Cold morning breezes tickled my nose as I pedaled between the husks of empty cars. All around me, overgrown lawns and neglected infrastructure could be seen for miles. A normal sight to behold after five years of wandering what used to be the United States.

The apocalypse has arrived with plenty of warning. Everyone knew it would come but not like a feral beast, bouncing from the undergrowth and sticking its sharp fangs in our necks. I had been a high schooler when things slowly began to fall apart. Having grown up in the foster system, then eventually spending almost a year in a prison farm for juvenile offenders, I didn’t really focus on politics or world news—at least, not until the superstorms started.

First, a few more hurricanes here and there along the Gulf Coast. Then, a massive ice storm along the American Southwest turned states like California, Arizona and even Texas into frozen hells for several weeks. Severe lightning storms, brutal heatwaves, a season of tornadoes and another pandemic later led to society collapsing. The straw that broke the camel’s back came in the form of a nationwide blackout. First, the East Coast lost power, then the West Coast, and then the Rockies, and finally, the Midwest. And the power didn’t turn back on again.

As mentioned earlier, I’d been a juvenile offender serving my time in a prison farm, for assaulting my foster mother and attempting to murder my foster father. The judge and jury didn’t care that it had been in self-defense, only that I had a criminal record (mostly petty stealing, panhandling, running away from home, etc.) at fifteen. In their eyes, I was a delinquent punk who needed a reality check.

Admittedly, in some ways I deserved it.

What I didn’t deserve though was nearly getting beaten to a pulp by my then-foster parents. It was they who attacked me after discovering porn under my bed. They couldn’t stand that not only was I a deviant, but a homosexual deviant too. They wanted to punish me for it, and so did the other prisoners at the farm when word spread that I liked boys. A few even tried making me their personal fleshlights, or a bitch to pass around like a blunt. I managed to hold my ground though, and by some stroke of luck, didn’t get raped during my time at the farm.

After a year of hard labor and shitty food, we woke up one morning to learn society was collapsing. At first, barely anything changed. However, the days turned into a couple weeks, and the guards watching over us stopped coming to work. Then, a psychotic lynx named Jeff Wrightstown gutted the warden, leading to a riot and everyone escaping. I tried staying with a group but left after they expected me to be their outlet for sex. Ever since, I’d wandered from settlement to settlement, and survival group to survival group, wherever I could find food.

Now, I was heading into Canada. Rumor had it that a stable settlement had been built somewhere along the Hudson Bay. I hoped the rising waters didn’t affect it. Otherwise, I could always go back further inland.

 Suburbia became shopping centers and strip malls. Rotting clothes and overgrown, half-destroyed stores went on for what seemed like miles. An exit onto a highway stood clogged with forgotten cars I easily sped past. Seeing the road ahead was flooded, and I didn’t want to know what kinds of infestation swam in the waters, I decided to take the ramp, going the longer route. Within the cars, some of them still intact with unbroken windows, I could see suitcases.

 I didn’t consider smashing the glass or looting them. Travelling lightly worked wonders for me. The last thing I needed were useless items to weigh me down.

However, I reconsidered it after exiting the highway and turning down an empty boulevard. Nestled beside the concrete pillars of the highway, half-overridden with green plants, I made out the words ‘Den Adult Store’ in bold lettering. The tattered remains of a gay pride flag hung beneath a layer of vine.

My sheath stirred again upon reading it. At several points between journeys, I’d come across sex shops or adult stores, often times with their stock left intact.

*It can’t hurt to take a quick look*, I mused.

Shaking my head, I tried convincing myself not to be stupid. However, the legs controlling the bicycle had a mind of their own. Twice, I wanted to cycle past it and twice, I failed to not let my dick think for me. My dick yearned to read and ogle at new content, new pictures as well as muscular mammals fucking each other. Whatever helped made the lonely nights more bearable, or helped my left paw bring me to climax. In the end, I licked up the brakes, climbed off, and stepped around the building to find a back entrance.

Well, I found it. As well as three surprises.

The first surprise came in the form of an outfitted truck, parked in the middle of the small lot. It wasn’t abandoned, instead armored and well-used. However, my immediate attention went to the sounds of moaning and slurping noises coming nearby.

The second surprise came in the form of two men next to the vehicle—a pair of lean and tall black cats, one standing and the other kneeling. The latter was bobbing his head up and down on the former’s crotch while he stood with his back to me. The standing feline’s blue jeans rested around his knees, his beautifully obsidian-furred ass flexing between thrusts into the other male cat’s jaws. From the way my head peeked around the corner, I couldn’t get a better view, but I dared not to move. I was too transfixed by an act I only saw in my dreams and in photos.

The third surprise came when I accidentally stepped on a twig, and without hesitation, the two males immediately whirled around to face me. The cat kneeling held a pistol and the other a knife, and I stepped out with both paws raised up. The one who’d been kneeling asked me something, wiping his chin using the back of his free paw, and I saw their faces.

Very, very similar faces. Almost like doppelgängers.

“Y-You’re…You’re twins?” I gaped, trapped between shock and sudden lust.

Suddenly, the erection in my jeans went harder than I ever felt. Indeed, the two men I’d accidentally stumbled upon giving/receiving a blowjob were identical. Not just in their amber eyes, handsome jawlines, black fur and marble-white spots around their muzzles and whiskers. I swore that at some point, the two decided to dress the same. Both wore plaid red shirts beneath dark-blue fleece jackets, sporting even similar shoes.

They weren’t just two men having sex. They were twin brothers, committing incest.

I was too shocked by the revelation to notice the other twin pull his pants up. I did get pulled back to reality when the cocksucking brother hissed, “What were you doing there?”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I was passing through and just found this place,” I stammered out, trying to calm myself as I kept my paws raised. “I’m not looking for any trouble…”

“So, you say,” the twin with the pistol smirked, licking his lips. “I was just getting to the best part, and you had to give us a fuckin’ heart attack, didn’t you?”

“Hey, Brad, check out his pants,” the twin wielding the knife stepped closer to me, chuckling. “He’s not exactly complaining about what he just saw.”

Without thinking, I lowered my left paw to cover my hard-on, blushing as the two laughed. Before I could even say anything though or ask about what I’d just witnessed, all three of us jumped at the sounds of nearby gunfire. Shouting too, from around a few blocks away.

The raging boner in my pants went limp.

“Marauders,” I exhaled in shock.

“They’re plenty too,” the cat referred to earlier as ‘Brad’ mentioned. “We better go.”

The cocksucking twin rushed over to the opened entrance of the adult store.

“Bro, we gotta go!” He hissed into the darkness, pocketing his knife. Turning to me with my paws still raised, the cat motioned to the outfitted truck as he asked, “Well, are ya coming or not? These marauders aren’t exactly gonna talk before shooting at you.”

“With you?” I blindly asked, dumbfounded. “Why would I get in the truck with you?”

Further gunfire a few blocks away made our ears perk up high, and Brad was already turning on the engine.

“Ambrose, c’mon!” The nameless twin growled again with a raised fist, banging his fist on the doorframe.

Standing still, I was left further speechless at who else emerged from the adult store. Yet another carbon copy of the two black cat; except he had a steely-eyed glare directed at me as he carried a box in his arms. The only difference in his clothes were the jeans he wore being black.

“Triplets?” I muttered to myself.

“Who’s he?” The third twin asked.

“Caught me and Brad in the parking lot,” the nameless twin laughed with a shrug. The one named Ambrose rolled his eyes. “C’mon, dude! We gotta go before they catch us!”

Marauders were unpredictable when in groups. If one were lucky, then they’d kill you first. If not, then it depending on each group whether they’d turn you into their sex slave or a next meal if food was scarce. Not wanting to figure out which category the approaching marauders fell under, I bolted for my bike and brought it with me towards the outfitted truck. While Brad had scooted into the passenger seat and Ambrose went for the driver’s seat, the nameless triplet helped me toss my vehicle in the empty tailgate before practically dragging me into the backseat with him.

The outfitted truck lurched out of the tiny parking lot, swerving down the boulevard. My heart raced a thousand miles a minute as I instinctively clutched the black cat’s arm, until the shooting we’d heard earlier turned silent.

“You can let go now,” the feline mentioned.

“Ah!” I let go, leaning against my window as overrun shops and abandoned stores passed us by. “Sorry about that. Never been in a car for years.”

“No problem. What’s your name, stranger?” The twin sitting beside me in the backseat pointed to himself, then to the one in the passenger seat (clutching the box taken from the store) and the one driving behind the wheel, respectively saying, “I’m Clay, that’s Bradley, and he’s Ambrose. We’re triplets.”

I could clearly see that.

“Donovan,” I said after a careful moment of thought. Neither of them seemed dangerous. For some odd reason though, instead of bringing up the obvious about catching Clay and Bradley committing incest while Ambrose was searching through an adult store, I asked, “Uh…can I ask what you three are doing all the way out here? I thought all the roads were blocked.”

“Not the ones leading towards Madison,” Clay mentioned.

“Why’d you have him come with us?” Ambrose sternly asked mid-driving. “For all we know, he could’ve been with the marauders, trying to lure us out.”

“I’m not, I’m not!” I waved my arms defensively, still gripping my backpack behind me.

“Then what are you doing all the way out here?” Ambrose countered.

“Traveling through, like anyone else,” I replied hastily.

His amber eyes dissected me through the rearview mirror, whenever they didn’t focus on watching the road ahead of us. “No offense, but you don’t seem harmless to me.”

I gulped in understanding. “None…None taken.”

The driving triplet glanced at the passenger seat. “Brad?”

“Hey,” he answered, “Clay’s the one who suggested it.”

“We couldn’t just leave him! Food’s getting less and less to find, and none of us wanna find out what those marauders wanted to do with us,” Clay pointed out. He smirked lecherously at me. “Besides, if he did wanna kill us, he would’ve done that instead of watching me suck off Brad back there.”

I tried speaking, “About that—”

“You were sucking Brad off?” Ambrose groaned. Just as I expected something dramatic or a level of shocked silence, the triplet demanded, “How many times have I told you two not to fuck around when we’re outside the walls?”

“We were still keeping guard duty!” Clay argued, smirking again. “Besides, I’d argue you were just as much having fun in there as any of us would’ve.”

“Speaking of which,” Brad cheerfully reached into the box, “let’s see whatcha got!”