After twenty minutes of careful maneuvering, we came to Wausau around dusk. The rain refused to let up anytime soon, while a light fog further obscured the road. Ambrose managed to drive the outfitted truck off the interstate and along a riverfront road. Somewhere in the receding fog, I could catch glimpses of a highway exit leading onto a large bridge. Ambrose went a block further down before finally, he steered the truck into a disused parking garage, parking it around the corner out of sight and pulling out the keys.

“Here we are!” he announced.

I scanned the concrete interior, seeing looted cars and accumulated dead leaves.

“This is the Safehouse?”

“Nah, this is just where we hide the truck at night,” Cliff told me as he opened the side door.

 “The real Safehouse is next door,” Blaine said, bringing the box of porn magazines, along with his own backpack. “Now c’mon, shitheads. I’m starving!”

“Bastard,” Cliff tease.

“Motherfuckers,” Ambrose chuckled.

“That’s *brotherfuckers*, dipshit!” Blaine corrected, leaving to him and Cliff snickering.

“You three are weird…”

“You know it!” All three replied in unison, laughing. I started to laugh as well, dragging my own backpack with me as I followed them to a nearby entrance door.

Connected to the parking garage and standing several stories with boarded up windows that didn’t keep out all the fog, the triplets had taken me to a hotel. A luxury hotel, at one point. The short corridor leading from the parking garage led to a spacious lobby full of upturned furniture and unclean floors. However, the hallways and stairwells leading up to the second floor proved to be tidier than expected. Especially when it came to the hotel room the triplets led me inside, a large suite with a living room and bedroom separated by a large bathroom, and a dozen boxes piled in a corner. Outside, the freak thunderstorm fiercely raged on.

It took me quite a while to realize there was electricity. Not until one of the triplets flicked a lights witch on.

“Welcome to Casa Del Safehouse, Donovan!” Cliff held his arms out as I absentmindedly set my backpack down. “Make yourself a home and enjoy your stay. Just don’t go to the top two levels—that’s where it’s horribly moldy. And don’t use the indoor pool either. It’s got mold too.”

I stared in shock at the lightbulbs burning from light fixtures in the ceiling.

“How is this possible? I…I thought there wasn’t any power anywhere…”

“Hotel’s connected to the dam further down the river,” Ambrose informed me. “We just need to be careful not to turn on all the lights. Don’t wanna attract attention.”

“That includes the showers too, if you wanna have one,” Blaine said, helping Ambrose sift through one of the opened boxes to look at some cans. “We take showers all the time here.”

Cliff leaned over to sniff me. “Ugh, and no offense, but you could use one yourself.”

“None taken,” I laughed, scratching the back of my neck in embarrassment. The thought of removing grime and musky sweat from my body sounded divine. “Do the…Do the other rooms’ showers work as well?”

“Aww, you don’t wanna join us?” Cliff teased, grinning at my flustering again. “Haha, all joke’s aside, the stalls are tiny as shit. Not enough for four people, let alone two. So yeah, you can go into any of the rooms on this floor. They’re unlocked!”

“Don’t take too long!” Blaine called out as I turned to walk out their suite, into the opposite room.

Twenty-four hours prior, I’d been biking on my own from Kenosha to southern Milwaukee. Now, I peeled off my jeans, jacket, shirt, and underwear to step inside a working shower stall, practically screaming with delight at feeling hot water cascade down my back. It caused all of my body fur to stand up and my toes to curl against the tiled grout, like I was experiencing ecstasy. In a sense, I did.

Nothing felt greater than walking out of a shower, feeling like a blanket of muck and dirt had been washed down the drain. Looking in the cloudy mirror, I almost didn’t recognize the face staring back at me. A Doberman just shy of twenty-one, almost old enough to drink alcohol if society still cared. Bags formed under my rusty-blue eyes, which examined my vulnerable body; the specks of gray fur already forming under my chin, the curls of washed headfur no longer matted in disgusting clumps, my brown and black fur literally shining from the glow of dusty light fixtures. What caught my attention the most though was how my ribcage visibly stood out underneath my taut layer of black stomach fur. Not to forget, the low-hanging scrotum attached to my bulbous sheath, the cock already peeking out.

Thinking back to the triplets started to make me hard again. I considered sitting down on the porcelain toilet nearby and jerking off to the perverted, taboo thoughts I’d imagined earlier. Yet I also didn’t want to take another longer shower to clean myself up afterward. It wasn’t like I could just ask for extra towels from staff downstairs who would never come.

I could always ask Ambrose, Blaine, or Cliff if they had any extras.

Groaning, I instead used the single towel on the counter and waltzed into the room…only to find my clothes nowhere in sight. Panic almost struck me like a runaway train until I spotted a pile of clothes on the corner desk, along with a handwritten note.

*Hey Donovan!*

*Hope you don’t mind, but we’re gonna use the laundry room downstairs to wash our stuff, and thought you’d like that too. If these clothes don’t fit, don’t wait to ask you to get you another pair. We got plenty of them for emergencies!*

*Meet us downstairs in the lobby when you’re ready.*

*-Cliff*

What did those black cats see in me, anyway? If they knew the truth, they would drive off the minute I fell asleep. Like one of my old groups did when I told them why I went to jail.

Surprisingly, the clothes Cliff had given me fit my body type very well. A pair of black sweatpants, some blue boxers, and a brown plaid shirt that enveloped my upper half, but I made it work. Plus, some socks that didn’t hug my toes too closely.

Once I slipped my shoes back on and tentatively walked downstairs into the empty lobby, I waited. Though not for long. Just as my hip started leaning against the musty reception desk adjacent to the hotel’s blocked revolving door, one of the triplets shuffled over with half a dozen metal cans cradled in his arms.

“Heya!” He waved a paw without dropping them. “It’s Blaine. Mind taking some?”

“Oh! Yeah, sure.”

I stepped up and relieved three cans from the black cat, following him down a corridor leading away from the lobby. Upon closer inspection and a subtle sniff, I felt my stomach growl at the smell of corn, beans, mushrooms, and at least one helping of canned carrots.

Another growl rumbled from my belly, and I laughed in embarrassment. Blaine shared my laughter when his stomach complained too.

“We’re cooking all of this?” I asked in amazement.

“Yeah, but to be fair, it’s been a while since we’ve had another mouth to feed.” Blaine led me into what I presumed to be the kitchen, half if it lit up and impeccably clean. In the cleaned portion, Cliff and Ambrose were already igniting the stovetops and setting cooking pots up. Care to help out?”

I beamed. “Absolutely!”

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 For the life of me, I couldn’t recall the last time I’d cooked a proper meal. Let alone with other people or had fun while doing it either. The triplets and I cooked, grilled, jested, and enjoyed each other’s company as we made a helping for each of us. By the time we readied our plates together and sat down at a table Ambrose had dragged into the kitchen, our mouths watered at the smell. Grilled mushrooms and black beans with steamed carrots, boiled corn, plus diced up chunks of cooked spam I volunteered from my backpack. All with a splattering of salt and pepper mixed in to make it a well-made dinner. One for the ages, in my opinion.

 Sounds of clinking dinner utensils and bottles of sipped water filled the once-bustling hotel kitchen. So did our chewing. Distracted we were from having a great meal in a long time that we didn’t really talk to each other. At least, not until something crossed my mind.

“So, what did Ambrose and Blaine get charged with, anyway?” I asked them, taking a wild guess. “Committing incest?”

“Committing incest.” Ambrose nodded, along with Blaine and Cliff, whose ears were folded downward in shame as they ate. “It happened a couple months before the Collapse. There was this classmate that Cliff was dating who found out about us, and he…”

“He tried blackmailing me with it to stay exclusive with him,” Cliff explained further. A look of pained regret filled his eyes. Looking down at his plate, he finished off the final portion of carrots. “I called his bluff, but Ross followed through with his threat, and I woke up one morning to find police at our door. That’s when they took my brothers and Dad away from me…all because I didn’t take his threat seriously…”

“It wasn’t your fault, Clifford,” Ambrose stressed with a stern voice.

“It never was, Cliff.” Blaine hugged his brother with one arm, caressing the shoulder. “So, the cops had a warrant to search our phones too. They had enough evidence to put us and Dad in the county jail, while interviewing Cliff like they thought he was a victim. Like we’d been raping him. When really, he was as much a part of this!”

Blaine and Cliff emitted low growls from the back of their throats. The frustration they felt vibrated through the air like electricity, and I felt it from across the table we sat against.

“Anyway, to make a long story short,” Ambrose finished, “we stayed in separate cells for a couple days until one of Dad’s best friends got us out on bail. Part of the conditions for our release was that we couldn’t be in contact with one another. That’s when society decided to punish us for being in love. We all got expelled from college, kicked out of our dorm, our classmates refused to speak with us, and Dad even got fired from his job after the news broke out. Cliff had to hop between couches until our court date. Then came the court date a day after the Blackout happened, and we still went to the courthouse despite power being out, only to find it shut down and people already looting. That was when we finally dropped everything and got off the grid. Left everything behind for good…”

“Never looked back,” Blaine confirmed.

“Never ever,” Cliff confirmed too, a bright smile under his whiskers.

All three of the triplets had scooted together, their tails intertwining together beneath the glass table, their tips sometimes brushing against my legs. They really did love each other.

“What about you?” Ambrose pondered. “You said you went to a farm?”

“A prison farm,” I answered following a moment of deep thought. “For juveniles.”

That managed to catch their attention. Expressions of uncertainty and fear crossed their muzzles, as expected. Likely, they’d ask me to leave the hotel soon enough. Staring down at the last morsel on my plate, I used my spoon to carve up the last bits of corn, then popped then into my maw. It tasted warm and well-cooked and amazing. Much better then directly from a can.

“What’d you do, kill a man?” Cliff asked out of the blue.

“Clifford!” Ambrose scolded his brother while the other sighed aloud.

“You had to ask that aloud, Cliff?” Blaine groaned. “It’s a little on the nose—”

“What? It’s reasonable to ask!” The youngest sibling tried arguing.

“I kind of almost did.” Once again, they went silent. Without staring up at either triplet, not wanting to see the fear or hatred in their beautiful amber eyes, I drawled out, “Long story short? Far as I know, my own sperm donors didn’t want me. Neither did my foster folks. They looked for any…any reason to blame me for something. One day…they decided to go through my room while I went to school.”

Clearing my throat, then peeking up at each of the whiskered faces listening, I sighed.

“Martin and Martha found a magazine under my bed, like the ones here.” I motioned to the shelves surrounding us. “Martin dragged me into the kitchen the moment I walked inside, and Martha wouldn’t stop slapping me until I slapped her back.” Regret filled my muzzle’s features. “There was a steak knife on the counter—I wanted ‘em to stop hitting me—and I slashed Martin’s arm when he tried strangling me. I slashes an arm, then his shoulder, and he started to…to bleed out. His wife called 911 after running outta the room, and I did too. By the time police caught me, Martin was already in an ambulance, but they…those bastards reworked it to sound like I attacked *them*.”

The trio all stared in disbelief. Disgust, horror, anger, and regret filled their facial expressions. Not at me, but the bastards who I hoped to never encounter again. Who, I sometimes pictured in my head, and ashamedly hoped, didn’t survive the first harsh winter after the Blackout.

“They sent me to juvenile detention, then a prison farm in the Midwest,” I finished my tale. “Once the Blackout started, none of the other inmates saw an opportunity, we escaped, and I’ve been bouncing from state to state ever since…do you…still wanna hang out with me?”

All three black-furred felines gave me matching grimaces. “What kind of question is that?” they synchronized in confused unison.

“What happened to you was horrible!” Blaine hissed, his right-hand claws scratching the table.

“Those fuckers better hope we never run into them,” Cliff snarled incredulously.

“We’re sorry that you went through all of that,” Ambrose told me as he wore a sympathetic frown. “It’s terrible you got singled out, and had to pay the price for simply defending yourself…it’s awful.”

Stunned by their outbursts and kind words, I could only say, “Thank you,” and, “I’m sorry you got screwed over by the justice system too. What happened to us…it sucked.”

To my inner surprise, Cliff didn’t take the chance to quip ‘and not in the good way’.

Ambrose let out a sigh. “Before the end of the world, we were outcasts. That’s what makes me and my bros feel so free once society fell apart. No more society meant no more rules, no more laws against harmless taboos, and nobody to stop us from loving each other. No judges to tell us we’re perverts that need to be locked up, or classmates calling us freaks…”

“Dad’s the same way,” Blaine added in. “When he lost his job due to the court case, nobody would try to hire him. They were treating us like criminals for keeping to ourselves, but now that there’s no civilization to enforce their rules, we’re…”

“Finally free,” Cliff completed his brothers’ last train of thought. “It’s like a second chance for all of us.”

The three brothers shared a chuckle I didn’t understand. However, I was preoccupied in my own head. During our shared meal together, a big decision had been building up in my mind. After thinking it over and listening to their speech, I made my choice. I wanted to ask them an important question. Probably one of the most important questions I could ask in recent days.

“You know what, can I be honest?” I couldn’t help myself from smiling at the three cats and held out my paws to hold theirs. “You guys are amazing. Ever since I first met you three today, I’ve been…a tad jealous about your confidence. You’re unapologetic about being yourselves, don’t take shit from no one, not me or anybody I bet we’ll meet,” Cliff, Ambrose, and Blaine exchanged knowing smirks between themselves and I, “and if you’re up for it…I think I’d like to join you three at this settlement.”

Silence filled the kitchen. It enveloped our table like the rainy fog still happening outdoors.

“If…If you’ll let me?” I quickly added.

At that point in our conversation, it shouldn’t have been much of a pleasant surprise when they glanced at each other, the triplets mentally thinking it over for three or four seconds. Plenty of time to think it over. In the end, Ambrose left the room to ask Mr. Sauveterre on the radio.

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 “You’re sleeping across from us then?” Blaine asked me sometime later.

 “Uh, yeah,” I confirmed. “Yeah, I guess.”

We were in the second-story corridor, having just cleaned up after ourselves in the kitchen. Afterwards, the four of us did perimeter checks around the Safehouse to make sure nobody could sneak inside the hotel. Not through the garage entrance, the front entrance, the back entrance, emergency exits, etc. We also needed to turn off lights that might be visible from the street. By the time we were finished, the rainstorm had stopped.

Before we went upstairs, Ambrose contacted his father through a private channel on the truck’s radio. Something they only saved for important updates or emergencies. Of course, Mr. Sauveterre would welcome me to their settlement. After talking to the older feline on the radio, answering each question honestly. I gave him my name, what I did before everything went to hell, including why I lived where I lived, as well as what knowledge I held to help me survive as long as I did on my own. The triplets’ father didn’t sound disturbed by my retelling of how I ended up on a prison farm. Though he did give my condolences for having a rough, lonely upbringing. Something he mentioned having gone through as well.

Throughout the interview, his husky yet low and gruff voice echoed from the radio like a drum. I imagined the elder cat narrowing his steely eyes at me with each reply I provided, but in the end, he said I was welcomed to join his settlement.

The kicker? It was named ‘Second Chances’. The survival town of Second Chances.

By the end of the interview, we all wished him a good night’s sleep, and promised to return the next morning.

“Good night then,” Ambrose went inside his room, as did Blaine, who smiled at me.

 “Uh…have a good night then,” Cliff said, awkwardly giving me a half-wave from underneath the doorframe. Behind him, I could spot his brothers kissing. “Sleep well.”

 Meekly, I half-waved back to the feline. “Same to you.”

 “Bye.”

 “Bye.”

 My body anxiously turned to enter the empty hotel room across from theirs, and I closed mine shut seconds after Cliff did. Together, we locked the doors with an audible *click*. Couldn’t be too careful, not even in the Safehouse. Then, I crawled onto the unused blankets on the king-sized bed and closed my eyes. For once, I didn’t feel a sense of dread or fear about having my backpack close by, or wondered if my bike would still be where I put it in the morning. Between me and the lawless outside world stood a wall alongside a two-story drop.

My tail stilled and ears twitched against the soft pillows.

I tried relaxing my body on an actual mattress for the first time in years.

 Heavy emphasis on the word ‘tried’.

 My body refused to fall asleep. The least of which, a certain appendage between my legs, which pulsed to throbbing life the minute my ears caught sounds coming from across the hallway. Not the sounds of someone breaking in though. It came from the room opposite mine, where the triplets were supposed to be sleeping. They weren’t snoring though. Far from it.

 At first, I only picked up shuffling noises. They were either uncaring or deliberately loud enough to pierce the walls. Then, I could distinctly hear intense moaning, as well as three pairs of deep purring. They resonated through the wooden barriers and plaster, straight into my ears. Next, the moans and purrs grew louder, mixing until a loud thud could be heard. Laughter erupted, then returned into purring and lustful groans.

 My erection would not go down. Not when I recalled the events of the previous twelve hours. The image of Blaine’s bare ass that flexed with each thrust inside Cliff’s willing maw. Or the way I spotted Ambrose and Blaine kissing like old lovers minutes earlier. Hearing what went on in the other room, I hastily undressed myself, kicked my jeans and underwear off the bed as I firmly grasped my cock. A repressed shudder escaped my throat, and I started stroking myself to the sounds of the triplets having sex…

 …only to stop. Clarity on the situation struck me hard. “What am I doing here?”

 Begrudgingly and yet excitedly leaping off the bed, I walked out into the corridor without my pants or underwear on. Only my shirt remained, my erection tenting obscenely against the hem. Without waiting, I knocked three times on the door.

 The noise inside cut off into hushed whispers, then excited giggling before finally, the wooden barrier opened to reveal Ambrose in all of his naked glory. An annoyed frown surveyed me, then grew into a wide smirk directed down at me. Particularly, my hardon tented at his own big, black, barbed cock.

 “About damn time you decided to join us,” the feline purred. “Cliff was wondering if he was too subtle earlier, and we didn’t wanna pressure you.”

 “I was being polite,” I bashfully replied, scratching behind my neck. “Then I realized you could’ve kept your racket down if you really wanted me not join you guys.”

 Blaine and Cliff coincidentally peeked around the corner of the master bedroom’s wall, their faces lighting up at the sight of me. When I glanced back to Ambrose, the eldest triplet shortly chuckled, then motioned for me to come in. I gladly accepted the invitation.

 Exiting the half-lit corridor, Ambrose shut the door behind us, and I was plunged into darkness. My eyes adjusted quickly to catch all three brothers circle me.

 Three individual purring noises vibrated against my body, as one. Ambrose’s tongue expertly slithered past my lips, causing a deep moan to reverberate against his. He pressed further and I pressed back, tasting the eldest triplet.

 Sex wasn’t something new to me. The new me, sure, but not the old me, from before the Blackout and before I was sent north to the farm. Being a delinquent and a teenager left me desperate to get my rocks off however I could. One such way involved a wolf around my age from another school, who met me by chance during one of my many nights disregarding curfew. We’d both tried sneaking into a nightclub, only to find ourselves fucking each other’s daylights in an adjacent alleyway minutes later. The final time we met was a couple nights before the cops arrested me for attempted murder. I never even learned his name, let alone remembered his face.

 I hoped he survived, like I did. Like Ambrose, Blaine, and Cliff did.

 Speaking of the former, he tasted exactly as I expected; masculine, sweet, and somehow hygienic, with the hint of toothpaste in how addictive saliva. When our lips parted and I felt a bridge of spit connecting us, it collapsed when I gasped at feeling Ambrose give my member a squeeze, Ambrose reaching down to lift my shirt to toss it aside, then feel Blaine turn my head rightward. Soon enough I kissed him next, followed by a jealous Cliff when he turned my head left. We nipped at each other’s heated ears whenever we could too.

Then, still purring vibrantly against my body, we exchanged kisses all over again in a cycle, the other two brothers kissing each other before switching. Tasting extremely similar, the triplets each kissed differently though. Ambrose was more dominant while Blaine and Cliff were more passionate, with the latter often biting my lower lip in a mischievous manner.

I couldn’t get enough of them. Purring surrounded me as the triplets tugged me to the master bedroom, their tails wrapping around us as my fingers indecisively switched between fondling their chests, beautiful asses, and their throbbing cocks that pressed against my upper thighs and rear. Three pairs of arms and paws teased me or groped me all over until we made it to the bed, their scents bathing the soft sheets against my ass cheeks as I leaned against the foot of the frame.

All three black cats went to their knees in planned succession. Before a question could even escape my lips, they went on the attack. Not that I complained. Not when Blaine gave a long lick to the underside of my erection—balls to tip—while his brothers kissed, then suckled each side of my shaft. All three lapped greedily at every inch of my dick, flashing their feline eyes up at me to marvel at my lustful moans. When Blaine was the first to sink his mouth down on my erection, my cry turned into rapturous pleasure once I felt two of the triplets grasp my clenched cheeks, the final one (I presumed to be either Ambrose or Cliff, I couldn’t tell) started probing my puckered asshole with two wet fingers. Letting my resistant anal ring surrender to them, I unknowingly thrust my cock back and forth into Blaine’s welcoming, warm maw, his tongue licking my underside with each bobbing motion he made.

“Minh! Oh, fuck!” I whined in canid need. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, that’s…ahhhhh!”

I hung my head back when Blaine started to tongue my sheath. His wet appendage expertly curved and curled within the musky flesh. It felt rough at first, but the sensitivity turned to pleasure as he began to orally pry between my knot and the tight confines between. I couldn’t get enough of him, or his brothers. God, I never imagined such debauchery ever happening! Not only was I getting the most amazing blowjob of my life, but with the help of three identical triplets just as handsome as they were kind.

Previously arching my head back, I glanced down to see Blaine bobbing his head with a wink, as Cliff and Ambrose shared another prolonged kiss. Once again, I couldn’t help myself from staring, fascinated at the romantic display.

Far beyond brotherly. Potent saliva and dancing tongues against entangled whiskers. Then, Ambrose murmured something to soft for me to hear, and pecked the youngest triplet one more time before standing beside me, erection pressed to my leg lane smearing pre along my thigh. With Blaine still slurping my cock and Cliff returning to give my balls a thorough lick, I froze at suddenly feeling Ambrose’s fingers roam my back. It shivered at his dominant touch.

“Don’t forget to share, B.”

An eager mouth reluctantly parted from my lips, while another one replaced it easily. I trembled from the way coarse licks trailed along my inner thigh again. Meanwhile, Ambrose took the opportunity to wrap his arms around my chest. He pinched one pert nipple and the other, his fingernails extending into claws without being close to breaking the skin.

“Ahh, ahhh, nnngh!”

“Glad my bros didn’t decide to shoot you back in Milwaukee,” Ambrose said to me.

I released a chuckling moan. “Me-Me too…Mmmnh!”

A cup of pleasure and an ounce of pain. Both Blaine and Cliff switched their oral treatments as their eldest brother gave a sudden love bite to the crook between my neck and left shoulder. His fondling fingers trailed down my chest along with his tongue down my spine. I shivered uncontrollably, legs nearly buckling from pleasures I never thought I could fathom, let alone experience after the Apocalypse.

Ambrose left a wet trail of kisses and saliva down my back, his fingers pausing to scratch behind the ears of his well-enthusiastic brothers before reaching behind to grab my flutes. He squeezed my ass one more time before spreading it apart and burying his dexterous tongue into my virgin pucker. Tail wagging furiously at the cat’s forehead, I didn’t expect to be spread wide open.

I let out a deep, deep growl. “Sweet Jesus!” My ass clenched around Ambrose’s lathering tongue.

“Don’t you know it’s bad to take the Lord’s name in vain, Donnie?” Cliff jested between prolonged nuzzling against by sheath. “Hehehe.”

Jesus. Sweet Jesus. Sweet Fucking Jesus on a mile-long dildo! God, if I had known that getting a sloppy rim job would be this memorable, I would’ve asked for it earlier before the prison farm. Ambrose wouldn’t let up on my ass, his tongue stretching the tight ring beneath my tail until I felt myself grow closer and closer.

“Says the brat who’s sucking off another dude, with his three bros?” I commented back, voice panting and quavering. “If that’s not damnation for us, I don’t know what is, haha.”

Blaine let go of sucking my cock for a split second to say, “True that,” and returned to swallowing my length.

Ambrose slapped my ass with his right palm, making me yelp and laugh with the feline as he devoured my tailhole. Perfect timing too, as I felt my cock twitch and begin to throb along with my aching balls. “Mmnh, ahh, I’m…I’m getting—I’m cu—Auuggghhhh!”

Over four years since I last ejaculated into another boy’s maw. Nearly half a decade sins I enjoyed being in the presence of another naked male, enjoying the afterglow and the sensation of being completely spent. Well, almost completely spent. Whether it be the fact I had three sexual partners as opposed to one, or that something in Blaine and Cliff’s talented lips, diligently lapping up every drop of seed they couldn’t swallow from my crotch, I got hard again. Very hard again. What especially helped send a jolt of sexual electricity up my hardening cock again was when Ambrose pulled his tongue away from my tailhole to give a strong bite to my left butt cheek.

“Ow! Easy there…” Growling in surprise, it stung like a bitch, yet it caused my erection to return as quickly as it left.

“Awww, let me kiss it better,” he murmured before placing his open tongue to the ‘wound’, soaking the fur around it. “Mmm, now then. You ready to take this to the bed, bros? How about you, Donovan?”

“Mmm, hell yeah!”

Blaine and Cliff giggled as they stood up, planting kisses on both my cheeks before beginning to make out with each other. My post-nutting dick couldn’t be any harder, I thought. That opinion changed when I watched them walk around me and crawl onto the bed. Then, Ambrose stood behind me and pressed his hardness against my ass crack, coaxing me to follow them with him crawling close behind. I nudged myself closer to the younger two triplets, not only admiring Blaine’s spread ass as he held Cliff in missionary style, but how sexy they looked together. Two identical felines locked in a kiss as the top positioned his cock with the bottom, and I started to do the same to Blaine’s lubed rear end. Apparently, Cliff had been preparing his brother while keeping me occupied with amazing oral sex.

I shifted closer until my shaft kissed his wet and prepared hole, tail raised and swaying as I gripped Blaine’s right flank and groped Cliff’s left beneath the former. Ambrose looked behind me like a tall shadow. His bare abdomen pressed to my lower back along with his barbed cock, which left a trail of sticky pre that lined up with the area beneath my tail. I let out a whimper. A needy and slightly intimidated whimper, one which I didn’t know I could ever produce again.

“You nervous?” Ambrose asked, and I nodded, then felt him lick along my neck in deep affection. “Mmm. Don’t be. I’ll be gentle if you’re gentle too.”

“With them?”

My eyes traveled to Blaine, already thrusting his cockhead inside of Cliff, muffling his cries with pressed lips. The eldest brother slowly began to slam his identical counterpart harder, tail thrashing high and bottom flexing with the sounds of their gasps and squelching movements, Cliff’s legs wrapped around Blaine’s lower back to give easier access.

Gulping hungrily again at the incestuous sight before me, I uttered, “Fuck…”

“Indeed.”

Ambrose laughed behind me, and lined up his dick with my tailhole, just as I did the same to Blaine, his paws kneading on my hips and mine on Blaine’s. Together, we inhaled and exhaled before slowly applying pressure. As Blaine paused his gyrations to push back on my marble-hard dick, bliss arrived seconds later with an audible pop. We slipped in all at once.

I moaned like a virgin with gritted teeth. “Fuuuuuuuck, woah!”

Ambrose’s arms cradled my stomach, and his whiskers tickled the back of my neck, every hair on his body standing up along with mine has has several inches soon buried themselves inside of me. Just as my several inches buried deep within Blaine, and he didn’t wait long to clench his ass around my shaft, then resume his rhythmic thrusts inside of Cliff, thus compelling me to thrust forward as well, along with Ambrose behind us. Everyone tensed up in delighted delirium.

“Ahhhh!”

“Mmmnh, that’s tight…”

“Holy shit, you’re thick…”

“Heh, I’m so jealous of you guys. Next time, I wanna get dicked by Donnie.”

Me, Ambrose and Blaine chuckled at Cliff’s words. For several seconds, we gave each other time to adjust, murmuring sweet nothing between the four of us.

“You okay, Donovan?” Ambrose queried into my neck. “How about you Blaine? Clifford?”

“I’m…” I gulped down a grunt of discomfort. “It’s so full, and there’s a little pain…but in a good way. Yeah…Yeah, I’m good.”

“Same,” Blaine purred against my chest.

“Same,” Cliff purred too.

Any thoughts about taboos melted away from my head as I bucked forward and backwards.

The initial pain didn’t last very long. Thanks to Ambrose orally stretching my backside earlier and his gentle pushes filling me up, and me providing the same to Blaine, any sharp jolts turned into smooth waves of ecstatic bliss. The duel pleasure on my cock and in my stretched tailhole felt even better than I ever imagined.

We rocked back-and-forth for what felt like hours. Ambrose’s purrs vibrated into my spine as he nuzzled behind my neck, occasionally hissing like water on a stove while leaving bite marks that chorused my whines. Each solid movement of his hips inside of me made me see twinkling stars. The faster he went, the faster I went inside of Blaine, whose combined purring and addictive moans were music to my ears, to my bulbous knot, and the noises we produced created a drooling, lusting orchestra.

All of it climbed higher and higher and higher until my entire body could not take it anymore. The foursome I found myself in was too much too soon, I guess.

Waves of pleasure crashed over me and into me. I groped onto one of Blaine’s muscular globes and blindly reached down to do the same for one of Cliff’s, my wrist brushing against the former’s balls as they slapped against his brother’s taint. It made me even more vigorous in my fucking.

Harder, harder, harder! My obsidian dick slammed in and out of Blaine, then furiously convulsed after one final movement.

Finally, my knot slipped inside of him. Growling, I leaned down to bite on the scruff of his sweaty neck. Blaine broke his kiss with Cliff to let out a sudden yelp, while Ambrose gripped me to his chest as he utterly railed my prostate.

An endless jet of cum gushed within the middle triplet’s velvet passage. Yet it somehow continued to clench tightly around my shaft.

Once again, I saw twinkling stars. They burned brighter until I emptied the last of my seed, burying it deep in Blaine, and I let go of his neck to pant uncontrollably. Almost like a man trapped at sea, with no freshwater to drink. Or perhaps somebody living in what used to be the American Southwest, a desert stretching from Los Angeles to Missouri. Either way, the next thing I remembered hearing were Blaine and Cliff and Ambrose’s cries, and the sensation of something warm flooding my insides. I felt very full.

Afterwards, came blissful sleep.