

# First Heat

By Lilith\_

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*Female werewolf experiences her first heat*

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Werewolf breeding is so different from human courtship. It's instinct driven and more natural. We don't tie ourselves down with taboos the way you do. Truthfully, we laugh at how uptight you all are. You're really just primates when it comes down to it. Animals. The difference between werewolves and full humans is that we know what we are and you're afraid to admit what you are.

I grew up in a village exclusively peopled by my own kind, immersed in werewolf culture. Sex was not hidden from me. I was not taught that it was shameful or dirty. For us, sex is just biology and instinct. When hungry, we eat. When thirsty we drink. When in heat...

Nothing was hidden from me ever. I was perfectly used to watching my parents mate; my brothers and sisters too. Sometimes they mated with each other. In our culture, what you call incest does not exist. Oh, it isn't exactly the ideal. Healthier offspring come from a wider genetic pool. To ensure that each female has access to the widest range of genetic material we have a special building in the village where females go when in heat. Our presence there is a signal to all the males in the village that we are ready to be bred. We mates with as many men as possible until the urge passes. It's so much simpler than the silly games that you humans play in courting.

More often than not, a woman's own male relations are the first mates that she has. The first heat can come on suddenly and unexpectedly. It came upon my sister quite suddenly one warm summer night. Feeling the urge calling her she had gone to my older brother Lorcan who had known exactly what to do for her. I watched with interest as he mounted her and wondered idly when it would be my turn.

Phoebe had been taken to the Breeding House on the following morning. Three days later she had come home, exhausted, but smug. A few months later her first child was born, a boy. We think he was fathered by the father of a girl I went to school with.

My first breeding was similar to Phoebe's. I had been home alone with my younger brother. My parents were out along with my older brother on a trip to the market.

I had always wondered how I would know when the time was right. "Believe me, you will know," my mother promised. "The instinct will be so strong that you'll be climbing the walls until you find someone to mate with you."

Fortunately, it didn't come to that.

I was working on a quilt when the urge first came. A jittery sort of warmth washed over me. I was possessed by a single focus. I could hear my younger brother Marrok in the other room, rooting through the pantry. Propelled by the urge, I abandoned my quilt and sought him out.

My scent caught his attention right away. Male werewolves are programmed to be able to scent a female in heat with ease.

"Marrok?" I asked, my voice trembling with need.

He turned to face me, breathing hard. My brother had never bred before but the instinct captured him too.

We were on each other in a moment. I went for the fastening on his pants, urgently tugging them down. He reached down the neckline of my dress and pulled one of my breasts out, sucking hard on the nipple.

We might have been virgins, but instinct told us what to do. I pulled off my dress and tossed it aside, then laid down on the floor with my legs splayed. Marrok positioned himself between them and after minimal fumbling to find just the right angle, tore through my hymen with a grunt.

It hurt. Of course it did. But my need outweighed the pain. I held still while my brother inexpertly thrust inside me, pleased that I had finally come of age.

My parents and Lorcan came home and found us like that. Lorcan laughed, finding it amusing. Then the smile disappeared and he looked more thoughtful as my scent registered with him. "About time you came of age," he said, and started taking off his clothes.

My mother and father were pleased and discussed taking me immediately to the Breeding House. It was decided that we should at least wait for Marrok to finish --- it was his coming of age too. Lorcan grumbled that he wanted a turn.

"And of course you have the right too," my mother said to my father, stroking his arm.

Centuries ago there was a tradition that a girl's father must always be her first mate. The reasoning was that he had loved her all of her life and that he would be experienced enough to guide her through her first time before giving her to the rest of the village.

I glanced hopefully at my father. My father has sired many children throughout the village and every woman I've ever heard discuss it has spoken almost with reverence of his sexual prowess. How many times had I watched him breed with my mother, my older sister? Once I had watched him mate with the oldest daughter of our next door neighbor when her first heat had come upon her. I had seen the expression of ecstasy on her face as he had mounted her and wondered what that must feel like.

Before my father could answer, Marrok ran his course. Red faced and gasping, he rolled off of me, exhausted. Pathetic. It wasn't enough and I needed more. My instinct fanned out of control, "More...please..." I gasped.

So it was my father who came to the rescue. My big, strapping father, sire to so many children throughout the pack came to give me what I needed.

"Like this, Marrok," he instructed, sounding amused. "Roll onto your hands and knees, Selene."

Lorcan gave an impatient sort of sigh but settled down to wait.

Gripping me firmly by the hips, my father pushed into me. I knew immediately why all the women in the village liked him so much. I squealed in pleasure as he took me hard and fast, his thick manhood plunging in and out of me in a frenzied pace.

Yes...this was what I needed. Not Marrok's well meant but inexperienced fumbling.

Again I felt pain -- he wasn't being gentle --- but he was being thorough and that's what I needed.

"Your scent is driving me mad," Lorcan complained.

My father growled at him, telling him to back off.

"Don't stop..." I gasped, glancing over my shoulder.

"Does it feel good?" he asked.

"Yes. Please...more..."

My mother was now watching in an evaluating sort of way. "She's quite healthy and strong. She'll be able to accommodate many mates rather easily I believe."

"Yes...." I agreed breathlessly. "And I'll have lots of beautiful babies too."

On cue, my father groaned and emptied himself into my womb.

My brothers started snarling at each other, both of them wanting a turn. Lorcan, being the older one, won the short skirmish and quickly took my father's place. "How's that?" he asked as he slid inside me.

"Good," I moaned, impatiently pushing back against him.

He felt much like my father, being about the same size. He was strong, but being younger, had more energy than my father did. His thrusts were quick and sharp and utterly wonderful. I cried out and bucked beneath him, unable to keep still as the pleasure took possession of me.

He remedied that by biting the back of my neck. The pinch of pain brought me to my senses and I focused more clearly on the act of mating rather than the feelings that it engendered. I held still so that he could finish and when he was done, he thanked me and kissed my cheek.

"Selene, we should take you to the Breeding House," my mother softly suggested. She was cautious, knowing full well that female werewolves do not like being interrupted while they are being bred.

"I need it now," I protested, feeling the anger begin.

"I know it's hard to stop but if we take you to town you will have dozens of mates jockeying for their chance with you."

"I don't want to wait. Father?" I asked.

He smiled, "Your mother is right."

"No." I protested. "I don't want to stop."

My mother laughed. "The first heat is always the hardest as I remember."

"I remember too," my father told her dryly. "Marrok," he added more sharply as my younger brother inched toward me again. I was about to protest this when he added, "I'm the alpha in this household."

Move out of my way."

I could have almost cried with relief. The primal throb running through my body was not yet in any way satisfied. Eagerly, I turned to face away from my father, arching my back in invitation.

"How is she?" my mother asked curiously.

"A lot like you actually," my father answered as he slid inside me again.

I gave a low groan in response.

"This is the last time," he told me. "And then we're taking you to the Breeding House."

"Oh, anything....just....please..." I begged. "It's driving me insane. I just need it so much."

"I know," he said comfortingly. And then began to thrust.

Lorcan approached slowly. "The more we wear her out, the calmer she'll be on the trip to town, " he casually suggested.

When my father didn't snarl at him, he continued to advance until his erection was right in front of my lips.

It was my mother who softly instructed, "Let him into your mouth, Selene. It will be pleasurable for you both."

I did as she advised and found that she was right. I could never have imagined how good it would feel to have two men inside me at once. My father pounding me from behind, my brother gently but determinedly invading my throat. I was surrounded and overwhelmed by maleness and it was absolutely intoxicating.

They were so good to me, giving me just what they knew that I craved. Impaled between them I had little more to do than receive them. I listened to my mother's soft instructions on how not to choke as my brother kept forcing his way further and further into my throat. I knew it would behoove me to pay attention and learn as much as I could before going to the Breeding House. Lorcan praised me when I did well, his eyes dark with lust.

I thought about the times I'd seen him with my older sister, with my mother...how jealous I had been. Finally it was my turn to mate and it was more wonderful that I had ever imagined.

My father strained against me hard as he came.

"Lorcan --- finish. Selene, when he's done I want you to dress so we can go to the village," he instructed before leaving the room. His voice brooked no argument.

My mother followed, talking about arranging a party for when I came home.

Lorcan snarled at my brother to stay away and then took my father's place. He was only just in time and cursed softly as he pumped his seed into my womb.

My brothers and I fell still and silent for a moment, listening to our parents. Usually we were not disobedient but in this case, the temptation was too much to resist. With a rather naughty grin, Marrok moved into Lorcan's vacated place and we began again.