

## Finwion Smut

Posted originally on the [SquidgeWorld Archive](http://squidgeworld.org/works/44649) at <http://squidgeworld.org/works/44649>.

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Fandom:	<a href="#">The Silmarillion</a> , <a href="#">Flameborn (Multiverse)</a>
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Character:	<a href="#">Maglor</a> , <a href="#">Finarfin</a> , <a href="#">Fëanor</a> , <a href="#">Fingolfin</a> , <a href="#">Maedhros</a> , <a href="#">Fingon</a> , <a href="#">Curufin</a> , <a href="#">Celegorm</a> , <a href="#">Turgon of Gondolin</a> , <a href="#">Maeglin</a>
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Stats:	Published: 2023-08-12 Chapters: 36/36 Words: 34887

## Finwion Smut

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

### Summary

My [Finwion Smut](#) series on Ao3 [2019-2022], but compiled as one giant multichapter [instead of 5 one-shots + a 31-chapter serial of one-shots for October 2022] because I am Le Tired.

Ships + kinks are in chapter titles for your convenience.



*pleasuring yourself... when I cannot be there.*

Fëanor closed his eyes. As he turned his head once more to Arafinwë's and they nuzzled and kissed, the gears in Fëanor's mind began to spin.

—

By the time Fëanor returned from visiting with his brother-lovers at Alqualondë, the gears in his mind were spinning so hard they were making sparks and smoke. Fëanor was once again utterly consumed, obsessed, with the need to *fix* this somehow, the need to create. He burned.

He retreated to his forge, as was his wont, and stared into the flames. He thought of the lamps that he had made years ago - Nelyafinwë had been afraid of the dark as a small child, so Fëanor had made a little light that could not go out, and then he had made more, since they were useful for more than just comforting children. He needed something like that, except instead of light preserved in the glass, it would be the fire of one's mind. Ósanwe, but with the additional gift of being able to show what was happening, not just tell.

Fëanor thought long and hard - indeed, his thoughts weren't all that was hard, picturing his brothers being able to watch him, both alone and with one of them, and he would be able to watch them as well. His love for his brothers was like a force of nature, powerful and terrifying, and he pushed the energy of that passion into the glass.

When the first three palantiri were made, one for each of them, Fëanor tested it out, finally allowing himself the sexual release he'd denied himself for many feverish days working on his project near-ceaselessly. He stroked himself in front of one palantir, and saw the apparition of him playing with his cock in the surface of the other two palantiri.

Just before he could climax, Ñolofinwë barged into the forge. When Fëanor worked like this, his servants were under strict orders not to interrupt him or allow anyone else to interrupt him unless it was an emergency. It was either an emergency or, judging from the stern look on Ñolofinwë's face, he'd strong-armed the servants into letting him in.

"I have been informed that you have not slept, eaten, or bathed in days, so I came out here to see to it that you do," Ñolofinwë scolded. "You are coming with me and I am going to take care of you."

"But -"

Before Fëanor could protest too much, Ñolofinwë walked over, picked him up as if he weighed nothing, and physically carried him out of the forge, to the guest room where Ñolofinwë was staying at the palace. A bath had been drawn, and Ñolofinwë quickly undressed Fëanor and shoved him down into the soapy water. A few moments later, Ñolofinwë was also nude and joined him.

"Why are you like this?" Ñolofinwë teased, gently touching Fëanor's face before moving closer, pulling him into a fierce, hungry kiss.

Fëanor whimpered as Ñolofinwë moved into position, feeling Ñolofinwë's hard cock against his. Ñolofinwë took both hard cocks into his fist and worked them together, kissing Fëanor again and again. The silken steel of Ñolofinwë's cock rubbing against his quickly

undid Fëanor, coming with a cry, and Fëanor's cock coating his with cream set Nolo-finwë off too, giving a hoarse shout. The sight of their cocks shooting together, their mingled seed pouring down their shafts, was one of the most deliciously erotic things Fëanor had ever witnessed...

...and he wished Arafinwë could see it.

"The glass balls in my forge," Fëanor said after he caught his breath, resting in Nolo-finwë's arms, leaning on his shoulder. "One is for you, and one of them needs to be sent to Arafinwë -"

"That can wait."

"No, it can't." Fëanor picked up his head and gave him a pleading look. "I can't relax until -"

"All right." Nolo-finwë gave a resigned sigh, patted him, and tousled Fëanor's hair. "And then you're going to be a good boy for Atya and rest." Even though Nolo-finwë was younger, he was enough of the "responsible adult" that he roleplayed being Fëanor's father, which gave them a wicked thrill.

After the messenger was sent out with a palantir for Arafinwë and a wax-sealed scroll of instructions, Nolo-finwë took Fëanor to bed. There was an assortment of bread, cheeses, meats, fruit and vegetables. Nolo-finwë fed Fëanor by hand, and Fëanor couldn't resist teasing him, licking and sucking his fingers.

But despite the sexual tension building back up again with the teasing - and the trust of the tender loving care - the warm bath and the orgasm made days of not sleeping catch up with Fëanor, and once his meal was over, as Nolo-finwë cradled and rocked him, petting him, whispering "Good boy. That's a good boy. Atya's good boy," Fëanor fell asleep in Nolo-finwë's arms.

—

Fëanor was almost embarrassed by the undignified howl that came out of him as he stretched and opened his eyes to the changing light of the Trees through the window. He never enjoyed waking up most of the time but now it was especially unpleasant - his entire body ached, and his mouth was parched. He sat up and grumbled.

Nolo-finwë looked up from where he'd been sitting in a chair across the room, reading. He walked over and gently sat on the edge of the bed, taking Fëanor's hand in his. "How are you?"

Fëanor made a noise. He rubbed his eyes, yawned, and stretched again. "How long did I sleep?"

"A couple of days."

Fëanor's jaw dropped. He knew he'd gone several days without sleeping, feverishly at work in the forge, possessed, but he didn't realize it had been that long. "No wonder I feel like shit. I'm all stiff."

"Are you now."

Fëanor caught the innuendo and snickered. "Sometimes, Ñolo, you're just as bad as I am."

"As you know, Fëanáro, nobody is as bad as you are." Ñolofinwë's lips quirked with the hint of a smile that would have been a grin on anyone else. "But perhaps I can be of assistance."

After another bath, Ñolofinwë had Fëanor stretch out on the bed. He took a bottle of oil and proceeded to rub Fëanor down, starting with his back, his shoulders and arms, his ass, his thighs and calves. Fëanor melted into his brother's touch, kneading away the pain, soothing and arousing all at once. His soft moans and sighs let Ñolofinwë know he was doing everything just right.

The hard proof, of course, was when Fëanor turned over, laying on his back, cock hard against his belly. Ñolofinwë's hands slowed down, caressing more than rubbing, playing over him in slow, lazy circles. When one of Ñolofinwë's hands reached Fëanor's hard cock, hand sliding up and down the shaft ever so slowly, Ñolofinwë began to kiss Fëanor's neck, knowing how sensitive he was there.

"Such a good brother, letting me sleep when I needed it," Fëanor said, looking into Ñolofinwë's beautiful blue-flame eyes.

"I ached, looking at you, so inviting, but I behaved myself," Ñolofinwë husked. Their eyes met again and Ñolofinwë smiled. "I shan't behave myself now."

"I fucking hope not."

Ñolofinwë cupped Fëanor's chin in his hand and their lips met, tongues teasing. They both groaned into the kiss and when Fëanor reached down he felt Ñolofinwë was just as hard as he was.

As eager as Fëanor was to make love, he remembered. "I need one of the glass balls from the forge."

Ñolofinwë sighed, threw on a robe, and went down to the forge. When he came back Fëanor was propped up on an elbow, stroking himself. "What shall I do with this?" Ñolofinwë asked, holding up the palantir. He let his robe fall to the floor, and held the palantir in front of his cock. Fëanor laughed.

"Put it down next to the bed," Fëanor instructed.

After Ñolofinwë set the palantir down and climbed back onto the bed, Fëanor reached out and touched Arafinwë's mind. *Arafinwë, do you have the glass ball I sent you? The palantir?*

Yes.

*Make sure you're looking at it. I have a treat for you.*

A few minutes - and kisses - later, Arafinwë appeared in the surface of the glass ball. Ñolofinwë's jaw dropped. "How..."

"I was busy," Fëanor said, patting him. He waved to Arafinwë, and Arafinwë waved back. Then Fëanor made his cock wiggle at his brother, and Arafinwë laughed.

Arafinwë stopped laughing when he watched Ñolofinwë dive down and take that cock in his mouth. "Oh, fuck."

Fëanor looked on with interest as Arafinwë watched them in the palantir, stroking himself gently, breathing harder. Ñolofinwë sucked slowly, and after awhile took Fëanor's cock out of his mouth and licked it up and down, as Fëanor arched to him, panting. When Fëanor grabbed a fistful of Ñolofinwë's hair and growled through clenched teeth, Ñolofinwë put the cock back in his mouth and bobbed up and down, sucking harder, faster...

...but Ñolofinwe was still the one in charge. Just before Fëanor could come in his mouth, Ñolofinwë stopped sucking, and slid up to kiss Fëanor, letting Fëanor taste his precum on his tongue. Fëanor bucked, moaning into the kiss, nails digging in Ñolofinwë's hips, going out of his mind with need. Ñolofinwë just laughed at him and took his sweet time, kissing and licking Fëanor's neck, then down to Fëanor's nipples, lapping them into glistening, swollen peaks. Arafinwë stroked his cock harder and faster, moaning.

"I wish you were here, brother," Ñolofinwë said, glancing into the palantir at the sight of Arafinwë pleasuring himself. "We could each suckle one of these lovely nipples, together..."

"*Fuck!*" Arafinwë made a strangled noise and worked his cock even harder.

Fëanor whimpered. This was even better than he'd thought it would be. He lost himself in lust and sensation, watching Arafinwë's hand on his cock, as Ñolofinwë's lips and tongue roamed over Fëanor's stomach, hips, and thighs. Ñolofinwë hovered over Fëanor's cock, dripping with precum, and he chased it with his tongue, more long, slow licks. But instead of taking Fëanor's cock in his mouth to finish him off, he draped Fëanor's legs on his shoulders and his tongue lashed away inside Fëanor's passage, driving him to the edge and keeping him there, Fëanor writhing, gasping, howling, begging. Ñolofinwë's tongue fucking that sweet spot inside him was so good, but Fëanor needed more. He needed cock.

Ñolofinwë made him beg and beg, and Arafinwë loved it, moaning louder as he stroked. When Fëanor couldn't make words anymore, just animal noises, almost sobbing, Ñolofinwë relented.

"On all fours," Ñolofinwe commanded.

Fëanor faced the palantir, sticking his ass out at Ñolofinwë. Ñolofinwë got on his knees behind Fëanor, and Arafinwë watched as Ñolofinwë guided his cock to Fëanor's opening. Once Ñolofinwë was inside, all three brothers cried out at once.

Sometimes Ñolofinwë's lovemaking could be more gentle, with slow thrusts, teasing and teasing their way to orgasm, but now he showed no mercy, grabbing Fëanor's hair with one hand, slapping Fëanor's ass with the other, rocking into him fiercely. Fëanor loved it, grabbing the sheets with his fists, rolling his hips back at Ñolofinwë, whimpering.

"Fuck him hard, Ñolo," Arafinwë growled.

Ñolofinwë growled back. "He feels so good."

"Mmmm, I love that cock," Fëanor panted, as Ñolofinwë's cock rubbed that sweet spot, hitting it over and over again, the pleasure and tension building and building.

Soon Fëanor was *right there*, ready to come, but trying to hold back just a little longer, wanting to keep feeling that delicious rhythm... wanting to keep feeling Ñolofinwë inside him, fully joined, fully connected, one flesh. He wanted to keep watching Arafinwë work his thick cock, wanted to keep looking at the lust on Arafinwë's face...

...and then his body couldn't hold back anymore. He screamed as his climax shattered him, the contractions so intense they almost hurt, fluttering, flying. The pleasure throbbed and throbbed, his body weightless, then drifting down into bliss. Through the haze of his orgasm he heard Ñolofinwë call out his name and felt Ñolofinwë's seed pour into him, and he watched Arafinwë throw back his head with a broken cry as his seed sprayed his chest and stomach. Fëanor reflexively licked his lips, wishing he could taste it.

Ñolofinwë collapsed onto Fëanor's back, laughing with euphoria. Fëanor laughed too.

"That was the best present you've ever given me," Arafinwë said.

"Indeed, this might be Fëanor's best invention yet." Ñolofinwë laughed again, and turned Fëanor's face to his, so they could kiss.

"Well, now you've given me a challenge," Fëanor said. "I'll have to find a way to outdo this."

"Oh, you." Ñolofinwë kissed the tip of Fëanor's nose. "Promise me one thing - that you'll take care of yourself when you attempt said challenge."

"You taking care of me is more fun."

Ñolofinwë smacked Fëanor's ass. "Brat."

"You're goddamn right."

## Little Lion: Fëanor/Finarfin [Rough Sex, Knifeplay, Blood Kink]

Fëanor had not been outside his workshop much in weeks. He was having another one of his fits.

There had, weeks ago, been another misunderstanding with Nerdanel. Once again he had come out of it with the feeling that nothing he said or did would be good enough, that he was always saying and doing the wrong thing. It used to be, in the early days of their marriage, they could resolve things sooner rather than later - sex cured all manner of ills. But they had been drifting apart, less and less time for each other, less and less thought to each other. Fëanor still loved her, and that was the problem. He loved with the fire of a sun, the fire of a star exploding. And when that love was rejected, that fire imploded, leaving him burnt.

The problems with Nerdanel would be bad enough on their own, but whenever he had problems with Nerdanel, problems with Ñolofinwë soon followed. For years, he and his brother-lover made sport of their sibling rivalry, the clash of their personalities, opposites attracting violently, adding spice to their sinful unions. But as of late there had been far less lovemaking and far more arguing, as Fëanor felt stung enough by Nerdanel to be short and reactive with Ñolofinwë, and Fëanor was starting to feel the distance with his brother as well. And as different as they were, they were both alike in their pride, where the more each of them felt stung by the distance, the less willing they were to try to be the first to reach out and bridge the distance.

The drifting from Nerdanel was merely painful, the drifting from Ñolofinwë was downright unbearable. At last Kanafinwë came around, wanting to comfort his father, hold him, soothe and coddle, offer pleasure. And as much as Fëanor desperately ached for such tenderness, the wounded pride came out with a roar of "*Don't you feel sorry for me.*"

So here he was, in his forge, alone. Working tirelessly on his latest obsession. If he could not have the passion of his lovers' bodies, the song, the dance, the beauty of mating together, he would have the passion of creation, his work keeping him company.

And then one of his servants dared interrupt him. "Forgive me, master -"

"What. Is. *It.*" Fëanor slammed down his hammer. "This had better be *important.*"

"Finarfin is here to see you." The servant bowed slightly, with an apologetic frown.

Fëanor tilted his head to one side. He had not seen Arafinwë in some time - it was a long way to travel. Long enough that, as much as Fëanor wanted to be left alone, he finally left his forge, going to the greatroom where Arafinwë was pacing around.

His youngest brother - that damned Indis's favorite - was much the same as he'd seen him the last time, airy robes of sky blue flowing over a white tunic and breeches, adorned with delicate jewelry that Fëanor had gifted him of pale blue stones mixed with grey stones of a silver-blue-gold flash, like sunrise on a winter morning. The knee-length flood of silver-gold hair that had enchanted Fëanor for years rippled as he moved, and Fëanor found himself unable to speak, always tongue-tied in the presence of such beauty.

"Well?" Arafinwë folded his arms.

"Hello brother." Fëanor swallowed hard. "What brings you here?"



"I think you know." Arafinwë took Fëanor's arm and began marching him out of the greatroom, his stride long and proud. Fëanor's was normally but the depression that had overtaken him had slowed him a bit, rushing to keep up, feeling rather dragged along by the younger Elf.

They arrived in Fëanor's chambers, and when they were absolutely alone, doors closed and locked behind them, Arafinwë gave him a stern look. "I received a courier from Kanafinwë. He says you won't leave your workshop, you're not sleeping, not eating, not -"

"I'm fine, Arafinwë. Really." Fëanor gave a thin, pained smile. *Leave me alone, beauty. Let me suffer.* "I'm sorry you had to come all this way for nothing."

"Hello, Sorry You Had To Come All This Way For Nothing."

Really, Arafinwë could be such a damned *shit* at times - Fëanor gave it and Arafinwë dished it right back. He *almost* regretted being a horrible influence on the boy when he was younger.

Fëanor made a noise. "I'll see to it that you're given the guest quarters and something to do with your time -" He tried to walk away, and Arafinwë seized his arm.

Their eyes met. The silver eyes they both had, that Kanafinwë had inherited. Now Arafinwë was taking off his robe, letting it pool to the floor. Fëanor went hard when Arafinwë removed his shirt - *damn him* for being so attractive, so tempting, so irresistible - and as Arafinwë removed his boots and breeches, he gave Fëanor a condescending look. "I'm waiting, Fëanáro."

"Hello Waiting -"

Arafinwë grabbed him and kissed him hard, and with that, Arafinwë began to undress Fëanor himself. Fëanor wanted to smack him at the smug smirk when his hard cock sprung free, even as a shiver went down his spine at the heat in Arafinwë's eyes. When they were both naked, hard cock pressed up against hard cock, Arafinwë took Fëanor in his arms and kissed him deeply, with such sweetness that it brought tears to Fëanor's eyes.

It was all too often Arafinwë who picked up the broken pieces, when Fëanor was like this. And here he was once again, big damn hero to the rescue. When all the world had forsaken him, there his youngest brother would be, giving him the love he felt he did not deserve, giving him back his fight, fueling his fire when he was so tired and wanted to snuff out once and for all...

Fëanor shoved him back. "Hells-damned son of Indis -"

Somehow, Arafinwë had a dagger concealed in his hand, and it was at Fëanor's heart now. Legs lockstep, Arafinwë's arm steadied around him, dagger still at the heart so one false move would drive it home, and Arafinwë walked him towards the bed. Pushed Fëanor down, climbed over him.

"Now then," Arafinwë said. With his free hand he reached for the vial of oil he knew Fëanor kept on his bedtable. Oil that he'd used many times before, that Ñolofinwë had used, that Kanafinwë had used, one on one and with Fëanor in varying combinations. "Let me in, brother."

With the dagger still at Fëanor's heart, Arafinwë claimed his mouth, kissing him with all the fire that Fëanor had once scorned his youngest brother could not possibly have. Arafinwë kissed Fëanor again and again like he was trying to eat his eldest brother alive, and Fëanor melted to him, moaning, whimpering, trembling, cock throbbing.

"You need this, Fëanáro. Let me give you what you need. *Let me in.*"

Fëanor's arms wrapped around him and his legs spread. He gave a nod.

"Good." Continuing to hold the dagger at his brother's heart, Arafinwë readied Fëanor's channel with oil-slick fingers. "Ai, you are tight, my brother. It has been too long since Ñolofinwë or Kanafinwë has had you."

Fëanor whimpered and bucked against Arafinwë's fingers, relentless, finding that secret, sacred place in him and commanding it to yield its magic. "Ara, please..."

Arafinwë chuckled. "Better." He began to kiss Fëanor's neck, and down to a nipple, knowing how exquisitely sensitive Fëanor was there.

"Ara!" Fëanor bucked against him again, quivering, panting.

Back and forth between Fëanor's nipples the youngest brother went, lapping, suckling, nibbling, tugging with his teeth, laving some more, until Fëanor started to writhe and Arafinwë moved the dagger from Fëanor's heart to his throat.

With the dagger held in place, Arafinwë growled, "Do you trust me?"

"Yes."

Arafinwë began to push inside, slowly. When he was all the way in they both cried out, and Arafinwë seized Fëanor's mouth again, like he was starving for it. Fëanor moaned into the kiss and Arafinwë responded with a deeper groan. Arafinwë thrust slowly, aching slowly, dagger at Fëanor's throat, hot, fierce kisses at Fëanor's neck. Using his teeth, nibbling Fëanor's neck and shoulder.

"You know I will never hurt you, Fëanor. Others in this family might... but you know I will not." Their eyes met. "I could devour you, but not destroy you."

"*Arafinwë.*" It was Fëanor who claimed a kiss now, and Arafinwë gave it so willingly, tongues searching, teasing, tasting, wanting. Fëanor reached up to play with a lock of the silver-gold mane he loved so much - loved it because it was like the light of Arafinwë's soul made manifest, just as he loved the blue of Ñolofinwë's eyes for the same reason. "My golden lion."

Arafinwë gave a purr before he kissed Fëanor again. "Yes, Fëanáro. Ere I would hunt you, to bring you back from the darkness." The blade of the dagger began to drag along Fëanor's throat like a sharp caress, the sweet sting of the bite into his flesh sending thrills through his body.

The tip of the blade dragged down Fëanor's skin, from his throat to his chest. Running over one nipple and across the chest to the other, back and forth, making Fëanor tremble and cry out, rolling his hips against Arafinwë, trying to urge him on faster, but Arafinwë still took his time, moving inside Fëanor as slowly as could please.

The blade slid back up to Fëanor's throat, and back down to his heart. Not enough to do

serious damage, just enough to break the skin. Arafinwë's tongue lapped the blood that flowed now, and it was then when Arafinwë finally gave in, rocking harder into Fëanor, harder and harder still, as Fëanor's nails dug into Arafinwë's back, crying out, almost sobbing in his need.

"My blood," Arafinwë rasped between hungry kisses. "You can run and hide from your wife, from your son, from our brother... you cannot run and hide from me."

"Ara. Ara. Please. *Please. Fuck me.*"

"Yes. Shameless, sluttish, like a wild animal in heat, you will *beg for me.*"

"Ara, my Ara, fuck me, harder, fuck me, brother, *please!*"

Arafinwë drove into him with abandon, fucking Fëanor as savagely as Fëanor wanted, needed, craved, ached. Fëanor howled, raking Arafinwë's back again, hips slamming together, fire fighting fire and leaving scorched earth, the two of them coming together, Arafinwë letting out a roar before Fëanor screamed his name.

Arafinwë put down the dagger and cradled Fëanor, still inside him. Rocked him gently as their orgasm ebbed and faded, the brilliant blinding glory of it now a soft glow.

"My little lion," Fëanor said, smiling at him adoringly, "how fierce you are."

"It is what you need," Arafinwë said.

"You enjoy it."

Arafinwë smiled. "I did not claim otherwise."

Fëanor gave him a little kiss. "Thank you." And then Fëanor acknowledged, at last, "I did need that, yes."

That smug smirk again... the heat in his eyes. "We're not done yet."

"No," Fëanor said, smirking also, shivering as Arafinwë gave him a deep kiss. When they pulled apart to catch their breath, lips lingering, breathing each other in, Fëanor husked, "Nothing is ever ended, with you and I."

## Hush: Fëanor/Finarfin [Breathplay, Choking, Rough Sex]

Fëanor wakes with a cry, heart hammering in his ears. When he realizes where he is - safe, and disturbing his brother - he tears up, ashamed of himself.

Arafinwë sits up and pulls Fëanor against him, no judgment. "What is it?"

"I dreamt..." Fëanor doesn't want to tell him, as if saying it will make it real, somehow. It feels too real - the fire, the feeling of being completely, utterly alone, abandoned by everyone he loves. He shivers despite the warmth of the room, the warmth of Arafinwë close to him. "It was bad." He leaves it at that.

"Oh, love." Arafinwë begins rocking him, stroking his hair. He lays back down, pulling Fëanor down with him. "You came here to rest... I'm so sorry that was disturbed." He kisses Fëanor's brow and frowns. "It must have been *very* bad. I don't just mean the dream. I mean... what brought you here. Worse than you've let on."

Fëanor nods. He tried, again, with Nerdanel, reaching out to her, just to be ignored and mocked. After days in his forge, not sleeping, not eating, Kanafinwë made him get on a carriage to ride out to Alqualondë. Arafinwë's palace by the sea is a place of peace, and every time Fëanor visits he feels nourished, the fire in him burning bright and clean.

It isn't just the magnificence of the palace, or the seascape, or the rose garden, or Arafinwë's bird menagerie with all the swans, but Arafinwë himself. He soothes Fëanor with his touch, his kiss, his cock, giving him relief, giving him ecstasy. Arafinwë is gentle, tender... most of all when he is fierce, pulling Fëanor's hair, smacking his ass, fucking him hard, because for all his savagery Fëanor knows Arafinwë would never, ever hurt him. Since Arafinwë professed his undying love many years ago, he keeps saying, "I would die for you."

Fëanor believes it with all his heart. But now... he feels like he is the one dying, like he could fade from the exhaustion of feeling unwanted, unloved, by the woman he married, who he has carried a torch for long since her love has grown cold. Arafinwë wants him more than Nerdanel has ever wanted him, and tonight, the cool breeze of Arafinwë's tenderness after the hot, dry, stifling air of the fiery nightmares isn't enough. Fëanor aches to feel Arafinwë's ache, the untamed, wild desire that burns beneath the cool, courtly exterior.

Arafinwë seems to intuitively understand Fëanor needs help coming back from the edge. "What can I do for you? How can I make it better?"

Fëanor almost sobs. "Please... I need..."

Arafinwë strokes Fëanor's face, looks into his eyes - it feels like Arafinwë is looking into his heart. "What do you need, brother mine?"

"*You. I...*" Fëanor swallows hard, speaks the deepest truth of the deepest wound of his fëa. "I need to feel my life in your hands. Close to killing me, but holding back. I need... to trust you." *Give all that I am to you, the broken pieces. Let you break them some more, and put them back together.*

"How?"

"Take my breath."

There is a long silence, and for a moment Fëanor worries he's asked too much, that he's crossed a line that even his savage lion of a brother will not cross. But at last Arafinwë just nods. "As you wish, my love."

It only takes a few kisses for Fëanor to start digging his nails in Arafinwë's back, grinding his hard cock, desperately rutting against him, panting for it. Arafinwë licks and nibbles at Fëanor's neck, knowing how sensitive he is there, takes his sweet time lapping and suckling Fëanor's nipples, tugging the nipple rings with his teeth. He kisses Fëanor all over, biting him here and there, knowing Fëanor will have bruises tomorrow, evidence of where he's been, their forbidden pleasure. He kisses all the way down to Fëanor's cock and sucks him maddeningly slowly, and when Fëanor begs "please, I need you inside me," Arafinwë just laughs and begins to lick Fëanor's passage, making Fëanor howl and writhe. "Your cock, damn you," Fëanor growls. "Give me your cock..."

But Arafinwë doesn't give in that easily. He teases and teases - this, too, is part of their game, to see how he can drive Fëanor mad, make him lose control to the point where the only thing that matters in the world is getting fucked by his brother-lover.

When Fëanor grabs Arafinwë's hair, Arafinwë relents, and reaches for the oil. He readies them both, and with Fëanor laying on his back, looking up with love and trust in his eyes, Arafinwë takes him. Once all the way inside, Arafinwë kisses him deeply. "I love you."

That is the last of his mercy.

He pays Fëanor back for that hair-pull, seizing a fistful of Fëanor's hair and yanking it hard as he drives into him with deep, punishing thrusts. Fëanor bucks, rocking his hips back at Arafinwë, matching his rhythm. "Yes, fuck me," Fëanor gasps, nails in Arafinwë's back. "Fuck me, brother, fuck me, Ara..."

They can't be too loud, lest the servants overhear. Arafinwë kisses him again, and they kiss and kiss, as Arafinwë pounds into him, balls slapping madly, bed rocking against the wall where Fëanor wonders what's the point of keeping him quiet. The hand not grabbing Fëanor's hair goes for his cock, stroking it fast and furious, and Fëanor feels himself rush to that edge, shaking, whimpering into the hot, fierce kisses, needing so badly to come, but never wanting Arafinwë to stop...

The pleasure builds higher and higher, and Fëanor feels ready to fly, ready to fall. Their foreheads are pressed against each other, they're looking into each other's eyes, breathing each other's breath -

-and Arafinwë lets go of Fëanor's hair, his hand coming down to press against Fëanor's throat and squeeze, his eyes feverish, fierce. Fëanor starts to choke, unable to breathe, and it sets him off, coming the hardest he's ever come, shuddering violently as he spurts all over Arafinwë's chest and stomach. Thrusting hard, Arafinwë lets go as he shakes with his own release - Fëanor gasps for breath, air exploding back into his lungs as Arafinwë explodes inside him, spending a seemingly endless amount of seed. Arafinwë bites Fëanor's shoulder and lets out a muffled howl as he continues to shiver.

The relief - not just the release, but the knowledge that Arafinwë is so strong, strong enough to kill with his bare hands, and didn't, stopping just short of it, he is safe with his strong brother, so worthy of his trust - makes Fëanor break down, sobbing. Arafinwë starts to cry too, more silently, as he kisses Fëanor's tears.

"Thank you," Fëanor says.

Arafinwë takes Fëanor's hands. "Thank *you*." He gives Fëanor a guilty look. "I hope I didn't hurt you?"

"No." Fëanor smiles through his tears. "Not at all." Then he feels a twinge of concern, since Arafinwë is also crying. "I hope you didn't hate it."

"No." Arafinwë gives a nervous little laugh. "I... liked it. I liked it a lot." Arafinwë looks off to the side, cheeks turning a delicate shade of pink. "I maybe liked it a little too much."

Fëanor laughs too. He pulls his brother down into a kiss. He's glad Arafinwë liked it - and a frisson goes through him, thinking of how they can explore this in future fuck sessions. But for now... "We're good together." Fëanor nuzzles him. "We take care of each other."

"Always." Arafinwë gives Fëanor a more gentle, soft kiss.

Fëanor starts to drift off, and for now, Arafinwë has chased the nightmares away.

## Silmeowrils: Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin [Catboy Fëanor, Pet Play]

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fëanor always feels at peace when he visits Alqualondë, and here and now is a moment of bliss, snuggled between Arafinwë and Ñolofinwë on the balcony of Arafinwë's chamber, looking out at the beautiful view of the sea, sparkling in the warm glow of Laurelin. One of Arafinwë's cats tiptoes out and rubs against them, allowing a round of pettings before going back inside. Fëanor watches the cat scratch at a post, then hop up on a tower by one of the windows to lay in the light. Fëanor smiles, and as Arafinwë and Ñolofinwë resume petting him, Fëanor stretches and begins purring like the cat.

"It must be good to be a cat," Fëanor muses aloud. "I don't think I'd like to be one all the time, but if I could be a cat sometimes, that might be fun."

"You'd make a cute cat." Arafinwë kisses Fëanor's brow.

"And, most likely, a naughty cat." Ñolofinwë gives Fëanor a stern look, but his eyes are laughing.

Fëanor kisses the tip of Ñolofinwë's nose, then headbutts and nuzzles Ñolofinwë like a cat. "Mrowr."

Already, the gears in Fëanor's head are turning.

—

The next time Fëanor and Ñolofinwë visit Alqualondë together, Fëanor takes his brothers aside and says, "I have something to show you."

Fëanor is wearing the crown of Silmarils - he is rarely seen without it now, only removing it to bathe and sleep - and now he adds a second adornment... a pair of fluffy black cat ears, made from cat sheddings.

"As you know, you look ridiculous," Ñolofinwë says.

"But adorable." Arafinwë's eyes rake Fëanor up and down, looking at him like he is seeing his brother-lover for the first time.

"And adorable," Ñolofinwë concedes.

"Strangely... arousing." Arafinwë's cheeks are a delicate shade of pink.

Fëanor grins - that was exactly what he was going for. "Mrowr." Fëanor lets his robe fall to the floor, and begins undressing right there.

He isn't just wearing cat ears, but a matching fluffy black tail. He wiggles his rear end provocatively. Arafinwë reaches out to affectionately tug on the tail... and Ñolofinwë slaps Fëanor's ass.

"You *are* a naughty kitty," Nolo-finwë husks. He glances at Ara-finwë and they both nod, having the same thought. Ara-finwë gets up and comes back with the leash of diamonds and pearls, that they sometimes put Fëanor on, younger brothers dominating the older.

Fëanor's cock is already hard, and it jolts at the sight of the leash. He gets on all fours and crawls over to Ara-finwë, who puts the collar on him, then pulls on the leash, drawing Fëanor into a deep, hungry kiss. Then he hands the leash to Ñolo-finwë, who also kisses him. Fëanor lets out a plaintive mew as he watches the delicious sight of his brothers kissing each other.

Ñolo-finwë leads Fëanor to the bed, Fëanor crawling on the leash, and once Fëanor is on the bed, Ara-finwë ties the leash to one of the bedposts. Fëanor watches his brothers undress, kissing and caressing each other, hard cocks rubbing together. Fëanor meows again, cock throbbing, aching for attention.

"Kitty needs a bath," Ara-finwë says. Ñolo-finwë and Ara-finwë get on the bed on either side of Fëanor and do just that, licking Fëanor all over - neck, throat, shoulders, arms, underarms, nipples, chest, stomach, sides, hips, thighs, knees, calves, and back up. Long, slow, deliberate strokes of their tongues, driving Fëanor mad with sensation and lust. He writhes, meowing, howling. At last they lick his cock together... just licking, not sucking. Ara-finwë licks the head as Ñolo-finwë licks up and down the shaft, then Ñolo-finwë licks at the balls. They switch, Ñolo-finwë lapping the head as Ara-finwë's tongue slides down the shaft, then up. They lick the shaft together, and Fëanor yowls, begging them as a cat would, desperate.

Of course, they aren't going to give in right away, or anytime soon.

They roll him onto his stomach, and lick at the back of him - down his sensitive spine. A tongue inside him, lashing away at that sweet spot, bringing him close to the edge of orgasm but holding it off, slowing down before he can come. Building him up again, one tongue inside him, the other licking all over his back, licking up and down his spine, getting him closer, closer... and pushing release just out of reach. Fëanor is on the verge of tears with frustration and need, he wants to come *so* badly, but his brothers love this wicked game too much, and so does he. He knows his release will be well worth it for the build, but oh, it is taking so long to get there.

Longer still, when Ara-finwë unties the leash and tugs Fëanor forward. "Does kitty want some cream?"

"MEOW."

At first Fëanor sucks both their cocks at once, almost gagging at the way they fill his mouth. He doesn't have permission to touch himself, but that's getting more difficult as he watches his brothers kiss, tongues playing together between kisses, hands roaming over each other's bodies, teasing nipples, tracing the planes of their sculpted muscles, rubbing thighs and stomachs. The look on Ara-finwë's face as Ñolo-finwë kisses and licks his neck makes Fëanor feverish with want, and he starts grinding his hard cock against Ara-finwë's leg, not able to help it.

"Oh, look, little kitty's in heat for it," Ara-finwë says.

"Poor kitty." Ñolo-finwë skritchies Fëanor's head, then grabs a fistful of his hair. "Naughty, naughty kitty."

They pull their cocks out of Fëanor's mouth, and then Ara-finwë hands Ñolo-finwë the leash



and watches, stroking himself, as Nolo-finwë lays on his back against the pillows and Fëanor sucks Nolo-finwë's cock. Fëanor sucks hard and fast, greedy for it, moaning with his mouth full. Nolo-finwë is so beautiful in the throes of passion, those star-blue eyes blazing Fëanor's soul... and when Nolo-finwë comes in his mouth Fëanor almost comes too, savoring the sweet seed.

Arafinwë is next, leash in one hand, a lock of Fëanor's hair in the other. Arafinwë is on his knees, fucking Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor still moves his head, bobbing up and down, circling, making his mouth suction around the cock sliding in and out, working his tongue as much as he can with his mouth full. He loves when Arafinwë gets rough with him like this - he loves what an animal his soft-spoken, gentle-seeming brother is behind closed doors. Arafinwë comes with a fierce cry and Fëanor whimpers as Arafinwë floods his mouth, his need to come so intense he feels he could die from it.

Nolo-finwë has hardened up again from watching Fëanor suck Arafinwë's cock, and *now* he gives in to what Fëanor wants, taking the oil and kneeling behind Fëanor. Fëanor almost sobs from relief and gratitude as he feels the oil pour over him. He cries out as Nolo-finwë pushes inside him, so right, completing him. Then Arafinwë's cock is in his mouth again. Both brothers grab his hair, take turns playing with the leash as they have their way with Fëanor, Arafinwë thrusting into Fëanor's mouth, Nolo-finwë's hips smacking against Fëanor's.

"That's it, kitty," Nolo-finwë growls, skritch-ing Fëanor's head like a cat. He slaps Fëanor's ass. "Be our good kitty."

Fëanor loves that. He meows with his mouth full.

"That's right. That's a good kitty," Arafinwë says, also skritch-ing.

"Good kitty." Nolo-finwë plays with the tail. "Good kitty."

Fëanor rocks against him, matching his brother's rhythm, needing it so bad, the fire in him burning even hotter with each note of praise.

After awhile Nolo-finwë leans down, his chest against Fëanor's back. He gently pulls Fëanor off of Arafinwë's cock for a moment and kisses him deeply, tasting Arafinwë's precum on Fëanor's tongue. Then he lets Fëanor's face go and Arafinwë shoves his cock in Fëanor's mouth again, and Nolo-finwë kisses, licks, nibbles the back of Fëanor's shoulder. When Fëanor is *right there*, trembling, making urgent high-pitched noises around Arafinwë's cock, Nolo-finwë rasps "Good kitty," and bites the sweet spot where the neck meets the shoulder. Fëanor comes, and Arafinwë comes with him, filling Fëanor's mouth for a second time. Three sharp thrusts later, Nolo-finwë has his own release, letting out a sob into Fëanor's shoulder before biting it again, shuddering against him.

The brothers find their way into a cuddle-pile, and after they rest for a little while, Nolo-finwë bursts out laughing, the hardest Fëanor has ever heard him laugh.

"You *do* look completely ludicrous with the crown and the cat ears at the same time," Nolo-finwë teases.

"And yet, you fucked me while I wore it, so what does that say about you?" Fëanor tweaks Nolo-finwë's nose.

"It says we should perhaps be ludicrous more often." Nolo-finwë smiles.

"I have news for you - you both are ludicrous*all the time*." Arafinwë smirks.

"And you're not?" Ñolofinwë raises an eyebrow.

Fëanor grins. "No. He's beyond ludicrous." Before Arafinwë can protest, Fëanor sticks his tongue out and makes a rude noise against Arafinwë's shoulder.

## Chapter End Notes

SemperViridis made me art of catboy!Fëanor:





## Possession: Fëanáro/Fingolfin [Hair Bondage]

Fëanáro loved visiting Alqualondë and made excuses to go out there any chance he could. As the years passed and the love between Fëanáro and Nerdanel went cold, Fëanáro no longer needed excuses, he could come and go as he pleased. More than once, the thought crossed his mind that he should move there and live with Arafinwë for good, but Fëanáro knew that might arouse too much suspicion, hinting strongly at the true nature of his relationship with his brother, and though he was friendly with Eärwen, her family and people did not think so highly of him.

There was enough to do at Alqualondë for Fëanáro to mostly forget the Teleri didn't care for him. Every day, Fëanáro and Arafinwë took walks along the beach, admiring the way the water sparkled with silver, then gold, as the light of the Trees changed. They would wade in the waves, splashing each other. They built castles and creatures in the sand. They hunted seashells together; Arafinwë gave him shells with unique colors and patterns, and Fëanáro saved them all, sentimental. Often, Arafinwë took his brother sailing in one of the swan-boats, and a few times, dolphins danced in the sea, much to Fëanáro's delight. Sometimes Fëanáro helped Arafinwë in the garden. Every Noldo had a craft and for Arafinwë it was his plants, thriving lush and vibrant green under his loving care. Arafinwë had learnt much herblore from Indis, and had a wide selection of herbs for healing, as well as some plants known for their calmative properties. Fëanáro was high-strung, and Arafinwe enjoyed making him tea to calm his nerves. Fëanáro was as much soothed by the tenderness of Arafinwë taking care of him, as the medicinal tea itself.

What Fëanáro found most soothing at all was those quiet times in the evenings, as Telperion shone silver, and he and Arafinwë sat by the fire in Arafinwë's boudoir, holding each other. They had a nightly ritual of brushing each other's hair. Fëanáro had crafted a brush just for Arafinwë, only the finest would do for him. The handle was silver and embossed with roses, each rose petal a diamond, refracting brilliant rainbows. To Fëanáro, the two most beautiful sights in all of Arda were Nílofinwë's eyes and Arafinwë's hair. Fëanáro brushed Arafinwë's hair reverently, lost in the way the strands of hair gleamed silver, then gold, in the firelight. It was magic. It seemed to Fëanáro that Arafinwë's hair was the outward expression of the light of his fëa, the goodness of his heart, gentle and compassionate. Each stroke of the brush was an act of worship, of devotion, endlessly enchanted by the light of his hair, the beauty he saw in Arafinwë's fëa.

After a particularly bitter argument with Nerdanel, Fëanáro had been at Alqualondë for a month, but he knew he had to return if only for the sake of keeping up appearances. On his last night there, his heart was heavy, and there were tears in his eyes as he brushed Arafinwë's hair. He knew that he would be back soon enough, it wouldn't be the last time, but it still felt final. Even a few days away from his brother, never mind weeks or months, was too long.

Fëanáro tried to hold back the tears, not wanting to cry and make his brother sad, but Arafinwë knew. Arafinwë finally took the brush out of Fëanáro's hand, grabbed the sides of his face, and kissed Fëanáro's brow. As the tears broke, Arafinwë kissed them, kissing and kissing Fëanáro's cheeks, and then Fëanáro's mouth.

Fëanáro kissed him back with a ferocious hunger. A few deep, needy kisses later,

Arafinwë undid Fëanáro's robe and pulled it off him with trembling hands, before laying Fëanáro back on the furs spread out before the fire. Fëanáro clutched fistfuls of his brother's hair, sighing and moaning as Arafinwë worked his way down from Fëanáro's sensitive neck to his hard, pierced nipples, to the planes of his stomach, to the strong thighs, and back up. Arafinwë licked here, nibbled there, fingers walking up and down Fëanáro's body. He smiled at the way Fëanáro shivered, skin gooseflesh.

"You are so beautiful," Arafinwë whispered. "A work of art. Like you forged yourself."

That was high praise. Fëanáro savored the sweet words, the sweetness of Arafinwë's lips and tongue and hands playing over his body. But he needed more. So much more.

"Ara, please."

Arafinwë raised an eyebrow. "Please, what?" He knew what.

"Stop teasing me and fuck me," Fëanáro demanded. "If I must be without you for awhile, let's make tonight count."

"Here I thought we could make tonight count by me feasting on your lovely body," Arafinwë purred. He lapped at a nipple before his lips wrapped around it, tugging and sucking hard.

Fëanáro cried out, and pulled Arafinwë's hair. "Ara, please. *Please.*"

Arafinwë laughed, and turned to the other, tongue swirling around the nipple, lashing it, then suckling.

Fëanáro whimpered, and after Arafinwë made another round of licking and sucking those aching nipples, Fëanáro couldn't take it anymore. He yanked Arafinwë's hair as hard as he could. "Now, Ara. I need your cock inside me *NOW.*"

Arafinwë just looked at him with an amused expression, then he stroked Fëanáro's cheek and playfully kissed the tip of his nose. "Just because you're older doesn't mean you get everything you want, when you want it. If I must be without you for awhile, I intend on enjoying your body thoroughly tonight."

"You can enjoy my body by fucking me." Fëanáro pulled Arafinwë's hair again, then reached down to take Arafinwë's hard, slick cock in his hand. "You want it as badly as I do."

"I do, but you're in such a rush." Arafinwë shook his head, clicked his tongue, and then he smirked, mischief in his eyes. He grabbed Fëanáro's wrists, taking Fëanáro's hands away from his hair and his cock, and he held his brother's wrists for a moment, looking into his eyes. Looking into his heart.

Fëanáro shuddered, his cock pulsing with anticipation. He knew what that look meant. He was in trouble. He had a feeling Arafinwë was going to tie him up. Fëanáro ached for Arafinwë's cock, but he would gladly surrender to whatever Arafinwë wanted even if he had to wait. Arafinwë was at his most tender when he was at his most fierce, and Fëanáro needed that now, tonight of all nights.

But instead of getting up to fetch the rope he was wont to use, Arafinwë took locks of his hair and began braiding them, tying a braid around Fëanáro's right wrist. It took a

long time, and Fëanáro's balls protested every second, but somehow the sight of Arafinwë braiding his hair was as erotic to Fëanáro as if he were stroking his own cock. Fëanáro devoured Arafinwë with his eyes, enthralled by the beauty.

Once one arm was secured, Arafinwë worked on the other, braiding and braiding his hair around Fëanáro's left wrist until that, too, was bound. When both wrists were tied up in Arafinwë's glorious hair, Arafinwë kissed Fëanáro deeply, sweetly, so hard it took Fëanáro's breath away.

Then Arafinwë whispered, "Mine."

Just that word alone, that feeling of belonging to his brother, bound by his brother's own hair, almost made Fëanáro climax. But Arafinwë took his time, resuming his kisses and caresses all over Fëanáro's body until Fëanáro was quivering and sobbing, not even able to beg, unable to make words at all.

Arafinwë still wasn't done. He kissed from Fëanáro's stomach to the hard cock, licking up and down the shaft, then sucking slowly. Before Fëanáro could come in his brother's mouth, Arafinwë spread Fëanáro's legs, bending the knees, and licked around the hole, in maddening slow circles. His tongue fluttered inside and Fëanáro gasped. Fëanáro thrashed around as much as the hair restraints would allow as Arafinwë ate him, and when Arafinwë had his fill he kissed and bit each of Fëanáro's thighs. "Are you ready?"

"Please, Ara, please. Fuck me."

Arafinwë reached for the oil by the pillows and prepared Fëanáro, then coated his own cock with it. He kissed Fëanáro as he plunged inside. With one of Fëanáro's legs wrapped around his waist, Arafinwë pounded hard, balls slapping loudly against Fëanáro. Fëanáro's cries rose above the filthy smacking sound; if his wrists were not bound he would be clawing Arafinwë's back into ribbons. But this was even better, being bound to his brother like this, fully under Arafinwë's control.

"Mine," Arafinwë growled, biting Fëanáro's neck. "Mine." He bit Fëanáro's shoulder. "Mine. *Mine.*"

"Yes," Fëanáro panted, each sting of his brother's teeth bringing him closer. "Yes, yes. Yesyesyes -"

Soon Arafinwë was beyond words, gasping, a fevered look in his eye. Fëanáro knew Arafinwë was right there, and Fëanáro was there too, Arafinwë's cock teasing his most intimate place. Arafinwë reached down to stroke Fëanáro's cock and kissed him hard. A moment later Fëanáro erupted, seed blasting over Arafinwë's chest as he whimpered. Arafinwë came too, groaning, trembling. Fëanáro sighed, enjoying the feel of Arafinwë spurting inside him. Being marked, claimed. Another pulse of pleasure rocked through Fëanáro, and all that existed was light, the fire of joy.

They lay there, hearts thundering, and when the blaze of glory faded to a soft glow, Fëanáro looked into his brother's eyes and said simply, "Thank you."

They kissed again. "Thank *you.*"

Fëanáro smiled at the braids still binding him. "It's the finest adornments I've ever worn, next to the Silmarils."

Arafinwë laughed and tousled Fëanáro's hair. "I should hope so, those bonds took a rather long time."

"They did." Fëanáro gave Arafinwë a wicked smile. "Much too long to undo them so soon. I think we should get the most use we can out of them."

"Great minds." Arafinwë gave him another kiss. "We can go until the light changes."

Arafinwë began to thrust again, much more slowly than before. Fëanáro was sloppy from his brother's seed and they both groaned at the wet slurping sound, so obscene. Arafinwë kept it slow, kissing and caressing Fëanáro with each thrust. "I love you," he whispered between kisses. "I love you. You're mine."

Fëanáro might be leaving in the morning, but the light of Arafinwë's hair wrapped around him - and the fire of their passion - would burn away the darkness for days to come.



## Finarfin/Maglor: First Time

For his fiftieth birthday, Maglor goes out to see his uncle Finarfin, for a little vacation at Alqualondë.

It isn't just the lovely beaches and coastal forests that Maglor is looking forward to, but spending time with Finarfin himself. He's been in love with Finarfin as long as he can remember, even though he knows that love is against the Laws. All his songs are about Finarfin in some way, his magnificent obsession.

Finarfin takes Maglor sailing, showing him how to maneuver one of the smaller swan-ships - "a skill that might save your life someday," Finarfin explains. But also it's a beautiful day to be out on the water, and having a picnic in the ship, just the two of them, is delightful. Finarfin's thoughtful enough to prepare Maglor's favorite fruit and vegetables, with bread and cheese, and he's even made a little tiny cake.

A cake that Finarfin starts feeding Maglor from his fingers, like a pet given treats. Maglor licks and sucks the icing from Finarfin's fingers, and the heat in Finarfin's eyes lets Maglor know Finarfin finally sees him as a man.

Finarfin feeds Maglor all the cake - Finarfin loves cake and Maglor feels bad that Finarfin didn't have any himself. "You didn't get any cake," Maglor says.

Finarfin smiles. "There's something else I want for dessert."

Finarfin gets on his knees and takes out Maglor's half-hard cock. Maglor fully hardens in the wet velvet of Finarfin's mouth, sucking him expertly - Finarfin's done this before, and Maglor bets he knows who. Maglor leans back, enjoying his delicious fantasy made flesh. Finarfin sucks him slowly, then harder, hungry for it. Before Maglor can come, Finarfin takes Maglor's cock out of his mouth and licks it up and down, teasing, making Maglor beg for release. Finarfin teases and teases, licking all over the shaft, swirling around and around the head, back and forth over the sensitive slit. He sucks on just the tip, and Maglor begs louder, his voice echoing over the waves. Finarfin relents and takes more of Maglor's cock in his mouth, one hand rubbing the bottom of the shaft, the other hand playing with the balls. Their eyes lock and Maglor strokes Finarfin's beautiful silver-gold hair, like the light of the Trees mingling.

It doesn't take much longer for Maglor to come, filling Finarfin's mouth with hot seed. Finarfin kisses him with it, letting him taste himself, a wet sloppy kiss with seed spilling down their chins.

"I love you," Maglor says, touching Finarfin's face. "I've always loved you."

When they reach shore, Finarfin taps his shoulder, smiles, and pulls out a vial of oil from his cloak. They undress, and Maglor pushes Finarfin down atop the pile of their clothing in the white sand. Maglor straddles Finarfin's shoulders and lowers himself onto Finarfin's face, moaning as Finarfin's wicked tongue works inside him, readying him. At last Maglor moves back, pours oil over Finarfin's cock, and sinks down. He rides slowly, teasing them both... savoring the gift that he's ached for. As the light of Laurelin fades and Telperion sparkles silver on the sea, Maglor climaxes with a cry, and Finarfin comes an instant later, spending deep inside him.

Finarfin pulls Maglor close and kisses him deeply. "I love you too," he says, and holds

Maglor tight.

Maglor rests on Finarfin's shoulder and sighs, content.

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Many years later, after Maglor has cast the Silmaril into the sea, he wanders the shores, thinking of that beautiful first time... the love they shared, the love they lost. Watching the waves helps him to relive that moment, before everything went wrong.

## Fëanor/Fingolfin/Finarfin: Bondage, Forced Voyeurism and Orgasm Denial

"Please have mercy," Fëanor begs.

Fingolfin and Finarfin stop kissing, glance over at their eldest brother - tied up and helpless - and then they laugh and resume kissing, running their hands over each other.

Fëanor feels like his cock is going to explode, just from watching Fingolfin and Finarfin kissing, caressing, rubbing their hard cocks together. The torment intensifies when Fingolfin and Finarfin lay back, their heads between each other's legs, sucking each other's cocks, moaning with their mouths full. Fëanor drools on himself, wanting a taste.

But he can only watch. "You've been such a brat, Fëanor," Fingolfin says, looking up. He takes a long, slow lick at Finarfin's cock, and sucks on the tip, making Finarfin moan louder. Fingolfin lets the cock slip from his mouth again and smiles, blue eyes sparkling. "As you know, brats don't get to come." Fingolfin laughs and takes Finarfin's cock back in his mouth.

Fëanor howls with frustration, balls tightening, cock throbbing. "Please. Please. *Ineed.*"

But what he needs even more is to submit. Deep down, he loves this, and they know it.

In public he's their enemy, and in private he's their brat, their slut, their plaything, to punish and control however they see fit. It's their favorite game.

## Fëanor/Fingolfin: Facefucking, Hair-Pulling, Daddy Kink, Praise Kink

Before Nerdanel leaves on vacation to see her father - alone - she arranges for Fingolfin to come keep an eye on Fëanor. "He's holed up in the forge again working on one of his projects," she says with an eyeroll. "You know how he gets. Make sure he eats something."

"I will see that he eats something," Fingolfin promises her, and once she's gone, he smirks on his way to the forge.

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"Fëanáro, how long has it been since you've eaten? Or had water? Or slept? Or bathed?" Fingolfin's nostrils twitch.

Fëanor just grunts in response.

Fingolfin walks over and takes the chisel out of Fëanor's hand. Fëanor lets out a yelp of protest and Fingolfin's other hand clamps over Fëanor's mouth. Fingolfin sets the chisel down and then he walks Fëanor back towards the bench. He shoves Fëanor down on the bench. "You need to take better care of yourself," Fingolfin scolds.

"My art is taking care of myself."

"You know what I mean. You require sustenance."

Their eyes meet, and the desire in Fëanor's eyes mirrors Fingolfin's own. Quickly, Fingolfin takes down his breeches and frees his cock, hardening in the presence of his brother-lover. Fingolfin grabs Fëanor by the hair and shoves his cock in Fëanor's mouth. Holding a fistful of Fëanor's hair, he thrusts his hips, fucking Fëanor's face.

Fëanor sucks for all he's worth, greedy for it, making filthy slurping sounds as Fingolfin's cock glides in and out of his mouth. Fëanor reaches down to touch himself and Fingolfin slaps his hand away.

"Now, now. Once you've eaten like a good boy, Atya will let you play," Fingolfin teases.

Fëanor whimpers around the cock in his mouth and sucks harder. Fingolfin groans, pulls Fëanor's hair - making Fëanor moan with his mouth full - and thrusts harder. Fingolfin's free hand clamps on Fëanor's throat, not enough to choke, just enough to show him who's really in charge.

"That's my boy," Fingolfin rasps. "That's Atya's boy."

Fëanor whimpers again, more urgently. He sucks and sucks, and Fingolfin goes wild, rocking his hips madly, balls slapping against Fëanor's chin. Fingolfin tries to hold back, wanting to dominate Fëanor just a little longer, savoring the thrill of the power rush, making his older brother submit this way... but Fëanor's mouth is too good, and Fingolfin throws his head back and cries out as he spends into Fëanor's mouth, so much of it that it seeps out the corners of Fëanor's mouth, spilling down his chin and his throat.

Fingolfin sits next to Fëanor on the bench, and pulls Fëanor onto his lap, holding and petting him as he comes down from his climax, throbbing beautifully. "Good boy," he whispers. "Such a good boy. Atya's good boy."

"Thank you, Atya." Fëanor licks his lips.

When Fingolfin has recovered, he takes off Fëanor's apron, reaches down Fëanor's breeches, and pulls out Fëanor's hard, dripping cock. "What do we have here?"

"I'm all stiff, Atya," Fëanor says, and pouts. "Can you rub it and make it feel better?"

Fingolfin takes Fëanor's cock in his hand and strokes, kissing him deeply, tasting himself on Fëanor's lips... hardening up again. Fëanor smiles as he reaches down; his fingers brush the hard shaft and Fingolfin kisses him harder, both brothers moaning into the kiss. Fingolfin strokes Fëanor's cock faster, his own cock pulsing with need.

"Ai, Atya, you take such good care of me," Fëanor whispers.

"I love my good boy," Fingolfin says, "working so diligently." He kisses Fëanor again and again, his body aflame at the sound of those moans... feeling Fëanor's thick, hard cock dripping pre-spend over his hand.

They will have a feast of many courses, tonight.

## Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor: Caught Watching, Domination, Spitroasting, Rough Sex

"How long have you been standing there?" Fingon's eyebrows shoot up. "Watching us?"

"With your cock in your hand." Maedhros lets out a low whistle. "Ai, little brother, you're bigger than I am down there!"

Maglor's cheeks flush red and he looks off to the side. He lets go of his hard cock, slick with pre-spend, and when his eyes meet theirs - and he sees them admiring his erection - his cock jolts in response. Maedhros snickers.

"Come here," Fingon commands.

Maglor lowers his head and walks across the room, to the edge of the bed.

Fingon smirks. "Take off your clothes and kneel."

Maglor's mouth opens as if to protest, but then he closes his mouth, undresses, and gets down on his knees.

"I can't believe you, just... watching us fuck, stroking yourself," Fingon says. "And this isn't the first time it's happened, is it?"

"No," Maglor confesses. He looks off to the side again, face a brighter red.

"What a slut," Maedhros says, not unkindly. "It takes a real slut to play with yourself watching your own brother fuck."

Maedhros and Fingon exchange amused glances, and conspiratorial smiles. Fingon pulls out of Maedhros, his cock slick with oil and pre-spend. "All fours, face down, arse up," Fingon barks, grabbing Maglor by the hair and pulling him onto the bed.

Maglor does as he's told. He sticks his ass out at them and his hole twitches. Fingon slaps Maglor's ass and his hole twitches again. "Look at that slut," Fingon laughs.

Maedhros gets in front of Maglor, and Fingon gets behind him. Fingon shoves his cock in Maglor's hole, and Maedhros takes Fingon's mouth. Fingon and Maedhros lean in, kissing each other passionately, each taking a handful of Maglor's hair as they work their hips, fucking Maglor's ass and his mouth. Maglor moans with his mouth full, rocking his hips back at Fingon, desperately fucking himself on Fingon's cock.

"Ai, he wants it." Fingon's free hand slaps Maglor's ass. "Slut."

Maglor whimpers and sucks Maedhros harder; Maedhros groans. "He's a talented slut too," Maedhros rasps.

Fingon's hips slap against Maglor's, and Maedhros's balls smack Maglor's chin. Maglor's muffled moans get more urgent, and Fingon and Maedhros pull Maglor's hair harder, kissing each other more fiercely, then as they get closer, panting, they kiss open-mouthed, tongues licking, teasing. Maedhros comes first with a precious little whimper, and watching Maedhros come triggers Fingon's own release, growling as he spends into Maglor.

They aren't through with him. Maglor has to work for his orgasm, riding Maedhros's cock as Fingon fucks Maedhros, reaching around Maglor to play with his nipples, kiss and bite Maglor's neck. "You love this, you slut," Fingon snarls.

"Yes, yes, *more*," Maglor begs, riding Maedhros harder.

"You want to be our slut? You want us to share you and use you like the fucktoy you are?"

"Yes, yes, *yes*..." Maglor bites his lip and whines, then Fingon smacks Maglor's ass again and Maglor comes hard, howling as he shoots his cream all over Maedhros's face and chest. Maedhros sticks his tongue out and laps up what he can, before he groans and shudders; Maglor cries out, spilling more seed. Three thrusts later Fingon comes with a satisfied grunt, and leans on Maglor's shoulder, gasping for breath.

Maglor smiles. "I was hoping to get caught and that you'd punish me for it."

"Slut," Fingon and Maedhros say in unison. Maedhros pulls Maglor down into a kiss, and holds him close.

## Fëanor/Finarfin: Bondage, Gag, Forced Voyeurism, Facial, Daddy Kink, Omorashi, Rough Sex

Fëanor loves visiting Finarfin at Alqualondë - it's an excuse for them to have all the incestuous sex they want - but he doesn't love court politics. It's annoying enough in Valinor, but Fëanor thinks the Teleri are even more stuck on themselves.

Fëanor gives a speech in his brother's honor at Finarfin's birthday celebration, and afterwards is confronted by a Telerin man who tells him he's insulted by Fëanor's Telerin accent. Fëanor prides himself on his linguistic skills, and he takes offense to this. One good turn deserves another.

"And I'm insulted by you wearing such gaudy jewelry to my brother's feast," Fëanor scoffs. "It looks like a toddler made those baubles. Except when my sons were toddlers, even their shit was more artful than what you're wearing." Fëanor sniffs with disapproval.

Finarfin marches over and drags Fëanor away before he can make even more of a scene.

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In Finarfin's bedchamber, Fëanor sits tied to a chair, with a gag in his mouth.

"You are such a *fucking* brat, Fëanáro." Finarfin folds his arms. "And the worst part is, I *know* you went over-the-top with your insult because you were hoping I'd lose my cool and punish you. Right?"

Fëanor nods and makes a muffled sound of affirmation through his gag.

Finarfin clicks his tongue with feigned disapproval, but his eyes are shining. "You are the worst slut."

Fëanor makes a muffled "thank you" around the gag.

Finarfin undresses, sits on his bed, and begins to stroke his cock, making Fëanor watch, bound and helpless. Fëanor whimpers through the gag, and Finarfin laughs and keeps stroking himself. "I don't know if you should get this cock. You were such a bad boy."

Fëanor keeps whimpering, eyes riveted as Finarfin continues to play with himself.

Finarfin strokes and strokes, and when he gets closer, he walks over to Fëanor, hard cock bobbing with each step. Then his cock is right in Fëanor's face, engorged, throbbing, slick with pre-spend. Fëanor wants to taste it, craves it, aches for it. But he has the gag in his mouth, his arms and hands tied, nothing he can do about it. Finarfin strokes himself harder, panting as he gets closer, making Fëanor hard to the point of agony.

At last Finarfin comes, grunting as his spend shoots all over Fëanor's face. Fëanor howls with frustration and Finarfin laughs and pats him on the head.

Finarfin sits back down and starts *reading*. Naked. Pretending to ignore Fëanor sitting there with spend all over his face, hard cock painfully straining his breeches.



Fëanor's had a lot to drink at the banquet. He sits there long enough that his bladder starts bothering him, wanting relief. Fëanor tries to talk through his gag but the words are garbled, and his urgency to urinate makes it even harder to speak. He whines desperately, drool running down his chin and throat.

Finarfin finally looks up from his book, yawns, and then he glances over at Fëanor. "What's that you're trying to say?"

"I have to piss," Fëanor tries to say through the gag, but again, it doesn't work right.

Finarfin walks over to the wash basin in the corner and when he turns on the water, Fëanor screams through the gag, feeling like he's going to explode if he doesn't urinate. Finarfin's eyebrows shoot up in his reflection in the mirror and he turns around, realizing what Fëanor is asking for.

"Oh, do you need to piss?" Finarfin asks, putting his hands on his hips.

Fëanor nods vehemently and makes urgent little whimpers.

Finarfin throws his head back and laughs. "Go ahead."

Fëanor whines with protest - but deep down he loves being so much under his youngest brother's control that he's made to soil himself, and from the way Finarfin's eyes are shining, Finarfin knows it and he loves it too.

"If you want to show me you're a good boy and you repent of your snobbery, you can prove it by pissing yourself." Finarfin grins. "Go on. Show me what a good boy you are, and maybe Atya will let you come."

Fëanor needs to come as badly as he needs to piss - his brothers playing Atya is his weakness. Fëanor's body resists a little more; of all the submissive things he's done, this is a new level of giving up control. His cheeks burn with shame, and yet, he wants it. He pushes past those barriers of dignity and decorum bred into him as the heir to the throne, and hot piss soaks his pants, pissing and pissing and pissing, dripping down his pants leg and making a puddle on the floor. Fëanor completely soaks his pants right there in front of Finarfin's hungry eyes. Finarfin's cock rises back to life and he starts stroking himself furiously, watching Fëanor submit, pissing, *broken*.

Fëanor whimpers again when it's done, and pleads with his eyes.

Finarfin comes over and spends a moment petting Fëanor's hair, stroking his face, before he removes the gag and unties him. He leads Fëanor over to the bed, gets down on his knees, and rubs his nose in the wet spot at Fëanor's crotch, breathing in the scent of it. He licks Fëanor's hard cock through the breeches and Fëanor groans. Finarfin yanks down Fëanor's breeches, then he takes the waistband of Fëanor's smallclothes in his teeth and tugs it down, freeing Fëanor's pulsing cock... continuing to slide the smallclothes down Fëanor's thighs, down his knees and calves, in his teeth, growling. Once the smallclothes are off Finarfin puts them in his mouth for a moment, tasting Fëanor's piss with a look of ecstasy on his face that almost makes Fëanor come right then.

Finarfin grabs Fëanor by the hair and shoves him onto the bed. "All fours," Finarfin barks. "Now."

Fëanor does as he's told. Finarfin slaps one ass cheek, then the other, and then he reaches for the oil and pours it down the crack of Fëanor's ass. Fëanor whimpers as he

feels the oil drip into his hole.

Finarfin's fingers shove inside him, finding that spot and teasing it until Fëanor is fucking himself on Finarfin's fingers, begging "Please, please. *Please*. Please, fuck me..."

"Please fuck me, what?"

"Please fuck me, *Atya*."

Finarfin takes him and shows no mercy, fucking hard, pulling Fëanor's hair as their hips slap together, as Finarfin's balls smack against Fëanor's. "I'm going to fuck that pride out of you, Fëanáro," Finarfin growls. "Beg for it like the little bitch you are."

"More," Fëanor begs in earnest, rocking his hips back at his brother, fucking himself madly on that luscious thick cock. "More, *Atya*, more... more, *Atya*, give me more, *more*..."

"Slut." Finarfin slaps Fëanor's ass. "What a shameless, wanton slut you are."

"Yes, *yes*, more, give me more, more, *more*..."

Their bodies smack louder and louder, accompanied by the wet slurping sounds of Finarfin pumping in and out of Fëanor's well-oiled hole, Fëanor's broken cries and Finarfin's deep grunts. Finarfin fucks him and fucks him, prolonging Fëanor's release as long as possible - Fëanor knows he's going to be sore tomorrow from being fucked so hard and so long, he's going to be walking funny... and his body thrills to that. "More," Fëanor begs. "More, more..."

After what feels like hours, though it can't possibly be that long, Finarfin reaches around and strokes Fëanor's cock. "Beg to come," Finarfin snarls. "Beg me for your release, you brat."

"Please," Fëanor begs. "Please let me come. Please make me come, *Atya*, please, *Atya*, I need to come..."

Fëanor's cock rattles in Finarfin's hand for a long moment and then Finarfin bites Fëanor's neck. "Come, slut."

"ATYA!" Fëanor bites his lip and whines, then gasps for breath as the pleasure surges, throbbing. "*Atya, Atya!*"

"Ai, Fëanáro!" Finarfin shudders against him and Fëanor sighs as he feels Finarfin spending. Spending and spending and spending, filling him up with seed.

"Breed me, *Atya*, get me pregnant," Fëanor moans - just a game, just roleplaying, but they love it all the same, Finarfin groaning as he shoots another jet of cream inside Fëanor and Fëanor's own cock shoots again. Fëanor feels like he's flying.

Finarfin lays atop Fëanor, holding Fëanor's shoulders and upper chest. They catch their breath and Fëanor turns his head so they can kiss.

"I love you, you bratty slut," Finarfin says with a smile. He kisses the tip of Fëanor's nose.

Fëanor smiles back. "I love you too, *Atya*."

Finarfin smacks Fëanor's ass.



# Fëanor/Fingolfin: Spanking, Bratting, Daddy Kink

## Chapter Notes

SemperViridis prompted me to write Fëanor at a banquet mooning Manwë 😏 - I couldn't write a gen-crack story centered on this but the prompt resurfaced into my head as the lead-in to something kinky.

"As you know, Fëanáro, you are a *brat*."

Fëanor gives Fingolfin a smile that isn't innocent at all. "Thank you."

Fingolfin puts his hands on his hips and glares. "Baring your bottom at the feast and telling Manwë to kiss your arse. Not becoming of a future king. Just when I think you can't get any more -"

"*You* didn't hate seeing my arse, Ñolo." Fëanor bats his eyelashes.

Fingolfin looks away, cheeks burning. "Well, no. But -"

"But, Manwë told you to 'put me in my place'." Fëanor smirks. "Here we are. I'm waiting."

Fingolfin clears his throat. "Indeed. What I have in mind isn't something Lord Manwë would approve of."

Fëanor licks his lips. "Good."

Fingolfin makes Fëanor get up and undress. He takes Fëanor over his knee and begins spanking him. Fëanor loves it, grinding his erect cock against his brother's thigh, panting, whimpering. Fingolfin's own cock stiffens but he focuses on the task. "You aren't supposed to enjoy your punishment, brat."

"Then you should punish me even harder."

Fingolfin's breath hitches. He slaps Fëanor's ass as hard as he can. Fëanor cries out and bucks his hips. "*Atya!*" Fëanor screams.

Fingolfin groans, and Fëanor smiles - across their bond he can feel Fingolfin start to lose it, almost coming from their little game. Fëanor grinds against him more insistently, and Fingolfin smacks Fëanor's ass again, so much strength in his hand, the sting searing across Fëanor's entire body. "More," Fëanor begs. "More, *Atya...*"

Fingolfin keeps spanking Fëanor, spanking and spanking. Pain becomes pleasure... intensified by Fëanor's lust, loving to see his younger brother like this, magnificent in his power. Fëanor doesn't want to be king - he just wants to make things in his forge and be left alone - but his younger brother commands respect. Fëanor loves that thrill of being conquered by him, broken so beautifully. "More. Please, *Atya*, more... I've been such a bad boy, *Atya...*"

"Indeed you have," Fingolfin says, his voice husky, shaking. Fëanor's cock is dripping pre-

spend all over Fingolfin's thigh, and just to be even more of a brat, Fëanor reaches to caress Fingolfin's cock, brushing his fingers down the shaft, and back up.

"Is that for me, Atya? Do you like it when I'm naughty, Atya?"

Fingolfin spans Fëanor again.

Fingolfin slaps each ass cheek back and forth, until Fëanor explodes, coming all over Fingolfin's thigh. He gasps for breath, shuddering. Fingolfin stops, and he takes Fëanor's chin in his hand and makes Fëanor look into his eyes, the most beautiful shade of blue Fëanor has ever seen.

"You aren't just a brat, you are a *slut*." Fingolfin scowls, but his eyes are smiling.

"Your slut, Atya."

Fingolfin growls. He shoves Fëanor off his lap, undresses, and grabs the vial of oil he keeps ready for times like this, and then he pours oil over his cock. He seizes a handful of Fëanor's hair and drags him over, making Fëanor straddle his lap. Fëanor sinks down on Fingolfin's hard, pulsing cock, and both brothers cry out when fully joined.

"Ride me, you slut," Fingolfin commands.

Fëanor holds onto Fingolfin's shoulders and rides him hard. "This is the only throne I want," Fëanor pants.

Fingolfin bites Fëanor's neck, and licks it. "You are still my king."

Fëanor looks into those eyes of blue flame, takes the sides of Fingolfin's face in his hands, and tenderly kisses his brow. "You are more worthy of being my god than Manwë."

Fingolfin kisses Fëanor passionately, smacks Fëanor's ass again, and grabs Fëanor's hips, thrusting into him, balls furiously slapping Fëanor's ass. "My king and my slut."

"Atya," Fëanor breathes. He kisses Fingolfin back and bounces madly, moaning as Fingolfin's cock hits that sweet spot inside him over and over again. "Atya, Atya..."

"My little brat."

They kiss and Fingolfin smacks Fëanor's ass again. He pounds into Fëanor, making him work for it, making him ride as hard as he can, Fingolfin's balls smacking loudly, obscenely. Fingolfin grunts and Fëanor whines and howls, getting closer and closer until at last, Fingolfin's hand reaches down to stroke Fëanor's cock and after a long, feverish, frantic moment of his cock being rubbed by Fingolfin's vise-like grip, Fëanor shoots his seed all over his brother's face. Fingolfin throws his head back and moans as he fills his brother up, shaking, and Fëanor moans too, savoring that feeling of being claimed. Fingolfin bites Fëanor's neck again, and kisses it - Fëanor's neck is so sensitive and it gives him aftershocks, shooting more cream.

"If this is what I get for showing Manwë my arse, maybe next time I'll tell him to suck my cock," Fëanor says with a smile, resting on Fingolfin's shoulder.

Fingolfin pinches the bridge of his nose. "As you know, you're incorrigible. And you shan't do that."

"Oh, I shall." Fëanor grins.

## Fingon/Maedhros: Fight Sex

### Chapter Notes

*There Maedhros in time was healed; for the fire of life was hot within him, and his strength was of the ancient world, such as those possessed who were nurtured in Valinor. His body recovered from his torment and became hale, but the shadow of his pain was in his heart; and he lived to wield his sword with left hand more deadly than his right had been. By this deed Fingon won great renown...*

"Is that the best you can do?"

"Fucker," Maedhros snarls, and charges.

Maedhros swings his sword and Fingon blocks it, then swipes, aiming for Maedhros's knee. Maedhros steps out of the way just in time and his sword clashes against Fingon's sword. Fingon's sword strikes upwards and once again Maedhros moves before it can touch his shoulder. Maedhros jabs his sword towards Fingon's stomach and Fingon's sword pushes it out of the way.

Back and forth they move, striking and blocking. It's like a dance, but far more deadly.

Far more arousing.

Maedhros had asked Fingon not to coddle him, not to take pity on him, but to taunt him and fight with full strength as if he still had both arms. Fingon was reluctant at first but now he plays the aggressor naturally, making Maedhros work for his victory. Making Maedhros taste blood, and fire.

Maedhros finally scores a hit that would be a kill if this was an actual enemy, at Fingon's throat, and then another that will still require care later, slicing Fingon's knee. Fingon drops his sword as he falls over with a yelp and Maedhros holds his sword to Fingon's throat once more, smiling with satisfaction.

Fingon won't let him win that easily. He grabs Maedhros's sword with his hands, takes it and flings it aside, and then he lunges.

They roll around in the grass, punching, kicking, elbowing. Pulling each other's hair, slapping, scratching. Maedhros is rock-hard in his breeches, and so is Fingon. When Fingon starts choking Maedhros, pinning Maedhros's left arm, Maedhros comes in his pants, and Fingon laughs at the wet spot.

Fingon lets go of Maedhros's throat and lets him rest for a little while, petting him. "Good," Fingon says.

"The battle isn't over yet," Maedhros rasps.

Fingon idly twirls a lock of Maedhros's copper hair around his finger. When Maedhros has had enough time to recover from his orgasm, Fingon grabs Maedhros's throat again and bites his neck. Maedhros yanks a handful of Fingon's hair, cock rising back to life.

They rut against each other, feverish, like two animals in heat, right there in the grass. Cock grinds cock through their breeches, like two swords battling. They continue pulling each other's hair, biting each other, scratching, rolling around, one on top of the other, taking turns setting the rhythm, fast, then teasingly slow, then fast and furious once more. Maedhros spits in Fingon's mouth and Fingon kisses him passionately, then bites Maedhros's lip hard enough to draw blood. Now Maedhros is the one to choke Fingon with his left hand, and his stump smacks Fingon in the face. Fingon pulls Maedhros's hand from his throat, bites Maedhros's stump, then he licks it, before Maedhros claims a kiss.

They rub together more desperately, moaning into each other's mouths. Fingon tries to choke Maedhros again and Maedhros wrenches Fingon's arm away, then chokes him back. With Maedhros's hand on Fingon's throat and teeth on Fingon's neck, Maedhros makes Fingon come, and when Fingon lays there, gasping for breath, Maedhros pulls his cock out of his pants and jerks himself off madly until he comes all over Fingon's face, marking him as the loser of their fight.

Fingon holds out his arms and Maedhros sinks down, and they kiss. Fingon touches Maedhros's face, strokes his hair, and smiles.

"You fought well," Fingon says.

"I have something to fight for," Maedhros says, and kisses the tip of his nose. "Something to live for."



## Finarfin/Maglor: Under Desk Blow Jobs, Risk of Getting Caught, Desk Sex, Bondage

"Kanafinwë." Finarfin rises from his desk. Maglor quickly crosses the study, looks around to make sure they're alone, and throws his arms around his uncle. Finarfin kisses the tip of Maglor's nose. "I have a meeting starting soon."

"I know." Maglor smiles. "I came to get a kiss before you'll be busy for hours."

Finarfin chuckles. "You got lots of kisses this morning. And other things."

"I can't get enough of you."

Finarfin grabs Maglor's face and kisses him passionately. Maglor's hands slide down Finarfin's tunic and his hips thrust out so Finarfin can feel how hard he is. Finarfin hardens up too, and as they kiss again, they rub together through their breeches, teasing.

Then suddenly they hear movement at the door - people are already arriving for the meeting. Finarfin and Maglor exchange worried glances - if Maglor tries to leave while people are coming in, they might notice both Finarfin and Maglor have mussed hair, kiss-swollen lips...

Finarfin grabs Maglor by the arm and shoves him down under the desk, to wait there until the meeting is over. He sits back down and pats Maglor's head under the desk.

For a little while Maglor behaves, and then, as Finarfin is listening to a long-winded rant from one of the Teleri, Maglor makes some mischief. His hand slides up Finarfin's leg and starts rubbing Finarfin's knee. Finarfin sits, trying to keep composed. Then Maglor's hand is on Finarfin's thigh. Then Maglor's palm is rubbing Finarfin's cock through his breeches in slow, lazy circles. Finarfin's breath hitches and Maglor smiles to himself - he loves it when he can make his calm, cool, collected uncle lose it.

Maglor reaches up and begins to undo Finarfin's breeches, freeing his hard cock. Finarfin doesn't stop him. Maglor's lips wrap around it and Finarfin grabs a handful of Maglor's hair and tries to answer the Telerin man but Maglor can hear the waver in Finarfin's voice, the slight breathiness. Maglor wonders if anyone else notices and reaches down to stroke himself, almost coming at the thought of being discovered... and if seeing their lewd, shameless behavior might inflame the other men to lust, might cause an orgy.

Maglor strokes his cock hard and fast as he bobs his head up and down, sucking Finarfin's cock, greedy for it. Finarfin tries not to moan but now and again his voice shakes and he exhales sharply. Finarfin's hand tightens in Maglor's hair and his other hand comes around to the back of Maglor's neck, commanding him. Maglor thrills to that small gesture of domination, sucking harder, stroking himself furiously.

Finarfin tries to keep himself controlled while the meeting continues, and Maglor sucks and sucks, jaw hurting but he craves Finarfin's cock so much, and he loves this game they're playing, trying to make Finarfin lose control. The meeting wears on and on and Maglor keeps sucking, keeps stroking himself...

...and finally, when the attendants are gone, Finarfin grabs Maglor's hair with both hands and thrusts madly, fucking Maglor's mouth. A dozen or so thrusts in, Finarfin comes with a soft cry, spilling so much seed it seeps from the corners of Maglor's mouth, down his chin

and throat. Maglor grips his own cock as tight as he can and it rattles in his hand, blurring, tasting Finarfin's seed, so close, *so close...*

Finarfin grabs Maglor's arm, snatching his hand away from his cock, and pulls him out from under the table. He shoves Maglor, bending Maglor over the desk, and slaps Maglor's bare bottom. "You cock-hungry slut."

"Thank you," Maglor says, and shakes his ass at his uncle.

Finarfin smacks Maglor's ass again and opens a locked drawer where he keeps oil and lengths of rope. He quickly ties Maglor's wrists together, oils his passage, and takes Maglor from behind. Their hips slap together, accompanied by their panting, soft moans and sighs - trying to keep their voices down to not attract attention. Maglor rocks his hips back at Finarfin, desperate for it, the pleasure building to the shatterpoint with each slide of that long, thick cock gliding in and out of him, rubbing that sweet spot inside him. Finarfin fucks him mercilessly, making Maglor take it, prolonging his release until they're both shaking, breath coming out in shuddery gasps.

Finarfin reaches around and grabs Maglor by the throat. "Come," he growls.

Maglor comes hard, shooting seed all over Finarfin's desk. Finarfin comes with a hoarse cry and Maglor lets out a little sob of relief as he feels Finarfin's seed pour into his pulsing, throbbing channel. Maglor sighs with contentment at the melting bliss, and Finarfin sighs too. He gives Maglor's ass a playful little slap then rubs it tenderly, before he unties Maglor's wrists.

Maglor flexes his wrists and hands, savoring the rope burn, the evidence of their sin. He turns around and they hold each other for a long moment, satisfied... for now.

"You are so naughty," Finarfin whispers before he nibbles Maglor's ear.

"Does that mean you'll punish me later?" Maglor smirks.

"Of course."

"I look forward to it." Maglor gives another sassy wiggle of his ass before he pulls up his breeches.

## Fingon/Maedhros: Hair Kink, Bondage, Teasing

After their bath, Maedhros spends a long time brushing Fingon's hair, admiring the silkiness and the play of iridescent blues in the glossy black waves. When Fingon is ready, he gets out the gold ribbon he weaves into his braids, and Maedhros plaits his hair. Fingon lets out little moans and sighs of contentment, leaning into Maedhros's touch. Maedhros notices Fingon is getting aroused.

"I've never seen someone get hard from having their hair braided before," Maedhros muses aloud, pleased.

"You have such lovely fingers," Fingon says. He turns his head to kiss Maedhros's hand. "You are beautiful to me, even the work of your hands is beautiful."

That gives Maedhros a wicked idea. Once Fingon's hair is braided up, Maedhros rummages around in the satchel he packed and finds a length of rope in his emergency kit. He takes it out and shows Fingon. "I would like to make other braids, if you don't object."

Fingon kisses him.

Maedhros ties one of Fingon's wrists to the bed, then the other... braiding the ropes, making an intricate, artful weave of knots. Fingon tests the bonds to make sure they're not too loose or too tight, and then he smiles at Maedhros with worship in his eyes.

Maedhros puts his fingers to work, sliding, stroking, swirling over every inch of Fingon's gorgeous body, paying special attention to where he knows Fingon is sensitive - nipples, stomach, thighs, calves. His fingers walk and brush down Fingon's body and back up, making Fingon shiver and moan, cock hard against his belly, slick with pre-spend. Maedhros takes his time, enjoying the feel of Fingon's sculpted muscles, and watching him surrender, lost in sensual pleasure. Every now and again Maedhros kisses and licks and nuzzles, breathes on Fingon's skin, to sensitize him even more.

At last Fingon is writhing, begging to be fucked. Maedhros keeps teasing him, fingers caressing even more slowly, taking long licks, giving love bites that will leave marks later. He loves to hear Fingon whine, and knows next time Fingon will take charge and get his revenge, which makes it even better.

Maedhros relents just a little and licks at Fingon's cock, ever so slowly, just licking and licking. Fingon's breath comes out in shuddery gasps and he whimpers, and Maedhros is agonizingly hard, lust inflamed by his lover's body and his responses, but he holds back, trying to keep teasing as long as he can. Maedhros sucks just the tip slowly, then goes back to licking up and down the shaft, and around and around the head.

"Please," Fingon cries out. "Please, Russo, *please*. Please, *please*. Please fuck me, please, I need to come, please, make me come for you..."

Maedhros keeps teasing until he feels ready to explode himself. He reaches for the oil, props Fingon's legs on his shoulders, and takes him hard, giving him the fuck he's begged for, pounding mercilessly, both of them pent-up from all the luscious teasing. Now the languid, sensual lovemaking turns primal, animal, Maedhros rutting feverishly, Fingon making high-pitched urgent noises as he rocks his hips, matching Maedhros's fierce rhythm.

Maedhros grits his teeth, aching to come, but wanting to tease Fingon some more, seeing how far he can go with building the pleasure and tension. Sweat drips down his body and he snarls as his balls smack Fingon's ass, fucking like he's never fucked before. Fingon begs "more, more, yes, *more*" until he can't make words anymore, only panting, a desperate look in his eye.

When Maedhros can't hold back any longer he strokes Fingon's cock, gripping it hard, working it madly. "Come for me," he growls.

Fingon throws his head back and screams as his seed splashes over him, and then up Maedhros's chest. Maedhros grunts as his release claims him, spending into Fingon's pulsing hole. Fingon moans as he feels Maedhros's seed, and Maedhros sighs with contentment. He leans down and kisses Fingon deeply. After he unties Fingon's wrists, Fingon smiles and strokes Maedhros's face tenderly. They rub noses and share a sweeter, softer kiss.

"I loved that," Fingon says.

"I love you." Maedhros kisses Fingon's brow.

## Fingon/Maedhros: Hurt/Comfort, Spanking, Bondage, Knifeplay, Teasing, Orgasm Delay/Denial

"You *will not* speak of yourself that way." Fingon puts his drink aside and rises from his seat.

Maedhros looks down.

Fingon pulls Maedhros up by his stump and they stand face to face - Fingon looks up at his taller lover and Maedhros glances off to the side. Fingon turns Maedhros's head to look him in the eye. "You are not 'damaged goods', Russo. You are not broken, you are not worthless. You are *not*."

Maedhros swallows hard.

Fingon once again feels that surge of anger at what Sauron did to his beloved - the scars it left on Maedhros's soul, not just his body. But Fingon loves Maedhros no less for those things. He loves Maedhros more now than he ever did, all the more precious for having been lost and found again. Fingon puts his arms around Maedhros and holds him. Maedhros relaxes into his touch a little, but not enough.

Fingon exhales. "Seems I'm going to have to beat the stubborn out of you."

Fingon undresses Maedhros, then himself, and marches Maedhros off to the bed. He sits down and pulls Maedhros over his knee - with Maedhros being taller, this is almost comical, but Fingon is in no laughing mood. "I'm going to spank you," Fingon tells him, giving Maedhros a chance to object - he knows the deal, from times they've played before.

Maedhros just wiggles his ass, a good sign.

Fingon smacks Maedhros's left ass cheek as hard as he can, and Maedhros cries out. Fingon smirks as he feels Maedhros's cock rise and stiffen against his thigh. "That's right," Fingon says. "You were a naughty boy, insulting what belongs to me. Nobody gets to hurt you but me, Russo. Not even you." With that, Fingon slaps Maedhros's right ass cheek.

Back and forth, Fingon spanks Maedhros's ass until it's bright red and Maedhros is desperately rutting against Fingon's thigh, getting it wet with his dripping pre-spend, panting like an animal in heat. Fingon loves it, his own cock hard and aching to fuck. "Do you understand now? Are you going to be good and stop talking about yourself in such a manner?"

"Yes," Maedhros says softly, but Fingon doesn't believe it. He needs to make very sure. He needs to teach Maedhros a thorough lesson.

He ties Maedhros's left arm to the bed, letting his stump hang free. Maedhros hasn't let Fingon tie him up since before the captivity, but now it's time, and Maedhros looks up at him with such love and trust in his eyes that it makes Fingon want to weep. He tenderly kisses Maedhros's brow.

Then he takes out his dagger - a reminder of when he had to cut Maedhros's arm free of the chains. He holds it to Maedhros's throat now. "You trust me with your life. I could kill you right now, but I won't. Because your life is precious to me."

Maedhros's eyes mist, and his lips part.

Fingon kisses him, then the dagger slides up Maedhros's neck, and back down - the tip pressed against his flesh, just enough to scratch, not enough to harm. Fingon's tongue follows the trail of the blade. "You're mine, Russo."

Fingon brings the knife down to Maedhros's heart and makes a small cut there, letting the blood flow. He kisses it, tasting the metallic tang of Maedhros's blood. "Mine," Fingon growls, his free hand seizing Maedhros's hair. "*Mine.*"

He traces the knife around and around one nipple, back and forth over the hard nub, then his tongue swirls around it, lashes it, before he draws the nipple into his mouth. Maedhros cries out and shudders. Fingon does the same with the other nipple, blade circling it, poking it, then he laps and suckles hungrily. He teases and teases Maedhros's nipples until Maedhros bucks and calls out "Finno, *please!*"

"Please what?" Fingon tilts his head to one side.

"I need to come," Maedhros pleads.

"Oh, do you? Is this arousing you, Russo?"

Maedhros nods and bites his lip with an adorable little whimper; his cock leaps in response.

Fingon just laughs, and drags the knife up Maedhros's throat, following it with his tongue, then back down. The knife scratches up and down Maedhros's throat and neck and shoulder, chased by Fingon's kisses. Fingon knows how sensitive Maedhros is there and it drives Maedhros mad with sensation, breath in shuddery gasps.

But Fingon isn't letting Maedhros have his way just yet. The knife circles and scrapes Maedhros's nipples again, Fingon sucking them harder, pulling them with his lips, his teeth. Maedhros howls and begs more urgently. "Please, Finno, please. Please, please, *please* fuck me, make me come, please, Finno..."

Fingon drags the blade over the planes of Maedhros's stomach, down on side and up the other, back and forth across one thigh in lines, then on the other. Kissing, nibbling hard enough to leave love bites tomorrow. Every now and again he nicks and draws blood, and laps it up with a snarl of "*Mine.*"

The knife slowly drags down Maedhros's shaft, and back up, while Fingon just licks at the head. Again Maedhros bucks his hips and whimpers. "Please. *Please*. Fuck me, Finno, fuck me, I'll be a good boy..."

"Oh, will you?" Fingon rises up, puts down the blade, and takes himself in hand. "You want this cock, do you?"

"Yes. Please."

"Do you deserve this cock? You called yourself damaged goods. You called yourself worthless. I don't think you are, but if you don't think yourself worthy of this cock, I don't want to -"

"DAMN YOU TO THE HELLS, FINDARATO, YES, I AM WORTHY OF YOUR

MAGNIFICENT COCK, FUCK ME WITH IT NOW."

Fingon throws back his head and laughs - Maedhros can't even get his name right in the heat of passion. "So demanding for the one who's tied up. Also, it's Findekano."

Maedhros gives him an irate look that makes Fingon laugh harder, then Maedhros laughs too - Fingon is relieved that Maedhros seems to enjoy being bound, rather than reliving the trauma of his captivity. Fingon's own cock is painfully hard, his balls tight, but he doesn't want to give into Maedhros's demands right away. He really wants Maedhros to stop hating himself. "Beg me for this cock," Fingon commands. "Tell me you're worthy."

"I'm worthy," Maedhros says. "Please. Please give me your cock. Please."

Fingon strokes himself, and to tease Maedhros a little more, he sticks his slick fingers in Maedhros's mouth. Tasting Fingon's pre-spend makes Maedhros whine around the fingers in his mouth, bobbing his head like he's sucking a cock, his own cock dripping more pre-spend. When Fingon takes his fingers out of Maedhros's mouth, Maedhros licks them clean, then he begs, "Please. Please, Finno. Please, I'm worthy, please, *please*..."

Fingon strokes himself harder. "Do you see what you do to me, Russo? I still think you're the most beautiful man in the world. I still want you. See how hard I am for you. This isn't pity, Russo, this is desire. For you."

"Then give me that cock," Maedhros pleads. "Please, Finno. Please, I promise I'll try to stop saying bad things about myself. I'll try to stop hating myself. Just please. Please. *Please*. I need your cock, Finno..."

"It will take more than a few words to convince me." Fingon keeps stroking himself.

Fingon strokes and strokes, slowly to not come too soon, and to give Maedhros a good show. He savors Maedhros's begging, the feverish look in his eyes, the way his voice shakes as he gets more and more desperate. The begging makes Fingon feel all the more mischievous, wanting to tease Maedhros as long as he can, and when Fingon has his next wicked idea, he says, "You want this cock now?"

"Yes. *Please*."

Fingon gets on his knees and crawls up to Maedhros's stump. Then he begins rubbing his cock against Maedhros's stump like it's another cock. Maedhros howls with frustration and Fingon laughs before he moans.

"Damn you, Finno, fuck me!"

"I am fucking you." Fingon grins, and rubs harder against the stump, letting out a deep groan as he feels himself getting closer. "Do you need more proof that I want you, Russo? That I want you, just as you are?"

Maedhros bites his lip and whines again.

Before Fingon can stop himself, he comes all over Maedhros's stump. Maedhros almost sobs with frustration, and Fingon smiles as he catches his breath, the euphoria of his release intensified by the rush of power.

Fingon takes time to come down from his powerful orgasm, and feigns disinterest, retreating back to the cushions by the fireside to read and finish his tea while Maedhros

lays there tied up, spend all over his stump, giving him a murderous look. Fingon pretends to ignore him, until Maedhros roars, "GET BACK HERE, YOU TERRIBLE LITTLE SHIT."

Fingon smiles demurely. "For what? You wanted my cock to fuck you, I did."

"You. Know. What. I. Meant." Maedhros bares his teeth and growls.

Fingon heaves an exaggerated sigh and returns to the bed. "You had best get me ready," he says, kneels over Maedhros's shoulders, and shoves his cock in Maedhros's face. Maedhros takes Fingon's cock in his mouth, their eyes locked, and Maedhros sucks him back to hardness.

Before he can come in Maedhros's mouth, he pulls out, oils his cock, puts Maedhros's leg on his shoulder, and takes him. Moving slowly at first, inside the tight, silken heat, slow and sensuous. Then harder, faster, until his balls are slapping Maedhros's ass and Maedhros is begging "more, more, *more*, moremoremore, more, Finno, more..."

Fingon reaches down to play with Maedhros's cock, and his free hand caresses Maedhros's stump. "You are beautiful to me, Russo. Never forget that. Never forget this night."

"I love you," Maedhros breathes.

Fingon leans down to kiss him, and then he leans over and starts sucking on the tip of Maedhros's stump like it's a cock, his grip tightening on Maedhros's cock, working it so hard his wrist hurts, his jaw also sore, stretched from the thick stump, but sucking the stump like it's a cock is driving him mad with lust, hotter still for Maedhros's broken cries. The bed slams against the wall and Fingon's oiled cock makes filthy slurping sounds pumping in and out of Maedhros. Fingon keeps fucking, stroking, and sucking until Maedhros screams, shooting his seed all over Fingon's chest and stomach. Fingon pulls out just before he can come inside Maedhros and strokes his cock, shooting onto Maedhros's stump, marking it with more ropes of cream. Maedhros shudders, gasping for breath.

Fingon kisses him again, and unties him. Maedhros sighs, his face lit up, as he flexes his wrist and puts his left arm around Fingon.

"You're beautiful," Fingon tells him, stroking his face, meaning it with all that he is.

"So are you," Maedhros says, and presses his stump to Fingon's heart. Fingon lifts up Maedhros's stump and kisses it lovingly.



## Maedhros/Maglor: Hurt/Comfort, Frottage, Cock Docking

"*Finno!*"

Maglor sat up with a start, and his heart sank as Maedhros began to weep. Maglor sighed.

Winters in Middle-Earth were harsh, and Maedhros and Maglor had taken to sharing a bed for warmth. Maglor had gotten used to Maedhros's nightmares - waking up to his tears, and trying to sing and pet him back to sleep - but this was the worst one. Maglor ached for his brother, wishing there was something he could do. But he couldn't undo the past, the years of torture, the grief of losing Fingon. And the future was bleak and uncertain, out here in the wilderness, with so many enemies and the wrath of the gods themselves upon their heads.

Maglor took Maedhros in his arms and rocked him. "I'm here, Nelya. I'm here, brother. You've got me."

Maedhros wept on Maglor's shoulder and Maglor held him tighter, fighting back his own tears - trying to be strong for his brother. He sang, and after awhile Maedhros quieted down. Maglor tucked the covers more securely around him and snuggled close. Maedhros's breathing slowed, and Maglor stopped singing, listening to Maedhros's heartbeat.

Suddenly he became aware of something hard pressed up against his thigh.

His brother's cock.

Maglor had entertained forbidden fantasies about the elder brother he worshiped, as long as he'd been able to get aroused and think those kinds of thoughts. Sometimes, he had watched Maedhros and Fingon make love, careful not to be caught, stroking himself, coming when they did.

Maedhros opened his eyes and their eyes met for a long moment, then Maedhros looked away. He tried to adjust himself so Maglor wouldn't feel the erection on his thigh, but the movement made it worse, with Maedhros's hard cock against his groin. Maglor's own cock went hard in response.

"Well, this is awkward," Maglor said, seeing no point in hiding it.

"I..." Maedhros swallowed hard. "I dreamt about Finno and I -"

Maglor simply nodded, realizing that was why Maedhros woke up crying his name... that was why the weeping had been especially strong, the grief all the more bitter for reliving the moment of joy and ecstasy in his dreams. "I'm sorry," Maglor said softly.

"So am I."

They lay there, hard cock against hard cock, and Maglor felt himself grow more stiff by the minute. He couldn't get back to sleep like this. Neither could Maedhros, who kept closing his eyes and opening them a few moments later, looking disgruntled.

Maglor couldn't believe he was offering this, but... "You have needs. I... I can help if you

want."

Their eyes met again. For a brief instant Maglor feared Maedhros would throw him out of bed - or perhaps toss him out into the snow, even though Maglor would never touch the children - but then Maedhros grabbed Maglor's face and kissed him passionately.

They turned down the covers and tugged down their sleep-breeches, freeing their hard cocks. For awhile they just kissed, rubbing their hard cocks together slowly, sensually. Maedhros was touch-starved - Maglor was too - and Maglor ran his hands over Maedhros's body and was in turn explored by Maedhros's hand and stump... caressing... feeling... loving.

Then Maglor began to kiss and lick Maedhros's neck, making Maedhros moan. Maglor took both of their cocks into his hand, gripping tight, stroking them together, as his free hand slid up and down Maedhros's chest, over his arm and stump. Maglor kissed down Maedhros's right shoulder, down to his stump, nuzzling, kissing, licking, wanting Maedhros to feel his love, the love that had burned all his life. Maedhros's moans got louder and Maglor gripped them tighter, stroking harder.

Maedhros kissed him again and sucked on Maglor's lower lip. Their tongues licked together, teasing, mirroring the play of cock on cock.

When they got closer, shaking, breath coming out in shuddery gasps against each other's mouths, Maglor let go of their cocks. He rolled his foreskin down over the head of Maedhros's cock, so it looked like his cock was swallowing Maedhros's cock. Both brothers groaned at the sight of it, and Maedhros cried out as Maglor stroked them that way, his foreskin kissing the sensitive tip of Maedhros's cock over and over again.

They didn't last long, undone by the delicious pleasure. They came together, their cries muffled by a deep, fierce kiss.

This changed everything, Maglor knew, as they lay tangled up together, coming down from their powerful orgasm, cocks coated with each other's seed. But it felt right. In the ashes of their grief, they found beauty... a light made all the brighter for the darkness, like the stars that burned in the winter night sky above.

## Fëanor/Fingon/Maedhros: Oil, Body Worship, Voyeurism, Double Dildo, Masturbation

Even though they had an appointment, Fëanor was still distracted with his latest project when Fingon and Maedhros entered his forge, and Fëanor jumped, startled, when they approached.

He quickly composed himself. "Ah, yes. The gift." He still couldn't believe he'd honored his eldest son's request to make... *this*. He went over to the table where he kept his finished projects, and presented it to them.

Fingon's eyes widened with surprise at the double-headed glass cock, iridescent and shining rainbows, glittering inside with little lights like the Fëanorian lamps. "You... you made..."

"Yes, Findekáno, Nelyafinwë asked me to make this. I know about you two. It's all right." Fëanor chuckled. "You do realize I'm not your father's brother, but his lover. You come by it honestly."

Fingon breathed a sigh of relief and then he laughed too. "He did tell me, yes." He lowered his voice a few octaves. "*As you know...*"

Fëanor grinned. He missed Fingolfin - they had to be discreet about their relationship - and as Fingon held the double-headed glass cock in his hands, admiring the handiwork, it occurred to Fëanor how much Fingon looked like his father, now. His cheeks burned, not wanting to notice his nephew that way.

Or Maedhros, who was a grown man now, tall and muscular, with a long, thick mane of flaming hair that rivaled his mother's for glory. The forbidden thought came of them trying out their new toy together...

Fëanor cleared his throat. "Have fun," he quipped.

"This was even more beautifully made than I thought it would be," Maedhros said, taking the glass cock from Fingon's hands and holding it up to the firelight, to watch the sparkles and play of colors in the glass. "Some of your finest work."

"Only the best for my son."

"I know it was a gift, because I asked, but such lovely craftsmanship deserves some sort of payment." Maedhros turned back to his father and their eyes locked. Fëanor's breath hitched and his cock stiffened uncomfortably in his breeches, not wanting to get his hopes up...

...but then Fingon came closer to Maedhros, smiling, seeming to know without being told what Maedhros had in mind. "Perhaps he could watch us try it out," Fingon said, and glanced over at Fëanor with the same smug I-own-you smirk that Fingolfin got when Fëanor was on his back, taken.

Fëanor shuddered, his cock throbbing. "Only if you want to -"

"Truthfully, Atya, I was planning this all along." Maedhros laughed and so did Fingon, who nodded.

"The surprise was over how lovely your work is, not what it was." Fingon led Maedhros over to Fëanor, and they took off his apron and ran their hands over his bare chest. "We've been wanting this for a long time now."

Fëanor didn't know what to say. He hesitated for just an instant - this was his son, his nephew, it was one thing to cross the line with his brothers, but this was something else entirely. And yet, they were grown men - gorgeous men - who wanted him. Fëanor's body spoke for him, nipples hardening to their touch, cock leaping in Maedhros's hand as he freed it from Fëanor's breeches.

Clothes spilled onto the floor. Fingon found a bottle of oil. Fingon and Maedhros poured oil over Fëanor's body, then Fëanor and Maedhros kissed passionately as Fingon kissed and licked the back of Fëanor's neck and shoulder, their hands spreading the oil in slow, lazy circles, caressing his nipples, stomach, arms, back, and ass, while Fëanor and Maedhros rubbed cock against cock. Then Fingon poured oil over Maedhros, and Fingon and Maedhros kissed, rubbing their hard cocks together as Fëanor's hands explored his eldest son's strong, hard body, thrilling to the feel of his muscles - Maedhros could snap him like a twig. Then it was Fingon's turn to be oiled, worshiped, kissing Fëanor, cocks sliding together as Maedhros nibbled Fingon's neck and their hands stroked, teased, making Fingon shiver and moan.

When they were ready, Fëanor took a seat and Fingon and Maedhros got on all fours before him, ass to ass. Fingon reached around to shove one end of the glass cock inside himself, and Maedhros pushed his hips backward. Watching both holes swallow the cock down was one of the most erotic things Fëanor had ever seen in his life and he began to stroke himself, trying to keep it slow to not come right away, such was his lust for the debauched fantasy made flesh.

Fingon and Maedhros found their rhythm, pushing and pulling, the glass cock gliding back and forth between their holes. Their asses slapped together faster and faster, both men panting for it like they were in heat. Fëanor groaned along with them, burning with lust, stroking himself madly, not able to help it, fighting his orgasm, wanting to savor every moment of their lewd, obscene passion.

Fingon and Maedhros's asses and balls smacked wildly, their broken cries louder, and finally, Maedhros came first, with a fierce shout. Fingon came a few thrusts later, whimpering. Fëanor gave in and climaxed, aiming his cock to shoot over their perfect, round asses. Maedhros shot another arc of cream as he felt his father's seed splash his flesh, and doubled over, gasping for breath. "Atya..."

"Ai, Nelyafinwë." Fëanor held out his arms. "You've both made me so proud."

Fingon and Maedhros pulled out the double-headed cock, put it aside, and came over to accept Fëanor's embrace. He held both of them, feeling like he'd witnessed something sacred... honored to do so. He felt closer to them now. "We have to be careful," Fëanor warned them. "I have to pretend I don't like you, Findekáno."

"The same way you pretend not to like my father?" Fingon's eyes lit up. "Does that mean I can punish you the same way he does when you're an insolent brat?"

Fëanor liked that idea enough that his cock rose back to life. "This is the start of something beautiful."

He couldn't wait for his brothers to join in the fun.



## Maedhros/Maglor: Oil, Massage, Frottage, Fireplace Sex

After another long, hard day of work at their homestead in Beleriand, Maglor and Maedhros were both exhausted... Maedhros moreso, it seemed. Maglor was worried about him, looking thinner and paler than usual, staring off into space. Once again he felt that ache to ease Maedhros's pain somehow, do what little he could to make Maedhros feel better for at least awhile.

Once Elrond and Elros were tucked in and sang to sleep, Maglor threw more wood on the hearth fire. He spread out furs and blankets and pillows in front of the fireplace, went to their bedroom to retrieve a vial of oil, and came back. He pulled Maedhros up by his stump and led him over to the fireplace. "Let me take care of you," Maglor husked, running a finger down Maedhros's chest.

Their clothes pooled to the floor and Maglor gently lay Maedhros down before the fire, atop the blankets and furs. He rolled Maedhros onto his stomach, brushed Maedhros's long, beautiful copper hair aside, to reveal his shapely back and firm, round, plump ass. Maglor gave Maedhros's ass a playful little slap - smiling as Maedhros laughed, so good to hear - and then Maedhros moaned as Maglor poured warm oil over his back and ass.

Maglor worked the oil over him, feeling the knots in his muscles and kneading and rolling them away, then rubbing in slow, lazy circles, caressing. His hard cock rubbed in the crack of Maedhros's ass, letting Maedhros feel how much he was desired. Every now and again Maglor leaned down to kiss Maedhros's back, and when Maedhros's moans got louder, Maglor's tongue slid down Maedhros's spine, and back up. Maedhros shivered and made a precious little whimper that went right to Maglor's cock, throbbing with need.

But Maedhros's needs came first, tonight.

To further provide evidence of how much Maedhros aroused him, Maglor poured oil over his cock and then began to grind himself against Maedhros's back. One shoulder, then the other. Down his left arm, and up his stump, rutting against Maedhros's stump like it was a cock. Down Maedhros's back, against one ass cheek, then the other, then against the back of one thigh, then the other. Back up to rub himself against Maedhros's ass, then grinding Maedhros's back again. "You are so beautiful," Maglor purred. Maedhros gave a deep sigh in response.

Maglor rolled Maedhros onto his stomach, brushed his hair aside again, and poured more warm oil over Maedhros's chest and stomach and thighs. His hands slid more slowly, sensually, as he looked into Maedhros's eyes and let him see the lust and worship in his own eyes. His hands stroked Maedhros's chest, played with his hard nipples, rubbed Maedhros's stomach and thighs and calves. His fingers walked and brushed, making Maedhros shiver and moan.

Then Maglor poured more oil over his cock and rubbed himself against Maedhros's chest and stomach. His cock slid up and down Maedhros's right thigh, then his left. For a few moments Maglor's cock rubbed against Maedhros's hard cock, then Maglor moved back up, rubbing his cock up and down the hard planes of Maedhros's stomach... then against Maedhros's right nipple. Maedhros cried out and bucked. Maglor laughed and tenderly stroked Maedhros's face. He continued to work his hips, cock teasing Maedhros's right nipple, before he moved over and his cock rubbed the left nipple, back and forth, up and down, teasing them both. Maglor visited the right nipple again, then the left. Cock teasing nipple, rubbing slowly, over and over again, until they were both shaking and breathless.

Maglor lay atop Maedhros and they rolled onto their sides, holding each other... caressing each other, kissing, as their hard cocks pressed together and began to rub. They made love like that for a long time, slow and sweet, cock to cock, teasing, edging, lost in a haze of sensuous pleasure. In the twilight before dawn they clung to each other more tightly and rutted together, harder, faster, streamers of pre-spend between their cocks. When Maglor bit Maedhros's neck, Maedhros climaxed, his cream pouring down Maglor's cock, and that set off Maglor's own release. Watching their seed flowing down their cocks made Maglor's orgasm all the stronger, such an erotic sight. Maedhros scooped up their combined spend and stuck his fingers in Maglor's mouth, and Maglor murmured with enjoyment at the taste of them. Then they kissed, savoring the lingering salty-sweet notes of their passion.

Maglor held Maedhros close, and pet his hair, rocking him. "I love you."

Maedhros kissed Maglor's shoulder and then picked his head up and nuzzled him, chuckling. "We didn't get enough sleep. Soon it will be dawn, time to wake the boys."

"It was still worth it." Maglor kissed Maedhros's brow. "We can always take a nap."

"That's if I let you sleep." Maedhros sucked on Maglor's lower lip. "I can't get enough of you."

## **Fëanor/Fingolfin/Fingon/Maedhros: Spanking, Voyeurism, Daddy Kink, Double Penetration & Spitroasting, Facial**

"You are more and more of a slut, Fëanor," Fingolfin said.

Fëanor smiled. "Thank you."

Fingolfin shook his head and pretended to be stern, but his eyes were smiling. "Watching your own son and my son, fucking with a glass cock. Is there no end to your depravity?"

Fëanor reached to palm the hard bulge in Fingolfin's breeches. "You are not so innocent yourself, brother." His fingers walked up Fingolfin's stomach and chest, and brushed a nipple through his tunic, hardening it; Fingolfin's breath hitched. "Perhaps if you saw them for yourself, you would see how irresistible they are."

Of course, Fingolfin hadn't been able to stop thinking about it since Fëanor brought it up.

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Fingon and Maedhros were eager to put on a show for them. They got right to it, laying with their heads between each other's legs, tonguing each other's holes to get them slick and ready for a good fuck. Fëanor stroked himself, mad with lust just at the sight of them licking each other's puckered holes, and then Fingolfin slapped Fëanor's hand away.

"As you know, I didn't give you permission to touch yourself, brat," Fingolfin scolded.

"But Atya." Fëanor pouted. "Look at them."

Fingolfin was, indeed, looking - he was hard as a rock, pre-spend dripping down his shaft. Fëanor licked his lips. "I could help you with that," Fëanor said.

"It is you who needs help, you insatiable slut," Fingolfin said, but there was humor in his voice. And then, without another word, he pulled Fëanor over his knee. "You're such a naughty boy, watching them. Pleasuring yourself." Fingolfin's hand slapped Fëanor's left ass cheek.

"Yes Atya." Fëanor's hole twitched and his cock throbbed - he loved it when Fingolfin spanked him.

Maedhros and Fingon stopped licking each other's holes for a moment to glance over at Fingolfin's hand smacking Fëanor's right ass cheek... and Fëanor cried out, "Atya!"

"That's so filthy," Fingon laughed.

"I love it," Maedhros purred. Then his tongue lashed at Fingon's opening even harder, and Fingon followed suit, shaking his head as his tongue rubbed away at Maedhros's hole.

Fingolfin kept spanking Fëanor, back and forth between Fëanor's left and right ass cheeks, making them red. Pain became pleasure, the stinging searing his entire flesh, sensitizing him - something Fingolfin knew well, pausing every now and again to brush his fingers down Fëanor's spine, down the crack of his ass and back up, making Fëanor



moan and shiver. Fingolfin continued to spank Fëanor as Maedhros and Fingon oiled the double-headed glass cock and stuffed themselves, asses slapping together as they rocked their hips, fucking themselves and each other on the toy, sliding in and out of their holes. The sight of their holes swallowing the toy, their asses shaking, combined with the heat of Fingolfin's domination, and Fëanor came on Fingolfin's thigh, wet and messy.

"And you even came without permission." Fingolfin seized a handful of Fëanor's hair with one hand and smacked his ass furiously with the other. "Naughty, naughty slut."

"Atya," Fëanor moaned. Already, his cock was rising to life again, desperate for more. "Teach your naughty boy a lesson, Atya."

Fingolfin had Fëanor straddle his lap, Fëanor's back to his chest. Fëanor sank down on Fingolfin's hard, throbbing cock and began to ride fast and furious, bouncing wildly in time with his son and nephew fucking themselves on the glass toy. Fingolfin reached around Fëanor and played with his nipples as he kissed and licked Fëanor's neck. "You naughty slut."

"Atya," Fëanor cried. "Fuck me, Atya, fuck me hard, punish me..."

Fingolfin did just that, thrusting hard, making Fëanor work for it - Fëanor almost fell over as Fingolfin's rhythm overtook his. Fingolfin began to bite Fëanor's neck - there would be marks later, just the way Fëanor liked it. "You had better not come until I tell you to come, slut," Fingolfin growled.

Maedhros and Fingon came together, crying out, and then Fingolfin took his pleasure first, spending inside Fëanor, not letting him come yet. Maedhros and Fingon pulled the cock out of themselves, then rolled together, holding each other, kissing and petting until they were hard and ready for each other again.

But Fingolfin had another idea. "As you know, Fëanor is a slut. You should use him like one," he said, giving Fëanor a shove over to the young men.

Maedhros and Fingon grabbed Fëanor by the hair. They sat face-to-face, hard cock pressed against hard cock, and poured oil over their cocks. Then they took Fëanor's hips and guided him into position. Fëanor sank down willingly, both cocks stretching him, filling him - for a moment it felt like being split in two. Then Fëanor sighed with satisfaction. He loved being filled up by this - Fingolfin and Finarfin had taken him together many times - and this was even more shameless. He loved being a cocks slut.

Fëanor rode them hard, panting for it, begging "more, more..." Maedhros and Fingon took turns kissing him, running their hands over Fëanor's body.

"Such a slut," Maedhros said.

"His hole feels so good," Fingon breathed. "And your cock feels so good rubbing against mine inside him, Russo."

The thought of Maedhros and Fingon's cocks rubbing together inside him almost set Fëanor off, but he tried to be good - for once - and not come without Fingolfin's permission. Fingolfin stroked himself, making Fëanor watch - and even with two cocks inside him, Fëanor wanted Fingolfin's cock, too.

At last Fingolfin came over, his hard cock in Fëanor's face, and he shoved it in Fëanor's mouth. He grabbed Fëanor by the hair and fucked his face, thrusting furiously, balls

smacking Fëanor's chin, as Maedhros and Fingon continued to fuck Fëanor's hole. Fëanor loved it, whimpering around the cock in his mouth, greedy for it. He wished he had two cocks in his mouth - Finarfin would have to join in, sometime.

Oh, how he loved being a cockslut.

When Fingolfin got ready to come, he pulled his cock out of Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor whined, wanting to taste it. "Naughty boys like you don't get to eat Atya's seed," Fingolfin snarled. "They get to wear it instead." With that, he came all over Fëanor's face.

Fëanor still loved it. He was so close, right there, and he could feel how close Fingon and Maedhros were too, their cocks engorged and pulsing. "Please, Atya," Fëanor begged. "Please let me come. Please let me come..."

Fingon and Maedhros came together again - Fëanor loved that feeling of two cocks spending inside him, but it was also exquisite torment, aching so badly to come. Fingolfin knelt down, took Fëanor's cock in his hand, gripped it tight, and stroked it as fast as he could. "Come, slut," Fingolfin commanded. "Come for Atya."

"*Atya!*" Fëanor threw his head back and let out a wordless cry as his seed painted Fingolfin's chest.

After such a powerful orgasm, Fëanor was sure he was spent. But then, a short while later, Fingon and Maedhros were cleaning the mess of Fëanor's seed off Fingolfin's chest... with their tongues. Licking and sucking Fëanor's seed from Fingolfin's nipples, making him groan and arch to them.

Fingolfin was hard again, and so was Fëanor. They all were.

Fëanor smiled. He hoped they would use him all night long.

## **Celegorm/Curufin: Voyeurism, Masturbation, First Time Blowjob**

Each of Fëanor's sons had their own room at Formenos, and Curufin headed to Celegorm's room now to return a knife he had borrowed - he'd lost his, and had borrowed Celegorm's knife until he made a new one. Celegorm had gone hunting again, but he and Curufin frequently borrowed things from each other and went into each other's rooms all the time.

When Curufin reached Celegorm's room, to his surprise Celegorm was back early. Laying on his bed, naked. Cock in his hand, stroking it.

Curufin meant to quietly turn back, unnoticed, but something compelled him to linger at the doorway and watch... admiring his brother's hair fanned out on the pillow, muscles rippling, thick cock slick with pre-spend. Celegorm moaned softly as he rubbed his thumb up and down the sensitive slit and frenulum, and Curufin's own cock rose in response. Right or wrong, he was aroused by his own brother, and as he breathed in the scent of Celegorm's arousal, he *wanted*.

Celegorm's face was in ecstasy, his hand working himself harder, faster, thrusting his hips. Curufin's own cock throbbed, his balls tightening. He found himself undoing his breeches and freeing his cock, stroking himself too -

- and then Celegorm froze and their eyes met. Celegorm glanced down at Curufin's hard cock, and back up. Their eyes held, and Curufin reflexively took a step back and let go of his cock - which made it worse, as his cock twitched with excitement.

Celegorm raised his eyebrows, and Curufin cleared his throat. Then, feeling bold, he said, "I could help you with that."

Curufin had never sucked cock before - though he'd thought about it plenty of times, having hidden and watched Maedhros and Fingon, and sometimes Fëanor and one or both of his brothers... and he'd learned well from watching, able to get most of it in his mouth, bobbing his head up and down, sucking eagerly as Celegorm arched to him, moaning.

Curufin sucked harder, faster, one hand playing with Celegorm's balls, the other stroking himself, going out of his mind with lust at the hot cock in his mouth, and Celegorm's face in ecstasy, thrilling to the sound of his moans and ragged breath. Celegorm got closer, closer, until he grabbed Curufin by the hair, fucking his mouth, panting, and Curufin braced himself. He almost choked when his mouth was flooded with salty seed - so much of it - and he swallowed, tasting spend for the first time. His brother's spend.

Celegorm pulled Curufin by the hair, into a deep, passionate kiss. "Was that your first time?" Celegorm asked.

Curufin nodded.

"You're good at sucking cock." Celegorm kissed him again. "Now let's take care of you."

Curufin lay back and watched his cock disappear into his brother's mouth. The heat in Celegorm's eyes aroused him as much as feeling Celegorm's mouth around him. Celegorm sucked hungrily and it didn't take long for Curufin to explode, coming with a cry. Celegorm let out a little whimper as he swallowed it down, then the brothers kissed again,

making a sloppy mess of seed, coating their tongues, making streamers as their tongues licked together, cream spilling down their chins and throats.

"We'll have to do that again," Curufin said, smiling.

"We'll have to do that a lot." Celegorm smiled back, before claiming another kiss.

## Turgon/Maeglin: Hurt/Comfort, Praise Kink, Light Dom/sub

"What do you want?"

Turgon pursed his lips. "That is no way to greet your uncle."

"No. I'm sorry." Maeglin looked away, cheeks burning with shame.

Turgon put his hands on his hips. "I have been informed you haven't left this forge for a week. You look like you've barely slept, or eaten. I think I know why, but I want to hear it from you."

Maeglin looked down, the pit of his stomach rising. He didn't want to tell Turgon why - he didn't want to relive the painful moment all over again - but there was no use hiding it. "I love your daughter, and she doesn't love me." He fought back the tears. "She... said she sensed darkness in me -"

Turgon strode over to him, pulled Maeglin to his feet, and looked him in the eye. "I'm sorry she said that. I don't think that of you at all."

Maeglin fell apart then, and Turgon held him close, letting him cry, petting his hair. "You're a good boy," Turgon said softly. "Such a good boy."

To his horror, Maeglin's cock went hard. It was one thing to desire Idril, it was another to desire her father. His own uncle. He'd fought the attraction for years - he had wondered if Idril sensed it and it was the "darkness" she spoke of - but now it was obvious, and Maeglin was sure Turgon would also cast him aside, the only family he had...

Before Maeglin could step away, Turgon seized him by the sleeve. Their eyes held for a long moment, then Turgon said simply, "Kneel."

Maeglin swallowed hard, and did as he was told. His cock throbbed as he followed orders, feeling a little thrill at being made to kneel.

"Idril may not want you, but I do." Turgon took down his breeches, and Maeglin let out a soft moan at the sight of his uncle's cock, just as hard as his own. "Do you like what you see, boy?"

Maeglin was hardly a boy anymore - a young man, but still a man - but his cock stiffened all the more at the word, yet another show of Turgon's power over him. Maeglin nodded. "Yes."

"Show me what a good boy you are," Turgon said, coming closer, his cock in Maeglin's face.

Maeglin had never sucked cock before - he'd certainly thought about it, this was his favorite fantasy and now it was made flesh. Maeglin greedily wrapped his lips around Turgon's cock and took as much of it in his mouth as he could, until he gagged. Turgon pulled out and Maeglin tried again, less of it this time. He sucked slowly at first, letting his mouth get used to the fullness... savoring Turgon's soft moans.

Then, after awhile, he sucked harder, faster. Turgon rested a hand on Maeglin's head. "Good boy," Turgon praised. "Such a good boy. My good boy."

Maeglin almost came just from those words. He sucked faster still, hungry for it, going

mad with lust. Turgon's moans got louder and he began to gently rock his hips, grabbing Maeglin by the hair. "My good boy," Turgon ground out. "Good boy. My good, sweet boy..."

And then Turgon couldn't make words at all, only moan as Maeglin slurped at him. When Turgon's mouth opened but no sound came out, eyes wide, Maeglin knew he was right there. A few seconds later Turgon threw his head back and let out a fierce cry and Maeglin almost choked at the seed filling his mouth. It tasted salty, but good; Maeglin swallowed it and lapped at Turgon's cock, licking it clean, wanting every last drop. Turgon moaned and shuddered before he gently pushed Maeglin off. "Sensitive," he breathed.

He pulled Maeglin to his feet and they kissed for the first time. Maeglin's cock pulsed, aching for relief. Still kissing him, Turgon took Maeglin's cock in his hand and began to stroke. "You were a very good boy, and now you get a reward," Turgon said, and kissed him again.

Soon Maeglin came - Turgon had to steady him so he didn't fall over. Maeglin leaned on Turgon's shoulder, moaning as his orgasm throbbed. Turgon let go of Maeglin's cock and stuck his spend-covered fingers in Maeglin's mouth, making him taste himself, before they kissed.

Turgon slapped Maeglin's bare ass. "You're going to wash up, eat a proper meal, and then tonight you will sleep in my bed. And every night thereafter. You don't need Idril. You're mine now."

"Yes," Maeglin said - the hurt of Idril's rejection was still there, but this lessened the sting. He wanted this even more, if he was being very honest with himself. His father had never approved of him, but now he was Turgon's good boy.

## Celegorm/Curufin: Dildo Play

After a few days of sucking each other's cocks, Celegorm and Curufin decided they wanted to go further.

They knew where Maedhros kept his toys, and borrowed one without asking first. It was the smallest of the glass cocks Fëanor had forged, but they needed something on the small side to practice with.

Curufin went first, a pillow under his hips, legs spread, knees bent. Celegorm oiled the glass cock and pushed in just the tip, in and out, teasing him, until Curufin cried, "More, brother, put it in me all the way."

Celegorm did as he asked, his own cock throbbing as he watched Curufin's hole swallow the toy inch by inch. When it was all the way inside Curufin whimpered and clutched the sheets, eyes wide.

Celegorm gave him a moment to adjust, then began working the glass cock in and out of him, slowly. At first Curufin gasped and shuddered and Celegorm worried he was hurting his brother, but then Curufin bucked his hips and moaned. Celegorm's cock leapt - he fought the urge to replace the toy with the real thing. He continued to slide the glass cock in and out, watching Curufin's face in ecstasy, breathing harder, moaning.

After awhile Celegorm worked the toy harder, faster, fucking him in earnest, and Curufin went wild, rocking his hips, fucking himself on it. "More," Curufin begged, just like Fëanor did the times they'd hidden and watched him with his brothers. "More, that's it, more..."

Celegorm kept pushing the toy in and out, his own cock desperate for relief, and when Curufin got closer he began to stroke himself. Celegorm's free hand caressed Curufin's thighs and stomach, then guided Curufin's hand, stroking Curufin's cock together. It didn't take long after that - a dozen strokes later Curufin screamed as he painted his face with seed, then his seed splashed Celegorm's face as well. Celegorm laughed with delight, then groaned with frustration.

Celegorm got on all fours - like a dog in heat - and moaned into the pillows as Curufin pushed the toy inside him. Curufin smacked Celegorm's ass and Celegorm cried out, pushing his ass out at his brother. The toy stretched and filled him, pinching and burning at first, then the pain became pleasure as the glass cock found a deliciously sensitive spot inside him and rubbed it. Celegorm went wild, rocking his hips, and Curufin worked the toy faster and faster, until Celegorm was trembling, panting, desperate to come but the rubbing on that sweet spot was so good...

...Curufin reached around and stroked Celegorm's cock and he couldn't hold back anymore, howling as his orgasm hit like a lightning bolt. The contractions were so intense, and Celegorm gasped for breath as he kept pulsing, throbbing, the pleasure almost painful.

The contractions died down and there was relief. Shining peace. Curufin and Celegorm curled up together, smiling.

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They'd meant to return the toy right away but fell asleep, and when they woke up from their nap, Maedhros was home from fishing. They waited until Maedhros went to go see Fëanor in the forge and hurried to Maedhros's room, hoping he hadn't checked his toy chest since he'd come home.

Of course, Maedhros didn't miss a thing, and the next day, after Curufin and Celegorm came back from hiking, there was a double-headed glass cock on Celegorm's bed with a note in Maedhros's handwriting: *You should try this next time.*



## **Celegorm/Curufin: 69, Rimming, Double Dildo**

Curufin and Celegorm were eager to try out the toy Maedhros had given them to borrow - a double-headed glass cock. But sucking each other had become part of their daily routine, so they started with that.

This time, they decided to suck each other at the same time. They both loved to suck cock, and get sucked, and being able to do both at once was very arousing. They sucked each other greedily, moaning with their mouths full. Every now and again they let the cock slip from their mouths and licked up and down the shaft and around and around the head, teasing. Celegorm sucked on just the head of Curufin's cock, tongue rubbing, as Curufin sucked on Celegorm's balls. Then Celegorm licked and sucked at Curufin's balls and gently nibbled the skin of his sack, and Curufin took Celegorm's cock as deep as it would go, gagging on it, trying again, making filthy slurping sounds as he sucked deep and hard. Celegorm took Curufin's cock in his mouth again and also tried to take as much of it as he could, worshipping it.

Celegorm glanced over at the glass cock waiting for them, and he got an idea. He pulled Curufin's cock out of his mouth and then his tongue began to trace circles around Curufin's opening. Curufin whimpered around the cock in his mouth and Celegorm's own cock pulsed, excited by the pink puckered hole twitching in anticipation. Celegorm dipped his tongue inside and Curufin howled with his mouth full, and Celegorm almost came right then.

Celegorm's tongue lapped inside his brother, and after a few moments Curufin did the same, licking at Celegorm's hole. It was a whole new kind of pleasure, teasing, and their moans got louder, losing themselves, building the tension to an exquisite peak. Their tongues lashed and fluttered, fast then slow then fast again, hungrily devouring each other, shameless in their lust.

After awhile they resumed sucking each other, playing with each other's balls with one hand, fingering each other with the other hand, fucking each other's mouths. The brothers took each other's hands as they came together, flooding each other's mouths with so much hot seed that they almost choked on it.

With seed still in their mouths they sat up and kissed each other passionately, savoring the taste of their seed combined... and then they kissed open-mouthed, tongues rubbing, making a sloppy mess of their seed down their chins and throats. They licked up the seed from each other's chins and necks and their tongues rubbed together again, wanting every last drop. As good as their orgasm was, kissing and licking got them hard all over again, insatiable for each other, but they spent time just kissing, licking, sucking on each other's tongues.

When they were ready, they sucked on each end of the glass cock, getting it slick - further teasing each other with the sight of a cock in their mouths. Then Curufin got on all fours and Celegorm poured oil down the crack of his brother's ass, groaning with appreciation as he watched the oil drip into Curufin's hole, and the hole twitched in response. Celegorm worked one end of the glass cock into Curufin's hole, pushing it in a little at a time. Once it was in all the way, with the other end sticking out, Celegorm poured oil over the cock, then got on his hands and knees and backed himself up until he felt the tip of the other end of the glass cock at his opening. He gripped the sheets, white-knuckled, as he continued to back up and the cock stretched him.

They took a moment to adjust and then they began to work their hips, asses slapping

together as they fucked themselves on the toy - and it felt like they were fucking each other, too. They rocked their hips faster and faster, until the sound of their asses and balls smacking together was louder than their cries, both of them whimpering and panting like animals in heat. They fucked and fucked, not able to get enough, lost in pleasure and lust.

At last Curufin ground out, "I'm getting close, brother."

Celegorm's hips bucked as fast and hard as he could, and Curufin matched his rhythm. The tension wound tighter and tighter, to the shatterpoint, and Celegorm rasped, "Come with me, brother."

Curufin came, screaming, and Celegorm let out a fierce cry as his climax overtook him, a full-body orgasm, throbbing deliciously. Curufin doubled over, panting, and Celegorm sighed, toes curling. Nothing had ever felt so good.

Curufin and Celegorm tangled up together, content. Just before Celegorm could fall asleep, he murmured, "We'll have to thank Nelya for letting us borrow that toy."

"I agree." Curufin smiled and gave Celegorm a little kiss, then they drifted off in each other's arms.

## Celegorm/Curufin/Maedhros/Maglor: Foursome

Celegorm and Curufin felt ready to take real cock, not just a toy, and while they were eager to take turns inside each other, they knew Maedhros and Maglor would be more experienced at fucking. So it was that they invited their elder brothers to be their first fuck.

As badly as Maedhros and Maglor wanted to ravage those tight virgin holes and fill them up with seed for the first time, they wanted to make it good for their brothers. So they started off kissing, caressing, playing with each other's cocks. Then Maedhros and Maglor knelt before their younger brothers and Maedhros took Celegorm's cock in his mouth and Maglor sucked on Curufin, while Curufin and Celegorm kissed, and licked and nibbled each other's necks. After awhile Maglor and Maedhros traded places, with Maedhros sucking on Curufin and Maglor sucking Celegorm.

When Curufin and Celegorm got closer, moaning louder, Maedhros and Maglor stopped sucking them, and lay back, kissing each other, rubbing their tongues together as Curufin sucked Maedhros's cock and Celegorm sucked Maglor. "So good at this," Maglor praised.

"Such cock-hungry little sluts," Maedhros growled, grabbing a handful of Curufin's hair. Curufin whimpered around the cock in his mouth and began stroking himself as he sucked Maedhros harder, faster.

"That's it," Maglor rasped. "Suck it, slut." He also pulled Celegorm's hair and Celegorm frantically rubbed himself against the mattress, moaning with his mouth full.

But Maedhros and Maglor were cock-hungry sluts themselves - it ran in the family; they came by it honestly - and couldn't resist the urge to suck cock some more. So all four of them made a circle around the bed, with Maedhros sucking Celegorm's cock as Celegorm sucked Maglor, Maglor sucked Curufin, and Curufin sucked Maedhros. The four brothers sucked hard, bobbing their heads, making lewd slurping sounds as they feasted on each other. It didn't take long for them to come that way, flooding each other's mouths. Instead of swallowing it right down they took turns kissing open-mouthed, rubbing their tongues together, making a mess of seed down their chins and necks.

The debauched mess got them hard for each other again. It was time. Celegorm and Curufin got on all fours, facing each other. Maedhros knelt behind Curufin and Maglor knelt behind Celegorm. Maedhros and Maglor prepared their younger brothers with tongue, expertly lapping at the puckered holes until Celegorm and Curufin were both bucking their hips, panting, urgently fucking themselves on their brothers' tongues, in heat for it.

Oil was poured and Maedhros went first, pushing inside Curufin, then Maglor took Celegorm from behind. They let the younger men adjust to the length and thickness of them, being stretched, and when Celegorm and Curufin were ready - signalling their readiness by kissing each other - Maedhros and Maglor began to thrust in the same rhythm.

Hips smacked together, balls slapped against balls. Maedhros grunted and Curufin yelped; Maglor groaned and Celegorm whimpered. Soon Curufin and Celegorm were past the pain and rocked their hips back at their brothers, moaning, panting... every now and again kissing open-mouthed, licking their tongues together. Watching Celegorm and Curufin rubbing their tongues together drove Maedhros and Maglor wild, fucking faster, harder, growling, each of them grabbing a handful of their brother's hair as the filthy smacking, slurping sound of their fuck rose above the primal snarls and whines.

When Maedhros and Maglor sensed their brothers getting closer, they reached around, Maedhros stroking Curufin's cock, Maglor stroking Celegorm's cock, in time with their thrusts.

"More," Curufin begged, just like Fëanor did. "More, more... give me more..."

"Fuck me," Celegorm cried. "Fuck me hard, fuck me harder, brother, pound my arse..."

Maglor spanked Celegorm's ass and drove into him as hard and fast as he could. Not to be outdone, Maedhros did the same. All four brothers let out shuddery little gasps as they got closer, closer, right there...

They all came together, Celegorm and Curufin screaming before a deep, passionate kiss. They moaned into the kiss as they felt their older brothers fill them with seed, so much of it that it leaked out of their holes, making a mess on the sheets.

After Maedhros and Maglor pulled out, they admired their handiwork - the gaping holes dripping with seed - and then they made Celegorm and Curufin look at each other's holes, and that aroused them all over again, cocks hard and aching for more.

But first... they couldn't let all that delicious spend go to waste. Celegorm ate Maedhros's seed out of Curufin's hole, while Curufin ate Maglor's seed out of Celegorm's hole.

"Eat it up, boys," Maedhros said, "so we can fill those holes back up with our seed."

Celegorm and Curufin moaned into each other's holes, lapping harder.

## **Celegorm/Curufin/Maedhros/Maglor: Foursome (yes, again)**

After that first fuck, Celegorm and Curufin couldn't get enough of Maedhros and Maglor's cocks, and Maedhros and Maglor were happy to fuck them over and over again.

But at last, after a week where Maglor and Maedhros had fucked Celegorm and Curufin for hours each day, breaking in their holes, they decided it was time for Celegorm and Curufin to practice fucking.

Maglor and Maedhros readied themselves by licking each other's holes while their younger brothers watched, stroking themselves. Maglor and Maedhros moaned with pleasure as they lapped at each other's passages, getting them slick, making them twitch with arousal.

Then they started off with Maedhros's double-headed glass cock to put on a show for their younger brothers. Maglor got on all fours and Maedhros shoved one end of the toy into his brother, then backed himself up on the other end. Their asses and balls slapped together as the hole worked back and forth between their holes, the two brothers panting for it like animals in heat as Celegorm and Curufin stroked their cocks frantically, lust burning hotter and hotter at the sight of Maglor and Maedhros rocking their hips, the filthy sound of their flesh smacking, the glass cock slurping in and out of slicked-up holes. Maglor came first, whimpering, and a few thrusts later Maedhros came too, gasping and shuddering with the power of his release.

Celegorm and Curufin continued to stroke themselves, both cocks glistening with pre-spend, as Maedhros and Maglor rested for a little while, letting themselves recover before another round. When they were ready, Maedhros pulled Celegorm down into a kiss and Maglor did the same with Curufin. Maedhros's cock rubbed against Celegorm's as they kissed deeply, while Maglor and Curufin's tongues licked together as Maglor stroked both of their cocks in his tight fist. Then Maedhros and Curufin kissed, and so did Maglor and Celegorm.

Maglor lay back and Curufin began to tongue Maglor's opening, while Maglor took turns kissing Maedhros and Celegorm. Then Celegorm shoved Maedhros back and licked at his hole, Maedhros's moans louder than Maglor's as Celegorm teased and pleased him.

Celegorm got the vial of oil and poured it into Maedhros's hole and over his own cock, then passed it to his brother as he stroked himself, working the oil. Curufin also worked the oil over his cock and fingered Maglor's hole with oil-slick fingers, until Maglor was working his hips, fucking himself on Curufin's fingers.

Celegorm plunged into Maedhros at the same time as Curufin taking Maglor. Celegorm and Curufin rocked their hips in the same frenzied rhythm, fucking their older brothers hard. Maedhros and Maglor kissed each other and stroked each other's cocks.

"That's it, little brother, fuck me hard," Maedhros rasped. "Show me what you're made of."

"Fuck that hole," Maglor cried. "Punish it."

Celegorm and Curufin fucked them harder, faster, grunting as they tried to hold back their release, not wanting to come too soon. Across their mental bond, Celegorm and Curufin could feel each other getting more and more excited at the holes squeezing their cocks, the feel of wet silk rippling up and down their cocks with each thrust... the look of ecstasy on their brothers' faces, the delicious primal noises Maedhros and Maglor made as they

were ravaged.

Maedhros and Maglor stroked each other madly, pre-spend flowing down their cocks, making a wet rattling sound.

"Give me more, give it to me," Maedhros gritted out. "Harder. Fuck me harder."

"Use that slutty hole," Maglor panted. "Harder. Faster. More, little brother, more..."

Curufin started to rub Maglor's balls and that was his undoing - Maglor screamed as he spurted up his own torso and shot seed in his own face. That made Maedhros climax, moaning, a rope of seed splashing Celegorm's chest, then his own. Celegorm and Curufin came together, crying out, taking each other's hands.

The four of them tangled up together, petting, nuzzling, giving each other soft little kisses that soon became more sensual and playful... then deeper, more intense kisses that made them hard again. Curufin ate Celegorm's seed out of Maedhros, and Celegorm ate Curufin's seed out of Maglor, and Curufin and Celegorm kissed, sharing the mingled seed between them, making a wet sloppy mess with their tongues, seed spilling down their chins and throats. Maglor and Maedhros begged for more, and Celegorm and Curufin made them get on all fours, facing each other.

This time, Curufin mounted Maedhros and Celegorm mounted Maglor. Maglor and Maedhros rubbed their tongues together as Curufin and Celegorm pounded them harder and harder. Celegorm pulled Maglor's hair and Curufin spanked Maedhros's ass. Time seemed to stop as Curufin and Celegorm lost themselves in pleasure, savoring the feel of spend-slick holes kissing their cocks over and over again... watching Maglor and Maedhros lick each other's tongues, panting into each other's mouths.

Maedhros came first, whimpering, then Maglor came, gasping, shuddering. Celegorm and Curufin came together again, swearing, as the pulsing, clenching holes wrung every last drop of seed from their cocks.

One good turn deserved another, and when they were all hard again, it was time for Celegorm and Curufin to get on all fours, and take it like they'd given it. Maglor fucked Celegorm hard, and Maedhros drove into Curufin with abandon. Celegorm and Curufin begged "more, more," in unison... one lust, one need.

It had been days since the brothers had gone hiking or hunting, and it didn't look like they'd be getting out anytime soon. All they wanted to do was fuck and come, worshiping each other's bodies.

## Celegorm/Curufin: Watersports, Cock Docking, Fuck Fight

After days and days of insatiable fucking, Maglor got back to his music, Maedhros spent time with Fëanor, and Celegorm and Curufin decided to take Huan on a hike. Huan had been following Amrod and Amras around lately, and Celegorm was relieved that Huan wasn't angry with him for his absence.

On the trail back to Formenos, Huan had to do his business. As Huan pissed, Celegorm's own bladder urged him, and Celegorm tried to wait, but when Huan chased after a squirrel, Celegorm whipped it out and pissed in the bushes.

Curufin watched Celegorm piss with hungry eyes, and just before Celegorm finished pissing, Curufin dropped to his knees before him and began lapping at the flow of piss like he was drinking from a fountain.

The sight of Curufin with his hair and face damp, clothes stained from drinking his piss, drove Celegorm mad with lust. He pulled his brother up and they clung together as they shared a deep, salty kiss. Then Curufin took his own breeches down. "Have to go," he said.

Celegorm quickly undressed and lay before his brother naked. "Piss on me," Celegorm said, stroking his cock. "Mark me."

Curufin aimed his piss at Celegorm's face, then down Celegorm's chest and stomach, finishing by pissing on Celegorm's cock. Celegorm stroked himself harder, whimpering like a dog in heat as he was splashed with his brother's hot piss. Curufin groaned and when he shook his cock dry, he kept stroking it, his own lust inflamed by such a primal, debauched act.

Curufin took his clothes off and fell on his brother. Curufin began to lick his own piss off Celegorm's nipples, then licked up and down Celegorm's hard cock, tasting their piss combined. Celegorm had to go again, pissing on Curufin's nipples, then he took their cockheads together, rolled down Curufin's foreskin, and pushed the head of his cock inside, pissing in Curufin's foreskin. Curufin climaxed, piss mingling with seed. Celegorm laughed with triumph as he pulled his cockhead out of Curufin's foreskin and watched the mess of seed and piss dripping out of the foreskin.

"Such a slut," Celegorm said, and kissed Curufin hard. "We need to work on your stamina."

Curufin kissed Celegorm back, and reached over to where their clothes lay on the grass - he'd brought a vial of oil along for the hike, and he produced it with a smug smirk. "I bet I can make you spill first."

They hadn't fucked each other yet - they'd been fucking Maglor and Maedhros, and had been fucked by them, enough that there hadn't been room for that - but now it was time to try it. They poured oil over each other's cocks then Celegorm took both cocks in his fist, stroking them as they kissed passionately.

Celegorm shoved Curufin onto his back and took him, Curufin's right leg on his left shoulder. Celegorm fucked him hard and fast, stroking Curufin's cock in time with his thrusts. "I bet you'll spill first, just like the slut you are," Celegorm rasped.

Curufin pushed Celegorm back on the ground, let Celegorm's cock slip from his hole, and then he put both of Celegorm's legs on his shoulders and started pounding him. Celegorm

bucked his hips, moaning. "You haven't come yet, and I'm going to make you come," Curufin snarled.

Celegorm rolled Curufin onto his back, then his stomach, and took him from behind, riding Curufin's ass, pulling his hair. "You're the one who's going to come first, slut," Celegorm said.

Curufin rocked his hips back at his brother, panting, but before he could come from the delicious rhythm inside him, he elbowed Celegorm, pulled back, and then pounced him like a cat, the two brothers rolling around in the grass, biting each other, slapping, pushing... cock rubbing cock. Curufin rolled on his back again, and pulled Celegorm atop him, guiding Celegorm to straddle his cock. Celegorm rode him hard, working his hips in circles, squeezing his inner muscles to tease them both. Curufin stroked Celegorm's cock. "Spill, you slut," Curufin commanded.

But Celegorm wasn't going to let him win that easily. Celegorm dismounted, rolled Curufin onto his side, and put Curufin in a headlock as he took him from behind. When Curufin started rocking his hips again, fucking himself, whimpering, Celegorm let go of Curufin's neck and moved his hand down to stroke Curufin's cock. Curufin grabbed Celegorm's arm, let Celegorm's cock slip out, and then the brothers wrestled some more, before Celegorm entered him again, pinning him down, yanking hard at Curufin's hair. "Slut," Celegorm growled. "You know you want to come again, and you're going to come on this cock right now -"

Curufin lost control, giving into a second orgasm, howling. Celegorm gave in to his own climax, spending inside his brother's pulsing hole. Curufin sighed with pleasure as he felt Celegorm spend inside him.

"I may have lost, but I feel like I still won," Curufin laughed.

"That's because you're a slut," Celegorm said, and gave his brother a fond slap on the ass.

"You're a slut, too." Curufin turned his head and the brothers kissed, then licked their tongues together. Huan came running back and the brothers quickly got up and got dressed, even though Huan didn't care if they were naked or not. "I want a rematch," Curufin said.

Celegorm took Curufin's hand and they headed back down the trail to Formenos, Huan leading the way, tail wagging happily. "I think we'll be having a lot of rematches," Celegorm said, squeezing his brother's hand.



## Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Fingon/Maedhros: Fivesome, Daddy Kink, Double Penetration

Once Finarfin had heard Fëanor had a foursome with Fingolfin, Maedhros and Fingon, Finarfin didn't want to be left out of the fun, and his brothers and nephews were more than happy to include him.

Fëanor was more and more of a cock-hungry slut all the time, his thirst for cock knew no bounds. After he sucked his brothers, eldest son, and eldest nephew in turn, letting them paint his face, hair, and body with their seed, Fëanor begged for more cock.

Finarfin and Fingolfin decided such a slut needed a sound spanking. While Fingon and Maedhros watched, stroking each other, Fingolfin took Fëanor over his knee and gave him ten spankings, five on each ass cheek. Fëanor rubbed his hard cock against Fingolfin's thigh, panting and whimpering like he was in heat. "Please, Atya, more," Fëanor whined. "Please, more, Atya, I've been such a naughty boy..."

Finarfin sat down next to Fingolfin, and they pulled Fëanor over Finarfin's knee. "You'll get more, you bratty slut," Finarfin snarled. He spanked Fëanor even harder, for twenty spankings this time, ten on the left cheek, ten on the right. Fëanor howled and frantically rubbed himself, getting Finarfin's thigh slick with his pre-spend, and with the final spanking Fëanor climaxed, making a mess with his seed.

"I didn't say you could come, brat," Finarfin said.

Fëanor gave Finarfin an innocent smile that wasn't innocent at all, batting his lashes.

"I don't think this arse of yours has had enough punishment," Fingolfin said, grabbing Fëanor by the hair.

"Of course not, Atya," Fëanor said. "I think you need to punish *merely hard*."

Fingolfin and Finarfin sat facing each other, hard cocks pressed together, as they had done many times in the past. Fëanor turned to the side and sank down on the two cocks. When they were buried to the hilt, Fingolfin leaned in and claimed a kiss from Fëanor, then Finarfin did. Then they slapped Fëanor's ass together and grabbed him by the hair. "Ride us, slut," Finarfin commanded.

Fëanor did as he was told - eagerly. He bounced madly on their cocks, head thrown back, face in ecstasy, as the two long, thick luscious cocks hit that sweet spot inside him over and over again.

After a moment of watching Fëanor ride, Maedhros and Fingon stepped forward, their hard cocks glistening with pre-spend. Fëanor licked his lips at the sight of it. Fingolfin and Finarfin let go of Fëanor's hair and Maedhros and Fingon grabbed it, pulling him forward. They shoved their cocks in his mouth - both of them. Fëanor loved it, howling with pleasure as they filled his mouth; Fëanor rode Fingolfin and Finarfin harder, faster, stroking himself furiously as he made slurping sounds around the two cocks in his mouth.

There was nothing Fëanor liked more than having two cocks in his hole and two cocks in his mouth, at the same time. He was greedy for it like never before, more and more aroused by sucking such beautiful cocks as the cocks inside him found that perfect rhythm. The pleasure intensified even more when Fingolfin and Finarfin leaned in on

either side of Fëanor and began sucking Fëanor's nipples at the same time. Fëanor went wild, bucking harder, frantic, frenzied.

"Is that enough cock for you, slut?" Finarfin yelled.

"Mmmmm, *mmmm*," Fëanor moaned around the cocks in his mouth, stroking himself harder.

Fingolfin snatched Fëanor's hand away and replaced it with his own; Finarfin's hand covered Fingolfin's, guiding it. "You'll come when we tell you to come, slut," Fingolfin snapped.

Fëanor whimpered, riding as hard as he could.

Time seemed to stop, the world melting away as the five men kept the fuck going as long as they could, using Fëanor's mouth and hole like the fuckslut he was. Fëanor couldn't get enough - he wanted to suck and be fucked forever - but the tension built to the breaking point and at last Fëanor was shuddering, making urgent high-pitched noises around the cocks in his mouth.

Maedhros and Fingon came together, kissing, rubbing their tongues together, moaning as they flooded Fëanor's mouth with seed. There was so much seed Fëanor almost choked on it, and it spilled down his neck. Fëanor was dangerously close to orgasm, but he tried desperately to hold back and be a good boy for his brothers.

Fingolfin and Finarfin worked Fëanor's cock harder and harder, and a moment later, Finarfin ground out, "Come with us, slut." Fingolfin and Finarfin grunted together as they filled Fëanor's hole up with their spend, and the feeling of his brothers coming inside him made Fëanor come too, gasping for breath, tears of joy streaming down his face. It was such a powerful orgasm, as if he were expressing the depths of his love with his entire body.

"Good slut," Finarfin said, petting him.

"That's a good boy," Fingolfin said. He gave Fëanor a tender little kiss, then a playful ass slap.

The five tangled up together in a cuddle pile, perfectly at peace. Fëanor smiled so hard his face hurt, flexing his toes like a contented cat.

"Was that enough cock, slut?" Fingolfin asked, lovingly stroking Fëanor's face and hair.

Fëanor gave him a wicked grin and winked. "I think next time Kanafinwë should join us."

## **Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor: Sixsome, Oil, Bukkake**

As expected, Maglor was excited to be invited to the group sex with Fëanor, Finarfin, Fingolfin, Fingon, and Maedhros. They poured oil over each other's bodies and all took turns kissing and caressing each other, working the oil so that their muscles glistened deliciously. Hard cock rubbed against hard cock, until all were engorged, flushed deep pink, veins standing out, dripping pre-spend.

It was decided that Maglor could "break in" Fëanor. Maglor bent his father over and took him from behind. Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed and licked their tongues together, stroking each other's cocks, and Fingon and Maedhros did the same, as they watched the filthy, debauched sight of Maglor fucking Fëanor. Their hips slapped together, balls smacking balls, Maglor's oiled cock and Fëanor's slick hole making a luscious slurping sound. Maglor grunted and Fëanor whimpered, Fëanor's noises getting louder and more high-pitched as Maglor grabbed Fëanor by the hair and spanked his ass.

"Fuck that slut," Finarfin yelled, and Fingolfin stroked Finarfin's cock harder, kissing his neck; Finarfin groaned with pleasure.

Maglor fucked Fëanor harder, faster, their hips smacking louder. Maglor growled and Fëanor whined, panting like he was in heat, bucking his hips back at Maglor, frantic for it.

"I love watching that slut get fucked," Maedhros said, before his tongue rubbed against Fingon's and they started stroking each other furiously.

Finarfin, Fingolfin, Maedhros and Fingon knew when Maglor was getting close - he started trembling, breath coming out in shuddery gasps, hips slamming wildly. "Come in that slutty hole," Fingon encouraged.

"Fill that slut's hole with your spend, brother," Maedhros called out.

Maglor threw back his head and cried out as he came inside Fëanor, so much seed that the four watched it pour out of Fëanor's hole and down Maglor's shaft. Maglor pulled out and everyone moaned, stroking frenziedly as they watched Fëanor's hole gaping, gushing Maglor's spend.

Fëanor hadn't come yet, and whimpered with frustration. Maglor slapped Fëanor's ass.

Fingolfin, Finarfin, Maedhros and Fingon rose and walked over, stroking themselves. Maglor turned Fëanor to face them, and Fëanor held his mouth open, tongues hanging out as Fingolfin, Finarfin, Maedhros and Fingon all came together, coming not only on his tongue but all over his face and hair and throat and chest, even painting Fëanor's nipples with seed. Fëanor moaned and let out another little sob of frustration, and Fingolfin just laughed at him and slapped Fëanor's tongue with his cock, so Fëanor could get every last drop of his seed. "As you know, that's what sluts are good for," Fingolfin rasped with a satisfied smile.

Of course, they didn't stay sated for long.

## **Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor: Sixsome, Come Eating, Rimming, Double Penetration, Cock Docking, Cumplay**

Seeing Fëanor sitting there with his hard cock dripping pre-spend, with seed all over him, got them hard and ready again in no time.

Maglor turned Fëanor back around. "Show them your arse, slut," Maglor commanded, and spanked his father's ass.

Fëanor thrust his hips out and spread his hole, so they could see Maglor's seed still leaking out of it.

Finarfin, Fingolfin, Fingon and Maedhros came back over, not wanting to let that delicious spend go to waste. Fingolfin went first, tongue lapping away at Fëanor's hole... teasing him. Making Fëanor beg "more, more," even as badly as they knew Fëanor needed to be fucked some more, needed to come.

Fingolfin kissed Finarfin with Maglor's seed on his tongue. They rubbed their tongues together, then Finarfin moved in and began to feast, making lewd slurping, sipping sounds as his lips kissed the opening and his tongue worked inside. Fëanor bucked his hips, panting, continuing to beg "more, more, give me more, more, *more*" like a bitch in heat.

Finarfin kissed Maedhros with Maglor's seed on his tongue, and shoved Maedhros down, holding Maedhros's head and grabbing a handful of hair - not that Maedhros needed to be forced, tongue lashing furiously in his father's hole like he was starving for it, moaning into the hole, stroking himself madly. Maedhros ate and ate and ate at Fëanor, growling, every now and again licking his lips, making a mess with Maglor's seed and his saliva, until Fingon shoved him away. "Save some of that hot arse for me," Fingon chuckled.

Fingon slapped one of Fëanor's ass cheeks, then the other, and dove in, viciously devouring him. Fëanor squealed and worked his hips, fucking himself on Fingon's tongue, fluttering, swirling. Fingon moved his head back and forth, tongue in and out of Fëanor's hole like a cock, and after a few dozen strokes he moved in closer and went back to rocking his tongue inside, making Fëanor sob with tormented, frustrated pleasure.

"I think this slut needs more cock," Finarfin said.

"I think you're right, brother," Fingolfin said, and slapped Finarfin on the back.

"Please, please, cock, I want cock," Fëanor panted.

Once again, Fingolfin and Finarfin sat facing each other, cock to cock. They kissed and licked their tongues together as they poured oil over their cocks and Finarfin took them both in his fist, stroking them together, working in the oil; Fingolfin played with Finarfin's nipples, making him shudder and moan.

When they were ready, after one long kiss where they slowly rubbed their tongues together, teasing, Fingolfin and Finarfin guided Fëanor over. Fëanor turned to the side, a shoulder to each brother, and sank down on their cocks. Even though he'd taken both cocks inside him many times before, Fëanor still cried out as he was stretched, and made a guttural noise as he took them to the hilt.

Maglor sat across from Fëanor, and as Fëanor began to ride his brothers, slowly

bouncing up and down, Fëanor and Maglor leaned in to kiss, caressing each other. Maglor oiled his cock, then Fëanor's... then Fëanor rolled his foreskin back, as Maglor guided the head of his cock to the head of Fëanor's cock, and Fëanor rolled his foreskin over both cockheads, so it looked like Fëanor's cock was sucking Maglor's cock. Both men groaned as the erotic sight, and kissed again, more deeply, passionately. Maglor's hand rested atop Fëanor's and they massaged the two cocks together back and forth, cock kissing cock, Fëanor's sensitive foreskin teased by Maglor's sensitive cockhead. It was bliss; Fëanor's pleasure was intensified by Fingolfin and Finarfin's cocks pushing and pulling, rubbing together inside him, stroking that sweet spot over and over.

Fingon and Maedhros came closer, getting between Maglor and Fëanor - Maglor and Fëanor were still joined at the cock, but their asses were in Maglor's face, and their cocks were in Fëanor's face. Fëanor hungrily took both cocks in his mouth, bobbing his head back and forth hard and fast, suctioning loudly, humming with pleasure around the two cocks in his mouth as he and Maglor worked their cocks together faster. Maglor couldn't resist the lovely asses in front of him, and his free hand fingered Maedhros's ass as his tongue lapped at Fingon's hole. Fingon and Maedhros groaned together between kisses.

Then Maglor's fingers worked in and out of Fingon as he tongued his brother's ass. Maedhros worked his hips, fucking Fëanor's mouth and fucking himself on Maglor's tongue. Fingon did the same to rub his cock against Maedhros's in Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor almost gagged, spit rolling down his chin and throat.

It didn't take long for Maedhros and Fingon to come together, screaming as they poured their seed into Fëanor's mouth, so much of it that it seeped out the corners of his mouth and coated his neck, rolling all the way down his chest to his nipples. Fëanor swallowed what he could but there was so much of it that he still had seed in his mouth. Maedhros and Fingon moved out of the way and Maglor pulled Fëanor close, kissing him fiercely, Fëanor feeding Maglor his brother and cousin's seed. Both men moaned into the kiss and stroked their cocks together faster as Fëanor bounced on Fingolfin and Finarfin's cocks harder. Fingolfin and Finarfin leaned in on either side of Fëanor to lap and suckle his nipples and that drove Fëanor even wilder, riding feverishly, as hard as he could, working his hips in circles.

Maglor and Fëanor made an utterly debauched mess with Fingon and Maedhros's seed, their saliva making more of it, thicker, sloppier. They had seed all over their lips and chins and throats. Fingolfin and Finarfin's tongues licked up the seed from Fëanor's nipples, sucked up the seed, moaning with Fëanor's long, thick nipples in their mouths. "Delicious," Finarfin rasped before he slurped some more.

Fëanor felt like he was going to die if he didn't come, but he never wanted it to end - his brothers teasing his nipples, pleasing that sweet spot inside him, the erotic sight of his cock kissing Maglor's cock, the messy, sloppy seed as he and Maglor kept kissing and kissing. Nothing had ever made him burn hotter with lust, nothing had ever felt so good. He utterly lost himself in ecstasy, the beauty of his brothers' and sons' and nephew's bodies, the smell and sight of sex. It was living art. It was like watching the Music made flesh.

But at last, no one could hold back anymore. Fëanor and Maglor climaxed together, crying out into each other's mouths as Maglor flooded Fëanor's foreskin with hot seed and Fëanor's seed filled up the foreskin even more. Maglor let his cockhead slip from the foreskin and they looked down and groaned as they watched the combined seed spill from Fëanor's foreskin. Fëanor scooped it up with the fingers of one hand, then the other, and stuck them in his brother's mouths and that set off their own release, Fingolfin and Finarfin moaning as they sucked Fëanor's fingers, shivering as they filled Fëanor's pulsing

hole with seed. Fëanor's orgasm throbbed harder as he felt the hot seed rush inside him, claiming him.

Maedhros and Fingon were hard again, watching them. Fëanor licked his lips at the tantalizing sight of their hard cocks, his own cock hardening, craving more.

## **Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Fingon/Maedhros/Maglor: Sixsome, Cumplay, Double Penetration, Cock Docking, Come Eating**

There was still seed dripping out of Fëanor's foreskin - his and Maglor's. Fingon and Maedhros pulled Fëanor off Fingolfin and Finarfin's cocks and over to them, and guided him into position so what was left of Fëanor and Maglor's mingled release poured out over their cocks, slicking them...

...readying them to fuck.

Fingon and Maedhros sat in the same face-to-face, cock-to-cock position that Fingolfin and Finarfin were still sitting in, and grabbed Fëanor, who willingly, eagerly knelt and sank down onto their two spend-slick hard cocks, taking them inch by inch. He was stretched from Fingolfin and Finarfin taking him but he was sensitized, almost too sensitive. Fëanor whimpered with pleasure as Maedhros and Fingon bottomed out inside him. Maedhros and Fingon leaned over Fëanor's shoulder to kiss each other, then they kissed Fëanor in turn. Fëanor began to ride them, slowly, sensuously, and Maedhros and Fingon began to kiss and lick Fëanor's neck.

Maglor, Finarfin and Fingolfin were all hard again, watching Fëanor ride Maedhros and Fingon. Now Maedhros and Fingon were also playing with Fëanor's nipples, and Maglor's cock jolted at the sound of Fëanor moaning in ecstasy. Finarfin reached to play with one of Maglor's nipples, and Fingolfin took the other. "Do you want us to fuck you, boy?" Fingolfin asked, and took a long lick down Maglor's neck.

Maglor nodded. "Please. Make me your slut. Make me your fuckslut..."

Finarfin and Fingolfin sat close to Fingon and Maedhros. Finarfin leaned in to kiss Fingon and Fingolfin leaned in to kiss Maedhros. Then Maglor straddled their cocks, facing Fëanor, and as Finarfin and Fingolfin's cocks pushed into Maglor's hole, Maglor and Fëanor kissed passionately, running their hands over each other, rubbing each other's nipples, stroking each other's cocks.

Maglor and Fëanor rode together in the same languid, teasing rhythm, kissing each other again and again, tongues rubbing together. Finarfin and Fingon continued kissing, and so did Fingolfin and Maedhros. After a few moments, Maglor and Fëanor guided their cockheads together and this time Maglor was the one to receive Fëanor, rolling down his foreskin over the head of Fëanor's cock. Fëanor grunted and Maglor groaned as their cocks kissed; Maglor worked his hand back and forth, rubbing them, and Fëanor's hand stroked Maglor's.

"Look at those sluts," Finarfin said, and slapped Maglor's ass. "You're a slut for cock just like your father."

"Yes, yes," Maglor panted.

Maglor and Fëanor kept riding, moaning with pleasure. Finarfin and Fingon kissed, and Fingolfin and Maedhros kissed, and now and again Finarfin and Fingolfin leaned in to kiss and lick Maglor's neck, and Maedhros and Fingon leaned in to kiss Fëanor's neck. They played with Fëanor and Maglor's nipples, making Fëanor and Maglor ride harder, lost in sensation.

The passion built to its peak and shattered, all of them coming together, screaming.

Maglor and Fëanor kissed deeply, whimpering into each other's mouths as they felt the hot seed flowing, filling up Maglor's foreskin, pouring down over Fëanor's shaft, so much of it. Fingolfin and Finarfin pulled out of Maglor, and Maedhros and Fingon pulled out of Fëanor, and Fëanor and Maglor pulled apart - and Fingon and Maedhros dove down to slurp up the seed spilling from Maglor's foreskin, while Fingolfin and Finarfin licked Fëanor's cock clean.

Fingolfin, Finarfin and Fëanor shared an open-mouthed kiss, tongues rubbing together, making another sloppy mess of spend, and Maedhros, Fingon and Maglor did the same. Fëanor and Maglor joined hands, feeling ever closer, their connection strengthened in their shared love of cock.



## Fëanor/Maglor: Watersports, Cock Docking

"Atya, can we try something?"

Fëanor smiles indulgently at Maglor and twines a lock of Maglor's hair around his finger. "Anything for you, my precious boy."

Maglor gives him a little kiss. "Turcafinwë and Curufinwë told me what they've gotten up to lately. Not that they really needed to say anything -"

"They've been quite loud." Fëanor's smile becomes a grin. "I can hear them all the way in the forge."

Fëanor and Maglor laugh together, then Maglor says, "They took turns pissing on each other. Like a dog marking its territory."

Before Fëanor can tell Maglor he likes that idea, his cock speaks for him, leaping and pulsing. Maglor gives an appreciative moan and starts stroking Fëanor's cock slowly. They kiss, and then they linger, tongues licking together, playing, teasing. Fëanor and Maglor moan together, feeling the lust and passion burning between them, wanting to ravage each other... but they'll get there. The thought of them pissing... Fëanor shudders and his cock throbs again.

"My brothers and I have done it," Fëanor says. "It was only a matter of time before I asked -"

Maglor silences Fëanor with a kiss, then he pushes Fëanor back against the pillows. They're going to soak the sheets but they can be washed. Even if they couldn't be, nothing else matters. Fëanor craves it, pleased that his favorite son shares his appetite for more primal sex play.

Maglor moves forward on his knees, until his hard cock is in Fëanor's face. "I hope you're thirsty," Maglor purrs.

"For you? Always." Fëanor licks his lips.

Maglor lets Fëanor have it, pissing. Fëanor laps the flow of salty, hot piss like he's drinking from a fountain. *Better than the honey-wine of the Valar*, Fëanor thinks to himself, intoxicated by his son's power and strength. Maglor moves back and aims another arc of piss over Fëanor's chest and stomach - pissing on one nipple, then the other. That drives Fëanor wild, balls tightening, cock stiffening even harder. Before he can reach down to touch himself - to stroke himself madly, feverish with desire - Maglor pisses on Fëanor's cock, too...

...and Fëanor comes untouched, just from the sight and feel of Maglor's piss raining over his engorged cock. Fëanor lets out a whimper as his seed splashes Maglor's cock, and Maglor groans with pleasure.

Maglor leans in for a kiss. One kiss becomes another; it doesn't take long for Fëanor's spent cock to harden up again, insatiable for his gorgeous son. Maglor laps at Fëanor's right nipple, tasting his piss on it. "You loved that, didn't you," Maglor says, before he draws the nipple into his mouth, sucking hard.

"Yes," Fëanor breathes. He shivers and moans, cock throbbing again at the feel of Maglor's luscious lips tugging at his sensitive nipple. He cries out as Maglor suckles the other one, louder as Maglor's tongue lashes it hard and fast. Maglor sucks on it again, nibbles it with a growl, and turns back to the right nipple, licking, nibbling.

Maglor helps Fëanor into a sitting position. They hold each other, kissing, hard cock pressed against hard cock. Fëanor has to piss now, too. But instead of pissing on Maglor's body and letting him drink it - which they can do another time - Fëanor has another idea. Something even more debauched.

Fëanor guides the tip of his cock to Maglor's cockhead, and rolls Maglor's foreskin down, so it looks like Maglor's cock is swallowing his. Fëanor works his hand back and forth over their cocks, making his cockhead fuck Maglor's foreskin.

Then he pisses, filling up Maglor's foreskin with piss. Maglor climaxes right away, screaming, and Fëanor comes again too as he feels Maglor's seed pour down his shaft... seed mixed with piss.

They kiss passionately, and their tongues lick together some more. Fëanor lets his cock slip from Maglor's foreskin and they both moan at the sight of Maglor's foreskin pouring seed and piss. Maglor scoops up what he can with his fingers and shoves them in Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor sucks on Maglor's fingers like he's sucking a cock - sucking slowly, sensually, moving his head back and forth. They rub tongues again, Maglor tasting their seed and piss on Fëanor's tongue.

"So filthy," Maglor husks. "So delicious."

Fëanor and Maglor fall back against the pillows... moaning at the wet sheets. They start rubbing cock against cock, rutting against each other like animals in their own piss. Nothing has ever felt so decadent.

## **Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin: Dom/sub, Bondage, Teasing, Nipple Play, Daddy Kink, Watersports**

Fëanor lay there with his wrists bound, helpless. Submissive. Just the way he liked it, the way he needed it, craved it.

Finarfin and Fingolfin kissed and licked down his neck and throat, over his shoulders, down his chest and back up. They sucked his nipples at the same time, making him whimper and writhe against the restraints - his nipples were exquisitely sensitive and they knew this.

They continued working their way down, kissing, licking, nibbling, caressing his stomach, his thighs. Fëanor was almost ashamed of the noises he was making... the way he was panting for it, like an animal in heat. Pre-spend flowed down his achingly hard cock, but they weren't going to give in right away. They were, indeed, taking their sweet time, enjoying Fëanor's body.

They kissed and licked back up Fëanor's thighs and hips and stomach, fingers walking, brushing, tracing lazy circles. They came back to Fëanor's nipples to suck them again. Then their tongues lashed Fëanor's nipples hard and fast, before they licked around and around in slow, languid circles. They licked Fëanor's nipples more slowly, gently, before more fast tongue-rubbing... then they drew the nipples back into their mouths, sucking harder, tugging with their luscious lips. They licked and sucked Fëanor's nipples into long, thick peaks.

"Please, fuck me," Fëanor begged.

Fingolfin and Finarfin gave each other a knowing look. They sat up and Finarfin reached for the vial of oil. Fëanor let out a sob of relief. "Yes, please, yes..."

But they had something else in mind. Fëanor should have known better, that they had only just begun to tease.

Finarfin poured oil over Fëanor's nipples, making them glisten, and then he and Fingolfin each got on either side of Fëanor, the tips of their hard cocks at each nipple. They began to work their hips, rubbing their cocks against Fëanor's nipples...

...fucking his nipples.

Fëanor howled with frustration, feeling like he was going to explode, even as he never wanted them to stop, the sight - and feel - of their cocks on his swollen, oiled nipples was too delicious.

"You asked us to fuck you," Finarfin purred. "That's exactly what we're doing, brother."

"Atya," Fëanor begged. "Atya, please. Please..."

Finarfin and Fingolfin just laughed at him, and leaned in to kiss each other deeply, passionately. Then they kissed open-mouthed, tongues licking together. Fëanor almost came untouched, watching them kiss. Finarfin and Fingolfin, excited by the kiss, rocked their hips harder, faster, cocks sliding back and forth over Fëanor's nipples. After a few moments of that they took their cocks in hand and guided the head to rub against the nipple, each nipple teasing the sensitive slit. Finarfin and Fingolfin moaned, their pre-spend dripping onto Fëanor's nipples.

They kissed again, rubbing their cockheads against Fëanor's nipples harder. Fëanor whined, trembling, aroused like never before at their cocks teasing his nipples.

And then, Finarfin and Fingolfin smiled at each other, as if they were planning something. Fëanor's breath hitched and he braced himself.

Finarfin started peeing on Fëanor's right nipple, and Fingolfin peed on Fëanor's left nipple. The feel of their hot piss blasting his sensitized nipples - the debauched sight of it, that act of being marked, claimed - set Fëanor off, coming untouched, coming hard, screaming as his seed hit the ceiling and the wall. Fingolfin and Finarfin rubbed their cocks feverishly on the piss-slick, oiled-up nipples, panting, and a moment later they came together, cream coating Fëanor's nipples and flowing down his chest and stomach.

"Slut," Finarfin said, and leaned in to kiss Fëanor. Then Fingolfin kissed him, the brothers sighing together into the kiss.

Finarfin scooped up the cream from each nipple and stuck his fingers in Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor's cock hardened up again at the taste of his brothers' mingled seed... and piss. He sucked Finarfin's fingers, moaning, and Finarfin's other hand reached down to gently caress Fëanor's hard cock.

"You never get enough, do you, slut?" Finarfin laughed.

Fingolfin attached the leash to Fëanor's collar, untied his wrists, and tugged on the leash to pull Fëanor into a deep, hungry kiss. "Let's see how slutty you can be. Perhaps you'll be walking strangely tomorrow. If you can walk at all."

Fëanor grinned and kissed Fingolfin back. "Yes, Atya."

## Fingolfin/Maglor: Bondage, Nipple Play, Male Lactation

"Let's see if these lovely rosebud nipples of yours are as sensitive as your father's."

Maglor's cock throbbed at the mental image of Fingolfin teasing Fëanor's long, thick nipples - which Maglor had sucked on and played with himself many times before. Now he was here in Fingolfin's bed, wrists bound, hard and desperate for release... but he knew Fingolfin was going to take his sweet time, and the climax would be all the stronger for the tension building up.

Going deeper and deeper into surrender.

Fingolfin leaned in and began to lap at Maglor's right nipple, already hard. Fingolfin's clever tongue rubbing away hard and fast made Maglor's nipple swell even more. Fingolfin's tongue swirled around and around the nipple in circles, then licked at it more slowly, gently, before he drew the sensitized nub into his mouth and suckled hard. Maglor cried out and bucked his hips, cock stiffening at the feel of Fingolfin's mouth on the aching peak.

Fingolfin moved over to Maglor's left nipple and gave it the same treatment, tongue lashing, lips tugging. Maglor moaned with pleasure.

Fingolfin turned back to Maglor's right nipple, tongue rubbing and rubbing. He sucked on it again, nibbled it, and lapped at it some more. Then he did the same to Maglor's left nipple, sucking harder. Maglor's breath hitched and his fists clenched as his cock jolted, throbbing. "Please..."

Fingolfin chuckled. His response to that was to gently bite Maglor's left nipple. Maglor yelped with pleasure-pain.

Fingolfin's tongue lashed Maglor's right nipple again, while his fingers and thumb rolled, pinched and plucked Maglor's left nipple. Fingolfin suckled hard, pulling on it as far as he could, before shaking his head back and forth with Maglor's nipple in his mouth, then rubbing his tongue wildly, then nibbling on the nipple. He turned to the left and licked, sucked and nibbled while he played with the right.

Back and forth he went between Maglor's nipples, playing with one as his lips and tongue teased the other, over and over again, until they were just as engorged as Fëanor's nipples got, and Maglor responded much the same way Fëanor did, breath coming out in shuddery gasps, whimpering, cock completely slick with pre-spend. Maglor felt like he was going to explode if he didn't get to come soon, but Fingolfin kept feasting on his plump, glistening nipples, the sensation overwhelming.

Time seemed to stop and pleasure was all that existed. Fingolfin sucked on Maglor's nipples like he was starving for them. "Your nipples look so delicious swollen like this," Fingolfin purred. "I can't get enough."

"Please..." Maglor shivered, cock pulsing. "Please, fuck me..."

Fingolfin smiled. He gave each nipple one last hard suck, then he kissed Maglor deeply. Maglor almost sobbed with relief, knowing he was going to get fucked now.

But Fingolfin had another kind of fucking in mind. He straddled Maglor's chest and began to rub the head of his cock against Maglor's right nipple. Maglor cried out with frustrated need, almost coming from the erotic sight of Fingolfin's cockhead on his nipple.

Maglor's nipples had been teased for so long - hours, perhaps - that after a few minutes of Fingolfin's cock rubbing at Maglor's nipple, milk began to flow out of Maglor's nipple. Fingolfin growled and rubbed his cock harder, faster, Maglor's nipple at the slit of Fingolfin's cock, milk pouring down Fingolfin's cockhead and shaft.

Fingolfin moved over and began to fuck the left nipple with the head of his cock, and that nipple produced milk as well, more milk dripping down Fingolfin's cock. It was the most erotic thing Maglor had ever seen in his life, and Fingolfin enjoyed it too, rubbing wildly, making milk splash.

Fingolfin and Maglor panted together like two animals in heat as Fingolfin went back and forth between Maglor's nipples, each nipple rubbing the slit of Fingolfin's cockhead, milk gushing. Maglor's balls tightened and his cock hardened to the point of agony, hearing himself make high-pitched, frantic noises as Fingolfin drove him out of his mind with lust and need, fucking his nipples, making a milky mess.

At last Maglor couldn't take it anymore and came untouched, just from feeling Fingolfin's cock on his exquisitely sensitized nipples, watching his milk flow down Fingolfin's cock like seed. Maglor's release sent Fingolfin over the edge, the two of them screaming together as Fingolfin's seed coated one nipple, then the other.

Fingolfin collected the mingled seed and milk on his fingers and stuck them in Maglor's mouth. Maglor sucked on Fingolfin's fingers, then their tongues licked together playfully, sensuously, a promise of more.

"Good boy," Fingolfin whispered, and kissed Maglor deeply, both men hardening back up again in the hungry kiss.

## Finarfin/Maglor: Honey, Finger Sucking, Nipple Play, Licking All Over, 69, Rimming

Maglor hummed with pleasure as he sucked honey off his beloved uncle's fingers... slowly and sensually, like he was sucking a cock. The lust in Finarfin's eyes as he watched made Maglor's cock throb with anticipation.

But they would get there... in time. In their sweet time. Finarfin pulled his fingers out of Maglor's mouth and Maglor licked them clean with slow, languid strokes of his tongue.

Then Maglor dipped his fingers inside the honey jar and brought them to Finarfin's mouth to taste. Finarfin's lips wrapped around Maglor's fingers and he bobbed his head up and down, fingers sliding in and out of his mouth like he, too, was sucking a cock. Maglor gave an appreciative moan and Finarfin grunted around the fingers in his mouth.

Finarfin licked one finger, then the other, then the palm of Maglor's hand. Maglor shuddered, cock pulsing again, wanting him *so* much.

Finarfin's fingers went back in the jar, and then in Maglor's mouth. Maglor sucked and sucked, then licked. Maglor scooped up more honey with his fingers and Finarfin sucked them, licked them clean, and licked Maglor's palm again. This time he licked all the way down Maglor's arm and back up, and Maglor gasped at the sensation.

Finarfin dipped his fingers in the jar and this time Maglor did immediately afterwards, and they sucked each other's fingers at the same time. When they were done, they moved in close and kissed deeply, savoring the taste of honey, and the heat between them. Their mouths opened and their tongues rubbed together playfully, teasingly.

Finarfin began to kiss and lick down Maglor's neck and throat, knowing how much Maglor loved that - just like Fëanor did. Finarfin reached for the jar again and this time instead of sticking his honey-coated fingers in Maglor's mouth, he smeared honey onto one of Maglor's nipples, then the other. Finarfin leaned down and lapped at a nipple and Maglor whimpered, clutching at him. Maglor cried out when his sensitive nipple was in Finarfin's mouth, sucking hard.

Finarfin went back and forth between Maglor's honeyed nipples, licking, suckling, driving Maglor mad with passion and pleasure. After another deep, fiery kiss, Maglor couldn't resist doing the same, anointing Finarfin's nipples with honey and lashing his tongue, sucking, tugging on them with his lips, making Finarfin moan, breathing harder. Maglor's cock was aching, his balls felt ready to explode, but he never wanted to stop enjoying Finarfin's body.

On impulse, Maglor grabbed the jar itself, gently pushed Finarfin back, and poured out some of the honey in a trickle down Finarfin's chest and stomach, one thigh and the other. Maglor put down the jar and his hands began to spread the honey over Finarfin's body like it was oil, making it glisten deliciously. When Finarfin's body was all honeyed up, Maglor began to lick every inch of him - shoulders, arms, nipples, chest, stomach, sides, hips, thighs. The honey was sweet, and Finarfin's moans and sighs of pleasure were even sweeter. Maglor couldn't get enough of Finarfin's beauty, spoiling him with the ecstasy he deserved.

When Maglor had licked up all the honey, he and Finarfin kissed and rubbed their tongues together, then Finarfin smiled and said, "Your turn, pet," took a hold of Maglor's collar, and

rolled him onto his back. He poured honey over Maglor's nipples, then in paths over his stomach and thighs. Finarfin's hands caressed Maglor's body, working the honey over him, Maglor thrilling to his gentle, sensual touch. Then Finarfin's tongue licked him all over, exploring, teasing. Maglor arched to him, moaning, whimpering, his cock stiffening even more. Finarfin had learned his body very well over the years, knew just how to please him, and Maglor lost himself in each luscious stroke of Finarfin's tongue.

Finarfin kissed him again when his body was licked clean, and Maglor sucked on Finarfin's tongue, hoping Finarfin would get the message that now he was in the mood to taste seed.

But there was a little bit of honey left in the jar. Just enough to pour over each of their cocks.

Finarfin and Maglor lay with their heads between each other's legs, sucking each other greedily, making filthy slurping sounds. Honey had never tasted so good as it did from Finarfin's cock, combining with the musk of Finarfin's arousal, the hint of salt from pre-spend. Finarfin and Maglor moaned with their mouths full, sucking and sucking, hungry for cock.

At last they came together, howling around each other's cocks - Finarfin spilled so much seed that Maglor almost choked on it. He swallowed some and still had plenty in his mouth. Maglor sat up and so did Finarfin, and they kissed with a mouthful of seed. Maglor loved the taste of their seed combined, even better when there was the lingering taste of honey. They made a mess of seed down their chins and necks, and licked it from each other's flesh before rubbing their tongues together... hardening up again.

"You want this cock inside you, boy?" Finarfin asked, playing with Maglor's collar.

Maglor nodded. "Please."

"Good, because there's something else I want to taste - that arse of yours as I get it ready to be fucked." Finarfin guided Maglor into position on all fours, and Maglor thrust his ass out at him. Finarfin smacked Maglor's ass and dove down; Maglor gasped as he felt Finarfin's tongue circle around his opening, and cried out once Finarfin's tongue pushed inside.

"I always have an appetite for you, slut," Finarfin growled, and slapped Maglor's ass again, before his tongue lashed away in earnest. Maglor cried out again and began to fuck himself on Finarfin's tongue.

There were few things Maglor enjoyed in life more than he and Finarfin feasting on each other's bodies this way.



## Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Maglor: Bondage, Teasing, Love Bites, Voyeurism, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Coming Untouched

Fëanor lays there, wrists bound, helpless and submissive as Finarfin, Fingolfin and Maglor lick honey off his body. Licking him all over. Fëanor writhes and whimpers, cock agonizingly hard, balls tight...

...and still he can't get enough of those talented tongues, teasing him everywhere they know he's sensitive. His nipples. His stomach. His hips and inner thighs. Licking and licking and licking. Pouring more honey on him, slurping it from his sensitized, heated flesh.

Every now and again, one of them nips at him. He's going to be covered in bruises tomorrow from their teeth. He loves that, too, the evidence that they had him, ravaged him, claimed him.

They pour honey over his cock and all three of them lick at it - two tongues up and down the shaft, one tongue around and around the head, back and forth over the slit. Taking turns. Fëanor hears himself squeal, gasping for breath, aching to come. The pleasure and tension builds and builds, taking Fëanor deeper and deeper into sensation, surrender.

Before he can come from their tongues on his cock, they stop licking it, and make him watch a three-way kiss, tongues rubbing together. Then they let him lay there, frustrated, as they get in a triangle and suck each other, moaning with pleasure around each other's cocks.

"Please!" Fëanor howls. "Please, *please*. Please, please, I need to come..."

They suck and suck - Fingolfin sucks Finarfin, Finarfin sucks Maglor, Maglor sucks Fingolfin. Moaning, slurping, suctioning. After awhile they trade places and Finarfin sucks Fingolfin, Fingolfin sucks Maglor, and Maglor sucks Finarfin. Fëanor sobs, and that just makes them hungrier for each other, sucking hard and fast, growling and groaning with their mouths full.

It looks like they're about to come, and Fëanor reflexively licks his lips, wishing they would let him taste it, feeling deprived. They stop sucking each other and it looks like Fëanor might get his wish.

"Please, fuck me," Fëanor begs. He'll even let all three of them shove their cocks in his hole at once, as sore as he'll be tomorrow, if they'll just fuck him, give him the cock he craves, let him come.

But they're not going to let him have his way. They stroke each other, and come all over Fëanor's body. When seed splashes his nipples and shoots on his cock, Fëanor can't hold back and climaxes too, hitting himself in the face with an arc of cream.

"You naughty slut, coming without us telling you to," Finarfin says.

That means they're going to punish him even more. Fëanor smiles. He can't wait.

## Amras/Amrod/Caranthir/Celegorm/Curufin/Fëanor/Finarfin/Fingolfin/Fingol Bratty Fëanor Gets Disciplined And Gangbanged

"I can't believe you told Manwë to suck your cock, Fëanáro." Fingolfin folds his arms.

Fëanor just smiles. "I did warn you I was going to do it, Ñolo. I am a man of my word."

"Now you shan't be making any words for awhile, you horrid brat," Fingolfin snarls, stern-faced, though his eyes are smiling.

With that, Fingolfin and Finarfin march their elder brother over to the spanking bench in Finarfin's dungeon at Alqualondë. They bend him over; Fingolfin holds Fëanor down while Finarfin gets the paddle.

Fingolfin goes first, smacking Fëanor's left ass cheek, then his right ass cheek, back and forth, over and over, for ten lashes. Fëanor cries out in pain... and pleasure. Finarfin strokes himself as he watches Fëanor's ass glow red and rosy. All of Fëanor's sons - and Fingon - are there to watch, and they also take out their cocks and play with themselves as they watch Fingolfin punish his brother's lovely ass.

Then Fingolfin hands the paddle to Finarfin, but they take a moment to kiss and lick their tongues together, hard cock rubbing hard cock. Fëanor can see them in the mirror in front of the spanking bench and he whines with frustration. His brothers just laugh at him.

Finarfin spanks Fëanor even harder than Fingolfin did, another ten lashes, back and forth between Fëanor's red ass cheeks, leaving welts. Fëanor screams... and desperately tries to rub himself against the spanking bench. His hole twitches and he's panting, like an animal in heat. "Please, fuck me. Please. *Please.*"

"As you know, you're going to get fucked a lot," Fingolfin says, and Finarfin gives Fëanor's ass one more hard slap with the paddle for good measure. "And we're not going to let you come until we say you can come... if we allow you to come at all, you bratty slut."

Fëanor whines and his hole twitches again. Of course, that is exactly what he wants, the ultimate act of submission and surrender.

Finarfin grabs Fëanor by the hair, pulls him away from the spanking bench and shoves him down on the floor. He and Fingolfin guide Fëanor into position on all fours.

"Have at it, boys," Finarfin says, handing the oil to Maedhros.

Maedhros and Fingon claim Fëanor first. Maedhros oils his cock and takes Fëanor from behind, seizing a handful of his hair as Fingon shoves his cock in Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor sucks Fingon hungrily, whimpering with his mouth full, making filthy slurping noises as Maedhros's hips slap against Fëanor's. Fingolfin hands the paddle to Maedhros, and Maedhros keeps one hand on Fëanor's hair and spanks Fëanor's ass with the other hand. "Take it, slut," Maedhros growls.

"Mmmmm, *mmmm*," Fëanor moans, sucking Fingon harder, faster.

"That's it," Fingon rasps, also grabbing Fëanor's hair, thrusting his hips, fucking Fëanor's mouth. "Suck it, you nasty slut."

Fëanor goes wild, rocking his hips against Maedhros, fucking himself frantically on his eldest son's cock. Maedhros and Fingon groan in unison, and lean over Fëanor to kiss and rub their tongues together. Maedhros smacks Fëanor's ass with the paddle again.

It doesn't take long for Fingon to climax. He throws back his head and cries out and Fëanor sputters, almost choking on the volume of his nephew's seed. Watching Fingon come makes Maedhros come too, letting out a hoarse shout of victory as he fills his father's hole with seed.

Maedhros and Fingon kiss, and Fingon hardens up again. Maedhros pours oil over Fingon's cock and strokes it, slicking up his cock, and now it's Fingon's turn to take Fëanor from behind. Fingon is even more merciless, pounding Fëanor's ass, smacking it with the paddle. Maglor steps forward and takes his father's mouth, and Maedhros fucks Maglor from behind, playing with Maglor's nipples and kissing his neck as Maglor fucks Fëanor's face, panting, moaning.

Maglor and Fingon come together, gasping for breath as Fëanor howls around the cock in his mouth, drinking up Maglor's spend. Maedhros comes inside Maglor three thrusts later and Maglor sighs as he feels his brother spend deep inside him.

Maglor, Fingon and Maedhros step aside - Fingon hands the paddle to Celegorm.

Celegorm and Curufin kiss as Curufin works oil over Celegorm's cock, and then they get in position, Curufin's cock in Fëanor's mouth as Celegorm fucks Fëanor's hole. Fëanor's hole is dripping with spend and it makes obscene squishing, suctioning sounds as Celegorm's cock pumps in and out. "Such a hot slut," Celegorm groans, fucking fast and furious, the smack of their hips almost louder than Fëanor's hole slurping around Celegorm's cock. Curufin moans and pulls Fëanor's hair, rocking his hips madly, fucking Fëanor's mouth. Fëanor makes high-pitched sounds and works his hips, once again in heat for it, mad for cock.

Celegorm and Curufin pass the paddle between them, taking turns spanking Fëanor's ass, making him squeal around Curufin's cock. Curufin comes hard, crying out "Atya!" as he loses control, and Celegorm shudders with his own release, making a deep, guttural noise.

Celegorm and Curufin kiss again and stroke each other's cocks back to life and it's Curufin's turn to fuck Fëanor. Celegorm gets behind Curufin and takes him from behind, Curufin's hips smacking Fëanor's, Celegorm's hips smacking Curufin's. Fëanor greedily swallows down Caranthir's cock, and Caranthir's moans echo through the dungeon walls as he enjoys his father's talented, slutty mouth for the first time.

Curufin pounds Fëanor harder and harder, Celegorm matching Curufin's rhythm, giving Curufin's hole a good hard fuck. Caranthir comes quickly, undone by his father's hungry sucking and the sight of all the hot fucking. Curufin and Celegorm hold out just a little longer, but soon they come together, screaming.

Caranthir oils his cock and is next to fuck Fëanor's gaping, creamy hole. Amrod and Amras shyly stand before their father and begin passionately kissing and caressing each other, as they have so many times in private, but now they're performing for the family. They quickly lose their shyness and get into it, hard cocks rubbing together, playing with each other's nipples, tongues licking, teasing. Fëanor opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue, making a pathetic little whine like he's starving for more cock. Amrod and Amras laugh at him and each of the twins grabs Fëanor by the hair as they shove their cocks in Fëanor's mouth, together.

Fëanor screams with his mouth full, bucking his hips frenziedly as he worships two cocks at once, his youngest sons all man now, strong and muscular with the flaming red hair and freckles Fëanor finds so erotic. Caranthir growls and pounds Fëanor as hard as he can, panting, and makes high-pitched sounds of his own when he spills inside his father. Amrod and Amras come together and Fëanor almost chokes on the flood of seed. "Swallow it, slut," Amrod commands.

"Get it all, fuckslut," Amras barks.

Fëanor swallows as much of it as he can. Caranthir pulls out and lets out a low whistle of appreciation at the sight of Fëanor's wrecked hole, gushing seed.

And still, they aren't done with Fëanor yet. The hardest, most punishing fucks are yet to come.

Amrod lays on his back and pulls Fëanor atop him, guiding Fëanor's hips to straddle his cock. Once Amrod is all the way inside Fëanor, then Amras kneels behind Fëanor and his cock squeezes in an inch at a time. Fëanor screams as his twin sons stretch his used hole, and sighs with pleasure as they bottom out inside him.

Amrod and Amras buck their hips in the same wild rhythm, making Fëanor bounce like he's riding a bull, making Fëanor work for it. Fëanor's screams ring out, and the filthy wet slurping sounds of two cocks in his hole, balls slapping, hips smacking, are almost as loud as Fëanor's voice. Everyone watches, stroking themselves, encouraging Amrod and Amras. "Fuck that slut!" "Punish that slut's arse!" "Fuck him harder!"

Amrod and Amras come together again, and Fëanor almost sobs - he still hasn't come yet. His cock has never been more engorged, flushed a deep red, the veins prominent, his cock completely slick with pre-spend that keeps dripping and dripping.

It's time for Fingolfin and Finarfin to have their way with their brother. They sit face to face, cock to cock, and guide Fëanor in position, his shoulder to each of them. Fëanor sinks down, his brothers' cocks stretching him even more, their cocks as long and thick with arousal as they've ever been, watching Fëanor get ravaged. Fëanor rides, begging "Please, please let me come, please..."

Fingolfin and Finarfin fuck Fëanor's hole as long as they can - as pent up as they are from watching all that hot sex, they try to make it last, wanting to keep punishing Fëanor's hole... knowing how much Fëanor loves this, wanting to watch him turn into even more of an animal. Sweat drips down Fëanor's body as he rides for all he's worth, working his hips in circles. "More, *more*," Fëanor cries, even though he needs to come - he's such a slut for cock he never wants them to stop, and his brothers know it. "More, give me more... more cock, give me cock, I want cock..."

"Slut." Fingolfin smacks Fëanor's ass.

Finarfin and Fingolfin lean in and suckle Fëanor's nipples together. That proves Fingolfin's undoing, crying out around the hard nipple in his mouth, and feeling Fingolfin's seed pour over his cock makes Finarfin climax, also crying out as he sucks Fëanor's nipple harder. They spend and spend and spend into Fëanor's hole and Fëanor sobs, begging "Please. Please let me come. Please, I need to come, please, *please*..."

Finarfin and Fingolfin make Fëanor lay there on the floor, and watch as they kiss and stroke their cocks back to hardness. With Fëanor laying on his back on the floor, knees

bent, gaping hole spread, leaking seed in a giant puddle, the family gathers around, stroking themselves harder and harder at the sight of their wrecked, used slut. They come all over Fëanor's face and hair and nipples and stomach and cock.

"Now, Fëanor. Show us what a slut you are and come," Finarfin orders.

Fëanor comes untouched, just from all that hot seed all over him. He rolls around on the floor, arched to them, shuddering, whining as his cock shoots one arc of seed after another. Fëanor's face lights up with a huge smile, tears of relief spilling down his cheeks.

They assemble into a huge cuddle pile on the floor, making contented sighs and little whispered endearments. Then Fëanor erupts into laughter.

"If this is what I get for telling Manwë to suck my cock, next time I'm going to tell him to eat my arse," Fëanor says.

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