“Your boyfriend’s your brother?!”

We winced at Luke’s loud outburst, which attracted a few eyes and ears. Standing up next to Jasper as a small wave of ocean water licked our toes, I felt my ears redden at the fact I’d just made out with my twin. Expectedly, Jasper didn’t mind the leering.

“He sure fuckin’ is,” the brash dog went on to smack my butt, making me yip. It also nearly made the blood course down to my cocktip. “We’re here, we’re queer, our twincest love’s top tier, get used to it, haha!”

My maw gaped open and closed like a codfish. “J-J-Jasper!” I struggled to articulate.

Quite a few were gawking at our public display. Most whispered or murmured to each other in visible disgust while some looked away or simply didn’t care. It wasn’t until a small camera flash came from somewhere to our left that Jasper’s euphoria sobered up. His pupils widened with mine, but he didn’t let go of the paw that rested on my hip. I didn’t pull away, but instead, cowered to him for safety when a few hurtful words could be heard, ranging from ‘this for real?’ to ‘can’t believe they’re doing this’, yet mostly they stared at us like we were the sideshow attraction at a freakshow carnival. To be leered at in morbid curiosity.

As always, Rodney saved the day. “The fuck’re you all looking at?” He barked, an annoyed snarl revealing a fang or two directed at the onlookers. They started to dissipate back into the partying atmosphere that began to resume. One or two didn’t go away, whom Rodney started to sneer at. “What’s your problem?”

“That’s some sick ass shit they’re doing!” A random frat buck shouted several feet away. He had been one of the disgusted faces amongst the crowd. “It’s fucking nasty!”

“So was your mother and sister last night, kitten-dick!” Our friend unceremoniously flipped the bird at the feline. “Now go back to your business! Before somebody gets a real reason to call the cops.”

It seemed to do the trick.

Once they all returned to their own business, Rodney casually motioned for us to follow him. He did the same to Luke, Valerie, and Vanessa. I dared not to look at either of them. In awkward, reluctant fashion, we walked back onto the beach until our wet feet became encrusted with dry sand. During this, Jasper’s paw roamed from my hip to the fingers trying to not to tremble in fear, especially with the way Rodney’s friends wouldn’t quit observing us. I felt it all over me, to the point I tried to mentally scream at my tail to stop wagging whenever I squeezed back on Jasper’s comforting paw.

The six of us found refuge at a wooden picnic table etched in various ancient graffiti, where a grassy dune sat between it and the ocean shore, as well as a sidewalk unoccupied by other partiers. Jasper and I sat on one side as Valerie and Luke lounged on the other, with Vanessa resting atop Luke’s broad knee. Rodney decided to boredly lean against the table, almost like a slacking mediator in arbitration. Only, a loud rap song and returned laughter/talking could be heard along the beach.

“Well?” Jasper spoke up. “What are you all waiting for?”

“Waiting for what?” Luke asked.

“You guys saw what happened, so let’s hear them,” Jasper listed off said questions we’d been dreading to hear/have been hearing since Whiskey outed us to the Atlantica’s tenants. “‘Do you two fuck?’ ‘Are you aware he’s your twin brother?’ ‘Can’t you go to jail for this?’ ‘Do you know how incredibly wrong this is?’ ‘Is this consensual?’. Not your business, yes we are twins, not in Jersey, we know it’s wrong, and it’s one-hundred percent consensual.”

“Incest’s legal here?” Luke pondered dumbfoundedly. “It can’t be legal here, can it?” He glanced from Vanessa to us, to Rodney, Valerie, and back to us. “Is incest legal here?”

“Looking it up,” Valerie already pulled out her phone to type something in. She paused after assessing whatever appeared on the tiny screen. It illuminated the realization slowly dawning on her narrow face. “Holy shit. It is legal. Between adults at least…”

“Go freaking figure,” Valerie scoffed in disbelief.

“We turned eighteen in May,” I added in as I continued to hold onto my brother’s paw beneath the tabletop. Feeling his comforting grip and the calloused caress of his thumb against my palm helped build the confidence in me. “Jasper and I…we needed to get away. We made a new life for ourselves over here and have been expecting something like this to happen. We were just caught up earlier in the moment, we weren’t thinking, and…well, we were in love.”

“We’re still in love,” Jasper corrected me, and I felt the small breeze of his wagging tail against mine. “Right, Jack?”

“Damn right,” I said.

After a tense moment of awkward silence, Luke was the first to speak. “Now I’ve seen everything,” he neighed.

“Let me guess,” Vanessa surmised in morbid intrigue. Except, she didn’t want to take a photograph of the freakshow attraction. “You two were mocked in school and chased out of town with torches and pitchforks? Your mom and dad didn’t approve when you asked to take him to prom night, and that’s why you had to leave Utah or something?”

“Dad certainly didn’t like it,” Jasper snickered with a shake of his spotted muzzle. “It didn’t help either he was a control freak, but that’s a whole ‘nother can of worms. Didn’t like either of us being gay, let alone being in love with each other.”

“Sorry to hear that,” Luke exhaled through his nose, “Homophobes can get fucked.”

I felt sure that Jasper planned on giving a high-five to Luke, had Vanessa not said, “Being gay’s one thing, but hooking up with your own *twin brother*?”

We grew silent when wandering eyes could be felt directed at us from some beachgoers joining the party late. Nobody said a thing until we felt sure they’d gone out of earshot.

“This is still so wrong,” Vanessa muttered to herself, then asked, “Rodney, can you believe this?”

“Saw it my own fuckin’ eyes, didn’t I?” The coywolf in question shook his muzzle without removing the half-amazed smirk etched on him, “Way to go with making up, you guys, but did you seriously have to get to second base right in public like that?”

“Wait, wait,” Vanessa chined in, then leaned from her spot atop Luke’s knee to glare at the coywolf sitting adjacent on the table. “Rodney, are you serious?! You knew about this?”

“Traitor!” Valerie gasped, as did the stallion beside her.

“You never bothered to mention this to us, dude?” Luke asked Rodney.

“It wasn’t our business,” he shrugged inanely. His default reaction, if anybody were being truly honest. “Y’know Whiskey? The junkie who pretends to be homeless outside my apartment?” He didn’t wait for either of his friends to nod, thumbing at me and my brother. “He found out about this relationship of theirs, tried to blackmail them, Jasper here told the fucker to get stuffed, and so the fucker decides to spread it around the Atlantica. Landlord found out too.”

“Long as we’re still paying the rent and keeping out of trouble, he don’t give a shit about what’s behind closed doors,” Jasper shrugged his right shoulder. “About all you though…What’re your own thoughts about this? About us?”

I decided to chime back in before Jasper’s overprotective nature shined.

“We know this is still…well, unnatural, but we’ll understand if you’re not interested in having us join this little group. We’ll understand. You’ll never have to talk to us again, if that’s what you want.”

“Eh, this doesn’t really bother me anymore,” Rodney answered first. “Besides, it still beats seeing you two sulking around the building, acting like angsty, miserable teens.”

Neither me nor Jasper took any offense to that. In hindsight, we were acting like angsty teenagers, actively avoiding the issue and dancing around it before inevitably talking things out.

“I like you two, so you can keep hanging with us,” Valerie said several seconds of silence later. Then, the unashamed Labrador asked us out of nowhere, “One more thing: is there a chance for any threesomes?”

Each of those present had different reactions. I wanted to crawl back under a rock, but instead placed my head down. Jasper blanched in surprise. Luke’s nostrils flared as if his ex-girlfriend literally broke his heart. Rodney covered his face as hoots came from the coyote-wolf hybrid. Vanessa tried to appear grossed out with a wrinkled nose, but the female collie forgot to lower her ears down. It indicated she wasn’t against the mental image alone.

“Nope!” Jasper and I replied in unison.

“Your loss, boys,” she giggled. Her ears perked to her right. “What about you, Luke?”

Everyone stared expectantly at him. “Eh, sure. Why not?” He sighed almost in the same informal manner that’d rival Rodney. “Love is love. You’re not hurting anyone. You’re both adults like us here.” I felt the picnic table vibrate when his paws rested on it. “Just don’t either of you think I’ll be into watching you be touchy-feely taboo or any gay shit like that.”

“So long as you don’t be touchy-feely too with some girls,” Jasper suggested.

The stallion chuckled, “Fair enough then.”

I lifted my head back up from the rough wood to see Luke genuinely smiling at us. As for Vanessa, our eyes fell on her at the far end of the picnic table, looking like she wanted to jump off of Luke’s knee and walk away from the conversation. I could see her squirming a little from the unwanted attention.

She huffed out, “Fine, I guess.”

“Now that that’s outta the way, let’s go do something,” Rodney clapped his paws together in eager delight. “It’s nearly eight at night, I got no work tomorrow, and I wanna get so fuckin’ drunk, you’ll find me flirting with a trashcan!”

That certainly got Luke excited, as did Valerie and a reluctant Vanessa, who jumped from the former’s knee and stretched on the sand. “Where’s Yancy anyway?”

“Y-Dog?” Luke peered around as the she-dog rolled her eyes. “Not sure where Y-Dog is. Hey! Hey, Y-Dog, you close by?”

“Guy’s probably trying to sell NFTs again,” Rodney groaned, as did Jasper beside me. I felt the need to join them too. “Yancy’s got a racket going where he talks to clear tourists visiting for the summer, then sells crypto or NFTs if they’re gullible enough.”

“Does it get profitable?” Jasper asked to which Rodney snickered like a middle schooler learning a harsh new swear word. “I guess not…damn.”

“I’ll text him,” Valerie volunteered. “He might be close by.”

“I refuse to call him that,” I scoffed, which somehow earned me an approving nod from the standoffish collie. “Let me guess, you’re not a fan of the nickname either?”

“I’ve heard better rap names from the suburbs,” she commented dryly.

“Tell me about it,” I muttered amusedly. “Anyway, friends?”

“We’ll see,” she smiled, curling back her long, golden hair braids behind a raised ear. A quick sniff later, the curve in her muzzle drooped. “The little creep…”

“How do you think he’ll react to the Oedipus brothers here?” Valerie jested aloud, having not noticed her friends’ comment.

“Oedipus fucked his mom, not his twin,” Rodney corrected her.

“Ew!” She cringed momentarily, “Still, I bet he’ll be freaked out when he hears—”

“He’s been listening in on us like a stalker, Val,” Vanessa informed the Labrador and everyone else present. “I smell him. The perv’s been here the whole time! Yancy!”

An unusually tall chihuahua appeared from behind the sand dune, dressed in denim jeans torn up at the knees, plus a plain black t-shirt with the words ‘modern art dealer’ written in bold white lettering, covered in a sketchy green and black jacket that belonged to a loner kid sitting by himself in the high school cafeteria. The shoes themselves appeared used, but expensive. Short ears poked through the dark-blue beanie wrapped around his head, with a neon-green dollar sign pin on the hem where his forehead would be. One would expect him to be frowning, not jovial.

“Don’t mind me,” he said with a smile, “Already got the gist of what’s going on.”

Me and Jasper held our breaths. Me more so.

Vanessa crossed her arms, unamused. “And how is that exactly?” She questioned him.

“It’s going around SnapChatter that some twin dogs were committing incest on the beach,” replied the chihuahua, much to me and Jasper’s united horror and Rodney’s hilarious snickering. “I got back here and started hearing about your conversation to find out it’s true.”

My ears heated up again, particularly when Jasper held my paw again and it earned an ‘aww’ from Valerie nearby.

“When did you decide to be a little perv and spy on us, Yancy?” Valerie prodded the chihuahua for answers. “You look like a total creeper doing that.”

Yancy shot back, “Around the same time you tried asking two high school brothers about having a threesome, Val.”

Everybody collectively recoiled at the casual retort.

“Snap, hehe,” Jasper snickered beside me.

“Ouch,” Rodney held his stomach. “I never knew you had it in ya, Yance. Bravo.”

“Heh, that was a sick burn there,” Luke admitted with a shrug.

“Thank you, thank you,” Yancy beamed as he stepped closer and shrugged. “I try.”

Vanessa scoffed out a ‘whatever’ at the same time something suddenly caught our attention. Right beside the Atlantica Apartments, flashing blue and red lights could be seen on the street. Curious murmuring could be heard over the general atmosphere on the beach, as well as alarm as we witnessed some partiers go the other direction.

“Shit, do you think someone’s in trouble?” Rodney asked.

“Not sure,” Luke suggested, “Could just be some cops trying to ruin the fun.”

Two officers exited the vehicle and made a beeline for the Atlantica’s entrance doors leading inside the main lobby. “The Lord is my witness!” Came a shrill voice from inside.

Another police car showed us, followed closely behind it another. Everyone’s eyes widened as a few more cops exited and went towards us on the beach, one holding a notepad.

Jasper confirmed, “Somebody’s definitely in trouble.”

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The party was over before it had even gotten halfway there. As it turned out, Mrs. Laurinburg sent in multiple complaints to the Peninsula City Police Department about seeing everything outside her apartment window; underage drinking, drug use, at least one building on fire as well as a gunshot. These accusations were easily disproven though. She didn’t know that two officers had already been on the scene, and after speaking to a few sober partiers willing to be interviewed, none of her wild claims ever happened.

So, me, my twin brother, our group of friends, and some of the Atlantica’s other tenants watched Mrs. Laurinburg be arrested for filing a false police report, lying to the authorities when confronted by one of them, then what I believed to be assaulting an officer when she tried slapping him across the muzzle, only to be immediately dragged outside in handcuffs. Nobody shed any tears, even as she started sobbing while being read her rights. She tried crying out religious verses, said she was being discriminated against, the usual.

What made it all infuriating was that not only did the senile chipmunk think she could get away with it, but she tried throwing us under the bus too. We learned as much once a German shepherd police officer approached our group. Nobody dared to run away. Even Rodney knew to pocket his phone after taking some candid pictures of the scene.

“Excuse me, but are you two Jackson and Jasper Alnwick?” The canine cop asked us with a notepad held in a blasé grip. Aged somewhere in his mid-forties with graying cheekfur and a balding head between his pointed ears, the nametag on his chest read ‘Munroe’. “May I have a word with you?”

“With us?” I dumbly asked aloud.

“With me and Jackson?” Jasper pointed between me and him. “What’s wrong, officer?”

“Did the bitch say any bullshit about our friends?” Rodney piped up.

“Nothing is wrong, kid,” Officer Munroe reassured us without so much as blinking at the coywolf’s remark. “Just a couple of questions I gotta ask, and if you’re willing,” he looked to our group, and we saw him put his notepad away, “I would also like to test your alcohol levels, based on testimony from the woman in me and my partner’s car.”

“W-What?” Me and Jasper gasped unexpectedly.

“She says that she spotted the two of you drinking and taking drugs.”

Rodney again said, “That’s bullshit, officer.”

“Yeah, that lady’s a liar!” Luke stepped forward beside me.

“Figures as much, but with your permission, I’d still like to card all of you, and be allowed to take your friends’ alcohol levels,” the German shepherd eyed back to the car, then lowered his voice. “Look, I know she’s nuts, kept going on and on about seeing buildings alight, seeing blood on the beach, and the twins here making out in the middle of an orgy.”

Jasper and I paled as we felt our neck fur stand up on end, but we were thankful when various members of our group gagged, then disbelievingly scoff at the notion. Rodney frowned convincingly, Luke groaned in vile disgust, Vanessa more authentically I believed, and Valerie gasped in horrid shock. Each of them spoke over each other until Officer Munroe calmed them down, and I made a subsequent mental note to buy them all beers the moment me and my brother turned twenty-one in a few more years.

“Not sure what she’s on, but protocol is protocol,” Munroe pulled out a handheld device I instantly knew to be the breathalyzer. He looked to me first. “Alrighty then, you ready?”

“We’re all over twenty-one though,” Valerie mentioned.

“They aren’t though,” Officer Munroe pointed out as motioned for me forward.

I immediately complied. Jasper did too, glaring hateful daggers made of venom in the direction of Mrs. Laurinburg sitting in the back of the cop card. When I’d bothered to glance her way, feeling like even looking into that old chipmunk’s delusional eyes would pull the simmering anger out of me, I could spot her wrinkled expressions switched between a proud smirk and vile revulsion. The feeling was very mutual.

The breathalyzer test and a few basic questions about paw-eye coordination proved the chipmunk’s allegations were incorrect. When the officer gave us a thumbs up, I managed to see Mrs. Laurinburg’s smug reflection within the police car turn to contempt. We all gave our I.D.s to Officer Munroe. He verified they were real after a single look, then handed them back before giving a thumbs up to his vulpine partner standing by the car.

“Thank you for your cooperation. Have a nice night, kids, and don’t stay out too late.”

He returned to his car, talked to his partner, then started up the cruiser. Mrs. Laurinburg’s defeated glares disappeared with the vehicle down a random street, and it would be the last me or the other Atlantica residents ever saw her again.

The moment the German shepherd walked away, all seven of us exhaled sighs of relief.

Rodney started to laugh. It caught our attention away from the empty street, plus the other mammals still processing or returning to the party mood.

“What could be funny, Rod?” Vanessa asked, a little agitated.

“Nothing,” he wrapped an arm around Yancy, who I finally noticed was on the verge of falling apart. “I’m just glad that Y-Dog didn’t have a meltdown.”

“That was too damn close,” the tall chihuahua then muttered something in Spanish, before saying to Rodney, “I think I saw God. I think God warned me about carrying.”

“Wait, wait, does he—” Jasper paused his question, shaking his muzzle. “Never mind, I don’t wanna know. Less me or Jack know the better…Damn though, that was too motherfuckin’ close for comfort.”

“Agreed,” I gulped back down the lingering fear.

It was Luke who decided to say to us, “I think you mean ‘brotherfucking’, actually.”

For some odd reason, that pun pulled laughter from my lungs. It infected Jasper next, as well as as everyone else who either rolled their eyes or failed at hiding their laughing. Yeah, I believed we made some great friends for our new life in New Jersey.

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 “Hey, Jasper?”

“What’s up, Jack?”

It was late evening. We’d wished the gang a good night, citing how exhausted the whole event with the police officers made us all of a sudden, then ignored Rodney’s sarcastic remarks before waving to each of our new friends. With the cop car now gone, the Atlantica returned to having a quiet lobby. Well, save for the convenience store being open for another hour.

The elevator doors opened for us as I eventually asked, “Were you serious down there?”

The two of us stepped inside. Jasper blindly pressed a button going up. We did our best to be stoic, dancing around the issue. It all fell apart though the moment the doors went shut, leaving us all alone in the metallic box rising to our floor.

“About what?” Jasper feigned confusion, but I could see in his stiff stance that the cheeky Dalmatian knew what I referred to. It made me want to either smack his head or hug the doofus for what he’d said earlier. “Serious about what, Jackson?”

“‘We’re here, we’re queer, our twincest love’s top tier, get used to it’.”

Floodgates of immaturity opened wide. My repressed snickering transformed into full-blown laughter wheezing from my nostrils. It became contagious for my brother, who held back some laughs until ultimately cackling enough to resemble a hyena.

 “What? That worth putting on a t-shirt,” he boasted with pride. “God told me to say it!”

 “For fuck’s sake,” I panted from the immense laughter, clutching my stomach and using the other paw to push upwards from the elevator door. “What makes you think God’d want you to say that to half of the Jersey Shore, bro?”

 “C’mon, you gotta admit that was epic!”

 “Epically asinine, ya mean!” I retorted, shaking my muzzle at the sheer audacity of it all. “I mean, whatcha think they’re all gonna say if we ever run into those p-people again?”

 “We’re definitely not gonna take their bullshit, that’s for sure,” Jasper composed himself and gasped. “I hope we don’t get asked to be in a threesome.”

 My cackling returned in full force, so Jasper stepped over to pat my back.

“By the way, I noticed you were calling Yancy ‘Y-Dog’ before we left,” he brought up, wearing a curious gaze directed at me. “What was that all about?”

 “Eh, not much, really. I guess it grew on me or something,” I shrugged mindlessly at his question. “He’s a decent, nice person though. Helps that he didn’t mind us at all.”’

 We stopped all of a sudden on our floor. The elevator finally opened wide to a quiet corridor, and we turned left on basic instinct towards our apartment. Jasper wasn’t done though.

 “I’m just glad I didn’t have to tell them that embarrassing nickname.”

 “I’m happy you didn’t either,” I tittered at the smug dog, then snickered a little too darkly at a distant memory. “That way, I wouldn’t’ve retaliated by telling him and everyone all about the swimsuit incident at the Tundra Cabin.”

 My paw turned the door key when I heard Jasper hold a deep intake of breath, then expelled it by saying, “Fuck you, bro!”

 Opening our door, he barged past me in a huff. I couldn’t stop myself from grinning like a madman as I watched that ass of hiss retreat into the kitchen. Another devious thought came to mind, so after locking our apartment shut, I walked over to my twin and shared into his identical but beautiful blue eyes. A playful smirk reflected on his lips.

 “Fuck me, bro?” I coyly licked my nose and lower lips. “That’s the idea, isn’t it?”

 Lifting my arms up while gripping the hem, Jasper hungrily made his move. His lips and fangs grazed my exposed neck, making me hiver as he nibbled harder, and I tossed the shirt aside. With my arms raised, he decided to strike by caressing the bulge in my swimsuit, his palm rubbing through the fabric as his fingers expertly fondled my balls beneath. Pressing against the fabric, I moaned at feeling his masculine touch.

 “Tch, tch, tch,” I batted his paw away. “First, let’s go to the bedroom.”

 “Which bedroom, bro?”

 I smirked, then said, “Our bedroom.”

 We went to the end of the small corridor, then made a left. Stopping as my knees hit the side of the bed, Jasper didn’t pause his playful teasing, instead swiftly yanking my swimming trunks down at once and kneeling behind my bare-ass tail.

“Yeowww!” I cried out. “Easy! You went a little too hard there, asshole!”

Sharp canine fangs had clamped down on my left butt cheek, almost piercing into the skin beneath its spotted fur.

“Just wanted to mark this ass as mine,” he pulled back to code it in a slobbery lick, ending in a soft kiss to said ‘mark’. The dorky Dalmatian then rubbed his nose against my toned rear end, kissing the other cheek as his paws roamed around my trembling abdomen. “God, I missed this, bro. I missed you…”

“Then don’t just sit there,” I whined to my twin. “Go grab the lube there and fuck me until your balls hurt.”

Surprised by my words at first, a lewd grin spread across Jasper’s mirroring muzzle.

Compared to our first time inside the apartment, we didn’t rush through to mutual orgasms. We bided our time. We enjoyed touching each other so intimately after what felt like so long. We stripped down to our birthday suits and hugged each other like long-forgotten lovers reunited. We lied down together on the blanket without looking away, then leaned forward in a kiss that quickly intensified to incestuous passion. His arms cradled around my shoulders as my fingers pulled his hips closer to mine. The motions alone and not just our grinding made us both harden instantly, making our swollen cocks leak feverishly with each electric, thrilling movement.

“Missed ya so much,” his voice rumbled into my neck as he kissed my jawline. “Missed ya so much each night, bro. Never again…Never!”

My gasps echoed against his heated ear, “Oh, Jasper…!”

“J-Jackson!” His voice strained in a deep moan. “Oh, Jackie!”

We rocked it together on the bed, trading deepened kisses and huffing gasps of breath. He cupped my ass on the exact spot he had bitten earlier. I grazed my fingers through his headfur, gripping on any ear as I felt my dick throb against his stomach. He shifted over me to strengthen our tongues thrashing together. I daintily draped my ankles on his lower back, legs spread wide. I wanted him so badly, my own brother. My twin brother, my boyfriend, my…mate.

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Two hours later, Jasper hugged me close to his cum-stained chest, panting into my ear as our breathing slowed down next to our heartbeats.

Two loads have been pumped out of us each.

I felt like everybody a floor above and the floor below knew what transpired. Not only what they have heard it, but the proof continue to leak out from under my tail. Copious amounts of my twin’s seed splurging out onto the mattress. Not to mention how sore my backside felt I merely moving an inch. Thank God I had my current job and no longer worked at the convenience store. I doubted my sore, sore body could make it downstairs at all.

“How…how is…the bite mark?”

“Infected,” I tried acting all serious as my panting calmed down enough to speak without pauses. “Thanks to you, I’m going to turn into a werewolf by the next full moon…”

“Were-Dalmatian,” he clarified, licking my cheek. “You’ll be…a were-Dalmatian. Also,” Jasper started to chuckle, “I think this proves…a theory of mine.”

“What’s that, Jas?”

He inhaled, then said, “Makeup sex beats reunion sex straight outta the water.”

 Giggling as his cold nose tapped my cheek next, I turned to lick it, then his lips. I winced as a consequence of moving though, and Jasper froze.

 “I’m fine…” Groaning did little to convince him, however. “Just went a little rough on round two there. Next time, we might wanna go for lube after the first round, and not ignore it the second round.”

 “Agreed, bro,” Jasper adjusted himself. “I think it started to chafe.”

 “Need me to give it a kiss to feel better?” I toyed around the idea.

 “And risk not going into work tomorrow?” He nearly gasped, then mulled it over. “Put a pin in that.”

 We fell into gradual calmness. The two of us stared up at the bare ceiling like we did the first time we’d christened the bed months back, designating it as our ‘sex bed’; where we made love versus where we slept in a different bed in order to maintain an illusion of a normal brotherly bond. The idea had been formulated back when our worries about our relationship being exposed controlled us through fear. We feared society and its stupid taboos against us. We feared what would have been if someone guessed our secret, but no longer.

 “Do you think we should go for another apartment then?”

 “After all the trouble we went through to get this one?” My eyes widened, and i shook my head. “I don’t think so, mister. It’s not even been six months since we got this place, and you already wanna move us out?”

 “Fine then,” he huffed moodily as his paw held my elbow. “What about we make the other room into an office or gaming room?”

 “Gaming room?”

 “Yeah, a gaming room!” He chirped with a playful tongue mlem. “Whenever you’re not using your laptop or if we get enough cash for an Infinity Box or something, I could use it to play some video games.”

 “What kind were you thinking?”

 He raised his head up in disbelief. “Are you saying that—”

 “We need to save up the money first before we make decisions like that, bro.”

 Jasper pouted, if only for a minute. As we fell into relaxed silence again, listening to the ocean winds and other beachside ambience beyond our window, my twin then suggested something. Something I never really considered before until after we ‘broke up’.

 “An open relationship?” I repeated his words.

 “Yeah, an open relationship,” Jasper cleared his throat, nervously waiting for whatever response he expected me to give. Whichever it was, I clearly didn’t deliver. “I…I know I was joking about it before, but…in all seriousness, I’d like us to keep options open.” His fingers laced around and entwined with mine. “We can’t spend our lives always relying on each other for everything, even if it feels like…like we can, y’know what I’m saying?”

 Blinking once, then twice, I gave an understanding exhale.

 “I think you do. And I kinda agree too,” I said to him. “We can’t be…we can’t be too codependent on each other. We may be boyfriends, but being apart when we were these past weeks…it did give me perspective on some things.”

 “Like what?”

 “Like how scary it was not being emotionally close to you,” I explained as best as I could. “Plus, it made me realize that we’re not one item. We’re…We’re two people. Two people who do love each other to death, but two people regardless. And as much as we’re always going to be with each other, it doesn’t change that we have different interests, different things we want to do in life, and we’re not always gonna be there to help fulfill it.”

 We returned to that comfortable silence again, enjoying the sounds of our breathing, the warmth of our dirtied bodies cuddled together, our soft touches.

“Any ironclad rules in mind?”

“Can’t be a judgmental prude, for one.”

“Nope, he cannot.”

“If ya don’t like him, I won’t like him.”

“But it doesn’t mean we’ll turn away anyone and everyone.”

 “That’s a deal then,” Jasper rested his arm over my side. “…Jackson?”

 “Mm?” I eyed his tired form spooning over mine. “Yeah, Jas?”

 “I love ya, bro.”

 “I love ya too, bro.”

 My tail wagged against his bare stomach for several more minutes until we drifted asleep together. The way things were meant to be.