put his sword on the floor and undressed, more slowly, his eyes locked with Maglor's.

Fingon approached, grabbed Maglor by the hair, and pulled him into a deep, passionate kiss, the heads of their cocks kissing also. "You," Fingon rasped, "are going to lose."

Maglor shoved Fingon down on a carmine rug on the floor. "We'll see about that."

Maedhros pulled off his own breeches and smallclothes, got out a bottle of oil, poured

some over his cock, and then handed the bottle to Fingon before he sat back down.

Fingon poured oil over Maglor's chest and stomach, and then Maglor did the same to Fingon. They kissed again as their hands slid over each other's bodies, working in the oil. Maglor took their cocks together in his fist, poured oil over their cocks, and stroked them together slowly, making Fingon moan into the kiss and shudder.

Good. Maglor began kissing Fingon's neck, licking, nibbling.

Fingon rolled Maglor onto his back, grinding insistently. They continued caressing each other, spreading the oil around; Maglor loved the feel of the slippery oil over Fingon's muscular body, the way it looked, Fingon glistening deliciously. Maglor played with Fingon's nipples, kissing, tongues licking. The oil intensified their Alpha scents, which blended together in a most enticing way. Maglor glanced over and saw Maedhros stroking himself, breathing harder, and the sight of it made Maglor buck, almost coming right then.

Fingon laughed and licked down Maglor's neck, before sucking on the sweet hollow where neck met shoulder. "I bet you're going to come any moment now."

"I bet you'd like that." Maglor claimed Fingon's mouth again, shoved Fingon onto his back, and kissed down Fingon's neck to his chest, licking at an oiled nipple. Fingon gasped and arched to him. Maglor smiled, rubbing his cock harder against Fingon's cock as he continued lapping at the hard little nub. When Maglor sucked it into his mouth, Fingon cried out, and again as Maglor's thumb rubbed the other nipple.

Fingon grabbed Maglor by the hair - Maglor's cock pulsed, loving it - and kissed him fiercely. He flipped Maglor onto his back and cock rubbed cock as they kissed again and again, then Fingon licked down to Maglor's chest and gave Maglor's nipples the same treatment, lashing at one as he played with the other. He suckled hard, tugged on it with his lips, tongue flickering. Maglor writhed and moaned. Fingon did the same to the other nipple, licking, sucking, as his cock rubbed and rubbed, balls rubbing together, teasing.

Maglor pulled Fingon's hair, shoved and rolled Fingon onto his stomach, pushed Fingon's hair out of the way, and poured oil over Fingon's back, into the crack of his ass. Maglor caressed and kneaded Fingon's back as his hard cock slid up and down Fingon's spine, then he continued rubbing and rolling Fingon's back as his hard cock rubbed in the crack of Fingon's ass. He guided his cock to the tip of Fingon's opening and rubbed it around and around. "I bet you'd love it if I fucked you," Maglor said, cock jolting at the thought. He smacked Fingon's ass. "I'd love to fuck that pretty arse of yours -"

Fingon got up and wrestled Maglor onto the floor, and after they rolled around back and forth, kissing furiously, hands groping, cock rubbing cock, Fingon wrestled Maglor onto his stomach. He yanked Maglor's hair aside and Maglor moaned at the feel of the oil over his back, over his ass cheeks. Fingon slapped Maglor's ass hard before he rubbed the oil into it, then he moved up, rubbing his hard cock against Maglor's ass as he rubbed Maglor's back, kissing here, licking there. He licked down Maglor's spine and Maglor whimpered, almost undone yet again.

Fingon shoved a slick finger into Maglor's passage, working it in and out. "If anyone gets fucked it's going to be you, and you'd love it." Fingon bit the back of Maglor's neck and one finger became two. Maglor gasped and cried out, working his hips, fucking himself on Fingon's fingers, not able to help it. Fingon's free hand smacked Maglor's ass again and he laughed, before he took another long, slow lick down Maglor's spine. He nibbled Maglor's ass cheeks. "Make both of you mine..."

"Yes," Maglor panted before he could stop himself. He looked up at Maedhros, who was stroking himself harder, cock dripping clear beads, panting. Maedhros looked so beautiful like this, and he smelled even more delicious - the three of them smelled luscious together. Maglor wanted both of them at once.

Fingon slapped Maglor's ass again. Fingon pulled his fingers out and Maglor felt the tip of Fingon's cock at his opening. Fingon slid his cock into the crack again, then back down to the opening. "I'll fuck you and fuck you and fuck you, until you can't walk, until you scream so loud you can't sing for days..."

Maglor shuddered. He wanted that just as much as he wanted to fuck Maedhros. The thought of Fingon inside him as he was inside Maedhros...

But he wanted to fuck Fingon, too. He wanted to wreck Fingon, wanted to put that newly bossy, cocky cousin of his in his place. Maglor shoved Fingon with his ass, and once Fingon was knocked over, Maglor pounced on him, cat-like, and kissed Fingon fiercely as he rolled his hips, fucking Fingon's cock with his cock. He seized a handful of Fingon's hair and resumed teasing Fingon's nipples, licking and suckling one as his thumb and fingers pinched and plucked and rolled the other, his body thrilling to the sound of Fingon moaning, the look of desperate lust in Fingon's blue-flame eyes.

"You're going to be mine," Maglor growled, and bit one of Fingon's nipples, then the other, before he sucked hard, pulling with his lips, lashed hard with his tongue, suckled some more.

Fingon pushed Maglor and rolled on top of him, rubbing against him faster. They kissed, and Fingon's hands wandered Maglor's body, learning everywhere he was sensitive. "You're going to be *mine*," Fingon snarled.

Maedhros whimpered, stroking himself furiously.

"You had better slow down," Fingon barked at him. "You don't get to come until the winner fucks you."

Maedhros whined and his hand slowed down. "Please," he begged.

"Don't worry, love." Fingon sneered at Maglor. "This won't last too much longer, I think." Fingon kissed Maglor hard, continuing to rub cock to cock.

Fingon's cock felt so good on his, and Maglor felt that tension building, pushing him to the edge. Maglor tried to hold back just a little more - not simply to not lose by coming first, but to keep it going, wanting to keep feeling that sweet, sweet rubbing, to take in the erotic sight of Fingon's gorgeous cock on his.

Fingon kissed him again, and Maglor kissed him back. Fingon started kissing Maglor's neck, and Maglor pinched Fingon's nipples, rubbed them, making Fingon moan into his neck. Maglor was starting to lose control, but he was going to bring Fingon with him. He strummed Fingon's nipples faster.

Their mouths met again, tongues lashing, then Fingon sucked on Maglor's lower lip and bit it. "You're going to come for me," Fingon rasped. "Then I'm going to fuck Russo, then I'm going to fuck *you*."

Maglor shuddered. He wanted to feel Fingon's cock inside him - he'd never taken a cock before, and it seemed right that Fingon's would be his first. But he wanted to fuck Fingon,

too. He needed to hold out just a little more. He wanted more. He was utterly lost in the pleasure of Fingon's cock making love to his cock, the beauty of Fingon's oiled body, those eyes...

They kissed again, and Fingon slid up and down, rubbing Maglor's cock faster, balls slapping Maglor's balls. The wet squishing-slapping sound of Fingon's balls fucking his balls sent Maglor over the edge, crying out, his nails in Fingon's hips as he spent, cock creaming Fingon's cock, spurting up Fingon's chest. Fingon laughed, triumphant, before he let out a deep groan, coming too. The sight of the seed flowing over their cocks made the throbbing contractions more intense, Maglor moaning and shivering as they kissed again. Fingon sighed, and then he smiled, stroking Maglor's face.

"That was fun." Fingon gave him a sweet, tender little kiss. "Not as fun as it will be when I take that gorgeous arse of yours."

Maglor's breath hitched. He kissed Fingon back - he didn't even care that he lost.

"We could share Nelya," Maglor said when they pulled back, breathing harder. "We could share each other, like Oma and his brothers do."

"We could wrestle now and again, to see who gets to fuck who," Fingon said, running a finger down Maglor's chest, "but I think we all know who's in charge." Fingon's finger stroked back up, to brush around a nipple, then rubbed at it, before he bent his head and suckled, lips tugging it, making Maglor's cock harden up again.

"I need you to fuck me before I die," Maedhros croaked, giving Fingon a pleading look.

"In a moment, love. Let me recharge first." Fingon kissed Maglor deeply and started grinding him again. Soon enough, their cocks were hard and ready, but they couldn't stop just yet, needed to tease each other more, kissing and caressing, cock rubbing cock, while Maedhros watched, stroking himself, moaning.

Maglor loved it. If he'd lost, it felt like winning.

You, Me, Him: Part 3 [Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor]

Maglor could have easily gone another few rounds with Fingon, rubbing cock to cock and perhaps more, but poor Maedhros needed relief. Reluctantly, Maglor and Fingon parted with a deep kiss and one last slow slide of cock against cock, then Maglor rolled off of Fingon, got up, and pulled Fingon to his feet.

Fingon led the way to Maedhros, who was shaking and whimpering. As they approached, Maglor watched a bead of clear fluid drip down from Maedhros's cock. His cock had made a puddle on the floor... and there was another puddle, dripping down from the seat.

Fingon took Maedhros's hands and drew him up into his arms, into a passionate kiss, and Maglor watched them kiss, then glanced over at the puddle in Maedhros's seat, which was even larger than he'd expected. More slick was running over, and Maglor moaned and licked his lips at the sight of it.

Fingon turned to Maglor, reached out for him, and pushed him over. He caressed their bodies as they kissed, then moved in and took each of their cocks in his hand as he kissed and licked Maedhros's neck, then Maglor's, as they continued kissing. Then Fingon reached around and slapped both their asses. To his surprise, Maglor liked having his ass smacked, cock jolting. Fingon licked his lips at Maglor and moved in for another kiss, smacking his ass again, making Maglor's cock throb... making Maedhros whine.

"Please," Maedhros begged. "Damn you..."

Fingon laughed. He seized a handful of Maedhros's hair, and marched him over to the bed, taking the oil with him. He gestured for Maglor to join him on the bed, and then Fingon poured oil over Maedhros's chest and stomach.

"Won't that ruin the sheets -"

Fingon silenced Maglor with a kiss, then he shrugged. "Don't know, don't care. We can always get more sheets."

Fingon and Maglor began to work the oil over Maedhros's gorgeous, sculpted body, rubbing back and forth and in circles, playing with his nipples, caressing his stomach, his thighs, making his body shine, even more beautiful glistening wet like this.

When the front of Maedhros was all oiled up, Fingon and Maglor leaned down and took turns kissing him, then each other, then they worked on Maedhros's neck together, kissing, licking, and nibbling. They kissed down to Maedhros's nipples, licking and sucking them at the same time, making Maedhros writhe and howl, clutching their heads, pulling their hair, arched to them. They spent a long time suckling his nipples, making them long and thick, Maedhros giving shuddery little gasps, eyes wild and desperate.

They kissed and licked his stomach, nibbled at his hips, kissed and licked and bit his inner thighs, kissed and licked behind the knee and licked back up. Then they licked at his cock together, up and down the shaft, rubbing their tongues together to share the taste of Maedhros's arousal, before they lapped at it some more.

"Please. Please!" Maedhros arched to them, panting. "Please... fuck me... please..."

Fingon looked at Maglor, then he smirked and moved in closer. Maedhros was so wet, hole dripping so much slick, and Fingon lapped at it, making streamers with his tongue,

sipped at Maedhros's slick with little murmurs of approval, before he dove in, fucking Maedhros with his tongue. Maglor couldn't help stroking himself, burning with lust for the erotic sight of Fingon devouring Maedhros's hole like this, rocking his head back and forth as his tongue lashed away, Maedhros rolling his hips, fucking himself, moaning.

Fingon grabbed Maglor by the hair, pulled him over, and kissed him, sharing Maedhros's slick with him. Maedhros whimpered at the sight of them kissing, enjoying the taste of him, and then Fingon went back to Maedhros's hole, licking more slowly, teasingly, as Maglor licked up and down the shaft and around and around the head of Maedhros's cock, ever so slowly.

"PLEASE! Please, please, *PLEASE!*" Maedhros grit his teeth and gave a growl that rose into a squeal.

"Oh, all right. If you insist." Fingon spat into Maedhros's hole - Maglor groaned at the way Maedhros's hole twitched, which made his own cock twitch, wanting Maedhros so badly. Wanting Fingon, too. The smell of the three of them was pure sex, fueling Maglor's fire.

Fingon rose up and kissed Maglor, again sharing Maedhros's slick. Fingon gave Maglor's cock a few strokes, then he slapped Maglor's ass again, making Maglor's cock pulse. Fingon shoved him playfully. "Take his mouth while I fuck him," Fingon commanded.

While Maglor enjoyed the idea of Maedhros sucking him - and watching Fingon fuck - his Alpha side couldn't completely let it go, and he growled at Fingon before he moved closer to nip Fingon's lower lip, then his neck. They kissed again, Maedhros whined, and Maglor laughed and tousled his brother's hair as got into place, kneeling at the head of the bed.

Maedhros got on all fours, Maglor's cock in his face, Fingon behind him. Maglor grabbed hold of Maedhros's copper hair with one hand and guided his cock into Maedhros's mouth with the other. He watched as the tip of Fingon's cock disappeared into Maedhros's entrance, and then slid in deeper and deeper until it was all the way in, making Maedhros cry out around Maglor's cock.

Fingon rolled his hips slowly and gently at first, while Maedhros's head bobbed up and down. Maglor groaned, loving the feel of Maedhros's mouth on him, and the sight of Maedhros's hole swallowing Fingon's cock over and over, glistening with slick, making streamers. Maedhros's scent grew stronger, and he moaned with his mouth full. Maglor enjoyed the sight of Fingon's gorgeous body glistening with oil, the fluid grace of him working his hips, and the sight of Maedhros in ecstasy, the lust in his eyes as he feasted on cock and Fingon pleasured him.

Soon Fingon took hold of Maedhros's hips and began to thrust faster, their hips smacking together, Fingon's balls slapping Maedhros's balls from behind. Maglor pulled Maedhros's hair and fucked his mouth, losing himself in sensation and the sight of his lovers fucking, the lewd sounds of flesh on flesh, Maedhros and Fingon's grunts and groans. Maglor got closer, but made himself hold back, wanting to come when they did, wanting to explode with them and for them.

And when the moment arrived it was glorious. Fingon reached around to stroke Maedhros's cock, fucking harder and faster, the slap of their hips and the wet suctioning sound of their fuck rising above Maedhros's whimpers and growls. Suddenly Maedhros's eyes widened and he howled around the cock in his mouth, shuddering, and Maglor felt something hot and wet spurt against his knee. Two thrusts later Fingon threw his head back and gasped, shaking, and Maglor let go with a cry, filling Maedhros's mouth with his seed. Maedhros hummed happily as he swallowed it down, and moaned softly as he took

a few licks to clean Maglor's cock, giving him aftershocks. Fingon caught his breath, a look of joy on his face as he continued to shiver.

Maedhros rolled onto his back, and held out his arms. The radiant smile on Maedhros's face took Maglor's breath away. Maglor and Fingon curled up together on Maedhros, holding each other too, and the three took turns kissing, rubbing noses.

"I love both of you," Maedhros said, taking their hands, "and I want you to love each other."

"We do," Fingon said, touching Maglor's face. He grinned. "I've been fantasizing about 'wrestling' you for quite some time. That was even better than I'd hoped for."

Maglor's jaw dropped - he had been so afraid of rejection - and that delighted him. He laughed and gave Fingon a big kiss, feeling happiness so fierce it hurt.

Then the happiness was chased by fear. He had, after all, been afraid of more than just rejection. What they were doing was very against the Law. Men with men. Incest. More than one partner. Maglor had been concerned about being caught. He still was.

Seeming to sense his concern, Fingon stroked Maglor's hair - Maglor finally realized they all had oily hair, and he found the sight of the usually-immaculate Fingon with wet, stringy hair to be deliciously debauched. "Two of us going off together might look suspicious after a time, but it looks less suspicious with three," Fingon said. "Most people assume most people can only love one at a time, that only couples exist."

Maglor supposed that made sense. "I hope you're right."

"We will be careful," Maedhros said.

Maglor glanced at the door, then back at his lovers, feeling an icy grip at his stomach as he remembered how loud they'd been. "I hope nobody heard us -"

Fingon and Maedhros laughed together.

"As soon as we told Oma, he had a secret passage built for my room, and enchanted some of its decoration with wards to keep in the sound." Maedhros smiled.

Maglor laughed too, feeling relief. He still couldn't help but feel lingering anxiety, but he tried not to let it get in the way.

He tried. He felt himself tensing up as he lay there in Fingon and Maedhros's arms, trying to relax.

Maedhros kissed him, and then Fingon kissed him. "I think you need a distraction," Fingon said.

Maglor smirked. "What did you have in mind?" Maglor knew exactly what Fingon had in mind.

They took turns kissing again, caressing each other, until their cocks were hard and ready once more. They made their three cock heads kiss, rubbing together, and Fingon grasped the tops of their shafts, three in one hand, stroking up and down, the feeling so intensely delicious that Maglor almost came then.

Fingon's thumb brushed Maglor's nipple and began to tease it, rolling it around. "Would you like to fuck him while I have you?"

"Yes." Maglor kissed Fingon hard.

Fingon laughed and kissed Maglor back. "You should prepare Russo."

"Oh, I'm very ready," Maedhros said, laying on his back against the pillows, copper hair fanned out, muscled body glistening with oil, arching to them. He spread so they could see Fingon's seed leaking from his open hole. "I want more."

Fingon looked back at Maglor. "I think he needs to be even more prepared." With that, he grabbed Maglor by the hair and shoved Maglor down, his head between Maedhros's legs.

Maglor breathed in the wonderful scent of Maedhros's arousal mixed with Fingon's seed. He dipped his tongue inside Maedhros's open passage and the taste of his slick combined with Fingon's seed was even better. Maglor moaned and had at it, hungrily lapping at the luscious sweet-musk juices as Maedhros gave little broken cries, rolling his hips, fucking himself on Maglor's tongue. Then Maglor felt Fingon move behind him, and Fingon was licking around the rim of Maglor's opening. It was Maglor's turn to cry out as he felt Fingon's tongue dip inside.

Nothing had ever felt so good. Fingon's tongue found that sweet spot inside him, fluttering and brushing, lashing, rubbing, slow then fast, then slow then fast, taking him to the edge, bringing him back down, and building it up again. Maglor matched Fingon's rhythm with his tongue inside Maedhros, the two brothers moaning together. Eating Fingon's seed out of Maedhros's hole, tasting Maedhros's slick, while his own hole was eaten so well... Maglor shuddered, trying not to come this soon. It was such decadent pleasure, Maglor wanted it to last all night.

But Maedhros had needs, and Maglor's own cock was hard to the point of agony. Maglor finally relented, sliding up, pausing to use his tongue to chase some of the clear fluid running down Maedhros's shaft, then came up to kiss Maedhros with it. Maedhros bucked and dug his nails into Maglor's sides.

"Now," Maedhros panted. "Now, fuck me now, please, now..."

That first moment of being inside Maedhros again was so sweet. It felt like they were made for this, the way they fit together. Maglor took his first few thrusts, trembling, gasping for breath at the way the silken heat wrapped around his cock, welcomed it, caressed it. "Ai, Nelya."

"Káno..." Maedhros gave a shuddery sigh. "Káno, I've missed your beautiful cock..." He looked up at Maglor with worshipful eyes, touched Maglor's face and smiled that lovely smile.

That drove Maglor wild. He had wanted to go slow and gentle, to savor their reunion, but those words - the feeling behind it - brought out the beast. Maglor began slamming into him, groaning as Maedhros howled. His balls slapped Maedhros's ass, and the wet slurping sound of his cock pumping in and out of Maedhros's slick hole rose above the slaps and moans.

Maglor gasped as he felt oil pour down the crack of his ass, dripping into his hole. Fingon shoved two slick fingers in him, finding that spot again, working his fingers in and out, stroking that sweet spot over and over. Then Fingon's cock was at his entrance. "Deep

breaths," Fingon said, putting an arm around Maglor.

Maglor tried to take deep breaths, slowing down and then stopping entirely as Fingon pushed inside him. For an instant it pinched and burned, felt like he was being split, and then Fingon sighed as he bottomed out. Maglor was full, gasping for breath, almost too much. Fingon let him rest for a moment, while Maglor rested in Maedhros, who waited, giving him a hungry look. Then a moment later Fingon slapped Maglor's ass and took his first few thrusts. Pain became pleasure as Fingon's cock found that spot, rubbing it, teasing it.

"Ai, Finno." Maglor shivered, his hole twitching around Fingon's cock, his own cock pulsing in Maedhros's hole. He could feel Fingon's cock pulsing too, and the pulsing and the veiny texture of it felt so good.

If it was like this for him, he could only imagine what it must feel like for an Omega. Maglor went back to thrusting inside Maedhros, pushing inside Maedhros as Fingon pulled back, sliding out as Fingon pushed in. Hips slapped louder, two wet holes squished and slurped, three voices moaned their pleasure, the smell of Alpha-Alpha-Omega sex so strong Maglor could taste it.

It was bliss. Maedhros's hole kissing his cock, Fingon's cock hitting that perfect note inside him again and again. Maglor never wanted to stop, utterly lost in this space where all that existed was their bodies, their passion, lust and sensation. All that mattered was this, their hot, needy fuck, giving and taking. Maglor didn't know how anything this right could be wrong. The Laws felt even more like a lie than they had before. This was what they were meant for, not confining themselves.

Maglor got closer, shaking, panting, driving hard into his brother as Fingon pounded him. Maglor grabbed Maedhros's hair as Fingon pulled Maglor's hair.

"His slick is all over my cock," Fingon purred, kissing Maglor's neck, playing with Maglor's nipples. "So he can also be inside you this way..."

Maglor cried out, almost undone by that. Fingon laughed, nibbled Maglor's neck, licked it, and resumed kissing it, pinching Maglor's nipples harder, rubbing them faster.

"Fuck him the way I'm fucking you," Fingon ordered, slamming even harder, the rhythm on Maglor's sweet spot building up to the finish. Maglor matched Fingon's rhythm inside Maedhros, and played with Maedhros's nipples the way Fingon was playing with his. Soon they were both right there, both whimpering together, quivering, as Fingon growled.

"Come, right now, both of you," Fingon commanded.

Maedhros and Maglor cried out together as Maedhros's cock shot an arc of slick over Maglor's chest, and Maglor spent into Maedhros's clenching hole. Fingon moaned as his seed filled Maglor, and Maglor shot off again, almost sobbing at the intense, wonderful relief and euphoria.

Maglor snuggled into Maedhros's chest, and Fingon rested against Maglor's back, his head on Maglor's shoulder. Their arms and legs tangled, holding each other, rocking together. Through the haze of contentment, Maglor felt Fingon slip out of him and roll next to him and their limbs re-tangled, all of them petting each other, nuzzling, smiling at each other tenderly.

"I'm going to fuck you next time," Maglor said, stroking Fingon's cheek.

Fingon's sweet smile became a wicked grin. "You'll need a rematch for that."

Maglor nodded, grinning back. "That sounds good to me."

Suddenly, there was a key in the lock and the door opened. Maglor froze - there was no way to conceal what they'd done, with the covers pushed off to the side, the three of them naked on the bed, oiled, Maglor could feel his hole gaping, Fingon's seed dripping out of it. The servants were supposed to knock first; had the wards failed?

Fingolfin and Finarfin stepped in, and quickly shut the door behind them.

Maedhros narrowed his eyes. "How did you get in?"

"As you know, Feanor has a key to every room in this palace," Fingolfin said, dangling a key from a chain on his finger. "We distracted him." He smirked, and Finarfin winked.

"I suppose that was the wrong question. *Why* did you come in?"

"You should have knocked," Maglor added.

Fingolfin and Finarfin looked at each other, then back at the three nude lovers.

"Apologies," Fingolfin said. "I thought it might disturb you more if we knocked."

"We waited until you were done," Finarfin said. "No, we can't hear you, but we watched you in the palantir."

"Indeed." Fingolfin smiled, looking pleased with himself. Then his expression was serious. "We wish to speak with you, Kanafinwë."

Maglor's face burned. Of course, he knew that Finarfin and Fingolfin were lovers with Feanor, and each other. He knew they knew about Fingon and Maedhros, and approved. He hoped they weren't going to hold him to a different standard and disapprove now that he was involved.

"Go on," Fingon said, and slapped Maglor's ass right in front of his father and uncle. "I'm sure you have a lot to talk about."

"Quite a lot." Finarfin produced a robe for Maglor to put on, and when Maglor's nakedness was covered, Fingolfin and Finarfin each took him by the hand, leading him to the secret passage they knew was in Maedhros's wardrobe.

As the door closed behind them, the Alpha scents of Fingolfin and Finarfin were overpowering.

Maglor's heart beat faster. Were they... *aroused*?

Prove It: Part 1 [Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

Maglor was surprised, but knew he shouldn't be, to learn that the palace had many secret passages, one of which led directly to the guest suite exclusively used by Fingolfin when he visited. It was there Fingolfin and Finarfin took him, and the moment they stepped foot in the bedchamber, they pulled off Maglor's robe together, letting it drop to the floor, so that Maglor was naked before them.

Not merely naked, but covered in oil - even his hair was stringy with it. His torso was painted with his elder brother's cream, and Maglor's hole was open and Fingon's seed was still dripping out of it, onto the floor. Of course, Fingolfin and Finarfin had already seen Maglor laying there naked with Fingon and Maedhros, his hole used.

Maglor knew if he were a normal man and this were a normal family, he should feel shame for his incest. Instead, he felt himself getting aroused all over again, bearing the evidence of his tryst in front of his beautiful, delicious uncles... smelling how aroused the two Alphas were. Seeing their breeches tented as they looked him up and down.

He'd wanted them both for so long, just as he'd wanted Maedhros... wanted Fëanor. He knew Fingolfin and Finarfin shared Fëanor. He knew Fingolfin had, in fact, sired him on Fëanor, Nerdanel wasn't related to him at all. The fire in their blood sang now, Maglor burning for them. He hoped with all his might this was what he thought it would be.

Maglor put a hand on his hip. "Well?" He did a little twirl, to show them his ass, give them a good look at his used, dripping hole. He turned back around to give them an eyeful of his half-hard cock.

Fingolfin and Finarfin looked at each other, cleared their throats, then Finarfin gave Fingolfin the "go ahead" gesture.

Fingolfin squared his shoulders. "As you know, you are a man now... and we notice you as a man. Not just a man, but a fellow Alpha." Their eyes locked. "One who desires our Omega, your Oma, Fëanor."

Maglor braced himself. He wasn't expecting them to call him out about that. He wondered if they drew the line at incest between an Oma and offspring.

Finarfin seemed to sense his concern and chimed in. "If he would have you, we would be willing to share him with you... but you must prove yourself worthy."

Maglor reflexively took a step back, his eyebrows going up. He expected *that* even less. "I am of the same blood as you. I have been developing my craft of music. I don't understand what I have to prove to you -"

"Fëanor is a lot," Fingolfin said.

Before Maglor could laugh at that - it was like saying fire was hot, or water was wet - Finarfin added, "He is insatiable. Especially during heat."

Maglor found that thought thrilling rather than intimidating, his cock stiffening even more. His mind raced with wickedly luscious thoughts of Fëanor and his brothers making sweaty, passionate love for hours in different positions, Fëanor begging for more...

"As you know, you are still young, and new to the ways of sex," Fingolfin said. "We need to know you will be able to keep up with Fëanor's appetites if we are to share him with you."

Maglor smirked. "Only one way to find out."

Finarfin put up both hands. "There is a bridge between here and there."

Now it was Fingolfin's turn to smirk. "We are that bridge."

"If you want us to share Fëanor with you, we must test your stamina... and develop your skills as a lover," Finarfin said.

"We don't want him unsatisfied," Fingolfin said.

Maglor's head was spinning at the mere possibility of making love to his Oma. And first, making love with them. His fantasy of Maedhros and Fingon had been fulfilled - and there would likely be many more nights like this one. Now, to have this dream come true... Maglor pinched himself. It was real.

Finarfin and Fingolfin noticed and chuckled together.

"When do I start?" Maglor asked, hearing the eagerness in his voice, almost embarrassed by how shameless and wanton he was... almost. He was too far gone in his lust to care. Prince of the Noldor or not, he wanted to rut like an animal.

"You start now," Fingolfin said. He and Finarfin kissed.

Maglor moaned as he watched them, their tongues sensually licking and rubbing. His cock leapt, throbbing, wanting to do whatever they would ask of him.

They came forward, and guided Maglor to them. One at a time they claimed his mouth - first Fingolfin, then Finarfin. Feeling their lips, their tongues, almost undid Maglor right then. He moaned louder as their hands roamed over his body, exploring, caressing, then Fingolfin played with Maglor's balls as Finarfin stroked his cock, Fingolfin's tongue on his as Finarfin kissed and licked his neck. Finarfin turned Maglor's face to his and their tongues played as Fingolfin stroked Maglor's cock, Finarfin rubbing Maglor's balls. Fingolfin kissed, licked, and nibbled Maglor's neck and shoulder.

"Tonight is just the agreement," Fingolfin said. "Where you commit to this path. Where you seal a promise."

"You're not going to fuck me?" Maglor asked.

Fingolfin and Finarfin looked at each other, laughed again, kissed again - Maglor sighed, so turned on by them kissing - and then they looked back at Maglor and shook their heads. "Not tonight. We have other plans for you," Fingolfin said.

With that, Fingolfin shoved Maglor down on his knees. Fingolfin and Finarfin pulled off their tunics, then took down their breeches, freeing their hard cocks, already glistening, dripping with their arousal. They looked and smelled delicious.

Finarfin pulled Maglor closer to them, by the hair. He shoved his cock in Maglor's mouth. Maglor sucked greedily, bobbing up and down, reaching down to stroke himself. He wanted this so long and now it was happening, and it was even more erotic than his

fantasies. Finarfin moaned, and as he and Fingolfin began kissing and caressing each other, Finarfin's moans got louder. Soon Finarfin was yanking on Maglor's hair, rocking his hips, thrusting in and out of Maglor's mouth, fucking it. Maglor loved it, humming with pleasure around Finarfin's cock as he beat his own faster, harder.

Before Finarfin could come, Fingolfin pushed Maglor off Finarfin's cock, and slid his own into Maglor's mouth. Maglor sucked him just as hungrily, slurping, suctioning, savoring every deep grunt and groan Fingolfin made. His excitement grew as Fingolfin and Finarfin resumed kissing, hands wandering over each other's gorgeous bodies. Fingolfin stroked Finarfin's cock, slow and teasing, and Finarfin pinched Fingolfin's nipples. Finarfin began to kiss Fingolfin's neck, making Fingolfin moan louder, and when Finarfin leaned down to lap one of Fingolfin's nipples, then sucked it hard, pulling it with his teeth, Maglor whimpered around the cock in his mouth, right on that edge of his own climax.

"You don't get to come yet," Fingolfin barked, slapping Maglor's shoulder.

Maglor whined but continued sucking. He slowed down, to frustrate Fingolfin right back. Hearing Fingolfin's ragged breath drove him even closer to the edge even without touching himself.

Fingolfin gently rolled his hips, hands in Maglor's hair, as he and Finarfin kissed more passionately. Every few kisses Finarfin dipped down to lick and suckle one nipple, then the other, then he licked up Fingolfin's neck to take his mouth again. When Fingolfin was shaking, panting, Finarfin pulled Fingolfin's cock out of Maglor's mouth...

...and then they shoved both their cocks in Maglor's mouth. Maglor could only take them just past the head at first, they were thick and hard to get his mouth around, making his jaw hurt a little, but the discomfort was worth it for the utter debauchery of the act. Maglor played with his own nipples, going out of his mind with lust at having two beautiful cocks in his mouth... cock rubbing cock in his mouth, Fingolfin and Finarfin using Maglor's mouth to make love to each other.

Maglor took them a little deeper, still not able to go very far, but he was pleasuring their heads so it was good enough. Their hips rolled together, cock sliding against cock in Maglor's wet, sloppy mouth, drool seeping out the corners, down Maglor's chin and neck. This was so filthy and he couldn't get enough.

"Our boy shows promise," Fingolfin murmured.

"Yes. He's quite the hungry cocksucker, aren't you?" Finarfin stroked Maglor's cheek.

"Mmmhmmmm, *mmmmhmmmm!*" Maglor's cock jolted and pulsated - admitting what a slut he was for cock just made him even hungrier for it, sucking harder, desperate for his own release, but he never wanted them to stop using him like this.

"That's right. Don't forget which Alphas are in charge," Finarfin said.

"You mean Alpha," Fingolfin admonished.

Finarfin gave him a little kiss and a smug smile. "You mean me."

"We'll see about that." Fingolfin kissed him back, harder, and they both moaned into the kiss.

Maglor moaned too, sucking like his life depended on it, cock-crazed. He rubbed and

pinched his nipples, aching to play with his cock, but he did as he was told. The ache grew stronger as he felt their cocks throbbing in his mouth, knowing they were getting close.

Fingolfin came with a deep groan, and Finarfin came an instant later, gasping for breath. They kissed once more, crying out into the kiss, as they filled Maglor's mouth with hot, sweet cream. Maglor swallowed down what he could, but there was so much of it that it spilled down his chin and throat, dripping down his chest, and he almost choked as he tried to drink more of it. He licked them clean as best as he could, savoring every last drop... savoring the beauty of Fingolfin and Finarfin clinging together, breathing each other's breath, the look of ecstasy on their faces.

Fingolfin and Finarfin pulled him to his feet. "Good boy," Finarfin said softly, and drew Maglor into a kiss, then Fingolfin kissed him.

They led Maglor over to the bed, and they sat in chairs while Maglor sat on the edge of the bed. "You may relieve yourself now," Fingolfin said.

Maglor stroked himself madly, making a wet rattling sound, his wrist a blur. He was so pent up, but his body made him hold out a little longer, a little longer, teasing his cock some more, building and building. At last Fingolfin and Finarfin came over from where they were seated, and Finarfin began to kiss Maglor's neck, hands caressing Maglor's arms and chest, as Fingolfin put his hand over Maglor's, guiding the rhythm even harder and faster, so much so Maglor's wrist hurt.

"Come," Fingolfin commanded. "Come right now." With that, he kissed Maglor.

Maglor howled into the kiss as he gave in, spending over his hand and Fingolfin's, spurting over his chest. Gasping for breath, the contractions throbbed through him, higher and higher, then sinking, melting. Maglor fell back against the bed, laughing with euphoria.

"That's it for tonight," he said.

"For tonight." Fingolfin smiled.

"Yes, indeed. Do get some rest... you will be needing it for tomorrow." Finarfin's smile became a grin, and through the haze of bliss Maglor wondered what he was in for, then his mind faded again and he was vaguely aware of Fingolfin and Finarfin pulling the covers around him.

He came to awhile later, to feel Fingolfin sliding in next to him. "As you know, you need a bath," Fingolfin murmured, and gave him a little kiss before he moved closer, his chest to Maglor's back, arms around him.

It felt so good to be held like this. Maglor sighed with contentment before he drifted off to sleep.

Prove It: Part 2 [Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

The next day, Maglor woke up in Fingolfin's bed, but Fingolfin was already gone. He left a note with instructions for Maglor to use the secret passage network to go back to his room, and to travel out to Fingolfin's own estate before Telperion... and bring his harp.

Maglor was on edge with anticipation all day, trying to keep calm and not give away what was going on, but by the time he rode out to Fingolfin's palace he was already half-hard, his mind racing with thoughts of what he and Fingolfin would get up to together.

Maedhros, Fingon, Finarfin and Fëanor were still at Fëanor's palace, which Maglor assumed was by design. The first order of business was giving a concert at the evening meal. It made sense - it provided an excuse for Fingolfin to invite Maglor to the palace, wanting a performance to see how Maglor's skills had developed on his journey. And Maglor put his all into it, expressing his love for Fingolfin through song in a way that only Fingolfin would recognize - and indeed, their eyes kept meeting across the room, with Fingolfin giving him a secret little smile that let Maglor know he was aware the songs were for him.

After the meal, Fingolfin invited Maglor to take a stroll with him through the gardens, and once they were sure nobody was close enough to observe, Fingolfin took Maglor in his arms and kissed him deeply.

"That was magnificent," Fingolfin said softly. "You are the finest bard I have ever heard."

Maglor knew Fingolfin did not flatter - he had no qualms about offering his honest opinion even if the truth was harsh. He and Fëanor were very much alike that way, except Fingolfin was slightly more tactful. So a compliment like this from Fingolfin was well-earned, and Maglor felt himself smiling so hard his face hurt.

Fingolfin laughed softly and stroked Maglor's face. "You are as beautiful as your songs, Macalaurë." He gently kissed Maglor's forehead.

Just that little tender gesture went right to Maglor's cock. Now he was the one to grab Fingolfin and kiss him hard, both men moaning into the kiss. Fingolfin's hand slid down from Maglor's cheek to the hard bulge in his breeches, and slowly massaged. Maglor moaned again, cock jolting. He breathed in Fingolfin's Alpha musk, and licked his lips.

"Wait for me in your guest suite," Fingolfin said, patting Maglor on the ass and giving him another hungry kiss before he walked off with that same secret smile he'd worn during the concert.

Fingolfin came in through the wardrobe to find Maglor naked, propped up on one elbow, stroking himself. Fingolfin growled and began to undress. Maglor couldn't help grinning as the usually fastidious Fingolfin shucked his clothes to the floor, not even bothering to fold them or put them aside on a chair. From one of his pockets Fingolfin produced a vial that Maglor assumed was oil. Maglor's cock throbbed at the sight of it, and again as he watched Fingolfin walk towards him, fully nude, cock bobbing with each step.

Fingolfin's body was perfect, muscular and toned; his bronze nipples were already hard, his cock slick and glistening. Fingolfin had a silky black bush that matched the mane of hair flowing down his back, and his blue eyes were like flame. Fingolfin climbed onto the bed and settled over Maglor; their mouths met and their cocks touched. Maglor's hands

slid over Fingolfin's body as they kissed, their cocks rubbing together slowly.

Fingolfin began to kiss and lick Maglor's neck, and now his own hands explored. Maglor thrilled to Fingolfin's touch, rolling his hips, savoring the feel of cock on cock.

"Lovely," Fingolfin purred. He cupped Maglor's chin in his hand and looked into Maglor's eyes. "It is almost as if Fëanáro and I bred you for our pleasure."

A frisson went through Maglor. His cock pulsated at that and he grabbed Fingolfin by the hair, kissing him fiercely. Though he knew he was not bred deliberately to be their lover, the mere thought of it was indescribably erotic to him. He wanted to be theirs. Wanted to be theirs to fuck, to use, to do with as they would. "Ana," Maglor breathed, and kissed him again.

Fingolfin groaned and sucked on Maglor's lower lip, before kissing him back, then resumed kissing and licking Maglor's neck. His thumbs played with Maglor's nipples.

"Yes, Macalaurë. As you know, my seed made you... and now you are going to take my seed, and love it."

As much as Maglor wanted that - he wanted to do everything with Fingolfin, and Finarfin, and Fëanor, sucking and being sucked, fucking and being fucked - the Alpha part of him needed to challenge Fingolfin back. "You might just take mine first, Ana."

Fingolfin smirked. "We'll make an Alpha of you yet, Macalaurë." He kissed Maglor again and began to rub against him more insistently.

"How does this work?" Maglor asked, thinking of his "fight" with Fingon. "Who comes first, gets fucked?"

"Yes, that is exactly right." Fingolfin smiled.

"Prepare to lose, Ana." With that, Maglor started kissing Fingolfin's neck. To his delight, Fingolfin was just as sensitive as he was, and Maglor savored those deep grunts and groans.

Maglor rolled his hips harder and faster, and both men moaned as cock rubbed cock, stroking and teasing. They rubbed and rubbed, kissing, caressing each other, watching the delicious sight of their cocks making love together, dripping and glistening, streamers flowing between them. Maglor loved Fingolfin's beautiful cock, and he loved the heat in Fingolfin's beautiful eyes, watching him with lust. He loved that Fingolfin wanted this as much as he did.

Their cocks rubbed together for what felt like an eternity, cock teasing cock, slowly climbing to that edge and staying there, lost in that space where the pleasure intensified with every stroke, where all that mattered was their pleasure and their lust for each other's bodies, their lust for each other's cocks. As badly as Maglor needed to come, he wanted to keep going, keep fucking Fingolfin's cock with his cock, keep feeling Fingolfin's kiss and caress, looking into those blue-gem eyes...

He wanted to make Fingolfin come.

Their hips rocked, their cocks slippery and sliding, each rub more and more delicious. Maglor bit his lip and whimpered, and Fingolfin growled before he licked and nibbled Maglor's neck. Maglor was so close, and he didn't want to give in just yet. He kissed Fingolfin's neck right back, then his shoulder, then grabbed Fingolfin by the hair and made

him lean up so he could work on Fingolfin's nipples. He licked at the right nipple, thumb rolling the left, then sucked it hard as he pinched and pulled the left. Fingolfin groaned, rubbing against him faster. Maglor bit the nipple before sucking it again, making Fingolfin cry out. Fingolfin took both their cocks in his fist, gripping them tight, stroking them even faster. Maglor's breath hitched and a shiver went through him - he wasn't going to last long. He needed to make Fingolfin come now.

Maglor turned to the left nipple, lapping it, suckling hard as his thumb played with the right nipple. He bit it and sucked harder, pinching and tugging on the other. Then he turned back to the right nipple, tongue swirling around it in fast then slow circles, before his tongue lashed it, fucking the nipple with his tongue, making Fingolfin moan. Maglor moaned too, feeling Fingolfin's cock pulsing against his. He sucked as hard as he could, and the thought came to him: *I'm sucking my own Ana's nipples*. The sheer wrongness of what they were doing excited him even more.

"I wish you could give me milk, Ana," Maglor whispered. "Maybe my Oma has milk for me..."

The thought of nursing on Fëanor for pleasure pushed Maglor *right there* - and it clearly excited Fingolfin even more, Fingolfin's cock shooting onto his as Fingolfin shuddered with a fierce cry. Knowing Fingolfin loved that - watching Fingolfin climax, hearing him, feeling his hot seed - made Maglor fly over the edge with a cry of his own as his cock creamed over Fingolfin's cock.

"I win," Maglor said, and kissed Fingolfin hard.

Fingolfin's response was to collect their mingled seed on his fingers and shove them in Maglor's mouth. Maglor sucked Fingolfin's fingers, enjoying the salty-sweet taste of them together. With the seed still on his tongue, he pulled Fingolfin closer and they rubbed their tongues together, licking sensually, playfully. The way their tongues teased got Maglor hard and ready again, harder still as he dove down to lick Fingolfin's cock clean.

While he was down there, he couldn't resist licking Fingolfin's balls, too. Fingolfin loved that, moaning. He moaned louder as Maglor sucked at his balls, grabbing Maglor's hair. Maglor rubbed his nose against Fingolfin's balls, breathing in his Alpha scent, especially strong here. Maglor reached down to stroke himself, going out of his mind with lust at Fingolfin's scent and the gorgeous cock and balls that he couldn't get enough of, licking Fingolfin's balls all over, licking up and down Fingolfin's shaft, licking and licking and licking, until Fingolfin was rock hard, thrusting his hips, rubbing his cock against Maglor's greedy tongue.

Something else needed attention, if Maglor was going to fuck him. Maglor spread Fingolfin's legs wider, and he let out a soft moan as he watched Fingolfin's hole twitch in anticipation of being pleasured. Maglor moved in closer, once again taking a deep whiff of Fingolfin's Alpha scent, and then his tongue traced circles around the outside of Fingolfin's opening. The deep groan Fingolfin gave in response made Maglor's cock throb, and Maglor licked a long stripe over Fingolfin's passage before his tongue pushed in, lashing away.

Fingolfin moaned and grunted, rocking his hips, fucking himself on Maglor's tongue. Maglor ate Fingolfin's ass like he was starving for it. He loved the way it tasted like his Alpha musk, and loved the way Fingolfin reacted, losing his iron reserve and giving himself fully to animal instinct. Maglor started stroking himself again, and Fingolfin stroked himself also, moaning louder as Maglor worked his tongue.

"You may not produce slick, but you still taste good," Maglor rasped before he lapped some more.

Fingolfin smiled. "Sometimes I let your Oma fuck me and he drips his own slick in there. I might let you watch sometime."

Maglor almost came from that mental image. He had to stop stroking himself or he would get off too soon. He spat in Fingolfin's channel and began to lick more slowly, teasing him... teasing himself as well, wanting to fuck Fingolfin so badly his balls were aching. Fingolfin was panting now, quivering. Maglor moaned into Fingolfin's hole, hands caressing Fingolfin's legs and thighs, his stomach, enjoying the feel of his body.

When it seemed like Fingolfin had enough and was ready for more, Maglor reached for the oil and poured some over his cock, and then over Fingolfin's passage. Maglor stroked himself, working in the oil, and once again was almost undone by the sight of the oil dripping into Fingolfin's hole.

On his knees, with one of Fingolfin's legs hooked around him, Maglor took Fingolfin for the first time, pushing in slowly. "Ai, you're tight," Maglor breathed as he bottomed out, Fingolfin's channel gripping him like a velvet fist.

"I can take it," Fingolfin ground out.

"Then take it you will." Maglor began to thrust, hard and fast.

Fingolfin rolled his hips back at Maglor, matching his rhythm. Both men groaned and gasped together, and the filthy sound of Maglor's balls smacking Fingolfin's ass echoed in the room. That sound drove Maglor on harder, slapping away.

"Like that?" Maglor growled.

"More," Fingolfin panted.

Maglor moaned and kept pounding. The silken heat of Fingolfin kissed his cock again and again and Maglor couldn't get enough. Watching Fingolfin stroke himself, ecstasy on his face, made it even better.

Soon Fingolfin was shaking, eyes wild. "That's it. More. Harder."

Maglor slammed away as hard and fast as he could, working up a sweat, Fingolfin's own body glistening with it. He put both of Fingolfin's legs on his shoulders and Fingolfin worked his cock even harder, rattling it, hand a blur. Maglor knew Fingolfin needed to come, but Fingolfin was holding back.

"More," Fingolfin commanded. "More. Fuck me. Give me more."

Maglor shuddered - he loved hearing a lover cry out for more - but this wasn't begging. Fingolfin was the one in control, taking all that Maglor had to give, testing him to his limit. Fingolfin and Finarfin had warned Maglor that Fëanor was insatiable, that Fëanor would try his stamina. This was a small taste of what that would be like; Maglor had to prove himself. The thought that he would eventually be fucking Fëanor this way, that Fëanor would be the one calling out "more"... that, too, tested his stamina, wanting to come to that delectable fantasy. Here and now, one of his fantasies had come to life - he was inside his own Ana, giving him cock, as much cock as his Ana wanted. Maglor wanted to keep going too, each stroke more and more pleasurable.

All time seemed to stop, Maglor utterly lost in the lewd slap of their flesh, the moans and cries and panting, Fingolfin's body gleaming with sweat, the desperate look in Fingolfin's eyes, the sweet silken rubbing... the hot, primal act of their fuck. They were rutting shamelessly, the call of nature stronger than the Laws and the gods. This was what they were made for, and Maglor gave himself over to it completely, savoring every moment of passionate sex between two men.

Maglor's balls were tight to the point of agony, but he kept going, as Fingolfin demanded "more, more..." Maglor was shaking, gasping for breath, feeling ready to explode, but he had to prove himself as an Alpha. Had to prove he could satisfy Fëanor. That he would be worthy to claim Fëanor and fuck for hours, days...

Fingolfin was practically sobbing, making himself hold back to properly challenge Maglor, but Maglor could feel him losing it, twitching around his cock, and finally it happened, Fingolfin stroking himself to climax, moaning with cream shooting over his face and neck as his hole clenched and pulsed around Maglor's cock. Maglor gave a few last hard thrusts and then he threw his head back and cried out as he filled Fingolfin's throbbing channel with his seed. Maglor gasped for breath, and laughed as the relief washed over him, the dizzying high.

Maglor sank down and they kissed, then Maglor licked the seed from Fingolfin's face. With the cream on his tongue, their tongues licked, before another deep kiss. Maglor snuggled into Fingolfin's chest and Fingolfin held him, petting his hair. Maglor sighed and flexed his toes, melting into bliss.

"How was that?" Maglor asked, stroking Fingolfin's face.

"That was good... to start with." Fingolfin smirked.

Maglor's eyebrows shot up. He was exhausted from that one long, hard fuck, his orgasm had been shattering... he wasn't done yet?

Before he could ask what Fingolfin meant, Fingolfin kissed him, and a few kisses later, both their cocks were in Fingolfin's hand, rubbing together, and as worn out as Maglor was, his cock was hard and wanting more.

But Fingolfin still took time to get Maglor worked up again. He rolled Maglor onto his back and began kissing and licking Maglor's neck, down to his shoulders, then his nipples. Fingolfin licked and sucked one nipple as he rubbed the other, back and forth, until Maglor was arched to him, panting, his cock dripping. Fingolfin kissed down to Maglor's stomach, caressing, licking, nibbling. He stroked and sucked on Maglor's inner thighs... and then at last his tongue was tracing the rim of Maglor's opening, and Maglor clutched at him, mad for it.

When he pulled Fingolfin's hair, Fingolfin wrenched out of his grip, rolled Maglor onto his stomach, and seized a handful of Maglor's own hair. Maglor's cock leapt and a shiver went through him, hole twitching - he liked being handled roughly like this. Fingolfin slapped Maglor's ass, and then, still keeping a tight hold of Maglor's hair, he slid down and began to lick at Maglor's passage. Maglor cried out and shivered again, pleasure radiating through his whole body with every stroke of Fingolfin's tongue. Fingolfin groaned into him before he spat and licked harder. Maglor rocked his hips, fucking Fingolfin's tongue, and Fingolfin shook his head, rubbing his tongue faster, viciously devouring him. Maglor gripped the pillows tight, sobbing with pleasure, panting. Nothing had ever felt so good.

Fingolfin licked more slowly, teasing, making Maglor howl with frustration, but he loved this too, giving little shuddery gasps. Fingolfin worked his tongue in slow circles, back and forth, and reached around to play with Maglor's cock, stroking it slowly. When he started working Maglor's cock harder, he sped up his licking until his tongue was rubbing fast and furious again, and Maglor rocked his hips even faster than before, wondering if he could come like this.

Before he could find out, Fingolfin spat in Maglor's channel again, and licked one last long, slow stripe, then pulled back. Maglor whimpered with protest, not wanting him to stop, then out of the corner of his eye he noticed Fingolfin taking the vial of oil. Fingolfin grabbed Maglor's hips, pushing them out so Maglor was face down, ass up, and then Maglor felt Fingolfin's cock poised and ready, felt the oil flowing.

It was only the second time Maglor had ever taken a cock, and he felt like he was being split. "Deep breaths," Fingolfin said, tenderly rubbing Maglor's ass as he pushed slowly, inch by inch. Maglor took deep breaths but it was still almost too much. Once Fingolfin bottomed out, he slapped Maglor's ass. "Good boy."

Maglor's hole twitched around Fingolfin's cock and he moaned - he loved hearing those words.

Fingolfin rested for a moment to give Maglor a chance to adjust, then he began to thrust slowly. Slow strokes against that sweet spot inside him made Maglor cry out, any lingering discomfort transmuted to pleasure. Soon the rubbing inside him was so good that Maglor began rolling his hips back at Fingolfin, panting for it.

"If you enjoy this, imagine how much better it feels for an Omega," Fingolfin rasped.

Maglor cried out, thinking of Fëanor taking Fingolfin's cock, and Finarfin's cock, in different positions. Thinking of Fëanor eventually taking his cock.

"That's right," Fingolfin said, rubbing Maglor's ass, then he slapped it again and grabbed Maglor's hips, starting to move a little faster. "Your Oma loves this. And the best way for you to learn to please your Oma is to experience it for yourself." He smacked Maglor's ass again and rocked into him even harder.

Maglor felt like a slave to pleasure, willing to do anything so long as Fingolfin's cock kept hitting that spot, rubbing it, teasing it. Maglor heard himself whimper and howl, almost ashamed of the noises he was making, but he couldn't help it, completely gone in lust and sensation. The sound of their hips slapping together rose above Maglor's cries and Fingolfin's grunts, and the smell of Alpha-on-Alpha sex was a potent aphrodisiac, making Maglor need more, as much as Fingolfin had to give.

Fingolfin growled and spanked Maglor's ass again, and his other hand pulled Maglor's hair. Maglor screamed and violently worked his hips, fucking himself hard on Fingolfin's cock, the rhythm even more delicious now.

"Such a good boy," Fingolfin purred. "We fit together so perfectly... you were made for my cock."

Maglor whimpered, grabbing the sheets white-knuckled, almost undone by those words.

"You're going to take my cock and learn how it feels, so you can give Fëanor the same pleasure. You're going to take my cock as long as I can last, so you can see for yourself

how long you need to last for Fëanor. You're not to come until I tell you that you can come." Fingolfin slapped Maglor's ass again.

"Yes, Ana, yes, yes..." Maglor gave a little whine, biting his lip.

Fingolfin pounded him and pounded him, hips smacking, Maglor's oiled channel slurping Fingolfin's cock. The hard fuck went on for so long that Maglor knew he would be sore tomorrow but he loved it. The pleasure intensified even more when Fingolfin reached around to stroke Maglor's cock. Maglor was right there, the tension wound so tight, but Maglor obeyed Fingolfin's order not to come until he was told. He gave his all, his hole and cock pleasured until he was sobbing, shaking.

At last Fingolfin relented. "Come, boy."

"*Ana!*" Maglor bit the pillow, screaming into it as the contractions throbbed and he spent over Fingolfin's stroking hand. Fingolfin's other hand let go of Maglor's hair and gave his ass one last smack before Fingolfin erupted inside him with a hoarse shout. He continued spurting as he gasped for breath, and Maglor sighed at the wonderful feeling of being flooded with his Ana's seed.

Fingolfin collapsed onto Maglor's back, trembling, and Maglor took Fingolfin's hands. Fingolfin tenderly nuzzled Maglor's neck and shoulder, gave little kisses, and Maglor smiled and laughed, basking in the warm glow of their love.

"Good boy." Fingolfin tousled Maglor's hair. "The first phase of your training has gone well." Fingolfin chuckled. "Tomorrow, Arafinwë will have his way with you."

Prove It: Part 3 [Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

The next day, Finarfin arrived at Fingolfin's palace as a detour on his way back to Alqualondë, showing up at Telperion just before the evening meal. Maglor knew, of course, that the visit served an additional purpose, and after the evening meal, Maglor waited for Finarfin in his suite. He was sore from being well-used by Fingolfin yesterday, and he wondered what Finarfin had in store for him. He knew that just because Finarfin was soft-spoken, didn't mean he was gentle, and as sore as he was, he was craving another rough, hard fuck.

When Finarfin arrived in Maglor's guest suite, Maglor was laying naked on his bed, like he had for Fingolfin. Finarfin kept his clothes on as he walked over, and when he reached the edge of the bed, he grabbed Maglor's hair and dragged him closer. "I have something for you," he said.

He took his cock out of his breeches and shoved it in Maglor's face. Finarfin's cock was completely wet, glistening, and Maglor breathed in the sweet honey-vanilla scent of slick.

"Would you like to taste your Oma?" Finarfin smiled and stroked Maglor's cheek.

Maglor took Finarfin's cock in his mouth as deep as it would go, stroking himself furiously as he bobbed his head, sucking hard at the cock gliding in and out of his mouth. Maglor savored the taste of Fëanor on Finarfin's cock, savored the way Finarfin gasped and moaned, pulling Maglor's hair, rolling his hips.

"Good boy," Finarfin rasped. "Show me what a cock-hungry slut you are... just like your Oma." Finarfin smiled again. "I bet your Oma will be a slut for your cock, too."

Maglor whimpered around the cock in his mouth, stroking himself as hard as he could, so much his wrist hurt, his hand a blur, going out of his mind with lust at the mental images of that same cock working in and out of Fëanor... taking Fëanor himself, hearing Fëanor beg for more. Fëanor sucking his cock the way he was sucking Finarfin's. Fëanor sucking Maglor's cock and Finarfin's at the same time as Maglor and Finarfin kissed... Maglor slurped at Finarfin's cock, whining with frustrated need as he gripped himself tight.

When Finarfin came in Maglor's mouth, crying out, Maglor came too, almost choking as the seed poured and poured. Maglor swallowed what he could, feeling the seed at the corners of his mouth and his chin. He licked Finarfin's cock clean, then Finarfin pulled Maglor up into a kiss, tasting himself, and Finarfin licked his own seed from Maglor's face, before kissing him again.

"Good boy," Finarfin said. He tousled Maglor's hair. "Such a dirty boy, let's take a bath."

Maglor loved it when Finarfin talked to him like that, his body tingling, wanting more.

They washed each other, caressing, and kissed, hard cocks rubbing together. It was sensual and tender, and the thought of Finarfin being sensual with Fëanor like this was delicious. When the bath was over they combed and brushed each other's hair. Maglor loved Finarfin's hair, which seemed like it was made from the light of the Trees. Finarfin rubbed and skritched Maglor's scalp, relaxing and arousing him all at once, and Finarfin kissed and licked Maglor's neck and shoulder as he worked on Maglor's hair. "You're beautiful," Finarfin husked.

When they were done brushing their hair, Finarfin pushed Maglor back against the pillows, kissing him deeply, cock rubbing cock. Maglor's hands roamed over Finarfin's body, loving the feel of his strength and power, the raw, primal maleness of him. Finarfin took both their cocks into his hand as he licked Maglor's nipples, one then the other, then sucked them each in turn, heat in his eyes as Maglor arched to him, panting, trembling.

Finarfin started kissing Maglor's neck again, so sensitive, and stroked their cocks together harder, faster. Through the haze of lust and sensation Maglor managed to find his words. "Whoever comes first, gets fucked, right?"

Finarfin chuckled. "No. *You're* going to get fucked." Finarfin nibbled the sweet spot where neck met shoulder, making Maglor moan. "I'm going to show you what your Oma likes, and you're going to love it because you're a greedy slut just like he is."

Maglor's cock leapt, and pulsed against Finarfin's cock. They were both Alphas, but Finarfin was *his* Alpha... Maglor knew his place, knew he belonged to his uncle, and he would prove his worth by taking it as long and hard as Finarfin wanted to give it. It was a challenge of its own.

Finarfin laughed again, and kissed him. Their tongues rubbed together, and they rubbed noses before their tongues licked some more. "Somebody likes that."

"Fuck me, Ara."

Finarfin laughed, kissed him again, and reached for the oil.

The first fuck was with Maglor laying on his back, his legs on Finarfin's shoulders. Finarfin pounded into him, and though Maglor was sore from yesterday he loved every minute of the hard, fast fuck. Finarfin twisted his hips, making the rhythm even more delicious.

"You love it just like Fëanor loves it," Finarfin rasped.

Maglor moaned, and Finarfin slammed into him even harder, balls slapping Maglor's ass. Maglor stroked himself, watching Finarfin's gorgeous body dripping with sweat, muscles rippling as he worked his hips. Watching the lust in Finarfin's eyes. Thinking about Fëanor getting fucked just like this, by Finarfin... and then by him, using his newfound knowledge to make Fëanor scream.

Maglor stroked his cock, and when he got close, Finarfin snatched his hand away. "Not anywhere near through with you," Finarfin said. "You're going to learn to take it as long as your Oma takes it, so you can give it to him as long as he wants it."

Maglor whimpered - just that alone threatened to undo him - but he kept his hand off his cock. Soon enough, Finarfin's cock rubbing inside him brought him to that edge, without touching himself. It felt wonderful, each stroke pushing him deeper, higher, until their hot, primal fuck was all that existed, nothing else mattered but fucking and coming.

"That's a good boy," Finarfin said. "Can't wait to watch you and Fëanor have some slut-on-slut love..."

Maglor screamed through clenched teeth, desperately trying to hold back his release, not wanting to come before Finarfin said he could. Finarfin's breath was coming out in shaky gasps, and Maglor knew he was close, too. Maglor squeezed his inner muscles around Finarfin's cock, teasing them both. Finarfin growled and drove into him even harder, savage and punishing. Maglor howled.

At last Finarfin's hand was on his cock, and their eyes met. When Maglor reached that point of no return, he called out, "Please..."

Finarfin gave a few more thrusts, a few more strokes, and then he ground out, "Come."

Maglor came hard, shooting at Finarfin's chest and stomach as he gave a long, wordless wail. Finarfin came with a deep grunt, and Maglor moaned as he felt Finarfin spend inside him, marking him, claiming him.

Finarfin sank down into Maglor's waiting arms and kissed him deeply. "Good boy," Finarfin said, and kissed him again, petting Maglor's hair, his cheek. "Such a good boy."

Maglor felt himself contract again - he loved those words - and he kissed Finarfin back, arms and legs around him, holding Finarfin with all of himself.

They held each other for awhile, recovering, and then Finarfin began to kiss him again, tongues playing. Finarfin kissed and licked his neck and shoulder. Maglor's cock rose, and Finarfin slid down to lick the head, teasing him.

"Want more?" Finarfin asked, before he drew the head of Maglor's cock between his lips.

"Please, yes." Maglor shivered and groaned at the feel of Finarfin's mouth on him.

Finarfin patted Maglor's ass, licked up the flowing pre-spend, then slid back up and spat it into Maglor's mouth. They kissed again, sharing it between them, and then Finarfin grabbed Maglor by the hair and roughly shoved Maglor onto his stomach. Once Maglor was on all fours, Finarfin took him from behind.

Finarfin pulled Maglor's hair as he fucked Maglor hard. Maglor rocked his hips back at Finarfin, their hips smacking together, the sound of it fueling Maglor's excitement.

"That's it," Finarfin said. "You're such a good cocksucker." He slapped Maglor's ass.

Maglor moaned, fists clenching the sheets. "More..." He wanted to be used, ravaged, wrecked.

"Just like your Oma."

"More!" Maglor's mind burned with fantasies of Fëanor begging for more just like this. Maglor could see why - Finarfin's cock felt so good rubbing inside him. "More, Ara, more..."

Finarfin growled.

They fucked and fucked until they were both trembling, gasping for breath. Maglor begged for more until he couldn't make words, only animal noises. Finarfin kept one hand on Maglor's hair and the other reached around to stroke Maglor's cock. Maglor got closer, closer, and when he let out a warning cry, Finarfin's hand let go of Maglor's hair and grabbed his throat.

"Come for me," Finarfin snarled, and then he shoved his fingers in Maglor's mouth, stifling Maglor's scream.

Maglor sucked Finarfin's fingers, whimpering as he spent over Finarfin's other hand, this

orgasm even more powerful than the first. His hole clenched and twitched and pulsed, pleasure throbbing and throbbing, waves of relief and joy. Finarfin filled him with more seed - so much Maglor could feel it leaking out of him, running down his thighs.

They still weren't done. Next, Finarfin had Maglor ride him, and made Maglor work for it, grabbing Maglor's hips and bucking wildly, making Maglor bounce. Maglor liked this position best of all, Finarfin's cock hitting that sweet spot just right, and it felt even more animalistic, the full glory of sex.

"This is your Oma's favorite too," Finarfin informed him, reading Maglor's mind.

Maglor cried out, almost coming from the thought of Fëanor riding Finarfin's cock, Fingolfin's cock... his cock.

Finarfin smacked Maglor's ass. "Ride that cock, slut."

Maglor loved it when Finarfin called him a slut. It was so shameless, so wanton - so defiant of the Laws, a delicious thrill. He couldn't get enough sex, and he hoped he was proving himself that he could keep up with Fëanor's appetites. That they could lose themselves in passion for hours...

Finarfin tested Maglor's stamina to the limit, fucking him and fucking him, denying him release as long as possible. The pleasure and tension wound and wound to the shatterpoint and Finarfin kept him there, begging, almost weeping for it, feeling like he was going to explode, like he would die of the intensity. When Finarfin let him come, Maglor not only came all over Finarfin's stomach and chest, but came all over Finarfin's face, and his seed painted the wall and the ceiling as well. Finarfin screamed, shaking violently as he climaxed, and Maglor gasped at the hot eruption inside him, sensitized as he was, the flood made his orgasm all the more overwhelming.

They took each other's hands, catching their breath, and then they kissed. Finarfin held Maglor tight, rocked him, and laughed - the way his face lit up, eyes shining, went right to Maglor's heart. He touched Finarfin's face and gave him a tender little kiss.

Maglor thought they were finished for today after that - he didn't think he had it in him to go again, utterly spent - and then, through the dreamy afterglow, Maglor saw Fingolfin coming in... naked.

Fingolfin climbed onto the bed with them, and kissed each of them in turn. Then he maneuvered himself behind Maglor - Finarfin's cock had slipped out of him, and Maglor's hole was open, leaking with Finarfin's seed.

"My, what do we have here?" Fingolfin rubbed Maglor's ass, and smacked it - Maglor moaned, cock stirring. "What a delicious mess. It would be a shame to let that go to waste. May I?"

"Yes," Maglor said.

Fingolfin's tongue lapped at his hole, and Maglor's cock hardened up again. He couldn't believe it, but Fingolfin's skills had him breathless, desperately clutching at Finarfin, whimpering, as each lick of Fingolfin's tongue sent fresh fire through his veins.

Finarfin grinned. "You've been such a good boy, I think I'll let you fuck me."

With one of Finarfin's legs hooked on his shoulders, Maglor pushed into Finarfin's tight,

hot passage... while Fingolfin continued eating him. Having his ass eaten while he fucked felt amazing, and Maglor couldn't get enough, testing his stamina yet again as he rolled his hips, thrusting into Finarfin's hole, fucking himself on Fingolfin's hungry tongue.

Fingolfin's tongue was too good, and Maglor felt himself rushing to that point of no return, about to go off. He let out a warning cry - he didn't want to come before Finarfin, that didn't bode well for when he would fuck Fëanor - and Fingolfin stopped eating him and came around. Maglor watched as Fingolfin took Finarfin's hard cock in his mouth and began to suck, bobbing up and down, slurping, suctioning, while Finarfin groaned and rolled his hips. Maglor loved the sight of Fingolfin sucking Finarfin's cock, and grit his teeth as he tried to hold back. When Finarfin started panting, shuddering, Maglor knew he was right there. Maglor grabbed a handful of Fingolfin's hair, keeping him on Finarfin's cock, and Finarfin cried out, then seed spilled from the corners of Fingolfin's mouth. Fingolfin swallowed, murmuring his pleasure.

Fingolfin rose up and kissed Maglor with the seed on his tongue, and Maglor felt the rush of pleasure again. Fingolfin jerked his own cock madly, and almost instantly the seed sprayed from his cock over Finarfin's and Maglor's bodies. Maglor threw back his head and hollered as he climaxed, coming and coming and coming.

Maglor lay between them, and *now* he was thoroughly spent, dazed, feeling like he was floating. Finarfin smiled tenderly at him as Fingolfin rubbed his back, his head.

"Have I proven myself yet?" Maglor mumbled before he could drift off.

Finarfin's green eyes twinkled with mischief. "Almost."

Maglor's eyes opened wide and his jaw dropped - that sounded like they had more plans.

But for now, they let him rest, safe and peaceful in their arms.

Prove It: Part 4 [Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

"Mmmmf."

Maglor's mouth was full of Finarfin's cock, as Fingolfin took him from behind. Maglor loved being used like this, worshiping cock at both ends, his own cock hardening more and more. Fingolfin's cock felt so good inside him. The sound of their hips slapping together, and the sloppy slurping sound he made sucking on Finarfin, fueled Maglor's lust even hotter.

Hotter still when Finarfin dominated him, roughly seizing a handful of Maglor's hair and fucking his mouth. Maglor almost choked on Finarfin's cock, and he loved this too, being challenged, showing them what a good slut he was.

A slut worthy of Fëanor, the slut of sluts.

Finarfin finished first, coming in Maglor's mouth with a cry, and the sight and sound of Finarfin spending set off Fingolfin, coming a few seconds later, flooding Maglor's hole with his seed. Maglor almost came from that, twitching around the pulsing cock - indeed, he would have come from that, but Fingolfin and Finarfin had been very clear that he was not to come until they said he could.

Fingolfin came around and kissed Maglor, tasting Finarfin's seed on his tongue, and as they kissed, Finarfin moved behind Maglor, spread Maglor's cheeks and began eating Fingolfin's seed out of him. Maglor cried out, not able to help but rock his hips, fucking himself on Finarfin's wicked tongue. Finarfin laughed softly, smacked Maglor's ass, and continued lapping, driving Maglor mad with sensation, pushing him closer and closer to that edge. Maglor was quivering, panting. It got worse when Fingolfin leaned down to lick Maglor's dripping cock - just licking around the head and the shaft, long, slow, deliberate licks. Teasing. Keeping him just shy of release.

"Please," Maglor begged.

"Our boy hasn't earned it yet," Fingolfin said, and took just the head of Maglor's cock in his mouth, sucking slowly. Maglor groaned, then again, louder, as Finarfin slowed down his tongue.

Fingolfin slid under him and reached for the oil. He poured oil over Maglor's hand and guided it to his opening. They resumed kissing as Maglor worked slick fingers in and out of him, his balls tightening at the feel of Fingolfin wrapped around his fingers, knowing what it would feel like around his cock. Finarfin continued eating Maglor, teasing with the filthy sweetness of his tongue as Maglor got in place, the tip of his cock at Fingolfin's passage.

Maglor entered Fingolfin and almost climaxed right away at the feel of Fingolfin's silken heat gripping his cock. As he thrust, he felt the inner muscles rippling around him, driving him to the brink. He grit his teeth and kept going. A few thrusts later, Finarfin was inside him. The feel of Finarfin's cock hitting that sweet spot over and over as Fingolfin's channel kissed his cock was so intense, and Maglor almost sobbed as he worked his hips, wanting to come... wanting them to let him come.

And yet, he wanted even more to keep being dominated, owned, theirs just as Fëanor was theirs. He could envision how Fëanor felt when he was with his brothers like this, and

understanding that all-consuming passion would help when it was time for him to take Fëanor to bed.

Here and now, it was bliss. The rhythm of their bodies, the harmony of their cries... it was living music. It was the Song made flesh. With each push and pull, Maglor understood a deeper truth - that the Laws weren't just unnatural, but they were in place to keep the Noldor under the Valar, keep the Noldor from becoming gods as the Valar themselves. There was power in this.

Maglor stroked Fingolfin's cock, keeping his own release in check. Harder and harder to do, with each delicious note of pleasure inside and out. Maglor heard Finarfin's ragged breath and knew Finarfin was close, too. Maglor worked Fingolfin's cock harder, his hand a blur, wrist aching, and his free hand caressed Fingolfin's chest in circles, thumb straying to rub one nipple, then the other.

"Paint me with your seed, Ana," Maglor urged. "Mark me, claim me."

Their eyes met - Maglor's breath caught at the beautiful blue flame - and then Fingolfin moaned as he shook with the force of his climax, an arc of seed splashing Maglor's chest, then his face and hair. Maglor laughed with delight, and another arc rose higher, hitting Finarfin in the throat. Finarfin cried out, shooting deep into Maglor. Maglor moaned too, loving the feel of a cock coming inside him... and he let out a little whine, wanting so badly to come himself. His balls felt so full and heavy, ready to explode.

They rolled Maglor onto his back, and together Fingolfin and Finarfin licked up the seed from Maglor's chest and his face. Every now and again they would kiss open-mouthed, tongues licking together so Maglor could watch the seed flowing. Maglor groaned, loving it, mad with lust.

Then Fingolfin and Finarfin licked at his cock together, so slowly, and their tongues rubbed together with his pre-spend. When Fingolfin and Finarfin took turns lapping at his passage, eating Finarfin's seed out of him, Maglor cried out and clutched at them, arching to them, breath coming out in shaky gasps.

"Please. Damn you. Let me come..."

Fingolfin and Finarfin exchanged a conspiratorial glance, smirking, and Maglor knew they were having a private mind-to-mind conversation. Then they nodded, and rose up. They sat, facing each other, hard cock pressed to hard cock. Fingolfin poured oil over their cocks as Finarfin grabbed Maglor and pulled him forward.

"Both inside me?" Maglor swallowed hard. Each of their cocks was long and thick and stretched him to his limit; two seemed impossible.

"You can take it," Fingolfin said. "Fëanor does."

Finarfin smirked again. "Of course if you don't want to -"

Maglor kissed him hard to shut him up. The idea of Fëanor with those two cocks inside him... Maglor's hole twitched and his cock jolted, feeling like he was in heat himself. He climbed into place, took a deep breath, and began to sink down.

There was that pinching, burning like he was taking a cock for the first time... and then the rubbing on that magic spot inside him was even more intense for the increased fullness and pressure. Maglor bit his hand, whimpering, as he rolled his hips.

"Look at you," Finarfin husked. "Such a slut."

Maglor whimpered again, almost coming from those words. Yes, he was. He was a slut, just like Fëanor, and he loved it. It took a slut to satisfy a slut, and he hoped that now he was proving himself once and for all, in this utmost debauched act.

Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed his neck, took turns claiming his mouth, as their hands roamed over him, caressing him. Playing with his nipples. Maglor thought about their cocks rubbing together inside him, cock teasing cock, making love to each other as well as to him, and that drove him wild. As Maglor got closer, bouncing faster, moaning louder, Fingolfin took Maglor's cock in his hand and Finarfin cupped and rubbed Maglor's balls.

"Please, *please* let me come," Maglor begged. "Please." He felt like he was going to die if they didn't.

They continued stroking, rubbing. Licking his neck. Finarfin reached to collect Maglor's pre-spend on his fingers and stuck them in Fingolfin's mouth, and it was the sight of Fingolfin sucking Finarfin's fingers, savoring Maglor's pre-spend, that sent Maglor to that point of no return.

"Please. Please. *Pleasepleasepleaseplease -*"

"Come, slut," Finarfin commanded.

Maglor howled as he let go. His cock spurted again and again, seed spraying the floor, the ceiling, and all over Maglor's torso and neck and face. Fingolfin and Finarfin came together, moaning, and the feel of two cocks erupting inside him - the mental image of cock coming on cock, cream flowing over their shafts - made Maglor contract harder, sobbing with relief. Nothing had ever felt so good.

"Good boy," Fingolfin said softly.

"Yes. Very good boy." Finarfin gave Maglor a tender little kiss.

Maglor passed out, and when he came to, they were holding him, a tangle of limbs. Maglor felt himself smiling so hard his face hurt. He felt like he was floating.

"We would be proud to share Fëanor with you," Fingolfin said, smiling back.

"Yes." Finarfin kissed Maglor's cheek.

"So long as we can all share each other." Maglor reached to touch both their faces, feeling loved... feeling the warmth and safety of that love, perfect peace after the storm of passion.

"I think it's safe to say we all belong together," Finarfin said, and this time he turned Maglor's face to his and drew him into a deep, sensual kiss.

Maglor's cock stirred back to life, despite the overwhelming orgasm he'd had a short while ago. His body certainly knew who it belonged to.

Undenied [Fëanor/Maglor]

Maglor had proven to Fingolfin and Finarfin that he was an Alpha worthy of sharing their Omega, Fëanor. But ultimately, the decision would be Fëanor's. Maglor didn't know how or where to even begin with telling his Oma how he felt, confessing the forbidden desire that had burned in him for far too long. It was one thing for Fëanor to be intimate with his own brothers, and to give Maedhros and Fingon his blessing. It was another thing entirely to be lovers with his own son, and Maglor wasn't sure how Fëanor would take it.

It was a delicate procedure, and as the days passed following Maglor's return to Tirion, it never seemed like the time or the place. Maglor started to despair that there would ever be a time or a place...

...and then he was given a window of opportunity.

As Maglor was out in the garden, composing a new song on his harp - a song for Fëanor - he heard muffled sounds of shouting from inside the palace. Fëanor and Nerdanel's voices. Nerdanel's got louder, still not loud enough for Maglor to hear what was being said, but he was sure it was some variation on the arguments he had heard. Fëanor wanting to make time with Nerdanel, reaching out to her, and she never had time for him... but when Fëanor was in his forge working on a project, then suddenly she complained she was "being ignored". Maglor was angry - his Oma deserved better.

Fëanor stormed out of the back gates into the garden, looking like he was on the verge of tears, breathing harder. Fëanor went to the fountain and splashed water on his face, rubbed it, trying to slow his breath. Maglor got up and walked over, and Fëanor startled when Maglor was a few paces away, then Fëanor looked off to the side, shaking, his jaw and shoulders squared. "I don't want you to see me like this, Macalaurë."

"I've seen you like this before," Maglor said softly. He came closer and put his hands on his Oma's shoulders, then pulled him into a hug. Fëanor leaned on Maglor's shoulder for a moment and then he fell apart, weeping silently, heaving with it.

"I should be stronger," Fëanor gritted out. "I'm sorry."

"When you are wounded, you bleed," Maglor said. He picked up Fëanor's chin and looked into his eyes. It took Maglor every ounce of his restraint not to kiss Fëanor on those full, lush lips. Now was not the time, now would feel like taking advantage.

But maybe the time could be soon. One of the reasons why Maglor hadn't said anything yet was because of how hard it was to have a private conversation here at the palace. "Why don't we go to Formenos?" Maglor asked. "Just you and me. Maitimo can watch Turco, I know he won't mind."

"I'm sure I won't be fun to be around -"

"I think a change of scenery would help. And... I don't need you to try to be fun, to put on an act. I just need you to be you." *I need you.*

There was a long pause, and Maglor feared the idea would be rejected, but to his relief, Fëanor gave a nod. "I'll pack, then," Fëanor said.

They arrived at Formenos just in time for the rain to start pouring down. They ran inside as quickly as possible - Maglor lugging his harp, which made Fëanor laugh - and once they were in the dank, dim castle, Fëanor got to work lighting candles and starting a fire in the hearth of the greatroom.

The journey north had taken several hours, and it was past their usual mealtime. After they had set down their packs and the fire created a pleasant warmth, Fëanor went into the kitchen. He kept a sparse amount of servants here - by design, since this was Fëanor's retreat to tryst with his brothers - so Fëanor was going to cook. Maglor followed Fëanor into the kitchen and before Fëanor could step into the pantry to see what there was to put together, Maglor put a hand on his Oma's shoulder.

"You've had a difficult day," Maglor said. "I could cook for you."

"I appreciate the offer but I need to do something with my hands. I need to *make* something and get out of my head for awhile."

Maglor thought of Fëanor hiding away in his forge; if Fëanor didn't get a little outlet now, he'd probably steal away to the forge and while Maglor didn't want to begrudge his Oma the catharsis of creation - Maglor understood from his music how necessary that was, and indeed, it was part of why Maglor loved him - Maglor also wanted to spend face-to-face time with Fëanor... and he knew the more time they had alone together, there was more opportunity to have a talk about the way he felt. More opportunity to explain it in a way where even if Fëanor rejected him, it might not go badly.

Though, as his hand rested on Fëanor's shoulder, Fëanor's Omega scent was stronger, and Maglor wondered if he might not be rejected after all.

Maglor wanted Fëanor to have that outlet, but he also wanted Fëanor to feel taken care of. "A compromise? We could cook together." Maglor put his arms around Fëanor and gave him a squeeze. "Like we used to do when I was still a boy." He had many fond memories of helping Fëanor in the kitchen, who had made it fun and never talked down to him.

Fëanor chuckled. "All right."

They made a stew of root vegetables and dried meat, and Fëanor worked on a loaf of lembas as Maglor picked strawberries from the bushes outside. When things were closer to being done, Maglor made a fortress of blankets and pillows atop the furs before the hearth, and when everything was ready, Maglor led Fëanor out to the blanket fort, which made Fëanor smile.

They ate the bread and stew in companionable silence, and then Maglor sat closer to Fëanor as they drank wine and started to nibble on the strawberries. Maglor felt a frisson go through him, his body tingling with excitement at the proximity of Fëanor's body, the stronger, muskier Omega scent, and he began to make his first shy, hesitant set of

moves. He leaned against his Oma, one arm around him as they watched the flames dance, and Fëanor leaned against Maglor as well.

"This is nice," Fëanor said softly.

"It is. Nice and relaxing." *And arousing.* Maglor was getting hard, and he hoped his cock would obey and only stay half-hard until he'd had a chance to say something.

Or do something. They continued to sit there, enjoying the silence, the cuddling and the warmth and light of the fire, the strawberries and wine. More than once, Maglor opened his mouth, about to speak and confess all... and then he closed his mouth as words failed him. He didn't know what to say, how to say it, where to even begin. His feelings were deeper than words. Words felt inadequate. But maybe he could get there through action.

Maglor let a strawberry fall from his fingers, rolling onto the furs... between Fëanor's legs. "Oh no," Maglor said, trying not to crack a smile. "I'm usually not this clumsy." He reached for the strawberry, but Fëanor got it first.

"Here," Fëanor said with a grin. "Let me help." With that, he put the strawberry in Maglor's mouth. As he did, Maglor's hand rested on Fëanor's knee, where it had been trying to go for the fallen strawberry.

Maglor chewed the strawberry. He had found where he could "come in and play", like a solo in a band. He took another strawberry from the bowl and fed Fëanor from his fingers. They both laughed.

Fëanor took another strawberry, and made a "bird", moving it around in circles as his hand flew up to Maglor's mouth. This strawberry was particularly large and ripe, and when Maglor bit into it, juices spilled down Fëanor's fingers and hand. Maglor didn't just eat the strawberry but he sucked the juices from Fëanor's fingers. Fëanor kept his expression neutral, but a blast of Omega scent hit Maglor's nostrils.

Maglor fed Fëanor a strawberry, and it was also a juicy one, and this time Fëanor returned the favor, sucking one finger, then the other, then two. Maglor's cock stiffened, picturing Fëanor's full, lush lips wrapped around his cock. He was tempted to kiss Fëanor then, but he paced himself.

Fëanor plucked a strawberry from the bowl and brought it to Maglor's lips. Once again, the juices trickled down Fëanor's fingers and hand. Maglor sucked Fëanor's fingers clean, then he took Fëanor's hand and licked the juices from his palm, licked back up to taste the lingering sweetness on Fëanor's fingers. Long, slow, deliberate strokes of his tongue.

Maglor could smell his own arousal now, not just Fëanor's. He was sure Fëanor could smell it too. Even so, when Maglor gave Fëanor the last strawberry, Fëanor limited himself to just sucking Maglor's fingers, and then he leaned back, sipping his wine. The air crackled with sexual tension - Fëanor was staring at him - but neither of them did anything more, only finishing the wine, looking at each other. Maglor wanted to grab Fëanor and kiss him, but something in him made him hold back.

When their cups were empty, Fëanor cleared his throat and got up. "It's been a long day. I think I should get some rest."

Maglor thought briefly about inviting Fëanor to bed with him, but decided to keep taking smaller steps, erring on the side of caution while still trying to get there. Maglor also rose. "Would you like me to sing to you, like you used to do for me when I was a boy?"

"I'd like that very much." Fëanor smiled. "Your songs are much nicer than mine were."

When Maglor carried in his harp to Fëanor's bedchamber, Fëanor was between the sheets. He was shirtless - Fëanor often slept without a shirt, as his body ran warm - and Maglor took a moment to admire the bare chest, before he set his harp down and pulled up a stool.

Maglor played the song he had been practicing in the garden - it did not mention Fëanor by name, or that the beloved was his own Oma, but nonetheless it was a song of longing for one he could not have, a love that dare not speak its name, and with the way their eyes met as Maglor plucked and strummed his harp and the emotion came through his voice, Maglor wondered if Fëanor knew it was about him.

When the song ended, Fëanor's voice was husky as he spoke, as if the song had stirred equally deep emotions in him. "That was beautiful, Káno."

Maglor took a bow. "Thank you."

Fëanor's mouth opened again - the same way Maglor's had kept opening as they sat before the fire, making Maglor wonder if Fëanor wanted to say more, and could not - and then suddenly there was a crash of thunder outside, startling Maglor enough to knock him from his stool to the floor as he jumped.

"Are you all right?" Fëanor asked.

"Yes." Maglor brushed himself off and carefully got up from the floor. "I'm usually not afraid of thunder - that's Maitimo - but that was loud."

"You don't have to be brave tonight." Fëanor patted the space beside him in bed.

Maglor stripped down to his smallclothes - otherwise he would be too warm with Fëanor's body heat, regardless of what happened - and climbed in beside Fëanor. For a few minutes they just held each other, Fëanor rocking Maglor a little, stroking his hair. Then the thunder roared again, this time louder, and even though he was safe in bed and nowhere near lightning, the noise still made Maglor jump.

Fëanor laughed softly, gave Maglor a squeeze, and pulled him closer, held him tighter. "Such a fierce storm out there."

That wasn't all that was fierce. Fëanor's Omega scent was overpowering, and Maglor felt like he was going out of his mind with lust. It was now or never, but still, he had to act, to work his way up to saying it.

"Oma?"

"Yes?"

Maglor cleared his throat. "Can I nurse on you, like the way I used to? The storm is scary." The storm wasn't *that* scary - loud, but the fortress was built to withstand such storms. It was still the best excuse he had, though.

There was a long pause, and Maglor feared for a moment he had crossed a line and Fëanor would see through the request and judge him, but then Fëanor swallowed and said, "Go ahead."

Fëanor cradled Maglor's head as Maglor's lips wrapped around a plump pink nipple. As Maglor suckled, his cock hardened to the point of agony - he was sure Fëanor could feel it, as close as their bodies were. It was soothing and arousing at once, to feel Fëanor stroking his hair as he sucked and slurped at the nipple in his mouth. At last Fëanor's breath hitched, and Maglor's cock pulsed at that... but he still paced himself. He sucked harder, and when Fëanor let out a shuddery little gasp, Maglor let the nipple slip from his lips and he started to lick it. Celegorm had been weaned for awhile now, but Fëanor was still producing milk, and as the first drops hit his tongue, Maglor couldn't help the groan of pleasure that came out of him. Not only did it taste delicious, but there was something indescribably erotic about drinking his Oma's milk like this.

Maglor's tongue rubbed harder, and Fëanor made that shuddering gasp again. Maglor's tongue swirled around and around the nipple, then he licked it more slowly. "Like that, Oma?"

"...Yes..."

Maglor's response was to turn his head to the other nipple, and suckle. As he did, his thumb played with the one he had just drank from, rubbing it, rolling it - the nipple was glistening from saliva and milk, and more swollen than before, long and thick. Maglor's cock leapt at the sight of it, and again as he heard Fëanor's soft moan.

Maglor's lips let go of the nipple and his tongue lashed it, fucked it. Fëanor threw his head back and moaned again. Milk splattered as Maglor rubbed his tongue, and Maglor took the nipple back in his mouth, sucking it harder, tugging on it. Then he played with the nipple as he turned back to the first one he'd teased, tongue laving, lips tugging, mouth suctioning, savoring the taste of Fëanor's milk, savoring those beautiful moans.

Maglor's other hand slid down Fëanor's chest, over his stomach, to rest on the obvious hard bulge in Fëanor's sleep-breeches.

"Káno." Fëanor's eyes were wild, and Maglor could feel Fëanor's cock pulsing through the fabric. "You're my son. This is wrong..."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No."

Maglor grinned and his lips tugged on the nipple some more. His tongue rubbed fast and furious, and then he gave the nipple a little bite before he turned to the other, doing the same thing. As he played with a nipple, his hand rubbed Fëanor's cock through the sleep-breeches, and at last he reached inside and gripped Fëanor's cock, stroking it slowly.

"I don't... want you to get the wrong idea," Fëanor ground out. "You are a man now, and I notice you as a man. I never thought this way when you were -"

"I know," Maglor said, and he silenced his Oma with their first kiss.

Maglor had fantasized about kissing Fëanor many, many times, and the reality was far better than his fantasy. Their tongues found a sensual rhythm, playing back and forth. Fëanor's lips weren't just lusciously full, they were soft. They both moaned into the kiss, and Fëanor's cock leapt in Maglor's hand.

They pulled back, breathing harder. Fëanor's cock was dripping pre-spend, and Fëanor

watched as Maglor brought his hand to his mouth, tasting the pre-spend from his fingers, then he rubbed his tongue against Fëanor's, letting him taste it too. "I love you, Oma," Maglor said. "And I want you, right or wrong. I love your sensitive heart, I love your passion and your anger, I love your humor, I love your artistry, I love... you. I want you." Maglor sucked on Fëanor's lower lip and then he rasped, "I want you more than Nerdanel has ever wanted you."

Now it was Fëanor's turn to kiss Maglor. As they kissed, Maglor reached and tugged down Fëanor's sleep-breeches, and Fëanor pulled down Maglor's smallclothes. They kissed again and their cocks kissed, cock pulsating against cock. Maglor rolled Fëanor onto his back and their cocks rubbed together as their hands slid over each other's naked bodies, as their mouths met again and again, tongues teasing. Maglor began to kiss and lick Fëanor's neck, then he was pleasuring Fëanor's nipples again, playing with one as he lapped and suckled the other. He kissed and licked at Fëanor's stomach, down one inner thigh and up the other, and then, with their eyes locked, Maglor took Fëanor's cock in his mouth and sucked slowly. His tongue licked up and down the shaft to chase the pre-spend. Around and around the head of Fëanor's cock. Then he drew just the head between his lips, sucking hard, making Fëanor arch to him, panting.

"Káno..."

Maglor continued sucking the head, rubbing the bottom of the shaft, his other hand playing with the balls. He took more of the cock in his mouth, sucking slowly, continuing to caress the balls as his fingers brushed the sensitive place between balls and ass. Maglor dipped a finger inside and slick poured down his finger, down his hand. Maglor's cock leapt - Fëanor was so, so wet. Fëanor watched as Maglor tasted the slick, then Maglor split Fëanor like a peach, bending the knees, and started to lap at his dripping hole. Maglor groaned into him, loving the honey-vanilla taste of his Oma's slick. Loving the delicious sight of Fëanor wet for him, dripping for him. Each moan, each gasp, each sigh, each little cry, made Maglor mad with lust. His tongue lashed away and he shook his head, making Fëanor whimper. Soon Fëanor was rocking his hips, fucking himself on Maglor's tongue. "Please, Káno..."

"Please, what?" Maglor wanted to hear him say it.

"Take me. Fuck me." Fëanor swallowed hard. "Put it in the hole you came out of."

Maglor loved that. He came up with a growl and kissed Fëanor hard. He flung one of Fëanor's legs over his shoulder and quickly guided his cock to the slick-gushing, twitching hole. As Maglor started to push inside, Fëanor cried out, and when Maglor bottomed out in him, they both moaned together, before Maglor claimed his mouth with a deep, hungry kiss.

Maglor started to pound him, harder than the thunder outside. They made their own thunder, bed slamming against the wall. Fëanor bucked his hips, matching Maglor's rhythm. The sound of Maglor's balls slapping Fëanor's ass, the filthy wet sloppy suctioning, slurping sound of Maglor's cock thrusting in and out, rose with Fëanor's cries. Maglor grunted, giving into his favorite fantasy, thrilling to Fëanor's silken heat kissing his cock, the lust in Fëanor's eyes, the raunchy smell of their sex. This was real, it was happening, and it was worth all the years of pining, longing, aching. They stormed with passion, losing themselves deeper and deeper in pleasure, in desire, until all that existed was them, their love.

"More," Fëanor begged, his nails digging in Maglor's hips. "More, Káno, more... more, give me more, *more...*"

Maglor growled and nipped Fëanor's neck, then his tongue soothed where his teeth had been. Fëanor yelped and shuddered, and his nails raked Maglor's back in response.

"More, Káno. More, don't stop, don't ever stop, Káno, more..."

Fëanor begging for more drove Maglor to that edge. Maglor gritted his teeth, trying desperately not to come too soon. He took Fëanor's cock in his hand, and strummed Fëanor's nipples as he stroked Fëanor's cock. Fëanor's broken cries got louder, as did the slapping, suctioning sound of their fuck. Maglor grunted, growled, needing to come... needing to make Fëanor come.

"More... more... more..." Fëanor bit his lip and whined.

"I'll give you more, Oma. I'll give you as much as you want." Maglor leaned in and slowly licked down Fëanor's throat. He nibbled the sweet hollow where neck and shoulder met. "Anytime you want. You don't need Nerdanel anymore, I'll fuck you any and every time that you want, fuck you so much better than her..."

"KÁNO! YES, KÁNO! YES!" Fëanor came, erupting over his own chest, then his spend hit Maglor in the face. Maglor came two thrusts later, shaking, gasping. As his body spasmed and he filled Fëanor with his seed, he licked Fëanor's spend off his chest and they rubbed their tongues together, sharing it between them. Fëanor shot onto Maglor's stomach and their mouths crushed together, kissing deeper.

Their orgasm shattered them enough that they fell asleep like that, a tangle of limbs, safe and content wrapped up together. And when the light changed, Fëanor was rubbing against him, kissing him awake. Maglor pulled Fëanor up onto his shoulders, eating his seed out of Fëanor's passage, and then guided Fëanor's hips back down, so Fëanor could straddle him. As Fëanor rode him, panting, Maglor thought to himself he wanted to start every morning this way.

Two days later, when they had said they would head back to Tirion, Fëanor went into heat, and they stayed three days more, making love for hours and hours, in every room of Formenos, in every position. Sucking and fucking, coming and coming and coming. It was better than Maglor's time with Daeron.

Maglor also felt possessive of Fëanor in a way he hadn't with Daeron. He didn't mind sharing Fëanor with his brothers - indeed, he wanted them as well - but the thought of them going back to Tirion... the thought of Fëanor returning to Nerdanel for more neglect and verbal abuse made him *angry*. And as Maglor drove into Fëanor fast and frenzied, Fëanor's legs on his shoulders, sweat dripping down their bodies, Maglor finally confessed the darkest desire of his soul.

"Don't take your herbs," Maglor rasped. "I want you pregnant. I want her to know I had you, I fucked you..."

"Káno! KÁNO! Fill me with your seed, Káno, yes!" Fëanor came so hard his spend hit the ceiling, the wall, raining over his own face, over Maglor's face and chest, his channel contracting so hard that it squeezed a powerful orgasm out of Maglor's cock, and Maglor felt like he was melting, like all of him was turning to seed, so much of it flowing and flowing and flowing, coming like he had never come before.

Nerdanel knew, of course, and named the baby Carnistir - Red-Face - a subtle sign that she was ashamed. She had been cuckolded by her own "son".

She deserved that shame, Maglor thought. He wanted Fëanor to divorce her and run away with him, his sons - their son - and his brothers - but he would not. Fëanor was fiercely loyal to a fault, and though there was resentment festering, Fëanor still held out hope that they might reconcile.

It hurt, but Maglor understood.

It had to be enough to carry on in secret. Indeed, Fëanor named the son Moriraure, Moryo for short, because he had been conceived in the secret darkness. "Where our fire burns the brightest," Fëanor told Maglor, stealing a kiss.

And Maglor hoped that every time Nerdanel saw the boy, she would be reminded Maglor was a better Alpha than she would ever be. He took care of what was his. She was a sculptor, creator, but he had seen the truth of what she was - all she could do outside of the workshop was destroy. He hoped Fëanor would figure that out before it was too late.

Four Become One [Fëanor/Finárfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

It was Fëanor's birthday, and Finárfin came down from Alqualondë and arrived at Fingolfin's palace so they could visit Fëanor together. Fingolfin knew that Fëanor's birthday was a difficult time for him - as it had been the day of Míriel's death, for which Finwë blamed him - and so it was very important that he and Finárfin reassured Fëanor of their love and devotion on that day.

Nerdanel, as usual, was not around, which made Fingolfin angry. They had once been friends, but Fingolfin had seen Nerdanel's verbal abuse and neglect, and yet Fëanor kept trying, kept loving someone who clearly no longer loved him - if she ever had, and Fingolfin felt that was doubtful. It was as if Fëanor was trying to get closure for his rejection by Finwë through Nerdanel, and of course Nerdanel was just as emotionally unavailable as Finwë. Fingolfin knew Finwë would cringe with horror at being compared to Nerdanel, but it seemed they were more alike than not, and Fëanor suffered for it.

Fëanor was also not around the palace, which meant he was very likely in his forge - Fingolfin didn't think Fëanor would just go to Formenos without informing them first. Fingolfin frowned as he and Finárfin made their way across the palace grounds to Fëanor's forge. Fëanor had a tendency of hiding away in his forge, working ceaselessly for hours, days, obsessed with his projects, and he was the most obsessed when he was feeling the most hurt, channeling his anger through the fire, through the hammer and chisel, creating beauty to distract from the ugliness of his pain. The thought of Fëanor overworking on his birthday because he felt rejected by Nerdanel on a day that also reminded him of Finwë's rejection, tore at Fingolfin's heart and he found himself striding faster, taking Finárfin's arm and dragging him along. Needing to make sure Fëanor was all right. Needing to make Fëanor all right, if he was not.

Ai my Fëanáro, you deserve so much better than this.

Fingolfin and Finárfin both had a key to the forge, and once they stepped inside, the sound and the smell answered Fingolfin's question for him. There was a lewd slapping, wet suctioning sound, and Fëanor's broken cries of pleasure, followed by Maglor's deep grunts. Fëanor's Omega scent and Maglor's Alpha scent wafted all the way to the door - Fingolfin went hard immediately. Indeed, Fëanor's scent was overpowering. The only time Fëanor smelled that strongly was when he went into heat.

Fingolfin and Finárfin walked further into the forge. Fëanor was bent over the anvil, with Maglor standing behind him, their hips smacking together hard and fast. Maglor held a handful of Fëanor's hair and pulled it, growling. There was a puddle on the floor, trickling forward - that puddle was obviously Fëanor's slick.

Maglor and Fëanor looked at them - Maglor continued thrusting, and Fëanor licked his lips before he made a confused noise.

"As you know, it is your birthday," Fingolfin said, "and we came to -"

"Just shut up and get naked," Finárfin told him, and began undressing.

Fingolfin chuckled, and also worked on removing his own clothes. When he didn't disrobe fast enough, Finárfin came over and feverishly tugged off Fingolfin's clothes. Fëanor let out an appreciative whistle before Maglor spanked Fëanor's ass and reached around to shove his fingers in Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor sucked on them like the fingers were a cock,

and Fingolfin's cock twitched in response.

Once nude, Finarfin and Fingolfin ran their hands over each other, kissing, hard cocks rubbing together, giving Fëanor and Maglor a show. Then they approached the anvil, their cocks in Fëanor's face.

"They look delicious, don't they?" Maglor asked.

Fëanor whimpered and just nodded.

They came closer, and Maglor pulled Fëanor's hair again. "Get to work, Oma."

Fëanor's tongue darted back and forth between Fingolfin's cock and Finarfin's cock, lapping hungrily. Finarfin shoved his cock in Fëanor's mouth and rocked his hips, also grabbing a hold of Fëanor's hair, fucking his mouth. Fëanor whined with his mouth full and bucked his hips faster against Maglor, fucking himself desperately on Maglor's cock. A few moments later, before he could come in Fëanor's mouth, Finarfin pulled back and shoved Fingolfin forward, and Fëanor bobbed his head, greedily sucking Fingolfin's cock, slurping at it, while Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed, caressing each other. Fingolfin felt his own release building, and he stepped away, and Fëanor let out a shuddery gasp.

"Please," Fëanor begged.

Finarfin slapped his cock against Fëanor's tongue, making streamers of his pre-spend, then Fingolfin did the same. Then they resumed kissing, cock rubbing cock, giving Fëanor a good show with their cocks up close.

Fëanor wrapped his full lips around both cockheads. He only got partway down the shafts before he gagged and pulled his head back.

Maglor growled, smacked Fëanor's ass, and yanked his hair. "You suck those cocks, slut."

Fingolfin's breath hitched as he saw Fëanor's hole twitch around Maglor's cock, slick squirting down Maglor's shaft. Fëanor clearly loved being ordered around. Fingolfin smiled and he and Finarfin pushed their cocks in Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor took them partway, but it was good enough - the head was the most sensitive part, and Fëanor sucked the cockheads hard, bobbing his head, working his tongue, getting into it. Maglor sped up, watching them, and reached around to play with Fëanor's cock.

"Getting close," Maglor warned. He kept pulling on Fëanor's hair with his other hand. "I want you to come with me, Oma."

"Mmmmm, mhmmm, mhmmm," Fëanor whimpered around the cocks in his mouth.

"You're going to come from them fucking your mouth, aren't you? You're going to come from sucking two cocks at once like the greedy slut you are."

"Mmmm, mmmm, mmmhmm, mmmhmm..."

Fingolfin shivered. He himself was getting close, and he could tell by the way Finarfin was breathing that Finarfin was also right there. Fingolfin kissed Finarfin hard, and then Finarfin leaned in to kiss Fingolfin's neck, knowing how sensitive he was, and put his fingers in Fingolfin's mouth.

Maglor threw his head back and cried out, and Fëanor howled with his mouth full,

shaking, spasming. The sight and sound of them coming set Fingolfin off, and Finarfin came with him - Fëanor pulled back, panting, their cream spilling out the corners of his mouth, and their cocks shot again, all over Fëanor's face. Fëanor licked his lips as the seed dripped down, and his smile was as bright as the Silmarils. Fingolfin touched Fëanor's cheek, that smile melting his heart. Finarfin pet Fëanor's hair, and bent down to kiss the top of Fëanor's head.

They were, of course, far from over. Fëanor was insatiable normally, and when he was in heat, he was beyond insatiable. They took it to the little bedroom Fëanor had made in the forge - not that he slept here much, Fëanor tended to not sleep when he worked on projects - and Fëanor got on his hands and knees, presenting, slick and Maglor's seed pooling out of his hole, dripping down his thighs, dripping onto the sheets. Fingolfin, Finarfin and Maglor all went hard again.

"Your turn," Maglor said, putting an arm around each of them.

Fingolfin glanced at Finarfin. "Which one of us shall go first?" Fingolfin asked, aching to take Fëanor but also not wanting to be rude to his beloved younger brother.

Finarfin grinned. "How about we share?"

Fingolfin lay on his back and Fëanor climbed atop him. Fingolfin sat up a little, enough to kiss Fëanor as Fëanor sank down on his cock. When Fingolfin bottomed out, they paused for a moment to look into each other's eyes. Fingolfin stroked Fëanor's face and hair. "Happy birthday, my love," Fingolfin husked.

Fëanor kissed him again, and Fingolfin's cock pulsated. He grabbed onto Fëanor's hips and began to thrust, and Fëanor bounced, riding him hard, working his hips in circles. Fingolfin kissed and licked Fëanor's neck, then leaned in to lap at a nipple while he played with the other. Fëanor's milk dripped onto his tongue and Fingolfin suckled, savoring the warm spicy sweetness. He continued laving the nipple, sucking, making Fëanor gasp with pleasure. He admired the way the nipple glistened, long and thick, before he turned to the other, sucking hard. Back and forth he went, rubbing one, nursing on the other, as Fëanor bucked feverishly, moaning. Finarfin and Maglor watched, stroking each other, and Fingolfin groaned at the lovely sight of their cocks slick with pre-spend.

Maglor came over and put his cock in their faces. Fëanor and Fingolfin licked at Maglor's shaft together, and Maglor grunted and growled, gently rolling his hips. When Fëanor and Fingolfin rubbed their tongues together, sharing Maglor's pre-spend, Maglor moaned, and Fingolfin steeled himself to not come right away.

Finarfin came around behind Fëanor and got on his knees. Fingolfin moaned as he felt the tip of Finarfin's cock bump up against him, and then Finarfin was pushing inside, slowly. Maglor shoved his cock in Fëanor's mouth - his cock slick from Fëanor - and Fingolfin's cock throbbed at the sound of Fëanor howling around it as Finarfin pushed, stuffing him. Fëanor felt so tight, and as Fingolfin and Finarfin began to thrust, pushing and pulling, finding their rhythm, cock rubbed cock inside the silken vise of Fëanor's insides and Fingolfin loved it, shuddering, almost undone.

Finarfin kissed and licked Fëanor's neck, and Fingolfin resumed licking and sucking Fëanor's nipples, pinching and pulling them, as Maglor fucked Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor whimpered with his mouth full, bouncing on their cocks, his slick pouring down their shafts. Fingolfin lost himself in lust and sensation, loving to see Fëanor debauched like this, shameless, sluttish, glorious. Fëanor burned for them, eyes like silver flame, and Fingolfin worshiped with his eyes, his mouth, his hands, his cock.

Before Maglor could come in Fëanor's mouth, he pulled it out, and gently pushed Fingolfin back a little - Fingolfin watched as Maglor began to rub his cock against Fëanor's nipple, milk dripping onto the head, pre-spend flowing over the nipple. Fingolfin and Finarfin both groaned, watching it, and Fëanor let out a broken cry, bouncing faster. Maglor stepped closer and his cock rubbed the other nipple, his cock glistening with the pearly sheen of Fëanor's milk, as his cock poured pre-spend onto the hard, swollen nub. Then he offered Finarfin a few licks at his cock, then Fingolfin, before Fingolfin leaned back in to taste Maglor's pre-spend and milk from Fëanor's nipple, a most delicious combination. Maglor's cock was on Fëanor's nipples again, one then the other, rubbing, teasing, making Fëanor sob with tormented pleasure. Maglor shoved his cock back in Fëanor's mouth and Finarfin reached around to stroke Fëanor's cock as Finarfin set the pace, hips slapping wildly against Fëanor's, Fingolfin rocking his own hips, Fëanor grabbing onto Fingolfin's shoulders as he rode.

Maglor pulled back to fuck Fëanor's nipples again, and Finarfin turned Fëanor's face so they could kiss. Their tongues rubbed together, licking, playing, and Fingolfin leaned in, tongue rubbing with theirs. Finarfin, Fingolfin, and Fëanor joined hands, and Finarfin's other hand gripped Fëanor's cock tight, stroking it hard and fast, and Fingolfin put his hand on top of Finarfin's hand, working it faster. Fëanor tensed and made an urgent sound, eyes wide, that let Fingolfin know he was close. Maglor shoved his milk and pre-spend dripping cock in their faces, letting it drip on the three rubbing tongues, and the brothers climaxed together, crying out as Fëanor's hole contracted and cock creamed cock inside him. Maglor came an instant later, moaning, splashing their faces with seed. The brothers licked each other's faces clean and their tongues played some more, as Maglor caught his breath, shaking.

They still weren't done. Fëanor rubbed his hard cock against Fingolfin's thigh, whining. Fingolfin chuckled and patted Fëanor. "What does the birthday boy want?" Fingolfin asked.

"I want all three of you inside me," Fëanor said.

Fingolfin's jaw dropped. That was something they hadn't tried before. "Will that even fit?"

"We'll make it fit." Fëanor squared his shoulders. Finarfin laughed and gave Fëanor a kiss.

They changed positions - this time Finarfin lay back against the pillows, and Fëanor straddled his hips. Once Finarfin was inside Fëanor, he pulled Fëanor to lean forward, and Fingolfin mounted Fëanor, pushing his cock inside the tight hole sloppy from slick and seed. Fingolfin and Finarfin got their rhythm going, Fingolfin riding Fëanor's ass. Maglor then got into place, kneeling behind Fingolfin. Fingolfin moaned as he felt Maglor's cock begin to slide in. There was only so far Maglor could go - two cocks were a tight fit, three cocks were a squeeze - but even with Maglor halfway inside, the way Fëanor's channel tightened up even more around them, and feeling two cocks rub against his cock inside the tight grip... Fingolfin grit his teeth, trying not to come right away.

It was harder to resist as Maglor reached around and his hands caressed Fingolfin's chest, playing with his nipples. Maglor kissed and licked Fingolfin's neck. "Your cock feels so good, Ana," Maglor purred.

"Fuck me," Fëanor begged, nails digging in Finarfin's shoulders while Finarfin nursed on him, suckling one nipple, rubbing the other. "Fuck me. Just like that. More..."

Fëanor begging for more was Fingolfin's weakness. Fingolfin growled and rocked harder

into Fëanor. He grabbed Fëanor's hair with one hand and Fëanor's cock with the other, licking and biting Fëanor's neck. Finarfin tugged a nipple with his lips, then pulled the nipple ring with his teeth, before doing the same to the other. Fëanor worked his hips in circles and clenched his inner muscles, teasing them back.

"More," Fëanor panted. "More, more... give me more, give me more, *more...*"

Finarfin leaned over Fëanor's shoulder and kissed Fingolfin with Fëanor's milk on his tongue. Fingolfin stroked Fëanor's cock as hard and fast as he could, feeling himself rush to that point of no return. Fëanor cried out, "More! *More!* Moremoremoremore..." Then Fëanor let out a wordless wail as his spend painted Finarfin's chest.

Fingolfin came with a hoarse shout, and as the release throbbed, through the haze of pleasure Fingolfin watched Finarfin scoop up Fëanor's cream from his chest and Finarfin stuck his fingers in Maglor's mouth. Maglor came, and Finarfin did too. The feel of their hot seed spraying his cock made Fingolfin surge again, sighing with relief and bliss.

The four men tangled up together, and Fëanor's Alphas pet him as Fëanor curled up, smiling, flexing his toes and fingers like a cat kneading. "Best birthday ever," Fëanor purred.

Fëanor received another birthday present - his fifth son, conceived in the debauchery in the forge.

As Fëanor showed the new baby to his Alphas, Fingolfin couldn't help but ask. "Have you thought of a name?"

"Curufinwë." Fëanor tousled the boy's dark hair, like his own.

"Curufinwë - after yourself - and not Curaurë," Fingolfin mused aloud. To this point, all of Fëanor's children had "raurë" in their names, after Nerdanel's Ana who Fëanor called "RAWR".

"Correct."

Fingolfin found that telling - and perhaps the beginning of the end of Fëanor and Nerdanel. He hoped, as did Finarfin and Maglor, that Fëanor would eventually leave Nerdanel and live with one of them... or perhaps they would all find a way to be together, somehow.

Fëanor went on, "I'm not sure who sired him. Could be any one of you - Ñolo, Ara, Káno."

"It doesn't matter," Finarfin said. "I will still love him as if he were my own."

"I agree," Fingolfin said sincerely. "He will have three fathers." Maglor nodded.

Unfortunately, it was still up to Nerdanel to claim the child as hers, or risk blowing apart the cover. As much as Fingolfin had come to dislike Nerdanel, he was still grateful Nerdanel agreed to pretend the boy was hers - she obviously knew he was not - and give him an Ana-name. This time she went with Atarinkë - an odd choice since the boy did not favor her at all, nor did Nerdanel use the Valarin custom of Atar/Atya instead of Ana. An

outside observer might assume that Atarinkë was named for ultimately resembling Finwë, who himself favored Atar/Atya... but Fingolfin knew "Little Father" strongly hinted that the sire was one of Fëanor's younger brothers... or one of his own sons.

It was even more of a hint than Carnistir, "Red-Faced", had been - alluding to Maglor cuckolding her - even though Nerdanel had been the one to suggest she and Fëanor have an open relationship, and Nerdanel had many more lovers than Fëanor did. "Fine for me but not for thee" was Nerdanel's rule of law, and Maglor had wounded her pride.

The name was indeed worse than a hint. It felt like a warning.

Fingolfin hoped Fëanor would heed that warning and *get out*. But Fëanor was loyal to a fault, and stubborn to a fault. That was a dangerous combination, and Fingolfin feared it would kill him someday.

Fingolfin tried to push those dark thoughts away and focus on the bright little life squirming and cooing, and Fëanor's radiant joy as he rocked his son. When Fëanor smiled like this, it was hard to believe anything could quench the fire of his spirit, not even Nerdanel's poisonous ways.

Kissing Cousins: Part 1 [Aredhel/Maedhros/Fingon/Maglor]

Chapter Notes

Using her Quenya name because I cannot stand the name Aredhel LMAO

It was Irissë's first time visiting Formenos, her uncle Fëanor's vacation home in the northern forest. She had been feeling unwell - headaches, nausea - and Fingolfin had suggested it was nerves and that time away would do her some good; Fëanor had offered her the use of Formenos. So here she was, approaching the stone castle surrounded by evergreen and birch, so different from the palace in Tirion.

Fëanor kept only a few servants at Formenos at any given time, "paid well to keep quiet," he'd added. As they helped her with her bags, she scented them as Betas, and smiled a little - she knew about her Ana's relationship with Fëanor, and it made sense that hiring Betas would add an extra layer of discretion, not able to scent Alpha or Omega arousal... or Omega heats.

Irissë had only had two heats so far, and not in awhile. The first one happened during one of Oromë's Hunts, and her cousin Angrod had lain with her. The second time she'd had to take care of herself, as Angrod was off at sea. He was at sea again or she would have invited him to come up to Formenos with her in secret; she missed him so much right now.

Angrod was not the only cousin she fancied. She'd been in love with Maedhros as long as she could remember, and to an extent she was also in love with Maglor - who she knew was her half-brother, not just her cousin. She even found herself attracted to her brother Fingon - she knew she came by that honestly. But it seemed that Maedhros, Maglor and Fingon only liked men, and she didn't want to get her hopes up.

She tried to tell herself she didn't need anyone. She was certainly less dependent on validation than her cousin Artanis, who lived to be told she was beautiful and special. Irissë was looking forward to the opportunity to hike and fish and hunt, here in the pristine wilderness. A date with herself.

As she walked into the largest of the guest suites, her jaw dropped as she saw Maedhros on the bed, curled up in the fetal position, crying. She had assumed she would be alone here.

Maedhros sat up with a start and quickly tried to compose himself. "Irissë," he said with a half-smile. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"I... didn't expect to see you here either." Irissë reflexively took a step back, feeling like she was intruding. But she was also concerned - she never saw Maedhros like this. "Are you all right?"

Maedhros nodded. "I came here after a spat with Finno, to be alone -"

"Oh no." Irissë didn't want them fighting... and now she definitely felt like she was intruding. "I... I can leave -"

"No, you came all this way, and... it's fine." Maedhros held out his arms. "We're overdue for spending some time together, anyway, maybe that will cheer me up."

Irissë smiled so hard it hurt her face as she ran over to give him a hug. They had, in fact, spent less time together over the last couple of years, and she was overjoyed to know Maedhros missed her too. Maedhros gave her one of his big tight hugs, and Irissë tried not to moan as she felt those strong arms around her, the feel of Maedhros's muscular body against hers. She buried her nose in his copper hair and breathed in his Omega scent, and her cunt twinged in response. She quickly got herself under control, before she could do something rash like kiss him.

"Are you hungry?" Maedhros asked. "Would you like me to cook for you?"

As much as Irissë liked that idea, her stomach was still bothering her. She shook her head. "I don't feel well. It's why Ana and your Oma suggested I come out here."

Maedhros folded his arms. "They knew I was up here wanting to be alone. They must have decided I needed company." Maedhros rolled his eyes and laughed. "I don't mind, if it's you."

"I'm sorry you had a fight with my brother. I hope you can work it out."

"We probably will, we just need a few days and some space." Maedhros scowled. "Everything is making me cranky. So I needed to realign myself in a nice quiet, secluded spot, away from noise and people."

"You're *very* sure you -"

Maedhros put a finger to her lips. "Come on. I know you don't feel well but you should still eat *something* after your long journey." Maedhros got up and took her hand. "I can make you blueberry scones if you don't want to eat a proper meal, just so you have something in your stomach. Wild blueberries grow around here - and strawberries too."

Irissë thrilled to the feel of Maedhros's hand on hers, pulling her along. She didn't want to refuse, even though nothing appealed to her right now. But then she paused, as she thought of the blueberry and strawberry bushes in the forest. "Maybe tomorrow, after I've rested from the journey, you could show me where they grow?"

Maedhros nodded. "We can go on a hike. Like old times."

Despite her better judgment, Irissë leaned over and gave him a squeeze, which made her throb all over again. Maedhros tousled her hair and tweaked her nose, then his hand was in hers again, and they were off to the kitchen.

Kissing Cousins: Part 2 [Aredhel/Maedhros/Fingon/Maglor]

Irissë felt her face light up as she and Maedhros approached bushes of wild strawberries and blueberries, along the bank of a stream. She clapped excitedly like an overgrown child, then looked off to the side, cheeks burning with shame that she did such a thing in front of her very handsome cousin, even though she was sure she had absolutely no chance with him. But to her relief and delight, Maedhros also clapped.

"So many berries," Irissë said. She had never seen so much at once, not even at the grand feasts in the royal court. She bet these berries tasted even better than the ones in Tirion.

As if he read her mind, Maedhros said, "They are the most delicious things I've ever put in my mouth. Well, except for..." His voice trailed off and he turned pink.

Irissë knew exactly what he was talking about and she giggled, even as her cunt throbbed at the very delicious mental image of Maedhros sucking Fingon's cock. She wished she could watch sometime. She wished she could do more than watch. Trying not to appear too eager, she said, "As you know, you're incorrigible."

"Thank you," Maedhros said with a small bow - just like Fëanor.

Irissë laughed so hard she snorted. She clapped her hand over her mouth, embarrassed that she made that noise in front of Maedhros, but then Maedhros said, "That's cute. Finno makes that same sound."

He thinks it was cute! Irissë's face burned even hotter, but she still couldn't let that fuel hope for something more. So she evaded the compliment. "So does Ana when your Oma makes him laugh," Irissë said honestly, remembering private moments she'd witnessed when Fëanor and Fingolfin were acting ridiculous together. "Don't tell him I said that or I'll be grounded for life."

Maedhros held out one hand and made motions like he was writing with a quill with the other. "Note to self, tell Uncle Nolo I know about the way he snorts -"

Irissë gave Maedhros a playful shove.

"I bet those aren't the worst noises he makes." Maedhros shook with laughter.

Irissë facepalmed, not wanting to think about her father's sex life. There were limits to her incestuous desires. "You're worse than incorrigible."

"Good."

Irissë snorted again.

Maedhros grinned. "The worst noise of all, though, is..." Irissë and Maedhros yelled the word "SHANT" in unison, and leaned on each other in hysterics.

When they calmed down, Maedhros took her hand and led her closer to a blueberry bush. Irissë began to pick some, loading a basket. "These will make wonderful cakes and scones and -"

"Yes, but you know the best way of eating them? Like this." Maedhros got down on his knees and Irissë watched him eat a blueberry directly off the bush, no hands. He ate one slowly, then another, then with a silly grin on his face he leaned in closer and began to frantically devour blueberries, yelling "OM NOM NOM NOM" as he got blueberry juice all over his face.

Irissë almost fell over, laughing so hard. "Our people were like animals in Cuiviénen... and I think you are even worse than they were. An absolute savage."

"No dear cousin, you're wrong. You see, if I were an absolute savage, I'd be doing this." Maedhros finally plucked a blueberry with his hand, and threw it at her. It hit her right on the nose, splattering.

Irissë quickly wiped her nose, then she put her hands on her hips. "Oh really."

"And this." Maedhros came over with two blueberries and tried to put them *up* her nose. Irissë squeaked and attempted to dart away, but Maedhros grabbed her, picked her up, and tried again to shove the blueberries in her nose. Irissë ate them instead, right out of Maedhros's hand... making a mess. Maedhros wiped the juices on Irissë's face.

"Brat," Irissë said, though she wasn't angry - more amused than annoyed.

"That's what you get for making a mess and not cleaning it." Maedhros picked a blueberry from the bush, still holding up Irissë like she weighed nothing. "Here." He put the berry in her mouth before she could say anything.

This time, Irissë cleaned the juices by licking Maedhros's fingers and hand. Maedhros didn't seem to mind... and it made Irissë flustered, cunt twinging, wanting to lick him all over. When he fed her another blueberry she sucked his fingers afterwards and that he didn't seem bothered, didn't take his hand away, made her wonder if he was flirting with her, or if it was innocent.

Before she could speculate too much, Maedhros said, "Here. Now you're going to eat the berries properly." He lowered Irissë down towards the bush.

Irissë giggled, feeling utterly ludicrous. "You expect me to eat them straight off the bush like you did -"

"I sure do. Here, we can do it together."

Irissë's mind immediately went places at Maedhros's words, even though she knew he was talking about eating blueberries. He put her down, got on his knees, and resumed devouring blueberries straight from the bush, roaring "NOM NOM NOM NOM NOM", blueberry juice all over his face.

Irissë took a deep breath, hoped this never got back to her father - so unbecoming, such lack of dignity and decorum - and then she, too, bit a blueberry off the bush. "OM NOM NOM," she yelled. She ate another blueberry, and another. "NOM NOM NOM NOM NOM."

"NOM NOM NOM NOM NOM," Maedhros shouted, shaking his head back and forth as he consumed blueberries like his life depended on it. Irissë conjured a mental images of Maedhros with his head between her legs, shaking it back and forth as he sucked her clit hard, like Angrod had...

Stop that right now.

When they had their fill of blueberries, Maedhros's face was almost entirely blue-purple from blueberry juice and this time Irissë *did* fall over laughing. "If Finno could see you now," she wheezed.

"He's seen me like this before." Maedhros grinned. "He thinks it's sexy."

Irissë facepalmed. Admittedly, it sort of was, seeing Maedhros acting like this, and she didn't understand why. She knew she came by that honestly too, remembering Fëanor's antics, and the way Fingolfin and Finarfin swooned.

"You're all juicy too," Maedhros said.

You have no idea, Maitimo. Irissë kept that commentary to herself, looked down at the blue-purple juice all over her white dress, and knew her face was probably worse. She could feel slick pooling down her thighs from the way Maedhros had picked her up and carried her around... the way he let her lick and suck his fingers.

"Come on." Maedhros took Irissë by the hands and pulled her up. "Let's get cleaned up."

He led her to the stream. Irissë watched as Maedhros stripped down to his smallclothes. She felt her jaw drop as she saw him almost-naked for the first time, with his perfect body, the definition in his pectoral muscles and abdomen and biceps, right down to the veins in his forearms. Strong thighs, shapely legs. Irissë could see the top of a bush as fiery as the hair on his head, peeking out of his smallclothes, and it made her cunt throb.

Maedhros took a step towards the stream, giving her a view of his firm, bubbly ass hugged by his smallclothes, and then he paused and looked over his shoulder as if to say *Are you joining me?*

Irissë cleared her throat and also stripped down to her smallclothes. Her nipples were hard under her camisole and she hoped she didn't have an obvious wet spot down below, but if they were both in the stream it would hide that. She strode towards the stream and dipped a toe in. The water was ice-cold and she gasped.

Maedhros chuckled and stepped in. Irissë watched him take a few steps, then he turned around, reached for her, picked her up again and pulled her into the stream with him. Irissë shrieked at the cold water, but her body began to adjust to it... and Maedhros's body was warm.

Too warm. Almost feverish. Irissë wondered if Maedhros, too, was ill and that was why he'd been cranky enough to fight with Fingon.

His face was still stained from the blueberries, and Irissë started laughing again, not able to help it. The contrast of his gorgeous body, the magnificent flood of his hair, and his blue-purple face was too much.

"Are you laughing at me?" Maedhros raised an eyebrow.

Irissë nodded emphatically.

"Here, let's clean your face," she said, and then she splashed him - she owed him for dragging him into the cold water.

Maedhros spluttered as the water got him in the face... and then he splashed her back.

They chased back and forth in the stream, splashing each other, laughing, screaming. Maedhros's face wasn't stained anymore, but he looked like a drowned rat with all that wet hair. A very attractive drowned rat. The sight of Maedhros's body glistening wet did nothing to cool her arousal.

Maedhros picked her up again and carried her out to the grass. "As you know, I can walk," Irissë informed him, even though she didn't particularly mind him holding her and carrying her like this - just the opposite. She liked it too much.

"I know, but it's more fun this way. I can do this." Maedhros lifted her up in the air and then began to spin around. Irissë shrieked and laughed again, dizzy.

When Maedhros finally put her down on the ground, his hands lingered on her waist for a moment, and Irissë watched him looking her up and down, eyes wide, like he was seeing her for the first time. Irissë looked down at the way her soaked smallclothes clung to her - her nipples were harder now from the cold water, and the proximity of Maedhros's body, and one could see through the wet fabric.

"You look like Finno with tits," Maedhros mused softly, then he put his hand to his mouth like he shouldn't have said that.

Irissë threw her head back and laughed, her face on fire again. "As you know, we are related, so yes, there would be a resemblance."

Maedhros cleared his throat and tried to look away. "Do you want to pick some more berries to bring back?"

She did. It was a much-needed distraction from Maedhros's still nearly-naked body - she could see his cock through his wet smallclothes - and fighting off the urge to ask him to fuck her. She didn't think he would accept, and she saw the way her father had to constantly watch his back to protect his relationship with his brothers from becoming public knowledge. It was bad enough she was involved with Angrod, worse to bring more people into it - she and Angrod in fact were not exclusive with each other in part to avoid suspicion, though Irissë had yet to find other partners. The only ones she wanted were also related to her.

So she picked berries and resigned herself to stealing glances at her beautiful cousin... and every now and again she caught him looking at her. Enough that she started to wonder if he would indeed reject her if she asked him.

Don't play with fire, she cautioned herself, and shoved a strawberry in her mouth.

That night Irissë couldn't sleep. The nausea and headache were gone - but she was too hot. Sweating.

Pouring slick.

She was hot enough and slick enough that she had to take her nightclothes off, laying there naked.

She now knew that the ill feeling was her body warning her that a heat cycle was coming on. Here it was. This was the worst possible time for her to go into heat, all alone up here with Maedhros, the man she had pined for since they were children... the man mated to her brother. She tossed and turned, trying to ignore that ache between her legs - her own scent was overpowering - but finally she couldn't take it anymore, got up, and began to look in her bags for where she'd packed the glass penis she'd asked her uncle to make for her.

She brought it back to her bed and started by rubbing it against her clit, back and forth. Then she pushed it inside her - she was so slick it slipped right in - and with one hand she worked it in and out of herself, her other hand rubbing her clit. She thought of Maedhros's glistening body at the stream. She thought of Maedhros's body glistening with sweat as he and Fingon sucked and fucked. She thought of them letting her watch. Letting her join. Maglor joining them. Taking turns sucking their cocks, feeling their tongues on her, feeling their cocks in her, watching them fuck each other. Irissë reached up to pinch her nipples and then rubbed herself harder, faster, the glass cock making sloppy squishing sounds as she worked it harder. It still wasn't as good as having a real cock inside her, pulsing, but it would have to do.

Irissë moaned, and then her hand flew up to her mouth. She had to be quiet, Maedhros was right down the hall.

But as she got closer - the wet slurping sounds louder - she couldn't help moaning again. Letting out a broken cry as she got closer still -

"Irissë?" Maedhros's voice was in the doorway. "I heard you cry out and came to see if you were all right -" Then his breath hitched. "*Eru.*"

"Oh no." Irissë stopped rubbing herself, mortified. "Oh no. I'm sorry. I -"

Maedhros cleared his throat, took a deep breath, and his voice was husky as he asked, "Would you like some help with that?"

Kissing Cousins: Part 3 [Aredhel/Maedhros/Fingon/Maglor]

Irissë pinched herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming. She could scarcely believe the words that had just come out of Maedhros's mouth. She lay there stunned.

Then Maedhros put a hand on his hip. "Well?"

Irissë facepalmed and laughed. She gestured for Maedhros to come in. "Yes, please." Then she had a pang of guilt, thinking of her brother. "Wait. I know you had a spat with Finno, but I'm sure the two of you will make up. I don't want to hurt your relationship -"

"He won't mind." Maedhros cracked a smile. "Actually... he and I had been talking about asking you to... have a threesome with us."

Irissë's eyebrows shot up. She had no idea they were interested in her. Before she could speak, Maedhros began undressing. "I'm in heat too," Maedhros said, and once his sleep-breeches were down he turned around and Irissë's breath hitched as she watched Maedhros's hole pulsing, dripping with slick. Maedhros turned back to face her. "But even if we were not... I would want this. I'm sorry we hadn't spoken to you earlier -"

"I never spoke to you of my feelings," Irissë said. "I always assumed you... weren't into women."

"I'm not, usually, but..." Maedhros looked Irissë up and down. "You are very beautiful." He climbed onto the bed, climbing over her, and as they kissed for the first time, Maedhros put his hand on Irissë's heart. "Especially here."

Irissë flung her arms around Maedhros and kissed him back, giddy. Overcome with joy that her feelings were very mutual. Excited for what they were about to do - make her fantasy a reality. They pulled apart to catch their breath and Irissë reached up to stroke Maedhros's face, and his lovely copper hair. *This is really happening.* Irissë bit her lower lip, feeling like she could fly. *This is real. This is happening -*

"Hold on," Maedhros said, and put a finger to her lips. "I have to get something."

Maedhros ran off and Irissë waited, sexual frustration mounting. She reached down to rub her clit, hoping whatever it was wouldn't take too long. Maedhros came back in to find Irissë pawing herself harder, and Maedhros licked his lips - just the sight of that almost undid her. Then she laughed as she saw Maedhros carrying a double-ended glass cock twice the length of his. Maedhros's hard cock bobbed with each step as he walked back to the bed and climbed on.

"Finno and I share this sometimes," Maedhros said, and then with a shy smile he added, "and sometimes Káno and I share this too. Would you like to share this with me?"

"I would... but I will want your cock, too."

"Of course. We'll get there. This is just to warm up." Maedhros's shy smile became a grin. He leaned in to kiss her. "Something tells me you'd like to watch me with a cock in my ass, wouldn't you?"

"...Yes." Irissë and Maedhros laughed together before rubbing noses, then another kiss.

One kiss became another, and another. Irissë trembled as she felt Maedhros's hands run over her naked body, cupping her breasts, caressing her stomach and thighs... sliding back up. Irissë reached out to touch him too, enjoying the feel of his muscles, the strength and power in him. The silky flood of his hair.

Maedhros's cock rubbed against Irissë's clit as Maedhros began to kiss down her neck, thumbs rubbing her hard, sensitive nipples. He kissed the hollow between them, then he looked into her eyes, heat in his gaze as he drew a nipple into his mouth. Irissë cried out and shuddered, feeling more slick pool out of her. Maedhros's tongue rubbed the nipple back and forth, swirled around and around the nipple, and lapped it some more before he suckled it again, harder. Irissë moaned and clutched at his head, grabbing fistfuls of his hair. Maedhros smiled and turned to the other breast, sucking the nipple, licking it, suckling harder.

He kissed, licked and nibbled her stomach. Kissed and licked one thigh, then the other. "You're so wet, I can even taste it on your thighs," Maedhros said, looking up to lick his lips. He hovered over her cunt, and a finger traced over one of the lips, then the other... around and around the clit, then brushing it lightly. Irissë almost came just from the gentle touch, as pent up as she was. Maedhros took a deep breath, breathed in her scent, and then he lowered his head. Irissë whimpered as Maedhros's tongue circled around her clit, not yet touching it. His tongue slid over one lip, then the other. He sucked one into his mouth, then the other. Then his tongue was lightly tapping her clit, driving her mad. Irissë pulled his hair, writhing, gasping for breath as he teased her.

To tease her even more, Maedhros slid up to kiss her, letting her taste herself on him. "You want more?"

"I want cock," Irissë growled. "Now." As much as she liked to be eaten, she was desperate to get fucked.

Maedhros laughed. He reached for the glass double-ended cock, and Irissë watched as Maedhros brought one end of it to his lips. He sucked it expertly, bobbing his head, slurping at it, taking it deep. Irissë's mind raced with images of Maedhros sucking Fingon's cock the same way... or Maglor's. Maedhros moved closer so the other end of the glass cock approached her lips. She took it in her mouth and they sucked at the ends together. Maedhros's fingers rubbed Irissë's clit as they sucked on the toy, getting her closer and closer.

Maedhros lay on his back, legs spread, knees bent, a pillow underneath him. Irissë guided one end of the toy into him, cunt throbbing as she watched Maedhros's hole swallow the toy inch by inch, slick spilling down the tip. Then Irissë lay back and moved forward, until she felt the other end of the cock at her cunt. She pushed it into herself and heard squishing sounds, feeling her own slick dripping.

They worked their hips, watching each other fuck the cock, back and forth. The sight of the glass cock moving in and out of Maedhros's hole, slick pouring down, was one of the most erotic things Irissë had ever seen. The filthy wet slurping sound of the cock working in and out of them intensified her lust... and it felt delicious, even as Irissë still wanted the real thing. Irissë played with her clit and Maedhros stroked his cock, and Irissë moaned as she watched Maedhros stroking himself, getting into it.

When they were rocking their hips harder, panting, Maedhros reached over to rub Irissë's clit, and Irissë took Maedhros's cock in her hand, gripping it tight. Her thumb rubbed the frenulum - Angrod had shown her where the sweet spot was on a cock. Maedhros got more vocal, moaning louder, giving little broken cries, and he rubbed Irissë's clit harder in

response. Irissë felt her thighs quivering as the pleasure coiled, more and more ready to spring. She held back just a little more, not wanting to stop the exquisite rubbing inside her, the beautiful show of Maedhros's hole getting reamed, Maedhros's hard cock, his muscles rippling as he worked his hips, the intense look in his eyes...

...but finally her body gave in, cunt clenching around the glass cock as her release pulsed. Maedhros gasped at the sight of her contractions and he spilled over Irissë's hand with a precious little whimper. Irissë sighed as the relief washed over her.

They pulled out the double-ended glass cock, and Maedhros came up to kiss her. Then he took the end of the toy that had been inside her, and began to suck and lick the toy clean, humming with pleasure as he savored her juices. He licked his lips. "You taste so good."

They kissed, and then Maedhros was kissing her neck again, her breasts. Irissë arched to him, aching for another orgasm. Maedhros was only happy to oblige, kissing lower. As he licked and nibbled her stomach, his fingers caressed her clit, dipped inside her and slowly worked in and out. He brought his fingers to his lips to taste, and let out an "mmmmmm" before he dove down.

He lapped at her hungrily, and Irissë gasped, losing herself in the pleasure of Maedhros's wicked tongue. For someone who wasn't into women normally, he knew what he was doing. "I've thought about this so many times," Maedhros said, before his tongue licked around her clit, teasing her. "Wanted to kiss you here for ages..."

"Maitimo..." The thought of Maedhros fantasizing about her, the way she'd fantasized about him, drove Irissë even wilder with lust. She grabbed his hair and Maedhros laughed before his lips latched around her clit, sucking hard.

He slurped at her clit, and Irissë screamed at the feel of Maedhros's lush lips around her, getting her closer and closer and closer until she thought she was going to die of pleasure, feeling like she could explode. He got her *right there* and kept her there, pleasure winding, tension mounting, until at last she felt herself soaring, the throbbing euphoria coursing through her with a cry.

"So wet. So delicious." Maedhros licked his lips, and his tongue took a few slow strokes over her contracting, quivering mound. "More?"

"Please, yes..."

Maedhros's tongue lashed fast and furious. He shook his head, growling. His hunger for her was just as luscious as the rhythm of his tongue, and then those lips... He sucked on her clit again, slurping, suctioning, and this time his fingers worked in and out of her, making the pleasure all the more intense. Irissë thrashed, tugging on Maedhros's hair, almost sobbing at how good it felt. She climaxed quickly, screaming his name. When she was ready for another he sucked at her clit like his life depended on it, bobbing his head, fingers banging away inside her. Irissë squirted this time, all over Maedhros's face and throat. Maedhros laughed with delight, and Irissë wept with joy.

Maedhros slid up and kissed her. She licked her juices from his face and neck, and they kissed again. Maedhros took her hand and kissed it, and let her recover, holding her hand as she felt like she was made of light and floating.

At last she came back to herself and felt Maedhros's hard cock pressed against her thigh... dripping pre-spend. He needed relief, and her cunt began to ache again, craving

that cock inside her. They started kissing again, and then Maedhros was kissing her breasts, playing with one nipple as he lapped and suckled the other. Maedhros reached down to play with her, and Irissë rubbed herself against his hand, panting for it. Then Maedhros took his hand away, and his slick fingers anointed her nipple and he sucked it hard, and Irissë cried out.

"Fuck me, damn you..." Irissë dug her nails in his back.

Maedhros laughed, kissed her, and he rolled onto his back, pulling her atop him.

Maedhros sat up a little against the pillows. Irissë sank down on his cock and gasped when he was all the way inside her, stretching her, filling her...

...one with her. Like she'd wanted, for as long as she'd been able to want.

"I love you," Irissë said, her arms around Maedhros's neck.

Maedhros's arms encircled her and he leaned up. "I love you." They kissed.

Irissë took his hands and began to ride. His cock felt so good inside her, better when Maedhros started to work his hips, thrusting into her, making her buck madly. Irissë grabbed onto his shoulders, bouncing away, and one of Maedhros's hands played with her clit while the other wandered over her body, exploring, caressing. "So beautiful," Maedhros said softly, love shining in his eyes. "The most beautiful woman in the world."

Irissë laughed and kissed the tip of Maedhros's nose. She couldn't resist ribbing him a little. "Finno with tits?"

Maedhros grinned. "Yes, but... you're you. I love you for you."

Irissë felt like she could cry from happiness. They kissed again and Irissë rode harder, giving it her all. Maedhros grabbed her hips and slammed into her as Irissë rubbed her clit hard and fast, getting close. When she was right there, Maedhros's hand guided hers and he leaned in to suck on her nipples. Irissë let the pleasure build to the shatterpoint, trying to hold back, wanting more and more and more... and she had a glorious, powerful climax, her voice echoing as she screamed. A few thrusts later Maedhros spent into her with shuddery gasps, the look of ecstasy on his face so beautiful it brought tears to her eyes.

Irissë curled up on his chest, in his arms, until they were ready again, kissing feverishly. Irissë rode him once more, panting and whimpering, not able to get enough. Maedhros played with her clit and her nipples, kissed her neck. When their mouths met they moaned into the kiss, and Irissë took one of Maedhros's hands as the other rubbed so hard and fast, that perfect, frenzied rhythm. Closer, closer, right there... Irissë squeezed Maedhros's hand and squealed into the kiss as her cunt pulsed once more, squirting down his shaft. Maedhros threw back his head and cried out as he spilled inside her again.

They held each other tight, laughing and crying. Irissë couldn't believe she had ever doubted he had feelings for her, when he loved her like this. And this had been so worth the wait for all the years of pining.

"I've loved you so long," Irissë said.

Maedhros played with a strand of her hair. "I guess we have to make up for lost time."

Irissë smirked. "I guess so." She lowered her face and they kissed again, and Maedhros's arms wrapped around her as he rose in her once more. Irissë sighed with bliss and began to ride more slowly, sensuously. They had time now.

Kissing Cousins: Part 4 [Aredhel/Maedhros/Fingon/Maglor]

Irissë was riding Maedhros again, bucking wildly, when the knock came at the door.

Irissë froze, and Maedhros's eyes widened. Irissë looked over her shoulder as Maedhros called out, "Who is it?"

"Manwë," came Fingon's voice from behind the door.

"And Varda," Maglor added in a high-pitched voice.

Irissë and Maedhros facepalmed in unison, laughing. Then Irissë climbed down from Maedhros's cock and walked over to let them in... naked. She stood there for a moment, giving them a view, pleased as both Fingon and Maglor looked her up and down, lust in their eyes.

"Well, are you just going to stand there, or are you going to join us?" Maedhros asked.

Fingon sniffed the air. "One or both of you is in heat."

Maglor smirked. "I told you so." He explained to Maedhros, "I told him you were probably in pre-heat and that was why you were grumpy... and I dragged him up here to make up with you."

"You're going to have to wait your turn," Maedhros said, and stuck his tongue out at Fingon and Maglor. Then he gestured to Irissë. "Where were we..."

Irissë got back on the bed, and straddled Maedhros again. She and Maedhros kissed, laughing, and then they looked over at Fingon and Maglor, and Irissë waved before she began to bounce on Maedhros's cock.

Fingon and Maglor quickly undressed, and they watched, kissing and stroking each other's cocks, as Irissë continued riding Maedhros, gasps and cries rising above the sound of bodies slapping together, the wet slurping of Maedhros's cock in and out of her. Maedhros sucked on Irissë's nipples as he played with her clit, and soon he had her on that edge, Irissë digging her nails in him, whimpering. It was so good... even better for Fingon and Maglor watching. Enjoying. Knowing that they wanted her just as much as she wanted them.

Fingon and Maglor came closer, and for the first time, Irissë and Fingon kissed as lovers did, their tongues licking, teasing. Irissë looked into her brother's beautiful blue eyes and reached up to touch his face. Fingon smiled at her tenderly before they kissed again. Then Maglor stepped towards her and kissed her, sweet and sensual. They rubbed noses before another kiss.

Fingon and Maglor kissed again, then they took turns kissing Maedhros. Then all four tongues were rubbing together, open-mouthed, and Fingon's hand guided Maedhros's hand on Irissë's clit, while Maglor's fingers brushed down Irissë's spine. Irissë climaxed, moaning as the pleasure surged through her, pulsing. When Fingon kissed Maedhros once more, Maedhros came too, crying out into the kiss as he shuddered and spent into Irissë.

Fingon and Maglor still hadn't come yet, but they stopped stroking themselves and got on either side of Irissë and Maedhros, holding them as Irissë and Maedhros came down from their orgasm.

With the heat still upon them, it wasn't long before Irissë and Maedhros began rubbing together again, kissing. Fingon and Maedhros kissed, and Fingon picked up the glass double-ended cock with an amused look on his face. "I see you introduced my sister to our best friend," Fingon said.

"I did," Maedhros said, and then he pushed one end of the toy towards Fingon's lips. Irissë moaned as she watched Fingon's full lips wrap around the head of it, then Fingon began sucking one end in earnest, groaning with his mouth full. Maedhros sucked on the other end of the cock, and Irissë and Maglor kissed as they watched, playing with each other.

Maglor's breath hitched as he looked down at Irissë's cunt, soaked with slick and dripping Maedhros's spend. "That looks delicious," Maglor said softly.

Fingon took the glass cock out of his mouth. "She's my sister. I should get to taste her first."

"And eat your mate's spend out of her," Maedhros said, nodding.

"That's fine," Maglor said. He grinned at Maedhros and pulled him along. "You can suck my cock and get it ready for fucking."

Fingon got on his hands and knees, his head between Irissë's legs. He gave her an adoring look before he lowered his face, breathing in the scent of her, getting a good look at her creamy cunt for himself. Irissë cried out as her brother's tongue touched her clit for the first time, and whimpered as Fingon began to lick, slowly at first, lovingly, then faster. Fingon growled as his lips wrapped around her clit, and Irissë moaned, grabbing her brother's hair.

Maglor led Maedhros over so Maedhros's ass was against Fingon's. Irissë watched Maedhros and Fingon rub their asses together, and knew Maedhros's slick was dripping into Fingon's hole. That thought almost brought her off, fists clenching, letting out a moan. Fingon sucked at her harder, shaking his head, slurping, as he rocked his hips, frantically rubbing against Maedhros. Maedhros began to lick Maglor's cock, licking the shaft up and down, licking around and around the head. Maedhros tapped the cockhead against his tongue, making streamers, and Maglor sighed, eyes rolling with bliss.

Before Maedhros could start sucking, Maglor took the glass toy and reached over the cousins. He fit one end of the toy into Maedhros, then one into Fingon. Fingon and Maedhros worked their hips faster, fucking the toy as Fingon ate Irissë and Maedhros sucked Maglor's cock. Irissë got a nice show of Maedhros bobbing his head, his mouth full, sucking loudly, and Maglor in ecstasy, pulling on Maedhros's hair. "That's a good slut," Maglor purred.

Fingon moaned into Irissë's cunt. His tongue lashed, and then he dipped his tongue inside Irissë, eating Maedhros's spend out of her. Irissë loved the feel of Fingon's tongue inside her, and knowing Fingon was tasting Maedhros. She got closer, pleasure and tension climbing, hearing herself moan louder, her moans accompanied by the filthy wet squishing sound of the glass cock pushing back and forth between Fingon and Maedhros's holes, the slurping sound of Maedhros sucking Maglor's cock. Maglor's eyes met Irissë's and suddenly Maglor tensed and gasped, and Irissë knew what was about to happen. Maglor threw back his head and grunted with satisfaction while Maedhros almost choked, seed spilling out the corners of his mouth, running down his chin. That did it for Irissë, coming with her brother's lips on her clit. Fingon groaned as he felt her contracting, and he lapped up the flowing juices.

Maedhros kissed Irissë with his mouth full of Maglor's seed, then he also kissed Fingon with it. Irissë and Fingon rubbed their tongues together, making a mess as they savored their cousin and half-brother's essence. The seed-laden kiss got Irissë excited again, and Fingon hadn't come yet, so Irissë lay on her back and held her arms out for her brother.

Fingon slipped into her and when he was all the way inside, they kissed. Fingon stroked Irissë's face and hair, smiling. "I love you, sister," he said.

"I love you, brother." Irissë wrapped her arms around him and they kissed again as Fingon began to thrust.

Fingon took it slow and sensual, kissing Irissë again and again. Their hands roamed, learning each other's bodies, seeming to know intuitively where the other liked to be touched. When Fingon started thrusting faster, Irissë heard a moan from Maedhros, and looked over to see Maedhros and Maglor watching them, stroking each other.

Fingon rose up, one of Irissë's legs on his shoulders, and Maglor leaned in, licking Irissë's clit as Fingon's cock pumped in and out of her. Every now and again Maglor took a lick at Fingon's cock, and that stoked Irissë's lust even hotter. Feeling Fingon's cock inside her and Maglor's tongue on her clit was absolute bliss, and just when Irissë thought it couldn't get any better Maedhros was kissing her again, licking her neck... lapping and suckling one nipple, then the other. It didn't take long for Irissë to come, screaming with pleasure. Fingon came two thrusts later with a hoarse shout, shivering. Maglor leaned up and kissed Fingon, sharing Irissë's slick with him. Irissë pulsed again, thrilling to the sight of it.

When Irissë was ready for more, Maglor and Maedhros got between her legs. Maglor's tongue lashed her clit as Maedhros's tongue worked inside her, lapping up Fingon's seed, then Maedhros sucked her clit as Maglor's tongue fucked her. Fingon watched them, stroking himself, before he came closer and kissed his sister, then slid down to feast on her breasts, pinching and rubbing one nipple as his lips and tongue pleasured the other. Irissë thrashed around beneath their mouths, begging for more, lost in sensation.

Watching Maglor and Maedhros kiss, sharing her juices, made her even crazier. They brought her to the breaking point and kept her there, teasing, edging, and at last Irissë came, shrieking as she squirted on Maglor and Maedhros's faces. Maglor and Maedhros lapped like they were drinking from a fountain, and then they rubbed their tongues together again and Irissë had another powerful contraction, sobbing with the force of her release.

Irissë needed cock again, and this time Maglor was the one to service her. Irissë rode Maglor's cock as Maedhros sucked her juices off Fingon's cock, and Maglor strummed her clit. When Irissë got closer, Fingon and Maedhros leaned in on either side of her and their tongues rubbed her clit as Maglor's cock slammed away. Fingon licked at Maglor's cock, then Maedhros did, and then they took turns with one tongue on Irissë's clit, the other on Maglor's cock, until both Irissë and Maglor were quivering, panting. Maedhros sucked on Irissë's clit and that was her undoing, nails raking down Maglor's chest as she climaxed. Maglor growled as he came, and pulled Irissë down into a kiss.

Irissë and Maedhros still needed more, the heat burning. Maglor and Fingon sat facing each other, hard cocks pressed together, and Maedhros knelt over them and sank down on their cocks. Irissë pawed herself frantically as she watched both cocks stretch Maedhros, Maedhros's slick gushing down the shafts. She whimpered as Maedhros began to ride, and Maedhros whimpered too, before Maglor and Fingon took turns kissing him.

Irissë moved forward, and wrapped her legs around Maedhros's waist. Maedhros was inside her once more, and Irissë moaned at that wonderful feeling of being filled by one of

the men she loved. Maedhros and Fingon each took a breast in hand, playing with Irissë's nipples, while Maglor's fingers rubbed Irissë's clit, finding that perfect rhythm. Irissë rolled her hips, fucking herself desperately on Maedhros's cock. She watched Fingon and Maglor take turns kissing Maedhros, and when Maglor stuck his fingers in Maedhros's mouth so Maedhros could taste her, Irissë almost came. The pleasure kept building, burning, until Irissë was a quivering, whimpering wreck. Maglor's fingers continued to work their magic on her clit, and Irissë locked a hand on Maglor's wrist, urging "Don't stop, don't you fucking stop, make me come, make me come, I'm going to fucking come..."

"Good girl," Maglor said.

Irissë came hard, harder than she had ever come before, undone by Maglor's words. Irissë heard herself howling, sounding almost tortured as intense pleasure spiralled through her, feeling like she was soaring, then sinking down and down and down into softness. Radiance. Irissë sighed, toes curling. She heard her lovers cry out, felt Maedhros spill inside her, but it was like hearing something far away. Irissë felt like she was floating on a sea of light. A sea of joy.

She felt herself tangle up with her lovers, and opened her eyes to see Fingon's blue eyes shining. She felt Maedhros's strong chest at her back, his arms around her, and Maglor was holding Fingon - Maglor reached out to stroke her face.

"My Ana and uncle were right," Irissë said with a smile. "Getting away definitely did some good."

"We'll have to do this more often," Maglor said.

"Maybe Angaráto could join us sometime," Fingon added.

Irissë liked the sound of that.

Once More, With Feeling [Fëanor/Nerdanel]

"Nel!"

Fëanor was both surprised and relieved that Nerdanel was awake at this hour, sitting outside in the garden, on a bench. He made a beeline for her and pulled her into his arms. She patted him, and he kissed the top of her head, rubbing his nose in her hair. When she looked up she smiled, but the smile did not meet her eyes.

"I see you finally dragged yourself out of your forge," Nerdanel said.

Fëanor swallowed hard. He'd been in the forge the last few days... but he'd escaped to the forge in the first place because he felt like Nerdanel didn't want him around. It was getting to the point where it felt like they were married in name only, and Fëanor was tired of trying to reach out to Nerdanel only to be rebuffed in some way, ice meeting his fire.

And yet, he still loved her. He still cared for her. He hadn't given up trying just yet.

"You're always welcome to visit me there," Fëanor said; he'd reminded her of this enough times that he had to stop himself from adding "as you know". Which always made him think of Fingolfin. When Fingolfin visited, he was more than happy to spend time with him in the forge, watching him work. Sometimes assisting him. Sometimes, Fingolfin and Finarfin had made things of their own, and Fëanor was so proud of them when they did, as proud as when his own sons made things.

He missed his brothers. But he missed Nerdanel, too. And the sting of remembering Fingolfin visiting him in the forge - longing for a visit from Fingolfin now, but not wanting to be needy - led to the sting of remembering when he and Nerdanel were newly in love, and used to work together in that forge; she sculpted and made pottery, while Fëanor smithed and fashioned jewels.

They hadn't worked together in a very long time. There was a project they had been doing together which had been sitting unfinished for quite awhile now - a statue set with jewels, bearing a sword and shield. It was a gift for Fingolfin's daughter Aredhel, started when she was a small elleth and had heard too many stories about the horrors that beset the Quendi before they came to Valinor to be safe; now Aredhel was a young woman and learning to fight from the best, and could hold her own sparring even against Maedhros. Fëanor had a feeling the statue would never be finished. Every time he'd asked Nerdanel about it, Nerdanel had said he was "nagging" her, and finally he just stopped asking. He didn't like to leave projects abandoned.

He himself felt abandoned.

"You should see my latest project," Fëanor said, trying to engage her attention in some way. "I am making a brooch for Galadriel." His niece didn't like him, especially not after taking a lock of her hair for the Silmarils, but he still tried to show kindness to her, because she was family; he was trying to make up for "the hair incident" somehow.

"I don't really have the energy," Nerdanel said.

And yet, when they went in the manse together, a few of the handmaidens were up, taking a break for tea, and working on embroidery projects. Nerdanel went around the circle to admire each piece of work and offer her compliments.

You have the energy to look at that, but not take a brief look at what I'm working on now?
Fëanor felt slighted.

Again.

But then Nerdanel was leading him off to their bedchambers. "You probably have not slept in days," she observed. "You should get to bed." She wrinkled her nose. "Wash off the smell of the forge first."

Fëanor *liked* the smell of smoke, but he did as she asked anyway, taking a bath first. He attempted a half-humorous, half-sexy little dance as he got out of his clothes by the tub, but Nerdanel wasn't paying attention, and when Fëanor got in the tub, he tried not to cry.

That feeling of loneliness and longing intensified as he climbed into bed beside her, and reached out for her, just to cuddle, and she rolled away. Fëanor sighed. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but he couldn't. The tension in him - the hurt building up as tension - was too much, and the longer he lay there, feeling lonely and alone and *cold*, the worse it got. Finally he sat up. He hadn't meant to wake Nerdanel, but she still woke with a "hm?"

"I can't sleep," Fëanor said.

"Obsessing over your project? Maybe you should have some hot tea to relax. And you should have taken a longer bath. I can still smell the forge on you."

Fëanor had done his best to wash up, and he wondered if what Nerdanel was smelling was just his Omega scent, which had never been a problem before now... but maybe it offended her now the way Finwë's Alpha scent was offensive to him. The implications of that bothered Fëanor.

"It's not that," Fëanor said. He decided to just be honest, feeling like he didn't have much else to lose. "We never spend time together anymore. We never have anything to say to each other anymore. We never make love anymore. I feel like the magic between us is gone, and it hurts. I still love you."

Nerdanel let out a sharp exhale that sounded more like exasperation than sympathy. "It's late. We both need to get some sleep -"

"How can I sleep, when I'm laying in the bed of someone who doesn't want me there?" Fëanor looked over at her; she was watching him now, her expression neutral. That upset Fëanor even more than if she had been angry with him for bringing it up. At least anger would have been feeling *something*. Ice now seemed like an incorrect analogy for Nerdanel's response, because ice moved in water, ice could melt. Nerdanel was more like the stone she worked with.

"I never said that I don't want you there, Fëanor -"

"You don't say it. But you act like it. Actions speak louder than words."

Nerdanel exhaled again. She sat up. "What exactly do you want from me?"

"I want us to try. Try to fix whatever it is that went wrong. Try to... recapture some of that... feeling that used to be there." Fëanor moved closer to her, and his hand instinctively brushed a stray lock of her hair. Nerdanel did not move away from his touch, nor did she

touch him in return. "Please, Nel." Fëanor thought for a moment, considering. "Maybe if we go on holiday together -"

"To where? Alqualondë?"

The word sounded bitter in Nerdanel's mouth. She had always outwardly said that she was fine with Fëanor's arrangement with his brothers, and she wasn't exclusive to Fëanor either. But ever since the Silmarils were cast, the distance between them had been even more sharp and obvious, as if Nerdanel felt slighted that Fëanor's greatest work was inspired by his brother-lovers and not his wife. It had always been a suspicion, but now...

"No, not Alqualondë." Though Fëanor was aching to see Finarfin again - Finarfin's exuberance at seeing him, enthusiasm for Fëanor's work, and his passion between the sheets were a balm that his soul desperately needed. He wanted to breathe in Finarfin's Alpha scent, rest in those strong arms... But he needed to give Nerdanel assurance that he still loved her, too, and it felt unfair to spend a holiday meant to focus on their relationship, at the estate of one of his brothers. "Formenos. Just me and you. The boys can look after themselves." Fëanor hoped the boys didn't burn the place down while they were gone.

Nerdanel gave him an incredulous look, but then she pursed her lips and nodded. "Very well. We can go to Formenos. How soon did you want to leave?"

"As soon as possible." The sooner they got to the work of fixing things between them, the better off they would be. "Even tomorrow, if we could."

Nerdanel sighed, but then she nodded again. "Tomorrow, then."

—

"Fëanor."

Nerdanel's voice cut into Fëanor's half-nap. He groggily blinked and looked up at her. She held out a flask and he accepted; it was water. Then he groaned as his stomach lurched again. "Are we there yet?" Fëanor asked.

"Not yet. We have entered the forest but there are still more hours to go yet."

Fëanor nodded and looked out the side of the covered wagon, which had a screen for viewing. As the people got fewer and farther between and the forest got wilder, the air was fresher, and Fëanor usually enjoyed breathing in the deep, pure air, watching the beauty of the landscape - so many trees. But now every motion of the carriage was making him ill, and the air wasn't helping.

"I bet you have not eaten in days, busying yourself in the forge," Nerdanel scolded. She thumped a basket of food at her feet. "You should eat something."

"I'm not -"

Now Nerdanel was pushing bread at him. "Eat."

Everything tasted bad, even food that he liked. Fëanor knew that he was having an attack

of nerves; things had been so *tense* between he and Nerdanel, and though the holiday in Formenos was meant to address that, right now being in the carriage with her felt like it was making things worse rather than better, like every movement he made, every breath he took was offending her. But this also felt above and beyond any anxiety he'd normally experienced, and he'd felt plenty of it the last while. He wondered if maybe he was having anxiety about being away from the forge, away from his project, the brooch he was working on for his ungrateful niece. But even that didn't account for why he was feeling like this.

When they arrived at Formenos it was night, and Fëanor wanted to just change and go to bed. But there was Nerdanel, pushing him in the direction of the tub. "You *still* stink like the forge," she said. "If anything, it smells even stronger now."

Fëanor soaked in the tub for a long time, using some of the special lavender soap he knew Nerdanel liked. And when he got out of the tub, he decided that instead of just reaching for whatever bedclothes were clean, he went with his fanciest set - black silk and lace, piped with red roses. He took time braiding his hair, wanting to be pretty for her.

Nerdanel was already curled up, looking asleep or well on her way there, when he climbed into bed. He got beside her, his chest to her back, snuggling like two spoons in a drawer. His arms wrapped around her and she put a hand on his. That simple gesture was reassuring, and the tension began to drain from him - not all of it, but some. Enough that his body responded to the proximity of hers. He nuzzled her neck and she made a noise.

"Not tonight," she said. "I don't have the energy."

That was fair enough - they'd had a long journey, after all.

But then that was the case the next few nights. They just cuddled in bed, because Nerdanel didn't have the energy, even though she did little other than read and sit in the garden. Fëanor tried to be understanding, and he didn't keep pushing it - he would ask once, and when she said no, he would accept that answer and leave it alone. Indeed, he tried to accept it in his heart as well. *She doesn't owe you sex.*

And yet the thought came to him unbidden. *I doubt she would be saying she has no energy if it were that bard beside her... what's his name, Laurëlótë? Or that hunter, Ehtékáno.*

He had been fine with her having other lovers, just as he had his own. But he had still tried to make time for her, and she had been increasingly absent, with them.

Fëanor felt like he was fighting a losing battle, but he didn't know how to give up.

The sick feeling intensified as the days wore on. What Fëanor had initially thought was travel-sickness brought on by nerves, could no longer be explained as such.

Then his answer came when he woke up alone in a puddle of his own sweat... a pool of his own slick, dripping. Feeling like his skin was on fire... rock hard, his body screaming for touch.

That had been why he hadn't felt well - his body had been going into pre-heat. Now his heat was here.

Fëanor was afraid to change and leave the room. He knew that his "stink of the forge" that Nerdanel had complained of, was his Omega scent getting stronger with his heat approaching, and if it was offensive to her, he imagined the smell of his full heat would be even moreso. He was not only afraid of rejection, but he worried that if he came out like this, she would feel like he was trying to pressure her into sex. And he only wanted, when he was wanted. He not only would not force himself on anyone, but he didn't want sex out of pity or obligation. Only passion.

He heard Nerdanel's footsteps down the hall before he could get out of bed and decide what to do, and he froze, fearing the worst. Nerdanel walked in and called out, "Fëanor? It's late in the day and I was worried -" She stopped and sniffed. "Oh, Eru."

"I'm sorry." As soon as the words were out of Fëanor's mouth he hated it, a blow to his pride. He couldn't help what he was, and he had refused to be ashamed of it, much as his father wanted him to be. But here, now...

Their eyes met, and Fëanor swallowed hard. He expected her to walk out, he expected her to take the carriage and just leave, stranding him at Formenos.

But instead she came rushing towards him like a storm, eyes wild. Her hand was in his hair, dragging him up into a kiss.

—
Crickets, the moon.
The next day...

—
They lay there the next morning, spent and exhausted. Fëanor's head was spinning, and he couldn't stop smiling. Nerdanel was smiling too; she was still lovely to him after all these years, and he reached to stroke her face, her hair, looking into her eyes, feeling like all was right with the world. Almost.

Then Nerdanel's smile faded to a frown. *Oh shit, not again*, Fëanor thought to himself, dreading what came next, wondering if this had been their last time and she was about to tell him it was over.

Instead Nerdanel glanced over at the table next to their bed. "Fëanor, where are the herbs you take to prevent pregnancy?"

"Er. I think they're packed in one of my chests." Fëanor sighed. "I can get up and look, but I'm comfortable here and don't want to move." He chuckled. "I don't think I can move."

"Well, I can look for them -"

But before she could get up, before the warm coziness of her could evaporate to an empty space in the bed, Fëanor found himself reaching out, gently. And the words he spoke next were not ones he was expecting to say - indeed, he wasn't expecting this situation to happen at all. "I'd like to skip the herbs, Nel. I..." He sighed. "It's been quite

some time now since Curufin was small. I'd like another baby." Their eyes met. "Maybe a baby would... help. Bring us closer together again."

"You had five, and look where we are."

"Do you not remember when Nelya was born?" Those memories were forever cast in Fëanor's mind, like they had been etched in gold. "Just one more, Nel. Please."

There was a moment when Fëanor thought she would get up from the bed and retrieve the bag of herbs, but then she lay back down and pulled him close, stroking his hair. "Just one more, then." She kissed the top of his head.

"Thank you."

The twins were born with a full head of auburn hair, like their ana.

No one was more surprised than Fëanor that the birth was twins - and no one was more delighted.

Nerdanel was less delighted.

"You look displeased," Fëanor said.

"You said one more," Nerdanel said. "This is not one."

As if I had any control over that. Fëanor's arms tightened around the newborn babies, feeling strangely defensive of them. "I also said I thought a baby might help continue to fix things between us. Now we have two. Twice the babies, double the joy?"

Nerdanel gave him a look.

"I will take care of them, if you are worried about double the work," Fëanor said, and silently added *like I did most of the looking after of the last five children.* Not that he'd minded - he'd in fact missed wearing a baby sling into the forge, missed the shoulder rides, and already his mind was racing with what it would be like to show the wonders of the world to two pairs of eyes rather than just one. And he knew that it was already enough for Nerdanel to say the children were hers, when most of them were not, only Maedhros, but even so, he felt she could have been a little more invested.

"It's not even that," Nerdanel said.

"Then what is it?"

But she wouldn't answer him.

They had discussed names throughout Fëanor's pregnancy, but it had been under the assumption it would be a single baby. All of those names seemed wrong now. Nerdanel came back in the evening with a meal for Fëanor, who was famished after the ordeal of giving birth to twins, and now she took a better look at the babies - her babies. She began to rock the little crib next to the birthing-bed, studying them.

"Ambarussa," she said.

"Which one?"

"Yes."

Fëanor glared. "You can't name them both Ambarussa!"

"You said just one more," Nerdanel said. "Naming is hard. And before you argue with me, you name all of your sons -raurë."

Fëanor doubled down. What was funny when his brothers joked about it felt less funny from Nerdanel, like she was trying to wound him... like she was trying to insult him. "You can't name them both Ambarussa," Fëanor insisted. "Pick a different name."

"You first. Maybe I'll be inspired."

Fëanor thought for a moment. Really, he needed more time than this, but he blurted out the first thing that came to his mind. "Pityaraurë. And Teluraurë." Pityo was born a few minutes before Telvo.

"Little One and Last."

Fëanor nodded. "I did say just one more, so Teluraurë will be our last child."

"That's not very creative."

"Can you do better, my wife?" *At least they have two different names.*

Nerdanel studied them again. She reached out to touch Pityo's face and she said, "Umbarto."

The Fated. That felt even more like a rebuff, like Nerdanel making a statement that this had somehow ended their relationship rather than fixed it, but without saying so directly. "That is ominous," Fëanor said.

"Are we all not fated somehow, Fëanáro?"

Fëanor didn't answer that. "Ambarto," Fëanor said. *Upwards-exalted.*

"This one will be Ambarussa, then," Nerdanel said, touching Telvo.

Fëanor didn't like that, it felt like a cast-off name now, with her originally wanting both of them to share it, but he was too tired to argue with her. He just nodded.

"Your food will get cold," Nerdanel said, and got up, leaving the room.

Fëanor had been hungry, but he wasn't now. Each time he'd given birth previously, he'd had a nest. He'd had cuddles and pets and reassurances that he hadn't died, and his partners were glad he was still alive. There was none of this now, only cries of babies who were hungrier than he was. He supposed they were glad he was alive, but it wasn't the same thing - they needed him to survive.

Fëanor desperately missed his brothers, wishing they were here with him now. And as he watched Nerdanel fade from sight, heard her footsteps down the hall, he thought to

himself, *This is exactly why I only made three Silmarils and not four.*

As he gave his newborn babies suck and they stopped crying, Fëanor himself began to cry... alone, abandoned and ashamed.

Eight Is Enough: Part 1 [Fëanor/Finarfin]

Chapter Summary

Canon says that Fëanor has had seven sons. But in this reality, Fëanor has eight sons.

Here is the tale of how Fëanor came to have his eighth and last son.

Shortly after Fëanor gave birth to Amrod and Amras, he fell ill - giving birth to twins had been taxing, and the ordeal of childbirth was always a bit traumatic for him after the way his own mother had died in childbirth. Not having a proper nest after the childbirth, not being given comfort from Nerdanel, his Alpha, had also affected him. He fell into a deep depression after the birth, which sapped the strength from him and left him weak, with aches and pains.

He had sent couriers to his brothers to let them know he'd survived and the babies were well, but he did not tell them in his message how he was suffering. And when Fingolfin and Finarfin rode out to pay their respects to the twins, as well as check on Fëanor, he put on a good show of being fine even though he wasn't. It was considered normal to not want sex for several weeks or months after giving birth, so Fëanor was able to disguise that he'd fallen into a pit of apathy, and more than anything, he just wanted to be held, which his brothers provided while they were there.

But as time wore on, Fëanor still could not pull himself out of the sadness. He and Nerdanel barely spoke now, and went for days at a time without seeing each other, which had nothing to do with Fëanor being in the forge - Fëanor was not smithing, and often, they were right there in the same manse. Increasingly, Fëanor only had his youngest sons for company, and occasional visits from his other sons. Of his other sons, Maglor came around the most frequently... and regarded Fëanor with a concerned look, a watchful eye that made Fëanor wonder if Maglor could see what was really going on with him, or perhaps, even, if Maglor could hear it in the Song.

On one of Maglor's visits, he insisted on cooking for Fëanor himself, chasing the servants out of the kitchen, and brought Fëanor perfectly seasoned fowl, fresh fruit and vegetables, and even a small lemon cake. He made Fëanor a nest of blankets and pillows, and fed his oma by hand. "Oma, you always took good care of us, now it is time for your son to take care of you," Maglor said. After Fëanor's meal, Maglor held him close and sang to him, and he sang so sweetly that Fëanor went to sleep, sleeping better than he had in months.

Three days later, a white raven arrived at the manse, bearing a scroll with Finarfin's royal seal, for Fëanor's eyes only.

Fëanáro.

Kanaraurë tells me you are unwell. I think I know why. A rider is coming for you within the next day to bring you and the twins to Alqualondë for a much-needed holiday. Do not refuse.

-Arafinwë

(Also: bring that project you are working on for my daughter. Perhaps you could finish it while you are here.)

Fëanor swallowed hard and blinked back tears. It was both a blow to his pride and a relief all at once. He didn't want his brothers to know *how* badly he was doing, nor his sons; he didn't want to be a burden on anyone. It seemed like Nerdanel thought he was too needy. But he was aching for comfort in his brothers' arms, and above and beyond that, he was screaming to get away from the house he shared with Nerdanel, which increasingly did not feel like a home.

Fëanor packed for himself and the twins. Though it had been well over a year since the last time he'd worked on the brooch for Galadriel, and he had deemed the project abandoned and pushed it out of mind because abandoning his works hurt too much, he packed the unfinished brooch as well.

And when the rider came in the morrow Fëanor and the twins were off without Nerdanel even coming out to say goodbye. Fëanor tried not to cry on the ride out to the sea, not wanting to give in to the utter defeat and humiliation of the rejection from the woman he had once loved so fiercely, and still loved and cared for in his own way. But when the air began to smell and taste of the salt of the sea, Fëanor let the tears come, silently. And when Finarfin met him at the gates of his palace, they just looked at each other for a moment and Fëanor saw the tears reflected in his brother's own eyes, and in that long gaze Fëanor knew Finarfin had known all along, and had not wanted to insult what was left of Fëanor's pride, but he could no longer hold back his concern.

When Finarfin led him inside, they went straight to the library - where Finarfin often retired to be alone - and it was there that Fëanor fell apart in Finarfin's arms, weeping brokenly. Finarfin held him tightly, fiercely, rocking him. "I've got you," Finarfin whispered. "You're safe here."

Finarfin's scent was almost overpowering, but still delicious. Fëanor breathed deep, breathing Finarfin in like Finarfin was the air he needed to survive. He felt almost addicted to that scent, rain and forest and wildflowers and musk, innocence and primal, raw sex. It seemed in those moments that Finarfin was more of a fertility god than any Valar could hope to be, the life of Arda pulsing through him, the light of the Trees in the hair wrapped around him like a blanket now, and just feeling Finarfin's heartbeat made Fëanor start to feel alive again, instead of a cold, spent shell.

Finarfin took Fëanor's face in his hands and kissed him passionately, then more tenderly, before a soft kiss on Fëanor's brow. "You're going to be all right, brother, if I have anything to say about it," Finarfin husked. Then he took Fëanor's hand, and they pushed the baby carriage together out of the library, into the halls. "Come. There's a nest with your name on it."

Eight Is Enough: Part 2 [Fëanor/Finarfin]

The first few weeks that Fëanor stayed with Finarfin, the days passed in a blur. Though he was grateful to be around his brother - his Alpha - especially when Finarfin held him at night, he had been fading away for so long that it felt almost like his old self was gone, like his fëa had taken permanent damage in the months following the birth of the twins.

And then, gradually, bit by bit, he found himself coming alive again. He started to get back his appetite for food, as Finarfin plied him with all the things he loved to eat. Finarfin took him for walks on his beautiful estate, through the gardens, and out to the sea. The birds loved Finarfin, and especially the swans, and Fëanor loved seeing Finarfin interact with the pretty birds, the way Finarfin smiled, the light in his eyes. Fëanor found himself looking forward to the walks each day, pausing to reflect on his surroundings, and as he admired the world of nature, his own inner world came back to life, inspired by what he saw, and what it made him feel.

One day Finarfin suggested something different for a change. "Eärwen and I would like to take you and the twins swimming."

"Aren't they too young for that?" Fëanor asked, concerned.

"No," Finarfin said. "Since we live by the sea, all my children learned how to swim when they were babies."

To further assure Fëanor, Finarfin produced flotation devices he'd invented, shaped like swans, demonstrating them as Fëanor bathed the twins in the bathtub. Fëanor was impressed - it seemed inventing ran in the family - and felt a little less wary of taking the babies out for a swim. It also happened that Eärwen was a very strong swimmer, and there was a rock pool at the beach where the pull of the tide was much more gentle, with less chance of anyone being pulled into undertow.

They made a day of it, bringing a picnic lunch, and Finarfin and Eärwen took turns showing the babies how to swim, first taking their arms and legs to motor them through, then the babies naturally imitated the movements the adults were making. While the babies would need more lessons over time, the twins caught on fairly quickly, able to paddle a lap around the rock pool before the end of the day, and they seemed to enjoy it, cooing and gurgling and smiling.

Fëanor, too, enjoyed being in the water. He especially enjoyed it when he and Finarfin splashed each other, and then Eärwen joined in, taking Fëanor's side against Finarfin, splashing madly until Finarfin looked like a drowned rat. Satisfied, Fëanor stretched out to float, closing his eyes for a moment with contentment. It was then that he felt something grab his toe, and he let out a scream as it grabbed his leg. "Shark!" Fëanor cried out.

But it was Finarfin! Finarfin bobbed to the surface, laughing.

Fëanor splashed him again.

Then Finarfin ducked back underwater and started tickling Fëanor until he was tapping out on the water, laughing and shrieking while Eärwen watched, shaking her head.

"I think the babies are more adult than you two," she teased once Finarfin returned to the surface.

Finarfin splashed her, and then she ducked underwater and the next thing Finarfin knew, he was under "shark attack" from Eärwen.

Eventually they calmed down, and Fëanor returned to floating, while still keeping an eye on the twins in their little swan-shaped flotation devices. Fëanor realized this was the best he'd felt in months. It wasn't just that he was doing something both fun and relaxing with people who cared about him and made him feel welcome, but the water felt cleansing, like he was washing away lingering miasma after the birth of the twins. He felt refreshed, invigorated in a way he hadn't felt in months. And the best part of all was watching the light of the Trees change out there, the way the water reflected the changing light and sparkled. It brought tears to Fëanor's eyes, but in a happy way for once, not sad.

Finarfin put an arm around Fëanor, and Fëanor rested his head on his brother's shoulder, savoring that moment of beauty and strength. Then Finarfin's other arm rose up and he pointed at the sky. An eagle was flying over the ocean, into the silver-gold clouds, and as it got closer, the light bathed the eagle more and more until it looked like the eagle was itself made of light, and then it disappeared into the clouds to continue its journey.

It was rare enough to see an eagle at the beach, and what they'd witnessed was rarer still. A chill went down Fëanor's spine, his hair standing on end, arms breaking out in gooseflesh. He felt like he had seen something holy. But not the work of the Valar - it felt like Finarfin's way with birds had brought the eagle this way, somehow. It felt like a sign that things would get better.

That night, after the children were put to bed, sleeping soundly, Fëanor wanted to make love for the first time in months... and Finarfin was more than ready for it. But first Finarfin spent awhile just cradling Fëanor, holding him close, stroking his hair, letting Fëanor listen to his heartbeat... breathe his scent.

"Remember how today felt," Finarfin said softly. "Remember the light."

Fëanor looked up and touched Finarfin's face. "You are my light," Fëanor husked. "And that light gives me fire."

Their lips met, and when their tongues met the brothers moaned into the kiss. Finarfin took Fëanor's hand and guided it from his face, down over his chest, to the hard bulge underneath his robe, letting Fëanor feel how much he wanted. And Fëanor wanted just as much, kissing Finarfin again and again as his shaking hands undid Finarfin's robe. Finarfin was wearing underneath the robe, and Fëanor licked his lips at the sight of Finarfin's cock, standing at attention, already dripping precum. He was *hungry*.

Fëanor dove down and took Finarfin's cock into his mouth, inch by inch. Fëanor's own cock throbbed, slick dripping from his passage, as he began to suck Finarfin slowly, looking up to watch Finarfin's reactions. Each groan and gasp from Finarfin's lips made Fëanor's cock harder and harder, and Fëanor reached through his robe to touch himself. The more Fëanor sucked, the stronger Finarfin's scent became, and that, too, aroused Fëanor. Fëanor moaned around the cock in his mouth, sucking harder, faster, making Finarfin's moans louder.

Fëanor wanted to drink his seed, but before Finarfin could come he grabbed Fëanor's hair and pulled Fëanor off his cock and up into a kiss. When the kiss broke Fëanor blinked, confused, and Finarfin stroked Fëanor's cheek and rasped, "What you're doing feels incredible... but I want to take care of you, brother. I want to spoil you." Finarfin kissed him again. "I want you to feel how much I love you."

Finarfin gently pushed Fëanor onto his back and proceeded to worship every inch of Fëanor's body with his fingers, palms, lips and tongue. He spent a long time kissing, licking and nibbling Fëanor's neck and throat and shoulder, and lapping and suckling Fëanor's nipples, rubbing and pinching one while his mouth feasted on the other. "Your milk is delicious, Fëanáro." Finarfin looked up with a wicked grin. "I think I like it even more than cake."

Fëanor laughed, and his laughter turned into a moan as Finarfin's lips wrapped around a nipple again, sucking it harder than before, tugging on it as he sucked.

Finarfin lingered at Fëanor's stomach, tracing the definition in his muscles with his tongue, caressing in slow, lazy circles as he kissed here and there. His fingers traced swirling patterns over one thigh as he bit, licked and kissed the other.

His eyes locked with Fëanor's again as he licked and licked at Fëanor's cock, up and down the shaft, teasing him. Every now and again he kissed the head of Fëanor's cock, before his tongue licked circles around the head and licked down the shaft again, and back up. He licked and sucked at Fëanor's balls, and at last, began to lick around the rim of Fëanor's opening before his tongue plunged inside.

Fëanor cried out, grabbing the sheets, white-knuckled, as Finarfin's tongue lashed away inside him, teasing that sweet spot, knowing what Fëanor liked. Fëanor writhed, moaning, gasping, whimpering, desperately wanting his brother's cock inside him, but also never wanting Finarfin to stop using his tongue. Fëanor was practically sobbing by the time Finarfin paused, and Fëanor could feel his slick pooling, soaking his thighs and the sheets underneath.

Finarfin took a few more licks at the head of Fëanor's cock, making a show of collecting the precum with his tongue, then came up to kiss Fëanor, his mouth sweet from the precum and the slick. Finarfin's cock rubbed up against his and Fëanor whimpered into the kiss, nails in Finarfin's back, urgent. "Take me, brother..."

Finarfin pushed into him slowly. It had been months since Fëanor had taken a cock, and he was tight, but he was so slick it didn't hurt, and Finarfin was gentle. Finarfin's breath hitched as he felt Fëanor wrapping around him, and the moan he made when he was all the way in almost brought Fëanor off right then and there.

"I love you, my Fëanáro." Finarfin looked into Fëanor's eyes with such tenderness that it brought tears to Fëanor's own.

Fëanor stroked Finarfin's face, and his hair. "I love you, Ara."

They kissed deeply, and Finarfin started to thrust, slow and sweet. Fëanor held Finarfin tight, enjoying the feel of Finarfin's hands continuing to caress him, sliding over him as they kissed again and again. Most of all Fëanor loved the way Finarfin's cock rubbed inside him, teasing the most sensitive part of him so exquisitely... that feeling of holding Finarfin inside of him, one flesh. All of Fëanor's troubles melted away with each thrust, each kiss, lost in a haze of dreamy sensuality as Finarfin expressed his love with his body, a love deeper than words. Fëanor breathed in Finarfin's Alpha scent, stronger with his arousal, and felt safe.

At last the teasing built a fierce, primal need, and Finarfin was no longer gentle, pounding into Fëanor, with Fëanor bucking wildly underneath him, rocking his hips back, matching his brother's rhythm, completely lost in pleasure and sensation and *want*. "Yes, yes, yes,"

Fëanor panted, grabbing Finarfin's glorious hair, needing this fuck like he needed the air he breathed. One of Finarfin's hands reached between them and stroked Fëanor's cock in time with his thrusts, faster and faster, until Fëanor was shaking, making feral noises, feeling ready to explode. When Finarfin knew Fëanor was close, he nipped Fëanor's neck with a growl.

"Come for me, brother," Finarfin commanded.

With a hoarse shout, Fëanor came, spending all over Finarfin's chest and stomach. A moment later Finarfin came too, and Fëanor sighed happily at the feeling of Finarfin's seed spilling into him... that feeling of being claimed.

They kissed again, and Finarfin rolled onto his side, pulling Fëanor against his chest, rocking him, holding him tight, petting his hair. "It's all right, my love," Finarfin whispered. "It's all right. You're here with me. You're safe. You're loved."

The shattering orgasm broke the dam around Fëanor's emotions - his pride, not wanting anyone to see him cry - and he wept into Finarfin's chest. "She doesn't love me anymore," Fëanor sobbed, meaning Nerdanel. "I still love her, and she doesn't love me. She doesn't care about me..."

Finarfin picked Fëanor's chin up and kissed his tears, then, their foreheads pressed together, Finarfin looked into Fëanor's eyes, looking stern, and said, "I love you." Finarfin sighed and scowled. "You know, you don't have to go back to her. You can stay here with me. Eärwen won't mind..."

"I can't," Fëanor said. He glanced in the direction of the nursery, a room away, and then back at Finarfin. "The twins are hers. I have to stay with her for the sake of the children. And people will talk..."

Finarfin pinched the bridge of his nose and closed his eyes, looking like he was in pain, and then he simply nodded. "I can't force you to stay here, Fëanáro. But at the very least, please stay here awhile longer. You need to get your strength back. We need to work on building you up again."

They kissed, and with that kiss, Fëanor's cock rose. Finarfin and Fëanor both looked down at it, and then Fëanor snickered. "I think we're already doing a good job of building me... up."

Finarfin shook his head, laughing. "Oh, you." Then he kissed Fëanor hard, his own cock rising up inside Fëanor. Fëanor shoved Finarfin onto his back, sat up, and began to ride; Finarfin's hands slid up from Fëanor's thighs up his stomach to his chest, a hand resting on Fëanor's heart.

The next day Fëanor was almost back to his old self - not quite. For the first time in months, he had the urge to create. When Finarfin had sent for Fëanor, he'd suggested Fëanor bring the brooch that Fëanor was working on for Galadriel - a peace offering after taking a lock of her hair to make the Silmarils, which angered Galadriel when she knew it was Finarfin's hair that he wanted, and knew *why* he wanted it. Though she was a Beta and could not smell how aroused Fëanor and Finarfin were by each other, it was still obvious to her what was going on. "You would use my hair to make a tribute to your

degeneracy," Galadriel had scoffed.

And though Fëanor was insulted, he still did not want bad blood with his own kin. So he wanted something exquisite for her. Galadriel loved her father's gardens so, and Fëanor had decided to make the brooch shaped like a leaf. But he had stopped the project when the depression took over. It wasn't simply that he'd felt uninspired, but his magic, his energy, went into everything he made and he didn't want to taint the gift with the dark shroud of depression hanging over him.

There was a forge at Alqualondë, an extension on the palace which Finarfin had arranged for when his eldest brother visited, knowing his home would not truly be a sanctuary to Fëanor without it. Fëanor took to the forge now, to continue working on the brooch; Eärwen had offered to watch the twins.

But as the hours passed and he was more consumed by the Flame Imperishable within him, he found the brooch changing. It was not simply that he was adding more detail, but now the brooch had transformed from a leaf to an eagle, with Fëanor thinking about what he'd witnessed yesterday at the beach, the eagle flying into the light... the sense of wonder he'd felt, of awe, of hope for the first time in too long.

The Silmarils were a testament to Fëanor's love for his brothers, the passion, the joy, the light, the *life*. The way they glowed, was the way Fëanor felt inside when he was with them both, the way he felt like each of the three of them were parts of a greater whole. It felt almost as if he and his brothers were godlike, a power in their connection to rival the Valar themselves, and he had tried to express that power, that energy, with the three stones. Galadriel did not understand, but now he hoped to convey some of that miracle to her as he shaped the eagle, remembering what he'd seen yesterday, remembering what it had felt like. *You are of the Blood of Fire, Galadriel. You, too, are like us. That power is yours to claim. Your light can hold back the darkness.*

Finarfin came in as it got late, bringing Fëanor food and drink. Fëanor did not want to stop working yet, even though the eagle was well-detailed, wings raised up, bearing a knot. It wasn't finished - close to it - it needed something. Finarfin sat, giving Fëanor an expectant look, as if to say *I am going to sit here and wait until you take proper nourishment* but Finarfin's presence in the room, his energy, fueled Fëanor's creative fire and now he knew just the thing to complete it. A stone.

"Here," Fëanor said. "You can pick out the stone for your daughter's brooch."

Fëanor wasn't surprised when Finarfin chose a green gem - green was his favorite color. And as Finarfin picked up the jewel and handed it to him, and their fingers brushed, Fëanor felt a spark, the same shiver down his spine that he'd felt when he'd seen the eagle yesterday. Finarfin's mouth opened, his pupils blown wide, and Fëanor knew he could feel it too. With the stone still in Finarfin's palm, and Fëanor's hand pressed in his, the stone began to pulse, and the room of the forge grew bright, brighter than the fire burning, the room glowing softly, then brighter, brighter. Fëanor's mind was linked to Finarfin's, and together they conjured the mental image of the eagle flying into the clouds, the way the eagle lit up... and now everything was silver-gold light, then white, and the stone was almost too hot to hold...

The light faded, and things went back to normal, but the green of the gem was more brilliant than before, and still pulsed faintly as Fëanor picked it out of Finarfin's hand. "I hope she likes it," Fëanor said.

"What..." Finarfin blinked, looking a little dazed. "What was that?"

Fëanor smiled. "Us."

Once the jewel was set, Finarfin admired the brooch. "You always do such beautiful work, brother." Finarfin touched Fëanor's face, and grinned. Then he gave Fëanor a stern look. "Now eat."

But that fire in Fëanor was still burning, and needed an outlet. He grabbed Finarfin and kissed him hard. "It is you I hunger for, brother mine. The food can wait."

Finarfin undid Fëanor's apron and his breeches, and bent him over the anvil.

Eight Is Enough: Part 3 [Fëanor/Finárfin]

The day after the brooch was finished, Finárfin received word that his daughter would be riding out and set to arrive at Alqualondë in three days. Alqualondë became a bustle of activity, with the servants frantically cleaning and decorating to get everything to the lady Galadriel's liking. But Fëanor was even more nervous than the servants were - Galadriel didn't know that he was also visiting Finárfin, and he had concerns that she would react badly to his presence. He also feared she would reject the gift he'd worked so hard on, that he'd put so much magic into.

Indeed, more than the desire to make peace with his kin, Fëanor felt very strongly that Galadriel *should* have this brooch, that it was meant to go to her. It was often the case that when Fëanor created, it felt like whatever he was making - jewelry, weaponry - took on a life of its own, as if he had called something into being and was shaping it with his hands, and that spark of life had chosen to bond with a specific person, that piece of jewelry or that blade or that shield keyed to that one individual and their energy. Fëanor had a hard time articulating that in words; he knew many in Valinor thought him mad, with the way he was obsessed with making things, and preferred time in his forge to his father's court, preferring the life of a common smith to the life of a royal. He knew that if people *really* knew what was going through his mind about the things that came out of his forge, they would think he was beyond mad. Fëanor didn't care so much what others thought, but he minded how his father reacted to what others thought, and he minded the way it reflected on his children.

Nonetheless, that burning need to have Galadriel accept the brooch made just for her consumed Fëanor and kept him awake at night. As the time drew closer to Galadriel's visit, Fëanor lost his appetite again and even started to feel sick to his stomach. And the lack of sleep was making him irritable, even though he had lost sleep plenty of times before - especially pulling all-nighters in the forge, or making love - and wasn't like this. Still, Fëanor tried not to be short-tempered with Finárfin, who was trying so hard to make him feel better.

At last Galadriel arrived. She spent the day with her father, with Fëanor's presence not revealed until the evening meal. Galadriel said nothing of her distaste but gave him murderous glances across the table, enough that Fëanor felt more and more uncomfortable as the meal went on. Part of him wanted to confront her right then and there and tell her what a brat she was, and part of him wanted to hide under the table, or retreat to his chambers altogether. He did neither, periodically reaching down into the pocket of his tunic to run his finger along the brooch, reminding himself he was on a mission.

After the meal Galadriel went to the garden for some air. Fëanor took the twins outside in their baby carriage, keeping a distance to Galadriel's back, building his nerve, and finally closed the distance, moving alongside her. Galadriel neither turned to him nor moved away, but simply folded her arms.

"I made you something," Fëanor said to her. "A gift. A peace offering -"

"I do not want it." Galadriel would not even look at him.

Fëanor swallowed hard. "Do you not want to look at it first? I spent many hours making it, I consider it one of my finest pieces, I would be honored for you to have it -"

"No, I don't want to look at it, I don't want *anything* from you." Galadriel now turned to him, and the contempt on her face was obvious. "I don't want anything to do with you at all, you degenerate *filth* who corrupted my father and led him into *buggery*." Galadriel turned away again. "I don't want anything those hands have made, with what they've touched." Galadriel made a face.

Fëanor sighed. Because devotion to the Valar was part of how Finarfin and Eärwen maintained their ruse - so Finarfin could make love with his brothers, and Earwen with Anairë, and not be subject to intense scrutiny and exposure - Finarfin's children had all received education from priests at Finwë's insistence, and naturally, it had shaped their minds to varying degrees. Finrod was fairly immune to the indoctrination, and Galadriel was the most affected by it. Fëanor supposed he should be grateful that Galadriel's fanaticism stopped just short of exposing his and Finarfin's true relationship, if only because Galadriel loved her father and didn't want to cause him scandal, but now he was just irritated with Galadriel's beliefs, including the assumption that he was the "corrupting" influence, as if Finarfin had not been the one to seduce him first.

It was also a blow to his pride. He was reminded of the way he'd spent time and energy trying to make gifts for Finwë just to be damned with faint praise, if Finwë acknowledged them at all; he was reminded of the way Nerdanel was no longer interested in his handiwork, when she'd once been so supportive of his craft. It would have been kinder to Fëanor if Galadriel had slapped him in the face. Her words stung, and Fëanor found himself instinctively flinching.

"Leave me," Galadriel commanded.

Technically Fëanor outranked her in the hierarchy of the royal court, and had as much right to be here as she did, if not more. But he did not want her throwing a fit and making a scene and having the tide of opinion turn against him even more - especially as that sort of thing *would* get back to Finwë, and Fëanor really did not want to deal with yet more of his father's attitude. So Fëanor began pushing the baby carriage away, back to the palace, cheeks burning with hot shame. By the time he reached the palace he was shaking, feeling humiliated, but he did not want anyone to see him cry, least of all over *her*.

That night Fëanor and Finarfin did not make love, as Fëanor claimed he didn't feel well; Finarfin just held him. But as Fëanor continued to lay awake, body tense, Finarfin finally pressed the matter. "What is it, brother? And please, don't tell me it's because you're unwell. This is more than that." Finarfin looked him in the eye.

Fëanor groaned - Finarfin didn't miss a thing - and then he nodded. "Your daughter refused the gift. She will not even look at it."

"I see." Finarfin scowled. "I'm sorry she's being like that."

"So am I."

"It's beautiful work," Finarfin said. "If she does not want it, I would like to have it to wear on my cloak -"

"No."

Finarfin blinked, his eyes wide.

That word came out more vehemently than Fëanor intended, and now he worried he'd

hurt his brother without meaning to. Fëanor gently touched Finarfin's face to add reassurance as he went on. "I made that brooch for Galadriel." He hated having to say this, knowing how mad it sounded - worrying that even his understanding, supportive brother would think him mad - but he had no choice now, if he did not want to cause offense. "When I make things... they are *meant* for a specific person. I would happily give you the brooch if circumstances were different, but it is... how the power works. I am sorry, brother -"

Finarfin put a finger to Fëanor's lips and then he nodded. "All right."

Fëanor was relieved that Finarfin seemed to get it, but now speaking those words aloud, and the truth of them, added weight to the sting of Galadriel's rejection. Even more than what Galadriel had said to him, insulting him, insulting his relationship with Finarfin, it upset him that Galadriel was rejecting something that he felt strongly she *needed* to have, was *supposed* to have, even though he did not quite know why, and it would better suit his pride if he could just say "to the Hells with you" to her and give the brooch to Finarfin. Tears came to Fëanor's eyes as he felt his inner wheels spinning, the sense of *wrongness*, things being out of order, out of place, that Galadriel was not accepting the gift. It wasn't about repairing his bond of kinship anymore, it was about her missing something that she was meant to have.

Finarfin's finger traced Fëanor's lips, and as the tears silently spilled down Fëanor's cheeks Finarfin traced those too, wiping them. "You are upset that she will not take something you feel that she is supposed to have," Finarfin said, ever observant.

Fëanor closed his eyes, jaw trembling, and when he opened his eyes he cried aloud, the tears coming harder. "I don't even care now about whether or not she takes it as a peace offering. I don't even care if she knows I made it, that it's from me. She *needs* it..." He wept onto Finarfin's shoulder. "I sound like a madman."

Finarfin pulled Fëanor close and held him tight. "I will get the brooch to her, Fëanor. She will not accept it if she knows it's from you, so I will have to lie. But..." Finarfin paused, stroking his chin, considering. "My daughter is no fool. If I give her the brooch and say it is made by someone else, she will know I'm lying, she will know you made it. Someone else will have to give it to her... and not anytime soon. Any attempt to give her a brooch for the next while will be met with suspicion. It will have to wait for some time."

"I don't care who gives it to her, or when, and what is told to her about the brooch's origins, so long as she gets it," Fëanor said.

"It must be serious indeed, if you are passing up credit on your work," Finarfin said, his brow furrowed. "I know how proud you are, my Fëanáro."

There is a coming darkness, and she will need that light of hope. But Fëanor did not understand why he had that thought... nor did he want to understand. He was hoping it was just colored by his own grief, sensing the end with Nerdanel, the darkness of uncertainty at what lay beyond, where he would go, what he would do once it was over. Though his time here at Alqualondë had helped, he still felt that ever-present darkness of depression around the edges of his fëa, ready to get a stranglehold on him once again as soon as he left.

Fëanor snuggled into Finarfin's chest, and Finarfin wrapped his hair around Fëanor like a blanket. Fëanor twined a silver-gold lock around his finger, admiring the way the color shifted in the firelight, and it soothed him enough to get him to sleep for the first time in days.

—

Galadriel left the next day - it seemed like a waste to Fëanor that she would travel all this way just to leave so soon. It bothered Finarfin, and Fëanor felt guilty, knowing Galadriel was cutting the visit short because of him, even though Finarfin did not blame him for it.

Fëanor went with Finarfin for a walk in the garden, bringing the babies. When Finarfin paused at a rose bush, looking as sad as Fëanor had ever seen, now it was Fëanor's turn to hold Finarfin, letting Finarfin lean on him, head on his shoulder, as Finarfin breathed slow and deep, trying not to cry. "I feel as if I have lost my daughter," Finarfin said.

Fëanor's guilt intensified. "I am so sorry, brother."

Finarfin stroked Fëanor's cheek and kissed his brow. "It is not your fault." Then Finarfin lowered his head and closed his eyes. When he opened his eyes, he reached down to chuck the babies' chins, making them coo and gurgle, and he smiled fondly. "It has been a long time since any of my children were that small. I almost envy you, getting to be a new parent again."

Fëanor could feel the ache Finarfin felt, remembering Galadriel's childhood, and feeling the void with her being all but gone from his life. Fëanor thought of Celegorm, and felt the urge to give Finarfin another child. But a child wouldn't necessarily fix things; children were not interchangeable, after all, Galadriel could not be replaced.

Nonetheless, the thought of Finarfin's seed inside him, another baby in his belly, *Finarfin's* baby, Finarfin fucking another baby into him... Fëanor's heart skipped a beat and his stomach fluttered, feeling himself grow slick, wanting Finarfin's cock.

But once again, Fëanor was in a dark mood, wracked with guilt, and his sorrow was intensified by seeing Finarfin so upset. Finarfin, his light, like *this* was almost unbearable to Fëanor.

As the next few days wore on, Fëanor's mood worsened even more. He continued to wrestle with guilty feelings over Galadriel's early departure, and once again he ruminated on Galadriel not taking the brooch. And while it was true that Fëanor's first concern with the brooch was that it got to her, even if the origins of the brooch had to be a lie, that lie still did not sit well with Fëanor. He was tired of all the lying and the sneaking around, wishing he could love his brothers openly, wishing his brothers did not have to be in sham marriages. One more lie might not have seemed like a big deal to someone else in a similar position, but to Fëanor it felt like adding insult to injury. And not only did he find so much lying distasteful, but it didn't seem fair to Galadriel to withhold the information from her, even though Fëanor believed strongly it was something she absolutely needed. But also, Fëanor was proud - he considered that brooch to be one of his finest creations, not as fine as the Silmarils but still a magnificent piece of art, and not being able to take credit for it bothered him.

His inner wheels kept spinning, more and more feverishly. He was once again unable to sleep, and barely able to eat - his stomach was upset, and even his usual favorite foods tasted bad to him. Everything, everywhere, smelled bad except for Finarfin himself, who smelled more and more delicious.

Finarfin was concerned, and to try to help Fëanor calm down, he took Fëanor on a day at

the beach, just the two of them. As they stripped down to go in the water, Finarfin's body aroused Fëanor even more than usual, and Fëanor felt too hot even as he was wearing next to nothing. His trunks were soaked with slick before he even stepped into the water.

Fëanor knew then he was in heat, for the first time since he'd given birth to the twins.

Finarfin smelled it, and instead of leading Fëanor into the water, he got them both dressed again and marched them back to the palace. He drew a bath for Fëanor, who whined in protest, wanting Finarfin to join him, but when the bath was done Fëanor saw why Finarfin hadn't joined him - Finarfin had been busy preparing a nest in Fëanor's guest chambers. He had made a fort of blankets and pillows, and there was wine and water and a lavish assortment of finger foods. Finarfin was waiting in the fort, naked, erect, himself laid out like a feast.

Fëanor came over to the fort as quickly as he could and Finarfin grabbed Fëanor and pulled Fëanor atop him. They kissed deeply, hard cocks pressed together.

"You are in heat," Finarfin said between fierce, fevered kisses on Fëanor's neck. "I had wondered if you might be going into heat." Finarfin gave him a wicked, amused grin. "Times like this, I'm glad I hired only Betas as servants, so they can't smell -"

Fëanor put a finger to his brother's lips. "Shut up and fuck me."

Finarfin laughed, seemingly delighted by that response. Fëanor straddled Finarfin's hips and Finarfin guided the tip of his cock to Fëanor's opening, dripping with slick. Fëanor sank down and when Finarfin was all the way inside, Fëanor wrapped his arms around his brother and kissed him hard. When the kiss broke, their foreheads touched, noses rubbing together, and Finarfin stroked Fëanor's cheek.

"I'm taking care of you now," Finarfin husked. "Let me make you feel better. Let me give you what you need."

"What we both need," Fëanor corrected. He was used to the darkness of despair, but to feel Finarfin so sad... Fëanor kissed him again and Finarfin kissed Fëanor back with all the fire he had, making Fëanor moan into the kiss. Finarfin began to thrust, and Fëanor began to ride, working his hips and ass, moaning again as Finarfin's cock stroked that sweet spot inside him just right.

Fëanor was frantic, needy, and soon he was riding Finarfin's cock like his life depended on it, bucking madly, grabbing fistfuls of his brother's silver-gold mane, white-knuckled. Finarfin kissed and bit Fëanor's neck, growling. When Fëanor got right on that edge, ready to come but holding back, not wanting to stop, Finarfin slapped his ass.

"Who do you belong to?" Finarfin rasped.

"You, Ara. You and Ñolo..."

Finarfin nipped Fëanor's lip hard enough to draw blood, before kissing him passionately. He reached down to grasp Fëanor's cock, working it in time with the rhythm of their fuck, and Fëanor's pleasure built to that point of no return, and he shattered, screaming as his seed sprayed over Finarfin's stomach and chest and throat. "Mine," Finarfin said, and nipped Fëanor's neck, shuddering with his own climax. Fëanor shuddered too, another bolt of pleasure going through him, loving that feeling of being filled with Finarfin's seed, claimed by his Alpha.

They kissed, and a few kisses later they were both hard again. Finarfin knew well from having been with Fëanor in other heat cycles that Fëanor was even more insatiable during heat, and Finarfin seemed just as needy now, needing to lose himself in fuck after fuck. At the back of Fëanor's mind he thought about the herbs he took to prevent pregnancy, and needing to get them and take a draught, but that meant having to get up out of their nest... out of Finarfin's arms... off of Finarfin's cock... and there was no place Fëanor would rather be, right now. *I'll do it later*, Fëanor thought to himself as he continued to ride, crying out as Finarfin drew an aching nipple into his mouth. "Don't stop," Fëanor begged, nails digging into Finarfin's sides. "Don't ever stop..."

Eight Is Enough: Part 4 [Fëanor/Finarfin]

A few days after Fëanor's heat cycle was over, a message came from Nerdanel. Finarfin handed the unopened scroll to Fëanor and kept a respectful distance to give Fëanor privacy while reading it, though out of the corner of his eye Fëanor saw Finarfin was watching and observing for reactions.

Fëanor,

It is time you came home. The twins need their oma.

*Love,
Nel*

Though the letter was worded as "the twins need their oma" rather than "I want to see you", and though Fëanor felt like he'd done the majority of raising of each of the children, the letter being signed with the word "love" still gave Fëanor a small measure of hope. Maybe absence did make the heart grow fonder, and Nerdanel missed him.

There's only one way to find out, Fëanor thought to himself, rolling up the scroll.

"I have to go back," Fëanor told Finarfin.

Finarfin simply nodded, and did not say anything. He did not need to. The sadness in his eyes said it all.

—

When Fëanor arrived back at the palace, he climbed out of the carriage slowly, hesitantly. Already he was feeling a sense of dread, an icy feeling in the pit of his stomach, his steps leaden as he pulled the twins out of the carriage and began leading them towards the gates.

He saw Nerdanel come down the steps. He paused, and she paused, and they just looked at each other for a moment, then she came forward - not running, just walking - but when Fëanor came through the gates, Nerdanel put her arms around him, and Fëanor rested his head on her shoulder. He leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek, and she did not recoil, but touched his face.

"I hope you are feeling better," Nerdanel said softly.

No thanks to you, Fëanor thought bitterly. He didn't want to be resentful of her, but he wouldn't have had to leave in the first place if she had shown the same sort of care and concern for him that she was showing now. Fëanor realized people could make mistakes, and he was no exception to that, and maybe his absence, and the reason for it, had given her a change of heart. He felt he was being uncharitable, but he was still hurt, and at the very least, he wanted an apology.

There was no apology to be had, only Nerdanel picking each of the twins up out of their stroller one at a time and fussing over them, hugging them and cooing at them, kissing their faces, then she put them back in the stroller and pushed with one hand, her free

hand taking one of Fëanor's hands, pulling him along. "Welcome home," she said.

The welcome did not last long.

Though Nerdanel was warmer and somewhat more attentive than she was before, many of the same old problems were there. Nerdanel was uninterested in seeing the brooch, and uninterested in Fëanor's offer of making her a brooch of her own. Nerdanel spent more time with her lovers, Laurélótë and Ehtékáno, than with Fëanor, and most nights Fëanor slept alone. They still did not make love, nor was Fëanor particularly interested in it - Nerdanel's Alpha scent, which had once been delicious to him, was vaguely offensive.

But though there was still distance between them, Fëanor still loved her, and he still held hope that they would reconcile. He hadn't forgotten the word "love" in her note, and she did, at least, hug him from time to time now, and they went on walks together every other day, and Nerdanel spoke more kindly to him.

And then Fëanor started to get sick again. There were a few minor queasy spells that went away quickly, and one evening he was on a walk with Nerdanel when his stomach began to churn, and a few minutes later he was doubled over a bush, dry heaving for what felt like an eternity. Nerdanel helped him up and carried him home, and one of the healers came out to take a look at him. Fëanor faded in and out of consciousness as the healer looked him over and asked him some questions, feeling like the room was spinning, and when the healer departed his chamber he heard her out in the hallway with Nerdanel, speaking in hushed tones. He couldn't understand what was being said, but then he came back to himself just in time to see Nerdanel pay the healer with a costly bracelet of gold and jewels that Fëanor had made for her within the first year of their marriage, which was above and beyond normal payment for a healer. Fëanor didn't like that at all; he had a very bad feeling about it.

The healer left, and Nerdanel pulled up a chair and sat by the foot of his bed.

"You're pregnant," Nerdanel said matter-of-factly.

Fëanor nodded. He wasn't surprised - he'd been so lost by lust and the need to *mate* his last heat cycle that he'd forgotten to take the herbal birth control he used, and Finarfin certainly hadn't remembered either. And he was familiar with the symptoms of pregnancy, having been pregnant six times before. Nonetheless, the news left him with an unsettled feeling.

"It is Finarfin's," Nerdanel said.

"Yes, it is," Fëanor said. "Just as Maglor is Fingolfin's, and Celegorm is Finarfin's, and Caranthir is Maglor's, and Curufin is either Fingolfin's or Finarfin's or Maglor's." He felt a little defensive as he went on, "You never had a problem with this before. I have my lovers, and you have yours -"

"It is not the paternity I am objecting to," Nerdanel said. "I agreed to claim all of your bastards as mine, and help raise them. But now you have seven children, and the last two are still babies yet. Seven is enough, Fëanáro. I draw the line at eight."

Fëanor blinked in disbelief. "Are you saying you will not claim this one as yours?"

"That is exactly what I'm saying," Nerdanel said. "I am not claiming this one. I already have two babies to deal with."

Not that you help much with them. Fëanor scowled. His heart beat faster, as his mind raced with the possibilities of scandal and the reaction of Finwë... the reaction of the Valar. "Nel, do you realize what this will do? Not just to me, but to the children? Do you want me exiled, or imprisoned?"

"You should have thought of that before you let your brother fuck you during heat," Nerdanel said. "You should have been more careful." She shrugged. "It's not my problem."

"But you paid off that healer," Fëanor said, realizing she was paid outrageously as a bribe.

"I did," Nerdanel said, nodding. "She will not talk. She will also bring a draught for you, if you want it -"

"You're telling me to end the pregnancy?" Fëanor felt his eyebrows shoot up, and a surge of anger, hot and sharp, like his body had become a living blade. Fëanor would never condemn another person for that action, even though the Valar forbid it - Fëanor felt it was their body, their choice. But the key word was *choice*. He did not want to be forced into it himself.

"I'm not telling you to do anything," Nerdanel said. "Just know that if you go through with the pregnancy, I am not claiming it as mine, and I am not letting it live here. Whatever arrangements you make are up to you." Nerdanel rose from her seat then and began to walk away. "Good night, Fëanor. Sleep well."

Fuck you. Fëanor wanted to say it aloud, and did not. He buried his face in his hands and sighed deeply. He did not want to terminate the pregnancy, nor did he want to live with the scandal of being obviously pregnant, and giving birth, and the public knowing it was someone else's child. That wouldn't just cause suspicion on its own, but the talk about Celegorm would resurface and it would be harder to disprove now.

Fëanor lay back. This was Finarfin's child too; maybe he would be able to help somehow.

Eight Is Enough: Part 5 [Fëanor/Finarfin]

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Because Fëanor did not trust a scroll not to be intercepted by one of Finarfin's servants, which made stating the issue explicitly problematic, nor did Fëanor want Finarfin to assume the worst - like one of the children died, or he himself was gravely ill - if he sent an urgent but vague message, Fëanor took out one of the palantir.

First, he had to get Finarfin's attention so Finarfin would check his own palantir, which was exhausting. Fëanor held the orb in his hands and projected his will at it as strongly as he could. *Arafinwë. Ara. Arafinwë.*

Several moments later, Finarfin's image appeared in the orb. *What is it, brother?*

I am pregnant.

Finarfin knew without being told it was his. His expression softened, and Fëanor could feel the spark of joy - though children were neither interchangeable nor replaceable, nonetheless this would ease Finarfin's pain over Galadriel's distance.

Don't be too happy just yet. Fëanor folded his arms and scowled. *Nerdanel does not want to claim this one as hers, as she has with the others.*

Finarfin's eyes widened with alarm. *Does she not realize what a scandal this will bring? The wrath of your father? The wrath of the Valar themselves -*

She does, and she does not care. Fëanor sighed. What little seed of hope that had been planted on his return was all but gone now. *She also expects me to... get rid of it.*

Well, do you want to? It is your choice, Fëanáro. Though it is mine, I will not force you to -

I want the baby - our baby - but I do not want the judgment. Which is why I am calling upon you. Fëanor blinked back tears. *I don't know what to do. Maybe we can think of something -*

Finarfin nodded. *I will talk to Eärwen, and we will see what we can do.*

Three days later, Nerdanel told Fëanor that a messenger had come by on behalf of Finwë, stating that Finarfin and Eärwen were coming out from Alqualondë to visit and their presence was requested at a family banquet in three days' time.

As much as Fëanor hated official functions - he would rather be in his forge, or outside, or in his study reading or writing, anywhere but at court, expected to play dress-up and put on airs, which he felt was the biggest lie he lived - he had a feeling that Finarfin was coming out to see him more so than their father, and in any case, he would hear no end of it if he refused.

Fingolfin finally returned from a trip he was on to be there as well, and he saw Fëanor first, embracing him warmly, though carefully since there were others looking on. Fingolfin seemed to know without being told that something was wrong, giving Fëanor concerned glances, and at the banquet table, Fingolfin sat on the other side of Fëanor, taking his hand under the table.

At last Finarfin had an announcement to make. "As many of you know, Fëanor was visiting me recently, and we had many things to talk about. The lady Eärwen and I will be taking Fëanor on a devotional retreat to Formenos for a year, so he can learn from our example of piety and better serve the Valar."

Fëanor almost spat his drink. Of all the lies Finarfin had told over the years to save himself and his brothers, this was the most amazingly bald-faced one, and yet Finwë ate it up without question, smiling broadly, banging a spoon on his goblet with approval.

"Well done, my son," Finwë said to Finarfin. "It pleases me greatly that you have led that one to reason. All of my years of trying to instruct him came to no good -"

Oh please, spare me the fucking long-suffering martyr act, Fëanor seethed, biting back the words from being spoken aloud.

"He needed a different approach," Finarfin said, completely deadpan.

Fëanor realized that the timing of the three of them retreating to Formenos was to hide the pregnancy, and the birth, since very few servants were staffed at Formenos and all of them were paid handsomely not to talk of anything they'd seen. Their eyes met across the table and Fëanor raised his glass. "You have a compelling way with words, brother," Fëanor said. "You could be the Noldor's very own lawspeaker."

Finarfin's smile was cool and amused.

Fingolfin, of course, did not know what was going on - though he was not fool enough to believe that Finarfin was truly pious, he only made a show of it, and he was definitely not fool enough to believe Fëanor suddenly had a less sour attitude towards the Valar. Late in the night, Fingolfin found both of them to have a few words, quietly. "Why are the three of you leaving for a year? What is *really* happening?"

"The only devotion and worship happening will be of my cock," Finarfin said, "and perhaps yours if you'd like to visit."

Fingolfin smirked. "Indeed. But... why so long?"

Finarfin and Fëanor looked at each other, and Finarfin made a "go ahead" gesture. Fëanor cleared his throat and said, "I'm pregnant."

Fingolfin raised an eyebrow. "Hi Pregnant, I'm -"

"That's *my* line," Fëanor said, giving him a playful little shove, "and I'm being serious, Nolo. When I was visiting Ara, my heat started."

"I see."

"No, you don't." Fëanor swallowed hard. "Nel isn't claiming this one as hers."

"Eärwen has agreed we will adopt," Finarfin said, "and claim the child as ours. You will

still be closely involved as the child's 'uncle'."

Fëanor nodded. Though he would have preferred to raise his own child himself, he understood that this was the only way things *could* be, if he wanted to avoid open rebellion against his own father and starting a civil war, and undoubtedly, the majority of Valinor would be on his father's side.

"But to do that, we have to conceal the pregnancy, so she suggested we all go to Formenos, so very few people will see when you start to show." Finarfin put his hand on Fëanor's belly, which was not anywhere near showing yet.

"It is a clever ruse," Fingolfin said. Then he touched Fëanor's face. "I am sorry it has come to this, Fëanáro."

"So am I." Fëanor put a hand on Fingolfin's hand, and a hand on Finarfin's hand, and squeezed. "It hurts. But as long as I have both of you, I shall manage."

Fingolfin and Finarfin moved closer now, and held Fëanor between them. "You will always have us, darling," Fingolfin said, rubbing his nose in Fëanor's hair, kissing the top of his head. "Always."

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For the next year, Fëanor stayed at Formenos with Finarfin and Eärwen, and the twins came with him despite Nerdanel's protests. Sometimes Fingolfin and Anairë came to visit, and sometimes Maedhros, Maglor and Fingon came to visit. Not once did Nerdanel come to visit, nor did she even send letters asking how the twins were doing.

Despite the stressful circumstances that led him on this "devotional retreat", it was pleasant. Fëanor and Finarfin enjoyed each other's company, in and out of the bedroom, and Fëanor got to be better friends with Eärwen, who made him feel at home. As the pregnancy wore on and the time of birth approached, Fëanor found himself with a sense of dread - not simply over fear that someone still might discover the pregnancy, not simply over sorrow that he would not be raising the child himself, but the thought of leaving Formenos and returning to his old life with Nerdanel. He wanted to run away with Finarfin, Fingolfin, Eärwen, Anairë and all their children, and start a new life. One where they could all be themselves freely.

The child was born, a boy, with the same silver-gold hair as Finarfin, Galadriel, and Celegorm. Finarfin took longer to name his children than Fëanor did, and a name was still not decided when they finally left Formenos and went back.

On the ride down from Formenos, Finarfin once again appealed to Fëanor. "I wish you wouldn't go back to Nerdanel," Finarfin said. "You could stay in Alqualondë with us. You could say that during the devotional retreat, you'd decided on a monastic life -"

"And that would be an even bigger lie than the one that took us to Formenos," Fëanor said. "A lie that would fall apart under scrutiny. Nobody believes the man who has seven children would choose a life of celibacy out of 'devotion'. Especially not when my two youngest -" He was referring to Amrod and Amras now, instead of the boy he'd just given birth to, the boy that he had to give away to Finarfin and Eärwen for them to raise as their own. He sighed. "Nerdanel would fight me for their custody."

"You're right," Finarfin said, with a frown. "I still wish you'd stay with us."

"We'd be happy to have you," Eärwen chimed in. "You'd be no trouble."

"Maybe when the twins are grown," Fëanor said, "and there's been enough time since the last time I gave birth, that the ruse of a monastic life is more plausible." That lie still sat badly with him; he loved sex, and the thought of publicly repudiating it, even if he would still carry on as usual in private, made him angry.

"That will be a long time." Finarfin pinched the bridge of his nose.

This time Nerdanel was not there to meet Fëanor at the gates, and she only muttered a greeting when he happened to pass her by in the halls. Nonetheless, she accompanied Fëanor to the naming ceremony three days after Fëanor's return.

Fëanor wanted to arrive early, for even though he had no love of royal ceremony, it meant seeing the baby. His baby. Eärwen let him hold the baby, and put an arm around him as he rocked the baby and cooed, as if to show support for how hard this was going to be for him. Nerdanel watched, looking mildly annoyed, and then Finarfin put a hand on his sister-in-law's arm and said, "A word?"

Nerdanel's face registered surprise - it was not exactly a secret that she and Finarfin didn't like each other, and Finarfin only spoke to her if it was necessary. But now Finarfin took her aside into the study, and Fëanor and Eärwen followed, carrying the newborn baby, the twins toddling along, pretending to be casual. It was rude to eavesdrop, but they were doing it anyway. Fëanor and Eärwen tossed a ball back and forth with the twins as they listened by the door.

"When we came back from Formenos, I asked Fëanor to leave you," Finarfin said. "I won't beg. But I feel very strongly that he *should* leave you."

"My relationship with your brother is not your concern," Nerdanel said coldly.

"It becomes my concern when he falls apart enough that I receive word from one of your sons and have to send for him and nurse him back to health because you are too self-involved with... whatever it is you do," Finarfin said.

"If you're going to yell at me for not claiming your bastard as mine, save your breath. It is as I told him, he should have had a care to my feelings about more children before he took your cock in heat. I have already claimed four of his bastards as mine."

"You keep using the word 'bastard' as if he has done something wrong, and you're not so pure yourself," Finarfin said. "What's this I hear about Laurélótë and Ehtékáno?"

Nerdanel hissed like an angry cat. "Again, that is not your concern... and not your business. Fëanor should not have told you -"

"Actually, he didn't tell me. He didn't need to tell me." Finarfin chuckled, his laughter humorless. "I have ways of finding things out."

There was a long silence. Fëanor and Eärwen paused tossing the ball and just looked at each other.

"Which leads me to my point," Finarfin continued. "Fëanor loves you, and he keeps trying to make things work with you. I cannot blame you for not wanting another small child in

the house, seven children is a lot, even with some of them being full grown now... but I will blame you for treating him badly. I cannot force you to love him, I cannot force you to make love with him, I cannot force you to do anything. I will say, however, that if things *get worse*, if I find out you have been deliberately cruel to him... I will run you and your lovers out of Valinor, and I assure you that anything you could say in your defense - such as trying to cast aspersions onto my brothers and I - would not save you. So perhaps you should have a care to his feelings. You are cutting him open, you are tearing him apart. I would like that to stop, or that knife will be turned on you."

Fëanor's jaw dropped. It was as if Finarfin had drawn blood. Eärwen smiled, a cold, predatory smile that reminded Fëanor that swans could be very aggressive in defense of their nests and families. Then she patted him.

"We're looking out for you," Eärwen said.

And though Fëanor was impressed by Finarfin's tactics - his mild-mannered little brother could be ruthless when he wanted to be, it seemed - he also felt a prickle of irritation. If Nerdanel was going to be kind to him, he wanted it to be genuine, not because Nerdanel felt compelled to play nice to not be driven out of Valinor.

Fëanor and Eärwen hurried away with the children before they could be caught eavesdropping, though Fëanor had a feeling Finarfin already knew. That feeling was confirmed during the ceremony itself when Finarfin bestowed the father-name on the child.

"I will call him Artaresto," Finarfin said, and looked right at Nerdanel, serious and stern, before smiling at Fëanor.

Fëanor tried not to laugh out loud, and raised his glass. It wasn't just a name, it was a threat.

Just the same, Fëanor hoped that threat would never have to be acted upon. He hoped that Nerdanel would take Finarfin's words to heart - *you are cutting him open, you are tearing him apart* - and she would remember how they had loved each other so fiercely many years ago. He had come back to her. He still wanted this to work, after everything.

"I love you," Fëanor said softly, reaching for her hand, taking her hand and giving it a gentle kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Artaresto is the Quenya name of Orodreth.

Though the name is glossed as "mountaineer", I interpret the name as "Noble Cutter" ("arata" = noble. "rista" = cut), which is a suitable name for a warrior, but also is very much the sort of name Finarfin would give the child in a situation like this.

Obviously, Finarfin never makes good on his threat and Nerdanel never gets run out of Valinor.

Secret Rendezvous [Fëanor/Maglor]

When Maglor arrived at the forge for their date, Fëanor wasn't working on a project, but he was looking at his gem collection and playing with a few stones, turning them to watch the way they flashed and sparkled in the light.

Maglor gave Fëanor a look of mock annoyance, a hand on one hip - his other hand was carrying a basket. "You never stop, do you?"

"Technically, I haven't started." Fëanor turned a gem again, not able to resist watching the flash of color one last time. "I know better, when we have an appointment."

Maglor put the basket down on the anvil then came around and snatched the gem out of Fëanor's hand, laughing. "I know how you are, Oma. As I'm getting the food out you'll be planning a design with those stones."

"I told you I would take time for you, and I will." Fëanor smirked. "I'm not *that* bad."

"You usually say you're not *that* bad just before you're about to be really bad." Maglor wagged his finger before he began to unpack the basket.

Fëanor got up to put the gems away but then he lingered. Of course he wanted to make time for his lover, but the gems were just so *shiny*. Maybe these opals would be better...

Suddenly Maglor grabbed him and dragged him away. "See? You're proving my point."

"I can be good," Fëanor said, laughing. "I was just looking -"

"Don't make me tie you up."

Fëanor bit his lower lip. His cock stirred at that thought - being bound and teased by Maglor. He loved being dominated by his Alphas, loved that feeling of surrender to their strength and power. But he couldn't help the bratty instinct. He walked back over to the gems and randomly grabbed one, holding it up. "This would make a very interesting focal piece -"

Now Maglor had a handful of his hair, and was dragging Fëanor again. This time, not to the bench, but in the direction of the small bedroom Fëanor had installed in his forge - not that he often slept when he was working on an intensive project. Maglor shoved Fëanor down on the bed and looked around for something to restrain Fëanor with. He walked out into the forge and Fëanor heard Maglor rummaging around. Maglor found some rope and came back with it. He tied one of Fëanor's wrists to one bedpost, then the other wrist to the other bedpost. There was still enough give for Fëanor to adjust his sitting position or lay down if he wanted to, but he otherwise wasn't going anywhere.

"Now," Maglor said, "it's time for you to take a break."

Maglor went back to the forge and came in with the basket he'd packed. "Let's try this again," Maglor said, and began to unpack the contents of the basket, placing them on the bed. There was bread, fresh fruit and vegetables, and cheese. The golden-brown of the bread and white cheese made a nice contrast with the rainbow of fruit and vegetables, and Fëanor took a moment to admire his son's handiwork before Maglor ripped off a piece of bread and shoved it in Fëanor's mouth.

"Good?" Maglor asked.

"Yes. Did you bake this?"

"I did." Maglor touched Fëanor's face. "I wanted to do something special for you. It's just a little thing -"

"Oh no. It means a lot, that you went to this trouble." Fëanor smiled. "You're a good boy."

"And you are very naughty." Maglor wagged his finger again before he tweaked Fëanor's nose. "You wanted me to tie you up, didn't you?"

"Of course!"

Maglor grinned, shaking with silent laughter. "I think you need a lesson in courtesy, to be shown how frustrating it is to wait."

Fëanor batted his eyelashes.

First, Maglor fed Fëanor from his fingers, and made Fëanor suck his fingers while he used his other hand to feed himself. Each time Fëanor sucked Maglor's fingers, their eyes met and Fëanor moved his head up and down like he was sucking on a cock, a promise of what he wanted to do when the food was gone. But once they'd eaten all the bread and cheese and fruit and vegetables, Maglor had other plans.

Maglor came closer, took Fëanor's face in his hands, and kissed him. They kissed and kissed, and Fëanor's cock rose to full hardness just from the deep, passionate kissing, without even being touched yet. Fëanor was shirtless, and Maglor pulled off Fëanor's breeches, then took the band of Fëanor's smallclothes in his mouth and tugged them down with his teeth, freeing Fëanor's hard cock. Maglor took a long, slow lick down the shaft, and back up, and his tongue swirled around the head. Fëanor's cock jolted and he moaned. Maglor laughed softly and rose up, slowly taking off his tunic, then his own breeches and smallclothes - he was just as hard as Fëanor. Fëanor moaned again at the sight of Maglor's gorgeous body, muscles rippling, raven-black hair falling in silken waves down his back. Maglor turned to give Fëanor a view of his firm, bubbly ass, and shook it, grinning over his shoulder.

"You're so beautiful," Fëanor said softly. "Even more beautiful than any of the gems in my collection." He meant that. Fëanor felt that Maglor was his finest creation... as if Maglor had been made for his pleasure.

Maglor got back on the bed and crawled his way to Fëanor, like a stalking predatory cat, moving with as much grace. When Maglor reached Fëanor they kissed again, and Maglor's hands slid down Fëanor's arms, traced slow, sensual trails around the rope burning into Fëanor's flesh. Then one hand moved lower, caressing Fëanor's shaft, over an inner thigh, and Maglor's fingers strayed to the sensitive place between balls and ass, circled around Fëanor's opening, and dipped inside. Maglor's breath hitched and he groaned as he felt Fëanor's slick. "Already so wet for me."

"I want you," Fëanor said. He could smell the scent of Maglor's Alpha arousal, stronger as Maglor tasted Fëanor's slick from his fingers. "I haven't been able to stop thinking about this since you told me to meet you here -"

"And yet, you were still distracted." Maglor smiled. He leaned in for a kiss. "Your mind is

always at work."

"My attention is all yours, now."

Maglor licked his lips. "It certainly will be." Maglor claimed another kiss, deeper. Fëanor moaned into the kiss, cock throbbing, hole twitching, aching for Maglor to take him. But Maglor wanted to play... and so did he.

A few kisses later, they kissed open-mouthed, tongues licking, teasing. Maglor sucked on Fëanor's lower lip, then he sucked on Fëanor's tongue, head moving back and forth like he was sucking a cock. Fëanor moaned again, wishing he could move his hands and touch Maglor, and Maglor's fingers traced around the ropes again as if to taunt him. Maglor licked down Fëanor's throat, then kissed and nibbled his way up. He licked down the side of Fëanor's neck, and kissed the sweet hollow where neck and shoulder met, so sensitive. Their tongues met again, rubbing, and Maglor pushed Fëanor back against the pillows, settled over him so once their tongues were rubbing some more, their cocks were rubbing together too.

"All tied up and helpless," Maglor purred, kissing and licking up Fëanor's neck, and back down. "Whatever shall I do with you, like this?"

"Fuck me," Fëanor begged. "Take me."

Maglor clicked his tongue and laughed. "I told you that you were getting a lesson in courtesy. It would be bad if I didn't follow through, wouldn't it?"

Fëanor whined. Maglor kissed him again, then their tongues played together again, lapping, fast then slower. Maglor sucked Fëanor's tongue some more and gave him a passionate kiss before his fingers walked down Fëanor's throat, walked down Fëanor's chest, and Maglor's tongue followed, licking a slow trail.

Maglor smiled, tracing a circle around Fëanor's left nipple. "Now it's time to enjoy my favorite dessert." With that, his tongue rubbed the nipple, making Fëanor cry out and buck, hole twitching again, slick dripping down his thighs. Maglor's tongue lashed fast, then fluttered slow, then faster. He drew the nipple between his lips and suckled. Fëanor's milk began flowing, dripping out of the corners of Maglor's mouth. Maglor half-closed his eyes in bliss and murmured with pleasure as he sucked harder. He lapped at the nipple again, making milk splatter and bead down Fëanor's chest.

Maglor turned to the right nipple and gave it the same treatment, licking it fast and hard, then slower, then a little faster, before sucking on it hard, slurping at it, milk flowing down Maglor's chin and throat. Fëanor almost came at the wicked, obscene sight. Fëanor moaned, slick pouring down his legs, urgent for release.

But Maglor took his sweet time. He went back to the left nipple, lapping, sucking, as his thumb rubbed and rolled the right nipple. Maglor pinched Fëanor's right nipple and moved his head so the milk squirted onto his tongue. Then he slid up and their tongues rubbed together, Fëanor tasting himself, going mad with lust.

Maglor resumed suckling Fëanor's left nipple, making filthy slurping sounds and deep groans of pleasure, still playing with Fëanor's right nipple. Then he played with the left nipple as his talented tongue and full lips pleasured the right nipple, sipping Fëanor's milk, making it splatter.

Back and forth Maglor went, feasting, teasing Fëanor's nipples into exquisitely sensitive

peaks, long and thick, like little cocks. "I love seeing your nipples like this, swollen and glistening," Maglor husked, before taking slow, deliberate licks at the left nipple, then the right. "They don't just taste delicious, they look delicious."

"Fuck me," Fëanor begged. "Any position you want. As hard as you want. Just please, give me your cock..." Fëanor was laying in a puddle of his own slick, the sheets soaked with it. The room already smelled like Alpha and Omega sex.

Maglor laughed and stroked Fëanor's face, kissed him deeply, then their tongues licked - Fëanor loved that, moaning as his body thrilled to Maglor's tongue rubbing his. "I think," Maglor said, "you haven't learned your lesson yet."

Fëanor let out a frustrated whine as Maglor's lips latched onto his left nipple again. But it was so good, his nipples more and more sensitized, the teasing pleasure so intense. Fëanor writhed against the restraints as Maglor suckled, then his tongue slowly tapped the nipple, pressing out drops of milk onto his tongue, before more hard, fast licking. Maglor tugged the nipple with his lips before sucking as hard as he could, and Fëanor cried out, so close to coming just from that yet his orgasm was still out of reach. "Please," Fëanor begged. "Please, Káno. Please, fuck me. Fuck me..."

Maglor laughed again and suckled the right nipple. His tongue tapped slowly, little taps, pushing out the milk bead by bead, then his tongue lashed away like he was fucking the nipple with his tongue, and his lips tugged on it as far out as it would go, before more hard sucking. "Fuck me," Fëanor panted. If his hands weren't tied he would have been clawing Maglor's back. "Fuck me. Please, Káno, fuck me. Fuck me, Káno, fuck me... I want your cock, I need your cock so badly..."

Maglor kissed Fëanor with a mouthful of milk, and his finger brushed down Fëanor's shaft, and back up. Fëanor quivered, almost undone, and Maglor grinned before he sucked on Fëanor's lower lip, nipped it. He kissed and licked down Fëanor's neck, and up his throat, and their tongues licked, before a deep, sensual kiss.

Maglor rose up on his knees, his cock in Fëanor's face. "This is what you want, Oma?"

"Yes. Please. I want it, Káno..."

"You want it to fuck you?"

"Yes. Yes. I want your cock to fuck me. I need it, I need your beautiful cock fucking me..."

Maglor began to back up, still on his knees, and Fëanor moaned with anticipation, but instead of straddling Fëanor's hips, Maglor stopped at Fëanor's chest. He took his cock in hand and began to rub the head of his cock against Fëanor's left nipple.

Nothing had ever excited Fëanor so much as the sight of Maglor's cock fucking his nipple, watching it rub all over the head of Maglor's cock, against the prominent frenulum, and against the slit in the head. And it was a whole new level of pleasure, teasing his nipple even more deliciously, pleasure building and building. Fëanor and Maglor both moaned as Maglor's pre-spend flowed onto Fëanor's nipple, and Fëanor's milk dripped down Maglor's cock.

Maglor moved to the right nipple, working the head of his cock, strumming the nipple, making the nipple rub his frenulum, his slit, pre-spend slicking Fëanor's nipple, more milk pouring over his cockhead and down his shaft.

Fëanor bit his lip and whimpered. As badly as he needed to come, the nipple fucking felt so good, and he couldn't get enough of watching Maglor's gorgeous cock on his nipples, Maglor's lust as he fucked those big, hard, wet nipples. "More," Fëanor begged. "More, more..."

Maglor grunted - Fëanor knew Maglor had a weakness for when he begged for more - and Maglor's hands shook as he moved his cock back to the left nipple, rubbing, rubbing. He let go of his cock and rocked his hips, working his shaft back and forth so the nipple was rubbed by the entire shaft, up and down. "*More!*" Fëanor cried, thrilling to the sensation, the filthy gorgeous sight. "More, more... give me more, Káno, *more...*"

"Oma." Maglor grunted again and shuddered. He was panting now, trembling, and Fëanor wished he could free his hands and touch his son's beautiful body, glorious in his manhood, working those muscles as he kept thrusting his hips, his hard, thick cock stroking the nipple.

Maglor's cock rubbed the right nipple, up and down, back and forth, the nipple sliding along the veins in Maglor's shaft. Maglor's cock was coated in milk, and thick puddles of clear pre-spend were pooling from Fëanor's nipples, rolling down his chest and stomach. Fëanor licked his lips, his balls aching, cock pulsing, so close to coming. "More," Fëanor panted. "More, more..."

Maglor took his cock back in hand and the head of his cock tapped the left nipple, smacked it, slap-slap-slap, before more vigorous rubbing. The tip of Fëanor's nipple was at the slit of Maglor's cock, making a creamy mess of pre-spend and milk. Maglor did the same with the right nipple, smacking it, pressing it into the slit of his cock.

Maglor went back to the left nipple, working his cockhead in circles and back and forth so the nipple rubbed the head of Maglor's cock all over. Maglor's other hand went to Fëanor's right nipple and he seized it between his thumb and forefinger and began pinching it, rubbing it, pumping it up and down. Milk squirted up Maglor's torso and over Fëanor's chest. Fëanor was *right there*, desperate to come, but never wanted the debauchery to stop, nothing had ever felt so good, nothing had ever looked so luscious. "More, more, *more*," Fëanor sobbed. "More more more more, more, more, *more!*"

Maglor's breath came out in shuddery gasps and he let out a deep, primal grunt. He pulled Fëanor's right nipple, aiming it to the left, and they watched as Fëanor's milk shot over Maglor's cock. Maglor threw back his head and shouted, "*Oma!*" as he climaxed, seed pouring over Fëanor's left nipple while Fëanor's right nipple continued to squirt on his cock.

Fëanor came too, untouched, his cock spurting up his belly, slick squirting from his hole as his nipples both produced a powerful stream of milk. Maglor spasmed, groaning, and he sank down, continuing to twitch and heave, panting.

Fëanor sighed with relief as his orgasm throbbed and gave way to soft, floating bliss. Maglor and Fëanor kissed, then Maglor lapped up the mess of seed and milk from Fëanor's left nipple and their tongues rubbed together, sharing it. The sensual pleasure made Fëanor harden up again. Maglor laughed as he felt Fëanor's hardness against him, then they both moaned as Maglor's hard cock began to rub against his.

Maglor untied Fëanor's wrists, smiling as Fëanor wrapped his arms around him. They kissed deeply, cock rubbing cock. "Did I learn my lesson?" Fëanor asked.

Maglor nuzzled Fëanor and gave him a tender little kiss. "I doubt it."

"We might need to repeat the lesson," Fëanor said.

Maglor put his fingers in Fëanor's mouth and began kissing Fëanor's neck, rubbing against him more insistently. "We have time for a few lessons."

"Good." Fëanor licked Maglor's fingers and sucked on them some more, as Maglor kissed his way down and drew a sensitized nipple into his mouth.

Gold-Cleaver [Fëanor/Maglor]

Fëanor stormed into his forge, tears stinging his eyes, cheeks burning with hot shame. Once again he had reached out to Nerdanel and been rebuffed. Once again she had mocked him, calling him an idiot, negatively comparing him to her other lovers. Making rude remarks about Fingolfin and Finarfin, even as she repeatedly claimed she was fine with Fëanor's involvement with them.

Fëanor needed to get out of his head. He rubbed his eyes, hearing Finwë's voice in the back of his mind. *Don't cry. Weakling.* Of course, Fëanor knew that was wrong - and he never stopped any of his sons from crying, he told them to let it out - but the old wounds were deep. Even so, Fëanor took deep breaths, trying to pull himself together. Not for Finwë, but because he didn't want to give Nerdanel the satisfaction of breaking him, even though she was back in the palace and couldn't see him here in the forge.

Fëanor went over to his collection of gems, but his hands were shaking - all of him was shaking, like a leaf - and he dropped a diamond on the floor. It was *that* which broke him, feeling clumsy, incompetent - Nerdanel's taunt of *idiot* ringing through his mind.

He still loved her. He still wanted her. He would do anything to reclaim the fire that had been lost, burned out long ago. As he picked up the diamond from the floor, still shaking, he wept, thinking of what he could make for Nerdanel, a way to express his love. Maybe it would make her love him again.

It won't, another part of Fëanor insisted. She's gone. It's over. It's been over for a long time. You should divorce her, Laws be damned -

Fëanor wept bitterly, the words *she's gone, it's over* echoing in his head, a refrain of torment.

Maglor walked into the forge - Fëanor had forgotten to lock the door behind him - and Maglor found him there on the floor, on his knees, clutching a diamond, weeping. Fëanor looked away, trying to stop crying and it just made him cry harder, ashamed to let his son see him like this... again.

His son. His Alpha. With each step Maglor took towards him, the Alpha scent was stronger, and Fëanor felt himself go hard and slick in response. Before he could stand up, Maglor pulled Fëanor to his feet, snatched the diamond away and more gently put it back in its container, and then he took Fëanor's face in his hands and kissed him hard.

"I know," Maglor said, eyes tender and sad. He stroked Fëanor's cheek, pet his hair, and kissed him again.

They undressed each other, breathing harder. The argument with Nerdanel seemed far away as Fëanor looked upon Maglor's exposed flesh, caressed his sculpted pectoral muscles and abdomen, ran his hands over the biceps, fingers walking over the veins in Maglor's forearms. Maglor kissed and licked Fëanor's neck as he tugged down Fëanor's breeches and smallclothes, freeing the hard cock. He dropped to his knees and with worship in his eyes, he took Fëanor's cock in his mouth, holding it for a moment as Fëanor put his hand on Maglor's head, savoring the sweet, loving care.

Maglor began to suck hard and fast, bobbing his head, greedy for it. Fëanor threw back his head and cried out. Now he was trembling for an entirely different reason. Maglor's

hands roamed over Fëanor's naked body and Maglor hummed with pleasure around Fëanor's cock, making filthy slurping sounds as his talented mouth suctioned, knowing just what Fëanor liked.

Before Fëanor could get too close, Maglor pulled the cock out of his mouth and tapped the head against his tongue, making streamers. Then he kissed and licked his way up Fëanor's body, rising up, before he kissed Fëanor again, and then he pushed Fëanor down on the floor. Maglor settled atop him, kissing him passionately. Their tongues played together, and Maglor kissed and licked Fëanor's neck. He bit it with a growl and Fëanor cried out, nails in Maglor's sides as he bucked, panting for it.

"That's right," Maglor purred, his thumb tracing where his teeth had been. He gave it a lick, and then he moved lower, nipping Fëanor's chest a few inches above his nipple. "You're mine. Marking you as mine." Maglor bit and licked down Fëanor's right side, then his left. Nibbled at Fëanor's stomach, his inner thighs. Fëanor would be covered in bruises from his son's teeth and he thrilled to that knowledge, cock pulsing, hole twitching, slick pooling underneath him.

Fëanor arched to him and spread his legs, wanting Maglor to claim him. Maglor got on his knees and straddled Fëanor's hips, and took his cock in hand. Fëanor's breath hitched, preparing himself to be taken, fucked.

But Maglor did something else instead. A jet of piss poured over Fëanor's chest and stomach. An arc of hot piss shot Fëanor in the face, and Fëanor found himself lapping at it like he was drinking from a fountain, enjoying the salty, tangy taste. Maglor let out another stream of piss, over Fëanor's cock, and this time he growled. "Mine," Maglor snarled.

Fëanor climaxed at the feel of Maglor's piss spraying his cock, the predatory look on Maglor's face as Maglor marked him like territory. It was so primal, so *animal*. Fëanor loved it, reveling in the sinful debauchery of it, his body soaked in his second son's piss, shameless and wanton. Maglor leaned in and licked up Fëanor's spend from his stomach, and then he kissed Fëanor with piss and spend on his tongue and Fëanor dug his nails in Maglor's sides, whimpering, wanting to come again. Wanting more. Needing to be fucked, savage and fierce. Aching for it, more than he had ever ached for sex in his life.

With Fëanor's legs on Maglor's shoulders, Maglor took him and fucked him hard, balls slapping against Fëanor's ass, Fëanor's slick making a filthy wet slurping sound with each stroke of Maglor's cock in and out. Maglor grunted and Fëanor groaned, savoring the rhythm inside him.

"This is how we were in Cuviénen," Maglor said, his voice shaking. "Before the Laws. Wild and free. We rutted like animals. We pissed on our lovers' bodies to mark them as ours."

"I want it," Fëanor said, reaching down to take himself in hand, stroking madly. "I want you."

"You belong to me," Maglor rasped. "My Omega. Not hers."

"You fuck me so much better than her." Fëanor worked his cock harder. "You were made for this, Macalaurë." Calling him by Nerdanel's name for him was deliberate.

Maglor slammed into him even harder, faster, pounding away, the slurping sloppy sound louder. Fëanor cried out, stroking himself as hard as he could, the rhythm on his cock and

inside him building, building, to the shatterpoint. Fëanor grit his teeth, making himself hold back just a little longer, needing more, just a little more, wanting this fuck to last as long as he could -

Maglor pissed inside him. The rush of hot piss in his hole set Fëanor off again, screaming as he spent all over himself, and some of it hit Maglor in the face. Three thrusts later Maglor trembled, letting out shuddery gasps as his seed spilled into Fëanor's hole. Fëanor sighed at the wonderfully filthy feeling of piss and seed pouring out of him. He held out his arms and Maglor sank down, kissing him.

They rubbed noses and Maglor rested on Fëanor's shoulder for a little while as they came down from their orgasm. Fëanor held him, melting in that wonderful feeling of relief, bliss. Nothing else existed in those moments, just them, their love. "My good boy," Fëanor said, giving Maglor a squeeze.

They rubbed noses again and then Fëanor laughed as he realized something.

"What?" Maglor asked.

Fëanor bit his lower lip. "She named you Gold-cleaver... and you have showered me in gold."

Maglor grinned, shaking with silent laughter. Then he gave Fëanor a kiss. "Now you can tell her you made something of gold today."

Fëanor stroked Maglor's face and smiled adoringly. "You are more precious to me than gold or any gems, Káno."

They kissed again, and again, and soon Maglor was moving inside him once more, slowly this time, sweetly.

Meet me in the forge when the Treelight changes. Fëanor gave Maglor a wicked smile. *Make sure to drink plenty of water.*

It had been three days since Maglor pissed on Fëanor, and Fëanor was craving it again. So much so that as he spent the day in the forge, he could barely concentrate on his work, and that was most unlike him - Fëanor usually was completely absorbed by his work, forgetting to eat, drink...

Fëanor wasn't forgetting to drink today. He too, had plenty of water.

Such was Fëanor's anticipation and need that as the light of Laurelin and Telperion mingled and Maglor arrived in the forge, Fëanor was already naked, stroking himself. Maglor quickly undressed and once he was also nude, he came over to Fëanor and took Fëanor in his arms, their hard cocks rubbing together as they kissed.

"I hope you're thirsty," Maglor said, before taking a long lick at Fëanor's throat.

"For you? Always."

Maglor shoved Fëanor down on the floor and climbed over him. They kissed again, cock rubbing cock, hands sliding over each other's bodies. Maglor kissed, licked, and nibbled Fëanor's neck. He suckled one nipple, then the other, making Fëanor's milk flow.

Fëanor's slick dripped down his thighs, down his legs, arching to Maglor, wanting him so much it hurt. But even more than wanting to be fucked, Fëanor wanted to be marked again, soiled by his second son's piss, a sign of ownership.

With Fëanor on his knees, Maglor rained piss over him. Fëanor stuck out his tongue and lapped, sipping, savoring the hot, salty brine. Pisss splashed Fëanor's chest, trickled down his stomach.

Maglor pushed Fëanor back down and let another torrent forth, pissing in Fëanor's face, all over his chest and stomach. "Mine," Maglor purred. He pissed on one nipple, then the other. Fëanor cried out at the blast teasing his sensitive nipples, a frisson through him at the way Maglor's piss and his own milk dripped down the aching peaks. Maglor leaned in and suckled one nipple, then the other, and with his piss and Fëanor's milk on his tongue he kissed Fëanor deeply. He lapped up more piss and milk from Fëanor's nipples, spat in Fëanor's mouth, and their tongues rubbed together before they kissed again.

Then Maglor got on his knees, and Fëanor rose up. Maglor took a few licks up and down Fëanor's cock, and then he held his tongue out, a hungry look in his eyes. Fëanor aimed his cock and pissed on Maglor's face, Maglor lapping feverishly, humming his pleasure as he tasted his Oma's piss for the first but not the last time. Fëanor let it rain over Maglor's hair and body, a glorious flood.

He'd drank enough water that he wasn't done. Maglor lay there on the floor in a puddle of his and Fëanor's piss, and Fëanor drenched him again, spraying piss over Maglor's torso, cock and thighs. Maglor licked his lips and played with his own nipples, pinching, rubbing and flicking them, and Fëanor's cock jolted at the delicious sight.

Fëanor came down and kissed him, and Maglor rolled Fëanor onto his back and pissed on him again, pissing in Fëanor's face, over one nipple, then the other, then Fëanor's cock. Fëanor almost came, and clutched Maglor, nails in Maglor's sides, whimpering, desperate and needy for it. Maglor laughed and he rolled Fëanor again, onto his stomach. He grabbed a handful of Fëanor's piss-soaked hair. "On your hands and knees," Maglor growled.

Fëanor did as he was told, on all fours like a dog. Still pulling Fëanor's hair, Maglor shoved Fëanor's head down. "Lap it up," Maglor commanded.

Maglor watched, one hand on Fëanor's hair, the other hand stroking himself, as Fëanor lapped up their piss from the floor. Fëanor couldn't help stroking his own cock as his hole pulsed, slick pouring down his thighs and onto the floor. Being dominated like this drove Fëanor wild with lust, wilder for the thrill of drinking their piss off the floor. It was so dirty, so depraved. Definitely not something the Valar would approve of. He loved every second of it, lapping like he was starving for it. "Mmmmmmm," Fëanor hummed, licking his lips, before he sipped at the puddle, slurped at it, lapping harder. "Mmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmmmm."

"Such a slut," Maglor said. He let go of Fëanor's hair to slap Fëanor's ass. Fëanor moaned, hole twitching.

There was still more piss on the floor, but Maglor came around behind Fëanor and seized a handful of hair again. He licked a long stripe down Fëanor's spine, making Fëanor shiver and tingle, cock stiffening even more. Maglor nibbled here and there down Fëanor's back and sides, then Fëanor felt the tip of Maglor's cock at his opening.

"Yes," Fëanor panted. "Yes, please, fuck me, take it..."

With a groan, Maglor pushed inside him. When Maglor bottomed out, Fëanor whimpered, loving that feel of being stretched and filled by his own son, the son he and Fingolfin made in their depraved lust, the son who seemed to be made for their pleasure. Their hips smacked together as Maglor took what he wanted, the wet squishing sound of his cock pumping Fëanor's slick hole louder and louder, Fëanor's cries and Maglor's grunts echoing in the forge walls.

"Mine," Maglor snarled. "Mine. Not hers. *Mine.*"

"Yes, Káno, yes... yes, yes, fuck me, more..."

"Mine to take and fuck any time I want, any way I want..."

"More! *More!*"

Maglor reached around and stroked Fëanor's cock as he thrust faster, their hips slapping louder, the slurping, suctioning sound of their fuck deliciously obscene. "My filthy piss slut."

"More, more, *moremoremoremoremore* -"

With that, Maglor let loose another spray of piss in Fëanor's hole. Fëanor twitched around Maglor's cock as the piss filled him, a small orgasm, but not a full release. Fëanor whimpered with frustration, needing more. He felt like he was going to die of this hot sexual need, nothing had ever been so delicious as Maglor commanding him like this into deeper and deeper depravity.

Maglor pulled out and Fëanor screamed through clenched teeth, let out a strangled sob. "Please, please, *please*," Fëanor begged, shaking, going out of his mind.

Maglor grabbed Fëanor and flipped him onto his back. Fëanor howled as he felt Maglor's piss pouring out of him, splashing his thighs and legs. Maglor got between Fëanor's legs, but this time, his hard cock was pressed against Fëanor's. He reached down and took both cocks into his fist, stroking them.

Fëanor got closer, but he also felt the urgency in his bladder again - he'd had a lot of water today. Their eyes locked and Fëanor knew without Maglor telling him that Maglor wasn't done, either. Fëanor put his hand over Maglor's and Maglor worked their cocks harder, faster, making a wet rattling sound. Pre-spend flowed down their cocks, and the smell of Alpha and Omega arousal, slick, spend and piss was intoxicating. Fëanor licked his lips and whimpered.

"You want me to piss again?" Maglor asked. "Beg for it."

"More piss, more piss, more..." It was so filthy, begging him like this. "More piss, more piss..."

Their eyes met again and they both cried out as they pissed together, cock spraying cock, piss flooding down their shafts. "That's it, my dirty piss slut," Maglor purred.

Maglor kept stroking them and they moaned, reveling in the feel of their piss flowing. Maglor worked their cocks as hard as he could, hand a blur, and a moment later they climaxed together, thick cream running down their throbbing cocks. Fëanor's orgasm was intensified by the feel of Maglor's cock pulsing against his, the sight of their spend flowing together... all of that piss all over their cocks.

Maglor leaned in and they kissed. They rubbed their tongues together, licking playfully, and then Maglor scooped up their mingled spend and Fëanor sucked it off his fingers. He could taste their piss, too, and he loved it.

They rubbed noses, and laughed, sharing the euphoria. They clung together and lay in each other's arms, legs entwined. Fëanor thought about the possibility of leaving Nerdanel, going somewhere far with his brothers and sons - maybe trying to get back to where their people had come from, though it had been dangerous enough to flee, and probably was still dangerous.

Fëanor felt a stab of guilt that he was even thinking about leaving Nerdanel. *I have to try. I have to give her another chance.* He had already given her so many chances.

At least he had Maglor's love, and that of his brothers, and that gave him strength.

Ours [Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

Fëanor lay there on the floor, whimpering. Finarfin had bound him with rope in an intricate series of knots, so he couldn't move his arms or legs, all he could do was lay there...

...and watch, aching to touch himself, as Fingolfin, Finarfin and Maglor poured oil over each other's beautiful bodies, and rubbed it in, slowly and sensually caressing each other. His brothers and son rubbed their tongues together as their hands slid over sculpted chests and abdomens and arms and thighs, teasing hard nipples and hard cocks. Maglor turned around, pushed his hair aside, and Finarfin and Fingolfin rubbed oil over Maglor's back and ass, kissing and licking Maglor's neck, taking turns kissing Maglor, and each other. Then it was Fingolfin's turn, moaning as Maglor and Finarfin oiled his backside, kissed, nibbled and sucked on his neck, and they kissed and licked each other's tongues, sucked on each other's tongues. Finarfin went next, playfully shaking his perfect ass at Fëanor before letting out a deep sigh as Fingolfin and Maglor worked the oil over his back and ass, one kissing his mouth as the other teased his sensitive neck.

Maglor got on his knees and took both cocks in his mouth, sucking greedily, as Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed each other, continued caressing each other, groaning. Fëanor bit his lip and whimpered louder, trying to wriggle against the ropes, going mad with lust as his second son proved he was just as much of a cock-hungry slut as he was. Maglor seemed to relish his uncles' cocks, slurping, humming, stroking his own cock.

"Such a good boy," Finarfin purred, stroking Maglor's face.

"Oh yes. You've raised quite a fine young man, Fëanáro," Fingolfin said, giving Fëanor a wicked smile before he turned his attention back to Maglor with a particularly loud moan. "Very talented."

"Mmmmmmmmm," Maglor hummed, stroking himself harder, faster.

Fingolfin and Finarfin's moans got louder and they kissed each other more insistently, played with each other's nipples. Fëanor was now laying in a puddle of his own slick, hard to the point of agony. "Please," he begged. Of course, they weren't going to give in that easily, and his brothers continued to kiss as they pulled Maglor's hair, fucked his mouth, and Maglor stroked his cock wildly, hand a blur, groaning around the cocks in his mouth.

Suddenly Fingolfin and Finarfin pulled their cocks out of his mouth and Fëanor thought they were going to shoot their seed on his face, but instead they pissed together. Maglor lapped like he was drinking from a fountain, the piss raining over his hair and face and body. Fëanor screamed through clenched teeth, almost coming just from the delicious, depraved sight of it... wishing he could taste it too.

Then Finarfin shoved Maglor down on the floor and spanked his ass. "On all fours," he commanded.

Fëanor watched as Maglor got on his hands and knees, ass in the air. Fingolfin poured oil into Maglor's ass crack and it dripped into Maglor's twitching hole. Fëanor whimpered, clenching his fists, and cried out as he watched Fingolfin mount Maglor from behind, while Finarfin put his cock back in Maglor's mouth. Maglor whimpered around Finarfin's cock and started to rock his hips back at Fingolfin, fucking himself, their hips slapping together. Fëanor whimpered too, burning with lust. More slick pooled out of him, watching the savage, animalistic Alpha-on-Alpha sex between his son and his brothers, Fingolfin

fucking Maglor harder and harder, hips smacking loudly, as Finarfin grabbed Maglor's hair and thrust into his mouth, Maglor moaning. The room smelled of the musk of their arousal, stoking Fëanor's lust even hotter.

"You don't get to come until we say you can come," Finarfin said, pulling Maglor's hair harder.

"Mmmmf."

Fingolfin and Finarfin leaned in over Maglor and kissed, their hands roaming again. Fëanor's cock jolted and more slick gushed out of him, aching to be taken and used, but all he could do was watch, bound and helpless. He knew they were getting close when their hands were shaking, the moans more frequent, then both of them pulling Maglor's hair. The brothers cried out together and seed spilled from the corners of Maglor's mouth down his chin, and around Fingolfin's cock in Maglor's hole. Finarfin pulled out of Maglor's mouth and Maglor licked Finarfin's cock clean, trying to catch his breath, eyes glazed.

With Maglor still on all fours, Finarfin got behind Maglor and as he began to fuck Maglor, Fingolfin got on his knees behind Finarfin and licked at his hole. Fëanor once again screamed between clenched teeth, balls tight and heavy, slick pouring. Maglor growled and grunted, slamming his hips back at Finarfin, giving it back as good as he got. Finarfin spanked Maglor's ass, and let out a deep grunt of his own as Fingolfin licked harder, faster, shaking his head, tongue-fucking him. When Finarfin's breath came out in ragged little gasps, Fingolfin rose up, poured oil over his cock, and then his arms wrapped around Finarfin from behind as he fucked him. Watching Fingolfin fuck Finarfin as Finarfin fucked Maglor, hearing their hips smack, the moans and cries, made Fëanor almost sob with frustration.

Soon Finarfin came inside Maglor with a hoarse shout, and Fingolfin threw back his head with a cry of his own as he shuddered. Maglor was left on the floor panting, his hole full of Finarfin's seed.

"Go see your Oma," Finarfin said, patting Maglor's ass.

Maglor came over to Fëanor and Fëanor began to beg again. "Please, please, please..."

But instead of fucking him, or sucking him, Maglor sat on his face. Fëanor ate Finarfin and Fingolfin's seed out of Maglor's hole, and that alone was almost unbearably arousing, but then to tease him even more, once Fëanor had eaten it all, Maglor turned around, kissed him - sharing the lingering seed, making a gooey, sticky mess - and then he straddled Fëanor's chest and began rubbing the head of his cock against Fëanor's hard nipples, the right and then the left, knowing how much Fëanor loved it. Fingolfin and Finarfin watched, stroking each other and kissing.

Fëanor's nipples were exquisitely sensitive, and Maglor's cock sensitized them even more, the long, thick nipple rubbing around and around the cockhead, up and down the frenulum, back and forth in the slit of Maglor's cock. Maglor's pre-spend dripped onto Fëanor's nipples as Fëanor's milk dripped down Maglor's shaft. Maglor rubbed and tapped, a few dozen strokes on the right nipple, then the left, then the right, fucking, rubbing, teasing. As badly as Fëanor needed to come, he couldn't get enough of having his nipples fucked like this, lost in sensation and lust, drinking in the sight of his gorgeous son's muscles rippling as his hips thrust, the beautiful cock on his nipples. "More," Fëanor begged. "More, more..."

"What a slut he is," Finarfin said.

"Such a slut," Fingolfin agreed, then kissed Finarfin deeply.

The puddle of Fëanor's slick became a pool, rivulets of slick running across the floor all the way to where Finarfin and Fingolfin were standing to watch. They came closer, stroking each other harder, and when they were trembling again, panting, Fëanor bit his lip and whined, wanting to come with them. "Please," he begged.

"Do you want to come, Fëanor? Is that what you're trying to tell us?" Fingolfin smirked.

"Yes, yes, *please*, let me come, I need to come..."

Maglor glanced over at his uncles and they exchanged conspiratorial glances. Fingolfin and Finarfin came even closer, standing over Fëanor, and Maglor rubbed his cock faster on Fëanor's nipples, Maglor's breath ragged, a sign that he too was just about ready to come.

But first...

Fingolfin and Finarfin pissed onto Fëanor's cock, and Maglor pissed over Fëanor's nipples. The sight and feel of their hot piss on his nipples and cock sent Fëanor over the edge, screaming as he climaxed, spending all over himself without anyone touching his cock or ass. Maglor leaned down and kissed Fëanor, then Fëanor felt more hot liquid spraying over his body - Maglor's seed on his nipples, then Fingolfin's and Finarfin's seed creaming his cock. Fëanor shot off another arc of his own spend and sighed, his toes and fingers curling involuntarily as a full-body orgasm pulsed through him, making his thighs and stomach clench and shiver. "Yes," Fëanor breathed, smiling so hard his face hurt.

"Yes."

"You're ours," Finarfin husked.

Maglor, Fingolfin and Finarfin licked the mess of seed and piss from Fëanor's body and then they leaned over him, four tongues rubbing together, then his brothers and son taking turns kissing him, sharing the salty, tangy taste with him. Fëanor sighed again, feeling floaty, and closed his eyes. He was vaguely aware of the ropes being cut from his body and once he was freed, he was pulled into a cuddle pile with his Alphas.

"As you know, you belong to us," Fingolfin said, stroking Fëanor's hair.

"And we're yours," Maglor said, touching Fëanor's face. Fëanor opened his eyes and Maglor's sweet smile took his breath away.

"Always," Fëanor said, taking Maglor's hand in one hand, and his brothers clasped his other hand between them.

The Sweetest Taboo

[Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor/Fëanor/Finärfin/Fingolfin]

Fëanor knew he was about to go into heat, and so it was that he arranged for a "family vacation" to Formenos, taking Fingolfin, Finärfin, and Maglor with him. To make it look less suspicious, he invited Maedhros and Fingon along as well - and he knew Maedhros and Fingon would probably appreciate some time together, and with Maglor, where they wouldn't have to be so careful about it.

What he didn't know until they arrived and were exiting the carriages, carrying their bags through the gates, was that Maedhros was also going into heat. Maedhros's Omega scent was so strong Fëanor could smell it several meters away.

Fëanor found his body responding to it, just as much as he thrilled to the scents of his Alphas. His thoughts towards his eldest son had always been innocent... until now. Now he couldn't help noticing Maedhros as a man, taller and more muscular than him, with that fiery red hair - even more beautiful than Nerdanel's. A handsome face. Piercing silver-diamond eyes like Maglor's.

His mind's eye burned with images of Maedhros naked, sweat dripping down his sculpted body, muscles rippling as Fingon fucked him - Fingon, who looked so much like Fingolfin that Fëanor couldn't help but be aroused. Thinking of Fingon taking Maedhros in different positions - Maedhros on his back with his legs on Fingon's shoulders, Maedhros riding Fingon, Maedhros rocking his hips back at Fingon as Fingon took him from behind, pulling his hair.

Fëanor's cock hardened against his belly and his hole twitched, gushing slick. Fëanor's cheeks burned with shame as he clenched his fists, lusting for his own son like this. Of course, he had been intimate with Maglor for years now, but it was bad enough with one son. To want another... and his own nephew... *Nolo's going to kill me if I touch his son. Presuming his son would even want me.* Fëanor swallowed hard and tried to look away, tried not to notice the way Fingon grabbed Maedhros's ass just before they stepped inside the castle.

All of his fears - and guilt - were quickly tossed aside once they were all in and Fingon pulled off Maedhros's pack and he and Maglor began undressing Maedhros right there, and then Finärfin and Fingolfin began undressing Fëanor. Fëanor heard himself moan as he saw Maedhros's naked body for the first time, even more exquisite than his fantasies, right down to the ginger bush framing a long, thick cock that was fully erect and already dripping pre-spend. Maedhros licked his lips when Fëanor's own cock was exposed, and Fingon and Maglor laughed as if that delighted them. Maglor grabbed Fëanor by the hand and dragged him forward, with Fingolfin giving Fëanor a shove to hurry it along. Fingon rummaged around in a pack for a bottle of oil, and Fëanor gasped as Fingon stepped closer to him and pulled him into a deep, hungry kiss just before pouring oil over his chest. Fingon's full, soft lips were just like his father's, and the sensual rubbing of his tongue a promise of what else that tongue could do.

Fëanor's cock throbbed as Fingon's hands worked the oil over his body, caressing in slow circles. "I've been wanting to fuck you for a long time, Uncle," Fingon purred.

Fëanor glanced over at Maedhros. "You... you're fine with this?" The last thing he wanted to do was hurt his son.

Maedhros smirked. "I want to watch." Then Maedhros came closer. "And I want to help. After Káno told me how much he loves fucking you, I haven't been able to stop thinking about it myself." Maedhros reached out and his thumb began to rub a hard nipple, then he kissed Fëanor. Fëanor's hole twitched and he shuddered with desire, kissing Maedhros back fiercely. Maedhros kissed and licked down Fëanor's neck, still rubbing the nipple. "Káno also told me how delicious your nipples are. I want to taste them too."

Fingolfin and Finarfin got a fire going in the fireplace, and Maedhros and Maglor shoved Fëanor along to the furs and pillows before the hearth. Once Fëanor sat, they joined him, sitting on either side of him, and began to lap Fëanor's nipples together. Fëanor's milk still flowed, and he watched it bead onto their tongues. They suckled together, tugging his nipples with their sensuous lips, and then their tongues lashed harder, faster, tongue-fucking Fëanor's nipples, making them swell into long, thick peaks. Fëanor's moans got louder as he cradled his two eldest sons' heads, stroked their hair, letting them feast on his nipples, pleasuring them, teasing them.

Fëanor could feel a puddle of his own slick pooling beneath him, dripping all the more when Maedhros and Maglor kissed open-mouthed, tongues licking, sharing the milk between them. Maglor sucked on Maedhros's tongue, then Maedhros sucked on Maglor's tongue, and their tongues rubbed some more before they got back to work laving Fëanor's nipples, tongues swirling around and around before licking the nipples some more, nibbling, sucking hard.

As Maedhros and Maglor worked on his nipples, driving him wild with sensation, Fëanor watched Fingolfin and Fingon kissing, working oil over each other's beautiful bodies, hands exploring, caressing. Finarfin stood behind Fingolfin, hands rubbing Fingolfin's ass in circles, making it glisten, as his cock slid up and down the crack of Fingolfin's ass, while he kissed and nibbled Fingolfin's neck. Fëanor almost came just from the sight of it - one of Fingolfin was gorgeous enough, what was practically two of them, enjoying each other's beauty, was too much. And then Finarfin grinding against Fingolfin... then coming around to do the same to Fingon - Fëanor's breath hitched, it was like a living work of art. Glorious, erotic art. Watching Finarfin tilt Fingon's head to his, kissing, as Fingolfin played with Fingon's nipples, kissing Fingon's neck, hard cock rubbing hard cock. Fëanor sighed, his entire body tingling from the luscious sensuality playing out before him.

Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed over Fingon's shoulder, and then Finarfin pushed Fingon onto his knees and grabbed a handful of Fingon's hair, making him lean forward. Fingon moaned and licked his lips, and greedily took Fingolfin's cock into his mouth. Finarfin held Fingon's hair for a moment, kissing Fingolfin as Fingon sucked, then Finarfin walked back around and got on his knees behind Fingolfin, tongue in Fingolfin's ass as Fingon continued sucking Fingolfin's cock. Fingolfin's moans competed with Fëanor's, and Fingolfin gave Fëanor a smoldering look across the room.

Fëanor felt like he was going to die if he didn't come. His sons' tongues lashing his nipples, full lips sucking and pulling, stoked the fire of lust hotter and hotter. But they had only just begun.

Fëanor whimpered and Maedhros looked at Maglor and said, "I think his cock needs some attention."

"Yes, brother, I agree."

Maedhros and Maglor kissed again, then they began to lick up and down Fëanor's shaft. Slow, deliberate strokes of their tongue that made Fëanor quiver, aching for release. Their tongues teased and teased Fëanor's cock, sliding up and down, then Maedhros's tongue

swirled around and around the head as Maglor licked and sucked Fëanor's balls. Then Maglor tapped the head of Fëanor's cock against his tongue, making streamers with the pre-spend, as Maedhros slurped at Fëanor's balls. Maglor lapped the head of Fëanor's cock and sucked on it, then kissed Maedhros, making a show of Fëanor's pre-spend on their tongues. With a wicked grin, Maglor collected pre-spend on his fingers and anointed Fëanor's nipples. They went back to suckling, and Fëanor cried out, desperate, his hole twitching, slick pouring.

"He tastes as good as you promised," Maedhros said, before his tongue rubbed Maglor's tongue again.

Maglor sucked on Maedhros's tongue, then he said, "There's something else you should try."

Maedhros shoved Fëanor back onto the rugs, and they got in position, heads between each other's legs, lapping at each other's holes. Fëanor tasted Maedhros's slick for the first time and he loved it, like spicy, tangy honey. Maedhros hummed with pleasure as he ate at Fëanor, and Fëanor moaned into his son's ass - his very talented son, with such a good tongue. Maglor poured oil onto their backs and caressed them, kissing here, licking there, spreading the oil over their arms and thighs and legs with his hands, then with his cock, rubbing against them. Every now and again slapping their asses. "That's it," he encouraged. "Show me how much you both want it."

As badly as Fëanor craved cock inside him, he couldn't get enough of Maedhros's tongue... and the debauched, depraved feeling that came with eating and being eaten by his eldest son, so shameless and wanton, utterly sex-crazed. Across the room he could hear Fingon moaning, and he looked up for a moment to watch Fingolfin sucking Fingon's cock while Finarfin ate Fingon's ass. Finarfin slapped Fingon's ass and Fingon cried out.

Maglor also watched them, and he patted Fëanor's ass. "They shouldn't get to keep those gorgeous bodies to themselves, should they?" Maglor whistled - the stern look Fingolfin gave him with his mouth full of cock was priceless, and Fëanor sputtered Maedhros's slick as he laughed.

Maglor helped them up and Fingon, Fingolfin and Finarfin came over. More oil was poured over each body and everyone took turns kissing and caressing, oiling each other, cocks rubbing together. Moans and gasps and sighs filled the room. Fëanor savored the feel of touching and being touched, the sweet kisses, cocks teasing. He was so very ready to get fucked, but he never wanted to stop oiling their bodies, worshiping them, so beautiful glistening in the firelight.

At last Maedhros pulled Fëanor down onto the rug with him. They kissed, grinding against each other, and Maedhros licked and nipped at Fëanor's throat. "I want you inside me," Maedhros husked, touching Fëanor's face with such love in his eyes that it made Fëanor's heart melt. Fëanor kissed Maedhros's hand and leaned into his touch, then he guided Maedhros's legs around him. The other four men watched, stroking themselves, as Fëanor entered Maedhros for the first time.

He'd fucked Alphas before, using oil to wet their passages, but being inside another Omega was a whole new experience. Fëanor cried out as he felt Maedhros's slick pour down his cock. Maedhros was drenched, and with each slow thrust more slick gushed out, making sloppy squishing sounds. Fëanor grunted and Maedhros kissed him hard, bucking against him. "Fuck me," Maedhros growled, nails in Fëanor's sides.

Fëanor gave in, the squishing sounds louder, slurping, the slick splashing him as he

rocked his hips, slamming into his eldest's silken wet heat. Maedhros cried out and raked his nails down Fëanor's back. "Yes, yes, yes, Oma, yes," Maedhros shouted.

Then Fëanor felt someone behind him. A hand grabbing his hair, teeth on his neck. "Fuck him hard," Fingon commanded.

With that, Fingon plunged into Fëanor's passage, taking Fëanor as Fëanor took Maedhros. They found their rhythm, pushing and pulling. A few thrusts later Fëanor heard Fingon whimper, and call out, "Yes, Ana," and Fëanor whimpered too, knowing Fingolfin was taking Fingon from behind. Fëanor looked up at the mirror behind them and watched as Fingolfin grabbed onto Fingon's hips, tilted Fingon's face so they could kiss. Then Maglor mounted Fingolfin, and Finarfin mounted Maglor. Hips slapped together, oiled and slick holes slurped obscenely, six voices moaned, yelped and sobbed, and the musky-earth scent of Alpha and Omega sex filled the room.

"Harder," Fingon rasped, pulling Fëanor's hair. "Fuck him harder." He slapped Fëanor's ass.

Fëanor pounded Maedhros as hard as he could, working his hips back at Fingon, desperately fucking himself on Fingon's thick cock. "More," Fëanor begged, loving it when they bossed him around like this. He had so much pride, so much defiance in his day-to-day life, it was thrilling to trust enough to *let go* and let them conquer him this way. "More, more..."

They got closer. Closer. Fëanor shook, his breath coming out in shuddery gasps as the rubbing inside him and around his cock built to the shatterpoint, so good, almost there. Then Fingon bit Fëanor's shoulder, yanked his hair again and snarled, "You don't get to come until all the Alphas have come inside you."

"*Good boy*," Fingolfin yelled. Fëanor looked into the mirror again and saw Fingon and Fingolfin kiss, tongues licking, teasing. Fëanor whimpered, trying not to come, feeling like he was about to lose it.

Fingon and Fingolfin came together, then Maglor and Finarfin. When Fingon pulled out of Fëanor, he whimpered in protest, then cried out with delight as Fingolfin moved forward, taking him. Fingon took Fingolfin, Finarfin took Fingon, and Maglor took Finarfin. Fëanor's passage filled with Fingon's seed sounded even wetter and sloppier, and soon Fingolfin was trembling against Fëanor, groaning, crying out - Fëanor knew across their bond that the sound of his sloppy hole and the feeling of Fingon's seed on his cock was Fingolfin's undoing.

Fëanor kept fucking Maedhros, who was panting for it, not able to make words beyond an occasional shout of "Yes" or "More, Oma." Maedhros was so beautiful with his hair disheveled, eyes wild, lost in passion. Every now and again Fëanor leaned in to kiss him, even though each kiss brought him dangerously close to coming without permission.

When Fëanor turned his head to kiss Fingolfin, that was when Fingolfin gave in, moaning into the kiss as he shivered violently and hot seed flooded Fëanor. Fingon and Finarfin cried out together, and then Maglor gave a deep, satisfied grunt - watching Maglor throw his head back, panting as he shook with the throes of orgasm, once again almost sent Fëanor over the edge.

Fëanor was taken by Finarfin next, who was fucked by Fingon, who was fucked by Maglor, who was fucked by Fingolfin. Fëanor and Maedhros kissed and kissed, drinking each other's cries, until Finarfin grabbed Fëanor by the hair and kissed him hard. Then

Finarfin also grabbed Maedhros by the hair and pulled Maedhros up. "Nurse on your Oma," Finarfin ordered.

Maedhros got to work, lapping and suckling one nipple as he played with the other, pinching, rubbing, rolling. It stoked Fëanor's fire even hotter, whimpering as he drove into Maedhros feverishly, needing so badly to come. Finarfin's cock felt so good inside him, and Finarfin's kisses intensified the pleasure more and more. Then Finarfin yanked Maedhros by the hair again and kissed him over Fëanor's shoulder, making Fëanor watch the way they shared his milk. "Mmmmm, good," Finarfin purred, and their tongues licked, then Finarfin kissed Fëanor again and it was all Fëanor could do to not come.

It didn't take long for Finarfin to come after that, and Maglor's screams were followed by Fingon's and Fingolfin's as they came. When Maglor got behind Fëanor, he slapped Fëanor's ass and Fëanor rubbed against him like an animal in heat - and he was in heat, one of the strongest heats he'd ever felt, crazed with desire. Maglor tilted Fëanor's head and kissed him as he plunged inside, and then Fëanor looked into the mirror on the wall and saw Fingon fucking Maglor, Finarfin fucking Fingon, Fingolfin fucking Finarfin. The filthy slurping sound of wet holes fucked was even louder now, so loud, competing with the wild, broken cries and hips smacking together.

"You love this," Maglor rasped between fierce, hot kisses at Fëanor's neck.

"Yes," Fëanor panted. "Yes, Káno, yes..."

Maglor put his fingers in Maedhros's mouth, who sucked them, head bobbing like it was a cock. Fëanor groaned, driving away as Maedhros whined around the fingers in his mouth.

"Make him come," Maglor said, slapping Fëanor's ass.

Fëanor took Maedhros's cock in his hand and stroked. Maedhros continued to suck Maglor's fingers, almost sobbing with pleasure. His hand guided Fëanor's on his cock, jerking it madly until Fëanor's wrist hurt, his hand a blur. When Maedhros spent, screaming around the fingers in his mouth, his cream hit Fëanor in the face - and Maglor too. Maglor shouted as he filled Fëanor's passage with his seed, and that was what finally set Fëanor off, feeling Maedhros contract around his cock, and Maglor shooting inside him. Fëanor came hard, spending and spending into Maedhros's pulsing channel as he felt Maglor's molten seed flood him. Fëanor and Maglor kissed again, and then Maglor sucked Fëanor's tongue just as he'd sucked Maedhros's earlier. Fëanor shuddered with another throbbing wave of release, and then he sank down into Maedhros's waiting arms, where Maedhros pulled him into a deep, passionate kiss.

They still weren't done. Just before Fëanor could doze off, he felt a hand slap his ass. Fëanor picked his head up and saw Finarfin leering at him. Finarfin, Fingolfin, Fingon and Maglor were all surrounding them like a pack of hungry wolves.

They guided Maedhros to eat the seed of the four Alphas out of Fëanor's sensitized passage, getting Fëanor hard all over again, aching to be used once more. As Maedhros ate Fëanor, the Alphas took turns eating Fëanor's spend out of Maedhros's hole, Fingon first, then he kissed Fingolfin with it on his tongue, then Fingolfin licked at Maedhros's hole, then kissed Finarfin with it, then Finarfin ate at Maedhros, then kissed Maglor with it, and Maglor shook his head violently, tongue-fucking Maedhros, while Maedhros rocked his hips, fucking himself on Maglor's tongue. Seed continued to spill out of Maedhros's hole - Fëanor had come quite hard - and Fingon, Finarfin and Fingolfin scooped it up, sucked it off each other's fingers.

"Please, more," Fëanor begged.

This time it was Maedhros's turn to fuck Fëanor, while the Alphas had him... and each other. Fëanor watched over Maedhros's shoulders as Maedhros was mounted by Fingolfin, who was taken by Fingon, who was taken by Finarfin, who was taken by Maglor. Bodies slapped, voices screamed, holes slopped, and watching the fierce look on Maedhros's face as he took what he wanted, ginger bush smacking against him as his cock pumped in and out, made Fëanor bite his own hand, trying to hold back from coming. When Fingolfin and Fingon kissed, Fingolfin came and then Fingon came, with Finarfin and Maglor coming together.

Maedhros and Fëanor kissed as the men changed places. Finarfin took Maedhros from behind as Fingon took Finarfin, Maglor took Fingon, and Fingolfin took Maglor. Fëanor went deeper and deeper into lust and sensation, aching to come but not able to get enough of the debauched sex playing out before him, the men he loved loving each other, rutting together without shame, only passion. When Finarfin and Fingon came together, Fëanor almost came with them, and Maglor and Fingolfin crying out threatened to undo him even more.

Maglor took Maedhros, Fingon took Maglor, Finarfin took Fingon, Fingolfin took Finarfin. Maglor shoved Maedhros down and made Maedhros suckle Fëanor again, as Maglor yanked Maedhros's hair. "Suck those nipples," Maglor growled. "Lick them. Fuck them with your tongue."

Fëanor screamed, perilously close to orgasm just from Maedhros's cock hitting that spot inside him... Maedhros's hungry mouth teasing his nipples was delicious torment. "More," Fëanor begged, rolling his hips, fucking himself on Maedhros's cock. "More! More!"

Maedhros growled, kissed Fëanor with a mouthful of milk, and tugged on each nipple with his teeth, biting before he resumed suckling, licking. The milk dripped down Fëanor's chest and Maedhros chased it with his tongue. His tongue rubbed against Fëanor's before he drew a nipple back into his mouth, slurping hard. Fëanor writhed, whimpering, and when Maglor yanked Maedhros up to kiss him, sharing the milk, Fëanor *squealed*, trying to be good and not come. Trying so very hard.

After Maedhros sucked at Fëanor's nipples some more, and fed Maglor the milk again, Maglor climaxed, gasping for breath, and then Fingon came, and Fingolfin and Finarfin together, kissing.

"Please, please, please..." Fëanor reached down to stroke his cock, feeling ready to explode. "Please let me come, please..."

Maedhros growled and took Fëanor's hand off his cock, then kissed Fëanor hard as Fingon got behind him. Fëanor watched, gasping with pleasure as Fingon took Maedhros - the sensual way they kissed and Fingon reached around and played with Maedhros's nipples those first few thrusts brought Fëanor to that edge again. Then Fingon cried out as Fingolfin took him, and Fingolfin grunted as Maglor took him, and Maglor howled as Finarfin began pounding away; Finarfin slapped Maglor's ass and pulled Maglor's hair.

When Fingon panted, "Almost there," Maedhros took Fëanor's cock in his hand, stroking madly. Maedhros leaned in again to lick and suckle Fëanor's nipples, and when Fingon threw back his head and called out, "*Russo*," Maedhros and Fëanor came together. Fëanor spent all over himself, and Maedhros, and Fingon too. Maedhros and Fingon kissed and licked Fëanor's cream off each other's faces and necks as Fëanor lay there dazed, shivering, coming and coming and coming.

And they still weren't done. Fingon dove down to lap up Maedhros's spend out of Fëanor, and then Maglor, Finarfin and Fingolfin had some, as Fëanor ate the Alphas' seed out of Maedhros. Fëanor was insatiable, hard again, rubbing frantically against the furs.

"Need more," Fëanor begged.

They shoved Fëanor and Maedhros down, both panting for it, kissing each other as the Alphas teased them, kissing here, licking there, hands rubbing, stroking, fingers brushing over every inch of the Omegas' bodies. "More," Fëanor cried out, and Maedhros added, "Yes, more, please, fuck us more..." and the Alphas just laughed, continuing to tease, taking their sweet time exploring Fëanor and his eldest son as Fëanor and Maedhros kissed, sucked each other's fingers... Maedhros suckled Fëanor's nipples again.

Then Fingon and Fingolfin had a taste, lapping and suckling together, rubbing their milk-coated tongues together, while Finarfin and Maglor took turns kissing Maedhros. Then Finarfin and Maglor moved over to Fëanor's nipples, licking, sucking, nibbling, kissing each other to share the milk, sucking each other's tongues, while Fingon and Fingolfin kissed Maedhros. Fingon and Maglor slurped away at Fëanor's nipples while Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed Maedhros, and at last Finarfin and Fingolfin worked together as Fingon and Maglor kissed Maedhros and Maedhros took turns sucking their fingers.

Finarfin and Fingolfin lay on their backs, and Maglor climbed onto Finarfin, with his back to Finarfin's chest, then Fingon did the same with Fingolfin, and Fëanor and Maedhros watched as Finarfin pushed into Maglor and Fingolfin pushed into Fingon. They began to thrust, and Maglor and Fingon's cocks were close enough to touch, then they were touching, pulsing together. Maedhros climbed on, and Fëanor grabbed at the furs, whimpering, rubbing himself feverishly as he watched Maedhros impale himself on Maglor and Fingon's cocks. Fëanor had never seen anything so filthy and delicious.

Maedhros grabbed Fëanor by the hair and Fëanor got in place before his eldest, face down, ass up. Maedhros took Fëanor like a dog as Maedhros bounced on the two cocks inside him, and Maglor rode Finarfin's cock, Fingon on Fingolfin's cock.

"Yes, yes, yes..." Fëanor rocked his hips fast and furious, and Maedhros matched his rhythm, pounding away as he rode Fingon and Maglor hard. Fëanor sobbed into the furs, wanting it so badly, needing to come but never wanting Maedhros to stop fucking him, being fucked, wanting every moment of their depraved, hot sex. His heat had never been so delicious, and the thought that this was just the beginning and there would be more like this in the future had Fëanor shaking, panting, losing himself. "More, more, give me more, Nelyo..."

When Maedhros came, screaming, Fëanor came too at the feel of Maedhros spending inside him. Hearing Fingon, Maglor, Finarfin and Fingolfin all howling together as they climaxed made Fëanor throb harder, his orgasm almost painful in its intensity.

Fëanor was a quivering, babbling mess, and as he lay there with Maedhros resting atop him, Fëanor felt himself drooling. After awhile, Maedhros and his Alphas rained kisses over him, pet him tenderly, and Fëanor rolled around like a content cat, giggling like he was intoxicated.

Fëanor had never been so happy.

Something To Talk About [Fëanor/Fingolfin]

As Amrod and Amras grew, Fëanor found himself increasingly troubled. He wanted better for his sons than the sort of life he and his brothers had been forced into, living a lie... and his older sons as well, cringing at the news that Maglor was courting a wife, knowing Maglor was not interested in women at all. He wanted a better world for his sons. He wanted a better world for *himself*. He was tired of the Laws.

And he was tired of holding his tongue for the sake of his reputation, and that of his family. When the twins had a fortieth birthday celebration, Fëanor got into his cups, and the wine washed away what was left of his reserve. Fëanor interrupted Maglor's harp music, standing up on the table. When all eyes were on him he cleared his throat loudly and announced, "We celebrate life today... and yet, we are not truly living. We are as thralls. I would like to leave Valinor, go back to where our people originally came from... and beyond. If you would follow me, we could live free, without the yoke of the Valar upon us."

Amrod and Amras turned as red as their hair, but they applauded their oma's speech, while Nerdanel was stony-faced.

Unfortunately, many present at the celebration seemed to share Nerdanel's distaste for Fëanor's speech. And soon, tongues began to wag. It was said that Fëanor was mad - something that had been said behind closed doors for a long time, but now was said more boldly and openly. Even worse than that, his character was called into question. It was finally brought up before Finwë himself.

"Of course he would say the rede of the Valar is as thralldom... he is a pervert," said one lord.

"Indeed," said another. "Celegorm has neither black hair like Fëanor, nor red hair like Nerdanel... he is blond, like Finarfin."

"And Finarfin's youngest, Orodreth... Fëanor spends a lot of time with the child, as much as he has spent with his other children, and he is even consulted on matters of raising him... he was not consulted in this manner for Finarfin's other children. Do you not think it is very strange that Fëanor accompanied Finarfin and the lady Eärwen on a 'devotional retreat' for a year and they returned with child? That is another bastard Finarfin sired on Fëanor."

Finwë had suspected his sons were having sinful relations with each other for some time now... much as he had once sinned with his own brother, before he came to the light of the Valar in Aman. But it was one thing for Finwë to have a suspicion, and think he might just be paranoid, and another thing for his own lords to see it too.

Of course, there were people in the court who defended Fëanor, and even agreed with him, that it was time they left Valinor, that the Valar were not the helpful, benevolent gods they claimed to be. This disagreement led to bitter arguing, even threats of violence.

Such unrest caught the attention of the Valar themselves, who implored Finwë to hold a formal investigation.

Something told Fëanor, when he received the invitation to the "dinner party", that it was not a simple social call. Things had been strained between him and his father for as long as he could remember. Meanwhile, he was getting strange looks when he ventured outside the forge, and the timing of it being so soon after his speech at his twins' birthday celebration was not lost on him.

Fëanor's apprehension intensified when he was roused from a sound sleep, told there was an urgent visitor in the middle of the night. That visitor was his brother Fingolfin, wearing a heavy hood and cloak as not to be recognized.

"Did you receive an invitation from our father to dinner?" Fingolfin asked.

"I did," Fëanor said.

"That was what I was afraid of. He lied and told me you had not been invited." Fingolfin shook his head.

Fëanor pursed his lips, ice in the pit of his stomach. The rest of him seethed with hot anger - his father, the pious servant of the Valar, was a liar, which made him a hypocrite. But then, Finwë had forced the entire family into lies. "That bodes ill."

"Indeed." Fingolfin folded his arms. "I have no doubt this has to do with the speech you made at Amrod and Amras's birthday -"

"I would make it again," Fëanor said. "I spoke the truth. We do not need this nonsense in our lives anymore."

"And I have heard," Fingolfin went on, "that there are some who... are saying that Celegorm is Finarfin's. And that Orodreth was birthed by you and not his wife, and that is why you went with Finarfin and Eärwen on a retreat for a year. I was not at the meeting where these accusations were made, but as you know, word travels. And we know it is true... but the world cannot know it is true. Nonetheless, they are very close to knowing for certain."

Hysteria rose in Fëanor, realizing the full implications - that Finwë had told Fingolfin that Fëanor was not invited, perhaps hoping that, before Fëanor's arrival, he could "have a word" with Fingolfin and try to poison Fingolfin's mind against him. And then Fëanor would arrive and see it, and be angry. "He is trying to tear us apart, Ñolo. *They* are trying to tear us apart. They mean to take you away from me -" Whether by hatred or by imprisonment. Fëanor felt sick.

Fingolfin took Fëanor's hands, squeezing them, and then he drew Fëanor into his arms, holding him tight. Fëanor breathed in Fingolfin's Alpha scent, and there was relief... and then the anxiety came over him again and Fëanor fell apart, weeping on his brother's shoulder.

"Listen to me," Fingolfin said, picking up Fëanor's chin, looking him in the eye. "Nothing will take you from me. *Nothing* will come between us. *Ishan't* allow it."

"How?" Fëanor was ashamed of how helpless he felt right now.

"Take some deep breaths." Fingolfin demonstrated, taking deep breaths of his own. Fëanor breathed with him, and Fingolfin began to wipe Fëanor's tears. When Fëanor was

calmer, Fingolfin said, "You have a brilliant mind. I am sure between the two of us, we can think of something."

"We had better think fast," Fëanor said.

Fingolfin's arms were around him again, and they pressed their foreheads together, breathing each other's breath. Once again, Fëanor could smell his Alpha's scent, soothing and arousing him all at once. He closed his eyes and let that scent take him to his happy place. To his forest...

Now Fëanor's mind's eye showed him a memory, of Finarfin and Fingolfin sparring at Finarfin's coming of age celebration. The sexual tension between them as they fought, two Alphas competing for dominance, which was delicious to Fëanor. Finwë seemed to know something was "wrong", because he interrupted the three brothers spending time together, before it could go there. *"Arafinwë, I think you have been around Fëanor enough for one day."*

And Finarfin had appeased their father by replying, *"Yes, you are right. He is a bit much."*

Fëanor had been stung, even though he'd known at the time Finarfin was just acting, and he'd shot back with, *"You may be a man now, but you have no fire in you. You are just a wilting flower."*

That night Finarfin had proven Fëanor very, very wrong. Fëanor's cock stirred at the memory.

Fëanor opened his eyes and touched Fingolfin's face, returning to the here and now. "We must pretend we hate each other," Fëanor said. "If they are accusing us of incest, we will make them think there is no way we could ever touch each other... so that way they cannot throw us into prison, or worse..."

"I hate lying about it, but we cannot fight them. They are gods. We are not."

Fëanor thought of the Silmarils, and their energy. *Not yet.* "We can flee, and there we can live openly... and perhaps with time, and not feeling so defeated, so repressed, we can gain enough strength to challenge their rule and free the rest of our people. But until then..." Fëanor grabbed Fingolfin's face and kissed him hard. "I hate this, but we will do what we have to do."

"I love you, Fëanor. I would die for you." Fingolfin took Fëanor's hand, kissed it, and placed it against his heart. "Know that whatever words I speak against you, they are not the truth."

Fëanor kissed Fingolfin's brow. "I know."

Now before any of Finwë's lords could speak, once again repeating the accusations that had been made previously, Fingolfin rose, and the court deferred to a royal son, letting him speak.

Fingolfin steeled himself, though inside he was shaking, hating every moment of this, the greatest lie he had ever told, even more than the lie of the vows to Anairë, that neither he

nor she had any intent of honoring. He could not bear to speak against his brother, and yet he knew the alternative was far, far worse.

"I have heard of the unrest," Fingolfin said. "King and father, will you not restrain our brother's pride? As you know, Curufinwë is called the Spirit of Fire... all too truly. By what right does he speak for all our people, as if he himself is our King? As you know, *you* were the one who long ago spoke before the Quendi, urging them to accept the summons of the holy Valar to Aman. And as you know, it was *you* who led the Noldor down that long road, through the perils of Middle-Earth, to the light of Eldamar. You *shan't* go back on this, Father. You have at least two sons who will honor your words --"

Fëanor charged into the hall, dressed not for a dinner party but for battle, right down to a plumed helmet on his head, a breastplate... bearing a sword.

Fingolfin's breath caught. Fëanor looked magnificent - delicious - all the moreso for the rage in his eyes. Rage that he knew was directed at Finwë's gossiping lords, the Valar themselves... but it still sent a shiver through Fingolfin anyway.

"So it is, just as I had guessed," Fëanor snarled. "My half-brother would be before me with my father, in this as in all other matters." Now Fëanor drew his sword, pointing it at Fingolfin's throat. "Get you gone, and take your due place!"

Fingolfin bowed before Finwë, and he went from the hall without another word, not looking back. But Fëanor followed him, and just before Fingolfin could step outside the door, Fëanor grabbed him... and with his other hand, the point of his sword was at Fingolfin's heart. "See, *half-brother*," he sneered. "*This*? Right here? Is sharper than your tongue. Try it *again*, you filthy, usurping *bastard*, and maybe the Noldor will be rid of one who seeks to be the master of thralls."

A frisson went through Fingolfin. Though to the onlookers - and there were many - they were words of hatred, of scorn, Fingolfin thought Fëanor looked even more delicious when he was angry like this, as if this was when his inner fire burned the most brightly. Standing as close as they were, Fingolfin could smell that Fëanor was just as aroused as he was. Fingolfin thought about drawing his own sword and challenging Fëanor to a duel, remembering how erotic their sparring sessions were, but he knew that would increase their arousal, making it impossible to hide... and it would be too tempting to take him right there.

So Fingolfin just left, and passed through the throng of onlookers in silence, to find Finarfin. As aroused as he felt by this game they were playing, he still hated the words they had spoken, the *necessity* of it. It felt like the entire world was on fire now, and just being close to Finarfin would be the comfort he needed.

—

Fëanor was brought before Manwë. He was asked many questions, and some of them he answered truthfully, and others - including the question of incest - he lied about. He had been practicing the art of ósanwe enough to know how to shield his mind, as well as open it, and he was confident that even against the all-seeing eyes of a god, there were parts of his mind that could be closed off and not be known.

It happened that Fëanor was not charged with incest, or the crime of sodomy, for his use

of ósanwe to conceal those matters had been successful, and his ruse of hating his brothers had been convincing. It was, indeed, too convincing, for now he was found guilty of breaking the peace of Valinor, drawing his sword on his own brother.

Manwë's voice rang out:

Thou speakest of thralldom. If thralldom it be, thou canst not escape it; for Manwë is King of Arda, and not of Aman only. And this deed was unlawful, whether in Aman or not in Aman. Therefore this doom is now made: for twelve years thou shall leave Tirion where this threat was uttered. In that time take counsel with thyself, and remember who and what thou art. But after that time this matter shall be set in peace and held redressed, if others will release thee.

"I will release my brother," Fingolfin said.

Fëanor spoke nothing, remaining in silence. He had already said enough; he would not grovel before these *tyrants*. He turned and left.

Fëanor's urge to leave Aman was even stronger now, but he also knew that if he attempted it at present, the Valar were prepared to enforce the doom. He would have to be content with leaving Tirion, and indeed, he would rather be in Formenos. What bothered him about it was the length of time he'd be required to stay there... the long separation from his brothers.

He was given a few days to gather the household's belongings, as the Valar wanted to appear merciful and not push him into the woods with nothing. Fëanor went back to the palace with a mixture of relief and dread. Even after having a long, hot bath to relax, he lay awake that night, alone in his chambers - he and Nerdanel had not shared a bed for some time - and so he was not woken up when a servant came in the middle of the night to tell him there was a messenger, waiting in the garden.

That messenger was once again Fingolfin in disguise. Fëanor bade his servants leave them alone, and once he was absolutely sure they were alone he quickly cast an enchantment of silence, to ensure they would not be overheard. As soon as Fingolfin took down his hood, Fëanor threw his arms around his brother, overcome with love so fierce his heart could break. "Ñolo. Ai, Ñolo. My love -"

Fingolfin grabbed Fëanor by the hair and kissed him roughly. Fëanor's cock hardened, and he felt himself go slick, aching to be filled, claimed by his Alpha. Fëanor trembled against Fingolfin, kissing him back with all the fire of his being, wanting Fingolfin to feel in the kiss how much those words spoken in their father's hall meant nothing, and how much Fingolfin and Finarfin were everything...

...The tip of Fingolfin's sword was against his heart now, as surely as his own sword had been at Fingolfin's throat, and heart, earlier that day. Fëanor swallowed hard, and looked his brother-lover in the eye. Fingolfin's scent was as strong as Fëanor had ever smelled it, almost overpowering... intoxicating.

The blade cut Fëanor's robe, the cloth falling to the ground, exposing Fëanor's naked body... freeing Fëanor's hard cock. Fëanor's slick was dripping now, his passage twitching, needing Fingolfin's cock inside him. Fëanor wanted to present, wanted to get down on all fours right there in the grass and show Fingolfin how slick he was, get into position to be mounted...

Now Fingolfin was grabbing his hair again, kissing him, with the tip of his sword against

Fëanor's throat. Fingolfin could kill him so easily, so quickly... and Fëanor trusted him not to. And that, too, was intoxicating - the ultimate surrender, yielding to his Alpha, putting his life in his Alpha's hands and trusting, knowing, that Fingolfin would never, ever hurt him.

Fëanor looked into Fingolfin's star-blue eyes, the fire calling to his fire. Fëanor reached up to hold Fingolfin's face in his hands. "I trust you with my life. I know you will not spill my blood..."

"Not that way, anyway." Fingolfin threw his sword down and then he bit Fëanor's neck, making Fëanor cry out, shuddering against him, cock jolting. More slick pooled out of him. Fëanor clutched at Fingolfin, needing, wanting so badly...

Fingolfin laughed as he licked the blood that flowed from where his teeth had been, laughing again at the way Fëanor moaned and shivered, knowing how sensitive Fëanor's neck was. "This way is more satisfying," Fingolfin husked, and licked at the bite some more, kissed it. Fëanor whimpered, going out of his mind with lust.

"Please, Ñolo. Take me. Fuck me. Make me yours."

Fingolfin began to undress. Fëanor helped him out of his clothes, not able to resist caressing each bit of flesh as it was exposed, needing to feel Fingolfin's lean, muscular body, the exquisite sculptured definition of him... the power. So male. It seemed to Fëanor that Fingolfin was even more glorious than the gods themselves.

Once they were both nude, Fingolfin pulled Fëanor back to him, their hard cocks rubbing together as they kissed. Fingolfin pushed Fëanor back into the grass, climbing atop him, and Fëanor moaned as their mouths met again, as hard cock rubbed hard cock, as slick pooled from Fëanor's channel to soak the ground below.

"Please," Fëanor begged. "Please. Fuck me. Take me now. I need -"

Fingolfin's thumb brushed a nipple, and Fingolfin smiled as he watched the nub harden and swell. "In time." He licked Fëanor's neck again. "I think I ought to demonstrate to you just how lethal of a weapon my tongue can be, Fëanáro."

With that, Fingolfin's tongue began to lash the nipple his thumb had just coaxed to hardness. Fëanor grabbed Fingolfin's hair, moaning, panting, arching to him. Fingolfin suckled the aching peak, and then his tongue stroked more gently, before suckling harder. He turned to the other nipple and gave it the same treatment, his thumb playing with the nipple where his mouth had just been. Back and forth he went between Fëanor's pierced nipples, licking, sucking, nibbling, tugging on the rings with his teeth, until Fëanor was writhing in the grass, practically sobbing. The way Fingolfin teased his nipples felt so good and Fëanor didn't want him to stop, but he needed, *craved*, that fuck.

Fingolfin was taking his sweet time. He licked his way down Fëanor's chest, licking at the definition in Fëanor's stomach, nibbling here and there. Fingolfin licked around and around the head of Fëanor's cock, then up and down the shaft, eyes locked with Fëanor's, taking in every gasp and moan and shiver. Fingolfin sucked on the head of Fëanor's cock as his hand rubbed the shaft, and then Fingolfin just licked at it again, tongue moving even more slowly than before. At last, Fingolfin licked around and around Fëanor's passage. "You are so, so very wet, my brother," Fingolfin whispered. "As you know."

"Damn you..."

Fingolfin laughed, just before his tongue plunged inside. Fëanor heard himself moaning louder and louder, finally howling, keening, as Fingolfin's tongue fucked him. Fingolfin's tongue rubbed fast and furious, Fingolfin shaking his head as his tongue lashed away, viciously devouring him. Before Fëanor could come just from his brother's tongue, Fingolfin pulled his head back and Fëanor could see the slick glistening on his brother's lips and chin... the heat in those eyes, like blue flame. "You taste delicious," Fingolfin rasped. He licked his lips, letting Fëanor see his enjoyment, and then he dove back down for more, burying his face in him, licking more slowly this time. Fëanor bucked, grabbing Fingolfin's hair, whimpering. When Fingolfin's tongue sped up again, Fëanor's hips rocked, fucking himself on that tongue, getting closer and closer.

Fingolfin once again stopped before Fëanor could come. His tongue swirled around the head of Fëanor's cock again, lapping up the precum that flowed. He slid up Fëanor's body, kissing him as the tip of his cock pressed against Fëanor's opening.

"Take me," Fëanor growled. "Take me fucking *now* -"

Fingolfin silenced him with a kiss, and his own growl as he pushed inside. They both cried out into the kiss when Fingolfin was all the way in.

Fingolfin's hands grabbed Fëanor's wrists, pinning him. He started biting Fëanor's neck again, and his shoulder, and his chest. Fëanor loved that, rolling his hips back at Fingolfin's, urging him on faster. "Yes, yes, I'm yours, Ñolo, yours, take it..."

"I do know my due place, brother." Their eyes locked once more. "Right here, inside you. One flesh."

Tears came to Fëanor's eyes, moved by those words. They kissed again. Fingolfin let go of Fëanor's wrists and Fëanor's arms wrapped around him, and a moment later Fëanor wrapped his legs around Fingolfin's waist as well, holding Fingolfin with all of him as Fingolfin slammed into him harder and harder, driving away all doubt, all fear, until it was just them that existed, their passion, their need for each other.

Their scent, Alpha and Omega, mating, rutting. It was so very right to be claimed out here in the grass like this, their sex a part of nature too. It seemed to Fëanor that this was more natural than the Laws that would keep them apart, that the Laws were the true perversion.

"I cannot be without you for twelve years," Fëanor said.

"You won't be. I will come to visit you, disguised as I did tonight. Ara will as well. We will find a way. *Our love* will find a way." Fingolfin kissed him again. "We will not let them win, my love."

"They are the usurpers." Fëanor stroked Fingolfin's face, his touch tender.

Then Fëanor grabbed a fistful of Fingolfin's hair, rolled Fingolfin on his back in the grass, and began to ride. "This is my throne," Fëanor said, his hands sliding over Fingolfin's chest - then rubbing the nipples. He rode harder and harder. Fingolfin's hands grabbed Fëanor's hips and Fingolfin groaned.

One of Fingolfin's hands wandered over to Fëanor's cock, stroking in time with the rhythm of Fëanor's hips and ass. Fëanor collected precum pooling with his fingers and stuck them in Fingolfin's mouth, his cock and channel both throbbing at the sight of Fingolfin sucking his fingers, enjoying the taste of him. Fingolfin licked Fëanor's fingers clean, licked down to the palm, and then he sucked Fëanor's fingers some more, lust in his

eyes.

Fëanor pulled on Fingolfin's nipples, riding as hard as he could. Fingolfin's free hand grabbed Fëanor's hair, yanked on it. Fëanor felt the pleasure building, pushing him to the point of no return. He let out a whimper, feeling himself about to explode...

"Yes, brother. Come with me."

Fëanor threw his head back and cried out, shooting over Fingolfin's chest and throat. A few seconds later Fingolfin let out a cry of his own, spending into Fëanor. Fëanor's orgasm intensified as he felt the hot seed spurt inside him, loving that feeling of being claimed... the evidence of their passion.

Fëanor collapsed on top of Fingolfin and now Fingolfin was the one holding him as they kissed deeply.

"It will be all right," Fingolfin said softly. Their noses rubbed, and Fingolfin rained tender little kisses over Fëanor's face. "We will get through this. You can trust me."

"I do." Then Fëanor chuckled, needing a moment of levity after the day he'd had. "At least I know you're honest. That tongue *is* a lethal weapon." They rubbed their tongues together before their mouths met again, hungry.

"Mmmmm, and I have something even better able to tear you apart than a sword," Fingolfin said, his cock stirring inside Fëanor once more.

"What's that?" Fëanor grinned. "The way you state the obvious, like informing everyone my name means Spirit of Fire?"

Fingolfin glared, and Fëanor stuck his tongue out. His laughter became a cry as Fingolfin bit his neck again.

"You're going to get it, Fëanáro."

"Mmmmm, I hope so." Fëanor kissed him again, and moaned as Fingolfin rolled him onto his back.

Things Fall Apart [Fëanor/Nerdanel]

Thou speakest of thraldom. If thraldom it be, thou canst not escape it; for Manwë is King of Arda, and not of Aman only. And this deed was unlawful, whether in Aman or not in Aman. Therefore this doom is now made: for twelve years thou shall leave Tirion where this threat was uttered. In that time take counsel with thyself, and remember who and what thou art. But after that time this matter shall be set in peace and held redressed, if others will release thee.

Manwë's proclamation echoed in his head as Fëanor watched the servants of his household packing everything they could. Maedhros was helping, as were the other sons, though the Ambarussa were still young yet.

And then there was Maglor, who was helping by... playing his harp. Trying to provide music to work to... trying to keep up morale.

Fëanor sighed, closing his eyes as Celegorm walked past - the most notable evidence of his indiscretion, with silver-gold hair like his sire. It had been his birth that had gotten people talking. And that talk had built up over the years. Fëanor had made the Silmarils while Celegorm had been off on one of his hunting trips, so his next choice for silver-gold hair had been Finarfin's daughter Galadriel... but Galadriel of course knew it was Finarfin's hair that Fëanor really wanted, and was not taking because when the Valar inevitably asked what they were made of that was extremely indiscrete. And Galadriel, pious as she was, hated Fëanor for "corrupting" her father; they were unfriends forever.

And though Fëanor had talked a good game about the Light of the Trees, and that wasn't entirely a lie for what had inspired them, there was nonetheless a sentiment in Valinor that Fëanor was a bit too fond of his brothers... three Silmarils, one Silmaril for Fëanor and one for each brother.

Before the Valar could discover their sin, and pass judgment, Fëanor did what he had to do, to pretend he hated his brothers both. Especially Fingolfin, whom he had first sinned with. It was one of the most difficult things Fëanor had ever done, but he would do it again, even with what it cost him.

This exile was costing him dearly.

Though Fingolfin and Finarfin had secretly vowed to make covert trips to Formenos, in disguise, Fëanor knew they couldn't do so often. And there was the matter of Finwë going along to "keep an eye". That was going to make it even harder to skulk around.

Fuck.

"Maglor, this is so sad... play 'Slowly', " Fëanor said.

Maglor flexed his fingers and made a flourish on the harp, then began to pluck out the lilting tune as he sang:

*Yes, you know that I've been looking at you for a while
I have to dance with you today
I saw, that your look was calling me
Show me the way that I'm going oh
You, you are the magnet and I'm the metal*

*I'm getting closer and I'm setting up the plan
Just the thought of it accelerates the pulse
Now I'm enjoying it more than usual
All my senses are asking for more
This must be taken without any trouble*

*Slowly
I want to breathe on your neck slowly
Let me tell you things in your ears
So that you remember when you're not with me
Slowly
I want to undress you with kisses slowly
Sign the walls of your labyrinth
And make your whole body a manuscript...*

The song usually made Fëanor feel better but now he was reminded of Fingolfin and Finarfin again, and that made it worse. He needed to get some air.

Nerdanel was outside, looking up at the sky, her auburn locks blowing in the breeze. Fëanor put a hand on her shoulder and twined a hair around his finger.

"Hello, my love," Fëanor said.

"Hello." Nerdanel's tone was flat, and cold.

Oh shit. Not again. Fëanor slowly withdrew his hand and cleared his throat. "I told the servants to stay out of your little nook until you were there to supervise. Figured you'd be as cautious about them packing your things as I am about what's in my forge -"

"I'm not going."

Aw come on, Nel... Desperate for some kind of resolution, to cling to what he had, Fëanor grasped at levity. "Hi Not Going, I'm -"

Nerdanel finally turned to face him. "I mean it, Fëanáro."

Fëanor sighed. "You do realize it's twelve years, right -"

"I am well aware of that. But I think you and I both know it's been over for awhile."

Fëanor looked down at his shoes, down at the grass, and then back up at Nerdanel's eyes. "Is there anything I can say or do to make you reconsider...?"

"Not anymore. The time for that has already passed."

Fëanor nodded. There had been a distance between them for some time, but there was a difference between a rift and just ending things. The finality of it smashed Fëanor's heart like so much glass, but he just kept nodding, pretending that it didn't bother him, when inside he was screaming with pain. He would not give her - or anyone - the satisfaction of seeing him cry. That would come later.

Fëanor met her eyes again. His pride made him want to storm off without another word, but their history had been such that he felt he owed her at least a few more minutes of his time. "Can I at least ask why?" In the back of his mind he could hear Fingolfin's voice, *may I.*

"Isn't it obvious? Oh right, I forget who I'm talking to..."

"Ouch." Fëanor was an inventor, a creator, but when it came to personal matters, he hadn't known Nerdanel fancied him, nor Fingolfin. At least Finarfin had been much more straightforward about his interest.

Nerdanel cocked her head to one side. "You're a mess."

"No shit."

"I still can't believe you, *threatening* Fingolfin like that -"

"Nel. You do realize why I did it, right? Do you understand what they -" He knew she knew he meant the Valar. "- would have done to me if I *hadn't* done that? Would have done to all of us? You? Our children?"

"I am aware that they frown upon the sort of thing that you get up to with your brothers, yes. But there was a better way to deal with it than *putting a sword to your brother's throat.*"

Fëanor grasped at levity again. "Well, *as you know*, he likes it when I put my sword in his throat..."

Nerdanel facepalmed. Then she glared. "There was a time when I would have found that funny. Not anymore."

"Don't tell me that *just now* you decided to have a problem with me and Ñolofinwë, me and Arafinwë."

"I don't," Nerdanel said. "I'm the one who made you and Ñolo pull your heads out of your asses, in case you remember. My problem is that you're trying to laugh this off. Again."

"If I don't laugh, I cry."

The silence hung between them for a moment, and Fëanor knew that even though Nerdanel's love for him had cooled long ago, that still hit a nerve.

Then Nerdanel went on. "The bigger issue, though, is your recklessness. You didn't even come to me and ask 'hey Nel, the Silmarils are making people gossip, what do I do?' You just..." Nerdanel threw her hands in the air and then they rested on her hips. "Do what you usually do. Ready, fire, aim. Except now you went and got yourself exiled. Great job, Fëanáro. Did you at any time think about how the Valar would react to your little outburst? How that would affect our children? How it would affect *me*?"

Fëanor sighed, feeling a little stab of guilt - a stab breaking the shattered pieces of his heart even further. The last thing he had wanted was to cause Nerdanel pain. *I ruined your life.* And yet, he knew perfectly damn well he would do it again, because he had to, and that was something Nerdanel did not understand. "Our sons seem to be fine with moving."

"I'm not."

"Nel. You always liked going on vacation to Formenos in the past. Why can't we start over?" Fëanor hated the words as soon as they came out of his mouth, feeling like he was

begging, another wound to his pride, another piece of his heart shattering.

"Because we can't."

"*Nel.*"

"Fëanáro." Nerdanel was all stern scowling again. "I am not leaving everything behind and following you all the way to Formenos so I can wait and see how next you're going to act a fool. I am tired of this. I am *done*. You are too..." Nerdanel made a vague hand gesture.

"Too... too..."

"Too *what*."

"You are A Lot. I can't deal with it anymore."

"Well, with my father insisting to come along to keep me in line as if I am a child, there's not much trouble I can get into, is there?"

"Fëanáro, you are trouble."

"And once upon a time, that was why you loved me."

"Once upon a time, it was. Then I grew up."

That was like a slap in the face.

Fëanor was angry now - some of it was with Nerdanel, but most of it was with the Valar. If they had not had their stupid, unnatural Laws in the first place, and if Manwë had not been such a hypocrite - so full of the pride he dared judge Fëanor for - none of this would be happening. "I don't know why you want to stay here. Surely you must see how *wrong* this is. If you have no more care for me, have a care for the world our children and their children will live in. Help me to throw down the Valar -"

"*Throw down the Valar.*" Nerdanel's eyebrows shot up. "Fëanáro Finwion, have you been eating *mushrooms*?"

"No, I am perfectly sober. Too sober." Fëanor wanted to get very, very drunk when this conversation was over.

"Even if I thought that you weren't completely *out of your damn mind* wanting to... to... take on the Valar..." Nerdanel shook her head and gestured to him. "Manwë is not all of the Valar. Aulë has been kind to my family -"

"Aulë is culpable - he could challenge Manwë's rule and he does not. As far as I'm concerned he's guilty too. They all are."

Nerdanel took a few steps back.

"You took an oath to me," Fëanor said, the rage in him burning hotter. "You. Swore. An. Oath. You would forsake that to go... kiss the ass of someone who enables a tyrant?"

"Aulë," Nerdanel said quietly, "has been very generous to my Oma, and to me, *and to you*. He gave you a gift -"

"*That gift was already there.* He had *nothing* to do with it, he will not take credit for my

work. *My ideas. Mine.*"

Fëanor did not like raising his voice with his wife, but now his voice rang out over the hills and valley. And as soon as those words were out of his mouth, Fëanor knew it was useless to keep arguing with her - it was one thing to know they had been fundamentally mismatched for awhile, another thing for her to outright oppose him, and break an oath in that opposition.

Now it was time for him to take his leave. He turned on his heel, and walked away, not looking back.

It was the last time he ever saw her. As his household made the trek out of Tirion, heading for Formenos the next day, Nerdanel was not there to say goodbye.

—

A year later, he still missed her. He looked up at the sky and watched the Light of the Trees change from silver to gold and thought of Finarfin's hair... then he thought of Nerdanel, and how many times they'd watched the light change together, and wondered if she was watching it now.

He was still hurt. He was still angry. He still felt betrayed. He still cried in private, when nobody was looking or listening, though he knew Maglor could hear it in the Song. He knew that he and Nerdanel were bad for each other, and they needed to live separate lives, and with time and distance he saw the separation probably should have happened long ago.

But a part of him would always care for her, after everything. Once Fëanáro Finwion gave his heart to someone, that was how it was. He was the Flame Imperishable; he did not ever stop burning, and that fire was love.

He hoped she knew that, somehow.

After The Love Is Gone: Part 1 [Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

It was another one of those days where Fëanor had spent the entirety of the day in his forge - indeed, Maglor knew Fëanor had gone to the forge in the middle of the night and hadn't come out since then. After the exile to Formenos, Fëanor had been spending a lot more time there. To be sure, he wasn't neglectful of his sons, taking some time each week to visit with them as a group and as individuals. But his sons were grown, and didn't need their oma as much, and Maglor knew that Fëanor was retreating to the forge to distract himself with projects. Though Fëanor had proclaimed the Silmarils his finest work and had said more than once nothing would ever compare, Fëanor could no more stop creating than he could stop breathing; he *burned*, and so he always needed an outlet for that burning - a weapon here, an adornment there. His sons never wanted for finery.

It was Maglor who saw to it that Fëanor took care of himself, in his uncles' absence; Fëanor had a tendency of forgetting to eat and drink when he was lost in "the zone", as he called it, and more than once Maglor had found him passed out in the forge from exhaustion. As the hour grew late, Maglor wondered if he would find his oma on the floor again, as he made his way to the forge to bring Fëanor his portion of the evening meal.

But this time, Fëanor was not on the floor or slumped over on his bench. Maglor could not see him at all. He could *feel* Fëanor in the Song, knew he was there, but looking around the forge, it was as if Fëanor had invented something to make himself invisible; Maglor wouldn't put it past him.

He hadn't, though. There was a sob from under the worktable. "Oma?" Maglor put the tray of food down on the worktable, got down on his hands and knees, and found Fëanor curled up in the fetal position, hugging his knees and crying. "Oma."

"Hells, Kanafinwë, I'm sorry you had to see me like this." Fëanor sniffled, promptly sat up - banged his head on the table by accident - and swore under his breath.

Heart aching for him, Maglor reached out his hand to pull Fëanor out from under the table. "Hi Sorry You Had To See Me Like This -"

"That's my line, you. But then..." Fëanor gave a sad smile as he took Maglor's hand and got out from under the table. "I suppose our roles are reversed, right now." Their eyes met. "That's not fair to you -"

"Don't tell me what isn't fair." Maglor led Fëanor over to the bench and sat down next to him. He gave Fëanor a hug - the Omega-in-distress smell was strong, and it brought out every protective Alpha instinct Maglor had. He started petting Fëanor's hair. "And you're not just my oma." Maglor gave Fëanor a soft, gentle kiss that nonetheless burned with desire. Even now in his brokenness, Fëanor was beautiful, and Maglor loved him. Maglor wanted to ease his pain. "So tell me, *melindo*, what is troubling you so?"

Fëanor sighed. "Kanafinwë, do you know what day it is?"

Maglor struggled with dates the same way Fëanor did, for similar reasons - when the Song overtook him and Maglor needed to construct the music, play and sing, he often lost track of time. It was why he saw to Fëanor's self-care like he did - he understood as one creator to another, what it was like, and helping Fëanor helped him to stay on top of taking care of himself, as well. Maglor tried to do the math in his head as far as *when* was now, and he drew a blank.

Fëanor patted him, then gestured to a time-reckoning chart on the wall behind the bench. "Today it has been one year since Nerdanel and I separated."

"Ai." Now the tears made sense. Maglor's arms tightened around him.

"It still hurts. It still hurts *so much*. Yes, even though the love between us died out years before she left, there was a part of me that hoped we could fix it. I still tried." Fëanor's jaw trembled and his voice shook. "She didn't. I made time for her, and she acted like I didn't exist. I didn't mind her having other lovers, we both did." Fëanor kissed Maglor's brow. "But I still made time for her, there was still a place for her in my life. Whenever she found the newest plaything, she pushed me further and further away. I didn't matter anymore."

"Ai, oma." Maglor didn't know what to say. He could feel Fëanor's hurt crashing in the Song, a heart of Silmaril-glass breaking... a heart of light imploding, burning inward on itself.

"And sometimes I still miss her. I think, a year after the fact, I'm better off. I'm not asking for her back." Fëanor's shoulders squared, and Maglor felt that surge of pride before Fëanor wept afresh, crashing again. "But once upon a time, we were happy. We were so good. We made each other laugh. We cuddled. We did nice things for each other. We bonded over our crafts. We went wandering together, enjoying the beauty of the world. I don't understand why she got bored with me, when I never bored of her."

"I'm sorry." Maglor nuzzled him, then he husked, "I'm not bored of you, *melindo*."

Fëanor gave a wicked, teasing smile. "Hi Not Bored Of You -"

Maglor made noises.

The moment of mirth was fleeting, giving way to more tears. "I hate that a part of me still loves her. I don't want her back," Fëanor choked out. "I wish I could turn my feelings on and off. I feel too much. That was the problem, really. I was too much for her. I am probably too much for anyone."

"Never too much for me."

"I don't want to still miss her. I don't want to still *hurt* like this. It wounds my *pride*..." Fëanor's fist clenched and he sat up again, just to double over, crying as brokenly as Maglor had ever heard anyone cry. "My Alpha abandoned me. *My Alpha abandoned me* -"

"One of your Alphas." Maglor smoothed Fëanor's hair. "You still have me, and your brothers."

"Yes, but she was my first Alpha." Fëanor sniffled. "And I loved her. I loved her so much and she's gone. She's gone..."

"Hush, *melindo*." Maglor began to rock him, rub his back, fighting his own tears, wanting to be strong for him.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't be putting you in the middle of this. She's your ana -"

"No." Maglor put a hand on Fëanor's arm and gave him a stern look. "As you know, I am Ñolofinwë's son." Fëanor managed a weak smile at that. Maglor went on, "She had a hand in raising me, but though she was never cruel... she was never warm, either. And... I

came *with you* to Formenos. I did not stay with her. None of my brothers stayed with her. We did not like how she treated you. Please, dispense with the politesse of calling her my ana, their ana. That may have been on paper, but it was never here." Maglor put a hand on his heart. "Nolo is rightfully my ana."

"You were conceived in love." Fëanor put his hand over Maglor's, and their gaze met. "You have the best of me, and the best of him." Fëanor's free hand touched Maglor's face, admiring. "We made you. You are the Song... you are our Song."

"Make me sing for you." Maglor moved closer, grabbed Fëanor's face and pulled him into a deep, fierce kiss, tongues teasing, the passion rising between them as hot as the flames in the brazier. "Let us cry out together -"

Fëanor kissed him back with all the fire of his being. Maglor moaned into the kiss, cock jolting to attention. The sharp, astringent smell of Fëanor's distress lingered but now there was also floral spice and woodsmoke with a touch of musk, the scent of Fëanor's arousal. Maglor's cock throbbed. Not thinking, just wanting, hungering, he pulled Fëanor to his feet and quickly removed Fëanor's jerkin and breeches. Maglor undressed himself as quickly as he could - he was tempted to just tear his garments off and let them fall to rags but he thought that would be careless and ungrateful of gifts. Fëanor used the extra moments to tease - Fëanor turned around and bent over, putting his hands on the bench. He thrust his ass out and moved his legs apart to spread his ass cheeks... presenting. Already he was dripping slick. Maglor growled and tore the damn breeches.

Maglor fell to his knees, grabbed Fëanor's hips, and buried his face in Fëanor's ass. His tongue licked circles around the rim of the opening, and Fëanor whimpered. Maglor licked his lips, savoring the sweet taste of Fëanor's slick, and then his tongue lapped at the passage. Fëanor cried out, and again when Maglor's grip tightened on his flesh. Maglor's tongue lashed as hard and fast as he could go, his cock pulsing at the wild, primal sounds that Fëanor produced. After awhile Maglor slowed down, licking slowly, deliberately, and Fëanor's tone became more high-pitched. Fëanor was gushing incredible amounts of slick now, seemingly infinite wetness, and Maglor couldn't get enough of the taste of him, even as Maglor's cock was achingly stiff, his balls tight, ready to explode, needing to fuck him now.

Maglor licked and licked, wanting to drive Fëanor out of his mind with pleasure and need, wanting to make Fëanor forget all about Nerdanel for awhile, wanting to make Fëanor forget his own damn name. But Maglor's own Alpha urge to rut, to mate, to *fuck* was taking over, and finally Maglor got up, picked Fëanor up off the floor, and carried Fëanor over to the anvil. Then he bent Fëanor over the anvil, the tip of his cock at the entrance. The sight of Fëanor's slick dripping right onto his cockhead threatened to undo him immediately. "Yes?"

Fëanor growled. "Fuck. Me."

Maglor took him. He gave a shuddery gasp as Fëanor's walls rippled around him, embraced him, liquid silk heat. Maglor groaned when he was all the way inside, and Fëanor gave a cry. Maglor smacked Fëanor's ass, grabbed a handful of that glorious flood of raven hair, and began to thrust, giving them both what they needed.

Usually Maglor liked to take Fëanor to the bedchamber for this - Finwë had a shrine in the woods near the fortress where he'd been retreating more and more to pray for his sons, so it was safe to fuck there and not be overheard. But the gentleness in a proper bed could come later. They both needed the raw, animal frenzy. Maglor pulled Fëanor's hair, his hips slamming against Fëanor's. The slap of their flesh and the wet suctioning,

slurping of Fëanor's slick passage was deliciously obscene, bringing Maglor to that edge right away. He grit his teeth, making himself hold back, not wanting to come too soon, wanting Fëanor to come first, to soothe him, to help him go elsewhere for awhile, away from the pain. "Mine," Maglor seethed. "Not hers. *Mine*."

"Yes... yes... yes..." Fëanor panted.

With his free hand, Maglor smacked Fëanor's ass again, then he pulled Fëanor's hair harder. "Mine." The scent of Alpha-Omega sex filled the air, making his lust burn even stronger. "You're mine. Tell me who you belong to..."

"*You*." Fëanor shuddered. "Ai, Kanafinwë, finish me..."

Maglor pulled Fëanor up, Fëanor's back against his chest. One arm encircled Fëanor, his fingers playing with Fëanor's nipples. His other hand reached down to stroke Fëanor's cock, fast and furious. Maglor's thrusts sped up. Fëanor felt so good, smelled so good, and those cries... He needed to come too. Maglor began to kiss and lick Fëanor's neck. "Come for me, *melindo*," Maglor whispered. "Come for me."

"*Káno!*" Fëanor trembled as he spent all over Maglor's hand. The feel of Fëanor's channel contracting around his cock, clenching, pulsing, throbbing, slick flooding, set Maglor off, giving a wordless cry before he tilted Fëanor's face and crushed their mouths together, kissing like their lives depended on it, kissing like it was the only thing that existed.

They breathed each other's breath, one long note of shimmering joy in the Song, and they kissed again. Maglor groaned into the kiss as he felt aftershocks, felt Fëanor twitch around him.

When they caught their breath and the intense climax died down to a soft radiant peace, Maglor pulled out of him, turned Fëanor around, and held him.

"Thank you," Fëanor said, resting his head on Maglor's shoulder.

"Don't thank me just yet." Maglor grinned. "I'm not through with you."

"Hi Not Through With You -"

Maglor picked Fëanor up again, threw him over his shoulder, and marched out of the forge towards the manse, both of them naked. There was the smallest possibility Finwë could come back from the shrine and catch them, and then they'd be in for it, but Maglor didn't care, and indeed the risk of getting caught gave him a kinky little thrill. Once inside the manse Maglor continued carrying Fëanor to his own bedchamber. They went back and forth between Fëanor and Maglor's bedchambers when they slept together, and as they walked into Maglor's room he quietly lamented that he wished he'd had the foresight to set up a nest for his Omega.

They just held each other for awhile. Then Fëanor started to cry again, and Maglor kissed his tears, and that gave way to their mouths meeting, tongues playing, cocks rising. This time Maglor lay on his back and Fëanor rode him in a slow, sensual rhythm, their hands sliding over each other's bodies, loving and languid, a dreamy haze where this was all that mattered. Soon enough the delicious scents and sounds worked them up and Fëanor rode faster, until he was madly bouncing on Maglor's cock, the bed rocking against the wall. When Fëanor climaxed it was magnificent, spurting all over Maglor, the wall above the headboard, the ceiling of Maglor's canopy bed. Maglor came and came, pouring his seed, feeling like he was melting, burning up in his oma's transcendent pleasure. The

Song was pure light, and they basked in it, glorious together.

Maglor cradled Fëanor to his chest. He felt Fëanor listening to his heartbeat. He kissed the top of Fëanor's head, stroked his hair. He realized through the embers of his orgasm that he'd left Fëanor's meal in the forge. "Shit. I need to get your food..."

Fëanor made a little whine of protest as Maglor sat up, but then Fëanor nodded and said, "All right."

"Don't burn the place down while I'm gone," Maglor teased.

To his relief, Fëanor merely dozed off - he'd been worried Fëanor would have another crying fit, Omega hormones flooding him with abandonment feelings at the sudden absence of his Alpha. Maglor gently roused Fëanor and, though Fëanor was perfectly capable of feeding himself, Maglor still liked to nurture him by moving the spoon and fork to Fëanor's lips, or Fëanor eating bits of fruit, vegetables and bread out of his hand. There were berries and cream for dessert, and Fëanor sensually licked and sucked the cream and juices from Maglor's fingers, which got Maglor's blood stirring once more.

"I think I want second dessert now," Fëanor said, knocking the tray to the floor before he grabbed Maglor and pulled Maglor atop him.

Hours later, when they were spent, Maglor watched Fëanor sleep. They'd fucked away the pain for now, but Maglor knew it would resurface. He could feel the pain in Fëanor's fëa, like he was drowning in his grief and just barely keeping the Flame above water. He didn't think his oma was too needy - he never tired of cuddling, making love, spending time with him - but he also felt it would be helpful to get reinforcement from the other Alphas. It had been quite awhile since he'd seen his uncles. The feud between Fëanor and Fingolfin had been staged to prevent discovery of their incest, but the banishment still served as a restraining order; Fingolfin and Finarfin would have to visit in secret, in disguise, and it was difficult for them to get away long enough to have a proper visit at Formenos.

But it was time. Maglor closed his eyes and pushed with his mind. Using a palantir would be easier - Maglor was going to have a headache from this later, from the òsanwe across the distance, but it was what he was willing to do for his oma, his beloved.

Ana, he spoke into Fingolfin's thoughts. Oma needs you. And Ara too.

After The Love Is Gone: Part 2 [Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

Since the exile to Formenos, Fëanor had taken up gardening - a reminder of his beloved Finarfin, who had a way with plants. Fëanor did not consider himself as gifted with plants as his youngest brother, but he still enjoyed himself - it was a different form of art, to sow seed and care for it and watch it bloom and thrive. His herbs and flowers were a riot of color in the midst of the evergreen northern forest, and he loved looking at it, as if he'd painted a landscape, but it was a living painting, with the full sensory experience of touch, smell, taste.

He also enjoyed putting his hands in the fresh earth - a different experience than the soot of the forge, but still satisfying. He resented courtly obligations and there was something defiant about his hands covered in soot or soil, something that told the world *I am the master of my own destiny, not my father, not the Valar, not anyone*. Indeed, the ashes of his forge made a wonderful fertilizer for his garden, and there was something that he found deeply nourishing about transferring the remnants of one project to feed another.

So he was out in the garden this morning, while his sons were off hunting and Finwë was fasting and praying in the shrine farther into the woods. Fëanor almost felt guilty about how much time Finwë spent there, praying for the reconciliation of his sons - he had no idea that entire quarrel with Fingolfin had been staged, a ploy to cover their incestuous relationship, make the world believe they hated each other, so people would not suspect the passionate lovemaking in secret. But Fëanor could not feel too guilty; Finwë was overbearing at best, and the more time they spent apart from each other, the better.

Fëanor was on his knees in the garden, spreading fertilizer, when one of the servants came round. Fëanor rose, and the servant went down on one knee - Fëanor hated it; they had not bowed and scraped like this before Finwë decided he needed to keep an eye on his son.

"My lord, I am sorry to disturb you," the servant said, lowering his head, "but there are two riders who come seeking shelter."

Fëanor felt a twinge of apprehension. One of the reasons why he had chosen this location as his vacation home long ago was precisely so he would not be disturbed - it was far enough away from everything, in the middle of nowhere, that Fëanor had never entertained random guests here. If there were random wayfarers looking for succor here rather than being able to provide for themselves, that spelled trouble.

Or did it? Fingolfin had promised, after the banishment, that he would come to visit. It would have to be in disguise. Dare he hope...?

Fëanor decided it was better to be safe than sorry. Fetching his sword would be too obviously hostile and he had learned from experience that could cause trouble when there would not have been any. But he had a dagger, and it was that he carried in his sleeve when he came out to the front gate to meet his guests. First he washed his hands.

They were wearing heavy cloaks, and hoods that concealed their hair and most of their faces. But Fëanor recognized the scent. His hope had come true in double - there was Fingolfin and Finarfin, covering themselves so others would not know they were violating the "no contact" ban imposed by Manwë. Just from the mere scent of his brother-lovers, Fëanor felt himself go slick. It had been so long... too long...

Fëanor cleared his throat and played along. "Welcome to Formenos. If you are in need of shelter, you shall find it here. Come, let me take you to your guest rooms..." He began to stride through the great hall, hole twitching with each step.

The servant followed along, behind Fëanor and ahead of the "guests". "You can return to your garden, my lord. It would be my pleasure to wait on them -"

"No," Fëanor said, and then he realized that sounded a bit vehement - when he turned around it was clear his servant was taken aback. The need in Fëanor was vehement, dripping slick, his cock hardening painfully in his breeches, hoping it would not tent enough to draw notice. More gently he said "No. Manwë thinks I should learn to be... more friendly... and what better exercise is there than giving hospitality to travelers in need?" He gave his brothers a pointed look before his gaze returned to his servant. "In fact, if you would like to take the afternoon off, please do so."

"That is very generous, my lord. On my way, shall I inform your father there are guests? Perhaps it would be seemly for the king to make an appearance -"

"No, let him pray, do not disturb him. In fact, under no circumstances is my father to be told there are guests here. Simply... let him be, at his shrine." Fëanor didn't need to get caught with what was about to happen.

"Very well. Good day, my lord." The servant gave a small bow, then he was off.

Fëanor continued to walk his brothers down towards the guest chambers - trying not to run, the slick pooling even more now in anticipation of their hands on him, mouths on him, cocks in him - but when he was absolutely sure nobody was watching, he made a quick detour, hurrying them to his own bedchamber. When they were all inside and the door behind him, Fëanor breathed a sigh of relief and began to chuckle. "Finally. That was close -"

Finarfin dropped his hood, then Fingolfin did as well, and Fingolfin stepped forward and drew the dagger from Fëanor's sleeve. "You would meet your own brothers with a blade, Fëanáro?"

"I... did not know it was you, at first." Fëanor swallowed hard. "I didn't expect you to visit. Not for awhile."

Fingolfin gently touched Fëanor's face. "As you know, I promised I would see you." His voice softened, husked. "I swore to you I would be there for you if ever you need me. And it seems you need us now more than ever."

Before Fëanor could respond to that, Finarfin seized him and brought him closer to Fingolfin. Fingolfin smiled, and with a few deft cuts of the dagger, Fëanor's cape, tunic and breeches fell to pieces around him, leaving him in just his smallclothes. Smallclothes that had a hard bulge and a wet spot in front from Fëanor's precum-leaking hard cock... drenched in back from Fëanor's slick. Fëanor's nipples hardened under Fingolfin's hungry gaze, and his cock throbbed, balls tightening, at Finarfin's hands locking tighter around his wrists.

"What do we have here?" Fingolfin's free hand palmed the bulge, rubbing in slow, languid circles. Fëanor couldn't help the whimper that escaped him, hole twitching again, another rill of slick running out of him. "My, so needy, my Fëanáro."

"Please." Fëanor felt desperate - enough to try to wrench free of Finarfin's grip, wanting to

fall on Fingolfin and rut.

"And how prettily you beg. But you've waited some time for us, surely you can wait awhile longer?" With that, Fingolfin pressed the tip of the dagger to Fëanor's throat - an echo of the way Fëanor had held his sword to Fingolfin's neck in public.

Fëanor felt like he could almost come from that alone, the feeling of danger - and trust - coupled with the heat in Fingolfin's eyes, blue flame.

Fingolfin growled, and handed the dagger to Finarfin. Finarfin locked one arm around Fëanor's neck, the other holding the dagger to Fëanor's throat. Fëanor moaned, cock pulsing, slick dripping, frantic with lust. That lust intensified when Finarfin took a lick at Fëanor's neck, then began kissing it. Finarfin moved his arm from around Fëanor's neck to slide his hand possessively over Fëanor's chest and stomach... down to the hardness in Fëanor's smallclothes, all the while keeping the blade at Fëanor's throat.

As Finarfin held Fëanor in place, Fingolfin let his cloak fall to the floor. Fëanor gasped at how tented Fingolfin's robes were, gave an appreciative little moan as Fingolfin shucked his robes and his tunic, shirtless, his hard cock more clearly defined in his breeches.

"Now then..." Fingolfin got on his knees before his brother.

But not as a show of fealty... instead, he leaned in and licked Fëanor's cock through the smallclothes. Fëanor let out a cry, and another as Fingolfin's lips wrapped around the head, tasting the damp fabric along with Fëanor's cock. Fingolfin kissed the cock through the fabric, a hand reaching around to rub the crack of Fëanor's ass, rub at his opening. "So wet already," Fingolfin husked, before taking the fabric-sheathed head of Fëanor's cock back in his mouth.

"Ñolo. Ara. Please, *please* -"

Finarfin's free hand came back up and he stuck his fingers in Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor sucked, moaning around them. Fingolfin smacked Fëanor's ass, their eyes meeting as Fingolfin sucked at the head a little harder and faster.

"Not so loud," Finarfin said. He resumed kissing and licking Fëanor's sensitive neck, kissing down to the shoulder, nibbling.

Fingolfin let go of Fëanor's cock, and, looking up at Fëanor like he owned him, took the waistband of Fëanor's smallclothes between his teeth and began to yank them down, freeing Fëanor's hard cock. Once the offending garment was down to Fëanor's thighs, Fingolfin reached up and tore with his bare hands, flinging the shreds off to the side as he swallowed Fëanor's cock down to the hilt. Their eyes held as Fingolfin sucked slowly - in total control, teasing him, holding the release he craved just out of reach, taking his sweet time. Fëanor whimpered around Finarfin's fingers. Finarfin's free hand played over Fëanor's body, rubbing and pinching his nipples, walking and brushing over the planes of his stomach... coming around to walk up and down the crack of his ass, trace around the opening.

"So very wet." Finarfin let out a murmur of approval. "You want this so badly, don't you, brother?"

Fëanor nodded, whimpering again around the fingers in his mouth. He needed his Alphas, here and now, more than he had ever needed anything in his life.

Fingolfin continued to slowly suck at Fëanor's cock, as Finarfin kept the blade at Fëanor's throat and his free hand caressed Fëanor all over, kissing Fëanor's neck and shoulder. When Fëanor's knees buckled, Fingolfin chuckled, rose up, picked Fëanor up in his arms, and carried him over to the bed. As Fingolfin placed Fëanor down on the bed, Finarfin got out the rope he knew Fëanor kept by the bedtable.

Fingolfin tied Fëanor's wrists to the bedposts as Finarfin kept the knife at Fëanor's throat. Fëanor moaned and panted for it, hole gushing slick, going out of his mind with lust at the way he was completely under their control. When Fëanor's wrists were both tied, Finarfin slid the dagger down from Fëanor's throat to his heart - pressing in hard enough for Fëanor to feel the bite of the tip of the blade, not enough to draw blood - and Finarfin claimed Fëanor's mouth in a deep, fierce kiss that made Fëanor moan, cock throbbing again, slick pooling.

"The trust in your eyes is so beautiful, my love." Finarfin's free hand stroked Fëanor's cheek, and Fëanor couldn't help but smile at him.

"Indeed. You surrender so sweetly, brother." Now Fingolfin leaned in to kiss Fëanor. Fëanor bucked against him with an urgent whimper, *needing*.

Finarfin dragged the blade up from Fëanor's heart to his throat, and back down to his heart, kissing, licking Fëanor's neck and shoulder, lapping and suckling Fëanor's nipples. The blade nicked his chest as Finarfin kissed his mouth again, and Finarfin's tongue chased the flow of blood, kissed Fingolfin with it... then another nick, just enough to draw blood, not enough to do real damage. Finarfin licked at the blood and his tongue played with Fëanor's, letting Fëanor taste the metallic tang of his own blood.

"We know she hurt you," Finarfin whispered. He kissed Fëanor's brow, gentle as a feather, and nuzzled him, his eyes sympathetic. "We know how deeply she wounded you, scarred you. But you know you're safe with us. You know we would never, ever, ever hurt you." Finarfin kissed the cuts on Fëanor's chest, and Fëanor's eyes filled with tears, touched by those words, feeling them in his soul.

"We take care of our brother," Fingolfin said, giving Fëanor another kiss. "We take care of what's ours."

"Help me forget," Fëanor pleaded. It had hurt *so much* with these weeks surrounding the anniversary, reliving the way things fell apart a piece at a time, more and more distance, so lonely, so cold.

Fingolfin chuckled. "We'll make you forget your own damned name, Fëanáro."

With that, Fingolfin and Finarfin began to lick Fëanor all over, Finarfin keeping the dagger at Fëanor's throat, then his heart, as he lavished love over every inch of Fëanor's body. They licked and licked, not a single place neglected - neck, shoulders, underarms, arms, fingers, palms, chest, nipples, stomach, navel, hips, thighs, behind the knee, calves, feet, toes, and back up, lapping at the bush framing his cock, licking his cock, his balls, lifting his legs and taking turns lapping at his passage, moaning at the taste of his slick.

"You're so wet it's soaking the bed." Fingolfin licked his lips and dove back in, licking faster, harder, devouring. "So good."

"Fuck..." Fëanor howled. "Please, fuck me..."

"I am fucking you." Fingolfin smiled before his tongue resumed working inside Fëanor.

Fëanor couldn't resist. "Hi Fucking You."

Fingolfin smacked Fëanor's ass. "Brat."

Finarfin bit a nipple, making Fëanor cry out, then his tongue lashed the sensitive, hard nub, and Fëanor moaned.

He had rarely been so aroused, his entire body singing with their sensual loving care. He felt almost like he could come from Fingolfin's tongue inside him, but the tension and pleasure kept building and building, making him pant and quiver, feeling as if he could break, or burst into flames.

When Fëanor had all he could take, he begged, "Please! PLEASE! Please, please, PLEASE, have mercy, please, give me your cock..."

Fingolfin and Finarfin rose up, gave each other a conspiratorial look, and Finarfin put down the knife and they began to kiss each other, making Fëanor watch, tied up and helpless. The sight of his brothers kissing and caressing each other, hard cocks rubbing together, was too erotic for Fëanor to bear, whimpering, almost ashamed of how needy he was. Fingolfin and Finarfin laughed and kissed each other more hungrily. When Fingolfin bent in to suck Finarfin's cock, Fëanor gave a scream through clenched teeth, feeling like he was going to die of how much he wanted them. Fingolfin gave a good show for a few moments, sucking Finarfin's cock fast and hard, greedy, then more slowly, languid, Finarfin moaning as he held a fistful of Fingolfin's hair. Finally they relented, and untied Fëanor. Before Fëanor could fall on them, Fingolfin grabbed Fëanor by the hair with a growl that went right to Fëanor's cock.

Fingolfin maneuvered Fëanor into position - Fëanor on his hands and knees, ass thrust out at Fingolfin kneeling behind him, face level with Finarfin's cock before him. As Fingolfin pushed into Fëanor's slick passage, Fëanor took Finarfin's cock in his mouth, as deep as he could go, nose rubbing in the silver-gold bush, breathing in the delicious Alpha scent.

"That's it, brother," Fingolfin said, and let out a moan as he began to thrust. "Ai, you feel wonderful."

Fëanor moaned around the cock in his mouth, and louder as Finarfin pulled his hair and began to gently fuck his mouth.

Then Fingolfin also grabbed a fistful of Fëanor's hair; his free hand smacked Fëanor's ass. Fëanor cried out with his mouth full and rocked his hips back at Fingolfin, fucking himself on his brother-lover's cock, needing it desperately. Fingolfin groaned and matched Fëanor's rhythm, cock stroking inside him just right, bringing Fëanor closer to the edge.

It wasn't long before the three brothers moved as one, Fëanor's head bobbing feverishly on Finarfin's cock as Finarfin thrust into his mouth and Fingolfin slammed away inside Fëanor. The hand that had been rubbing and smacking Fëanor's ass reached around to pleasure Fëanor's cock, and Fëanor bucked even harder, completely lost in sensation and lust. He loved his brothers taking him like this, ravaging him, making him *theirs*. The troubles melted away in the blazing fire of passion; nothing else existed.

Fëanor got closer, closer, until he felt himself flying past that point of no return. He howled around the cock in his mouth as the contractions started, powerful, wave after wave of bliss cresting. Fingolfin let out a hoarse shout as he filled Fëanor with his seed and a

moment later Finarfin let go with a shuddery sigh, trembling as he spent into Fëanor's mouth, Fëanor swallowing all he could, loving the salt-sweetness of him.

Fingolfin gently pulled Fëanor up, and tilted Fëanor's face to his, looking deeply into his eyes - those brilliant blue eyes that took Fëanor's breath away - and with the taste of Finarfin's seed lingering on his tongue, Fëanor kissed Fingolfin. They both moaned into the kiss, and Fëanor gasped as Finarfin rolled down to lap up Fëanor's cum from his stomach, then licked Fingolfin's fingers clean.

"My turn." Finarfin came up to kiss Fëanor, and pushed him back against the pillows. A few kisses and Fëanor was more than ready again, cock hard once more, passage dripping slick as well as Fingolfin's seed. Finarfin couldn't help teasing him a little first, rubbing his hard cock against Fëanor's as he kissed and licked Fëanor's neck, tongue rubbing and fluttering at Fëanor's nipples before sucking them hard. Fëanor writhed underneath him, panting, nails digging into him, as Fingolfin watched with an amused smirk, gently stroking himself.

"More," Fëanor begged. "I need more, I need another fuck, please, put it in me, Ara, please..."

Finarfin silenced him with a kiss, continuing to grind against him. He put his fingers in Fëanor's mouth as he made another round of kissing, licking, and nibbling Fëanor's neck, shoulders, and nipples. Fingolfin groaned, stroking himself a little harder.

"If you don't fuck him, I will," Fingolfin warned. "He's too tempting."

"Oh, I will. In just... a... moment." Finarfin slid down and took a few long licks at Fëanor's cock, making Fëanor gasp and shiver. Then he came back up to kiss Fëanor, hands roaming over his body. "So beautiful."

"Please." Fëanor bit his lower lip and looked into Finarfin's eyes. He felt more slick gushing, his entire body aching for another orgasm... another fuck, needing to lose himself again, needing to surrender.

With Fëanor's legs on his shoulders, Finarfin took him hard. Fëanor loved how his soft-spoken, gentle brother was an absolute animal in bed, fucking rough, fierce, their bodies slapping together so deliciously. Fingolfin leaned in to suck Fëanor's cock as Finarfin drove into him, Fingolfin's fingers in his mouth to keep Fëanor's screams down. Fëanor loved it, the pleasure of the cock inside him, and Fingolfin's mouth suctioning around him, building together, taking him deeper and deeper into ecstasy. There was nothing else than this; nothing else mattered. Just them, just their bodies, their lust, their pleasure, their need for each other, blinding, searing, white-hot. *Fuck you, Nerdanel.* Nothing but joy in the reunion with the men he loved so much.

Just before Fëanor could climax, Fingolfin kissed his way up to Fëanor's mouth, played with one nipple as he feasted on the other, back and forth. Fëanor writhed, crying out around the fingers in his mouth. The fierce look on Finarfin's face - holding back his pleasure for Fëanor to come first, getting harder to do - made Fëanor crazy, sobbing a little as he clutched at Fingolfin. Fingolfin smiled before he licked at Fëanor's cock, slow and deliberate. "You want to come, don't you, brother?" Fingolfin purred.

"Please. I need..."

Fingolfin licked even more slowly.

After what felt like an eternity, Fingolfin relented, sucking Fëanor hard and fast, as Finarfin pounded Fëanor's ass harder than he ever had, balls smacking wildly, growling and grunting as Fëanor took all Finarfin had to give. Fëanor climbed to that edge and stayed there, shaking, whimpering around Fingolfin's fingers, and when his eyes met Fingolfin's, Fingolfin spoke into his mind: *Come*.

Fëanor thrashed around as his body twitched, coming so hard it almost hurt. Fingolfin cried out with Fëanor's seed flooding his mouth, and from the way Fingolfin trembled and moaned Fëanor knew he was coming too, coming untouched, so aroused from Fëanor coming in his mouth that he couldn't help but come as well, and the pulsing intensified. Finarfin threw back his head and cried out, shooting deep inside him, making Fëanor throb again, Finarfin's seed seemingly endless, filling and filling, spilling out of him. Fëanor loved it, making a contented purring noise at being full of Finarfin's cum.

They lay there together, holding each other, catching their breath, taking turns kissing each other. Sweet little kisses and gentle pets became more insistent, until all three of them were hard again, insatiable for each other.

Fingolfin lay on his back, and Fëanor straddled him. Finarfin watched as Fëanor sank down on Fingolfin's cock, and stroked himself, breathing harder at the sight of Fingolfin's cock sliding in and out of Fëanor, Fëanor's slick dripping down the shaft. For a moment Fëanor just rode Fingolfin slowly, their eyes locked, hands playing over each other's bodies. Then Finarfin got behind Fëanor and guided the tip of his cock to Fëanor's passage. Finarfin slowly pushed his way in, Fingolfin groaning as he felt Finarfin's cock bump up against his.

Fingolfin and Finarfin found their rhythm, the push and pull of cock against cock, rubbing together inside the slick silken heat of Fëanor. It was almost too tight of a fit, but Fëanor loved having both of them inside him at once - knowing they were making love to each other, Alpha cock to Alpha cock, not just to him - and the way they stroked inside his sensitized passage was exquisite. Fëanor loved it even more as Finarfin's arms circled around him, as he pulled Fëanor's back against his chest and kissed Fëanor's neck, turned Fëanor's head so they could kiss and kiss, tongues teasing between kisses.

Fingolfin started to play with Fëanor's cock. "I love how much you want this," Fingolfin said.

"So much," Fëanor breathed.

Fingolfin's free hand pet Fëanor's hair, stroked his face. "And we want you too." Fingolfin collected Fëanor's precum on his fingers and put them in Finarfin's mouth, who groaned and started to thrust faster. "We want you more than she has ever wanted you."

Something about that drove Fëanor wild, and he started to bounce on their cocks, riding like he was on a wild bull. They thrust into him harder, faster, groaning and moaning together, bed slamming against the wall, flesh slapping, the wet suctioning sound of Fëanor's passage deliciously lewd. Finarfin slapped Fëanor's ass and grabbed his hair, hard, and Fëanor continued to buck, their cocks hitting that spot over and over again. He needed to come but he needed to be *Fucked*, needed to be claimed, needed to burn. It was a holy, cleansing fire, stripping away everything else but pure love.

If this is wrong, then the Valar are wrong. We were made for each other. We were made for this.

There was power here, like light. Fëanor played with a strand of Finarfin's hair, admiring

the way it shifted silver, then gold, like a wire of metal too rare to mine. He looked into the radiant blue of Fingolfin's eyes, felt the love there, burning. This was what Fëanor worshiped. This was his religion, was the love of his brothers, his blood, his breath.

Finarfin bit Fëanor's neck, drawing blood, growling, and it was that which set Fëanor off, shooting all over Fingolfin's chest and his face. Fingolfin and Finarfin came together - the mental image of cock coming all over cock made Fëanor come harder, another arc of cum spurting out of him over Fingolfin's stomach. Fëanor collapsed into Fingolfin's waiting arms, shivering, and they kissed long and deep. Fëanor lapped his seed from Fingolfin's face and chest, and when Finarfin sank down, Fëanor kissed him with it, making Finarfin groan and twitch again.

"I love you," Fëanor said, listening to Fingolfin's heart, thundering in time with his own, feeling Finarfin's breath like a gentle breeze, feeling safe in the stronghold of their arms. "Both of you. I love you..."

"We love you." Fingolfin rubbed noses with Fëanor and gave him a soft, sweet little kiss. "You are our full brother in heart, Fëanáro."

"You are our full everything in fëa." Finarfin turned Fëanor's face to his and looked at him adoringly before they kissed. "Ours. Not hers."

Fëanor gave a happy sigh, and snuggled up closer to them, as close as could be.

After The Love Is Gone: Part 3 [Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor]

Maglor came back from hunting late the next evening. After camping overnight in the woods with his brothers, he wanted a proper bath, and he decided to let himself into Fëanor's bedchamber, assuming his oma would be in the forge as usual and perhaps he could send a signal with òsanwe for Fëanor to come to the bedchamber, and find him in the bath.

To his surprise, relief, and delight, he opened the door and saw Fëanor tangled up with Fingolfin and Finarfin. Maglor, of course, had sent a message through òsanwe that they were needed, but he hadn't expected them to ride out this quickly. Clearly, Fingolfin and Finarfin took it seriously, and it was good for Maglor's heart to see Fëanor was a priority with them, when he hadn't been for Nerdanel. *Oma could be lying there bleeding to death and she wouldn't lift a finger to help him*, Maglor thought to himself bitterly.

But there were better things to think about than the woman he'd been forced to call "ana" throughout his life... like his true ana, and his uncle, naked, holding a very naked Fëanor, petting and kissing him. Before Maglor's eyes, Fëanor's cock rose again, and Maglor could smell the Omega's arousal all the way across the room. Maglor's own cock hardened in response, wanting to *take*.

Maglor gently closed the door behind him and then he cleared his throat. Fëanor and his brothers looked at him. Maglor immediately began to undress, cock throbbing at the way the Omega and two Alphas were devouring him with their eyes. When he was completely naked he strode to the bed, climbed on, and took Fëanor's face in his hands, giving him a deep kiss. Fëanor moaned, and they both cried out into the kiss as they felt their hard cocks press together. Maglor's cock throbbed again, already dripping precum, wanting his oma so fiercely.

Fingolfin pulled Maglor by the hair over to give him a kiss - Maglor smiled; he enjoyed a bit of rough handling from a fellow Alpha, the thrill of the struggle for domination and conquest. Finarfin grabbed Maglor and kissed him next, and began to kiss Maglor's sensitive neck as Fingolfin claimed his mouth once more. Maglor shivered at the feel of Fëanor's hands sliding over him, Fëanor's fingers walking over his body, brushing and rubbing his nipples, teasing the planes of his stomach. "My greatest creation," Fëanor whispered.

Maglor kissed Fëanor again, matching passion for passion, fire for fire. He loved his oma *so much*, and he wanted Fëanor to feel that in his kiss, just like he felt Fëanor's awe and worship in his touch. It broke his heart to know how deeply Nerdanel had hurt his oma, and Maglor knew he couldn't undo the past, couldn't take back all of those lonely nights, all of those moments where Fëanor felt stung by rejection and insults, but he damn well could remind Fëanor he was loved here and now... he was where he belonged. He was theirs, and they were his.

Fëanor arched to him, breathless. When Fëanor spread for him, bending his knees, Maglor saw Fëanor's passage full of seed - no doubt, both Fingolfin's and Finarfin's - and Maglor's breath hitched, cock pulsing at the sight of it. He wanted to do more than just look, he wanted to taste. But first, he wanted to savor. As Fëanor lay back, Maglor kissed and licked his way down, fingers following the wake of his tongue, making Fëanor pant and gasp and shudder. Fingolfin and Finarfin encouraged him, petting Maglor's hair, taking turns kissing Fëanor as Fëanor let Maglor explore him. Fëanor was dripping slick mixed with his brothers' cum, and Maglor didn't want any to go to waste, so after he

nibbled and licked at Fëanor's thighs, he dove in, eating Fëanor for all he was worth.

The taste of Fëanor's slick combined with Fingolfin's and Finarfin's cum was ambrosia, and Maglor couldn't get enough, lapping and lapping, making Fëanor writhe, howling. Fingolfin and Finarfin leaned over Fëanor and kissed each other, their hands caressing Fëanor's body, reaching across to stroke each other's cocks as they watched Maglor feasting, licking his lips, loving it, groaning into Fëanor's passage as his tongue lashed away. Fëanor's cock glistened with precum, and Finarfin leaned in to lick at it, then back up to kiss Fingolfin, sharing it with him. Fingolfin tightened his grip on Finarfin's cock, and Finarfin moaned into the kiss before stroking Fingolfin harder.

Maglor rubbed himself against Fëanor's calf, aching to fuck his Omega, but he didn't want to stop eating him, craving the delicious sight - and sound - of Fëanor losing himself in pleasure, the deliciousness of Fingolfin and Finarfin kissing, stroking each other's cocks, stroking Fëanor's body, enjoying themselves. The smell of the four men's arousal was thick and intoxicating, and Maglor felt almost like he could come just from this. Fëanor's cries got louder and Maglor could sense he was close. Maglor slowed down, teasing him, and Fëanor let out a plaintive sob. Fingolfin chuckled and kissed him, then Finarfin kissed Fëanor, and they leaned in to suck Fëanor's nipples at the same time as Maglor's tongue rubbed ever so slowly in Fëanor's passage.

Watching Fëanor get his nipples sucked, panting and whimpering, drove Maglor mad with lust, grinding harder on Fëanor's calf. His tongue sped up again, fucking furiously. Fingolfin's hand took Fëanor's cock, and Finarfin rubbed Fëanor's balls. Maglor licked and licked, and at last Fëanor tensed, quivered, and the wild look in his eyes let Maglor know he was about to come. Maglor kept licking, and was rewarded with Fëanor's cock shooting on his face. Maglor almost came himself. The feel of Fëanor's channel pulsing around his tongue, and Fëanor's cum dripping on his face intensified Fëanor's lust even more. And he was so lovely in the throes of passion... Maglor sighed appreciatively as he pulled back, watching Fëanor's hole contract, gushing slick. He took a few last slow, loving licks, lapped up what he could from Fëanor's cock, and then kissed Fëanor, letting him taste himself.

Fingolfin turned Maglor's face to his and began to lick his face clean, saving some of Fëanor's cum for Finarfin, who licked off the rest, then kissed the tip of Maglor's nose, making Maglor smile. He gave Finarfin a little kiss, and rested his head on Fëanor's chest for a moment, listening to the pounding heartbeat slow as Fëanor came down from his orgasm. Fëanor wrapped his arms around Maglor, stroked his hair, and Maglor leaned into Fëanor's touch, welcoming it. As badly as he needed to come, he could allow his oma a few moments of rest. The sweet, blissful smile on Fëanor's face took his breath away.

The four snuggled up together, petting, giving each other little kisses that deepened. Maglor's cock stiffened almost unbearably with each kiss from Fëanor, Fingolfin, and Finarfin, their tongues playing, teasing. At last Fëanor hardened up again, guided Maglor's hand to his cock to feel, then lower, to play at his slick-dripping opening. He rubbed his nose against Maglor's and husked, "I want you inside me."

Fëanor didn't have to ask twice. Kissing Fëanor passionately, Maglor slipped inside him, crying out at the sweetness of Fëanor wrapped around him, holding him with his most intimate place. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, lost in that first moment of connection, the two become one. Then Maglor kissed him again as he began to thrust. He kept it slow at first, not wanting to come too soon - wanting Fëanor to come first. But Fëanor was sensitized from all the previous fucking and rocked his hips back at Maglor, making Maglor speed up, nails digging in Maglor's sides, pulling his hair, panting, moaning "oh yes... just like that, Káno... right there, just like that... don't stop, Káno..."

"Oma." Maglor growled. "Fëanor, *melindo...*" He kissed Fëanor again, and again. The rhythm inside him was so good, threatening to undo him. He held back, focusing on Fëanor's pleasure.

It didn't help that Fingolfin and Finarfin were kissing each other now, rubbing their hard cocks together, licking each other's necks, hands roaming, teasing each other's nipples with fingers and tongues. The sight of them together was too much. Maglor grunted through clenched teeth, thrusting into Fëanor harder, faster, even though the intensity brought him ever closer to the edge.

Fëanor loved it, raking Maglor's chest with his nails, his sides, his back. "More, Káno. More... ai, more, Káno, don't stop..."

Maglor leaned in to kiss and bite Fëanor's neck, kiss down to Fëanor's nipples, suckle hard. One hand pleasured Fëanor's cock, the other rubbed and pinched the nipple his mouth wasn't on. Fëanor thrashed, whined, howled, bucking wildly underneath him, urging him on ever faster. Maglor fucked harder and harder, the bed slamming against the wall. When Fëanor's cries got loud enough to be heard through the thick walls, Fingolfin took his fingers, wet with Finarfin's precum, and stuck them in Fëanor's mouth. It was that which finally undid Fëanor, giving a cry around the fingers in his mouth as his cock spurted over Maglor's chest. Maglor shouted out as he felt Fëanor contracting around him, the hot cum spill over his flesh. He spent into Fëanor, and again as he watched Fëanor shaking, gasping, eyes wide with wonder as if he'd witnessed something miraculous.

They kissed; Fëanor's arms tightened around him. Maglor groaned into the kiss. He saw that Fëanor had spent some of his own cum on himself, over his chest... looking delicious on his nipples. Maglor slid down to clean it with his tongue, and at the feel of Fëanor's nipples hardening under his tongue, the sight of the nubs wet and swollen, the way Fëanor moaned, Maglor's cock hardened once more. Fëanor laughed, then sighed as he felt Maglor stiffen inside him. "You're as insatiable as I am."

"It's almost as if we're related." Maglor smiled and kissed him.

Fëanor nipped Maglor's lower lip, hard enough to draw blood, and kissed him back. "Blood of my blood."

Maglor kissed him hungrily, fiercely, with a growl. "Does that mean you want more, *melindo?*"

"So much."

They kissed again. Maglor began to thrust. Fëanor let out a cry and rolled his hips, matching Maglor's rhythm. "Feels so good..."

"You feel good, oma." Maglor gave a shuddery sigh. "So, so good to me."

Fingolfin and Finarfin watched, and Maglor realized they hadn't come yet, but they were both rock hard, cocks wet with precum. Fingolfin got the oil from where it was kept in Fëanor's bedtable, and Finarfin anointed Fingolfin's cock. Fingolfin seized Maglor by the hair and kissed him, and Maglor knew then Fingolfin was going to fuck him while he fucked Fëanor. Maglor kissed Fingolfin back and looked into those gorgeous blue eyes. "Take it, Ana," he rasped.

Fingolfin got behind Maglor, and Maglor gasped as Fingolfin stretched and filled him.

Fingolfin grabbed Maglor's hair and started to pound away. His arms enfolded Maglor and he pinched and rubbed one of Maglor's nipples, licked and nibbled Maglor's neck. Maglor moaned, and Fëanor's breath hitched, watching them. "Yes," Fëanor panted.

Fingolfin's arms tightened around Maglor and he sped up. "Fuck him like I'm fucking you."

Maglor did as he was told. One of Fingolfin's hands pulled Maglor's hair, the other played with Maglor's nipples, rubbed his stomach, reached down to caress Fëanor, as Maglor slammed into Fëanor harder and harder. Finarfin bent in to start sucking Fëanor's cock, his hand playing over Fëanor's body as well. When Fëanor got loud again, Finarfin put his fingers in Fëanor's mouth.

It was too much, too erotic, but Maglor kept himself in check as long as he could hold out. There were few pleasures more intense than a cock inside him as his cock was kissed by a silken, slick passage, the rhythm building and building, his entire body a song, each motion playing him like harp strings, chiming beautifully. Maglor felt utterly consumed by desire, by the love he felt for these men, each act of sex like a song made flesh, a work of art, ephemeral. It was so intimate, so beautiful... so wild, so free. The Valar and their Laws be damned, Maglor hungered for this. It was all that existed. He needed more, as surely as Fëanor whimpered for it around his brother's fingers in his mouth.

Fëanor's noises through Finarfin's fingers in his mouth got more high-pitched, more frequent, urgent. The slap of flesh, the wet suctioning, the bed rocking against the wall, the smell of Alpha and Omega rutting, sharpened Maglor's need. When Maglor felt like he couldn't take anymore, he reached in and pulled Fëanor's nipples as hard as he could. Fëanor sobbed around the fingers in his mouth, shuddering, twitching, and Maglor watched as Fëanor's cum spilled out of the corners of Finarfin's mouth; Finarfin closed his eyes and made a moan like he was tasting a fine wine.

That set Maglor off - Fingolfin claimed his mouth and Maglor moaned into the kiss as he spent into Fëanor once again. Then Fingolfin's seed filled him, and Maglor and Fingolfin groaned together; Maglor was no Omega, but he still loved the feeling of a lover coming inside him.

Finarfin kissed Maglor with his mouth full of Fëanor's cum - he hadn't swallowed yet - and amazingly, Maglor felt himself harden up again, as if the taste was some sort of drug that made him unstoppable. Finarfin's own cock was rock-hard, flushed a deep pink, looking almost angry, dripping precum. Fingolfin lay there beside Fëanor, spent - for now - and gave them an amused look.

"Yes, fuck him, fuck him while he fucks me," Fëanor pleaded.

Finarfin raised an eyebrow. Maglor nodded eagerly, and Finarfin laughed, kissed him again, and patted Maglor's back before he got behind him.

Maglor started to thrust inside Fëanor, kissing him over and over, playing with Fëanor's hair, looking into those beautiful silver eyes - so much like his own. Fëanor's fëa was singing so clearly now, so brightly, like colored fire. Maglor loved seeing Fëanor come alive like this, after seemingly lost in a fog of depression after he and Nerdanel split. It would be a long time for Fëanor to truly heal, but these were good steps. So very, very good. Maglor groaned, kissing Fëanor more deeply as he started to thrust a little harder.

Finarfin hadn't taken him yet... and then Maglor felt not a cock inside him, but a tongue. As Maglor fucked Fëanor, Finarfin started eating Fingolfin's cum out of Maglor. It was so debauched that it drove Maglor wild, thrusting into Fëanor harder. The feel of Finarfin's

tongue inside him, rubbing that sweet spot just right, threatened to bring Maglor off too soon; Maglor steeled himself. He kissed and licked Fëanor's neck, played with Fëanor's nipples, his cock. "I love you," Maglor whispered, and kissed the flesh over Fëanor's heart. "I love you so much..."

"We all love you." Fingolfin stroked Fëanor's face.

Finarfin made a noise of affirmation as his tongue fucked away inside Maglor. Maglor groaned and kissed Fëanor again.

Finarfin ate at Maglor for what felt like an eternity, as Maglor fucked Fëanor, trying not to come, the pleasure building to fever pitch, feeling like he was going to explode. When Finarfin relented and put his cock inside him, Maglor cried out and fucked Fëanor harder, desperately worked Fëanor's cock in time with his thrusts, knowing he wouldn't last long, needing Fëanor to come with him.

With Finarfin's teeth on his neck, Maglor came... at the same time as Fëanor, spurting rope after rope of cum over Maglor's throat and chest and stomach. Finarfin's seed flooded Maglor as Maglor's seed filled Fëanor; still coming, Maglor pulled out of Fëanor and shot the rest over Fëanor's body, marking him, claiming him. Fëanor sighed, and Maglor moaned at the sight of Fëanor's hole pulsing, seed and slick running out of him. Maglor let out another burst of cum over Fëanor's face, with Fëanor sticking out his tongue, lapping what he could get, like he was drinking at a fountain.

The four tangled up together, finally spent. Maglor made a little purring noise as he adjusted himself and felt Finarfin's cum still sloshing around inside him, that slightly-sore feeling of being well-used. Finarfin rained tender little kisses over Maglor's and Fëanor's faces, and Fingolfin pulled each of them close, rocked them for a moment, stroked their hair. Maglor and Fëanor nuzzled, and once again Maglor settled down to listen to Fëanor's heart, as Finarfin trailed little kisses along Fëanor's brow and Fingolfin's nose rubbed in Fëanor's hair.

"Thank you," Fëanor said. "All of you."

"Thank you." Maglor smiled.

"That was... most enjoyable." Fingolfin smiled too.

"I can't words," Finarfin said, and laughed, flexing his fingers and toes like a contented cat.

"You all take good care of me." Fëanor smiled fondly... and sadly. "I'm sorry I need taking care of."

"Oh, *melindo*." Maglor kissed the tip of Fëanor's nose. "We all look out for each other. That's what you do when you love someone." *That's what Nerdanel didn't do.*

"We all need each other," Fingolfin said, petting Fëanor. "We are all better together. One unit. Four parts of a whole."

"I wish..." Fëanor closed his eyes and sighed. "I wish we could all get away, go somewhere where we could live together, like this, and be free. No Valar, no Laws. Just us. Just this."

Maglor wished that too. Right now it seemed like an impossible dream. But maybe... He

kissed Fëanor's heart. "I would follow you to the ends of Arda, oma."

"As would I," Fingolfin said.

"And I as well." Finarfin kissed Fëanor again.

Maglor stroked Fëanor's face, and watched Fëanor start to doze off, sleepy from all the orgasms, the vigorous fucking. If only they could follow that dream. If only they could escape... even if they were exiled, like Fëanor was now, to somewhere remote... they needed freedom, something had to give, somehow. Somewhere. Someday.

Strawberries And Cream [Fëanor/Fingon/Maedhros]

Fëanor had agreed to spend the afternoon with his two eldest sons and they took a hike through the forest surrounding Formenos, up to one of the many streams and waterfalls. They dove and swam and splashed around, and took turns kissing under the waterfall. Fëanor still couldn't believe how beautiful Maedhros and Maglor were now that they were all grown up, both tall and muscular, with long manes of glorious hair. Their bodies were even more beautiful glistening wet, drops of water sparkling like diamonds, and Fëanor couldn't resist licking beads of water from their chests, then they returned the favor, licking him all over his arms and chest and stomach and upper thighs. Every now and again Maglor and Maedhros kissed and rubbed their tongues together, and it drove Fëanor mad with lust.

But as he led them out to the grass, slick dripping with each step, Maedhros pointed and up ahead in the distance was a wild strawberry bush. Now Maedhros was leading the way, dragging them along - into the forest, naked.

There was something beautifully freeing about walking through the forest clad only with the sky, naked as the day they were born. Fëanor's cock bobbed with each step, as if it were nodding approval. Fëanor savored the feel of the earth beneath his feet, the breeze on his bare skin. He wondered if it had been like this in Cuviénen when the Eldar awoke, and once again resented the gilded cage of Tirion. Here he could be himself.

Maglor carried his tunic, but not to put on - he plucked a strawberry and placed it on the tunic, using it as a makeshift basket. Fëanor and Maedhros also put strawberries in the tunic, but ate a few right off the bush.

When they had gathered a good amount of strawberries they went back to the bank of the stream and sat in the grass. They took turns feeding each other strawberries. Fëanor put one in Maedhros and Maglor's mouths at the same time. Then Maglor fed Fëanor a strawberry, then Maedhros fed Fëanor a strawberry, then Maglor and Maedhros put strawberries in each other's mouths. They licked and sucked the juices from each other's fingers. Maglor put a strawberry in his own mouth and leaned in, and Fëanor bit half the strawberry, then they kissed with a mouthful of strawberry, and licked the juices from each other's chins. Fëanor put a strawberry in his mouth and pulled Maedhros close, and Maedhros bit half the strawberry, then they kissed. Maedhros did the same with Maglor, and this time Maglor sucked on Maedhros's tongue when the strawberry was eaten. Fëanor gently stroked himself as he watched his sons kiss and caress each other.

Maglor fed Fëanor another strawberry, and ate a strawberry from Maedhros's fingers. As Fëanor sucked on Maglor's fingers, Maglor put a strawberry in his other hand and fed Maedhros. Maedhros chewed his slowly, as if in deep thought, and then he said, "These are good, but I wish we had fresh cream."

Maglor smirked. "Actually, we sort of do."

Maglor turned to Fëanor and kissed him. Then he started kissing and licking down Fëanor's neck, making Fëanor moan and shiver... and Maglor drew a nipple into his mouth. He suckled hard, and Fëanor cried out, clutching Maglor's head. Maglor's tongue lashed the nipple hard and fast, then he sucked on it some more, making slurping sounds, and Fëanor watched his milk seep from the corners of Maglor's mouth. Maglor pulled back, gave the nipple a few more licks, and placed a strawberry at Fëanor's nipple. His tongue tapped the nipple and milk dripped onto the strawberry. Maglor then held out the

strawberry for Maedhros to eat.

Maedhros moved up and worked on the other nipple, suckling, licking, until Fëanor's milk was flowing. His tongue tapped the nipple so milk flowed over a strawberry and he fed it to Maglor. They did this with the last few strawberries - Maglor licked Fëanor's nipple and made the milk drip onto the strawberry, which he fed Maedhros, then Maedhros did the same with the other nipple and fed the strawberry to Maglor. Fëanor's nipples got hard, long and thick from all the teasing, like little cocks, more and more sensitive. When they got to the final strawberry, they rubbed their tongues together on one nipple, then the other, making Fëanor moan, hole twitching, slick pooling - two tongues at once on a nipple felt so good - and with the strawberry thoroughly coated in milk, they fed it to Fëanor. Fëanor licked Maglor's fingers, then Maedhros's, then sucked both sets of fingers as they licked the juices from his chin and neck.

Maglor kissed Fëanor, then Maedhros kissed Fëanor, then Maglor and Maedhros kissed and rubbed their tongues together. The brothers exchanged smiles, as if they were secretly plotting something, and then they pushed Fëanor back onto the grass. Maglor and Maedhros both took a nipple into their mouths, sucking Fëanor's nipples at the same time. Fëanor cried out and bucked, cock throbbing, hole twitching, slick pooling. He cried out again as their tongues lapped, and writhed as they suckled some more. He moaned as he watched them lick their tongues together, sharing his milk.

They suckled hard, tugging Fëanor's nipples with their lips as far out as they could go, slurping, suctioning. Fëanor's fingers twined in their hair and he arched to them, panting. He could smell Maglor's Alpha scent and Maedhros's Omega scent, and he thrilled to the heat in their eyes. Their hands wandered over his body, caressing his chest and stomach and thighs. Every now and again a finger would trace up and down his shaft. Maglor and Maedhros licked Fëanor's nipples, making the milk splatter and drip down Fëanor's chest, and they chased it with their tongues before lapping the nipples some more. Then their full lips were latched on those nipples again, sucking. It was such exquisite teasing, so delicious, and Fëanor lost himself in pleasure, biting his hand, moaning and whimpering, aching to be fucked but never wanting them to stop.

But at last, when Fëanor watched them kiss again, tongues licking, before they took turns sucking each other's tongues, then rubbed their tongues some more, Fëanor couldn't take it. "Fuck me," Fëanor begged. "Please, fuck me, give me cock, take me, fuck me..."

Maglor and Maedhros exchanged those mischievous smiles again, and then they got on their knees and moved up, their cocks in Fëanor's face. Fëanor was already so slick it was dripping down his thighs and the grass was wet underneath him, but he got their cocks ready for him, sucking Maglor's cock a few strokes then Maedhros's, licking all over the head and shaft of Maglor's cock, then licking Maedhros's cock, then taking both cocks in his mouth, getting them partway down, bobbing his head furiously, greedy for it, moaning around the cocks in his mouth, desperately stroking himself.

Maglor and Maedhros pulled back, and began moving down. They stopped at Fëanor's chest, and Fëanor's breath hitched as he realized what they were going to do - something Maglor had done many times before. Maglor bent his head and spit onto Fëanor's right nipple, and Maedhros spit onto Fëanor's left nipple.

Fëanor's wail echoed through the forest as Maglor and Maedhros began to rub their cockheads against Fëanor's swollen nipples. It felt so good, having his nipples rubbed like this, teased, fucked, and it was also one of the most erotic things Fëanor had ever seen, his sons' beautiful cocks on his nipples, his milk dripping onto them as their pre-spend made his nipples glisten even more. He especially loved seeing the tip of his nipples

rubbing the slit of their cocks, milk and pre-spend mixing together.

As Maglor and Maedhros fucked Fëanor's nipples, they kissed, tongues teasing, and they played with each other's nipples, flicking, pinching. It drove Fëanor wild, and he reached up to touch them, caressing their beautiful bodies, worshiping. "More," Fëanor begged, pleasure building, edging. "More, more... give me more, *more...*"

They started thrusting, so that Fëanor's nipples rubbed up and down the shafts, cocks gliding back and forth. Maedhros threw his head back, panting, moaning louder, and Maglor began kissing and licking his brother's neck, then leaned in and licked one of Maedhros's hard nipples. Fëanor and Maedhros cried out together. Fëanor reached down to touch himself, and Maglor snatched Fëanor's hand away, putting it on his body. They went back to rubbing their cockheads on Fëanor's nipples, hard and fast, and Fëanor reached up to play with Maglor's left nipple and Maedhros's right nipple, taking them between his thumb and forefinger and pulling back and forth, then in circles. Maglor and Maedhros moaned, and kissed each other again.

Maglor took his cock and slapped Fëanor's nipple with it, then Maedhros did the same, slap-slap-slap-slap-slap. They went back to rubbing, Fëanor's nipples sliding all over the head, up and down the frenulum, back and forth over the slit. Maglor and Maedhros licked their tongues together, and Fëanor felt himself getting close, lost in sensation and lust. "More, more," Fëanor cried. "More, give me more, more, moremoremoremore..."

Maglor and Maedhros kissed deeply as they rubbed their cockheads on Fëanor's nipples so hard and fast that Fëanor's milk was splashing everywhere. Maedhros shuddered and pulled back from the kiss, his voice breathy as he warned, "I'm going to come."

"Come on that nipple," Maglor growled, and kissed Maedhros again, his thumb rubbing and flicking Maedhros's left nipple. Maedhros whimpered into the kiss and he spent all over Fëanor's left nipple, thoroughly coating it in thick cream. Then Maglor threw his head back and cried out as he climaxed, coming on Fëanor's right nipple, drenching it.

The sight and feel of his sons coming on his nipples sent Fëanor over the edge, screaming as he climaxed untouched, spending up his own torso, then aiming and shooting over his sons' bodies. Some of his spend even hit them in the face, and his sons laughed and licked Fëanor's spend off each other's faces, before their tongues rubbed together again, slow and sensual.

Maglor and Maedhros came down to kiss Fëanor, then each other. Then they traded places, so Maglor could lick and slurp up Maedhros's spend from Fëanor's left nipple, and Maedhros sucked up Maglor's seed from Fëanor's right nipple. "Mmmmm," Maglor hummed as he suckled. "Mmmmm, mmmmm."

Their hungry mouths on his nipples got Fëanor hard again right away, and Maglor and Maedhros laughed, delighted, before they slid down and began to lick Fëanor's cock together, lapping at the head, then up and down the shaft. Fëanor writhed, whimpering, gasping for breath, as his sons' tongues teased and teased, licking all over the shaft, back to the head, and down the shaft again.

Maglor cupped and rubbed Fëanor's balls, then his fingers strayed lower. He dipped a finger inside Fëanor and smiled as he felt how hot and wet Fëanor was for them. He put his finger in Maedhros's mouth and Maedhros sucked the slick from Maglor's finger, moaning around it.

"It would feel so good to rub our cocks together inside that hole," Maglor said, before he

gave Maedhros a kiss.

Maedhros hummed his approval and kissed Maglor back. Fëanor moaned. "Please," Fëanor begged, wanting them so badly.

But first, Maglor and Maedhros ate at him, taking turns with their tongues inside him, lapping up his slick. Before they traded places they kissed and rubbed their tongues together, and Fëanor whined, aching for them, desperate.

Finally they showed mercy and sat together, face to face, their hard cocks pressed together. Fëanor got on his knees, settled over them, and sank down. He gasped at the stretching, feeling almost ready to split as those thick cocks filled him up. Once they bottomed out inside him Fëanor sighed, savoring that fullness, a perfect moment of peace when all that mattered was their love for each other, their desire.

Fëanor began to ride, taking turns kissing his sons. Maglor and Maedhros kissed and licked his neck and shoulders, making Fëanor moan, and he moaned louder as Maglor reached down to grip his shaft and Maedhros began playing with his balls. They leaned in and started lapping his nipples, and Fëanor bounced harder, faster, bucking madly, his broken cries echoing through the forest as they teased his sensitized nipples with their tongues, tugged with their lips, nibbled, and suckled. Maglor's hand stroked Fëanor harder and Maedhros's hand wandered from Fëanor's balls to caress his chest and stomach, stroke his face. Maedhros put his fingers in Fëanor's mouth and he and Maglor rubbed their milk-coated tongues together, before suckling some more.

Fëanor rode and rode, not able to get enough of the pleasure at his nipples, on his cock, and inside him. He trembled, panting, and cried out at the sound of his sons moaning with their mouths full of his nipples, working their hips so cock slid against cock in his juicy hole. They took turns kissing him again, tongues rubbing together, and then all three tongues were licking, teasing. Maglor and Maedhros sucked on his nipples again and Fëanor clutched their heads, feeling himself getting closer, closer...

"Come for us," Maglor husked, gripping Fëanor's cock tighter, working it as hard and fast as he could, his hand a blur. "Come all over those delicious nipples, so we can taste your spend and your milk, together..."

Maglor's words and his silken voice undid Fëanor, screaming as he came. Maglor aimed Fëanor's cock and thick cream shot over his left nipple, then his right. Maglor and Maedhros greedily sucked at Fëanor's spend-drenched nipples, and took each other's hands, moaning around the nipples in their mouth as they spilled into Fëanor. With spend and milk dripping from his tongue, Maglor spat into Maedhros's mouth and they kissed, milk and spend seeping down their chins and throats, making a mess. Fëanor licked it from their faces and necks, and kissed each of them in turn, then all three tongues rubbed together, savoring.

Fëanor sank back into the grass and his sons snuggled up against him. He rained kisses over Maglor's face, then Maedhros's, and cradled their heads against his heart, petting them. "My good boys," Fëanor murmured, basking in the glow of Laurelin through the trees, listening to the waterfall rush and the stream bubble. Maglor stroked Fëanor's cheek and Maedhros kissed the tip of Fëanor's nose. "Such good boys." Fëanor smiled and closed his eyes, and his toes curled with contentment.

It had been a beautiful day.

Take On Me: Part 1 [Finwë/Fëanor, eventual Finwë/Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maedhros/Maglor]

Fëanor woke with a start, letting out a small cry as he sat up, heart hammering in his ears. He felt like he was burning up, hair damp with sweat - he could feel sweat pooling and dripping down his bare chest.

The fragments of the dream flashed through his mind's eye. A raging fire, burning down his forge. Burning away the Silmarils. Burning up his brothers, his sons. Then last, himself. Trying to reach out to Míriel in the flames and being dragged away and away and away, into darkness.

It was the last image that tore at him the most - and the flames engulfing his brothers and sons had been terrible. But he did not remember his mother - she only came to him in dreams - and there was something cruel about not being able to visit her this time. All the more cruel because the dream did not feel like just a dream, it felt like a memory. It felt *real*.

The heat of the dream-flames cooled... and now a chill went through Fëanor, his skin gooseflesh, a shiver down his spine. "It was just a dream," Fëanor muttered to himself. "It didn't happen." He swallowed hard. "It won't happen." Fëanor's fists clenched.

Then Fëanor began to sob, burying his face in his hands, not wanting to wake others... but he couldn't help it. The dream felt like it had broken something in him, ripped open the wound of his exile to Formenos, lonely for his brothers - his comfort in what had been an increasingly cold, loveless marriage to Nerdanel. He felt like he had already lost so much, suffering here for the sake of keeping his relationship with Fingolfin secret, and the threat of losing more loomed in the distance, mocking him. Fëanor hated feeling so vulnerable, like a cornered animal. He hated being *afraid* of what the future would hold, once his exile was over and he was back in Tirion... back under the scrutiny of the Valar. The stifling weight of the Laws. Having to watch his back all over again. They would imprison him if they knew the truth of his love for men, the truth of his incest.

It was bad enough Finwë had come here to "keep an eye on him", that felt oppressive enough.

He was tired. Not simply from his sleep being disrupted, but his entire life. He had two more years to serve out his exile. The end couldn't come soon enough - he had seen his brothers so little, and they had taken great risks to travel here under ruse - and yet, it felt like it was almost here, and going back to the way things were would surely kill him.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door of Fëanor's bedchamber. The knock startled Fëanor - easily shaken after the horror of his nightmare - and Fëanor's response was a little too loud. "Who is it?" he asked, wondering if it was one of his sons, the few that were around - Maedhros, Maglor and Celegorm were off hunting.

"It's your father."

Fuck. Fëanor grumbled.

When Fëanor didn't answer that right away, Finwë knocked again, as if Fëanor hadn't heard him.

"Oh, *fine*. Come in," Fëanor snapped.

The last thing he needed after that awful nightmare was to hear his father lecturing him about crying. Finwë opened the door and stepped in, and for a moment he just stood there looking at Fëanor trying to pull himself together and dry his eyes. That stern face, those folded arms, made Fëanor feel like a child all over again, adding insult to injury.

"What do you want." Fëanor heard the bitterness in his voice, and expected a lecture about that, too.

To his surprise, Finwë closed the door behind him and pulled up a chair. "I heard you."

"No shit."

"Fëanáro, language."

"Excuse me. No *fucking* shit."

Finwë's shoulders heaved with a deep, exaggerated sigh. He pinched the bridge of his nose - Fëanor realized Fingolfin and Finarfin were prone to the same gesture - and then Finwë folded his hands in his lap and leaned forward. "I came to see if you were all right."

Fëanor snorted. "So if I say no, you can shame me about crying, the way you always have since I was a boy? And if I say yes, you accuse me of lying and -"

"*Enough*." Finwë sighed again. "I promise you, I'm not here to judge you or give you grief. It's clear that if those tactics did any good, we wouldn't be here now."

Fëanor's jaw dropped. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

Then what Finwë said next shocked him even more. "Would you like a hug?"

Fëanor couldn't even make words in response. As much as the pride that burned within him didn't want to accept a hug from someone who had hurt him so much... he really did need a hug, after being shaken so badly by the nightmare. He nodded and patted the space beside him in bed.

Finwë cleared his throat, rose up from the chair, and walked across the room. Fëanor braced himself, wondering if this might be a trap - if once Finwë was there, *then* he would yell about "weakness" and backhand him instead of hug him - but Finwë gingerly climbed in beside him, and pulled Fëanor against him. He held Fëanor tight, and when Fëanor fell apart again, like the hug had broken him all over again, Finwë just squeezed him and began to rock him, rubbing Fëanor's back with one hand, stroking his hair with the other.

"I'm sorry you had a bad dream," Finwë said. "I know your dreams disturb you because you have suffered so much when awake, you cannot find solace even in sleep." Finwë cupped Fëanor's chin and tilted his face up to meet his eyes. "In my early days here in Aman, I still dreamt of the attacks on our people, the hell we escaped from. I dreamt of everything and everyone I loved being swallowed up in darkness."

Fëanor patted Finwë. He didn't want to feel sympathy for Finwë, but he did - it was amazing that Finwë was even disclosing this to him, his own vulnerability and "weakness".

"You still need your rest," Finwë said, holding Fëanor closer, rocking him. "And I hope that when you sleep this time, you will find peace there." He kissed the top of Fëanor's head

and tousled his hair.

Fëanor's jaw dropped again. He pinched himself to make sure he wasn't still dreaming. This was so unlike Finwë that Fëanor wondered if Finwë had eaten mushrooms or smoked certain herbs.

Before Fëanor could ask, he felt faint pulsing warmth in his father's hands, calming him, soothing him. "Rest, Curufinwë." It was the first time Finwë had called him by his given name since Fëanor was a child. "Sleep, my son."

Fëanor closed his heavy eyes and listened to Finwë's heartbeat and breathed in the scent of him. For once, the Alpha scent of his father was comforting rather than unpleasant. It reminded him of the way Fingolfin smelled. Something no doubt Finwë would judge him for, if he knew the truth. But for now, all that mattered was that for once, Finwë was showing him kindness. Mercy. In his despair, Fëanor took what was offered, and fell asleep in his father's strong arms, against the shield wall of his father's chest, a shelter from the consuming fire of his nightmare, the fire of his constant melancholy and anger.

Take On Me: Part 2 [Finwë/Fëanor, eventual Finwë/Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maedhros/Maglor]

When Fëanor woke the next day, he was in bed alone, and it seemed almost like he'd dreamt the whole encounter with his father holding him until he slept, were it not for the wrinkled sheets next to him, and the lingering Alpha scent. A smell that used to be downright repulsive to Fëanor, but now was comforting, enough that Fëanor found himself pulling up the sheets to get a deeper whiff.

Just as quickly he threw them down, cheeks burning, ashamed of what he was doing. Last night didn't erase centuries of bitterness, and finding his father's scent pleasant for a change offended his sense of pride.

And yet, as Fëanor went about his day, his thoughts kept returning to the night before. More than anything else, he was confused as to why his father was taking compassion on him, instead of his usual judgment and scorn. When he was a child, all Fëanor had ever wanted was Finwë's love and acceptance, and Finwë pushed him away, scolded and criticized him, punished him severely for infractions that Fingolfin got away with. Despite Fingolfin being Finwë's favorite, Fëanor did not hold that against him - Fingolfin had idolized Fëanor and tagged along, and Fëanor encouraged it, had grown fond of him, though they'd had to be careful to not act too fond of each other in front of Finwë, who thought Fëanor was a bad influence; indeed, Finwë had kept Fëanor away from Finarfin altogether after Maedhros was born.

Inside Fëanor was that hurt, rejected boy who pushed himself to develop his talents and do greater and greater things, hoping for approval that never came; who married a talented woman who quickly bored of him and favored her other lovers, mirroring Finwë favoring his other children. Fëanor had not sought to marry a female version of his father, and indeed Finwë and Nerdanel mutually disliked each other, but it was all too clear to Fëanor now. The pattern had established itself.

His brothers, growing up under Finwë's iron fist, understood him better than anyone else. It was them against the world. Perhaps if they had not been related, Fëanor would still love them and desire them, but it seemed that Fëanor loved them all the more for having shared the same wound... and in their blood there was warmth. There was fire. A secret hearth, a refuge from the cold. A secret forge, inspiring Fëanor's works. They drew close together, a living fortress, protecting each other from their father.

After all this time, *now* Finwë was being kind to him. Fëanor didn't understand why, and if there was one thing that aggravated Curufinwë Fëanáro Finwion, it was when he didn't know something.

It was just a few hours, maybe less, but it had completely rocked the foundation of Fëanor's reality, for Finwë to behave in a manner most unexpected. To show him love and not hate.

To feel the glimmer of love in return, and hate himself for it, not wanting to be rejected again. His pride had enough of that.

So the curiosity nagged at him, and continued nagging. It interfered with Fëanor's ability to work in his forge. When he re-entered the castle, however, Finwë was nowhere to be found. That frustrated Fëanor even more, who had an entire speech rehearsed in his mind, ready to confront Finwë about why he was kind last night.

Fëanor took a nap - something he rarely did when he worked on a project, but the nightmare that led to Finwë checking on him had disturbed his sleep enough that he didn't feel rested. He had instructions for one of the four boys who weren't off camping to wake him in a couple hours so he could start the evening meal...

...but it was his father who woke him. Fëanor jumped when Finwë gently shook him awake, startling, flinching, his body prepared for a fight.

Finwë took a few steps back, hands raised. The look of anguish on his face - realizing this was how Fëanor reacted to him - made Fëanor almost feel guilty for that reaction... and his anger began to burn, the rage of his pride, not wanting to feel guilty for something he couldn't help, something his body wouldn't do if it weren't for Finwë yelling at him so much as a child.

"What do you want?" Fëanor asked. He folded his arms. "Did you come to lecture me about how I'm slacking off at the craft you never appreciated anyway?"

Finwë sighed and looked down. "I came to wake you up." Then he looked up and their eyes met. "I made supper."

Fëanor's mouth opened. Not once in the entire history of his life, had his father ever cooked that he was aware of. That had been Míriel's domain, then that of Indis. Fëanor wasn't sure that his father even knew how to cook.

This was even more shocking than Finwë coming to hug him last night. "What in the fresh *Hells*."

"Come along," Finwë said, walking away, pausing at the door to look over his shoulder. "You don't want it to get cold now, do you?"

Grumbling, Fëanor dragged himself out of bed and followed along several paces behind, not sure what to make all of this. He was starting to think his father had a head injury or had eaten certain types of mushrooms, but Finwë wasn't walking or talking like he was impaired.

The table was set with fillets of fish, and a side of various root vegetables and greens in an herbed sauce. It smelled heavenly. The fish was fresh and not dried.

"I went fishing today," Finwë explained.

That was why Fëanor couldn't find him. Once again Fëanor's mouth opened, and he quickly closed it, feeling like an idiot. What made the meal more impressive was that Fëanor loved fish, and Finwë knew this. Finwë had made his favorite meal, and Fëanor was sure that wasn't an accident.

That suspicion was confirmed when Finwë brought out dessert - fresh strawberries. "I'm sorry there's no cream," Finwë said. "I also went picking wild strawberries, I know they're your favorite, Curufinwë."

Now Curufin, Caranthal, Amrod and Amras sat there with looks of surprise on their face. It was one thing for Finwë to call Fëanor by his given name in private last night. It was another thing entirely for Finwë to call him that in front of others.

When supper and dessert were finished, the boys cleaned up without being asked -

Fëanor smiled, proud of them - and he sat alone with his father, drinking wine.

"I hope you enjoyed it," Finwë said.

"I did. Thank you." It felt strange to be thanking his father rather than cursing him... and once again that pride and anger stirred. "It was very... thoughtful." Fëanor swirled his wine around in his glass, watching the white wine catch the candlelight, shifting silver and gold like Finarfin's hair. Like the Silmarils.

Fëanor put his glass down. "Why."

"I beg your pardon."

"You heard me." Fëanor sneered. He gestured to the wine glasses, to the boys in the kitchen doing dishes. "Why. Why this."

Finwë tensed and furrowed his brow. "I went to a lot of trouble and you act like this -"

Fëanor's carefully polished mental script went right out, as his fury took over, all reaction, heart pounding in his ears. "Oh, you mean like how I went to a lot of trouble making you jewelry that you never wore, never complimented? Like how I went to a lot of trouble making an alphabet and you never once said, 'Good job, son?' Like how I invented things - the lamps, the palantir - and you didn't care? Nothing I ever did impressed you -"

"Enough."

Fëanor had to get the last word. "You named me Curufinwë as *sarcasm*. As an insult. Crafty-Finwë, you called me, you told me my skill was killing my own mother. So I spent all those years creating rather than destroying, to show you I was capable of more than death and destruction. My Silmarils are the envy of the Valar themselves and -"

"I'm sorry."

Fëanor blinked, not able to believe what he was hearing. Suddenly all his words failed him and he sat there, reeling.

"I was wrong," Finwë said, "and I'm sorry."

Fëanor leaned back in his chair. He waved his hand and the entire bottle of wine came floating over. Fëanor poured himself a full glass, then he poured a glass for his father as well.

There was a long silence as they sat across from each other, sipping wine, staring at each other. Fëanor finished his glass quickly and instead of pouring another glass, he floated over the bottle and this time he drank directly from the bottle. He felt like his brain was breaking.

"As you know," Finwë said - Fëanor closed his eyes for a moment, thinking of Fingolfin - "since the beginning of your exile I have spent much time in prayer and meditation, asking the Valar to soften your hard heart and show you the error of your ways. And I have come to realize the problem starts with me. I failed you. Your actions are your own, but the path that led there... I paved it. I blamed you for your mother's death, I took it out on you, I was too harsh with you... of course you would learn to be defiant, to be headstrong, just to survive."

Fëanor put down the bottle. He closed his eyes again and buried his face in his hands. It was not just his brain that was breaking, but his heart.

It was so easy to hate his father. Fëanor had long since lost any hope for reconciliation, even with them being isolated here at Formenos. He had waited to hear these words for most of his life, and he had finally let it go, and now here it was. Fëanor had been so invested in hating him that it was a struggle to try to give it up. Fëanor would have almost preferred Finwë to match anger for anger. This was unexpected, and Fëanor didn't know what to make of it.

"Of course you would take out my wrath towards you for Míriel, on my firstborn with Indis. In public. I was a fool to not see that coming." Finwë shook his head and drank his wine to the dregs, then he waved his hand and the bottle moved across the table and Finwë took a nip.

Fëanor bit his lower lip. [The public threatening of Fingolfin had been staged to cover up their affair](#) - for there were rumors - but he wasn't going to correct his father.

Finwë lowered his head. "Míriel would be proud of all that you have accomplished. And the way your sons love you, hold fast their loyalty to you, without fear."

"Keep my mother's name out of your fucking mouth," Fëanor said, anger rising once more.

"She was my wife -"

"Yes. And a fine job you did honoring her memory, taking it out on your only son with her, your last link to her -"

"Fine." Finwë exhaled sharply. "You have a right to be angry. Again, I know I wronged you."

Once again, Fëanor was expecting more of a fight than that, and not getting one made his head spin. There was another long silence, as Fëanor tried to process Finwë's words, and struggled with wanting to let go of his anger to the man he'd only wanted love from, and holding onto his pride.

"Your words do not change the past," Fëanor said. "They do not undo the damage you've done, the pain you've caused. I spent many more years with Nerdanel than I should have because I'd already been conditioned to seek love from someone not willing to give it." *I ran to my brothers' arms.* Of course, Fëanor had no regrets about his relationship with his brothers - he missed them terribly, and he was hoping they would come for a secret visit soon. He wondered how they would take this change in Finwë. "You hurt my brothers, too. Arafinwë was kept away from me -"

"And that was another mistake I'd made. I agree with you, Curufinwë - my words don't fix things. The past is the past, and we can't change that. But I am asking for a second chance, here and now, going forward." Finwë's eyes were too bright with unshed tears - and as hard as Fëanor tried to hold back, his own eyes burned and stung with the same. A part of him *did* still love Finwë, through everything, and it tore at him to see his father about to cry, his father who never cried. "I would like to make up for lost time. To be a real father to you. You deserve to be loved. You never deserved my hatred, and I am so very sorry -" Finwë looked away and began sobbing.

Fëanor sat, listening to his father cry, watching his father double over, heaving with the

tears he had been stifling for so long. The grief of Míriel, his regret for not treating Míriel's son better. The prideful part of Fëanor scoffed - *good, suffer, you asshole* - but the sensitive heart that loved too much made him get up, walk over, get down on his knees, and hug his father.

"We can try," Fëanor said. "I am still angry."

"I know."

"But I am willing to try to repair what was broken." Fëanor patted his father and took his father's hands in his own hands. Mending a heart was different than repairing broken glass or ceramic... but they would be up here at Formenos for some time and it did no good to keep avoiding each other in cold hostility.

"Thank you." Finwë leaned in and kissed his son's forehead.

Silent tears spilled down Fëanor's cheeks. He wouldn't let himself give in to full weeping, there was only so much his pride could bend before breaking... but nonetheless it felt like the wound was being touched and there was intense vulnerability in that.

Fëanor didn't like that feeling. He had to salvage just a little more of his pride. "On one condition."

Finwë raised an eyebrow.

"You said you've been praying and meditating and that's how you've come to your conclusion. I'm glad you realized your part in all of this, but I don't want to hear any of that Valar garbage. As far as I'm concerned, your fanatic devotion to the Valar and keeping their Laws contributed to the rift between us. You faulted me not just for your belief that I killed my own mother, but also me being an Omega, something I cannot help. I don't like the Valar wanting us to go against our nature and pretend we're all Betas, like Eru made a mistake, and I don't want to be told how I should seek forgiveness from Manwë for being what I am, or for my *attitude*, when my attitude should be understandable after all of the *bullshit*. I'm not apologizing for my language, either."

"You have a deal," Finwë said.

Fëanor breathed a small sigh of relief - if Finwë had been using this as a door to preach to him, it would have been a slap in the face. Now Fëanor knew there were no ulterior motives and Finwë's change of heart was sincere.

And that hurt. It would be hard to try to trust his father again. But perhaps it would be harder still to endure the rest of his exile stewing in hatred.

Finwë reached out to Fëanor, and they held each other.

Take On Me: Part 3 [Finwë/Fëanor, eventual Finwë/Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maedhros/Maglor]

For the first time since the exile to Formenos began, Fëanor took his father on a hike through the forest, to show him why he'd chosen to build a vacation home here, so long ago. It pleased Fëanor to see this part of the world afresh through his father's eyes - and especially to see Finwë's wonder in the evergreens and birch and ferns, the rivers and streams, the mountains, the wildflowers and wild berries.

"It is almost like being in Cuviénen again," Finwë mused softly.

Fëanor's cheeks burned, thinking about how he'd been told the Eldar were like animals in Cuviénen... and he'd rutted out here countless times with his brothers, his two eldest sons. They had, in fact, come to one of Fëanor's favorite spots to fuck, a waterfall flowing down moss-covered cliffs into a lagoon surrounded by lush ferns and fragrant flowers, with strawberry bushes a short walk away.

Fëanor needed to distract himself from thinking of sex, not wanting his Alpha father to smell arousal and start asking questions that would lead to uncomfortable conversations.

Fëanor looked over at the waterfall - the rushing, bubbling water looked refreshing. On impulse, Fëanor began to strip down to his smallclothes, then he began to climb up the cliffs, using the rocks as stairs.

"What are you doing?" Finwë asked.

Fëanor paused to glance over his shoulder. "I'm going to take a dip. You should join me."

"You're... going to jump down from the top? Curufinwë no -"

Fëanor threw his head back and laughed, and kept climbing. "I've done this plenty of times, Father. I'll be fine."

Fëanor continued climbing to the top and looked down into the lagoon - and the frowning face of Finwë. Fëanor waved. Finwë waved back and then he put his hands on his hips. "Curufinwë..."

Fëanor also put his hands on his hips. "I seriously hope you're not going to keep trying to tell me what to do. You do realize I'm an adult -"

Finwë's shoulders heaved with a deep sigh. "I don't want to see you get hurt, but if you say you've done this plenty of times I should lay off. And it's... not that."

"Then what is it?"

"You called me Father." Finwë folded his arms and rocked back on his heels. "You can call me Ana."

Fëanor's jaw dropped. He couldn't believe it. After so many, many years of insisting that they follow the Valarin custom - Finwë didn't like acknowledging himself as an Alpha or Fëanor as an Omega; he had after all not told Fëanor anything about his own biology, which had resulted in Fëanor getting accidentally pregnant by Nerdanel that first time so long ago - now Finwë was allowing Fëanor to call him Ana, to acknowledge him as the

Alpha parent.

It was a step towards acceptance. Fëanor felt dizzy, not from the height of the cliff. He almost wanted to cry. He needed to pull himself together. He took a deep breath, stepped to the edge, called out "Ana, look at me!" as if he were a boy again, and jumped, plunging into the lagoon. He laughed with euphoria as he hit the water, spluttered, and laughed some more.

Finwë shook his head, chuckling a little. "I'm glad you made it."

"You should try it."

Finwë's brow furrowed. He reminded Fëanor so much of Fingolfin that Fëanor laughed harder... and felt an even stronger urge to try to get him to have fun. Fëanor waded towards the bank, and when he was within range, he splashed Finwë. Finwë put his hands on his hips and Fëanor splashed him again, harder.

"See, now you're all wet, you might as well come in." Fëanor smiled.

With an exaggerated sigh and an eyeroll that became a grin, Finwë undressed. Once he was in his smallclothes, he dipped a toe into the lagoon, then began to wade in. Once he was over to where Fëanor was standing, up to his shoulders, Fëanor splashed him again.

Finwë stood there, his hair plastered wet, a scowl on his face just like Fingolfin's when he was annoyed, and Fëanor burst out in hysterics. A few seconds later, Finwë began to splash him madly.

They chased each other around the lagoon, splashing, laughing, spluttering, yelping. Finwë went underwater and grabbed Fëanor's toe, then when Finwë rose to the surface, still grabbing Fëanor's foot, tickling, Fëanor ducked him. When Finwë bobbed up, he spat water in Fëanor's face before splashing him again.

"As you know, you are ridiculous," Finwë said.

"I know." Fëanor patted him, and sighed deeply - he missed Fingolfin. It occurred to him that of the three of them, Fingolfin had inherited the most from Finwë in terms of looks and mannerisms. Indeed, sometimes Fëanor and Fingolfin roleplayed, where Fëanor called Fingolfin "Ana". His cheeks burned with the memory now, looking into the same blue eyes as Fingolfin's. The most beautiful shade of blue Fëanor had ever seen, his favorite color.

Fëanor looked over at the waterfall again, not wanting to make himself sad missing his beloved brother. "Want to dive with me?"

Finwë hesitated, then he smiled and said, "Oh, *all right*."

His response had been *just like* Fingolfin's the first time Fëanor brought him out here. And like that time with Fingolfin, Fëanor took Finwë by the hand and led him over to the rocks. They climbed, Fëanor leading, Finwë following. With his ass so close to Finwë's face, Fëanor briefly wondered if Finwë could smell his slick, and hoped not. Fëanor was trying to keep himself together and not fall down the tunnel of lustful thoughts about his brothers, but it was hard to do out here where they'd made so many delicious - and poignant - memories.

Once they were on top of the cliff, they looked down at the lagoon, then at each other.

They nodded together, took each other's hands, and stepped over the edge. As they dropped down, Finwë and Fëanor held onto each other, screaming. Then they laughed as they splashed into the water.

Finwë was smiling like Fëanor had never seen before, a smile of pure joy. It hurt Fëanor's heart for a moment to realize he'd never seen Finwë like this... to think of the grief he must still be carrying for Fëanor's oma.

And that's only the grief I know about. Fëanor looked into those blue eyes again.

Then his gaze trailed down. It wasn't just that his eyes were blue like Fingolfin's, but he and Fingolfin had a similar muscular build. Finwë's body glistening wet and sparkling with beads of water reminded him of the times he'd seen Fingolfin like this...

...and as their hands lingered, still holding each other, Fëanor was suddenly very conscious of the proximity of his father's body. His father's gorgeous body, more perfect than anything Nerdanel could sculpt or he himself could forge. Fëanor felt himself licking his lips and his cheeks burned with shame. He absolutely did not want to be noticing his father like this.

He definitely didn't want to be responding like this, his hole twitching, slick pooling, going half-hard in his wet smallclothes. He didn't want to wonder what his father was like as a lover.

There was the matter of his wounded pride. Finwë was trying to reconcile, he was making a sincere effort, but all those years of disapproval and rejection still stung, and it wouldn't be healed overnight. It was bad enough to want a normal father-son relationship and not get that for centuries, it was worse to want more than that. Even though what he and Maglor shared was delicious, and the thought of having Finwë and Maglor at once...

Fëanor shuddered, his hole twitching again. He made himself wade a little distance away from Finwë. Tried to stop looking at him. Tried to not notice how damned *beautiful* he was.

Even as time went on, and they mended their relationship... Finwë had been the one to lead his people to Valinor, the one to bring them under the Laws of the Valar. Finwë barely tolerated Fëanor being an Omega - though Finwë allowing himself to be called Ana was an important step. It seemed almost unthinkable for Finwë to lay with men.

And yet... Fëanor remembered hearing that Indis and Miriel had been lovers, before they came to Valinor. It was something Finwë knew about... it was something he participated in. It had changed with the Laws. Even so... there had been that history, and Finwë was around when men loved men and women loved women, freely, so he was not a stranger to that behavior and it was distinctly possible he had loved men himself.

That he'd sucked cock. That he'd had his cock inside another man. That another man had been inside him.

Fëanor moaned softly, hole twitching again, cock throbbing. No, he definitely did not want to think about Finwë like this. *There must be something wrong with me.* Fëanor did feel warmer than usual, and he was in cool water - the water had in fact seemed refreshing because of how heated he felt.

That feeling was confirmed once they left the lagoon and went over to pluck fresh wild strawberries from the bush and eat them. Fëanor loved strawberries, and nothing tasted

right. His stomach felt queasy, and he knew it wasn't from the diving.

Shit. This better not be what I think it is. Fëanor swallowed hard and looked into the trees, hoping Maglor would be back from his hunt soon.

Maglor, who had seduced him with strawberries just like these, years ago, when he'd become a man. A strong, virile Alpha, glorious. It had been so sensual, that first time. Fëanor shuddered, hole twinging, as he remembered the way Maglor suckled his nipples, drank his milk, before Maglor fucked him.

The forbidden thought came of he and Finwë sitting before the fire feeding each other strawberries like he and Maglor had. Of Finwë suckling him like Maglor had, like his brothers had.

Finwë fucking his nipples like Maglor did.

No. Stop. Bad. Fëanor tore into a strawberry like it personally offended him. And tried desperately not to notice the way Finwë's wet smallclothes clung to his cock and his ass, see-through, leaving little to the imagination.

They sat for awhile, watching the beginning of the Mingling. Holding hands. Fëanor's body tingled, but he didn't want to wrest free of Finwë's hand on his - it was comforting, not just arousing. It made him feel hope that things could and would be better for them, going forward.

"Thank you for this," Finwë said, gesturing to the sky, the trees.

"You're welcome."

"I can see why you built a second home here. This is one of the most beautiful places in Aman." Finwë's voice was softer and took on a wistful tone as he added, "More beautiful than Tirion."

Fëanor nodded. "It inspires me."

Finwë sighed. "When you said that... you spent all those years creating rather than destroying, to show me you were capable of more than death and destruction - I'm very, very sorry that I made you feel that way. But I want you to know, even though I didn't acknowledge the gifts you made me, or the works you made for others - which was also wrong of me - I did notice them. I found them beautiful. I didn't want to find them beautiful, I felt like it was being disloyal to Miriel. That was wrong as well -"

"You don't need to keep apologizing," Fëanor said, "though I'm glad to hear it. There comes a point where you can only ask for forgiveness so many times for the same thing before it loses its meaning."

Finwë put an arm around him and Fëanor's body tingled even more, a frisson down his spine, his nipples hardening. He *really* hoped, even more now, that Finwë couldn't smell him. He could definitely smell Finwë - all his senses seemed to be sharper than usual, which was the norm for his pre-heats. Finwë's scent no longer repulsed him, but was intoxicating. It was, indeed, a lot like Fingolfin's scent and Finarfin's scent combined. Fëanor swallowed hard.

"But I was going to say," Finwë said, "for something sown in bitterness, one would never know it, to see your work."

"To be honest, it's not just to show you I can do more than kill or destroy. It's not just bitterness or spite. It's love." Fëanor closed his eyes and thought of the Silmarils - the living light of his love for his brothers. Sparks of the Flame Imperishable. Fëanor looked up at the sky, the way the silver and gold blended like Finarfin's hair. "I suppose you could say beauty is what I worship - not Eru, not the Valar, but the beauty in people, places, things. It's why I create. I'm in love with the world and want to give back the joy, the light, it gives me. A gift for a gift, fire for fire."

Finwë's breath hitched and his eyes misted. He reached for Fëanor's hand once again and squeezed it. Fëanor squeezed it back, his own eyes welling, touched that his father seemed to accept it. Seemed to get it.

For the first time, it felt like Finwë understood him, and that was a balm for the long-festered wound.

Before Fëanor went to bed that night, he took out his palantir to have a private long-distance conversation with Fingolfin.

"How are you, my love?" Fingolfin asked, eyes tender.

"Not well. I'm too warm, everything tastes odd, my stomach is upset." Fëanor decided not to tell Fingolfin he was having sexual thoughts about their father.

"As you know, those are signs that you're about to go into heat." Fingolfin sighed. "I'll see what I can do about taking Arafínwë with me on a secret visit."

"Thank you." Fëanor debated whether or not to tell Fingolfin that Finwë had apologized and they were beginning to reconcile. Fëanor felt that Finwë owed Fingolfin and Finarfin apologies as well - especially Finarfin, with whom Finwë had been particularly strict - and he decided it was best to let them come to Formenos, see Finwë's changed behavior for themselves, and work things out with Finwë themselves if they were so inclined.

He also didn't want the sudden, disturbing attraction to Finwë to be obvious in his voice or his body language. The last thing he needed was Fingolfin to be jealous over something that Fëanor was sure would never come to fruition.

"I miss you," Fëanor added sincerely. He was sure some of why he was reacting to Finwë this way was how much Finwë reminded him of Fingolfin.

Or perhaps, your brother reminds you of your father.

It didn't matter - Fëanor loved Fingolfin deeply, passionately, and he knew that love was returned, looking into the most beautiful eyes he'd ever seen, not able to help smiling despite how uncomfortable his body felt.

"I love you so much," Fingolfin said. "And I miss you too."

"Well, get your ass up here and fuck me," Fëanor said, his smile becoming a cheeky grin.

Fingolfin shook his head and chuckled. "I will try. Macalaurë will undoubtedly take care of

your needs if you ask."

"He's on a hunting trip." Fëanor sighed. "They promised to bring back a lot of venison for our pantry."

"He's a good boy." Fingolfin smirked. "So are you."

"Oh, Ana." Fëanor's cock stirred, his mind racing with all of the delicious memories of their Ana-son roleplaying. Fingolfin spanking him. Fingolfin giving him "horse rides". The way Fingolfin held him, made him feel so safe and loved...

Suddenly Fëanor thought about doing all those things with Finwë. Or Finwë and Fingolfin at the same time. Finwë and Fingolfin kissing and caressing each other, being Fëanor's two Anas...

Finarfin joining in. Three Anas.

Eru help me. Fëanor's cock jolted and throbbed. Slick started dripping. *No. Stop that. No. You will NOT.*

"Good night, my Fëanaro. I will see you in a few days, I hope."

Fëanor blew a kiss; Fingolfin caught it and blew one back.

Fëanor lay there, frustrated. For a long time he could not sleep, trying to get his mind off sex... then trying to get his mind off the hurts that had pushed him into his brothers' arms. Including the damage done by Finwë himself. There was a lot of damage to heal, and Fëanor hated that he was so desperate for his father's love and acceptance that part of him even wanted to have sex with Finwë to strengthen that bond.

At last Fëanor fell asleep, but not for long. His sleep was disturbed by another one of those nightmares - the same nightmare that had troubled him several nights ago, going up in flame. Once again, he woke up screaming.

Finwë came quickly, and for a few moments he just held Fëanor, saying nothing. Then he began to sing. His voice wasn't as sweet as Maglor's, but it was still comforting. Finwë held and rocked Fëanor, stroking his hair, singing, and Fëanor cried into his father's chest and there was no shaming, no scolding, only gentleness, only love. When the song was over Finwë wiped Fëanor's tears.

"It feels so real," Fëanor choked out. "Like the fire is something that's happened, or about to happen."

"It is symbolic, and perhaps if I had not named you Spirit of Fire, in my anguish, you would not be dreaming like this." Finwë closed his eyes, a pained look on his face.

Fëanor didn't know what to say to that.

Then Finwë opened his eyes and went on. "I would apologize for naming you Spirit of Fire... but fire can do more than destroy. Despite the coldness I gave you, your heart burns, and gives warmth and light to those you love. I am grateful for your forgiveness and for feeling a bit of that warmth and light myself." Finwë touched Fëanor's face, then put his hand on Fëanor's heart.

Now it was Fëanor's turn to give his father a hug, overcome by emotion, and he snuggled

closer, even as his body ached to do more, and he was angry with himself for aching like this. But despite the cravings of his body, the feeling of coziness - of safety - in his father's arms helped him get back to sleep, and this time there were no nightmares.

Take On Me: Part 4 [Finwë/Fëanor, eventual Finwë/Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maedhros/Maglor]

Over the next few days, Fëanor saw very little of Finwë. He already felt heightened anxiety during his pre-heats, and the concern that Finwë had smelled his arousal and was retreating to his shrine in the woods to pray to the Valar was agonizing. Yet Finwë was still warm at mealtime, if a bit distant, as if he were deep in thought. All in all, it was confusing behavior.

Finally Fëanor couldn't take it anymore, wondering and worrying, and he headed into the forest a short walk from the castle, rehearsing a conversation in his head on the way there, where he would confront his father about going back to his old ways of judgment. To his surprise, the shrine was empty. It wasn't just that Finwë wasn't there, but the statues and candles and libation bowls and goblets were all gone. A few feet away from the little shed used for a shrine, there was freshly dug earth, as if something had been buried... and a seedling tree planted atop it.

Fëanor was in such shock that he dropped to his knees in front of the baby tree, shaking, heart beating faster. He had no love for the Valar himself, but it was one thing for him to reject the Valar and another thing for Finwë to do so... Finwë who had been devoted enough to lead the Noldor all the way to Valinor.

Fëanor got up just in time to hear the crunching of brush, and it startled him enough to jump. He heard his father's voice then: "I didn't mean to scare you, Curufinwë."

Fëanor breathed a sigh of relief that it wasn't a wild animal looking to make a meal of him. But as his father came closer and Fëanor's body began to respond, he felt like he could make a meal of Finwë, and desperately tried to shove away the mental image of sucking Finwë's cock... rutting with Finwë right here in the grass, like animals.

Finwë draped an arm around Fëanor's shoulders and Fëanor's cock stirred. Fëanor took a few deep breaths, trying to get his body under control before his Alpha father could scent his reaction. Fëanor looked at the sign of burial and planting, and back at Finwë. He gestured to the tree. "Your shrine is empty. I'm sorry, I went looking for you -"

Finwë patted Fëanor's shoulder, rubbed his back - Fëanor's cock throbbed and his hole twitched, dripping slick - and then Finwë took a few steps away and began to circle the seedling. "The Laws poisoned my heart against you. I have now chosen my son. And when your punishment is done and you can return to Tirion - I will be staying here. It is too dangerous to return to where we came from... and it is too dangerous for me to stand before Manwë and spit in his face."

A chill went through Fëanor. He was deeply touched - and proud. He wished that Finwë would go to Tirion and try to make a stand, but he knew the gods were too powerful. More than that, though, he wished that they could in fact go back where they came from. To be wild once more.

To be free.

"You were looking for me?" Finwë looked at the seedling, then at Fëanor.

"Yes." Fëanor decided to just voice his concerns, hoping that little bit of honesty would help further clear the air between them. "I was afraid you were at your shrine again, that

you changed your mind and decided to hate me again -"

"Oh, Curufinwë." Finwë strode over to him and took Fëanor in his arms. He squeezed Fëanor and held him tight. "My son, I am so sorry. I am so very sorry that I hurt you so much that you would fear me rejecting you once more..."

Fëanor squeezed Finwë back, and tried not to cry. But he felt a deep, deep sorrow for all the years they had spent as enemies... and now, he also felt sorrow for the way Finwë had been manipulated by the Valar, and had nothing to show for it but estrangement from his sons.

"You're a good boy," Finwë said, and gently tousled Fëanor's hair. He took a step back and took Fëanor's hands. "I have something for you. It's why I've been gone during the day." He led Fëanor by the hand deeper into the forest.

At last they came to a particularly tall tree with a wide trunk. Finwë gestured up and Fëanor gasped as he saw a ladder leading up to a house in the tree.

"You made that?"

"For you." Finwë gave Fëanor a hug. "I should have made something like this when you and your brothers were boys, but... better late than never, I suppose."

Fëanor hugged Finwë back and this time the tears broke, and once again there was no judgment from Finwë, like there had once been. There was only warmth and tenderness. It made Fëanor cry harder.

Finwë wiped Fëanor's tears and led him over to the tree. Finwë climbed up, and Fëanor followed. As Fëanor climbed the tree, he got uncomfortably warm and started sweating. He was strong and in good health, and didn't usually react like this to physical exertion. And then his hole was twitching again and he could feel the slick pouring down his thighs, soaking his smallclothes. Fëanor's heart hammered in his ears.

Oh no. Oh no. No no no no no -

Fëanor had several days warning that his heat was coming, but he still didn't expect it to come on now, of all times. Now was the worst possible time for that, up here in the treehouse with his father. Finwë had done amazing work - the roof, the floor, the walls were all perfect, there was even a bed up here, and a little porch. They went out on the porch to look at the forest from their bird's eye view, and Finwë showed him the best part of the treehouse - a swing. "After your antics at the waterfall I thought you might enjoy this," Finwë said.

Fëanor got in the swing and rode back and forth, dizzy, giddy, joyous. Yet his pleasure in the swing - the thrill of being so high up, flying - was dampened by the ache in his body, smelling Finwë's scent even as far back as the swing would go... cock aching, hole throbbing, dripping. It didn't help at all when the swing slowed and Fëanor landed on the porch and then Finwë climbed in the swing with him, their bodies close together.

Finwë smiling that beautiful smile. Fëanor wanted to kiss him. He clenched his fists and made himself look away - up at the sky, down at the ground, out at the trees and birds. Yet his gaze kept drifting back to his father, smiling and laughing as if the years of grief and fanaticism had melted away.

Back on the treehouse porch, Finwë hugged Fëanor again, then he led Fëanor back into

the treehouse.

"This was very thoughtful of you," Fëanor said.

"I wanted to make something for you, since you have made so many things for me. Things I never properly appreciated." Their eyes met. "I never properly appreciated you, and I am so very sorry -"

Fëanor put up his hand. "Enough. I told you, you don't have to keep apologizing."

Finwë sighed.

Fëanor paced around, slowly taking it all in. Cock pulsing with each step. He glanced across the room and saw Finwë's nostrils twitch slightly, and that made him pause and fold his arms.

"I also made this to give you some privacy," Finwë said.

"Privacy. For..."

Finwë exhaled sharply, and Fëanor knew in that one breath that Finwë could smell him. Fëanor's cheeks burned and he looked away... and then Finwë sat on the bed and patted the space beside him. Reluctantly - knowing he was going to make a wet spot, knowing Finwë would smell him even stronger - Fëanor walked over and sat beside his father.

"A long time ago, before my people came to the Blessed Realm... sorry, I know I shouldn't call it that, but it's a force of habit -"

"It's fine." Fëanor managed a weak smile.

"I have a brother. Had."

Fëanor's eyebrows shot up.

Finwë swallowed hard. "Curufinwë, your mother and Indis were lovers, back where we came from, back before we came here. We -"

"Indis told me."

"She... told you."

"When I was giving birth to Nelya." Fëanor closed his eyes, remembering it like it was yesterday.

"All right. She told the truth, but there's more. They weren't just lovers with each other, and with me, but with... my brother, also." Finwë winced as if in pain. "And so was I."

Fëanor felt like his heart had stopped. Like time itself had stopped. He couldn't believe what Finwë had just confessed to him. Finwë, who had bound the people under the Laws of the Valar... had not just loved men, against the Laws, but his own brother.

"You remind me of him," Finwë said. "He was... stubborn, like you. He was a man of few words, but he was blunt when he did speak. I brought our people to Valinor after he was... taken."

"Taken."

"Yes."

"You don't know what happened to him."

Finwë gave Fëanor a pointed look. "I am very sure he's dead. There is a small chance he might have survived, might still be out there... but I doubt it. We came here when things were desperate enough, when we were all terrorized and traumatized."

"You never told me about him."

"I could not, before now. It hurt too much." Finwë put his hand on Fëanor's; that touch made Fëanor tingle. "His name was Palcë." There was a wistful waver in Finwë's voice. "I loved him. I... still love him. Not a day goes by that I do not think about him, do not miss him -" Finwë looked away and blinked back tears.

Fëanor did not know what to say - what he *could* say that wouldn't sound trite, trivializing. The thought of losing Fingolfin or Finarfin tore at him, he couldn't imagine the sort of grief Finwë had borne all this time, having lost not just Miriel but Palcë too.

"When your mother died, I thought it was judgment from the Valar. And I finally, a few days ago, buried the contents of my shrine, and planted a tree in her memory. If the Valar did indeed take her away in judgment, then the Valar are cruel, evil bastards."

"I agree," Fëanor said.

"And I wish I had come to this realization sooner. Far sooner. I wish I had not blamed you, when I should have blamed them." Finwë folded his hands in his lap. "You have noticed Indis did not accompany me here on your exile."

"I did notice that."

"We are... about as done as you and Nerdanel are done, we have been for some time. The distance began when you were boys, and Indis didn't approve of how I was treating you. Then... I stopped being able to deny my craving for men, and I lay with her brother Ingwë."

Part of Fëanor reacted to this like a knife had gone into him... and was about to come out of him and stab Finwë, too. *Hypocrite*, that part of Fëanor seethed. *You judged me for being an Omega, you disapproved of my marriage to Nerdanel, while you were fucking your brother-in-law.*

But another part of Fëanor ached with compassion. He understood what it was like to need. He could not say he would do differently if their roles were reversed, other than not taking the mother's death out on the son. Fëanor thought of turning to Fingolfin, and Finarfin, and Maglor, more and more as the years went on and he and Nerdanel drifted further and further apart. Dishonoring his vows, dishonoring the Laws... honoring his own heart.

"The reason why you were betrothed to Anairë was because of him. That was his price for his silence. When you married Nerdanel, I had to offer one of my other sons."

Fëanor's jaw set. He had been so angry about that at the time. Part of him was still angry. But now... that anger started to cool. He felt the weight of his father's grief, the many

burdens he had carried all this time.

"If you want to yell at me, you may," Finwë said. "I earned it."

Years ago, Fëanor might have. Now he felt more sad than angry. Sadness... and lust. Fëanor's body was still reacting to Finwë, and the news that Finwë had at least two male lovers went right to Fëanor's cock and hole. The thought of Finwë sucking cock, being sucked, fucking, being fucked... Fëanor shuddered. He needed to not throw himself at his father. But the heat made him impulsive enough that he found himself blurting out, "Ana, Ñolofinwë and I are lovers. Same with Arafinwë -"

"I know." Finwë chuckled.

"You... know." Fëanor had not been expecting that. "We've tried very hard to be careful -"

"My anger towards you intensified when Ñolofinwë was growing towards manhood and I could smell how aroused the two of you were by each other. As you know, there were rumors, especially after Turco was born and he has hair just like Arafinwë's. I tried... not to believe them, but I knew deep down in my heart they were true. And as much as I did not want for you to sin like I had, it grieved me to see you and Ñolofinwë become enemies -"

"We're not." Fëanor buried his face in his hands. "[That was staged to throw off the rumors.](#) It worked a little too well, as you can see, I was sent away. But he still comes to visit sometimes -"

"And in the meantime... Macalaurë takes care of your needs."

There was a long, long, long silence. Somehow, that was worse than Finwë knowing Fëanor and his brothers were lovers. Fëanor shifted uncomfortably, suddenly wanting to bolt away from his father, as if a huge light had just shone on him, exposing all of his hidden desires.

"This is why I started off saying I built this treehouse for you to have some privacy," Finwë said. "Why I started off with my confession. Because I know. And this is... another way for me to tell you I'm sorry, and try to demonstrate my acceptance. I know what it's like to need, as things fall apart around you. You come by your love for your brothers honestly." Finwë's voice lowered. "And your son."

Fëanor froze, heart pounding again.

"I know that some of my resentment towards you was because... as you grew into a beautiful man, I began to notice you, the way an Alpha notices an Omega. Began to desire you. And I hated that I did. I felt filthy, I felt corrupt, burning for you the way I had for my own brother." Finwë looked away. "I know this must offend you. I hurt you badly -"

Fëanor found himself pushing his father's face towards his. They looked into each other's eyes, faces moving closer... breathing harder, breathing each other's breath.

Their lips met, and parted. Their tongues brushed slowly, swirled, slid. Savoring. Teasing. Both men groaned into the kiss.

They pulled back, looking at each other again - Finwë looked as shocked as Fëanor felt - and then they were kissing once more. Kissing and kissing and kissing, deeply, hungrily, clinging together. Fëanor began to undo his father's tunic, hands trembling with need. They got up and undressed each other, hands caressing exposed flesh, kissing when

each item of clothing came down. Once their clothes were in a pile on the floor they tumbled onto the bed together, kissing again, hard cock rubbing hard cock.

"You're in heat," Finwë said, nostrils flaring.

"Fuck me," Fëanor breathed.

"I don't want you to regret this later -"

Fëanor grabbed Finwë's face and kissed him hard. He felt like he had been waiting for this moment his whole life, and only just realized it. Fëanor Finwion had regretted many things, but he was sure this would not be one of them.

Take On Me: Part 5 [Finwë/Fëanor, eventual Finwë/Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maedhros/Maglor]

Finwë began to kiss Fëanor's neck, as his hands slid down Fëanor's chest and stomach and thighs, and back up. Fëanor moaned, his hands rubbing Finwë's back, stroking down Finwë's spine, caressing his firm, round ass. Their eyes met and then their mouths met again, kissing hard and deep before an open-mouthed kiss, tongues licking, both of them groaning at the playful teasing. Finwë licked down Fëanor's throat, and looked at Fëanor's hard pierced nipples.

"Such a beautiful boy," Finwë whispered, and then he drew Fëanor's right nipple into his mouth.

Though Fëanor's sons had long since been weaned, Fëanor's milk still flowed for the erotic enjoyment of his lovers. Finwë's eyes widened as he sipped Fëanor's milk for the first time, and then he let out an "mmmmmm", sucking harder. Fëanor cried out and clutched at Finwë's head, arched his back, breathing harder. His nipples were so sensitive, and the pleasure went right to his cock, throbbing.

Finwë lapped the nipple, making milk splatter onto his tongue, and he suckled again. His tongue swirled around and around the nipple before lashing it some more. Fëanor moaned, and again when Finwë kissed him with milk on his tongue - it was so wicked to taste his own milk on his father's tongue like this. Their tongues rubbed together, and Finwë licked back down Fëanor's neck to the left nipple. His lips latched on and gave a fierce tug and Fëanor whimpered, bucking against him, hole twitching and pooling slick.

As Finwë continued suckling, his thumb rubbed and pinched the right nipple, making milk bead down Fëanor's chest. Finwë's tongue teased the left nipple, licking around it, then laving it with fast, furious strokes. He sucked on the nipple again and gave another "mmmmmm", and Fëanor saw Finwë's right shoulder moving and realized Finwë was touching himself. That thought almost undid him.

Finwë's tongue swirled around the left nipple and his lips gave another tug, then he did the same to the right nipple. "My son has such delicious nipples," Finwë husked, and Fëanor whimpered at those words, cock pulsing. Finwë lapped the right nipple as he played with the left, suckled the nipple hard, milk seeping from the corners of his mouth down his chin. He turned to the left nipple and licked and sucked as he rubbed the right nipple, slurping at Fëanor's milk, now streaming down his neck.

Back and forth Finwë went, teasing Fëanor's nipples as long as he could stand it. Fëanor's nipples were long and thick, and Finwë moaned as he paused to admire the sight of them, swollen and glistening. "Beautiful, luscious nipples. I could do this to you all night..." Finwë sucked Fëanor's left nipple and pulled it with his lips, making Fëanor cry out and buck again, desperate for relief, yet he still wanted Finwë to keep going, keep teasing his nipples, so good...

Fëanor's milk continued to splash down his chest, and Finwë took long licks up and down to make sure he got every drop. After awhile Finwë's tongue trailed lower, licking Fëanor's stomach. He took little nibbles here and there, making Fëanor gasp and moan. Fëanor's hard cock jumped in Finwë's face, pulsing, and Finwë gave Fëanor a naughty smile before he took his first lick at the head of Fëanor's cock. Fëanor cried out, nails digging in Finwë's shoulders, almost coming. Finwë groaned and Fëanor watched Finwë's shoulder moving again - knowing Finwë was stroking himself - as he licked up and down Fëanor's

shaft, around and around the head, back and forth over the slit and up and down the frenulum. He sucked just the head, slowly, then he took more of the cock in his mouth, his shoulder moving faster; Finwë moaned with his mouth full and Fëanor cried out again, aching to come.

Finwë took more licks at Fëanor's cock and then he sucked at Fëanor's balls, driving Fëanor mad with lust and sensation. Finwë's fingers brushed the sensitive place between balls and ass and then Fëanor felt a finger inside him. His ana's finger. This was really happening. Yes, yes... Fëanor let out a sob, and began to beg "Please, please, fuck me..."

Finwë tasted Fëanor's slick from his finger, then he started fucking Fëanor with his tongue, lapping away inside him. Fëanor thrashed around, squealing, whimpering, as Finwë's tongue lavished pleasure on him. It was so forbidden, so depraved, and Fëanor loved every minute of it, feeling a sense of victory over the Valar, that his own father had given in and forsaken the Laws to heed the hunger of his body. Finwë ate Fëanor's ass like he was starving for it, growling into him as Fëanor sobbed, panted, grabbing tight hold of Finwë's hair. Now he begged "more, more..."

Finwë growled harder, eyes locked with Fëanor's. It was as if that word was his weakness - much as it was with Maglor and his brothers. Finwë slid up and kissed Fëanor hard; Fëanor moaned at the taste of his slick on Finwë's tongue. Finwë hooked one of Fëanor's legs around him and Fëanor gasped at the feel of the tip of Finwë's cock against his opening.

"Yes?" Finwë asked, eyes fierce.

"Yes. *Please*, yes -"

Finwë kissed him again and pushed into him. Fëanor's nails raked Finwë's back at that first moment of joining, of being stretched, filled, claimed. Finwë bottomed out inside him, breathing harder. They pressed their foreheads together, breathing each other's breath, and Finwë smiled at Fëanor tenderly. Fëanor smiled back. Finwë touched Fëanor's face, then took Fëanor's hand and began to thrust. They kissed and kissed, moaning together. Fëanor rolled his hips back at Finwë, enjoying the feel of Finwë's cock rubbing inside him, hitting that sweet spot over and over again.

"It's been so long." Finwë buried his face in Fëanor's shoulder.

Fëanor felt that pang of compassion for Finwë again, melting away what was left of his pride. Fëanor couldn't imagine how lonely it must have been all these years... how touch-starved Finwë must be. Now Fëanor held Finwë with all of him, and Finwë took what was offered with gratitude... and relish.

"I love you." Finwë rained kisses over Fëanor's face. "I love you. My beautiful, beautiful boy. We should have done this when you first became a man..."

"We'll make up for lost time." Fëanor blinked back tears of joy at finally being given the acceptance he craved. Feeling wanted, not just tolerated.

Desired.

And he desired Finwë right back, thrilling to the feel of Finwë's strong, powerful body against his. That big, hard cock gliding in and out of him, fitting him perfectly, as if his hole had been designed for Finwë's cock. They kissed again, then rubbed their tongues together, and Finwë started kissing Fëanor's neck again. Fëanor rocked his hips harder,

urging Finwë on faster. Finwë growled and pounded Fëanor, balls slapping wildly, the wet slurping sound of their fuck louder, sloppier.

"My good boy," Finwë rasped, kissing and licking Fëanor's neck. "My good, beautiful boy. Such a good boy for your Ana..."

"Ana!" Fëanor climaxed without needing to stroke his own cock, just from Finwë's cock rubbing inside him... and those words. Fëanor sobbed with the force of his release, euphoria throbbing, rising, melting...

"Curufinwë." Finwë kissed Fëanor deeply and grunted into the kiss, shuddering as he spent deep inside his son. Fëanor let out another sob of joy as he felt Finwë's hot seed spill inside him, his channel continuing to clench and pulse around Finwë's cock.

"Good boy," Finwë said, rolling onto his side and taking Fëanor with him, holding him tight, rocking him. "Good boy. My good boy. Good boy..."

"Ana." Fëanor wept into Finwë's chest, mingled sorrow for the years they'd lost... hope for the years ahead. Happiness that they were enemies no longer. "I love you," Fëanor said for the first time. "I love you, Ana."

"I love you, my son." Finwë's eyes were too bright with unshed tears.

They held each other for awhile, and then the need of Fëanor's heat rose again. He shoved Finwë onto his back and they kissed, cock rubbing cock, hands wandering, exploring, caressing. "More?" Fëanor asked, finger tracing circles around one of Finwë's nipples.

"As much as you want," Finwë said.

Finwë smiled up at Fëanor and ran his hands up and down Fëanor's chest and stomach as Fëanor straddled Finwë's hips. Finwë reached for his cock and guided the tip to Fëanor's opening. They both groaned as Fëanor sank down. Once they were joined, Finwë put his arms around Fëanor and pulled him down into a kiss.

"Burn for me, my spirit of fire," Finwë husked.

Fëanor threw his arms around Finwë's neck, kissed him passionately, and began to ride him hard. Showing him how hot that fire could be.

Take On Me: Part 6 [Finwë/Fëanor, eventual Finwë/Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maedhros/Maglor]

"More, more... moremoremoremore, give me more..."

Fëanor's legs were on Finwë's shoulders, Finwë's balls slapping Fëanor's ass as he slammed away. Finwë's hair was damp from sweat, and the sweat rolled down his body, glistening with it. Fëanor was sweating too, and the sheets were soaked with his slick. The smell of Alpha/Omega sex in the treehouse was overpowering, and the filthy wet suctioning sound of their fuck rose above Fëanor's cries.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Fëanor saw a figure stand in the entrance of the treehouse. Fingolfin. A moment later, Finarfin climbed up and stood beside him.

Finwë stopped thrusting and glanced over at his sons.

Fingolfin folded his arms and Finarfin put his hands on his hips.

Fëanor, of course, had spoken with Fingolfin through the palantir a few days ago, and Fingolfin knew Fëanor was about to go into heat. The visit was not entirely unexpected, and it was definitely not unwelcome... but Fëanor knew this had to be a shock to his brothers, for a lot of reasons.

"When were you going to tell us that you and Father were lovers, Fëanáro?" Fingolfin asked, a sharp edge in his voice.

Fëanor swallowed hard. "It just started..." Fëanor tried to think of how many days his heat had been going on. "Two? Three? Days ago? When my heat started. We've never done this before now." Fëanor met Fingolfin's eyes, then looked Finarfin in the eye.

"He's not lying," Finarfin said, putting a hand on Fingolfin's shoulder.

"Nonetheless, I should have used ósanwe and asked you first." Fëanor felt a pang of guilt - he didn't want to hurt his brothers.

"More than asked." Fingolfin took a few steps into the treehouse, and Finarfin followed cautiously. "Seems like you have a bit of explaining to do."

Finwë pulled out of Fëanor - still hard, his cock glistening wet from Fëanor's slick. "Curufinwë and I have been working on repairing our relationship," Finwë said, turning to his sons.

"Is that what you're calling it now," Finarfin said.

Any other time Fëanor would have laughed at that, but now Fëanor's face burned. He hoped this wouldn't turn into an argument... that it wouldn't destroy his relationship with his brothers. He hoped, most of all, he wouldn't be forced to choose.

Fëanor sat up, balls aching for relief, but doing quick damage control was more important. "He apologized to me and he has been trying. I've forgiven him."

"And what about us?" Finarfin asked, glaring at Finwë.

Finwë got down on his knees. "I was going to also try to reconcile with you both, for I know I have wronged you also. Especially you, Arafarinwë." Finwë held out his hand. "I was too strict with you, too harsh. My devotion to the Valar made me unhinged, and I understand that now. I was fighting what I was... what I am. I once had a brother and I loved him, the way you and Fëanor love each other. I went to Ingwë to satisfy my cravings and the price for his silence was arranging a marriage with Anairë. I trapped you all into being who you are not, living a lie... I failed you. Please forgive me." Finwë held out his other hand to Fingolfin.

Fingolfin and Finarfin looked at each other, weighing Finwë's words. Finarfin stepped forward, while Fingolfin hung back. Finarfin took Finwë by the hand...

...and then with his other hand, he freed his cock from his trousers and slapped Finwë in the face with it. Fëanor's jaw dropped, not able to believe what he'd just witnessed. Then he watched Finwë's cock jolt and drip pre-spend, as if Finwë had enjoyed that.

Fingolfin and Finarfin looked at each other again, and this time they smirked.

"So you're sorry, are you?" Finarfin asked. "You want to make it up to us?"

"Yes," Finwë said. "Please."

"You would do anything?"

Finwë looked at Finarfin's cock, and back up at him with hunger in his eyes. Fëanor's hole twitched, realizing what was about to happen. Finwë licked his lips expectantly.

Finarfin grabbed Finwë by the hair and shoved his cock in Finwë's mouth. Finwë moaned with his mouth full and reached down to start stroking himself. Fingolfin yanked Finwë's arm away and then Fingolfin began to take down his own trousers and smallclothes.

Fëanor looked around and remembered they were in the treehouse. "How did you find us?"

"We went to the shrine to see if you or Father was there, and we followed the screams." Fingolfin smiled.

Fëanor bit his lower lip.

"You," Fingolfin said, wagging a finger at Fëanor, "are naughty."

"I really should have asked." Fëanor crawled to the end of the bed, turned around, and presented, showing Fingolfin his slick, pulsing hole. He wiggled his ass. "You can spank me if you want."

"I think what I want right now is to make you watch," Fingolfin said. "No touching yourself, brat."

Fëanor howled with frustration, but he sat obediently. At least this would be a good show.

Finarfin was rocking his hips, fucking Finwë's mouth now and Finwë was bobbing his head, slurping, every now and again letting out an "mmmm" of pleasure. Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed, then Finarfin looked down at Fingolfin's hard cock and grinned. Finarfin pulled his cock out of Finwë's mouth, slapped Finwë's face with it again, and then Fingolfin shoved his cock in Finwë's mouth. Finwë sucked him just as hungrily, moaning

with his mouth full. Fëanor whined, aching to touch himself, desperate to come, but he was still enjoying this too much.

Finarfin and Fingolfin continued kissing as Fingolfin fucked Finwë's mouth. After awhile Fingolfin stepped back, tapped the head of his cock on Finwë's tongue, and then he and Finarfin took off their cloaks and tunics, letting them fall to the floor. They spent a moment kissing, running their hands over each other, hard cock sliding against hard cock, while Finwë watched and licked his lips.

Then they walked back over to Finwë and together, they shoved both cocks in Finwë's mouth. Finwë gagged, and when he recovered they put their cocks in his mouth again, but only partway. They resumed kissing, and pulled Finwë's hair as Finwë sucked eagerly, whimpering around the cocks filling his mouth.

"Look at him," Finarfin said. "He loves cock."

"Mmmmm!" Finwë sucked harder, faster.

"You do, don't you? You're a slut for cock."

"Mmmmm, mmmmm!" Finwë reached to start stroking himself again, and once again Fingolfin yanked Finwë's arm away.

"I see Fëanor comes by it honestly," Finarfin said with a grin, then he and Fingolfin kissed.

Fëanor whimpered, feeling like his balls were going to explode from the deliciously erotic sight playing out before him. Finwë was as hungry for cock as he was, and Fëanor loved it.

Finarfin and Fingolfin began kissing more insistently, caressing each other, trembling, groaning into each other's mouths, and Fëanor knew they were getting close. When they were ready to come, panting, Finarfin yanked Finwë's hair hard. "Make sure you swallow it all, slut," Finarfin snarled, and then he shuddered and gasped. Fingolfin cried out with his own release, and Fëanor watched the seed spilling down Finwë's chin and neck as he tried to drink it, sipping, swallowing. Finwë licked his sons' cocks clean and then Finarfin gave Finwë a shove. "Go over there and have your slutty son clean your face."

Finwë walked over to Fëanor, who pulled Finwë into his arms and eagerly lapped up the seed from Finwë's face and throat. When he'd licked Finwë's face clean they kissed, and Finwë reached out to stroke Fëanor's cock. Finarfin and Fingolfin came over to them and took Finwë's hand away.

"Fëanor still hasn't been punished enough," Fingolfin said. "He needs to watch some more before we'll let him come."

"And you need to keep making it up to us." Finarfin dragged Finwë away by the hair.

Fingolfin also marched Fëanor over, and when Finarfin got Finwë down on all fours, Fingolfin pushed Fëanor down so his ass was on Finwë's ass. "Do be a good boy and lend our father some slick," Fingolfin said.

Fëanor almost came as he rubbed his ass against Finwë's, his hole dripping slick into Finwë's hole... hearing Finwë whimper, panting for it. "Such sluts," Finarfin said, amusement in his voice.

"Indeed." Fingolfin chuckled, and gave Finarfin another kiss.

At last Fingolfin walked Fëanor back over to the bed. "Just to make very sure you won't touch yourself like a naughty boy..." Fingolfin waved his hand and his belt floated over. He bound Fëanor's wrists with the belt and patted Fëanor on the head before he walked back over to Finarfin and Finwë. Fëanor whined, but he loved it when Fingolfin took charge of him like this, and his hole twitched again, more slick gushing out of him.

"You want more cock, slut?" Finarfin asked, slapping Finwë's face with his cock.

"Yes," Finwë panted. "More. Please, more, I love cock..."

"That's right. If you truly accept us... no more self-righteous fanatic bullshit... you'll own what you are. A slut for cock." Finarfin tapped Finwë's tongue with the head of his cock, making streamers of pre-spend.

"Yes. Yes, more cock, please, I need cock..."

Finarfin and Fingolfin laughed, shared a kiss, and took a moment, communicating mind-to-mind. Then they nodded. Fingolfin got behind Finwë and mounted him, while Finarfin put his cock in Finwë's mouth once more.

If Fëanor's hands hadn't been bound, he would have been stroking himself madly, not able to help it. Fëanor wiggled against the sheets, desperate for any kind of stimulation, as he watched the debauchery play out before him. Fingolfin's hips smacking against Finwë's, balls slapping balls. Finwë whimpering around Finarfin's cock as Finarfin thrust into Finwë's mouth, pulling his hair.

"He's a very talented slut," Finarfin said.

"Like father, like son." Fingolfin spanked Finwë's ass.

Fëanor screamed through clenched teeth, going wild.

Soon Fingolfin's breath came out in ragged shivering gasps and Finarfin was moaning louder, and Fëanor knew they were going to come again. Finwë whined urgently with his mouth full.

"No, you don't get to come until we tell you that you can come," Finarfin said. "And we're going to use you for awhile."

"As you know, you have a lot to atone for." Fingolfin's voice shook. He slapped Finwë's ass again.

A half-dozen thrusts later Fingolfin threw his head back and cried out, quivering. Finarfin came a moment later with a grunt and a sigh. Once again, seed spilled down Finwë's chin and neck, and when Fingolfin pulled out, Fëanor moaned at the sight of Finwë's hole dripping with Fingolfin's seed.

"You are going to kill me," Fëanor muttered, not sure how much more he could take.

"My turn," Finarfin said, coming around. He teased Finwë first by rubbing his cock in the crack of Finwë's ass. "Beg me for it."

"Please, fuck me..." Finwë let out a whimper. "Please, son, please. Take me, fuck me, use

me... anything, just give me cock... make me your cock slut..."

Fingolfin chuckled. He walked over to where Fëanor sat, and sat down beside him and put an arm around him. "Do you like this?"

"Yes." Fëanor didn't know how that was even a question. His cock was completely slick with pre-spend.

As Finarfin took Finwë from behind, Fingolfin kissed Fëanor's neck and Fingolfin's fingers lightly brushed Fëanor's cock, teasing him. Fëanor's whimpers joined Finwë's. Watching his Alpha father get dominated by his Alpha brothers - and how much Finwë loved it, giving into the cocksut nature he'd suppressed all these centuries - brought Fëanor closer and closer to the edge, trembling as Fingolfin's mouth and fingers worked their magic.

"More," Finwë begged, rocking his hips against Finarfin's, wildly fucking himself on Finarfin's cock. "More, more..."

"So slutty." Finarfin slapped Finwë's ass, grabbed Finwë's hips and slammed into him harder.

When Finarfin came, Fëanor almost came too at the sight and sound of his brother in ecstasy. Fingolfin turned Fëanor's head to his and kissed him deeply. Fëanor looked down at Fingolfin's very hard cock, and then he looked over at Finwë's gaping hole, dripping with his sons' seed, and Fëanor gave an urgent whine. "Please," he begged.

"I suppose we should see about letting them come," Fingolfin said to Finarfin, who was walking over.

"Maybe a little slut-on-slut love?" Finarfin grinned. "And making our dear father earn our forgiveness?"

Finarfin and Fingolfin sat facing each other, hard cock against hard cock. Finwë knelt over their cocks and sank down; the three men groaned as they were made one. Finwë began to ride, panting. Fëanor waited, going out of his mind with lust as he watched Finwë's hole swallow both cocks over and over again. Finally his brothers called him over. Fëanor got up, his wrists still bound, slick dripping down his legs as he walked across the treehouse. Finarfin and Fingolfin and Finwë reached out to help guide him onto his knees, on either side of Finwë's. Finwë's cock entered him and Fëanor gasped.

Fëanor rode Finwë's cock as Finwë rode Fingolfin and Finarfin's cocks. The sound of grunting and groaning competed with the sound of slapping flesh, wet sloppy holes being fucked. Fëanor lost himself in pleasure and passion, not able to get enough of his father's cock inside him... the thrill of how debauched it was... the deliciousness of his father being just as much a slut for cock, riding Fingolfin and Finarfin's cocks like it was his destiny. Finwë began to stroke Fëanor's cock, and Fingolfin and Finarfin's hands covered Finwë's, setting the rhythm. When Fëanor got close, Finwë kissed him and that kiss was his undoing, coming hard, spilling over his father's and brothers' hands, shooting over his chest and his father's as he cried out into the kiss. Two thrusts later Finwë came too, moaning as he spent into Fëanor's pulsing channel. Fingolfin and Finarfin came together.

Fingolfin untied Fëanor's wrists and Fëanor slumped against Finwë, tongue lolling, half-laughing half-crying from the relief of his orgasm. Some time later he was vaguely aware of being carried, and settling into a tangle of limbs and bodies.

"My good boys," Finwë murmured.

Take On Me: Part 7 [Finwë/Fëanor, eventual Finwë/Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maedhros/Maglor]

Eventually, Fingolfin, Finarfin, Finwë and Fëanor went back to the castle from the treehouse, but the debauchery did not stop there. When Maedhros and Maglor returned from their hunt, they found Fëanor on his hands and knees, mounted by Finwë, taken from behind by Finarfin, fucked by Fingolfin, fucking in front of a mirror. They paused a moment, watching the primal, animalistic sex - listening to the hips slapping together, the grunts and growls - and then Maedhros and Maglor began taking their clothes off. Fëanor moaned, eager for his two eldest to join in.

Maedhros and Maglor approached Fëanor, their cocks in his face. Fëanor hungrily took both cocks in his mouth, humming around them. His lust almost undid him then, but he kept rocking his hips back at his father, bobbing on his sons' cocks, wanting more, desperate for it.

As Maedhros and Maglor got closer, trembling and panting, Finwë ground out, "Those cocks look delicious, Curufinwë. Would you share?"

Maedhros and Maglor looked at each other, laughed, and slipped their cocks out of Fëanor's mouth, moving down the line to Finwë. In the mirror Fëanor got to see Finwë's mouth full of cock, greedy for it, and Fëanor stroked himself madly, almost there, almost there...

Finwë reached around to take Fëanor's cock in his hand, gripping him tighter, working him faster. When Maedhros and Maglor cried out together, and Finwë made an "mmmf" trying to swallow their seed, Fëanor climaxed, howling. Finwë spent into him with a grunt and then Finarfin and Fingolfin came together, moaning.

Fëanor lay back, surrounded by his father and sons on one side, his brothers on the other. They began to kiss and lick him all over, paying special attention to his sensitive nipples - having so many tongues on his nipples at once almost made him come. Fëanor writhed, panting, whimpering, as they kissed and licked his stomach, his thighs... as five tongues rubbed up and down his cock. Fëanor and Finwë kissed, and Finwë suckled his nipples, as his brothers and sons took turns eating Finwë's seed out of him, kissing each other to share it. With milk beading down Fëanor's chest, they came back up to lap it up, and feast on his nipples some more, taking turns suckling. Now Finwë settled between Fëanor's legs and sucked his cock slowly, ate him even more slowly, sucked at him again, until Fëanor was a quivering, whining wreck, begging to be fucked again.

"I think Ana needs more cock, too," Finarfin said, putting an arm around his father. He glanced at Maglor and Maedhros. "You should see what a slut your grandfather is, now you know where your Oma gets it from."

"I have an idea," Maedhros said. He ran off, cackling. When he returned, it was with the double-ended glass cock that Fëanor had made by Maedhros's request, that he and Fingon called their "best friend".

Fëanor and Finwë both got on all fours, their asses together. Fëanor began to rub his ass against Finwë's so his slick dripped in Finwë's hole. Finarfin, Fingolfin, Maedhros and Maglor stroked their cocks and took turns kissing as they watched the show. Fëanor kept rubbing until there was so much slick that it was dripping out of Finwë's hole, and then Maedhros came over with the toy. He fit one end into Fëanor and the other end of Finwë, and stepped back as Fëanor and Finwë began to rock their hips together, ass slapping

ass, as the cock worked in and out of them.

Fëanor and Finwë's moans got louder, their bodies smacking together harder, and Fëanor began shaking, feeling the pleasure and tension climb to that edge. Before he could climax, Maedhros came over again to pull the glass cock out of them. Fëanor whined with frustration and Maglor shoved his cock in Fëanor's mouth.

Maedhros and Maglor sat together, cock to cock, and Fingolfin and Finarfin did the same. Finwë knelt over Maedhros and Maglor's hard cocks and sank down, and then Fëanor took Fingolfin and Finarfin inside him. Fingolfin and Finarfin leaned in to suckle Fëanor's nipples and Fëanor bucked fiercely. The sight of Finwë riding Maglor and Maedhros, stroking himself hard, moaning in ecstasy, brought Fëanor back to that edge. He held back as long as he could, craving that sweet rubbing inside him, the teasing of his nipples, the gorgeous view in front of him...

...but it was too much, too delicious, and Fëanor came, screaming. Finwë came too, shooting his seed across the room at Fëanor's chest and face. Maedhros and Maglor climaxed together, then Fingolfin and Finarfin came, voices ringing out.

Fëanor thought the best part of all was when they formed a cuddle pile, huddled up together. He took Finwë's hand.

"Thank you for forgiving me," Finwë said softly.

Finarfin chuckled. "Forgiveness is a process. You have a lot more debt to work off." He winked.

Finwë smiled. "Such a hardship."

Then Fëanor decided, with Maglor and Maedhros present, it was time. "Nelya, Káno... I am going to change your names. No longer will you be Nelyaraurë, Kanaraurë, nor will your brothers bear the -raurë name." Fëanor thought of RAWR, Nerdanel's Alpha parent - whose name he could never remember, so the nickname RAWR had stuck. RAWR was out of his life now, along with Nerdanel, so it made little sense for his sons to carry the name. "You are now Nelyafinwë, Kanafinwë."

Finwë's eyes shone with happiness. He and Fëanor kissed, and Finwë squeezed him tight.

Full Brother In Heart: Part 1 [Fëanor/Fingolfin]

At the festival of fruits in Taniquetil, in the sight of the Valar and the Eldar, Fingolfin reached out his hand. "As I promised, I do now. I release you, and remember no grievance."

Fëanor took Fingolfin's hand in silence. There was much he could say - *wanted* to say - and could not say it in front of the Valar and Eldar. Even if he could, his feelings went deeper in words, and it seemed that to try to put in words would cheapen it.

Through the touch of his hand, Fëanor let Fingolfin see and feel. He had left the Silmarils at Formenos - because of the Laws of the Valar, they had to stage a ruse to avoid suspicion... a ruse that had resulted in them being separated from each other, save very occasional visits in secret, for years. The Silmarils were Fëanor's labor of love for his brothers, burning with the light of their passion, and he did not think the Valar were worthy of looking upon them.

Fëanor's love burned like the Silmarils, radiating pulsing warmth through his touch, like his hand was a living Silmaril.

Fingolfin squeezed Fëanor's hand, and his voice was husky as he replied to what Fëanor had communicated through that simple gesture. "Half-brother in blood, full brother in heart will I be. You will lead and I will follow. May no new grief divide us."

Fëanor found his words, letting a few carry the weight of much more. "I hear you. So be it."

"Let me hear you," Fëanor whispered, before he took a lick at Fingolfin's neck.

Fingolfin moaned.

After the feast, the brothers were given some time alone with each other, to further the "reconciliation". Manwë, who purported to see all, had no idea that once the doors were shut behind them, Fëanor and Fingolfin raised a ward, then undressed each other as quickly as they could and fell on each other for the first time in over a year, starving for each other. They ran the risk of exposure here at the House of the Valar more than any other place, and they had been trying to keep it down. But the meditation room smelled of their Alpha and Omega scents, the sweetness of Fëanor's slick, as he rode Fingolfin's cock with wild abandon. And now Fëanor wanted to hear how much Fingolfin enjoyed it, those beautiful, delicious moans coupled with the filthy wet suctioning sound of Fingolfin's cock pumping in and out of him.

Their mouths met, and both men groaned into the kiss. It was Fëanor's turn to moan as they pulled back and Fingolfin's hands slid over him, thumbs brushing the pierced nipples, teasing.

"You are a feast for my eyes, brother," Fingolfin said, looking up at him with worshipful eyes. Eyes the most beautiful shade of blue that Fëanor had ever seen, his favorite color.

"And you, I cannot get enough of." Fëanor shuddered as Fingolfin pinched his nipples, his own hands roaming over Fingolfin's beautiful sculpted torso, the strong arms, savoring the silken steel of his flesh. "It has been too long."

Fingolfin smirked. "At least now we will be encouraged to spend time alone together, 'reconciling.'"

"Bonding'." Fëanor grinned.

"Indeed." Fingolfin pulled Fëanor into another kiss.

Fëanor laughed as they caught their breath. "Some 'Lord of Arda' Manwë is, if he doesn't know what's going on."

Fingolfin snorted, and then he smiled sweetly as he reached up to touch Fëanor's face, stroke his hair. "You should be Lord of Arda, Fëanor."

Fëanor's mouth opened, those words cutting him right to the fëa, a frisson down his spine, his skin gooseflesh. It was one thing to see the worship in Fingolfin's eyes, it was another to hear it in his words. To know Fingolfin felt the power in their couplings, the *light*.

To commit such blasphemy, in the House of the Valar. That was delicious, and made Fëanor love him all the more.

Fëanor tenderly kissed Fingolfin's brow. "Not without you at my side. For you, Nolo, are the king of my heart. You and Ara."

Fingolfin took Fëanor's hands and kissed them, then he pulled Fëanor close again and kissed him deeply. Fëanor bucked harder, faster, making them both moan into the kiss. Fëanor began to work his hips in circles, squeezing his inner muscles, teasing them both. Fingolfin's breath hitched and he slapped Fëanor's ass before he grabbed Fëanor and kissed him again. Fëanor lost himself in the sensual play of their tongues, Fingolfin's hands caressing him, Fingolfin's cock hitting that sweet spot inside him over and over again. There was nothing better than this. There was nothing else than this, Fëanor losing himself in pleasure, in passion, in lust, in love. They were made for this, they were made for each other, made to burn together.

As they reached that edge, a desperate, fevered look in Fingolfin's eyes, he seized Fëanor's cock and began to stroke. The pleasure intensified and Fëanor dug his nails in Fingolfin's sides as he bounced away, Fingolfin's balls slapping against him. Trembling, panting, Fëanor approached that edge, so close, right there.

"Don't stop, Nolo," Fëanor gasped. "Don't stop, don't ever stop -"

"Not ever," Fingolfin whispered. He kissed and licked Fëanor's neck. "We will find a way. I won't lose you again, won't let them take what is *mine* -"

Fëanor shuddered. How he loved to hear that word, Fingolfin's Alpha scent all the stronger when he said it.

Then, Fingolfin bit the hollow of his neck and shoulder with a growl. That was Fëanor's undoing. Before he could scream, Fingolfin claimed his mouth again, muffling the cry. Fëanor spent over Fingolfin's hand, onto both their chests. Fingolfin grunted and Fëanor felt him shiver and spurt inside him. Fëanor sighed, loving the feel of Fingolfin's hot seed

rushing into him, the evidence of their tryst... the evidence of who he belonged to.

"Mine," Fingolfin said again.

"Yours," Fëanor breathed, returning worship for worship.

Fëanor scooped up his spend on his fingers and stuck them in Fingolfin's mouth. Watching Fingolfin suck his fingers, savoring his cream, made the throbbing, radiant ecstasy all the more pleasurable. Then Fingolfin collected the rest of it and his fingers were in Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor enjoyed the taste of himself, and the feel of sucking Fingolfin's fingers, soothing him. They kissed, tongues licking playfully, sharing the taste between them, and then Fingolfin lay back and Fëanor snuggled into his chest, listening to his brother-lover's heartbeat.

As they lay there, Fëanor watched the mingling of the light of the Trees through the window. The silver and gold light shifting and blending reminded him of Finarfin's hair, and he wished Finarfin could have been here for this, but they needed time just to themselves - there would be plenty of time to "bond" with Finarfin later. Here and now, Fëanor's focus returned to Fingolfin, the boy who idolized him and tagged along, and matured into his Alpha, who took care of him, the man who knew how to quench the fire inside him when it threatened to consume him... knew how to stoke the fire when it guttered low. They took each other's hands, and the ache of love in Fëanor's heart burned and shimmered like the sky. They had coupled many times, but this was the sweetest, for having been lost and found again. Fëanor hoped they would not have to pretend to be enemies again, after this.

Of course, he knew that even though some "reconciliation" was expected, the rumors had been what required them to pretend to be enemies in the first place, and after a time tongues would likely start to wag again. The only way to be free and not constantly have to look over their shoulders, living a lie... was to be free. To not be here in Valinor.

The light of the Trees is beautiful, but this place is darkness.

As if on cue, suddenly everything went black, like the sky had been swallowed up. Fëanor pinched himself to make sure he was still awake and hadn't passed out after his orgasm. He was very awake. Something had happened. He felt a chill... and a sense of unease. Something was very, very wrong.

"Fëanáro?" Fingolfin reached for him in the dark.

"I'm right here," Fëanor said - and heard his voice shake.

They clung to each other in the darkness, afraid. Fëanor held on so tight his hands hurt, fearing more than anything that they would be ripped from each other yet again.

Full Brother In Heart: Part 2 [Fëanor/Fingolfin]

It was bad enough to know that the Trees had been destroyed, and the Valar wanted him to yield the Silmarils to replace their light - acting as if the light of the Silmarils was theirs, and not forged of his own skill. Sparks of his fëa had gone into those jewels, and to let Yavanna break them to remake the Trees would be to kill him. Fëanor was not unsympathetic to the fact that the land lay in darkness. But if the Valar claimed to be as powerful as they were, they did not need his creation to relight the world. It seemed very suspicious indeed that they were asking for his Silmarils, and acting like they did not belong to him.

It was worse that the Silmarils had in fact been stolen out of their safe at Formenos... and Finwë had been slain. During his exile Fëanor had reconciled with Finwë, which did not erase the damage Finwë had done, but they had been moving forward into a better relationship; Fëanor could say he loved his father, and love was no simple, easy thing for Fëanor. When he loved anyone, it was deep. It was fierce. It was the fire of the forge, it was the light of the Trees. To have that taken from him, along with the Silmarils...

Fëanor had raised his fist and renamed Melkor, giving him the new name of Morgoth, for the darkness he had inflicted on the world, and all the foul things lurking in the darkness, waiting to prey on them much as the Noldor had first been preyed upon in the wild, causing Finwë to lead them to Valinor. This was supposed to be a safe haven, so long as they lived by the Valar's Laws... and it was not any longer.

Fëanor had been living a lie, so many lonely nights without the brothers who truly loved him, for this. For nothing. They deserved better than this.

His people deserved better than this.

They would reclaim the Silmarils and Yavanna would have no right to them. They would live in the light of love, and love as they would, and fight for what they loved.

So it was that Fëanor stood in the center of town and addressed his people, to return to Cuviénen and be free.

"Fair shall the end be, though long and hard shall be the road! Say farewell to bondage! But say farewell also to ease! Say farewell to the weak! Say farewell to your treasures! More still shall we make. Journey light: but bring with you your swords! For we will go further than Oromë, endure longer than Tulkas: we will never turn back from pursuit. After Morgoth to the ends of the Earth! War shall he have and hatred undying. But when we have conquered and have regained the Silmarils, then we and we alone shall be lords of the unsullied Light, and masters of the bliss and beauty of Arda!"

Fingolfin and Finarfin appeared reluctant to follow - as if they could sense the dangers ahead - and Finarfin tried to talk him out of it, but to his relief, follow they did. Fëanor could endure anything, so long as his brother-lovers, his Alphas, were with him.

As the distance from Tirion grew longer, so Fëanor's rage burned hotter. He was as a living forge now, and his will was as steel being shaped to perfection.

He had been angry before, but never like this. Of course, these were exceptional circumstances. And yet, there was still something familiar about the unceasing wrath, where everything felt *wrong* and even the smallest discomforts seemed unbearable.

Fëanor had enough heat cycles where he'd learned to recognize pre-heat warning signs, one of which was irritability, short-temperedness. Now was the worst time for him to go into heat.

His body didn't care about timing.

To the north, in Alqualondë, Fëanor treated with the Teleri, asking for ships.

Olwë, Finarfin's father-in-law, who had been one of the wagging tongues, refuse to give them, saying, "These are to us as are the gems of the Noldor: the work of our hearts, whose like we shall not make again."

Olwë, Fëanor was sure, suspected Fëanor would have rather used Finarfin's hair to craft the Silmarils, than Galadriel's. So he had to know that the Silmarils were a work of Fëanor's heart indeed... and to compare the swan-ships, which were indeed lovely, to his great work...

Something in Fëanor snapped. He led the charge to the Haven of the Swans to take the ships with or without permission. Then the Teleri drew their swords upon the Noldor, including Fëanor's sons... and pushed Amrod and Amras from the harbor into the sea. It was good they had received swimming instruction from their uncle Finarfin when they were children, or they would have drowned.

To threaten Fëanor was one thing... to attempt to murder his sons another. Fëanor felt like his mind left his body, going into a berserk frenzy, cutting down those who would harm his kin. Even so, he was just one man, and they were outnumbered, and soon it looked as if they would all fall. Fingon and Fingolfin came at the last moment, joining the battle on Fëanor's side.

The Noldor sailed away into the storm, and it was upon the sea that Fëanor came out of his battle-fugue and saw the blood on his hands, his garments, and realized what he had done. He leaned over the side of the ship and expelled the contents of his stomach, shaking. He had not wanted it to come to this. But they had tried to kill his sons, and his sons were all he had now.

His sons and his brothers. Fëanor sat in the small, cramped quarters of his ship, violently nauseated by both the churn of the sea, and the throes of pre-heat. Fingolfin came to him, at last, with fresh water, helped him to drink and wash up. Fingolfin also tried to get Fëanor to eat, but like most of his pre-heats, the smell of any food just made the nausea worse.

"You cannot let this go to waste, brother. We do not have many supplies," Fingolfin warned him. "We will have to anchor as soon as we can, and hunt, or our people will starve."

Fëanor looked into those blue-flame eyes, the beautiful countenance of his brother in the lantern-light. As enraged as he was with the Valar and Morgoth, as much as his pride burned to get away from their treachery, Fëanor knew as he held that blue gaze that he was doing all of this for *him* - a life where they could be free... together. To be brothers and husbands, no more lies, no more games.

He had crafted the Silmarils as a tribute to his brothers, a constant reminder of the love they shared, light and warmth in the cold and dark of his loneliness, a marriage to Nerdanel that had become a dried-up sham long ago. He wanted the Silmarils back, but more than that, he wanted the ones who had inspired the Silmarils.

"There is only one thing I am starving for," Fëanor said softly, and held out his arms.

Fingolfin came closer, and Fëanor pulled Fingolfin into his embrace. His body, in pre-heat, instantly responded to the feel of Fingolfin's body against his, going hard and slick. He needed Fingolfin *now*. After almost facing death, he needed to feel alive again. He needed to be reminded of what he was striving for, fighting for.

Their mouths met, and Fëanor's hands reached to undo Fingolfin's breeches. But before he could, Fingolfin took Fëanor's hands and pushed them away. Fingolfin pulled back, breathing harder, face flushed.

"Don't lie and say you don't want me." Fëanor's nostrils twitched - Fingolfin's Alpha scent was all the stronger, and Fëanor could see Fingolfin's breeches tented with his own hard arousal.

Fingolfin looked away, and out the window of the cabin at the dark, stormy sea. "As you know, the last time we lay together, the Trees were burned and our father was killed. It's... too soon. It doesn't feel right -"

"And it feels right to reject me, when I am aching for you?" Fëanor folded his arms.

Fingolfin sighed. "No, of course it doesn't. But I shan't -"

"You shan't *what*?" Fëanor felt that rage starting up again, this time directed at his own brother.

Fingolfin did not reply to that, but turned and walked out of the cabin, not looking back.

Leaving Fëanor alone, in the urgency of pre-heat.

Alone, without his Alpha.

Green Is A Place: Part 1 [Finrod/Barahir, Finrod/Bëor]

"And now it is time to exchange rings."

Maglor was officiating the ceremony, though he was still young yet, he was poised for his age and his voice carried a power and authority and *magic* in it that none could deny. More importantly, he had insisted, wanting to see his oma happy.

Maglor carried over the pillow that had been waiting next to his harp, that held Finarfin and Fëanor's gifts to each other. Fëanor refused to wear any jewelry that was not of his own design, so Finarfin had paid someone from his household to commission the piece months ago, not telling Fëanor about it - an arm-ring of golden flowers, the symbol of Finarfin's House. Finarfin had thought about going with swans, or perhaps even lions, since Fëanor had always called Finarfin his lion, but either of those two things would have been too obvious. Flowers, fewer could question, while the symbolism was still there.

Finarfin took the arm-ring of golden flowers from the pillow and slipped it onto Fëanor's left arm; the arm-ring from Fëanor's ceremony to Fingolfin, months earlier, was on his right arm. Finarfin spoke his vow in the more formal venacular. "With this ring I bind thee, I claim thee, that no matter where thou goest, or for however long, thou wilt return to me, for thy heart is mine as my heart is thine, our love ties us together as surely as the circle is never broken." He stroked Fëanor's face once the ring was on Fëanor's arm.

Since Finarfin already had arm-rings from Fëanor, the gift from Fëanor sitting on the pillow was a finger-ring. Finarfin had seen it before the ceremony, and was delighted by it: a silver casting of two serpents, their eyes set with emeralds, bearing a garland of golden flowers. It not only spoke to Finarfin's love of gardening, but the serpents were there to symbolize the secret nature of their bond.

Fëanor put the ring on Finarfin's finger now and repeated the vow, in the elder tongue. "With this ring I bind thee, I claim thee, that no matter where thou goest, or for however long, thou wilt return to me, for thy heart is mine as my heart is thine, our love ties us together as surely as the circle is never broken."

They took each other's hands, then, and Maglor bowed his head. "I pronounce you wed."

Fëanor and Finarfin threw their arms around each other and kissed deeply. The attendants rose to applaud - Fingolfin, Nerdanel, Anairë, Eärwen, Maedhros, Fingon, Finrod, Celegorm, Turgon. Finrod, Celegorm and Turgon were still young yet to know what was going on, only that they had to play "the pretend game" and not say things such as, for example, that Finarfin was really Celegorm's ana and not Nerdanel. But they knew happiness when they saw it, and in that moment, Finarfin was the happiest he'd ever been in his life, joy reflected in Fëanor's eyes.

The ceremony had been in the old custom, the way Mahtan had told Fëanor and Nerdanel of how things were in the old world before they came to Valinor, back in the days when people could take many lovers, many spouses. Fëanor and Finarfin were both wearing flower crowns - indeed, Fëanor and Nerdanel had worn them at their wedding even though their ceremony had been a Valarin one, a secret nod to the old custom - and now, as Maglor sat down to his harp, they danced together, the first dance as the attendants threw flower petals, raining flowers around them.

When the dance was over, Finrod looked over at the banquet table and gave a little

whine. "Caaaaaaake."

Finarfin chuckled; Finrod was so like him. "I suppose we can have cake now."

Anairë and Eärwen, who were both with child, had made the cake together. The cake was beautifully shaped into two swans, and Finarfin felt just a little guilty about ruining their handiwork by cutting the cake and serving everyone... but it was cake, and the way Finrod's little face lit up as he was served a generous piece made it all worth it.

Finrod immediately began to stuff his face and get icing on it, even more like Finarfin had been at that age. Fëanor and Fingolfin laughed fondly as they watched. Finarfin couldn't help but reach out and pat his eldest son's head, then rest a hand on his shoulder for a moment, knowing he wouldn't be this small forever, wanting to burn the memory into his mind. Finrod kissed his father's hand - getting icing on it from his face - and then he stopped chewing for a moment and just stared, his open mouth full of cake, eyes wide. Finarfin noticed Finrod was looking at his hand.

"What is it, my son?" Finarfin asked.

"Shiny," Finrod said through a mouthful of cake. Then Finrod took Finarfin's hand and examined the ring more closely. He remembered to chew and swallow the cake in his mouth, and he turned Finarfin's hand this way and that, seeing how the emeralds in the snakes' eyes caught the light. "I like your ring."

"Thank you," Finarfin said.

"Yes, thank you." Fëanor gave a slight bow. "I worked very hard on it to get it just right."

"I want one just like it when I grow up." Finrod's eyes met Fëanor's.

Fëanor chuckled. "That ring was made specially for your ana, the only one like it in the world. One of a kind. For our vow."

Finrod pouted, and Finarfin felt a pang of guilt and pulled Finrod into his arms for a moment. Fëanor joined in the hug before letting go.

"I'm sorry," Fëanor said.

"I really want that ring." Finrod frowned.

"Maybe someday when you get older and take a mate of your own, your uncle will make you a ring of your very own, something you like even more than this," Finarfin said.

"It's the nicest ring in the world," Finrod said. "I really like the green."

"Green is my favorite color," Finarfin said. He thought of his garden; he thought of the forest when he visited Fëanor up at Formenos.

"Trees and plants," Finrod said. "The color of life." A pause. "The color of eternity, undying, ever-living." Finrod studied the ring again. "It's their eyes, the window to the soul... that means your love is eternal, right? True love never dies."

"Yes, exactly." Finarfin smiled, proud of his son for having such insights at his age.

Fëanor beamed. "Clever boy."

Finarfin withdrew his hand; Finrod still watched the ring. Finarfin needed to distract him, not wanting Finrod to get insistent in coveting it, so he cut Finrod another piece of cake.

Green Is A Place: Part 2 [Finrod/Barahir, Finrod/Bëor]

Finarfin woke with a gasp, sitting up, heart hammering in his ears.

Though his marriage to Eärwen was sexless - he preferred men, she preferred women - they were dear friends and sometimes cuddled together to sleep; she was beside him now, her hand on his shoulder.

"Ara, what is it?"

Finarfin closed his eyes. The smell of smoke had been so strong, and yet now there was no smoke smell at all. He had felt the intense, searing heat, and there was only the cool night air.

It had been a dream, of course - and yet it was not just a dream. Finarfin sometimes had dreams that weren't dreams, and he knew this was one of them. His mind replayed the horror - Fëanor riding off to war, ambushed by a pack of Balrogs. Fëanor restrained with a whip as others lashed him, mortally wounded him. Dying in Maglor's arms, going up in flames, going up in smoke and ash. He both saw it with his own eyes and *felt* it as if it were him being dealt the whips of flame, as if it were him burning up.

"Fëanor," was all Finarfin could say.

And somehow, it was all he needed to say - Eärwen understood. Both her arms were around him now, holding him tight. Finarfin heard himself sob, and he fell apart on her shoulder, weeping as brokenly as he ever had. The last time he'd cried like this had been when Fëanor himself had told him to go back to Valinor, to renounce him, had insisted upon it, telling Finarfin the lives of his children were at stake. Finarfin had known, then, he would never see his brother again.

But it was one thing to go back to Valinor, and another thing for Fëanor to be *dead*. After all they had shared - a bond beyond that of brothers, they were lovers, they were secretly married - Finarfin had felt it so many miles away, he had felt Fëanor die. And now Finarfin wept and wept, feeling as if he were dying inside. *Carry the fire*, Fëanor had urged him, but it was as if his light were going out now, in the darkness of his brother's death.

"Fëanáro..." Finarfin shuddered. Eärwen was rocking him now, petting his hair, making soothing noises. "Fëanáro. Ai, Fëanáro..."

Eärwen kissed his brow. "Ara."

"He is *gone*, Eärwen. Dead. Gone. *Gone*."

"No one's ever really gone," Eärwen said softly. "Nothing is ever ended." She put her hand on Finarfin's heart. "He lives here. And someday, you will see him again."

"He is *gone*. He is *dead*." Even though Finarfin knew the truth of her words, the pain was right now and right here, and he could not let it go. "And I failed him. I should have insisted that he come back to Valinor with me. I should have dragged him..."

"This is Fëanor you speak of. You know if that were possible, it already would have been done." Eärwen stroked his cheek. "You did not fail him."

Finarfin didn't want to argue with her. He could barely string two words together as it was. He was wracked by sobs again, and curled up in the fetal position. Eärwen lay back down behind him, her chest against his back, her arms around him. Soon enough she would go to Anairë, but for now she was here, and Finarfin was glad for her steadfast friendship, that he did not have to face this alone.

Finarfin tried to pull himself together - he was the High King of the Noldor now, he had a duty to perform.

Soon enough, news of the Oath reached him. He could neither fault Fëanor's sons for taking it, nor could he swear it himself, much as he wanted to, much as he *ached* to. He had sworn his own oath to Fëanor, to return to Valinor and do what he could to preserve their people, their bloodline, if only to spite Morgoth, who would see all the Noldor dead or enslaved if he could.

He had, indeed, sworn an oath to Fëanor a long time ago, longer than the oath to return to Valinor and renounce him. *With this ring I bind thee, I claim thee, that no matter where thou goest, or for however long, thou wilt return to me, for for thy heart is mine as my heart is thine, our love ties us together as surely as the circle is never broken.* Finarfin looked at the ring he still wore, and he had to retreat to his chambers for awhile, needing to be alone.

Needing to cry again. He wept bitterly, not just for the loss of his brother, but now for what the Oath meant for his nephews - he knew this would only bring more trouble upon them. It was like adding insult to injury. He felt so *powerless*, wishing there was something, anything he could do. It was an irony, being the King, and feeling so completely lost.

The ring he wore, from his secret wedding ceremony to Fëanor what felt like ages ago now, was an ever-present reminder of his brother... one that hurt every time he looked at it. He wept like a baby, making noises unbecoming of the High King. He had to be strong for his people, even in the face of this latest tragedy, and he couldn't do that if he was breaking down every time he looked at his ring.

With a heavy heart, he took the ring off his finger - it had not come off his finger since he put it on, not even when he bathed or washed his hands - and he placed it in a silver keepsake box with a relief of two swans in a wreath of roses on the lid, that held other sentimental things he'd collected over the years, like a lock of each of his children's hair from when they were babies, a lock from each of his children's hair when they came of age. Seeing Celegorm's hair in the box undid him again, and he closed the lid as quickly as he could.

"Forgive me, my lord, but when I was cleaning, I accidentally knocked this onto the floor." The maid put the keepsake box in his hands. "I hope nothing in it is broken. If it is, I will gladly replace it or compensate you -"

Finarfin waved his hand dismissively. "That won't be necessary, I know it was not intentional." Indeed, Finarfin would know if it was.

"Thank you, my lord." The maid bowed and was dismissed, leaving Finarfin alone in his library.

The box getting knocked over *did* upset him, but not for the reason the maid would think. Finarfin had been avoiding that box since he put the ring in it. Now, of course he had to open the box to make sure everything inside it was intact, and that meant seeing the ring again. Immediately, Finarfin's mind's eye began to replay the dream-vision of Fëanor's death, the way the smoke smelled, the way the fire *felt*, like he himself was burning. And the terrible, terrible ache of his loss. Life went on, the days went on, and still Finarfin was not truly himself.

Finarfin could not bear the sight of the ring. He had not been able to escape it, putting it in the keepsake box. Finarfin had a mind to go to Alqualondë and toss the ring in the sea, but that felt like an insult to what he and Fëanor had shared, not to mention an insult to Fëanor's beautiful craftsmanship, the labor of love. And the thought of the ring being gone forever sent another wave of grief through him. That felt wrong. Just because he couldn't deal with having the ring anymore, didn't mean that he wanted it destroyed, or forever lost.

Finarfin sat back and buried his face in his hands, thinking. His mind's eye conjured the face of Finrod, his eldest son. He remembered his wedding to Fëanor, when Finrod was still just a boy, marveling at the ring Finarfin was wearing, that Fëanor had made for him.

I want one just like it when I grow up. ...I really want that ring.

Finrod was on another continent now, but...

Finarfin rose and went to his bird sanctuary. He came to the roost of white ravens, and he took out Oloquen. He held out the lock he'd preserved of Finrod's hair at Finrod's coming-of-age day, let her smell the unique Omega scent, let her feel Finrod's fëa, and then he hung a magically weatherproofed scroll around her neck, that bore his seal and a message... and had the ring inside.

"Find Findaráto," Finarfin said. "Go see my son."

Oloquen let out a croak and flew away. Finarfin watched her go, smaller and smaller until she was just a speck and no more, and he breathed. It would be a long time before he'd see the bird again, and he would never see the ring again.

But at last, Finrod would get his wish.

Green Is A Place: Part 3 [Finrod/Barahir, Finrod/Bëor]

"Are you all right?"

Balan's warm brown eyes were so kind, full of compassion and concern. Finrod loved those eyes. He loved looking at Balan in general - the lush beard, the pelt on his chest, the rough fur of his arms and legs, the sun-brown skin, the cute rounded ears. He tried not to stare for over long, but it was getting more difficult to keep from stealing glances... and wanting.

It was especially difficult right now. "I'm fine," Finrod said.

"You're not fine."

Damn it. Finrod had a feeling Balan knew exactly *what* was wrong. Already, Balan's musk was stronger, from several feet away, across the fire pit.

Balan's people still treated Finrod like some kind of god, and because he didn't want to complicate Balan's life, Finrod had been trying to sidestep the growing fondness, and desire. His fears about whether or not he would be seen as taking advantage of an awe-stricken Mortal were lessened when he could smell Balan's arousal around him - there was no way to fake that, it was genuine, not born of fear or obligation to give oneself as an offering to a powerful being - but he still felt it was prudent to not encourage the bond.

And yet, they *were* bonding. Finrod was terribly lonely, so far away from his family... grieving all the tragedy that had befallen his kin. Balan was good company. He loved teaching Sindarin to Balan, and learning the Taliska tongue of Balan's people. He loved learning about Balan's culture, and sharing his own. He loved exploring Balan's world, seeing all the little wonders of nature - thinking to himself, *Ana would love this* at the different trees and shrubs and herbs and wildflowers and the wild beasts and birds and insects, and before he could feel sad about it, Balan was there to share the moment with him, and took delight in seeing the everyday beauty of his world through Finrod's eyes, made new. Balan made the wound of his exiled plight ache less.

But now he was aching for an entirely different reason. Finrod had not had a heat cycle in some time, but he knew it when it came on, it was unmistakable. Finrod reached for his rucksack, and his hand dipped inside for the flask. He had not anticipated staying so long in Ossiriand. He had already gone through his supply of heat suppressant potion, to stop his heat cycles entirely. Now he had two potions left.

"What are you drinking?" Balan asked, an eyebrow raised. "That's not Elvish wine, is it?"

Finrod knew he could lie and say it was some sort of exotic Elvish alcohol, but he also had a feeling Balan knew it would be a lie, for it smelled foul, and Finrod was only taking one sip, per the dose.

"It's not wine," Finrod admitted.

"So what is it?"

Finrod sighed.

Balan looked hurt. "Do you not trust me, friend?"

The problem is I do trust you, and I think of you as more than a friend, and that is exactly why I don't want you to know what's going on with me. Finrod rubbed his face. He had a feeling Balan wasn't going to let this go, and he wondered if not telling him was going to do more damage than just telling him.

Then Balan grabbed the flask away from him. Before he could take a sip, Finrod snatched it back. "Ai!"

Balan scowled. "It smells like poison." His scowl intensified. "I know you are sad, your soul is sick, but you -"

"Gods, Balan, you think this is a drug?" Finrod shrunk back in horror. "Or that I would... harm myself?"

"I don't know what you would do," Balan said quietly, "because you will not tell me. 'I'm fine', you say. But I can see the pain in your eyes." His voice got even quieter. "I can smell -"

"Fine." Finrod made a noise of exasperation. "This..." He capped the flask and shook it. "Is a potion meant to... mask the smell when I..." He used the cruder term from Balan's language, rather than the more delicate euphemism of his own native tongue. "Need to mate."

"It doesn't do a very good job." Balan's nostrils twitched.

Finrod almost laughed at that. "It hasn't started working yet."

"I don't know why you would want to hide the smell." Balan gave him a pointed look. "You smell delicious."

Finrod's cock stirred at that, and he resisted the urge to strip, get on his hands and knees, and present. He was starting to drip slick in his breeches. "I do not want to offend your people."

Balan laughed at this like Finrod had said something ridiculous. "It is only natural! Why would any of us take offense?"

"Where I come from, there are few men like me," Finrod said, meaning Omegas. His uncle Fëanor had been one; his own ana had been one of Fëanor's mates. Finrod remembered his ana's smell, the associations of strength and comfort. He looked at the ring he wore on his hand and thought of his ana now, even lonelier than he was, and his ana was surrounded by their own kind. He thought of how that all could have been prevented, if Fëanor had not sown hatred against the Valar... if the Valar had not given Fëanor a *reason* to hate them. "My gods think we are... defective. That only women should be pregnant, that only men should get them pregnant. That men should only lay with women, that men should not lay with men, that women should not lay with women."

Balan laughed again. "Your gods are crazy."

Now Finrod laughed too. It felt good to laugh. In that laughter was a terrifying realization - *I love him.* Finrod stopped laughing.

"You cannot help what you are," Balan said. "And I cannot help what I am... which is in love with you."

Finrod realized then, that even though Balan was no Elf, he still *knew* things, the way that Elves did. He had seen that prophetic insight before, but here it was now, as their gaze held. Balan came closer, his scent almost overpowering... intoxicating. Finrod wanted to bury his nose in Balan's chest and breathe deep. But he sat there, frozen, worried that he would make the wrong move, put Balan at odds with his people...

Balan hesitated doing anything else, as if he sensed - of course he sensed - Finrod's worry. He scowled again. "Does that potion stop your heat?"

"No, it just masks the smell."

"So you still go into heat."

"I do."

"And if you do not... mate... is it like with our people, where you become ill?"

Finrod nodded solemnly. "It will not kill us, but it is very unpleasant." Then he scowled back. "I do not need your pity, Balan -"

"*This is not pity.*" Balan grabbed Finrod's hand, and put it on the hard bulge in his breeches.

Finrod swallowed hard. Now his cock rose to full erection, as slick gushed out of his passage. He felt the need surge through him to be taken, filled, for Balan to claim him as mate, *fuck* him. He wanted to feel all that gorgeous body hair rubbing against his skin, wanted to run his hands over it, wanted to feel Balan's hips slap against his, Balan's balls smack his ass as he conquered. But he still held back, just a little more.

"I will fuck you if you want it," Balan husked. "I want it." And then Balan laughed again. "I don't understand why you drank that disgusting brew in front of me to hide your smell -"

"I am afraid."

"Of me?" Balan's eyes widened. "I will not hurt you, Finrod. I will make you scream, but only with pleasure -"

"It's not that." Finrod looked down, and looked at his ring - the love that had broken his father's heart, that had broken his uncle's life. He looked back up at Balan, into those soulful brown eyes that melted him. "I am afraid of how this will *affect* you. I don't want your people to treat you differently because of me."

"I don't care if they do."

"You say that now, because you are thinking with your prick." Finrod felt almost as if he were channeling his dead uncle with those words. "You will care if they distance themselves from you because they start to fear or resent you... you will care if you feel the need to distance yourself from them because they think I am a god and think you can make me do things for them."

"You are as crazy as your gods," Balan said. Then he seized Finrod's face and kissed him, as deeply and fiercely as Finrod had ever been kissed. Just in that kiss alone, as their tongues met and played together, Finrod felt as if he were being claimed. Just in that kiss alone, Finrod was right on that edge, ready to explode.

Finrod wanted him so badly. But before he could give in... "I also took that draught because... there are two more potions in my flask, and they are of an even more limited quantity than what I just drank. I need to be sparing."

"What are they?"

"One makes my heat shorter and less intense. The other is to keep me from getting pregnant."

Balan laughed *again*. Finrod didn't know whether to find it adorable or offensive. "What?" Finrod raised an eyebrow.

"Do you not think my people cannot brew those same things? Otherwise my tribe would be far larger than it is, we would be overrun with babies."

"I don't know that it would work on one of my kind -"

"We may be different, but we are also enough alike, yes?" With that, Balan dropped his breeches to reveal his hard cock. "We have the same thing?"

Finrod's mouth watered at the sight of it. It was flushed a deep red, thick and veiny. Finrod's channel began to twitch, and another pool of slick gushed out of him. Finrod could only nod, hearing himself breathing harder, panting like a dog.

"You could try our brew when yours runs out," Balan said. "Though I don't understand why you would want to... make your heat less intense." Balan gave him a wicked grin. "Where's the fun in that?"

Finrod tried not to laugh. "I am..." He couldn't believe he was saying this. "Insatiable when I'm in heat." He shuddered, thinking of his cousin Turgon, the Alpha, the way Turgon fucked him and fucked him and fucked him as he begged for more. "I do not know how your kind compares to mine in..."

"Only one way to find out." Balan winked at him. "You know... only if you want it. I won't force you."

Even if Finrod had not been in heat, he would want Balan, but all of his senses were heightened and he felt as if he were drowning in raw sexual need. He found himself grabbing Balan and kissing him, tongues lashing with the promise of the hard, hungry fuck that he ached for. Balan groaned into the kiss, seized a fistful of Finrod's hair, and the next thing Finrod knew Balan was tearing his fine garments into shreds, fabric falling to the floor of their shelter in rags. And Finrod loved it, a shiver down his spine, cock throbbing, slick dripping, wanting to be manhandled, wanting to be claimed, Omega to Alpha. For all of the savagery of Turgon, it seemed already there was a wildness in this Man that not even Turgon could match, and the thought drove Finrod mad with lust.

"Beautiful." Balan looked Finrod up and down; Finrod's stomach fluttered as he heard Balan's breath catch. Then Finrod shivered again as he felt the roughness of Balan's hands roaming over his body, feeling the smoothness of his skin, the sculpted muscles.

Now Finrod was caressing Balan, sensitive fingers playing over the hard warrior's body, running through the delicious grizzled fur. Balan moaned, putting his hands on top of Finrod's - the feel of Balan's hands on his threatened to undo him - and Balan guided Finrod's hands over his body. "Yes, my Omega. Touch me. Feel me. All this is yours, if

you will be mine."

He called me his Omega. Finrod felt as if he could fly; a stupid grin broke out on his face and he laughed with joy before he kissed Balan again. And again. "Yes," Finrod breathed, and kissed him again. Touched him, wanting to feel every angle, every texture, every part of the Man he had come to love, expressing love through his palms, his fingers.

But then Balan grabbed Finrod by his hair, and shoved him into position - Finrod on his hands and knees, ass sticking out at Balan. Finrod heard himself whimper as more slick dripped out of him, and he shuddered with desire, cock throbbing, as Balan looked at him like that with an approving grunt.

Balan was behind Finrod now, on his knees. Finrod gasped as he felt the tip of Balan's cock at his opening. "Yes?" Balan gritted out.

"Please."

Balan laughed, as if Finrod's politeness in the throes of his heat was amusing to him, and slapped Finrod's ass before he began to push in. Turgon had not been small by any means, but Balan's cock was thicker and it had been long enough since Finrod had taken a cock that it was a tight fit. Balan knew to go slow - almost too slow for Finrod's liking - and at last he was all the way in, and the sigh that Balan made when he was buried to the hilt went right to Finrod's heart.

"You feel good," Balan husked.

"I love you." Finrod finally said it back to him.

Balan slapped Finrod's ass again, seized his hair, and began to thrust. Right away it was hard and fast... and right away Balan's cock found the most exquisite rhythm on that sweet spot inside Finrod, stroking him just right. Finrod cried out and bucked his hips back at Balan, fucking himself on Balan's cock, panting, out of his mind with sensation and desire. Balan gripped Finrod's hips and thrust even harder, faster, slamming into him. The lewd, deliciously obscene sound of their hips slapping together, the wet suctioning sound of Balan pumping in and out of him was as loud as Finrod's cries and Balan's grunts. The smell of their sex was thick and powerful.

Then it happened. Balan's shaft felt even thicker, stiffer. Finrod screamed as he felt the change, felt like Balan's cock was locked into him, even as it was continuing to thrust in and out. He'd taken Alpha cock before and this had never happened - Balan's cock was different; Balan was a Man.

"What is that?" Finrod asked, curious.

"Your kind don't knot?"

"No..."

"Does it hurt? Do you want me to stop -"

"*Don't stop.*" Finrod growled through his teeth, making Balan laugh again. Then Finrod sighed and gave a moan of appreciation. "That feels wonderful." There was already much he liked about Men - the beards, the body hair, the stronger scent - but this... *gods*, this was a treasure.

Balan reached around to play with Finrod's cock, working it in time with his thrusts. Finrod knew he could have come without that, such was the way Balan's cock rubbed his insides - the way that knot felt, pulsing inside him - but Balan's hand on his cock made Finrod's pleasure even more intense, quickening him to that edge, and as much as Finrod wanted to stay lost there, not ever wanting the wild, sweet pleasure-tension to stop, he was soon pushed over the edge, letting out a fierce shout as he climaxed. Two thrusts later Balan let go, shooting deep inside him... and Balan's knot began to throb, which set another wave of orgasm through Finrod's body.

And as Finrod and Balan came together, Balan collapsed on top of him... and then he bit Finrod's neck, hard... hard enough to draw blood. Finrod screamed as yet another contraction hit him, the pleasure so intense it almost hurt. Balan growled with satisfaction, lapping the blood that flowed, and when he tilted Finrod's face so they could kiss, Finrod felt a love so fierce that tears stung his eyes.

"Thank you," Finrod whispered.

Balan smiled. In that moment, Balan was the most beautiful creature that Finrod had ever laid eyes on. "Thank you."

They stayed joined, with Balan's knot still filling him. It wasn't long before the heat made Finrod's cock stir again, made him crave another fuck. They rolled and lay on their sides this time, Balan behind Finrod, Balan's chest to Finrod's back, arms around him, holding him tight. It was so cozy, to be held like this and fucked in front of the fire, feeling safe. Balan went more slowly this time, and it was more sensual, with Balan kissing and licking the back of Finrod's neck and shoulder, trailing kisses up Finrod's jaw to lick the shell of his ear, nibble on the sensitive point. Balan's hands roamed over Finrod's body, and Finrod once again reveled in their roughness, moaned as Balan played with his nipples, then at last his cock. They came together again, laughing together with joy as Finrod's seed spurted into the fire. Finrod tilted his face so they could kiss, rub noses, look into each other's eyes.

"We are mated now," Balan said. "I have other lovers, and I don't care if you do, so long as you make time and place for me."

"I will," Finrod said. Then he scowled. "I still worry that there will be an issue with your people and us."

"If we have a bonding ceremony that will be less of an issue. We will have to think of gifts to exchange."

The ring on Finrod's finger gleamed in the firelight. He showed Balan his hand. "This ring belonged to my ana. It was given to him by his mate."

"I have always admired that ring. I did not want to ask where you got it, I had a feeling it was sad for you."

"It is... but it would give me joy to give it to you."

Balan's hand rested on Finrod's heart. "It is a fine gift. Almost too fine. I do not know if I have anything that fine to give you in return."

"That cock of yours is pretty amazing." Already, Finrod wanted more.

Balan chuckled. He pulled out of Finrod and rolled Finrod onto his back, and climbed on

top of him. Their hard cocks rubbed together as they kissed, and then Balan took him once more, and Finrod sighed as he felt that knot inside him.

The years passed and Balan became Bëor the Old. Finrod and Bëor had a long and happy relationship. Bëor's people did indeed accept Finrod as Bëor's mate after the bonding ceremony, and they were able to brew Finrod potions to keep him from getting pregnant at his heat cycles; Finrod and Bëor had discussed possibly having children, but Bëor already had children of his own with other mates and Finrod worried about the issues a half-Elven child would face, even as accepting as Bëor's people were. Finrod especially worried about a half-Elven child having a much shorter lifespan than his own people, not wanting to watch a child of his die.

Even as Bëor's hair and beard turned silver-grey, Finrod still thought him beautiful - if anything, Bëor was even more handsome as an older man, to Finrod's eyes. And Bëor remained hale and vigorous well into old age, which was good because the years of love and companionship and trust only intensified Finrod's desire for him rather than diminished it.

But Men lived a much shorter time than Elves, and eventually Bëor reached the end of his days, becoming more frail until he died. Finrod buried Bëor at their favorite tree, but before he laid the body to rest, he removed the ring that had been his father's - in those last few years, the ring had gotten too big for Bëor's hand and Bëor had been wearing it on a rope around his neck. Now Finrod took the rope that held the ring, and put it around his own neck; the rope still held Bëor's scent, and Finrod breathed it in as he watched the ground cover his dead lover; this was all he had left of him.

That and the memories. In that sense, their love was eternal and Bëor would live on.

Green Is A Place: Part 4 [Finrod/Barahir, Finrod/Bëor]

"Are you all right, my lord?"

It was a perfectly normal question, especially considering what they had just been through - part of Finrod felt like he was still stuck in the Fen of Serech, besieged. Barahir had come to his rescue, forming a wall of spears around him, but Barahir had lost many of his own men in the fight. Indeed, Finrod felt like *he* should be asking Barahir if he was all right, and not the other way around.

But the question bothered him for another reason. It took him back. Not merely back to earlier that day, when they had cut their way out of the battle... but a long time ago, when Barahir's great-great-great-grandfather, Bëor, had asked him that same question, right as Finrod was going into heat.

Finrod was going into heat again now. He had lost his heat suppressant in the fighting, and he had no doubt that the Orcs could smell it - that the scent had given away his position. He shuddered to think of what the Orcs would do if Barahir had not come. The Orcs might have done it anyway, of course. Finrod swore under his breath; of all the possible times for his heat to come on, now was the worst.

It didn't help that Barahir was so very much like his great-great-great-grandfather in looks and bravery. The scent was different, but it was still very Alpha... very delicious.

Finrod swallowed hard and looked away. "I'm fine."

Barahir gave him a pointed look, but said nothing. He simply passed his flask across the fire.

It was strong drink. Not strong enough, after the day they'd had. Finrod sipped and passed the flask back, and then wrapped himself tighter in the blanket. It was not cold out and he shivered anyway. He was a full day into his heat without relief, and now he was feeling the sickness, chills and fever. His stomach felt terrible.

"You should get some rest, my lord," Barahir said softly. "We both should, if we're going to keep moving in the morrow."

Finrod nodded, and lay down. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but as exhausted as he was, he couldn't get to sleep right away, he just lay there, aching, feeling miserable. Another attack of chills came on.

Barahir came closer, and lay down next to Finrod, sharing his own covers with him. "Here, Elvenking. You're safe now. The Orcs are gone."

Finrod fought back a snort. *He thinks I'm shivering and cold from the shock of fear.* "Thank you, Barahir."

Finrod closed his eyes again but still couldn't sleep; it felt like he was being watched. Finally he opened his eyes and saw Barahir watching him. Finrod raised an eyebrow.

"You're not well," Barahir said.

"No," Finrod admitted. "I'm not."

"You're in heat."

Finrod's mouth opened, and then he closed it. Of course Barahir would know that, the scent was unmistakable. But it was still very forward - and of course Finrod knew that Bëor hadn't exactly been shy about it either. Barahir reached out his arm, strong and reassuring. "I can help you, if you want."

"I don't want you to feel obligated because I am King," Finrod said sincerely. While Barahir's scent was stronger now, he had otherwise shown no interest before this.

Barahir laughed. "Funny, I was going to offer earlier when we were moving along, and I stopped myself for much the same reason - I didn't want *you* to feel obligated, because I had saved your life."

And now Finrod laughed with him. That would explain why Barahir had shown no interest, even though he had smelled the scent all day.

"I desire you," Barahir said, and now his hand slid up to Finrod's face, looking into his eyes. Finrod sighed - Barahir's warm brown eyes were so much like Bëor's.

Bëor, who Finrod was grieving still. As well as the wise-woman Andreth of his House, who had been lovers with him as well as his brother Aegnor. The lives of Men were short, but the love of Elves was long, and Finrod had been reluctant to get attached all over again, for his heart to break all over again when he lost another love. So he had kept himself apart, had been suppressing his heat cycles... had been going without touch.

So long that the need in him was overpowering. Just Barahir's hand on his cheek threatened to undo him. Finrod found himself grabbing Barahir and kissing him hard, cock straining uncomfortably in his breeches, slick pouring out of him. "Please," Finrod whispered.

"It has been long for you, my lord, has it not?" Barahir asked, as if he could read Finrod's mind - Finrod would not be surprised if he had a touch of the Sight, as Andreth had, as Bëor himself had. Barahir's hand now slid from Finrod's cheek down his chest and stomach to rub the hard bulge in the breeches. "Too long without it."

Finrod kissed him again and made an urgent little whine into the kiss, which he would have been embarrassed by if he did not need it so badly. "Please," he said again, more insistently.

"We almost died today, Elvenking. Tonight we shall live."

With that, Barahir kissed him back, as fiercely as Finrod had ever been kissed. Barahir's hands yanked down the breeches, and he hastily pulled the tunic from Finrod's body. Finrod's trembling hands reached to undress Barahir in turn, and once they were both naked Barahir climbed on top of him and kissed him again, cock rubbing cock, hands sliding over each other's bodies. Barahir began to kiss and lick Finrod's neck and shoulder, making Finrod's cock throb, making him ache to be filled, pleased.

Barahir kissed his way down Finrod's body, tongue licking trails of fire. He sucked at Finrod's cock, slow and teasing, let the cock slip from his mouth to lick it up and down, before his tongue swirled around and around the head, lashed the slit. Then Barahir kissed down Finrod's cock, licked and sucked at his balls, and split Finrod's legs, taking a moment to admire the slick passage, leaking onto the blankets. "My," Barahir said.

He licked his lips and dove in. Finrod cried out, grabbing Barahir's hair as Barahir's tongue dipped inside him, readying him, pleasing and tormenting him all at once. Barahir moaned into Finrod's channel as he lapped, and Finrod heard himself whimpering, getting louder and louder as he thrashed about, bucking, losing control. At last Finrod, trembling, dug his nails into Barahir's shoulders and begged, "Please. Fuck me!"

Barahir laughed into him and licked around the rim of his passage in lazy circles before taking a few more licks at his cock, then coming up to kiss him. Finrod gasped as he felt the tip of Barahir's cock at his opening. Barahir grabbed Finrod by the hair and kissed him harder as he pushed inside. When Barahir was buried in him to the hilt, Finrod could have wept for relief.

At least I still have my birth control, Finrod thought to himself, glancing over at his pack of supplies, where there was a small bag of herbs tucked away.

That was the last coherent thought he could make, as Barahir began to thrust into him, hard and fast, savage and punishing. When Barahir knotted, Finrod screamed, nails raking his lover's back. Barahir growled, pounding into him even harder, biting Finrod's neck.

All thought was gone, only pure, primal *need*, the exquisite sensation of Barahir's cock rubbing inside him just right, the knot throbbing inside him and adding to the pleasure... his feverish lust for Barahir's gorgeous, toned sun-brown body, the pelt on his chest, the hairy arms and legs, the way Barahir's beard teased him with each kiss. It seemed, also, like all sense of time was gone, and Finrod heard himself moan, "Oh, Bëo - Barahir," stopping himself from saying his lover's ancestor's name, not wanting to offend. But it was so very much like being with Bëor again.

Even more than saving his life from the Orc ambush earlier that day, Finrod was grateful to him for this. It felt like saving his soul. Reminding him that though he had loved and lost, he could love again. That a piece of Bëor lived on in Barahir. For a little while he had Bëor back.

Soon Finrod couldn't say anyone's name, couldn't make words at all, only noises, some deep and guttural, some high-pitched, keening, as Barahir continued to hammer away inside him, fast and furious. At last Finrod's legs were on Barahir's shoulders, and Barahir was stroking Finrod's cock in time with his thrusts. Barahir was shaking, holding back, and he licked Finrod's neck and rasped, "Come for me, Elvenking."

Finrod let out a wild cry as his orgasm shattered him, spending all over Barahir's luscious furry chest, the muscular abdomen. Barahir growled and bit the sweet spot where Finrod's neck and shoulder met, hard enough to draw blood... just as Bëor had done that first heat so long ago. Finrod cried out again as he spurted more seed over Barahir's body. Barahir groaned with satisfaction, knot pulsing harder as he spilled deep inside Finrod's passage.

Barahir rested his head on Finrod's heart, and Finrod's arms tightened around him. "Thank you," Finrod said, scratching Barahir's beard affectionately.

"The pleasure was mine, Elvenking."

They kissed. A few sweet, tender kisses became more passionate, and Barahir rose in him again, as Finrod's need rose. Finrod rolled Barahir onto his back and began to ride him, bouncing madly, and Barahir made him work for it, gripping Finrod's hips tight, driving hard, making Finrod buck like he was riding a wild bull. Finrod loved it, and it didn't take

long for him to come a second time, or a third, riding and riding Barahir like his life depended on it. The smell of their sweat mingled with the scent of their sex, and seeing Barahir's beautiful body glistening with sweat just made Finrod want him even more.

They got no sleep that night. After Finrod rode Barahir to several orgasms, Barahir had Finrod from behind, first with Finrod on all fours, then laying at their sides, Barahir holding him tight. Once again Finrod felt transported back to the days when he and Bëor made love just like this.

They made camp for a few days; Barahir built a heat nest and took care of Finrod between fucks, making sure he got enough food and water, rubbing him down to help with the muscle aches.

But finally they had to get moving again. Barahir delivered Finrod to Nargothrond.

"You could stay here with me awhile," Finrod told him.

Barahir shook his head. "There are still battles to fight, Elvenking. My duty calls me elsewhere."

Finrod was disappointed, but he understood. He was also a touch relieved - he didn't want to use Barahir as a substitute for Bëor, which felt disrespectful to both of them. Nonetheless, the nights they had shared had left an impression on him, and on impulse, Finrod found himself reaching for the ring he wore around his neck. It had been his father's ring, and Bëor had worn it as a marriage token on a rope; when Bëor died, Finrod removed the ring before burying him. Now Finrod put the ring on the rope around Barahir's neck, and got down on one knee, taking Barahir's hands in his.

"You have my abiding friendship and aid in every need... you and all of your kin, all generations," Finrod said. He kissed Barahir's hands before he rose.

Barahir put his arms around Finrod and they kissed one last time.

Finrod's eyes teared up as he watched Barahir ride off, knowing he would probably never see the ring again. But that ring was a link to his family of the past, and in giving it away, he had forged a family of the future.

Sins Of The Father [Fëanor/Finarfin, Finarfin/Orodreth]

Several hours after Manwë appeared upon a high rock in the sea of Araman to pronounce the Doom of the Noldor, the ships docked for hunting and foraging - what little could be done here - and Fëanor and Finarfin stood in the wasteland in the freezing rain, looking out at the bleak, misty mountains, the icy sea, and at last each other.

"You have to go back," Fëanor told him. "You can't come with me."

Finarfin swallowed hard. "Why?"

Fëanor glared. "Did you not hear him? Save yourself. Save your children, if you can -"

Finarfin shook his head vehemently, clenched his fists, like the little boy he once was, being told "no". He felt as helpless as a child again, but this time it was far worse, the feeling of powerlessness far more intense, in the face of the wrath of the gods. "I told you I would stand with you, fight with you, die for you -"

"I know, dear brother." Fëanor came closer, and kissed Finarfin's brow. He took Finarfin's face in his hands. "My beloved."

Finarfin normally loved hearing that word, but now it was just one more blow, the one that shattered his heart, like the glass Fëanor once crafted in his forge. Their love had been a work of art - like a force of nature itself - and now the pieces of his life were falling around him, out of reach.

Fëanor went on. "It is easy enough to die for me. Go live for me. You may be the last of our blood when this is done. Someone needs to carry the fire." Fëanor shoved him. "Go."

Finarfin stepped closer and tugged at the hem of Fëanor's tunic, tugged at his cloak. "*I'm not leaving you!*" Finarfin's arms locked around him, tight as a vise. **"I will not."**

Finarfin felt himself breathing harder, tears pooling in his eyes. Fëanor had once doubted Finarfin had the same fire as him and Fingolfin, but many times over the years Finarfin had proven he did, and this moment most of all. Finarfin was *seething*. He would kill all of the Valar if he would. He would kill Eru himself.

"You must go back," Fëanor said, stern, unyielding. He pushed Finarfin away. "You must renounce me. You must tell them you were wrong. You must bargain with the Valar to spare your children from the Doom."

"No, I will not deny you, I will not -"

"You will, or your children's blood will be on your hands... and mine."

Finarfin's jaw trembled. He no longer tried to hide the tears, no longer tried to be strong. Fëanor needed to see him break. "I would rather die than lose you."

"And I would rather die than know I had brought about your death. The world needs your light more than mine, Arafintwë. You are better off without me; everything I touch turns to shit." Fëanor turned his back. "Go back to Tirion and live, or I will end myself right here."

My life is not a life without you in it, Finarfin thought to himself, but he did as he was told,

not wanting to risk calling Fëanor's bluff. He also turned and began to walk away, not looking back.

There was no last kiss, no last fuck. Only silence.

The Noldor made camp for the night, dozens of bonfires lit across the frost. One by one, Finarfin went to each of his offspring, pleading with them to return with him to Tirion. Not even Galadriel would agree to it, and she hated Fëanor.

Finarfin saw his youngest last. Orodreth, the one he'd sired on Fëanor in secret, Fëanor's eighth son. Orodreth was a man now, and he had Indis's golden hair rather than Finarfin's silver-gold... and Fëanor's grey eyes, Fëanor's face. Looking into those eyes, that face, was to be stabbed in the heart all over again, the knife twisting deeper when Orodreth refused to follow him home to Tirion. Orodreth practically worshiped his eldest brother Finrod, and wanted to go wherever Finrod would go. Indeed, he came by that fierce loyalty honestly, and Finarfin could not fault him for it.

Nonetheless, unlike the rest of his children who seemed to be angry with him for even asking - staining what might be their last time seeing each other, with bitterness - Orodreth was apologetic about it, and clung to him tightly.

"I wish you wouldn't leave, Atar," Orodreth said in that soft, soothing, hypnotic voice. He looked up into Finarfin's eyes and touched his face. "Stay with me, Ana."

As his part of the charade to avoid scrutiny and accidentally expose the incestuous affair between he and his brothers that had gone on for centuries, Finarfin had played the closest to the Laws outwardly. His children called him Atar and not Ana. This was, in fact, the first time Orodreth had ever called him Ana.

That wasn't all. Finarfin's nostrils twitched as even under the furs and layers, Orodreth's Omega scent came through, like citrus and spice. For Orodreth's scent to be that strong, he had to be in heat. Finarfin could see it in his eyes, pupils blown wide. He could feel it in the intense warmth of Orodreth's hand.

Before he knew what was happening, their mouths crushed together and Orodreth was pushing him down against the bedroll. Under furs they fumbled with each other's clothes, and at last skin met skin, Orodreth hot like Fëanor's forge.

Finarfin knew that Fëanor had been with Maglor and Maedhros, and Fingolfin with Fingon - he had been there for some of it. He had never touched any of his own. Now everything changed. It was impossible to think of Orodreth as the boy he'd once been. He was all man now, tall, with a muscular, sculpted body like his own... a big, hard cock like his own.

Like Fëanor's. He was looking at a blond version of Fëanor, and whether it was right or wrong, his Alpha instinct burned. He would rut with this Omega in heat.

He would make love with Fëanor one last time, through his son. Their son.

They kissed passionately as their hands roamed over each other's bodies, exploring, and cock rubbed cock. Finarfin kissed and licked Orodreth's neck, cock growing harder to the

sound of his moans. Finarfin reached around and pushed a finger into him, and his breath hitched as he felt how slick Orodreth was already, the slick pouring down his finger, over his hand.

"Please," Orodreth begged, clutching at him. "Now, Ana, now..."

Ordinarily Finarfin liked to take his time, but there was no time. There was only need. Only lust, Alpha to Omega. Only grief, needing to fuck the pain away, get lost in that place of pleasure and passion.

Finarfin rolled Orodreth onto his back, continuing to rub against him, kissing. At last Orodreth wrapped his legs around him and Finarfin pushed in, gasping as he felt the hot, slick, silken inside of his son for the first time.

Kissing hungrily, Finarfin rocked into him and Orodreth bucked. Orodreth clung to Finarfin, nails in his back, whimpering into each kiss. Even under the furs, Finarfin could hear the slap of his balls, the wet slurping sound of his cock taking Orodreth's slick hole over and over again. They kissed until they were breathless, panting, a wild look in Orodreth's eyes so much like Fëanor's that it drove Finarfin mad, pounding into him harder.

"More," Orodreth moaned... just like Fëanor. "More, Ana, more..."

Finarfin growled and bit Orodreth's neck. Orodreth cried out and raked his nails down Finarfin's back.

"More. More, more..."

Finarfin kissed Orodreth before those cries for more could undo him. He reached down, took Orodreth's cock in his hand, and began to stroke, his other hand playing over Orodreth's body, stroking his face, his hair. Finarfin knew when Orodreth was right there because he got the same startled look on his face that Fëanor did when Fëanor was about to come.

"Ana..." Orodreth's hand covered Finarfin's.

"Yes. Come for me. Now." Finarfin gave him a deep, fierce kiss.

Orodreth whined into the kiss as he spent over Finarfin's hand, then spurted on Finarfin's stomach. Two thrusts later Finarfin kissed him again, grunting as he came, Orodreth's contracting channel milking him, seed shooting and shooting, the pleasure throbbing intensely. Finarfin moaned, and bit back a cry of *Fëanáro*. Even the bliss of release was spiked with pain, tears stinging his eyes as he remembered all the times he and Fëanor had come, the joy of it, the *light*... the light that found its way into the Silmarils.

There was only darkness here in Araman, and the weight of the Doom. The sense of heading into deeper darkness, the literal end of the world.

"Are you sure you won't go back to Tirion with me?" Finarfin asked, petting Orodreth's hair.

Orodreth nodded. "I want to be free, Ana." He touched Finarfin's face. "We could be free together."

Finarfin wanted that - a life on the other side, where he, Fingolfin, and Fëanor could be freely themselves, living openly as lovers, three kings. But he could not risk staying here.

Before Orodreth could plead with him some more, Finarfin kissed him again. They kissed and kissed, and their cocks hardened up once more - Finarfin was familiar with Omega heats and if Orodreth was anything like his Oma, he was going to be here awhile.

This time Orodreth lay on his stomach and Finarfin mounted him, rode Orodreth's ass as he fucked. Orodreth made the most delicious whimpers and squeals as Finarfin drove into him, and Finarfin kissed, licked and nibbled Orodreth's neck and the back of his shoulder, closing his eyes and thinking of Fëanor, the times he'd taken Fëanor just like this.

"More, more..." Orodreth rocked his hips back at Finarfin, desperately fucking himself on his father's cock. "More. More, more, give me more..."

Just like Fëanor. Finarfin roughly seized a handful of Orodreth's hair and bit the sweet hollow where neck met shoulder, growling, slamming into him even harder.

"More, Ana, more..."

Finarfin growled again, trying not to come too soon. The sound of Orodreth panting and whimpering was just as bad, making Finarfin's cock pulse, his balls ache. Orodreth felt so good wrapped around him, fitting like a glove, the silken kiss of his insides more and more delicious with each stroke. Finarfin reached around, one hand still pulling Orodreth's hair, the other on Orodreth's cock, working it so hard his wrist hurt.

It didn't take long for Orodreth to come again, and Finarfin let go of Orodreth's hair and shoved his fingers in Orodreth's mouth to stifle his scream. Finarfin buried his face in the back of Orodreth's neck and let out a muffled howl as he spent, shuddering. "Fëanáro," he whispered, instantly ashamed of himself, hoping Orodreth didn't hear, not wanting Orodreth to feel like he was being used.

Soon the fever rose again and Orodreth was riding him. Finarfin worked his hips, making Orodreth bounce, making Orodreth grab onto his hair for dear life.

"More," Orodreth cried out. "More, more..."

"As much as you want," Finarfin rasped, reaching up to caress Orodreth's beautiful body, so much like Fëanor's. "As much as you need." *I need it too.*

If this was to be his last time with his last link to Fëanor, he would make it count.

The days in Tirion seemed to blur together. Finarfin and Eärwen were divorced now; Eärwen lived with Anairë at the temple, hiding in plain sight with their affair. Finarfin thought often of his children, wondering how they were doing, even though those thoughts brought him great pain.

Thinking of Fëanor hurt most of all.

One day, while Finarfin was out in his garden, a raven swooped down. Finarfin owned many birds, ravens included - he tended to use ravens as messengers, but this was not one of his, judging from the tag on its leg. The raven dropped a scroll with a seal that bore a resemblance to the symbol of the House of Finarfin but it was modified with a star - a

smaller symbol of the House of Fëanor.

Finarfin knew right away who it was from, confirmed when he opened the scroll; the raven had come a very long way. A lock of silver-gold hair like his own was inside, but a short one... the hair was fine, like a baby's.

Her name is Finduilas.

Child Of Twilight [Aredhel/Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor]

It was cold outside, but warm in the tent, with the furs.

Warmer still because Irissë was in heat, and working up a sweat as she writhed beneath Maedhros, her nails raking his back. Maedhros was sweating too, and Maglor and Fingon as they watched, stroking each other, kissing.

Their shared grief - and fear of what was out there, what they would endure as they made the journey over the frozen river - stoked the fire of their passion even hotter. Irissë clung to Maedhros, fierce cries making her throat ache as Maedhros stroked inside her, Maedhros kissing and licking her neck, her nipples, his fingers on her clit. Maglor and Fingon came closer and took turns kissing her, and then they were both suckling her nipples at the same time, so sensitive. Fingon slid down and began licking his sister's clit, as Maglor continued kissing her breasts. Every now and again Fingon licked at Maedhros's cock.

The pleasure and tension built to the shatterpoint, and Irissë screamed into Maglor's mouth as she climaxed. Three thrusts later, Maedhros came too, throwing his head back as he gasped for breath. After he pulled out, he leaned down to kiss Fingon, sharing Irissë's juices... and then Fingon settled between Irissë's legs and began eating Maedhros's spend out of her. The filthy sweetness of Fingon's tongue brought Irissë to another climax, and another, Maedhros joining Maglor at Irissë's breasts.

Still, she needed more, in her heat, and her brother and cousins were happy to oblige. It was Fingon's turn. Irissë rode him, and Maglor positioned himself to lick her clit and Fingon's cock, while Maedhros put his cock in Fingon's mouth so Fingon could savor his sister's juices again. As Fingon sucked Maedhros's cock and Irissë rode Fingon's cock, she and Maedhros kissed and played with each other's nipples. Soon Irissë was coming again, squirting down Fingon's cock as Fingon spilled deep inside her.

With her cunt full of Fingon's seed, she climbed onto Maglor and rode him, while Maedhros sucked Irissë's juices from Fingon's cock. Maglor's talented fingers rubbed Irissë's clit, and his free hand played over her body, knowing just how to touch her and make her moan, as if he were playing a musical instrument.

Irissë's excitement grew as she watched Fingon take Maedhros, Maedhros's legs wrapped around Fingon, the taller man whimpering, keening as Fingon pounded him hard. The sloppy sound of Maedhros's slick joined her own wet suctioning noises, and Irissë and Maedhros traded broken cries. Maedhros turned his head and rubbed tongues with Maglor, and then Maglor took his hand from Irissë's clit for an instant to let Maedhros suck Irissë's juices from his fingers. When he brought his fingers back to Irissë's clit, rubbing harder, Irissë had another orgasm, clenching and pulsing.

They tangled up together, four bodies huddled, snuggling. Irissë felt as if she was floating, and she sighed deeply, savoring the bliss, a welcome respite from the anguish of the winter wasteland outside... her people's Doom.

Then her eyes widened as she remembered she'd dropped one of her packs on the trail, and the howling wind had blown it away.

The pack with the herbs.

Though Irissë knew her father would not judge her - indeed, Irissë knew all about Fingolfin and his brothers, and that Maglor himself was Fingolfin and Fëanor's - she knew that some of his people still clung to the Laws and customs of Valinor. Her brother Turgon was sympathetic, having been lovers with their cousin Finrod, and so Irissë departed to his territory.

But as the time drew nearer, Irissë wanted her lovers present. And so it was she went off on her way... and got lost in the forest.

An Alpha named Eöl took her in, and so long as she was willing to be his mate, he was willing to claim the child as his and avoid any complications from those who still wanted the Laws to rule them in this new land. But his people's customs were strange - Eöl would not name the child until he was twelve.

"Do you mind if I name him?" Irissë asked.

"No, but do not tell me his name."

As Irissë held the baby, she thought of what to call him. She thought of whether he was Maglor's or Fingon's.

"Lómion," she said aloud. *Child of Twilight*. It seemed fitting for a child whose sire was unknown.

But there was more than that. He had been conceived in her darkest hour, the ordeal of the path to Middle-Earth, that many did not survive. His little smile was like the dawn.

A reminder of survival. A reminder of hope.

Burn [no smut, only sadness]

"A word," Fëanor said to Finarfin.

Finarfin walked with him a few meters away from where the Noldor were making camp on the rocky coast of Araman, the mountains looming in the distance. Even though they were away from Valinor, Fëanor still habitually looked over his shoulder to make sure nobody was following them or watching.

Every step felt like lead. Every step felt like more and more of the darkness and cold of the winter was swallowing Fëanor, with the inevitability of what he must do, after Manwë proclaimed the Doom. What had to be done, even as Fëanor desperately did not want to, his heart shattering like broken ice.

Finally Fëanor turned around and Finarfin came closer, and Fëanor stopped him a few paces away. Fëanor and Finarfin stood there in the freezing rain, looking out at the mountains, the icy sea, and at last each other.

"You have to go back," Fëanor told him. "You can't come with me."

Finarfin swallowed hard. "Why?"

Fëanor set his jaw. "Did you not hear him? Save yourself. Save your children, if you can -"

Finarfin shook his head vehemently, clenched his fists. "I told you I would stand with you, fight with you, die for you -"

"I know, dear brother." Fëanor came closer, and kissed Finarfin's brow. He took Finarfin's face in his hands. "My beloved." Fëanor took a moment to look at Finarfin, magnificent in his rage, beautiful like a golden flame. Fëanor burned this into his mind's eye, knowing it was the last time they would see each other, so he would never forget.

Fëanor went on. "It is easy enough to die for me. Go live for me. You may be the last of our blood when this is done. Someone needs to carry the fire." Fëanor shoved him. "Go."

Finarfin stepped closer and tugged at the hem of Fëanor's tunic, tugged at his cloak. "I'm not leaving you!" Finarfin's arms locked around him, tight as a vise. "**I will not.**"

"You must go back," Fëanor said, stern, unyielding. He pushed Finarfin away. "You must renounce me. You must tell them you were wrong. You must bargain with the Valar to spare your children from the Doom."

"No, I will not deny you, I will not -"

"You will, or your children's blood will be on your hands... and mine."

Finarfin's jaw trembled. His eyes were too bright - and that went right to what Fëanor had left of his heart, like being stabbed. Fëanor's own eyes burned with unshed tears -

Tears unnumbered ye shall shed.

How many more tears would Finarfin shed if he let Finarfin stay? The thought of Finarfin starving in the cold, or being murdered for his rations... or worse things in Middle-Earth,

things they were not prepared for, things so terrible that Finwë had led their people from Cuviénen into the gilded cage of Valinor.

Fëanor loved both his brothers, his lovers, his Alphas. But he knew if he did not sacrifice one, he would lose them both to the cruelty of the Valar. He remembered the boy Finarfin had been, and though Finarfin was a man now - and probably stronger than Fëanor himself - he still felt protective of that boy. He would rather die than see Finarfin die, especially if Finarfin suffered.

It would hurt to never see him again, for Finarfin's light to be gone from his life. But at least Finarfin would live, and he would be safer in Valinor than in Middle-Earth.

"I would rather die than lose you," Finarfin said softly.

Another stab to the heart. Fëanor tried not to wince, not wanting to show weakness - something Finarfin could argue with.

"And I would rather die than know I had brought about your death. The world needs your light more than mine, Arafinwë. You are better off without me; everything I touch turns to shit." Those words were the truest Fëanor had ever spoken, raw and vulnerable, and he hated saying it - it felt like he was conceding some sort of defeat - and yet he knew no other way. Fëanor turned his back. "Go back to Tirion and live, or I will end myself right here."

Fëanor waited, and at last he saw Finarfin walk away, not looking back.

"Good," Fëanor said under his breath, but it wasn't good at all. Fëanor thought of what he was sending Finarfin back to, watching Finarfin walk into the freezing rain - how cold Finarfin's life would be when he returned to Valinor, living in a loveless marriage with Eärwen... living without the love of his brothers.

At least he will be alive. Fëanor flexed his cold fingers. *I am already dead inside.*

As Fëanor approached the tent that he was sharing with his brothers - now only one brother - despite the heaviness of his heart, the ache of his grief, Fëanor's body began to tingle in anticipation of Fingolfin being there. He thought of those blue-flame eyes - that silken hair, that beautiful body - and his hole twitched, pooling slick, as his cock stiffened.

Fëanor was absolutely sure now he was due for his next heat anytime. This was the worst possible time for that, and yet it was as if his body was compensating for the loss of one brother by giving him an urgent need for his other brother - to strengthen their bond like never before, the two of them against the world.

Fëanor stepped into the tent and found Fingolfin cleaning an animal that had been hunted for food. Usually the sight would put him off to thoughts of sex, but something about Fingolfin with a knife stirred his primal instincts and Fëanor fell on him, not caring if Fingolfin's hands were unclean, he just wanted.

Fingolfin kissed him back, and Fëanor began to grind against him, feeling Fingolfin's cock hardening against his through their breeches. It was bitter cold outside, but here was warmth. Here was life. Fëanor kissed Fingolfin again and again, reaching to undo his

tunic, and slid down to kiss and lick Fingolfin's neck, kiss the exposed flesh of Fingolfin's chest.

Fingolfin pushed Fëanor away. "No."

Fëanor sat up and folded his arms. He wouldn't force himself on Fingolfin, he was not like that, but he still wanted to know why. He thought of Fingolfin's rebuff on the ship. "Are you going to tell me again it's too soon after the death of our father, the destruction of the Trees?"

"And yet, because it happened while we lay together last time, it comes to mind as I would lay with you again." Fingolfin closed his eyes and winced, and Fëanor knew he was envisioning the darkness.

Fëanor exhaled. "Ñolo, Arafinwë is going back to Tirion."

Fingolfin's eyes opened wide. "What."

Fëanor nodded solemnly.

Fingolfin pursed his lips, then he inquired, "It's not because of the Teleri, is it? He never quite fit in with those people. As you know, Olwë never liked him -"

"I told him to go back. I told him to renounce me, so likely he will pretend that is the reason. If I let him stay, one of you would die, if not both of you." Fëanor put his hand on his heart. "Manwë would take everything from me."

Fingolfin sat in silence with the weight of that knowledge... the weight of their shared grief, for it was not just Fëanor losing a brother and a lover, but Fingolfin also.

When Fingolfin spoke, his voice shook. "You... told him to go back without asking me first. Without warning me, so at least I could bid him farewell -"

"So he could argue with you to come with him... or so the two of you could hatch some sort of scheme for him to stay, and then you both die."

*"You did not have any **right** -"*

"I did what I had to do." Fëanor hated this - losing Finarfin was hard enough, he didn't want a rift with Fingolfin. But even as his body continued to twinge for Fingolfin's attention, Fëanor knew it was a lost cause. And yet he still tried. He still had to fight for them. "If I cannot have both of you, then I choose you to be at my side. You are all I have left now, you and my sons." Fëanor held out his arms. "Please, Ñolo. Comfort me. Make me warm. Love me -"

"Our love is cursed," Fingolfin said, his voice breaking.

"That is what Manwe wants you to think. He and his ilk, they would drive a wedge between us because they know the *power* of us when we are together, and they want to hold us back -"

"Yes, yes, the power that could not stop the Trees from dying, could not save our father." Fingolfin closed his eyes again. "I will always love you, Fëanor, but as you know, our love has cost us this much already. You would send Arafinwë back to spare his life... I would turn you away from this tent now to spare yours. If they mean to take all that is left that we

hold dear, then we shan't hold each other dear any longer, lest a worse fate befall us."

Fëanor sat there in a state of shock, not able to move, not able to speak, not able to think. Only feel. He felt like he was being consumed by the cold outside, swept into the winds, that he was turning from fire to snow.

The fire in him raged against dying, raged against his lover, now his lost love... now his enemy. Fëanor got up, straightened his tunic and his cloak, and ducked out of the tent without saying a word.

They approached the Helcaraxë, and there was a discussion about what course to take.

They were cold, and had precious few supplies to sustain them through the journey. The followers of Fingolfin cursed Fëanor, blaming him for all the woes they had faced.

Fingolfin did not rebuke or correct them.

In private, Fëanor spoke with his sons. They had too few ships for everyone to sail together, and the idea of waiting on the western coast while the followers of Fingolfin sailed first - knowing they hated Fëanor and those who followed him - was not one Fëanor was willing to risk.

It was decided to take the ships and depart, leaving Fingolfin in Araman. And when they landed at Drengist at the mouth of the firth, Maedhros asked, "Now what ships and rowers will you spare to return, and who will sail first? Fingon the valiant?"

Something in Fëanor snapped - it seemed that this had been happening more and more, and this was the hardest snap of all, like he was breaking inside. He heard himself laugh a bitter, hysterical laugh. Ordinarily he would not stand in the way of his son and his lover - but Fingon was of Fingolfin's brood, it was like asking for Fingolfin himself. "None and none! What was left behind I count no loss: it has proven needless baggage on the road. Let those that cursed my name, curse me still, and whine their way back to the cages of the Valar! Let the ships burn!"

Maedhros stood aside, and Fëanor led the way with torches, to set fire to the swan-ships of the Teleri.

"Burn them all," Fëanor said.

As the ships burned, Fëanor knew Fingolfin and his followers would see the smoke, the tainted air. *You betrayed me first, Nolo*, Fëanor thought to himself, watching the flames.

He wanted to cry, and he could not cry anymore. He felt as dry as tinder, ready to burn with the ships.

Fëanor went into heat, and was unsatisfied - Maglor was too badly shaken from all that had happened, and Fëanor did not wish to find another Alpha.

In his frustration, his desperation, the rage of his grief burned even hotter, hungry for vengeance. So it was that Fëanor pressed on against the host of Melkor, and was besieged by an ambush of Balrogs in Dor Daedeloth. He fought as long and hard as he could, even as the whips of the Balrogs wrapped him in searing, excruciating fire.

His sons came to the rescue, but they were too late, for Fëanor had been mortally wounded, and as they bore him away and he looked over the mountains, he knew his time had come.

He died in Maglor's arms, his last Alpha... going up in flame, then ash. His fëa rose up and up and up in the storm of ashes, and for the briefest instant he was at a height where he could look out at the whole world, like the view of a bird.

I am a bird of fire.

He thought of Finarfin's menagerie of birds, then the swan-ships, and his fëa cried out for Finarfin, Fingolfin.

His ash rained over his sons, as if to say goodbye, and Maglor tried to catch handfuls of Fëanor's ashes in the wind, screaming and sobbing.

Then there was silence, darkness, nothingness, the fire of Fëanor's spirit burned out.

Port In A Storm [Maglor/Daeron]

On the trail through the forest, Maglor found a clearing with a rock large enough to sit on. The light of the Trees was just beginning to change and he would need to make camp soon, and this seemed like a good enough place for it.

Maglor took off his pack... made heavier by the weight of his harp strapped on top of it. When he'd passed through towns he'd gotten some funny looks for carrying a harp around, but being without his harp was like being without one of his limbs. He unstrapped the harp and set it down next to the rock, and his bag beside it. He reached into the bag for his flask and that was when he heard a most curious sound.

It was like bird song, but a more deliberate, tuneful melody. When the notes changed, Maglor realized he was listening to a flute. Maglor smiled, delighted that there was someone not too far away, just playing flute to themselves in the forest. Without thinking about it, when the song paused, Maglor played back the same notes on his harp.

When Maglor paused, the flute song started again, then there was another silence and Maglor played those notes back. Back and forth they went, flute and harp, flute and harp, and the flute came closer and closer.

Maglor finally saw the flutist - a Noldo like himself with long black hair and grey eyes. A sweeter, softer face than his, pretty rather than handsome. The flutist bowed, and Maglor bowed in response.

Maglor watched as the flutist climbed a nearby tree, and started to play again. This time, instead of waiting for the flutist to pause so he could play the song back to him on harp, Maglor played along with him. Somehow, he just knew how to provide a harmony to the flute's melody. Then it changed, with Maglor playing the melody and the flutist playing the background harmony. Maglor lost all track of time as the flute and harp sang together, birds watching in the trees, even a deer came forward, mesmerized by the music. Maglor wondered if it had been like this at the Music of Creation - he felt more fully in tune with the Song than he ever had, and this stranger was a kindred spirit. Maglor didn't know him, they had just met, yet somehow Maglor *knew* him, felt like he'd known the man all his life.

Telperion glowed silver, and the song finally ended... yet it still felt unfinished, like there were new parts to add, or perhaps, new songs to create together. The man leapt down from the tree, and before Maglor could get up to introduce himself, suddenly he felt a chill down his spine, a tingle in his arms. The scent of petrichor. Maglor usually knew when a storm was coming, but this was much more sudden and without warning.

The man held out his arms, tilted his head back, and smiled as the rain came pouring down.

He called the rain. Maglor shivered, hair standing on end. This man had power, he had magic, and Maglor found that as intoxicating as the smell of rain - the Omega scent that was coming closer and closer as the man walked towards him.

"I need to build shelter," Maglor said, glancing over at his pack. He was already soaked.

"Come with me," the man said.

Maglor put on his pack, and his harp, and followed him through the grove. The trail

narrowed and they were passing between trees, then this way and that. Maglor started to notice rocks every few paces that had been marked with a spiral pattern. Then there was the same spiral marked on a tree... a tree with a ladder.

Maglor cautiously followed the man up the ladder. There was a house in the tree. Maglor felt like he would be imposing, but it was really coming down, and there was no one else in the one-room treehouse when they made their way up.

Maglor looked around at the bed off to the side, the kitchen area, a sitting area. It was much smaller and more rustic than the palace where Maglor had been raised, and yet Maglor found he liked this. It felt cozy. It felt like a home.

"Thank you for your hospitality," Maglor said. "If you would like to hear more songs, I would be happy to sing and play harp for you some more as payment for your -"

The man was taking off his wet clothes, letting them fall to the floor, naked as the sky. His Omega scent filled the treehouse, and Maglor's cock strained against his drenched breeches in response.

The realization Maglor had outside, he voiced aloud. "You made it rain."

The man walked closer, muscles rippling, hard cock bobbing with each step. His body was glistening from his wet clothes, and that and the wild, stringy hair - the look of desire in those silver eyes - made Maglor's cock rise against his belly. The Omega scent was making Maglor's mouth water now.

Maglor added to his thought. "You called the rain so you could bring me here, instead of letting me camp outside."

The man grabbed his hands and began pulling Maglor forward, to the bed. "I made it rain, yes... and now I want *you* to make it rain." The man climbed on the bed and got on all fours, presenting. His hole twitched at Maglor, dripping slick.

The man was in heat, it was unmistakable. They were strangers, and yet they had shared something out there in the forest, deeper than any bond Maglor had before save his own Oma, who had forged to his music. Maglor still pined for his Oma, back in Tirion - it was that pining for Fëanor, and Fëanor's brothers, and his own eldest brother, that had sent him on this journey, hoping to see more of the world of Aman and get over them - and if he could not have them, he could at least have this Noldo who was his equal if not his better in skill, who Maglor didn't know but already respected and admired. As loath as Maglor would normally be to make such a connection with a man he'd just met, Maglor shucked his clothing and then he got down on his knees, leaning in to the twitching, dripping hole, breathing in the Omega's rain-and-grass scent, his own cock painfully hard.

He took his first lick, savoring the honey-like slick, and with one hand on his cock, the other hand sliding over the firm, round ass, up and down silken, strong thighs, he lapped at the sweet passage, making the man whimper and gasp for breath, until he was rocking his hips, fucking himself on Maglor's tongue, slick pouring - what Maglor didn't catch with his tongue, made a puddle on the sheets. The man hissed through clenched teeth then moaned, "Please, Alpha..."

Maglor slapped the man's ass, growled, and then he nibbled one ass cheek, then the other, before he lapped some more, teasing. When the man's broken cries almost made Maglor come, Maglor pulled back, knowing it was time. He climbed on the bed, kneeling behind the man, and he grabbed a fistful of the man's hair as he pushed inside.

Maglor fucked him hard and fast, all urgency, all frenzy, all primal hunger. He thought of Maedhros in the tent in the rain, he thought of how Maedhros and Fingon were probably fucking right now. All of his pent-up frustration and longing, the aching of years, was unleashed as he pounded the flutist harder and harder, their hips smacking together, those whimpers and moans, the panting, gasping, the little cries, even more beautiful to Maglor than the song of the flute. Maglor needed this just as much as the flutist did, each thrust a balm for his soul, bringing him back to life. And when they made it rain there in the sheets - the flutist spending over Maglor's hand, and the bed, gushing slick over Maglor's cock as Maglor spent so much seed into him it ran down the flutist's thighs - it was as if the rain had become fire.

They didn't stop. They couldn't stop. They re-positioned, Maglor laying on his back, the flutist riding him. Maglor's balls smacked the flutist's ass, competing with grunts and screams, and the sight of the flutist's hole swallowing his cock over and over again, drenching it with slick, making streamers, drove Maglor wild, fucking even harder than before, making the flutist work for it. The flutist's spend hit the ceiling and then Maglor's face, and Maglor came hard, with a hoarse shout. Still, they needed more. Maglor leaned on his side and took the flutist from behind that way, the flutist's back to his chest, one of Maglor's arms around him, the other hand working the flutist's cock, their faces close enough that they could kiss, that their tongues could lick and tease. Then the flutist was on his back, one of his legs hooked around Maglor, who took him more slowly this time, caressing, kissing, savoring the sensual pleasure.

After they spent again they lay there, holding each other's hands, two hearts beating as one, Maglor still resting inside him.

"You never told me your name," Maglor said softly.

"What we have is beyond words."

Maglor felt that in his soul - but he smiled and said, "But we still need to use them. Unless you want me to refer to you as 'You' or 'Flute Man', I need a name."

The flutist smiled back. "Daeron."

"Macalaurë." Maglor gave his Ana-name rather than his Oma-name, not wanting to be treated differently as the son of the future King.

"Your name suits you," Daeron said. "Your music is like light."

"Your music is like a Vala's breath. Teach me to call the rain, like you do."

"I will teach you much more than that," Daeron said, stroking Maglor's face, "if you stay awhile."

Maglor replied with a kiss.

Maglor stayed with Daeron through his heat, and the days became weeks, and months. Daeron taught Maglor how to call the rain with his voice and his harp. They sang together, played together, composed new songs together. They walked through the forest, they

chased each other, they swam in streams and ponds, they splashed each other and tickled. They hunted and gathered and fished and gardened and cooked and fed each other, sucking fingers, eating from each other's naked bodies. They made love every morning and every night, and sometimes in the middle of the day. Maglor's favorite times of all were when they sat watching the light of the Trees change, holding each other in silence, in peace.

Maglor was happy. He loved Daeron, and Daeron loved him. And yet, something was missing.

Sometimes when Maglor took Daeron, he couldn't help but think of his time with Maedhros in the tent. He couldn't help but think about his fantasies of Fëanor... sometimes when he came, he would come thinking of Fëanor, wishing it was Fëanor's passage wrapped around him, taking his seed.

Maglor had eventually confessed to being Finwë's grandson, and he spoke often of his family with love and pride, letting Daeron know how important they were to him... but he dared not speak of how he truly felt for his Oma, his uncles, his brother. Not only was it against the Laws, but he didn't want to hurt Daeron. He really and truly wanted to try to make this work, to take the gift that had been offered him, to claim Daeron as his Omega, his mate. But time and distance did not make his forbidden feelings fade. The absence only made them stronger.

Maglor stayed long enough with Daeron to see Daeron through a second heat cycle, and it was towards the end of Daeron's heat that Daeron finally stated the obvious.

"Your body is here with me but your mind is elsewhere," Daeron said as they lay together in each other's arms.

Maglor looked away. Daeron spoke the truth, and he would not reply with a lie, even if it would be easier.

Maglor hoped Daeron would just drop it, but Daeron pressed the issue. "When I found you, you were walking through the forest alone. The second son of Finwë's eldest... away from Tirion. Carrying his belongings on his back, like an exile. But you exiled yourself. There is something you left behind. Someone. Yet you never really left them, here." Daeron put a finger on Maglor's heart.

Maglor swallowed hard. "What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to decide where you belong."

Daeron gave him a few days to make the decision, but it had already been made. Maglor returned to Tirion alone. He missed Daeron, what they had was beautiful, but Maglor felt Daeron deserved someone who could give his whole heart, instead of part of it. He hoped Daeron would forgive him. He was sure that Daeron would find someone more worthy of him, in time.

Many centuries later, after the flight of the Noldor to Middle-Earth, after Maglor's beloved Oma had died, Fingolfin promised vengeance, and held a feast by the Pools of Ivrin in the north of Beleriand to reunite the Eldar of Middle-Earth and promote solidarity. Of the

people of Doriath, only two came to the feast. One of them was Daeron.

Maglor had been lovers with Fingolfin, who was not just his uncle but his sire, and it had been a long time since they last made love. Maglor went to Fingolfin after the feast, wanting to comfort his Ana - to honor the memory of Fëanor with the fire between them - but Fingolfin would not touch anyone in his grief, and turned Maglor away.

Frustrated and hurt, Maglor found Daeron. They stood for a moment, just looking at each other. No words. No need for words. Then Maglor pulled Daeron against him and their mouths crushed together, and it was as if time had never passed, as if Maglor had never left all those years ago. Now Daeron was the one dragging him off, hands sliding over Maglor's body, undressing him.

Daeron was not in heat but they fucked as if it were so, making up for lost time. Daeron rode Maglor, bouncing wildly. Then Maglor took him from behind, hips slapping together. Then Daeron lay on his back, legs on Maglor's shoulders, Maglor's balls slapping his ass as Maglor pounded him harder than he ever had, stroking Daeron's cock until his wrist hurt, his hand a blur, Daeron's spend hitting him in the face, over his chest, then in Daeron's own face, making Daeron laugh as his channel pulsed around Maglor's cock and Maglor's release thundered, shattering him with a fierce cry.

They lay there facing each other, looking into each other's eyes.

"I will not ask you how you've been," Daeron said. "I think I already know."

"You are still unmated." Maglor felt like it was wrong to offer - Daeron had to know he was Maglor's second choice - and yet, the sentence still contained a glimmer of hope.

What Daeron said in return shocked him even more than if Daeron had offered to try again. "You have a son."

Maglor's jaw dropped. He knew Daeron had taken herbs to prevent pregnancy during that first heat... but he hadn't watched Daeron take the herbs through the second. He had just assumed Daeron was taking them.

"His name is Ecthelion," Daeron went on.

Maglor's hair stood on end, a chill through him - followed by boiling rage. He shoved Daeron away from him and sat up, heart hammering in his ears, feeling like his world was breaking again, the same way it had broken when Fëanor died in his arms, but somehow worse. It felt like part of him was starting to die. "All this time and *you didn't tell me?*"

Daeron said nothing.

"You know who I am, you know where I was. You could have sent a messenger, you could have come to Tirion yourself and told me. It was one thing to decide to go home. Surely you must know I would not forsake my own child -"

"I didn't know that."

Maglor looked over his shoulder, feeling himself scowl so hard his face hurt. Everything hurt. He wanted to scream. He was screaming, inside. "After what we shared, after the way *you saw inside my soul*, you would dare say this." Maglor shook his head. "You are either lying, or you are the biggest fool among the Noldor."

Maglor got up, disgusted, and began to put on his clothes. When his breeches were on, before he put on his tunic, he paused, seeing through the haze of his rage for a moment of clarity, needing to find something to hold onto. "You said his name is Ecthelion. He did not come with you from Doriath -"

"No. He left when I told him the truth of his Ana." Daeron exhaled deeply, shoulders heaving. "I don't know where he went. He has a reputation as a great flutist, perhaps you could ask around and see -"

"Why haven't *you* asked, then? Is he angry you kept the truth from him? I hardly blame him."

Daeron sat up, slowly. His silence told Maglor that was indeed so. Then Daeron rose from the bed and walked over to his pile of clothes. "I'm sorry -"

Somehow, those two words hurt worse than anything that had come before it. Maglor was sure Daeron wasn't sorry at all. It seemed like petty revenge, to pay him back for leaving - when Daeron had been the one to tell him to decide in the first place. That Daeron had been *waiting* for this moment through the centuries, for their paths to cross again, to find Maglor at his lowest point and twist the knife.

"I hate you," Maglor said. "And if I ever see your worthless face again, I'll kill you."

Even as those words came out of him, Maglor hated himself for saying it - hated what he had become, the casual violence he was capable of in the aftermath of his grief - but he hated Daeron even more for keeping his own blood away from him this long, when Daeron knew family was the most important thing to him. There was a chance he would never find his son, that his son was lost as Fëanor had been lost, and that was a wound that would never heal.

Maglor was still putting his tunic on as he stormed out, not looking back. Never looking back. *The Feast of Reuniting has become a feast of ashes*, Maglor thought to himself, wanting to burn the world down as his Oma had burned the ships.

One More Light [Fingon/Maedhros]

At the front of the crowd that had gathered to watch the coronation of Fingon as the new High King of the Noldor, was Maedhros - easy to spot because he was a head taller than everyone else, and had that flowing mane of red hair. And when the crown was placed upon Fingon's head, the first to come forward to swear their fealty was Maedhros, who got down on one knee before him.

Fingon took Maedhros by his one hand, pulled him up, and took Maedhros in his arms. For a moment they just looked into each other's eyes - Fingon's breath caught at those beautiful grey eyes, like rain - and then Fingon reached up to touch Maedhros's face, and pulled him into a kiss, there in front of everyone. Maedhros's eyes opened wide and then he kissed Fingon back with all the fire and passion of his being, tongues twirling, sliding, the sensual play of their tongues in each other's mouths a promise of the ways they would be inside each other.

Fingon put an arm around Maedhros, standing side by side. "This is my consort," Fingon announced. "This is my mate."

It was bold - there were a few scowls of disapproval - but they were not in Valinor any longer. They did not need to abide by the Laws. However rash Fëanor had been, however poor his decisions, he had left Valinor to break free of the oppression of the Valar. Fëanor had loved Fingon's Ana to the bitter end - a love that had driven Fëanor to madness, and Fingolfin to suicide by battle - and Fingon would make sure their sacrifices had not been in vain, starting here and now, claiming Maedhros before their people. It was a new era.

Many of the Noldor cheered, and for the first time in too long, Maedhros smiled. That smile went right to Fingon's heart, bringing tears to his eyes.

Though coming out once and for all about their relationship to each other was a relief, and a joy, this was nonetheless not a celebration. Fingon was crowned High King because Fingolfin had been killed by Morgoth. Fingon would give anything to have his Ana back again - he would even bring Fëanor back, after the betrayal, for his Ana's sake - and his heart was heavy. He ate and drank little at the feast, staring up at the Moon through the windows. It was such a beautiful light, and yet... it was not the Trees.

They had lost so much. There was still more yet to lose, Fingon was certain of that. *Tears unnumbered ye will shed.* And still, he would hold fast here in Middle-Earth, and not return to Valinor. Manwë's punishment had exceeded the crime, the Valar were unjust tyrants.

More than that, his Ana would want him to stay here, to make the life for themselves they could not have in Valinor.

When they were alone, Fingon realized Maedhros was going into heat - his Omega scent was much stronger, he was sweating and shaking... he had barely touched his favorite foods at the banquet. It explained why Maedhros had been so ferocious in battle; he got angry in pre-heat just like his Oma had.

Fingon wanted to take care of him, and so the first order of business was a nice warm bath, to soothe and relax them both. They washed each other's hair in companionable silence... a tender moment of respite.

Once they were out of the bath, sitting on the bed, and Maedhros was combing Fingon's

hair, he spoke. "I know your heart is heavy. I can just hold you tonight if you -"

"No. I would not have you deny yourself in your heat, you have needs -"

"You also have needs." Maedhros kissed Fingon's brow. "I don't want you to force yourself if your heart isn't in it."

Fingon was deeply touched by that - and that made him want his mate all the more. Their eyes met and then Fingon kissed Maedhros hard enough to take his breath away. When they pulled back, Fingon's voice was husky as he said, "We almost died, in the battle. Tonight - and for the next few days of your heat - I want to live." Fingon stroked Maedhros's cheek. "You fought so fiercely, my love. I want to feel how fierce you can be."

Now it was Maedhros who kissed him, Maedhros who shoved Fingon back against the pillows. Maedhros kissed and licked down Fingon's neck, lapped and suckled one nipple, then the other, back and forth between them, rubbing and pinching one nipple as he sucked the other, harder and harder. He licked and nibbled Fingon's stomach, his inner thighs. Fingon's moans and sighs echoed in the room, his body more and more sensitized, cock dripping pre-spend, painfully hard. There was nothing else that existed here and now - he could forget about grief for a time, losing himself in pleasure, in lust, in need.

At last Maedhros began to lick at Fingon's cock, long teasing strokes of his tongue, and then Fingon's cock was in his mouth and Fingon cried out, clutching Maedhros's head... pulling Maedhros's hair the way Maedhros liked it. Maedhros sucked harder, bobbing his head faster, making a filthy slurping sound as his suctioning mouth brought Fingon to the brink, trembling and gasping. It had been too long since their last coupling - they had been fighting a war - and Fingon was pent up, needing to come, but he wanted his first release to be inside his Omega.

He gently shoved Maedhros off his cock and then he returned the same treatment, kissing and licking and caressing Maedhros all over. Rubbing his hard cock against Maedhros's thigh, letting Maedhros feel how much he wanted it. Maedhros was still self-conscious about his stump, while Fingon still found him the most beautiful man in all of Arda - Fëanor had said the Valar were jealous of their talents, but Fingon was also sure the Valar were jealous of their beauty, and Maedhros's in particular. With his fiery mane fanned out against the pillows, the look of ecstasy on his face, Maedhros was a work of art... one of Fëanor's finest, Fingon thought to himself. He assured Maedhros of that between kisses. "So lovely," Fingon whispered, kissing here, licking there. "You are so perfect to me."

"Even this?" Maedhros gestured to his stump.

"All of you." Fingon leaned in and tenderly kissed the stump. Then, feeling mischievous - and wanting to show Maedhros just how much he wanted him - he wrapped his lips around the stump, sucking on it. It was like an especially thick cock, he couldn't get much of it in his mouth or for very long before he started to gag and choke, but still he kept trying, making a lewd display of it, treating the stump like it was an extra cock. Maedhros's cock leapt and pulsed, and Fingon smiled at it before he licked at the stump. His mind started to think of ways he could further demonstrate acceptance...

...but right here and now, Maedhros needed his Alpha's cock, and Fingon wanted to fuck his Omega. He leaned over and began sucking Maedhros's cock, making Maedhros arch to him, whimpering, and then he split Maedhros like a peach and lapped at the slick passage, savoring the taste of him, the teasing of his tongue a promise of what his cock

would feel like. Fingon ate Maedhros as long as his lover could stand it - he felt like he was starving and had just been presented with a feast, and the way Maedhros whined and rolled his hips, fucking himself on Fingon's tongue, just made Fingon crave it even more, shaking his head back and forth, tongue lashing fast and furious, stroking himself.

"Please," Maedhros begged. "Please, Finno, I need cock..."

Fingon would have eaten Maedhros out for hours if he could, but his own cock was aching and he knew Maedhros's heat was upon him. Fingon spat into Maedhros's hole, and he watched it twitch and Fingon's cock pulsed. He came up to kiss Maedhros with slick on his tongue, and then he lay back and rolled Maedhros atop him. Maedhros straddled Fingon's hips and sank down.

Fingon's breath hitched as he watched Maedhros's hole take his cock inch by inch, until it was all the way inside. Fingon took Maedhros's hand and squeezed. They were joined, they were one flesh, and now more than any previous time, Fingon felt so connected to him - they had almost died, they had almost lost each other, and this was paradise found.

"I love you so much," Fingon said.

"I love you," Maedhros said. "More than words can say."

Maedhros leaned down to kiss him, and then he rose up and began to ride. Fingon grabbed Maedhros's hips and rocked into him, and Maedhros bounced madly, working his hips in circles, squeezing his inner muscles, teasing them both. Fingon played with Maedhros's cock while his other hand caressed the sleek, muscular body, hand stroking in circles, pinching his nipples, fingers walking and brushing down from Maedhros's chest to his stomach to a thigh and back up. The smack of Fingon's balls and the wet sloppy sound of their fuck competed with Maedhros's broken cries and Fingon's grunts. Their Alpha and Omega scents were overpowering, intoxicating. The sight of his cock pumping in and out of Maedhros, soaked with slick that made streamers, added to Fingon's pleasure. Nothing else mattered but their fuck.

Fingon knew Maedhros was close by the way his breath came out in shuddery gasps, the wild look in his eyes. Fingon gripped Maedhros's cock harder, stroked it faster, and his other hand focused its attention on Maedhros's hard, sensitive nipples. Fingon's mind burned with mental images of what those nipples would look like swollen with milk... the hard stomach bulging with pregnancy, *his*, the evidence that Fingon had fucked him, come inside him... Fingon pounded into Maedhros even harder, biting his lip, snarling, out of his mind with lust. He wanted to get Maedhros pregnant, whether the timing was bad or not. He'd had enough of hiding, enough of playing games. They could be open now, and he wanted to show the world Maedhros was *his*.

Fingon stroked Maedhros's cock faster and faster, until his hand was a blur and his wrist hurt. Their eyes met and Maedhros let out a warning whimper.

"Yes, come," Fingon ground out.

Maedhros threw back his head and let out a fierce cry as white ropes shot over Fingon's chest. One hit Fingon in the face and Fingon licked his lips - it was sweet like Maedhros's slick. The feel of Maedhros's passage clenching around him, pulsing, set Fingon off, coming with a cry of his own as he spent... and spent... and spent. It felt like years' worth of seed had been stored up waiting for this moment.

And yet, as hard as they came, it didn't take long before they were hungry for more,

grinding against each other, kissing, Fingon's hands and Maedhros's hand roaming. This time Fingon guided Maedhros to his knees, face down ass up, and took him from behind. Fingon drove into him hard and fast, pulling Maedhros's hair with one hand, slapping Maedhros's ass with the other. Their hips smacked together and the wet suctioning sound of their fuck was even louder, but loudest of all was Maedhros begging "More, fuck me, more, give me more, don't stop, fuck me hard, more..."

When Fingon felt himself on that edge, the hand that had been spanking Maedhros - turning his firm, shapely ass a lovely shade of pink - reached around and stroked Maedhros's cock in time with his thrusts. Maedhros's hand gripped the sheets, white-knuckled, and Maedhros stopped begging for more, not able to make words at all, only whining, howling like an animal. Fingon loved it.

Even more, he loved the thought of Maedhros taking him the same way, wrecking him, reducing him to babble.

Maedhros screamed as he climaxed, creaming over Fingon's hand, and two thrusts later Fingon came, calling out "Russo, Maitimo," as the pleasure throbbed and relief gave way to euphoria, then perfect peace.

Maedhros curled up on Fingon's chest, in his arms, and Fingon pet Maedhros's hair, his face, rubbed his back. They gave each other tender little kisses, then more lingering ones... then their tongues were rubbing together playfully, sensually, the sparks igniting between them once more.

Fingon thought of their last round... and their trysts before that, taking turns inside each other. "I want you inside me," Fingon husked.

Maedhros grinned, kissed him hard, and then he rolled off Fingon and rolled Fingon onto his stomach.

Fingon pushed his ass out at Maedhros, and he felt Maedhros move around on the bed and then Maedhros's ass was rubbing against his... Maedhros's slick was dripping into his hole. Fingon shuddered and cried out, grabbing the pillows tight, almost coming just from that alone, so lewd and debauched. Maedhros chuckled, knowing the effect he had on his lover, and continued rubbing his ass against Fingon's ass, dripping more slick into him, until Fingon's hole was as full of it as if Maedhros had come inside him, slick dripping out of Fingon's hole. Maedhros turned around, spat into Fingon's passage, and then, with Fingon still laying on his stomach, Maedhros pushed inside.

Now it was Maedhros's turn to grab Fingon's hair and slam into him, showing no mercy, fucking Fingon hard. Fingon loved it, rocking his hips back at Maedhros, panting for it, gasping. "Yes, yes, like that, fuck me..."

Maedhros growled, fucking even harder, the slap of their hips so obscenely loud, the slick squishing deliciously. "Take it!"

"More!"

Soon they couldn't make words at all, only grunts and cries. Fingon almost sobbed, desperate to come, but he wanted to keep feeling Maedhros inside him, losing himself more and more in their passion, their need for each other. Each thrust felt like they were taking back what was theirs, carving out time and place for their love, naked and vulnerable and perfectly safe with each other, safe from the world.

Usually Maedhros reached around with his one hand to take care of Fingon's cock, but now Maedhros's stump was rubbing against it, and it felt like an enormous cock rubbing his cock, teasing it. Fingon came as hard as he ever had, seed shooting all over Maedhros's stump as his hole contracted and he couldn't even cry out Maedhros's name, only wordless wails. Maedhros let out a deep groan as he filled Fingon, shuddering against him.

Maedhros rested on top of him, his chest to Fingon's back. His hand skritched Fingon's scalp, pet his hair... and Fingon found himself licking his seed off Maedhros's stump, and then, not able to help himself, he sucked on the end of it like it was a cock. Maedhros hardened up again, rubbing his cock in the crack of Fingon's ass.

"Want more?" Maedhros asked.

Of course Fingon did... but this time it wasn't cock he was craving.

"I want to feel it," Fingon said, taking another lick at Maedhros's stump.

"You..." Maedhros's breath hitched. "You want to feel that."

"You heard me."

There was a long silence, and for a moment Fingon worried that he'd gone too far, that he'd asked for something too strange...

...and then Maedhros said, "All right. You have to tell me to stop if it hurts."

Fingon knew Maedhros's stump was thicker than his cock, but he was full of Maedhros's slick and spend, and his hole twitched thinking about it.

With Fingon's back to Maedhros's chest, Maedhros put out his arm, and Fingon lowered himself onto Maedhros's stump. Maedhros groaned, and Fingon knew he was watching his stump go up the hole.

"This is so filthy," Maedhros breathed, laughter in his voice.

"I love it." Fingon gave a deep grunt as he took all he could, resting there, stretched to his limit, so full he felt he would burst. "I love you." Fingon rose up, and then sank back down. Up, then down. He shuddered with pleasure at the stump rubbing inside him, his passage sensitized, each stroke ecstasy. "I told you that you were perfect, Russo."

Maedhros's other arm wrapped around him, held him tight as Fingon rode, bouncing on Maedhros's stump, teasing that spot inside him over and over again until Fingon was panting, whimpering. Maedhros's hand seized Fingon's cock and the rhythm on his cock and inside him built the pleasure and tension higher and higher until Fingon heard himself sobbing, his thighs quivering.

"Russo. Russo..."

"Are you going to come for me, Finno? Such a slut for this."

"Yes," Fingon moaned.

Maedhros laughed. "Maybe now that we're out in the open, I might fuck you just like this in front of your subjects so they can see what a wanton slut you are..."

Fingon roared as his seed hit the ceiling, sprayed himself in the face, hit Maedhros in the face over his shoulder. Maedhros laughed again and tilted Fingon's face to his and they licked the seed from each other's faces, kissing. Then Maedhros pulled his stump out of Fingon's ass, and as he looked at the gaping, twitching hole Maedhros stroked himself in mad frenzy, eyes feverish, until he came, aiming to fill the stretched hole with spend once more. Fingon came again at the feel of it, and Maedhros's smile was as bright as the sun as he sank down to kiss Fingon.

"That was beautiful," Fingon said, feeling like he was floating outside of his body.

"We're not done yet." Maedhros laughed and nibbled Fingon's neck. "We can do this for days."

Fingon met his eyes, smiling back. "I want to do this for a lifetime, my husband."

"I am with child," Maedhros said.

Fingon put his hand on Maedhros's belly, which was not yet showing. "You are sure?"

"Yes."

Fingon felt like a fool for asking - Maedhros had been in heat weeks ago, Fingon didn't recall him taking any herbs to prevent pregnancy, they were a bit occupied.

Fingon's hand rested on Maedhros's belly, and his head rested on Maedhros's shoulder for a moment. Then his hand moved from Maedhros's stomach to touch his face, looking into those silver eyes. Fingon wanted to feel happiness for this life they had created together, but the war was not yet over, and as the High King of the Noldor, Fingon was a marked man.

They both were.

The sorrow in Maedhros's eyes mirrored his own. Maedhros spoke what Fingon was thinking. "The child will not be safe with us."

"No," Fingon admitted.

"One or both of us is likely to die, in the wars to come, and leave our child an orphan, alone and defenseless. And I do not need to tell you what Morgoth is capable of. What he would do to a child, especially the scion of kings -"

Fingon put a finger to Maedhros's lips to silence him. He knew perfectly well. He looked at Maedhros's stump, then back into those beautiful, haunted eyes.

"I want to have this child," Maedhros said. "Even if we cannot raise it ourselves. At least our blood will be out there. Our fire. There is darkness, but the little flame burns like a star. One more light against the darkness of our enemy, given time."

Fingon put his hand on Maedhros's heart. Maedhros took Fingon's hand and kissed it.

"I think I know someone who can be trusted with the child's safekeeping, when it is time," Maedhros said. "He was friends with my Oma."

"I didn't know my uncle had friends," Fingon said with a wry smile.

Maedhros's smile was sad. "He didn't either, or he would still be here now."

Círdan was waiting for the boat at the mouth of the river, as the messenger raven had instructed him. He went to the boat alone, following the instructions, and the ferryman handed him the baby, which had been hidden as one would hide valuable cargo from marauders.

The baby squalled in Círdan's arms, and Círdan quickly swaddled him, rocked him and began to sing. A scroll was in the baby's basket, and once Círdan and the baby were safely in the carriage and heading home, Círdan broke the wax seal of Fingon and unrolled the scroll.

His name is Ereinion Artanáro Gil-Galad.

Between Love And Fate [Elrond/Gil-galad, Elrond/Celebrian]

When Gil-galad came of age, he was told the truth about his parents. Even then, he was instructed to keep it a secret, lest the information be used against him - if he were captured by the minions of Sauron and Morgoth, they would be especially cruel to the scion of kings.

Gil-galad and Elrond became fast friends from the moment they first met. Their closeness was such that Elrond found himself wanting to be more than just friends with Gil-galad; it didn't help that Elrond was an Omega and Gil-galad's Alpha scent was intoxicating to him. The day that Elrond thought to confess such feelings, Gil-galad had a confession of his own.

"We are cousins, of a sort," Gil-galad told him. "You were raised by Macalaurë, you think of him as your father... and I am the son of his eldest brother, and eldest cousin."

Elrond felt like a heap of rocks had fallen on him. He knew Gil-galad had felt like family, but now he knew that was quite literal. He didn't know what to say - the speech he'd rehearsed many times over seemed to fly away as he sat there in shock.

Gil-galad spoke for him, taking Elrond's hand. "And so, we come by this honestly."

"*This.*" Elrond swallowed hard, cheeks on fire. "This... what do you mean, by*this*."

"I think you know exactly what I mean," Gil-galad said softly.

Elrond did - though he was still stunned to hear Gil-galad acknowledge it. Gil-galad kissed Elrond's hand, and then he let go of it and pulled Elrond closer and the next thing Elrond knew, their mouths crushed together, tongues swirling, sliding, teasing. It was Elrond's first kiss, and Gil-galad's Alpha scent was stronger than ever, and Elrond wanted.

And yet... Elrond pulled back, breathing harder. As much as he'd hoped to tell Gil-galad of his feelings and move forward into a relationship, the information he'd just received complicated things significantly. "In accepting Macalaure as my father, a Noldo by adoption, I carry the Doom. As do you, through your blood. Do you not know? *Tears unnumbered, ye shall shed.* If we... do *this*, if we join as one, we double the weight of the Doom upon us, we will suffer for it."

Gil-galad looked down, and away. The sadness on his face made Elrond's heart ache, and he wished more than anything that he could kiss Gil-galad again, hold him, take that sorrow away, give him ecstasy. But Elrond knew it would lead to deeper sorrow... the sort that had driven his adoptive father mad.

Days became weeks, weeks became months, months became years, and they did not speak of "this" again. But then one day when Gil-galad arrived to visit Elrond, it happened that Elrond was in heat. There were herbs that could be taken to suppress heat, and Elrond usually took them - he did not want to try to find another Alpha, he only wanted the man he could not allow himself to have - but it was recommended to allow oneself one heat cycle a year to avoid sickness from the herbs, and so Elrond was having that cycle, and he felt it would be rude to turn Gil-galad away.

That night Gil-galad came to Elrond's bedchamber, and Elrond did not refuse him. They stood on the balcony looking out at the Moon, not saying anything - nothing could be said,

nothing needed to be said - and then Gil-galad came closer, closer, until he put an arm around Elrond, and his other hand reached to turn Elrond's face to his. They kissed for the second time, and the blue flame of Gil-galad's eyes seemed even brighter than the Moon.

There on the balcony, under the moonlight and the stars, they made love. Gil-galad mounted him from behind, pulling his hair, fast and hard and fierce for being denied so long. Then with Elrond on his back, his legs on Gil-galad's shoulders, Gil-galad claimed him again, and Elrond spent all over Gil-galad's face and chest, as if he were marking Gil-galad as his own. Gil-galad carried him inside after that, and on Elrond's bed, he rode Gil-galad like a wild bull - this time he was the one to pull Gil-galad's hair as he took what he wanted, the magnificent Alpha cock teasing his sensitized channel to a glorious finish.

Gil-galad held him, stroking his hair, and Elrond listened to the beat of Gil-galad's heart and wished for that heart to beat until the end of Arda. He could not help but think now that they had given in to their desire, they would lose each other somehow, because of the Doom upon them.

And yet they could not resist each other. In the light of dawn, Elrond's heat-fever woke him once more and they made love again. And again. And again. Never too much. Never enough. Making up for all the lost time.

Their desire, their passion, their hunger, was stronger than the Doom.

They never married, and Elrond took herbs to avoid getting pregnant. It was enough that they were lovers sometimes, Elrond feared that making it any more official would heighten their risk.

And yet, even as careful as they were, when Gil-galad gave him the ring Vilya - set with a sapphire that reminded Elrond of the night sky when first they lay together - he couldn't help but feel they were living on borrowed time.

Such was Elrond's fear of losing what he loved, that when Galadriel and Celebrían came to Rivendell in their search for Celeborn, even though Elrond was taken with Celebrían right away, he said nothing of it. Even though Celebrían's Alpha scent drove him out of his mind just as Gil-galad's did, even though Celebrían's beauty and wit were on his mind often... he bore his feelings in silence.

When Elrond received word that Gil-galad had fallen in battle, Celebrían rode out to visit her friend out of concern. Elrond let her hold him, but it went no further than that. Even that was too much, making Elrond ache for her all the more.

Days became weeks, weeks became months, months became years, years became centuries. Elrond went unmated, afraid. But when Elrond was having one of his heat cycles, Celebrían came to visit again, and insisted upon meeting alone with Elrond in his bedchamber... it was then they finally spoke the truth between them.

"You love me, and I love you," Celebrían said matter-of-factly.

Elrond's words almost echoed Gil-galad's long ago. "Macalaurë was a father to me, and you are the granddaughter of his uncle."

Celebrían's words did echo Gil-galad's. "We come by it honestly."

Elrond took a step back. He knew Maglor had been lovers with Maedhros and they had spoken of having loved Fingon; Gil-galad had confirmed he was the son of Maedhros and Fingon. But Maglor had never spoken of Finarfin...

"Did you not know?" Celebrían touched Elrond's face. "My grandfather was lovers with his brothers, and his favorite nephew. That was part of why they left Valinor, because it was against the Laws."

"I didn't know the whole story, though I knew Macalaurë loved his Oma very much." Elrond exhaled. "Love is a dangerous thing." He remembered the way Maglor stared like he was looking at something many miles away.

"My mother fell out with her father for his, as she had put it, 'degenerate' ways. My grandfather loved Fëanor so much that he went to avenge him in the War of Wrath, and he was killed by Balrogs just as Fëanor was. My mother regrets that she judged him and never reconciled with him in life." Celebrían met his eyes. "I will never judge you for having loved Gil-galad. We cannot help who we love."

"My love doomed him," Elrond said.

"No. We make our own fate, here in Middle-Earth." Celebrían took his hands and began leading him towards the bed.

For the first time, they kissed, then they undressed each other, and fell on each other. Celebrían took him slowly, tenderly, and they savored each moment of sweetness, finally fitting together... feeling like they were made for each other. As badly as Elrond needed release he wanted to make it last, lost in Celebrían's eyes, her smile, her touch. He had been starving so long, afraid to love again, afraid to curse someone with his love, and in Celebrían's radiance he felt reborn. He felt he could hope for something more. Nothing else existed but their bodies, their pleasure.

They made love to climax after climax, each stronger than the last, and many hours later when they were sweat-soaked and sated, Celebrían's hand rested on Elrond's stomach and Elrond allowed himself to think of what it would be like to carry pups.

"Our children will rule a new Age," Celebrían said, knowing what he was thinking. "The kind of world my grandfather, and your father, wanted to see. It will finally be fulfilled, through our love."

Elrond smiled and kissed her brow. He hoped she was right. He wanted to believe.

Fólk deyr, en sönn ást er að eilífu

Chapter Notes

The title is "People die, but true love is forever" [a quote from The Crow] in Icelandic.

Fëanor died in his arms, going up in smoke and ash.
Fingolfin fell by Morgoth's hammer.
Fingon fell by Gothmog's axe.
Finarfin was killed in the War of Wrath.
Maedhros is long gone, by suicide.
Maglor remains. He has been wandering Middle-Earth longer than he lived in Aman.
Alone. Lonely.
Grieving.
But refusing to give in to the siren call of suicide because he keeps his family alive in his memories, his stories, his Song.
Refusing to give in because Morgoth would want him dead. And it would satisfy Manwë, he is sure, the Doom triumphant.
Maglor endures. He abides.
Maglor carries the fire.

He has learned to hide his ears, and uses magic to tone down his brightness and make his eyes look more human.
But there is one thing that he cannot disguise. He smells like an Alpha, but here among humans, he does not knot like an Alpha.
He takes mortal partners rarely - it hurts to watch them grow old and die, if they do not perish sooner of illness or injury or the war and violence of the ages - but when he does, when he yields to that urge for companionship, for sharing, for touch, for sex... he cannot knot.
This has been dangerous, in some times and places. A clue that he is more than what he says he is. He has almost been hanged or burned for it.
The years go on and on, and he does not age, and he must leave when he is too old and yet unaged, to avoid suspicion, and there is no corner of the world he has not seen. Even with the ache of losing each mortal he loves, he must still sometimes open his heart, and yet it is harder to do when he cannot do this one thing all the mortal Alphas can do.

Maglor will not end his own life, but he is exhausted, and one night, as he watches a shooting star, he prays for Nienna to have mercy on him. "Give me the Gift of Men." He wants to age and die like mortals do.

Time keeps passing and his hair does not grey, his face does not line, and he thinks Nienna has not heard him.
He takes a mortal to bed, once more, to drown his grief in passion...
...and this time he knots.

He has indeed received the Gift of Men, but not the one he asked for.
Maglor laughs, and the fire in him burns on another day.

Fëanor, Fingolfin, and Finarfin are gathered in the Halls of Mandos. Manwë walks around them in a circle, then stands before them and his voice rings out, *You will choose how you are reborn.*

You will give us time, Fëanor said.

I owe you nothing, Spirit of Fire, but in our mercy I will concede that to you.

After Manwë walks off, Fëanor scoffs, rage flaring in him. *Do not speak to me of mercy, you who let the Jail Crow torment our family and then would blame us for fighting back.*

Fëanor remembers his life - the secret marriage vows with Fingolfin, and Finarfin. Creating the Silmarils in honor of the light of their love, one Silmaril for each Finwion brother. Fëanor looks out at the weave of worlds and sees Maglor alone, wandering, grief-stricken.

I will go where my son is, Fëanor says. *He dwells among Men now... I shall become one so he is not alone. I am sure my life will not be easy. But I will not leave my one surviving son alone, in the world. And our love for each other, the fire in our blood, is strong. I believe we will find each other at the appointed time.*

You will lead, and I will follow, Fingolfin says, a hand to his heart. *Always.*

Always, Finarfin says.

The three brothers - the three lovers - join hands.

The spirit of Fëanor descends like a phoenix into Iceland, with its volcanoes. Iceland, the last country to use the letter þ in modern days.

Sören Sigurðsson draws his first breath on a late November afternoon, during rare thundersnow.

Years later, a pair of phoenixes are tattooed onto his back, flames up one arm, ocean waves on the other.

His dreams are haunted by burning to death, going up in smoke and ash, burning ships like his ancestors' Viking funerals but he is the one burning them... and dreams of something gleaming in the sea, a strange light.

He paints what he sees in his dreams... what he sees in his mind's eye of people, places, things, as if he sees through eyes of flame.

Fingolfin becomes the elder, to give Fëanor the father figure he needed, to give Sören the father figure he needs now.

To protect Sören from himself, the consuming fire.

Nicholas walks the streets of Paris, stroking his silver beard in deep thought, thick salt-and-pepper eyebrows furrowed over dark eyes keenly observant.

Finarfin is reborn in London, a boy named Anthony, not blond, but dark-haired like the Finwions had been - though Fëanor had loved Finarfin's hair, he had always wished to look more like his brothers.

Anthony has a passion for justice, fighting bullies from a young age.
Echoes of a life where his family was taken from him by those bigger and stronger.

Across the world, across universes, they will find each other again.
They will find Maglor.
This time, they will get it right.

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