The lease was signed, the deposit and first payment of the month given to Virgil on a bank check, and our hopes burned very bright. We checked out of the crappy motel and began moving into our new home. Jasper and I decided to save job applications for the day after, instead deciding to make that day all about breaking in our new place.

“And later, we’ll really break it in,” Jasper had murmured in one of my ears.

His comment left me snickering my tail off, “You’re so bad…”

“Course, I am,” he joked further.

“Course, you are,” I scoffed.

The first thing we did was buy groceries. Rather than travel across town without reliable, cheap mode of transportation, however, we decided to give the on-site convenience store a try. With only a little over $250 between us remaining in cash, Jasper went about buying food and I focused on getting us the bare essentials; toilet paper, paper towels, paper plates, plastic forks, knives (they were out of spoons), garbage bags, soap, shampoo, fur conditioner, and even some more toothpaste for us.

Jasper meanwhile focused on buying the cheapest food we could purchase inside the tiny store; a half-gallon of milk, a carton of eggs, plenty of instant cup ramen, microwaveable soups, regular soup cans, three cans of mixed fruit, four cans of baked beans, two cans of sliced peaches, two loafs of bread, some unexpired lunch meat with a discount, several small boxes of macaroni and cheese, a saltshaker, a pepper shaker, and some paprika.

“Paprika?” Jasper gawked when we placed everything on the bored cashier’s counter.

“Being poor doesn’t mean we don’t have taste buds, bro.” I rolled my eyes at one of the items he’d accumulated at his feet. I snatched the bottle immediately. “No, we don’t need a bottle of vodka. Not like we’re old enough either way.”

“Pst!” Groaned Jasper, “She didn’t know that!”

“You both look too young anyway,” the cashier, an overweight otter in her late thirties, maybe mid-forties, replied in a tired lucid-like state. She placed the vodka bottle behind the counter, away from sight. “Do you want me to double-bag your items?”

“We’d love that, thank you very much,” I said, then shot my brother an annoyed glance. “Even if we were twenty-one, vodka wouldn’t be a priority for us. It’s not needed.”

“It’s one of the four food groups,” Jasper tried arguing, still smirking at me. “It is!”

“There’s five groups, not four,” I corrected him. “And no, it’s not one of ‘em.”

“Vodka’s made from rice or wheat, which makes it a grain,” Jasper pointed out with a smug grin on his muzzle. “Therefore, it’d count as being an essential thing for us to buy.”

“You’re such a dork, Jas.” I groaned.

“And that’s what you love about me, ain’t it?” He asked cheekily, to which I rolled my eyes once more. “So, do you reckon we can go visit a Buy-Mart at some point this week?”

“I need to get an application anyway,” I shrugged, “and you need to get some too for the auto shops around here…”

During the planning of our journey to New Jersey, Jasper made an agreement with me. I would work in retail and he would find work at a repair shop, with our combined salaries hopefully being enough to not only pay off rent and food, but maybe save up some cash for future online classes at a community college the following year. Rent would always be a priority for us, no matter the shit happening.

It legitimately hurt to see our $250 turn into twenty bucks and a few one-dollar bills. It hurt even more to carry the bags of groceries one by one to the elevator. The problem mainly revolved around the number of plastic bags and how many times we needed to go up and down the floors. Half of the time, we needed to wait for the elevator to drop down again. One bag broke easily, almost causing the milk to spill all over the floor if it weren’t for Jasper’s reflexive legs breaking the item’s fall.

“Don’t you dare make a milk pun,” I’d said as the dalmatian picked it up.

A snicker led him to saying, “What? Don’t want me to spoil the mood?”

Ugh.

Six trips later, up and down the elevator, we got started organizing the apartment. The previous tenants hadn’t bothered taking their furniture, instead leaving an L-shaped couch along the living room’s wall, as well as a desk in one of the bedrooms. A few slurs decked it like signatured inside a school yearbook (note to self: get some paint). Each bedroom came with a bedframe and new mattress, but we still needed pillows, blankets, sheets, maybe for one or both.

As I finished putting the food away, I heard Jasper call me down to the far bedroom, “Mm, wanna help me out with something, Jack?”

“Hm?” I perked an ear at his smooth voice. What is it?”

The second I walked inside a seemingly empty bedroom, a pair of black-and-white-furred arms pulled me aside. Suddenly, I felt my twin’s paws wrap me in a steely hug. I whimpered upon feeling light, lustful kisses along the back of my neck and the right side of my ticklish nape. Our tails wagged in tandem.

“C-C’mon, Jasper,” I giggled, only for his kisses to grow with his panting. His fingers traced my stomach, caressing their way down to my torso. “Mfh, wait.”

He paused midway through nibbling my neck. “What?”

I gently grabbed one of my brother’s wrists, then interlocked our fingers. I entwined my other free paw with his. Turning to face him, it occurred to me: we weren’t in public. We weren’t warily looking to see if a housekeeper stood around the corner or if our dad returned early from the office. Jasper’s face said it too.

Our hungry lips touched in a moment of unchecked passion. Like our first kiss all those years back, it caused a spark unlike any other. It sent a chill up my canid spine, made my tail sway like a fan, my fur prickle all over, and caused my cock to harden almost immediately. My jeans felt tighter against his, especially as he pushed me against the side of the bed.

Days of repression had felt like years for us. During the interstate journey, we couldn’t do anything to give our relationship away. We couldn’t hold each other, kiss each other, cuddle, flirt, say loving things while looking into the other’s eyes. An onlooker or pair of ears and eyes would spot us and shatter any illusions we were just a pair of ordinary twins. Even with Jasper growing out his headfur, we looked too much alike to be confused for an average same-sex, same-species couple.

“Mfh, wait,” I pulled back from Jasper, flushing when his fingers went for my beltline and the tent pressing against the fabric. “We-We need to go shopping.”

“Can’t we test out the mattresses first?” He panted with a chuckle. “Both of ‘em?”

I did. I really did. I wanted to have me and Jasper strip each other down to our athletic birthday suits, jump onto the bare mattresses in each room and test out how hard my brother could fuck me without making noises to the bedsprings. I wanted to reembrace our taboo.

Though as much as I desired to, we still needed some things. They couldn’t be bought at the convenience store downstairs and required a working credit card.

“Fine, fine…” Jasper relented, but not before pecking the side of my muzzle. “I’d rather we did it on bedsheets and lube, anyway.”

“Absolutely,” I nodded, and we pulled away from each other to straighten our clothes.

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 The Buy-Mart closest to our new apartment unfortunately required hailing a taxi. Aside from testing out the credit card to make sure it worked, it gave me and Jasper a wider view of Peninsula City. Without the fugue state caused by sitting on an interstate bus, plus some daylight, we could see more of the skyline and surrounding neighborhoods.

By the time our cab dropped us off at the large supercenter store, overcrowded by plenty of hapless suburbanites, we spent $29.75 on the ride. That included a five-dollar fee.

“Will you quit worrying so much, bro?” Jasper told me exasperatedly as we waltzed past the automatic doors into the sweaty, uncomfortable realm of retail shopping. “We’re getting jobs, aren’t we? You said you wanted to get an application here, right?”

“That was before I realized how much it costs to get here one way,” I pointed out to the other dog. “It takes twenty minutes to get here by cab. I’m not gonna waste hundreds of dollars a week to make a fraction of it in a day.”

Jasper briefly stared at something on a shelf before suggesting, “What about a train pass? They gotta be cheap.”

“Not sure,” I shrugged. “Wasn’t expecting this place to be so far. I can’t imagine how long it’d take to go by the subway between here and downtown…”

“We’ll work on it then,” Jasper reassured me, “but for now, we got some shopping to do! And some snacks, maybe? I’m starved!”

“Starved?” I scoffed at the excitable Dalmatian. “Really? You’re not starving.”

“I’m doing a synonym of ‘starving’ then,” he joked. “What’s a good synonym?”

“Uh, how about ‘whining’?” I joked back.

“Hey!” Jasper blew a raspberry at me, “You’re not the one who spent weeks as a homeless bum, are ya? Were you starving and cold inside that gilded mansion—”

“Alright, alright,” I playfully nicked him in the shoulder. “You don’t need to rub it in that I’m a spoiled rich kid. We’re both spoiled rich kids, just a reminder.”

“Correction: we *were* spoiled rich kids,” Jasper followed my eyes down a certain aisle further inside the supercenter. “So how big do you want our table to be?”

“Not too large,” I explained, “The taxi’s not going to have a big trunk for us, so we ought to just get the smallest one for two.”

“Fine with me,” he shrugged, “But we’ll need some chairs too.”

As fun as it sounded using the apartment’s couch and coffee table as a place to eat our meals on, my brother and I weren’t fond of leaving stains on furniture. So, we went about shopping for a few basic things: a couple of folding chairs, a folding table big enough for just two furs to eat on, as well as a couple large pillows and two bedding sets. A spur-of-the-moment trip to the electronics department led me to purchasing minutes for my smartphone.

Near the store’s pharmacy, Jasper was quick to grab a bottle of KY lubricant alongside some deodorant and condoms. I rolled my eyes when the cocky dog started boasting about how I ought to not get jealous of any potential sweethearts he’d bring to the apartment. He mainly did that to get a rise out of me and confuse the cashier.

After some reflection, watching the numbers add up for the transaction total on the cash register’s screen display, my stomach growled. No, not growled—it roared for lunch.

“Ugh, hey Jasper,” I asked, “You uh, you interested in getting a bite to eat?”

“Ha!” The Dalmatian triumphantly pulled out his credit card as the cashier finished placing our smaller items into the cart with our new dining table. “So, lady, know any good joints around here? Nothing too pricey?”

Our cashier, a sleepy vixen who appeared no older than us, blinked at the question.

“Um, I dunno,” she answered quite flustered, “I think there’s a sandwich shop over on the other side of the parking lot. Right next to the nail salon and highway...it’s okay, I guess.”

And so, we went. The mid-afternoon air felt a little cooler compared to Utah. Such semi-cloudy weather allowed us to relax in the outdoor tables, enjoying my Reuben sandwich with extra Swiss and Jasper hungrily devoured a panini with roast beef he insisted I take a bite of. Our shopping cart of bagged items plus a folded table rested next to us within sight.

“This is a one-time thing.”

“Yeah, yeah, I gotcha,” Jasper spoke up between savoring bites. “We’re not gonna eat out all the time, dude.”

“For now,” a small smile crept up our identical muzzles when I said that. “We just need some steady income, and the sooner we get jobs, the more—”

“What about the convenience store back at the Atlantica?” Jasper interrupted; eyes widen in a eureka moment. “It’ll be literally inside the building, and it ought to pay alright. And if there’s an emergency, there’s no worries!”

“There’s a bit of mustard on your chin, bro,” I snickered, pointing a claw on the left side of my muzzle. He snatched a napkin as I thought it over. “Maybe. That could work, but I’d need to ask Virgil if there’s an opening.”

“I think Virgil only rents out space for the store, dude…”

“I’ll ask that clerk when we get back then. Meanwhile…” the last of the Reuben went into my maw, and I chewed it down quickly, “Mfh, you need to go around some auto repair shops near our place…go give them your resumes.”

“Tell you what,” my twin proposed, leaning forward once he finished looking to see no other furs within close earshot to our outdoor table, “I’ll go do that once we get back to our place. If I can apply to more than five repair shops before sunset, we can uh…test out those mattresses and the lube.”

A serious blush crept up my cheeks. My tail wagged, and I shared the same lecherous smile as my brother did. Significant willpower was required so neither of us would shift our boners underneath the messy table.

I licked a crumb off my lips, “Oh, you are on, Jas!”

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 Another expensive ride in a taxicab later, I hauled the table and bags up to our apartment, with Jasper journeying out as I organized our humble abode. Once I placed our items in a suitable spot, set up the bedding (the mattress springs surprisingly made little squeaking noises) and fell back into the sheets, I’d already finished filling out an application to work in the convenience store. It just needed to send it.

 During the hour or so spent organizing everything, once the minutes on my phone began and I could message on something resembling a plan again, a voicemail from Virgil downloaded from nowhere. He welcomed me and my twin brother as residents of Atlantica Apts.

 “Your receipt for the first month’s rent has just been placed in your mailbox downstairs.” He spoke up over the sound of a honking horn, presumably during his commute. “But yeah, it’s good to have you and Jasper a member of our little fucked up family. If you need anything or it’s an emergency situation, don’t hesitate callin’ me on this number. If it’s just maintenance stuff or a problem with the machines in the laundry room, I’d recommend callin’ Beatrice. Her number’s on the front door of the main office if she ain’t there.”

 Well, I already knew that. Beatrice gave us her number during the leasing process.

 “Anyway, I gotta get going. Oh, and one more thing. Beatrice told me you two were already getting jobs to pay for rent and whatever. Soon as you get them, please inform one of us. I like to make sure my tenants keep their word with paying on time. Okay then…bye.”

 My eyes traveled from the finished voicemail to the countless unread voicemails left by one Jackson Alnwick, Sr. The most recent one had been two days prior, racking it up from thirty-three to thirty-four since leaving the mansion. I promptly ignored them all.

Setting the phone aside on the nightstand, I continued staring up at the ceiling and occasionally looking out the window towards the boardwalk below. My head fell back onto the freshly soft, black-sheeted pillows. Everything felt so soft, I didn’t even notice myself drifting…

The sound of a door opening down the hall woke me from my nap. Confused at the lack of blue sky outside the window, I checked the time to see it was half past seven at night.

“Is that you, bro?” I called out upon hearing the door close.

Without warning, a certain Dalmatian burst into the bedroom and leapt on top of me.

“J-Jasper, that-that tickles!”

“Mmm,” he paused nibbling on my neck, “I’m aware of that!”

Laughter bubbled up my throat as I tried pushing the frisky spotted canine off of me, to little avail though as his nibbles turned into licks. Soon, my limbs went limp on the bed as my tail tapped excitedly on the bed. His tail followed suit too. Soon, I felt myself no longer holding back any moans or needful whines.

“I applied to nine shops, Jack,” he pressed his nose into my nape, inhaling my musk in contentment. “Nine, over the course of six hours.”

“Six hours, and you made about nine applications, huh?” I snickered at the same time it dawned on him what my next joke would be. “Hehe, so then…you were safe?”

“Sure was,” Jasper breathed into my nape, licking it once before lifting his head. “I planned on stopping by one more close to the ninth, but…well, it got close to sunset. Didn’t wanna start off our new life getting mugged.”

“How thoughtful of you,” I replied as Jasper stuck his tongue out at me.

One of my paws started rubbing his back as I gazed right into his beautiful eyes.

“You hungry?” I asked with a goofy smile on my face, “I’d been asleep, so I didn’t have dinner either. We can go make something right now if you want?”

Jasper’s body responded by wrapping his arms around my shoulders, then lifting his legs into a more comfortable position for us. The look on his face said it all.

“I’m hungry for something else first.”

Believe it or not, our first kisses hadn’t been with each other. My first kiss was taken by a golden retriever girl named Vanessa in the seventh grade, during a Sadie Hawkins dance. Jasper’s first kiss had been a year later with a girlfriend about to move to California, when he’d still been struggling to suppress his homosexuality. I’d been more careful to hide mine. By the time our sophomore year arrived, it all came ahead during a horrible double date; the vixen and doe we’d taken to see a movie fulfilled the painful stereotypes of a valley girl duo, to the point they wouldn’t shut up before or after the credits rolled. We were just thankful they didn’t bother calling us back, let alone try to visit our school.

Anyway, Jasper and I consoled each other in our bedroom later that night, leading to a surprise confession. We were both gay. The happy tears we shed after the revelation rivaled a Greek tragedy. The emotions being shed and laid bare to my twin brother then followed with me pulling him into an earth-shattering kiss, eventually leading to more. Much more.

Jasper’s parting lips were familiar, cheering, soft as velvet, his tongue tasting as sweet as that first time. His lips once more felt like a sweet electric spark. They especially felt good when his tongue pry my maw open. Our tongues slow danced in intimate affection. If we weren’t sporting raging hard-one before, I felt them straining against our jeans.

A rub or two turned me into jelly in his arms. “Mmm, I’ve missed this.”

We shucked our clothes rather quickly, chucking off our shirts, our jeans, and eventually our bulging boxers, until nothing physical lingered between us. We kissed again as hard as we could while letting our paws roam and explore one more time, the eagerness overwhelming. It reached a boiling point.

Tongues lolling and drool dribbling down my chin, I rolled over onto my stomach. I spread my legs out a bit, then reached over to a certain bottle placed ceremonially on the nightstand. My twin gave a whistle.

“Did you, uh…?”

“Not long before my nap, bro,” I chuckled after handing it to him, “Now fuck me.”

Tail raised in anticipation for him, Jasper wasted little time. He audibly squirted a glob onto his Dalmatian dick, lathered some onto my itching tailhole, then shifted closer until our legs pressed closed. His hips touched the back of my thighs. His grinding shaft touched between my spread cheeks. I whimpered and waited and braced for my brother to line up the head to my winking entrance, my knuckles gripping the bedsheets. Much like the hours spent between our reunion and leaving Crossroads City, he wanted the same thing I did. No fondling each other’s asses, pert nipples, the bases of our tails, or devoutly worshipping in a sixty-nine classic.

See, we weren’t going to make love. We were going to fuck like ancient animals.

“Ahhh!” I gasped, huffing aloud when it finally spread me open, pushing up my slick walls. “Ah, shit! Oh, fuck!”

“Oh, fuck yeah…” He growled into my heated, twitching ears. “Jack, you’re so, mfh!”

Jasper groped both my ass cheeks as his length sank down deep. He deliciously eased himself past my ring, clearly enjoying himself based on the severe panting and yipping noise he made. I felt him revel in how tight yet smooth and velvety my ring felt around him. Meanwhile, my own throbbing cock leaked gallons of pre into the sheets with each thrust my brother made with his muscled hips. They went faster each time I clenched on his manhood, driving him wild and therefore driving me wild.

All great things came to an end though. Try going a whole week without sex. See how long you would last after finally getting privacy and a bed.

I couldn’t get enough of him. He couldn’t get enough of me. My teeth dug straight into one of the pillows, muffling the screams as I spurted what felt like an entire pond of semen into the sheets. Soon enough, Jasper thrust one final time and collapsed atop me.

We weren’t just brothers. We were lovers. We were mates. We were a rarity shunned by society as a whole, while some drooled over the possibility of our existence from the shadows. Some even wrote porn stories focused on our kind of taboo.

Me? I only saw Jasper as an extension of myself, a part of me who possessed his own dreams and desires yet wouldn’t follow them without me close by. The longer Jasper lay atop me, his shaft completely spent as it remained lodged inside me, the further I could feel it. His heartbeat, synchronizing with mine as our perspiration and gathered sweat mixed into our spotted fur, our chests heaved like we’d completed a race at the swimming club, and our tails swished as content and tiredly as a newlywed’s fingers.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“That was amazing.”

“It sure was…” I breathed heavily, then smacked my lips. “Wanna go again?”

He gave me his answer by rubbing his reignited, throbbing shaft against the inside of my leg in a not-so-subtle ‘yes’. I grinned, and slowly shifted around to lay on my back, legs raised and wrapped around Jasper’s waist. He smiled down at me. I smiled up at him. We lustfully embraced into a writhing mess and let our lips convey our words.

A taboo we broke twice that night was so addictive. As fun as it was to simply get to the point and let my more dominant brother take control, nothing could beat a slower, more passionate second round. Jasper waited his time. He rubbed our members together until his semen lathered my entire cock. He panted and whined like a needy pup when I leaned up to nibble on his shoulder. I panted and whined like a needy pup too when he introduced a middle finger deep into my entrance and tapped the love nut that drove all flaming homos like us to subspace. By the time he did reinsert his canine tip back inside me, my twin brother reveled in the noises it produced as I came all over our closely- rubbing chests. He then proceeded to fuck yet another load from me midway through his thrusting movements, spreading my ring wider until he brushed at my prostate expertly, and he came inside me yet again, before we lay together in a mixture of semen, sweat, and panting licks.

 At some point during our second afterglow, we literally came into agreement: as far as the world what concerned, the bedroom closest to the foyer (where we fucked/made sweet love) would be Jasper’s and the bedroom closest to the bathroom (where we slept) would be mine. Unfortunately, the two of us needed to plan around not leaving stains in the new bedsheets.

Jasper jokingly remarked, “Lemme make a contract we can sign with our cum.”

 “Ew, what the hell?” I gagged, pushing Jasper’s smug muzzle away from my lips, only for it to lean down again and kiss my cheek. “You wanna shower?”

 “Absolutely, just lemme do this,” he popped out easily, and I felt the cum eventually drip out of me and down my taint. “Hehe, ow, I uh, I really…”

 “Sore all over?” I asked, practically hearing his joints crack and pop as he stood beside the bed. “You gonna be alright there, bro?”

 “Heh, I should be the one to ask you that,” he leered at my naked body, as well as the cum trailing down between my spread legs, “Did I go a little too hard on ya? Feel any pain?”

 Slowly, I knelt up onto the mattress, groaning as my backside ached like no tomorrow. It felt as if I’d fallen asleep under a bus and turn tossed and turned every which way. However, I could still move somewhat, and not feel sudden white flashes of pain. No signs of blood either.

 “I feel like we just had some amazing sex, if that’s what you’re asking,” I replied somewhat meekly. “You…You mind helping though?”

 Jasper smirked at me, then said, “Do you even need to ask?”

 “Yes,” I remarked. “And knowing you, you’re going to use all the hot water when you get the chance.”

 “Yeah, yeah, yeah,” I felt him wrap some paws around my arms, hauling me off the bed as gently as possible. “Whatcha want for dinner anyway?”

 He guided me from the first bedroom and out into the small corridor. My posture started gradually returning, until I could flick the light switch for us all on my own. The bathroom lights turned on in a bright but welcoming glare. The thought of washing out my fur and reveling under a hot shower did distract me momentarily from his question.

 “Let’s get washed up first,” I proposed with a smile.

 Jasper beamed back at me. “It’s a deal!”