Sickle Moon

by Elenduen

Summary

It's d'Artagnan's first heat in his new pack, and his Alphas are keen to mate with him.

It had been two and a half months since d'Artagnan had joined the inseparables pack.

Ten weeks in which he had bared his throat for Athos to bite and mark him as pack mate, he had been nipped at and scented by Porthos and Aramis who claimed him as a brother wolf.

His once heavy empty heart was now filled to bursting with joy that he was part of a pack again, that he was loved, protected, and wanted by three other wolves.

A weakness of Omega Wolves was that they needed to be part of a pack, where an Alpha or a Beta could survive on their own long term, an Omega needed the company of a pack, needed to feel wanted and have the assurance of other wolves around them to thrive.

As he became part of the pack he began to notice the differences between Athos, Aramis, and Porthos, and their wolves.

Athos was far more demonstrative in affection in his wolf form than he was as a human, instead of avoiding contact and keeping to himself the Alpha wolf sought out the company of his pack, taking plenty of time rough house and groom each of them, though d'Artagnan noticed to his glee that Athos spent much more of it grooming him than the others and was never far from his side.

Porthos was more playful in wolf form, always wanting to start a game of chase, and rough house with his mates, frequently tearing around the woods after d'Artagnan and leaping on him in fun, rolling the smaller wolf over and over till his coat was covered in leaves and twigs and they were
both panting and tired.

It did not seem possible, but Aramis was even more romantic as a wolf than he was as a human!

He was frequently leading d'Artagnan to high spots to gaze upon the moon when they were in wolf form, bringing him gifts of rabbits, and game birds to eat, and seemed to instinctively know each and every one of d'Artagnan's sensitive spots and how to manipulate them until the Pup was nothing but a shivering whining mass of fur at his feet all but purring in delight!

d'Artagnan was also secretly thrilled that all three of the wolves desired him, it was not unheard of in small packs for a multi bond to be formed rather than the monogamous bondings in the larger packs.

While nothing had happened as of yet beyond some rather intense grooming d'Artagnan was certain that would change when his first heat came.

"Are you certain that you want this?"

D'Artagnan grinned inwardly at Athos's question, his heat was due to start any hour now, and in the days leading up to it just as he had predicted the Alphas had finally made their intentions known to him and asked to bond with him.

Athos would be first to make the primary bonding, as Pack Leader it was both his right and his duty to initiate the first mating bite and plant his seed into the womb of the Omega first to get the majority of the eggs released in the wolf's heat.

Aramis and Porthos would then take their turns, likely they would fight over it and the winner of the brawl would go first placing his bite under Athos's and then mate with the Omega under the Primary Alphas watchful gaze, if at anytime d'Artagnan became distressed it would be Athos's job to separate the Alpha and Omega and protect d'Artagnan from the overly forceful Alpha.

As this was a mating of choice that was unlikely to happen, but when in wolf form instinct would be the leading force not rational thought and if Athos thought that d'Artagnan were in danger from either Aramis or Porthos then he would kill them without a second thought since all of his instinct would be screaming at him to protect his mate and potential Pups.

"Athos I assure you I am totally and completely certain of this" d'Artagnan said taking Athos's hands and drawing him close hearing a satisfying growl from the Alpha as he scented the heat on d'Artagnan's body "I want you and Aramis and Porthos, I want to be mated to you and carry your Pups"

Athos gave another growl, this one far more predatory at the mention of Pups, Aramis and Porthos, already in their wolf forms ears pricking up and tails wagging almost comically as they head butted and rose on their back legs to nudge at the pair urging them to shed their skin and get into their furred forms!

The sickle moon was high in the sky, looking like a silver scythe as the wolves made their way into
the woods.

As it was not a full moon it was quieter out than it would otherwise have been and in truth the Alphas had no need to flank d'Artagnan and keep him in the center of their group, however they did so anyway keenly aware of the phermones that were all but pouring off him.

By the time they had reached the glade in the woods that would for a time be their den d'Artagnan was close to full blown heat and was panting with it, making keening noises in his throat and flicking his tail provocatively.

Athos stated his primary claim immediately, growling at and forcing Aramis and Porthos away from the Omega, circling him and waiting for the full heat to hit.

While he did so Aramis and Porthos began to growl and bite at each other, their heckles rising and snarls escaping their mouths as they sized each other up. This would not be a fight to the death or to do each other serious harm, but to nearly gain victory so they could be the first to claim d'Artagnan after Athos had finished having him.

Before long the pair were raising their paws and grappling in the leaves and dirt, their angered barks and snarls warning off any other wolf that might be in the area.

Ignoring his pack mates for the present, Athos came over to d'Artagnan who lifted his head and keened loudly at him raising his back side and shivering all over as he presented himself to the Alpha.

This would not be a gentle love making as humans would have, in animal form they were slave to the primal instinct of mating and procreating, tenderness played no part here, simple needs to sate the heat and beget offspring was all that the wolves could think of.

Athos sniffed at d'Artagnan's throat and nipped at him warningly making the Omega mewl and blink at him with dilated eyes his cold wet nose seeking out and rubbing against Athos's muzzle.

Athos nuzzled him briefly but then moved away to straddle the smaller wolf and rub his aching hard cock over d'Artagnan's gushing hole. The Omega yelped and keened desperately, his cries becoming horse as Athos's powerful jaws clamped between his shoulder blade, his teeth just shy of breaking the skin about the bonding gland, the Omega panted and whimpered, "Please please, more more!" his whole body was screaming with desperation and desire his hind legs shaking as they bucked back against Athos to get him to enter his body.

Waiting until he thought the Omega was truly desperate, Athos finally sank into d'Artagnan's body making him bark and howl at the intrusion, but his whole body instantly relaxed and became pliant as Athos began to thrust in and out of him, his teeth keeping firm hold of the Omega's scruff and powerful forelegs keeping him pinned down as he rutted him hard and fast, spilling swiftly and sinking his teeth into the bonding gland.

D'Artagnan cried out long and hard as he was fully claimed his body clamping and clenching about Athos's girth and adoring the protective warmth of the Alpha's weight over him.

The knot swelled and locked them in place, keeping them together as this cycle of heat ran it's course with Athos growing hard and rutting d'Artagnan over and over until finally his deflated and he was able to pull free.
Tired and sore d'Artagnan was allowed to lay down in the glade and gain a brief respite before the heat began again. Now Athos could be tender, and spent the time of d'Artagnan's light doze grooming him and nuzzling him, letting the Omega know how much he loved him and would continue to do so.

It was Porthos who'd won the fight, managing to best Aramis and pin him to the ground with a stern bite below the muzzle.

A little sulky Aramis watched from the side lines as Porthos got to claim the next bout of heat, taking over Athos's position and entering d'Artagnan under Athos's watchful eyes, his bite gown just under and to the left of Athos's bonding bite making d'Artagnan keen and wriggle under him urgently.

Porthos was a large and very powerful wolf, his cock larger than Athos's and straining the Omega's body most deliciously. Porthos's paws scrabbled at the ground beside d'Artagnan, his claws sinking into the earth as he rutted him hard filling the Omega with seed and clamping his jaws about the bonding gland as they became locked together.

By the time Aramis was allowed to laim d'Artagnan, the wolf was salivating and pacing back and forth in frustration, his cock was throbbing and leaking with need as he finally got to approach the Omega.

He wasted no time in mounting d'Artagnan, his teeth sinking into the flesh just under and to the right of Athos's mark, rutting the Omega very fast and making d'Artagnan pant and yip as he struggled to keep up with the pace. Athos's warning growl had the desired effect though as the alpha sensed d'Artagnan heading towards distress and Aramis consciously slowed down to a more relaxed pace to avoid hurting the Omega.

However it did not ake long before Aramis was spilling inside of d'Artagnan and locking them together.

D'Artagnan's heat lasted for another three days in which the wolves took turns after the initial bonding, when the heat finally broke all four wolves collapsed together forming a large puppy pile and snuggling into each others warmth as they slept off the last of the heat.

The sun was low in the sky when d'Artagnan awoke ten hours later, Aramis, Athos, and Porthos were awake and languidly grooming each other, when they saw the Omega had awoken all three came over and nuzzled him and set about grooming him, cleaning and fluffing up his fur, spending particular time over his belly where a litter could now be growing.

d'Artagnan happily rubbed noses with all of them, he was far too sore, and would be even when in human form to do anything that involved more than hands and mouths for a few days, but he was already looking forward to it and let them know it as he keened suggestively and nuzzled at his mates making them growl playfully and nudge him back so they could continue their work on sorting his coat out.
All four of the wolves were tired and hungry and quickly headed back to Paris where they changed into human forms making use of the supplies they had gotten in before d'Artagnan's heat had started.

Curled up on the bed together they sated their hunger, all three Alphas making sure d'Artagnan had the largest share of the food.

"I may not be pupped you know" he said with a laugh as he ate the last sausage

"No, but you very well might be, and three days in heat is enough to take alot of energy from anyone" Aramis said "Besides I've got a feeling you are"

"Hmm there is something different about your scent, something........subtle but there" Porthos agreed

"Just the end of heat" d'Artagnan replied unable to smell anything himself and did'nt want to get his hopes too high just to have them dashed

"No it's definately something" Athos said smiling as d'Artagnan rolled his eyes "Time will tell" he said sharing a smile with the other Alphas all three of them very sure that the mating had been a success.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!