

Gemini
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Part 1: Sal

Intro

Gasping breaths slowed to gentle sighs as the person rolled off of me and to my side, breath still hot against my cheek. My own breathing was beginning to fade back to normal and my eyes slowly opened. The figure beside me appeared to drift off into sleep, a smile of content crossed across their muzzle. One of their paws had made their way to my chest, resting the fingers on my short fur, claws lightly penetrating to the skin below. A quiet sleeper I realized; convenient. A furry leg came to rest at my thigh, and a soft nose breathed lightly against my neck. Sound asleep I thought, as I let my own hand gently comb through their hair with my claws, pushing strands out of their face. As I lay in my room, I began to contemplate what had just transpired, and what had lead to events that left clumps of semen still stuck in my fur. The passion, the thrill, the connection; I'd never experienced such a thing before. Maybe I was lucky, maybe it was meant to be. As strange as it sounds, I liked it.

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The sun of the spring morning was shining bright through the window. The trees gave small spots of filtered green against the walls of my room. Rubbing the gunk from my eyes I sat up in bed and let the warmth of the sunbeam drench my brown fur in golden light. I breathed in as I let my eyes adjust to the morning light. Turning to the side of my bed, I let my bare feet rest on the carpeted floor as my hands gripped the side of the mattress. Rubbing the other eye I managed to stand up straight, immediately arching my back in a long stretch, a bare skinned tail completing the arch in my spine, almost in a complete circle. With a long content sigh I let my arms and tail drop back down.

My claws had only just clicked on the brass doorknob when I realized I was about to walk out to the hall in nothing more than fur and skin. I shook my head, and began searching my floor for whatever was clean. The first thing was a t-shirt, but I didn't need to bring it close to my short muzzle to realize just how ripe it was. The next was a pair of shorts, but after giving a quick sniff my eyes shot open and drop them. The musky smell was due to them being used as a deposit for last night's *release*. After digging through the mess, the tail that had been slithering behind me eventually hooked a clean pair of sports briefs. I sighed; start with the basics I guess.

I pulled them on; slipping my tail through the hole designed specifically for mice and quickly found a pair of jean shorts. The last part was a shirt, and after looking around found absolutely nothing. Figuring I'd find something later, I opened the door just in time to see Sam walking out his own room.

Sam is my brother, more specifically my twin. We're identical, mirror images of one other save for a few minor details only we really know about. Sometimes it was hard for our own father to tell the two of us apart, but by the time our voices had developed in

middle school, he could tell based on the pitch. Mice ears might not be as well tuned as canines or felines, but they're good enough. Sam was wearing kaki shorts and a sleeveless shirt, while I stood in nothing but blue jean shorts. His body was similar to mine, but his shape was much more lithe where as I had a bit more muscle tone, though not a lot.

I let go of the doorknob and stepped out, "M'orning."

"Hey Sal," he said as he gripped the knob behind his back.

I looked around, "Do you have any clean shirts I can borrow?"

Sam chuckled, "forgot that yesterday was laundry day again?"

"Maybe," I said as my eyes rolled, hoping that he was focused on my eyes and not the ears that had folded back in embarrassment.

Sam opened his door and let it swing freely, "sure. Just make sure you put everything back where it was."

With that he headed down the stairs and I quickly peeked into his room. It was about as messy as mine, but he always kept the clean stuff in a more organized pile. Digging through the one I knew was clean I found only a plain black short-sleeved shirt. Still it was better than nothing. I threw on the shirt and raced downstairs, claws clattering on the hardwood stairs. When I reached the kitchen, Sam was just getting a bowl from the cupboard and noticed I was looking around for any sign of life other than my twin. He pointed a claw to the note on the table.

Had to work early, get to the bus on time. Love Dad.

I tossed the note down and got myself some oatmeal. Overall this was turning out to be a pretty good morning. Sun shining, clean clothes, and no nagging father waiting at the table. Don't get me wrong, I love my dad, though he seems to forget me and Sam turned 18 over half a year ago. The kettle clicked and I poured the steaming water into a mug with some instant oatmeal. The taste of green apples and maple filled my nostrils with a sweet aroma. Sam on the other hand, preferred cinnamon. As I waited for the mixture to cool down, I grabbed my book bag; fishing around to make sure my e-reader was in there. It wasn't.

I looked up to Sam about to ask if he'd seen it. Without so much as a peep leaving my mouth my twin had pointed to the opposite counter, and there sat the reader facedown with the name *Sal* laser etched on the back. I smirked; he shrugged. Placing the reader in a protective sleeve and depositing it into my backpack, I sat down and joined Sam with my now lukewarm oatmeal sitting in my mug.

“Maybe you should have gotten one in a red or black,” Sam said scraping at the last bits of oatmeal and sugar.

“Silver is just fine,” I said after a sip from my cup, “losing stuff isn’t a crime ya know.”

Sam shrugged, “granted you’ve lost more than just readers before.”

“So I’m unorganized, sue me.”

“Come on now, how many times have you lost your cell phone or your notebook?”

I finished the instant breakfast and took my brothers empty bowl with me to the sink, “Not lost, just misplaced.”

Sam frowned, “you can’t fool me, brother.”

I rolled my eyes, “Fine, you caught me. The notebook was intentionally misplaced.”

“Out a window maybe,” I gave him a stern look, as he swung his book bag over his shoulder, “No? A waste basket then?”

“Try the spillway.”

Sam raised an eyebrow, “Overkill much?”

I turned my ear to the front yard, “Maybe, but the bus is here, we have to go.”

We raced out the door, Sam following close behind me. The bus pulled up to the curb and we hopped in, both taking a seat in the middle of all the other high school kids. Fishing through my backpack, I pulled out my reader and found where I had left off. The drive was noisy, but luckily the small amount of music I had stored on the e-reader drowned out the cacophony of yells and screams as kids fought to talk over one another. For a while I sat there reading and listening for a while, until we traveled over the spillway bridge, the same one where I dumped my notebook. I tried to turn my attention away from the potential F and more importantly, the content within.

A pothole on the bridge left me with a moment of weightlessness, only to jar my back a fraction of a second later. I dropped my reader and it slid under the seat in front of me after yanking the ear buds with it. I hissed as the pain in my ear canals matched the pinching in my back. I had to bend down on my knees on the small section of floor to reach far enough to grab the e-reader. After finally getting my paw around it, I used the other one to pull myself back up. The moment I put pressure on the seat I heard a loud squeak that made me immediately look up.

Sam's face had a contorted look of embarrassment and pain, and I could see the blood rushing to his face and ears. Looking at where my hand was, I immediately moved my hand from my brother's sore crotch to the seat and sat down before anyone could see what I had done. I could hear the blood rushing to my own ears and my face was hot. Luckily too many people were jarred from the massive bump in the road to notice my little accident. I heard him take a big gulp, trying to clear the lump of embarrassment from his throat.

"Sorry," I said as I turned my head to the window, "I didn't mean to."

"It's ok," he replied and I could tell he had turned his head the opposite way.

We rode the rest of the way in silence, the blood slowly but surely leaving our faces as we reached the high school. By the time we walked off the bus, our incident seemed like a distant funny memory. I made my way to first period class. Psychology was the one class I was dreading the most, the notebook assignment was due and though I had a full small notebook worth of content, I had thrown it out, probably washed down fifty miles by now. Granted as my first failing grade it wouldn't be so bad, I just wish my teacher didn't expect so much from me.

Just as I sat down, I got a tap on the shoulder. It was Dane. Dane was a good friend of mine; the funny thing is that the stereotype of cats and mice didn't register with us. He was my size, with short black fur that only aided in the accent of his yellow-green eyes. At night it was very intimidating, but in daylight when people could see his slender body, anyone was more intimidating than he was.

"Hey," he said sitting down next to me, "nervous about that assignment?"

I just shrugged, "Didn't do it."

Dane raised an eyebrow, "after getting straight A's in the class Sal? That's not like you."

I sighed, "Shit happens sometimes."

"Uh-huh," he said unzipping his backpack, "shit like losing your assignment in the spillway?"

My head turned so quickly I could hear the vertebrae in my neck crack, "How do you know about that?"

The cat fished around in his backpack and produced, to my astonishment, my notebook! I swiped it out of his hands as quick as I could.

"Um, your welcome?" he said a little surprised at me.

“Where did you find this?!”

“On my walk a few days ago, I recognized it and got it before it blew away or somethin.”

I put the blue notebook on the side of my desk, “were you fuck’n following me?”

“Dude, take it easy,” the cat said with his paws up and ears back, “I just figured it dropped out of your bag or some shit.”

This was bad. That notebook held more information that I originally intended to reveal to my teacher, or even myself. The contents of the notebook were volatile if they got out. Our assignment was to write down our dreams in a journal and, with aid of the textbook, decode them. If Freud himself ever looked at these notes, he’d probably have me committed. I figured I should try something more absolute than throwing it away again; fire was always pretty.

Then the fact that Dane had my book for at least a few days hit my square in the gut, “did you read it?!” I asked as I slammed my paw down on the desk.

“Never dude,” he said, and the look in his eyes mixed with his tail beginning to tuck underneath his chair told me he was telling the truth, “I have my share of shit to feel awkward about.” Say what you will about felines being cunning, they are terrible liars.

I breathed a heavy sigh, “alright. Sorry I snapped at you dude.”

Dane relaxed, “no problem. Huh, for a mouse you can be pretty damn intimidating, you know that?”

I laughed, “Maybe I can sneak up on one of the beefcakes on the football team.”

“Only if you wana be beaten to a pulp. Besides, that stallion quarterback has hooves.”

As our conversation continued, I noticed his own journal at the corner of his desk. The spine was worn and there were a few rips and tears at the edges and pages. There were even a few tiny holes made by his claws. Something had him stressed out. Whatever it was, I’m sure mine was worse.

“So,” I said pointing to the notebook, “you’ve been busy. Lots of material to work with?”

Dane rubbed the face of the book, a sense of longing and dread mixed across his own face. “Yeah, lots...”

At this point I could tell there was something bothering him, “mind giving me a teaser?”

He looked to me, then to his notebook, and back to me before saying, “I share a little, and you share a little. Deal?”

Mutual embarrassment, this made me feel better. “Ok, but only a little.”

He didn’t have to look through the book; he just rubbed the cover with a fleshy pink pad and said “wet dreams. Enough to make a short porno.”

I couldn’t help but snicker, but I composed myself and said, “Same here.”

Dane breathed a sigh of relief, “really? That’s what had you worked up enough to fail the assignment?”

I propped my arms against the desk and balanced my chin on interlocking fleshy fingers, “But I’m a good boy,” I said with a flutter of my eyes, though not expecting a halo to appear any time soon.

It was clear he wasn’t about to confide in me just yet; then again neither was I to confide in him so soon. We all have our secrets; it’s just a matter of when and whom we let them out to. I moved my hand to grab my notebook, only to find my desk completely bare! Looking back, I saw our teacher, Mr. Freedman collecting Dane’s book as well. The vulpine was casually collecting the assignments, finishing off with Dane’s in his paw.

I stood up from my desk, “Mr. Freedman! I haven’t finished my assignment yet.”

The fox just sat back in his chair, “Sal, its not my fault if you didn’t finish the work. You had a whole month to record your dreams, just like everyone else.”

“But I just wanted to do a bit of editing!”

The fox cocked an eyebrow at me, “Young man, you can’t edit a dream journal, it’s a stream of semi conscious thought.”

A wolf at the back of the class snickered, “probably too embarrassed about the sex dreams!”

I tensed up, but the teacher just sighed and rubbed between his eyes, “Need I remind you all that your seniors now? Honestly you should know that erotic fantasy’s and wet dreams are a normal part of life. It’s the next chapter, but I’m sure you of all people Mr. Laporte could use the extra studies.”

The wolf sunk down in his seat with his ears low.

I replied, "But sir-"

"Mr. Fontain sit down!" the fox boomed.

I sat down; ears back almost as far as the wolf's.

Mr. Freedman just massaged his temples, "If you're that worried than meet me after class and we can talk about it. Really, I've never heard of a student so worried about this assignment."

I sat back in my chair; dread beginning to settle in the pit of my stomach. I was willing to accept getting a failing grade for the assignment, if it meant no one but me would know the contents of those hand written pages. The class seemed to pass by like a blur, something about symbolism in dreams; I couldn't concentrate on it. The gears in my head were turning, trying to think of ways out of this. I was so focused that Dean had to shake my out of my funk to tell me the class was over. Mr. Freedman was at his desk, skimming over my notebook.

Gathering up my things I made my way to his desk, every step felt like walking the plank of some 15th century pirate ship. I could practically hear sharks splashing around just under the desk. I took a deep breath and composed myself, just as the teacher set my notebook down.

"Sal Fontain," the fox looked up at me, "Of all the people to disrupt my class, I'd never have suspected you."

I rubbed my arm, "I'm sorry sir, it won't happen again,"

He nodded, "I've looked over your work, and I really can't for the life of me see anything that would worry you so much. Is everything ok at home?"

"Sure."

"All your other classes doing ok?"

"Yes."

The fox gave a heavy sigh, "So then what has you so worried?"

I let my tail droop and my ears fold back as a wave of shame gripped me, knowing he wouldn't leave me alone until I told him. "Eighth page."

Mr. Freedman cocked an eyebrow and flipped through the pages again, stopping to read more thoroughly. I guess I should admit what I have written there, first step to recovery is admitting you have a problem right? When we started the dream journal assignment, everything seemed to be going all right. Everything was normal, until a few

weeks ago. I began noticing a reoccurring theme in some of my more “erotic dreams” if you could call them that. They started off with cute girls; a couple times they were foxes, sometimes cats. Call it a predator-prey thing, but its just plain hot. Anyway, slowly these dreams changed, the girls began to become more and more masculine. It came to a point where these were no longer females at all, these were men! I read in the textbook that homoerotic dreams weren’t uncommon, and in fact occurred more frequently in times of sexual maturation. The book also said that in most people, these dreams were sporadic, not reoccurring like a broken record that became more damaged by overplaying it.

These dreams spooked me. Even without the Homosexual aspect, there was something that began to scare me more and more. What began with foxes and cats eventually ended up with mice. The most recent ones I had recorded and had re-occurred became a bit too close to looking like a mirror image of myself. The hair color, the fur, even the size matched up almost perfectly; then I began to notice things, subtle differences in things like size, voice, and a little bit of the facial features. The point where I had thrown out my notebook was the point where the most reoccurring dream had made me come to a very startling conclusion. I was having sexual dreams about my twin brother, Sam!

Mr. Freedman’s face never changed. I’m sure that by now he would have had at least a few gay students, they seemed to be popping up earlier and more frequently in my generation. True, laws had been put up to protect gay rights, and the general attitude has become more laid back. I just didn’t want to believe that of all people I could be gay, or that I was falling for someone who was so close in my gene pool we hardly separated.

The fox looked up, “I think I know what’s got you troubled son.”

I began to rub my arm as my ears flattened against my skull, “So, what’s the diagnosis? Am I gay?”

The teacher gave a hearty chuckle, “Not unless you believe so. I can tell from your notes that you read the chapter and you should know homo-erotic dreams are about as normal as any other dream.”

“I know that, but more and more just kept coming to me night after night.”

“Well, you can dissect those as you will, but unless those go beyond subconscious or semiconscious thought then I’d say you’re in the clear if that’s your only worry. Honestly though, so what if you were gay Sal? Homosexuality has lost a lot of its past stigma; the school even has a gay straight alliance, maybe you can talk to them and get the full details?”

I thought for a moment, maybe they could resolve that part at least, and I even knew the tiger that ran the group named Jake. “But what about the specifics of those involved in my dreams? The mouse in them is so close to me he could be my brother for Christ’s sake!”

Mr. Freedman folded his fingers. “Don’t be absurd Sal. You’re letting your mind become irrational out of fear. Did you read the part about fantasies involving ones self?”

I looked at the fox, one ear perking. “No.”

Mr. Freedman leafed through the textbook and rested a claw on the page, drawing a line as he read. “‘Dreams and fantasies involving the individual having them often are the result of symbolism involving narcissistic personalities or tendencies’. Sal, if anything I’d worry more about you developing into a narcissist than stressing out about homosexual fantasies.”

My shame began to melt away as I scratched my head, “What’s a narcissist?”

“A person who has such a great love for themselves that it overshadows the ability to love others. It’s much more advanced than what most schools or even college classes will teach, but its something to look out for. Even then, do you love your family?”

“Yes.”

“Have you felt love for someone other than your family?”

I thought back to the ghosts of girlfriends past and close friends that the word could apply to, “once or twice.”

“Do you think your perfect?”

I shook my head; getting a bit annoyed, “no.”

“Do you think you’re above anyone else or authority?”

“No.”

Then he threw a complete curve ball, “would you have sexual relations with someone who was exactly like you in every way if you could?”

I had to step back, “God no!”

Mr. Freedman shrugged his shoulders, “Then you have nothing to worry about. If anything you have it together better than a lot of other students at this school.”

I could feel my face getting hot, “was that last question really appropriate?”

The fox smiled, “Only to gauge your reaction. The normal answer would be a simple no, or even a maybe. The only time I’d worry is if the gut reaction was ‘in a heart beat’ or something to that degree.”

I began to gather up my things, “So, in your books, I’m normal? No narcissism?”

“We all have narcissistic tendencies, Sal. It’s when they become the sole operation of our being that creates Malignant and Classical Narcissists. You’re a good kid, don’t forget that.”

I opened the door, “I won’t. Thank you, Mr. Freedman.”

He waved at me, “Any time Sal, any time.”

Leaving the classroom I turned the corner and breathed out a sigh of relief. I was normal, as far as anyone could tell. Though Mr. Freedman had put the sexuality aspect into perspective for me, my mind was still worried about the images of my brother. The part about narcissistic tendencies was duly noted, I know I have at least one or two, but I have a few self-image issues too. That might even be the reason behind the gay thoughts, maybe it was desperation because none of my female relationships ever worked out, or lasted very long. Then again, what was it that made women attractive to me anyway?

I shook my head. Was I really thinking that? Now was not the time. I was already late to my other classes. 2nd and 3rd period were fast, and lunch was the usual crap. I had gym class with Sam and I let the basketball exercises drown out what was left of my thoughts on the journal. The rest of the school day was fine, no problems. I met Sam on the bus and joined him, sitting next to him with my tail hanging off the seat. It took me a second to realize it had crossed over his, so I quickly shifted it to rest tightly by my side.

Why was I even thinking about this? Were brothers, our tails crossed doesn’t mean anything. Sure it meant something to actual couples but come on, I shouldn’t think it’s a crime to have minor physical contact with my twin. Regardless, I kept my tail to myself; he seemed unaffected anyway. Though the short contact did bring back memories of the morning bus ride, I really hoped I didn’t hurt him that bad.

“Hey,” I said towards Sam, “Sorry about this morning.”

“Oh,” he replied, “It was nothing. Made me walk a little funny off the bus but hey, shit happens.”

“Right,” I said, a bit more relieved though still conscious of the event.

“So, how did you do on the notebook assignment? Did he flunk you?”

I sighed, “No. Dane found the damned thing and gave it to me in class.”

My brother chuckled, “and here I thought you didn’t want Mr. Freedman to read it. Or anyone else for that matter.”

“I didn’t, he picked it up before I knew he was collecting them. He was the only one who read it, and he said not to worry about it. So I won’t.”

My twin turned to me, and for a moment everything seemed to go silent as he asked the next question. “So what was in that notebook?”

Oh god; anyone but him. I could withstand twenty volleys of ignorant fag comments if it meant keeping it a secret from him. But he knew something was up. Sam and I, as cliché as it might sound we share something. It’s just a rumor to outsiders, but for me it’s as real as breathing. We have a sort of mind-to-mind connection; we each know what the other is feeling. It’s so odd when we think that other siblings don’t share something as intimate as a passing thought, emotion or sensation. It’s not that strong of a feeling, in fact its like a weak signal being broadcast so it barely registers most of the time. He knew something was bothering me, but he didn’t know what. Was I that obvious? Had he already figured it out? The look on his face suggested he knew something, but hardly had the whole story. I played it cool, if there was one person it was impossible to lie to it was a twin who could practically read you like a book, even without a mind connection.

“You really want to know?”

His face never even twitched.

“Fine. I was worried that he would get the wrong idea about some of the dreams I was having.” I might not be able to lie, but I didn’t need to give away the whole story.

He laughed, “Really? THAT’S what you’ve been fretting over all this time?”

I rubbed the back of my head nervously, “yeah. Heh, Mr. Freedman had even told me after class I was worrying about nothing.”

“So what did these dreams entail?” my brother’s interest in the matter was eerily intense.

I Smirked, “you really want to know what I was dreaming about that made my room smell so musky?”

The mouse hesitated, and for a split second I thought I could see the gears turning in that head of his. Then he shook his head and shifted in his seat, crossing his legs and his arms. “Nope. Forget I asked.”

I was in the clear. But that moment of hesitation for whatever reason spoke to me in a way I couldn’t quite pin down. Sam was always quick-witted, so what was it that was going on in that head of his? For now I had to put that idea out of my head, so I took out the e-reader and began skimming through *The Arabian Nights* to take my mind off the ride. No potholes threatened us this time, just a couple of bumps that were all too

common when riding the bus. We got home and half expected to see dad arrive home from work, but when we got there, it was a note on the table.

Got called into a double shift at the shop. Won't be home until late. Dad.

Sam looked at me, "Well, he's certainly busy."

I looked over to my brother, "Yeah, well what can you do? He puts the food on the table, and its nice for the house not to smell like motor oil and cigarettes."

Sam stayed downstairs and I retreated to the confines of my room to start up my computer. Homework would definitely get my head out of the gutter, one of the few things that would. Three hours of homework later and I rested my head on the back of the swivel chair, letting the thoughts of Calculus and Magnesium Phosphate dissipate into nothing, leaving me with my own thoughts. Thank god there was no Psych homework, I'd finally gotten that notebook project out of my head. Though there was something else I could obsess over that had nothing to do with me.

Dane had been almost as distraught as I had over the assignment, and I couldn't think of what could have bothered him. Clearly it wasn't as major as my own problems and thoughts. He had obsessed over that book, always pawing at it and the claw marks on the face, its like at some point he himself felt like destroying the contents of that book. But then, there was that longing look in his eye; like he couldn't bring himself to destroy what was hidden in those pages.

Just as the thoughts rolled across my mind, a quick PING signaled someone had contacted me on the computer. It was Dane. I spun around in my chair and opened up the IM window. *Darkling64* was his username, kind of fitting when I thought about it. I switched my status to online and joined in the conversation.

Darkling64: Hey Sal, what's up?

SourMouse2: Not much Dane, you? SourMouse2 was my username.

Darkling64: Just finished my homework. Oh, did you talk to Mr. Freedman?

SourMouse2: Yeah.

Darklking64: And?

SourMouse2: Well I'm sure to get an A because I passed it in, and had a shitload of content.

Darkling64: So what kept you there so long?

I paused, why was he so invested in my school life?

SourMouse2: What's it to you?

Darkling64: Ouch. Sorry for being so worried about my friend. You literally looked like a statue that whole class. Whatever you were spacing about had something to do with that assignment. I'm not stupid dude.

SourMouse2: ...Sorry. I guess I'm still a little bit stressed. He just talked to me about the content. He thinks I'm thinking too hard about the dreams, worrying about nothing.

Darkling64: The old fox might be right you know. So you had some weird dreams, everybody does. But look, if you ever need to talk: open door policy man.

I smiled. SourMouse2: Thanks Dane, same thing here.

Darkling 64: Anyway, unless you got some secrets to spill, I'm gonna hit the hay.

SourMouse2: All right then. See you at school.

I closed the window and turned off my monitor. It was nice to know that Dane had my back, though I didn't want to reveal too much until I knew exactly what was going on in my own head. It was 7pm, too early to really go to bed. I made my way downstairs and there was Sam, sitting quietly watching some sort of adult cartoon. He had this odd sense of humor; he loved shock value and slapstick. I liked it a little bit I guess, but I kind of wanted to watch the news for a little while.

"What'cha watchin?" I asked him.

"Meh, some old 90's cartoon," he replied, concentrating on the screen.

"So I guess dad's working extra late?"

"Yep. Called me an hour ago, you didn't notice?"

"Nope. You know me."

"When you get into something, its tunnel vision right?"

I sighed, "yeah."

I watched the cartoon for about another hour or so, then finally decided it was time for bed. Honestly I don't dislike 90's cartoons, but I can only take so much wacky over-the-top humor. Sam said he loves it for the subliminal dirty jokes, I just don't see them. I made my way up the stairs and into my room, closing the door behind me. I

undressed and let the fabric slide off my furred body. Moments after I pulled the covers over, I drifted into a deep slumber.

Darkness all around me, I cannot see. The world is black and hollow. I cry out, but no one hears me. Then, in the back of my mind I hear his voice. "Sal, Sal!" he cries to me over the void, the words piercing my skull. Finally, I turn around and there he is. Sam is there, naked and shivering. I know it's him: no mirror, no gleam, his muzzle is thinner than mine, I know that; I pick up minor details that only twins know exist. I close my arms around him and freeze. Something is poking me in the stomach. I look down, backing away only slightly, Sam's cock is erect, a single strand of semen stuck in my fur, connecting me to his tip. "Don't go," he says, and I stay. I bring myself close to him, his penis firmly pressing against my own rock hard erection. He looks up at me, leaning closer to my muzzle, and a single word passes his lips, fractions of an inch away from my own. "Brother..."

I awoke to that awkward feeling. A stiff soreness in my dick, pulsating without hindrance causes my heart to race. I push myself up, just as the last throb oozes semen out of my already softening cock. My fur is wet and sticky, and I notice my paw landed right in the warm cum. A musky scent enters my nostrils and it hits me like a wet blanket. I roll over to my side, looking on the floor for something to wipe up the mess. I don't care about my own fur; I'm hand-washable. I manage to get the majority of the semen out of the sheets with a pair of boxer-briefs, quickly throwing off the sheets to keep them from the same fate as my bedspread.

Standing quickly, I made my way to the bathroom, hopeful that neither Sam nor my Father are awake yet. I begin to wipe up the mess in my fur with a piece of toilet paper when it hits me. I just had a wet dream; an erotic dream about my twin brother, one that resulted in the semen that I had just cleaned out of my fur. Throwing the sullied paper into the toilet and flushing, I turn on the sink and wash my hands. I scrubbed at them vigorously, as though the dream itself was apparent in the sperm that had just been present in my paw not ten seconds ago. After I finish cleaning, I make my way back to my room, and the clock flashes 4:00am across its face. I still had another three hours of sleep. I crawl back into my bed, being careful not to touch the damp spot lest it bring back the same visions.

I didn't sleep well those three hours. My mind kept racing back to the dream, and its result. The dreams had been nothing more than simple erotic dreams before now, resulting mainly in a bit of annoying morning wood. But this was different; pure pleasure, evident by the still musky scent under my bed sheets. Guilt settled in my heart like black sludge, making me feel sick. This wasn't right, none of it was. Damn it, why couldn't I just be normal?

Once my alarm finally buzzed, I made my way as quick as I could to the bathroom. First one up apparently, a great convenience given my situation. Stepping into the shower I didn't quite care what temperature the water was, as long as it would get all the remnants of semen out of my fur. As I began to wash the filth from the rest of my

body, my mind floated back to that dream, to Sam. The way he looked so cold, shivering until I'd come near him. His pleading voice, telling me not to leave. His cock, so hard against my-

Looking down I realized what it was I was doing. I wasn't just thinking about the dream, I was fantasizing about it! My cock had slipped free of its sheath, now standing at full salute. Crap, nothing would be more embarrassing than walking out to either my father or brother in a towel with a more than noticeable tent in it. I tried ignoring it, but by the time I was done washing, it was still there, taunting me. I tried turning on the cold water, same effect only now I was hard, and cold.

Finally, I gave in. Pressing one paw to the wall of the stand-up shower, I let the other one grasp my shaft, fleshy fingers pressing against my pink manhood. Stroking back and fourth, I tried to imagine myself with a nice busty vixen. I thought of supple breasts, but this did nothing for my arousal. I tried harder, rubbing up and down the length of my cock faster. The big breasted fox became harder and harder to maintain in my mind. I finally gave in and told myself *to hell with all of this! I just want you to go away, and if it means jerking off to guys instead, so fuckin' be it!*

So I let my mind wander, seeing what it could possibly bring me. At first the vixen was replaced with a nice effeminate looking male fox. Not bad, but I needed more. I had seen some of the foxes in my gym class naked before; I tried to imagine that unique canine shaft with the bulge at the base. I felt my cock give a slight twitch of pleasure in my paw, and even saw a drop of pre forming on the tip. I pushed myself upright and let my hand keep going, the thumb now beginning to play with the tip. The fox was soon replaced with a feline fellow, an innocent look in his shimmering eyes as fur black as the night covered his body, a pink cock poking out of his sheath. Truthfully I'd never seen a feline naked, so I just went with whatever my imagination gave me. This one was starting to look a little bit too close to Dane, but my cock could care less, it liked this.

I leaned my back against the wall, and I began to notice my tail was plastered between my legs in this position. I didn't care, in fact the feeling of it rubbing ever so slightly against my skin beneath the fur was only adding to my aroused state. So I kept rubbing, stroking my cock as visions of the cat whom I was now almost certain was Dane were passing by my minds eye. The feline in my mind began stroking my erection in sync with my own hand as water dripped off me. I was close, and I could feel it. I worked my cock as fast as I could, it almost hurt the way the water had pruned the skin on my hands which now worked against my twitching shaft. Then Dane changed into a mouse, my brother; still working my cock in my mind, matching the rhythms my hand was having on my penis. Panting hard, I whimpered, trying as hard as I could to be quite. My climax nearly there, I heard something in my head, *Sal!* I heard my brother moan in my head.

"Sam!" I managed in a barely audible whisper as the image in my mind saw myself covering his muzzle in my own hot cum.

And that was it. My hips jerked as my cock shot strands of hot seed over to the opposite wall of the small confines of the walk in shower and onto the floor. I clenched my teeth as each burst of cum made my dick twitch in my hand. My orgasm slowing to a mere dribble, I panted feeling the skin hot on my face of the familiar afterglow. The stimulation left me with a sense of exhausted satisfaction that made my tongue roll out the side of my muzzle. Only then did it seem like my mind turned back on and I realized exactly what I had done.

My textbook and Mr. Freedman had both reassured me that as long as those thoughts stayed subconscious that I'd have nothing to worry about. This was no longer an uncontrollable unconscious thought. No, I had consciously not only masturbated to the thought of other guys, but to something I had dreaded ever happening. I had just masturbated to the thought of my own brother, jacking me off until I came all over his face.

A tear escaped my eye, and then another. I slumped down to sit with legs slightly bent against my chest, my tail resting between both of them, my cock already tucked neatly back into its sheath. Dear god, what had I done?! How could I let something like that creep into my mind? I had made no attempts to stop it when I knew for a fact the mouse in my fantasy was my brother; in fact that was the most stimulating part of the whole thing! I dropped my head into my hands and cried, feeling sullied and shameful. Not even the water still pouring onto my body could wash away that feeling.

I finished cleaning up, making sure to rinse the semen from the walls of the shower. Stepping out of the steamy enclosure my body was hit with the cold air just outside, making my skin tingle and my fur stand on end. I grabbed the nearest clean towel and began drying my fur. I looked to my left and the mirror had fogged up during my time in the shower. I pressed a fleshy hand to it and wiped the majority of the condensation away, staring back at the mouse in the reflection. The reflection that stared back was me all right; broad muzzle and shoulders, slightly toned body beneath silky brown fur. Nothing like my twin, whom was much more lithe and had a thinner muzzle and shoulders. I couldn't deny who was in my dreams, not anymore.

I stepped out of the bathroom and made my way back to my room before anyone could see me. Rifling through my clothes, I found the same pair of shorts I had on yesterday, and fished around the ground for a shirt that wasn't too ripe. I found a band T-shirt and to my surprise, it didn't smell too bad. I put it on and covered up any other smells with a bit of spray-on deodorant. I made my way downstairs and found another note from dad, the same one as the morning before. A few minutes later Sam came downstairs, clean clothes and all. We didn't have much time before the bus was at our door and we both piled in and sat in silence.

The ride was quite, but my mind was going a million miles a minute. It kept coming back to my wet dream, and the fantasies that took place in the privacy of the shower. What was wrong with me? Why couldn't I get these thoughts out of my head? *Was there no one who could help me?* Maybe those other students at the GSA could help

me out, but they didn't meet until after school and I needed help now. The feeling of helplessness began to eat away at my brain, after all even if I did go to a GSA meeting, was I really going to stand there and tell them I'm having incestuous fantasies? Only if I wanted to be ridiculed or worse.

I turned to look at my brother in the seat beside me, he seemed to be focused intently on whatever book was on his e-reader, blocking out sounds with ear-buds. The way he held the small electronic with two paws seemed odd, not very relaxed at all. I couldn't see what he was reading from my angle, but the way he stared straight ahead, its like he was staring straight through the page-like screen rather than at it. Could he have heard me in the shower when I cried out his name? No, impossible; the sound of the shower and over-head fan would have drowned that out, and I knew it had come out more like a sigh than a shout. I tapped Sam's shoulder with a claw, his ear flicked but he didn't move. So instead I gave him a small push with one paw against his arm.

Sam yanked his ear bud out and turned to me, "What?!" he hissed.

I flinched at the tone in my brothers voice, "I... I..."

He stared at me so intently that I thought he would burn a hole through me with his eyes, "What do you want Sal?"

Finally I composed myself, though I was still taken aback by his reaction. "Sam, what's up with you?"

He sighed, "Nothing. I'm just... I didn't get much sleep last night, that's all."

I didn't buy that for a second, "I'm not a moron Sam, your not even reading; your just staring at that electronic like something you wan'a break. Either there is something on that reader that pisses you off, or something is seriously wrong."

Whatever cold demeanor Sam was hiding behind broke like a pane-glass window. Instead his ears dropped back and his eyes went wide. I must have broken through, because that intense stare was now all over the place, one part was trying to piece together the words in his brain, the other was trying frantically to read me. For a second I felt bad for snapping him out of his mood; he looked very distraught, almost hurt.

I let out a heavy sigh, "Sam, you don't have to hide from me, and I can tell something's bothering you."

He turned his gaze away from me and began rubbing his arm, "That obvious huh?"

I reached out a paw to try and comfort him, but he leaned away from it; that part made me worry. "Did someone hurt you?"

He shook his head, “No.”

I had my doubts about that, just by his fearful reaction from my touch. Then again, his reaction to the question suggested whatever he was going through might not be physical. Whatever it was he was dealing with was either something he had done or something incredibly personal. “So what has you so petrified that you’re afraid of your own twin brother?”

Sam was on the verge of tears, but he held them back so as not to attract any attention on the bus. “Can we... can we talk about this after school?”

I searched his face, looking for some kind of confirmation that he would be ok until then, or that he would even tell me at all. His eyes thought cloudy with held back tears, gave me a strange feeling, like he wanted to spill everything he was holding back. Those brown eyes held a flood of bottled up emotions, dying to be set free. I saw every muscle in his body was tense and coiled, like he was holding back with every bit of will to keep from embracing me in this public space.

I smiled, “Of course, Sam. Whenever your ready.”

The bus stopped and the rest of the students stood up, trying to push their way off the steel transport. Sam nodded, and we both left the bus and made our way to the school. On my way to the psychology class, I thought to myself what could possibly disturb Sam like that to a point where he would snap at me? Did he know what was bothering me and was he just mirroring my emotions? No, even Sam isn’t *that* good of a mind reader, even on me. Whatever it was, I knew I would have to put aside my own problems and focus on whatever was bothering Sam.

Before I could think on it further, my entire body walked into something that for all I knew could have been a brick wall. The shock jarred my head, and I fell backwards onto my book bag. I shook the dizziness from my head and considered myself lucky my nose was already bent down while I was thinking. I rubbed my head and I looked up to see a heavily muscled chest with a pair of black and orange arms nearly as thick as my whole body. It was Jake, the tiger that ran the schools GSA!

My vision came into focus and I heard him ask, “you ok man?”

I stared at the huge feline before me and couldn’t help but feel intimidated. “Y-yeah, I think so.”

He leaned down and offered me a paw. I took it and in one quick motion I was on my feet again. Maybe it was still the predator/pray thing going on in my head, but part of me found myself attracted to this walking example of masculinity. In fact, I found it hard to even believe that one of the linebackers on the schools football team could be associated with something like the GSA.

“Your Jake, right?” I asked still a bit dazed.

“Yes, and you wouldn’t happen to be Sam, would you?”

I looked up at him, craning my neck for a better view of his face rather than his belt buckle. “No, I’m Sal, Sal Fontain. Wait, you know Sam?”

The tiger gave a toothy smile, “yeah, he’s in my Biology class. I’m guessing you’re his twin then if I got the family resemblance right.”

“Y-yes,” I said, and then soon realized that the answers to all my questions was staring me straight in the face. “Do you mind if I talk to you about something?”

Jake cocked an eyebrow, “Sure... but we only just met.”

“Its GSA related.”

“We meet after school at-”

“Its important!” I blurted out, “And... I don’t know where else to turn.”

The tiger looked around, then gestured me a bit closer to the wall, behind a set of lockers. “I’m listening.”

I rubbed my arm nervously, the words getting caught in my own throat. I tried as hard as I could but the words just never made it past my own lips. *Get ahold of yourself*, I thought, *this is the opportunity to finally get some answers. Just say it!* I looked up, and I could see in Jakes face he was concentrated on what I had to say.

I bowed my head low and my ears flattened against my skull, “I... I think I might be... gay.”

As the word left my muzzle, everything seemed distant. The footsteps in the hallway seemed far away, and though I could tell no one had stopped to mock me, I felt completely alone for a split second. Everyone except the tiger in front of me felt like a ghost. I looked up at Jake, his body language hadn’t changed; no sense of surprise and not even the slightest hint of a snicker.

“So tell me about it.”

I searched for my next words carefully, “I’ve been having these, thoughts lately. Dreams and- and fantasies. I just need to know that what I’m feeling is normal, you know?”

Jake leaned down, “Well Sal, I can’t lie to you and tell you that having gay fantasies is normal. They might be natural when directed towards certain people or images, but not exactly the norm for straight guys if you catch my drift.”

I cocked my head to the side, “what do you mean?”

The tiger scratched at his chin before moving on, “well, things like dreams are uncontrollable, so that’s not a factor. Fantasies on the other hand, now that takes imagination. But we can also imagine ourselves in impossible situations. What it really comes down to is who you find attractive out here in the real world, not what turns you on in your head.”

I rubbed my head with a paw; what he was saying didn’t make any sense. If what he said was right, then thought didn’t even enter into the equation. “I still don’t quite get what you mean, Jake.”

The tiger placed his hand on the wall and leaned against it, and began flexing his muscles, giving off another toothy smile. “Do you think I’m attractive?”

My ear gave a twitch and I stepped back into the steel wall of the lockers, “W-what?”

The tiger chuckled and stood up straight again, “I’m not coming onto you if that’s what you’re thinking. Just in general, do you find me sexually attractive?”

“I don’t think you’d ever have a problem in the dating department, male or female.”

“I don’t mean other people, I meant you. Do you think you could ever be attracted to me or someone like me?”

I gave a heavy sigh, looking him up and down from his chiseled chest through his sleeveless shirt, to his notably sized package at his groin, and finally down to his legs. I didn’t want to answer; if I did then I’d be admitting defeat, closing myself off from a normal life. But then I began to think, what is it that I find attractive in women? I had no interest in breasts; and their scent didn’t stimulate me in the slightest. Then again, why would I want to be with men? Looking Jake over for whatever reason, it made me feel... safe. I wanted those big arms around me; I wanted to know just what that bulge looked like under those pants. And his scent, I didn’t have that good of a nose but even from where I stood it tantalized me and fed my curiosity. The answer was obvious.

“Yes...” I answered, feeling just the slightest twinge of relief in finally saying what I truly felt.

Jake nodded and pointed over to a coyote standing at the opposite wall getting some things from his locker, his tail swishing right across a somewhat feminine rear. “What about him?”

Without turning my gaze back to Jake I answered, “Yeah.” That one even felt a little better.

He then pointed to an almost inappropriately dressed lioness whom had caught the eyes of said coyote, “and her?”

I shook my head, my eyes not even remotely focused on the bounce in her tits as she walked down the hall. “Nothing.”

Jake turned back to me and I stood there with my head hung low, “so what do you think, Sal. Would you consider yourself to be gay?”

I looked out to the crowd of students, “I- I guess I am.”

A tear welled up in one of my eyes, and I strained to keep it back. I finally knew what I was. I was gay, no amount of denial could make that fact go away. Despite the relief I felt from knowing, I felt so alone. Would my father ever accept the fact one of his sons was gay? Despite having the man present in my life for as long as I could remember, I had to admit he had been so distant the past few years that I barely felt like I knew him, or what his reaction would be. Then a thought crossed my mind that scared me so much that in that moment, I felt the wet tear roll down my cheek. *Would Sam accept me?*

Jake knelt down and wrapped his muscular orange and black arms around me, pulling me tight. I was so surprised that my entire body had gone limp in his grasp. I let out a breath as another few tears dampened the fur on my face, but I never moved. His grasp, it didn’t feel wrong at all, it felt good to be in the arms of another man, if only for a split second. And his scent, I was close enough now that I could take it in fully. He smelled so good I didn’t want to leave; it excited me more than I’d ever known before with females. He let go of me and I just let my body fall back against the lockers. When I came back to reality, I wiped the last of the dampness from my muzzle with a fleshy paw.

The tiger looked at me, now at eye level, “its not easy, coming to terms with your sexuality, I know that.”

I choked back the other tears I knew were just behind my eyelids and rubbed them away, “its just... I’m so scared... that some of the people I care about the most... my friends, my family... what if they don’t accept me? What if they leave me?”

A strong feline paw rubbed my shoulder, “If your friends don’t accept you, then they aren’t your real friends. And do you really think Sam of all people would leave you?”

I sniffled. The biggest part of my fear was of those incestuous fantasies, and I knew I needed to talk to someone about them if I was ever going to feel any better. Jake never judged me so far, and I knew he was a good guy, not like those meathead teammates of his. “Can I trust you not to tell anyone about something? I just really need to talk about it with someone, anyone.”

The tiger put a paw to his chest, “I swear Sal, whatever you say to me is confidential.”

I slumped down sitting on the tiled floor, my head rested on the back of the cold steel, my tail between my legs. “I’m scared of what Sam will think because... some of these thoughts and fantasies... they involve him! Brothers aren’t supposed to think that, and I can’t help it.”

Jake squatted down to my level, and placed a paw on my knee. “Sal, its ok. They’re just thoughts and nothing more. Everyone has them.”

I shook my head, “Not everyone fantasizes about their siblings.”

The tiger gave a lighthearted chuckle, “You’d be surprised at how common those fantasies actually are. Fantasies are normal, but don’t let the stress ruin your psyche. Morality is based on action, not thought. Think about it this way, there’s probably been a person or two who you’ve thought of killing cause they did something that either hurt or annoyed you to no end.”

I gave a bit of a laugh, “Sure.”

“And how many bodies do you have buried under the floor boards?”

I couldn’t help but to smile a bit, “None, but you’ll be the first one if what I said gets out somehow.”

Jake offered his paw, and he helped me up again. “See? Thoughts are not something to be ashamed of. If we were judged for our thoughts, 90% of the world would be in prisons.”

I looked up at him, “So then, I’m normal?”

“About as normal as any other person. The world is changing Sal, a lot of ideals of what goes on behind closed doors has changed. Even if hypothetically you both became intimately involved, you’re both adults, you can make your own decisions.”

I sighed, “So then, what do I do with these thoughts? Just ignore them? Indulge them?”

“I suggest you focus your thoughts elsewhere. You might even be using the image of your brother because your still scared of thinking you could love another male other than a family member.”

“Focus my thoughts elsewhere,” I said, “like porn?”

The big feline snickered, “that’s one way, yes. Though the safer rout I think would be using that over-active imagination of yours-” the 1st period bell rang and Jake looked around, “I need to get to class, but I think if you can make it, the GSA meets every Wednesday after school. I think it would help to put your mind a bit more at ease.”

I gathered up my stuff and thanked Jake for his time. Psychology class went by smoothly, Mr. Freedman handed back our notebook assignments, and despite my attempts at destroying the notebook days before, it still got an A-. Dane was beginning to look as stressed as I had been days before, though I really cannot tell why. When he got his assignment back he just shoved it into the book bag, not even stopping to see what he got for a grade.

For the rest of the class while the fox gave his lessons, I noticed that I found myself on more than one occasion staring at Dane, though the feline never noticed; something was bothering him, but I figured it could wait until we got home and had the privacy of non-verbal interactions over the computer. Jakes comment about using my *overactive imagination* seemed to creep into my mind, and I wondered what he had meant about that. My overactive imagination was after all the cause of my incestuous fantasies. Then again, it’s my fantasy; I should be able to dream what I want right?

I leaned back in my chair and closed my eyes. The images from my shower fantasy were still fresh in my head, and I opened my eyes to see the teacher still rambling about operant conditioning. I had to find something unrelated to the mornings events, so I looked over again to Dane. This time, I tried to trace the image of him into my brain. When I felt I had a good enough image, I closed my eyes again. Sure enough, Dane was there in place of my brother. Though I had never seen Dane naked, I tried to imagine his slim feline body, black fur masking all but the reflections of light on creases of his body, and the tip of a pink feline cock just peeking out of its sheath. It was a nice image, and it was a lot more comforting than that of my brothers. The image of Dane in my head gave a toothy feline smile. Thinking back, I always liked it when he smiled.

I could feel a slight pressure in my sheath and I opened my eyes. Nothing had changed; no one was staring at me. Dane was still lost in his own thoughts, and Mr. Freedman was still pointing at the images projected onto the whiteboard. I just had a homosexual thought, and no one had been the wiser. Maybe the idea that me and my twin shared a mind-to-mind connection had made me paranoid of what others would think? Or maybe even what Sam would think? What we share is more like a fuzzy e-mail than a phone call, we choose to send them and sometimes they don’t make sense, and we kind of miss those messages sometimes. If people really knew what I was thinking, they’d have shunned me by now; then again, so would Sam.

I looked up at the clock, still a good half hour till the end of the class. If I knew Mr. Freedman the fox would take the whole class to lecture; this presented me with a unique opportunity to experiment. He wouldn't be calling on anyone, so there was a chance for me to see how far I could stretch that imagination of mine. Besides, everyone would be either half asleep or focused on the presentation; no one would notice if my pants decided to pitch a tent.

So I placed my head in my paw and closed my eyes. The image of Dane was still in my head, so I decided to wander that one a bit more. His body on its own was tantalizing, the thought of silky black fur made me smile. I tried to picture myself there with him, and surprisingly enough it came very easily; both of us naked in front of one another. I reached forward and placed a pink paw on his chest, feeling the soft skin under the black fur. I moved closer pressing my body to his, my head only coming up to his shoulder. I felt, safe for some reason; his warm body clutching mine. Finally his muzzle came to mine, softly rubbing the side of my face. He lifted his lips to mine, and the image in my head seemed to solidify in a single moment.

I opened my eyes slowly just as the bell signaled the end of the period. The thought of me kissing another guy didn't bother me one bit. In fact, the image came more naturally than any time I had kissed a girl. Though I didn't have the slightest Idea of what it would actually be like to kiss another guy, the image was no doubt enjoyable. I had managed to keep from popping a whole boner in the middle of class, but I could tell I had at least slipped halfway out of my sheath. I looked around, Dane was still staring off into space and people had begun to leave. I stood up out of my seat and Dane turned to look at me. I think he might have noticed my slowly receding erection, his eyes had shot right up to mine.

"Hey," I said, "I'll see you at lunch, alright?"

"Y-yeah," he said with a hard gulp.

I was just beginning to walk away when I heard Dane say, "Sal?"

"Yeah Dane?"

His eyes searched me much like Sam had on the bus ride into school. "Nothing, I'll see you at the cafeteria."

I adjusted my book bag and left the room. It pained me to see him that way; I had told him that he could come to me if he needed anything, and I just hoped that would be enough for him to tell me at lunch what was bothering him. My next class was a simple health class, one that I had neglected to take two years earlier. I reached the room just as the bell rang to signal the beginning of the new class. I sat back and breathed a sigh of relief, another lecture. This one was focused on male reproductive biology, it was kind of funny to me how many other students either blushed or snickered when the overhead

projector showed a side view of the males internal sex organs from mid-thigh and up. The diagrams used two side-by-side pictures, one was feline and the other was canine to demonstrate the differences in species, the more common ones at least.

The female lynx Mrs. Alexandria began by pointing out the functions of the knots of canines and the barbs of felines. Most of it I blanked out, knowing most of the answers already. The part about the feline barbs did fascinate me though; despite their rough appearance she described them as being more soft and flexible. I let my minds eye wander back to my thoughts of Dane, imagining him with a nice hard erection, the barbs flexing out slightly from the head. I took some time and tried to imagine the more arousing aspects about my newfound sexuality.

I had never been with another guy so I didn't really know what the exact physics were behind gay sex. I knew that jerking off was pleasurable, so that's one way to get someone off. I had gotten head before from a girl once before, check that one off for feeling good. I never did either of those to another guy before, so I didn't even know if it was pleasurable on the one giving the blowjobs or hand jobs. The last thing that I could think of was that somewhere I had heard that gay men had anal sex, but I didn't know if that was true or a rumor or not. I would think it was pleasurable for the person penetrating, but I just couldn't wrap my head around how it could possibly be anything but painful for the one being penetrated.

My answer came to me when Mrs. Alexandria pointed a ruler at the image from the projector and the stick hit the whiteboard with a snapping sound. "... the little known fact about the prostate is that it is actually a very sensitive place for a male. In fact it is the equivalent to a female's G-spot. Ladies, during sex this can increase a male's orgasm from even the slightest stimulation like a finger. And guys, don't be embarrassed when your doctor eventually tells you he has to check your prostate by going through your rectum. It's the only way to check, though arousal is common during these things, same thing as the checks for testicular cancer."

A lot of the guys in the class squirmed in their seats at that thought, but my opinion was slightly different. There was my answer; one of a man's greatest pleasure spots was in his butt. So maybe gay sex did involve anal penetration, and from the sounds of it, it could be a pleasurable experience. I wasn't exactly giddy to jump into a bed with another guy just yet, but at least now I had a better idea of what it would be like.

The class ended shortly after and I made my way to the rest of my classes. Lunch came around, but I saw no sign of Dane anywhere. I gave a heavy sigh and sat down to eat my lunch, alone. I was kind of hoping to see Sam around somewhere, but I couldn't find him either. I sat alone at one of the tables; a simple Cesar salad stared back at me. Despite my 1st two classes going well, I couldn't help but feel that sense of loneliness and worry about what my friends and family would think. Maybe Dane had already looked in my notebook when he found it; maybe he was already weirded out by what he found. No, his sincerity the day before was evident. Maybe Sam had read it before I threw it away? That part scared me even more. Looking back on it, I noticed that Sam was getting more

and more stressed over the past few weeks until today it all seemed to have piled up to a breaking point. I couldn't bring myself to eat the leafy greens so I figured I'd just eat the croutons, anything to calm my stomach.

The next class was gym, something I had both hoped and dreaded at the same time. This time the gym teacher decided to switch us to football routines. *Great*, I thought, *the only thing more homoerotic than football is wrestling*. I'd just have to try and focus on the plays rather than what I'd been doing in my previous classes. It went well, never mind that we were playing flag football. Still, that didn't stop collisions from happening. I got hit by one of the stags in my class; Sam managed to get away with being hit by a bunny. He got the soft fluffy landing; I just had to count myself lucky I wasn't tall enough to worry about those antlers. About an hour later we were told to hit the showers, and I had to come up with something else to think of other than all the naked guys.

It didn't help that all the guys in my class weren't shy. Though I had showered with them before, I don't think I ever had a harder time trying to keep my dick in its sheath. The bigger guys had no problem flaunting their manhood, and even when they had their penis tucked neatly into a sheath, the water and soap running off of those chiseled bodies might as well have been soft-core porn. Every time I felt myself slip out, I had to turn around and pinch my balls just to put it back in, pretending to wash myself. If I scrubbed my nether regions anymore they'd be as balled as a naked mole rat, and probably look the same too.

I noticed Sam had his back turned to everyone the whole time, his tail snaking around his leg. Something was definitely bothering him, his expression didn't change until we were out of the shower and drying off. He looked at me, and for a moment, we just stared at each other. I was focused on his face, but Sam seemed to be focused on my naked body sitting on the bench. After that he turned away and so did I, and I wouldn't see him again until we got on the bus hours later after our final classes.

Sam was tense the entire time. He sat alone this time, not even bothering to entertain himself with a book or music. He was too lost in his thoughts, and I didn't want to make him feel uncomfortable again so I kept my distance. When we got home, we saw a note from dad that was again, identical to the one the day before. I figured it was for the best, whatever Sam wanted to tell me I don't think he felt like letting dad hear it.

I was about to ask Sam what he wanted to tell me when he started the kettle and began emptying cinnamon oatmeal into a cup. "I haven't eaten all day," he said mechanically pouring the hot water into the mug and mixing it with milk to cool it down.

"Its ok," I said pouring myself a mug of green apple and maple, "neither did I."

He finished his mug first and I gulped mine down as fast as possible, Sam then gestured me upstairs and into his room. "Can we sit down?" he asked pointing to his bed.

“Sure,” I said landing on his bed.

Sam took deep breaths, “I’m sorry, it’s just really hard to know where to start.”

“Well,” I looked at him, “how about I start with how much you’re worrying me. This isn’t like you Sam, we were supposed to be close, that’s what brothers do. Lately, you’ve been so scared of me that I feel like I’ve done something terrible to hurt you.”

Sam shook his head, “N-no, you didn’t do anything.”

“Then why are you so afraid of me?”

My brother’s eyes frantically searched mine and responded, “I’m not afraid of you, just... what you would think of me.”

I put my hand on his, “Sam, you’re my twin brother; you can tell me anything. I would never think of you as anything other than the brother that I care about. Nothing will ever make me stop caring about you.”

Tears began to well up in his eyes, “promise you won’t be upset, or tell dad?”

I moved in closer, placing a hand on his shoulder. “I promise.”

“I... I...” he began sniffing, until he finally managed to push the words out as tears rolled down his cheek. “I’m gay!”

The whole world seemed to stop. Everything seemed to be frozen in a time without sound save for my brother’s whimpering. It was so surreal that I began to wonder if I was still in my seat in psychology class fantasizing. No, everything was too real; from the feel of Sam’s bedding beneath my hands, to the sound of his held back sniffles. I took his hand and pulled him close to me. The floodgates were open, and so he began to cry into my shoulder. Tears wet my fur and claws grabbed at my shirt. I had never seen him cry like this since he was a child, never so uncontrollably. He didn’t hold anything back, bellowing and bawling into my shoulder.

I rubbed his back and spoke in a soothing voice, “It’s ok Sam, I’m here for you.”

“I... I’m so sorry Sal,” he spoke between sobs.

“You have nothing to be sorry about. I’m not going anywhere, and I don’t think of you any differently than I always have.”

He pulled back, wiping the tears from the matted fur on his face, “It’s... not just that. I feel horrible about my thoughts... and how they might have hurt you.”

I gave Sam a questioning look, “what are you talking about? How can I be hurt by your thoughts Sam, it makes no sense.”

Sam gathered up his strength and wiped away more tears with his paw. "I've been having these thoughts for the past few weeks, and I've known that I was gay even before then. But lately, there have been these dreams that both scare and confuse me, and they've been so unnerving that I'm afraid at some point I've passed them onto you and that's why you've been so stressed out over this whole dream journal thing!"

"Oh Sam," I said rubbing his shoulder, "you can't turn me gay, not like that. You can't let something like that worry you."

He sniffled, "I'm more in tune with our connection though, I can tell what your feeling even when you cant tell what I'm feeling."

I paused, letting my head wrap around that remark. "Is that true?"

"Yes, and something has been bothering you ever since you did that stupid assignment. The thing is I just don't know what it was, so I figured you started getting stressed around the time I was beginning to have these thoughts. If it was something you couldn't even tell me about, I thought maybe it was the fantasies I was projecting to you."

I sighed, he wasn't going to give up on the thought that he had hurt me by projecting gay fantasies at me. There was no way it worked like that, I'd spent the whole day fantasizing about guys without any thoughts to my brother. The only thing I could do is spill the beans and hope that it would calm him down.

"Sam I," I tried to find the right words, but couldn't think of anything other than what came afterwards. "There is no other way to say this but... I'm gay."

Sam's eyes went wide and his tail swished behind him, "y-your... b-but how?"

I smiled, hoping to lighten the atmosphere of tears and dread, "I've only just come to terms with it today. Jake talked to me and helped me get through a lot of it. Mr. Freedman actually thought it was narcissism or some other bullshit but... everything just feels right somehow."

Sam's expression softened from the balling he'd just been through, but he still had an intense look in his eyes, as though he was trying to pick through my brain. "Can I ask you something?"

I chuckled, "think it's a bit too late to keep secrets now Sam."

He rubbed the back of his head, "it's important, and I just need to make sure I didn't put these thoughts into your head."

"Sam plea-"

“Just humor me this one time, please! I promise I won't get upset at you, I just need to know and I want your answer to be honest.”

I could see that intense look in his eyes, like he wanted to give up that last little information that was still plaguing him. “Ok Sam, I'll answer as best I can, and as sincerely as I can.”

Sam sat upright and looked at me, “Have any of those fantasies ever been about me?”

Oh my god... he knew. All this time, he knew what I was thinking. Every inch of muscle control faded, and I felt like the world had just disappeared underneath me. I think I felt my heart skip a beat, and my expression told Sam more than he could have known even with a mind-to-mind connection. I was so lost in this period of horror and disbelief that the words were just caught in my throat. I didn't want to believe this was possible, how could it be? I told myself that Sam couldn't have the ability to do something like that. Then again, he knows what I'm thinking better than I do sometimes.

“H-how... how did you...?”

“Just answer the question,” Sam almost shouted, “please... I need to know.”

I took in a deep breath, “Y-yes.”

Sam sat back on the bed, his face almost as expressionless as my own. “Oh god... what have I done?” He turned his head to me, “Sal I... I'm so sorry. I never meant for this to happen.”

“Meant for what to happen?” I asked still shocked, though now just as confused.

Sam sighed, “Some of those fantasies, the ones I might have projected to you... they weren't just random gay thoughts...” he took a deep breath, “Sal... a lot of my fantasies... they're about you.”

I couldn't quite believe it. My brother, the one I was scared of for so long because of my fantasies, was actually having the exact same worries as I was. I didn't know how to react, how should anyone act in that situation? We just sat there, feeling the same thing probably. A wave of guilt, but somehow mixed in with relief. I scratched nervously at the back of my head, just trying to think of the words to say. I was relieved that those fantasies weren't my own, but I also felt hurt that Sam would ever do something like that to me. Part of me wanted to embrace him right there, the other wanted to wring his neck for putting me through all of this.

“S-so... what your saying is that... these dreams and fantasies of you... you put them in my head?”

Sam put his head in his paws; sniffing noises told me he was on the verge of tears once again. "I'm sorry Sal, I didn't mean to hurt you like this. It's just... I couldn't help it! I thought I was just fantasizing and there should be nothing wrong with that right? But then I saw how you grew more and more upset the more I pictured it, and I began to worry that I might have passed them onto you. I know it was selfish, but I just couldn't help myself."

I just shook my head, "I... I really don't know what to say..."

The tears streaked down my brother's face again, "Please Sal, I'm sorry!" he grabbed at my shirt with delicate fingers that felt like an iron grip as he pleaded, "Please... don't leave me!"

My mouth gaped open as I stared into Sam's eyes. Everything he wanted to tell me was out on the table. There were no longer any secrets between us, all of our worries were suspended in the air like smoke. Those last words though, they were almost as powerful as my brother's full confession. Those eyes, those pleading pools of tears... they told me that he really was worried I hated him, that I would leave my own twin for the sins he thought he'd committed. No, he'd done nothing wrong.

I placed a hand on his shoulder, "Oh Sam, I'd never leave you. Remember that you are my brother I love you, and nothing will make me stop loving you."

Sam's eyes never left mine, until he threw himself at me and wrapped his arms around my body. He lay on my chest and let the rest of the tears out, almost a month's worth of bottled up emotions coursing through him. I sighed, and only then began to notice that this whole time, I had never felt such a connection with my brother, except now when his body was pressed up against mine. Its like, I felt every bit of pent up emotion as though they were coursing through me. The pain, the anguish, the sadness and the guilt, they were all there streaming in my mind like the feeling you get when you hear the background music of a movie. It was so heart wrenching, feeling what he had gone through that it was hard to pick out my own emotions. Was this what the connection felt like to him? Was I really that dense?

I placed a hand on the back of his head to let him know I was there. It seemed to calm him down a little bit and the sobbing slowed down to sniffles. He looked at me, angling his body on top of mine with his hands and knees on either side of my body, his tail resting on mine between both of our legs. My fingers combed through his hair, something I'd never really done before, but it seemed to calm him down. It was at that point I wondered, if this is how Sam felt about the connection, was it really possible to send a thought like the ones he had been sending me? My hand grazed his cheek, and I began to think of what I would do, how I could test that theory. Only three words could put all of his sadness to ease. *I love you*, I thought, trying to "project" those thoughts to Sam the way he'd described. I immediately felt foolish for thinking it was something so easy, let alone possible.

But then, Sam looked into my eyes and angled his head above mine, and the words he spoke left me without any words of my own. "I love you too."

Sam leaned down, closed his eyes, and pressed his lips to mine. A gasp of surprise caught in my throat as he leaned into me, gently pushing his muzzle against my own. His right hand rested lightly against my face, and the sense of touch made all the tensed up muscles in my body melt. My mind stopped trying to think, it let go of all the thoughts spinning around my head and focused on this intimate moment with my brother. His tongue snaked its way into my mouth, and the taste of cinnamon filled my pallet. Everything else seemed unimportant, my father could walk in and I don't think I would have cared, not in that moment. I felt my tail coil around Sam's, and his tail did the same. A sigh of content left my maw, and I breathed in a scent I knew all too well but now felt like I'd missed it my whole life; the scent of my brother.

Our lips parted, and Sam slowly opened his eyes. We looked at each other and without words we knew what we had done. But this feeling, it wasn't awkward or shameful. It felt good. It came so naturally, I don't think Sam even knew what he had done until it had already passed. There was something about that moment that defied explanation. I couldn't quite pin down what it was, but I wanted more. We were working in unison, two mature consenting mice that felt only love for one another, how was that supposed to be wrong?

This time, I pressed my lips to Sam's. My body felt like it was moving on its own, not caring what I did. Sam didn't seem to mind; he was just as lost in the sensations as I was. My hands came to rest on his back, my fingers working their way up underneath his shirt. I felt the soft fur slide through my fingers as my hands slowly worked the fabric off of his body. He lifted his arms to get the T off and we went right back to making out. When we broke our kiss again, this time he pulled my shirt off.

I could feel my cock tent in my shorts; the shaft had already pushed completely out of my sheath. Looking down between the two of us I could see Sam's dick pressing against his own fabric, wanting so badly to be set free. I looked up at my brother, and the look in his eyes told me he was thinking the same thing. Sitting upright while balancing himself on my torso, Sam had just begun to undo his pants when my hands grabbed his wrists. Broken from his concentration, he looked directly at me.

"Can I?" I asked as my paws clasped gently around his wrists.

Sam smiled and nodded, "Ok."

I undid the button and zipper, exposing the bulge in my brother's briefs. I pulled both of the pieces of clothing down and Sam kicked them off and onto the floor. Meanwhile I worked at the remains of my own clothing and kicked them off to rest on the ground as well. I couldn't believe what was going on, here sitting naked on my torso, was my twin brother. My eyes traced the lines of his body from his head, down his neck,

to his chest and that slim lower torso, and finally to rest at his cock. Pink and fleshy, it seemed to twitch every so slightly as my mouth gaped open at its sight.

Sam looked down at me, and my head tilted upward to meet his gaze. "Like what you see, brother?"

I nodded, "Its just so... wow," I was more amazed at the situation than at the appearance of his genitals, but it was a nice sight anyway.

He ran a few fingers up the length of the shaft and let one rest on the tip, "Go ahead, touch it."

I looked back down at the erect penis, the shape so similar to my own. Slowly, I reached for it, until finally I wrapped my fingers around Sam's cock. It was soft like mine, and about the same size. For whatever reason, this touch, even though not to my own genitals, it excited me deeply. In the back of my mind, I couldn't quite figure out why but the next thought that came to me was, *I wana taste it, I want to know what my brother tastes like.*

As if reading my thoughts, Sam pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, shuffling closer to me until his dick was staring me right in my face. "How's the view?"

I gulped, not knowing exactly what I should do. So I just did the first thing that came to mind. Closing the last inch or so of the gap, I leaned in and took the tip into my maw. Sam let out a small grunt, and the flood of musky scent flooded my nostrils. It smelled like Sam, but it was more potent, more concentrated. I leaned in closer and tried to take the rest into my mouth, sliding my brother's cock gently between pursed lips. For a second I thought I wouldn't be able to fit him all the way in, but then I came to a point where my nose pressed right up against his groin. The fur there felt soft against my nose, neatly trimmed to match the flow of the rest of his fur. I had all of him in my maw, and I heard my brother exhale in relief. Slowly, I began to work my head back and fourth along his shaft, running my tongue against the underside of his succulent cock. It tasted... clean, albeit a little salty. I didn't know what other dicks tasted like, but if it was anything like my brothers, it was a taste I could get used to it.

Sam gave a grunt, and I felt his cock give a small twitch against the inside of my mouth. I stopped as the taste changed and became much more potent, more salty. I slid my mouth off of his dick, a thick strand of pre-cum dribbled off his tip and off my chin. I panted, letting the taste soak onto my pallet. It was just like his scent, it made my mouth water. It wasn't something I'd known, but I wanted more. Sam pushed himself back to his previous position. He looked down between my own legs; my cock oozing its own dribble of pre-cum. Sam smiled at me and grabbed a bottle of lube from his nightstand.

"Wha-... what are you doing?" I asked, though I felt like I'd already known the answer and was unwilling to believe it.

Sam only smiled, and squirted a sizable amount from the tube into his paw. He reached down to my cock and coated it in a thick layer of clear lubricant. Then he slowly lowered his bottom half onto my hips, stopping just as I felt my tip touch gently between his cheeks. He looked into my eyes, and he gave me this look that seemed to speak to me in a way words couldn't. He wanted this, he'd dreamt about this; he trusted me with this, and everything that could come of the fact he was about to have sex with his twin brother.

All I had to do was nod. Slowly but surely, my dick entered his tail hole; gliding gently into Sam's rectum. I had to remember to breath, the feeling was so intense I found myself holding my breath in my lungs. Sam gritted his teeth and inched his way onto my stiff shaft, letting out what I can only describe as a quiet squeak. He bit his lip, and for a moment I was worried that my pleasure was causing him some sort of pain. But then, just as I felt his ass cheeks press lightly into my hips, Sam's expression changed drastically.

It started as a kind of wide-eyed stare with his mouth opened in an O shape. Then, it softened and he smiled wide as he let out a small sigh of relief. Whatever pain he must have felt seemed to drain out of him and either he didn't feel or didn't care about the obvious stretching occurring on his lower end. I must have hit his prostate, and for a moment I almost wondered what that felt like. Whatever it felt like, it must have been good, REALLY good.

He lifted his hips slightly, only to push back down onto my cock. I gasped and let out a low moan, not anticipating the wave of pleasure that traveled through my whole body in that two-part motion. My brother smiled down at me, a wide toothy sort of smile. He wanted me to get moving as much as I did. I put both my hands on Sam's hips and pushed him up with my pelvis, then slid down causing another wave of pleasure to course through my body as he suspended his hips just inches off where I left. I pushed up, and my brother pushed down, our motions synchronizing for a little bit. I didn't have time to think, I didn't want to think. All I wanted to do was fuck my twin brother, and that's exactly what he wanted too.

We sped up the pace slowly, getting into a rhythm but quickly losing it to the sensations that traveled in waves between the two of us. Sam's vocals consisted of small grunts and squeaks; mine were a mixture of gasps and groans. Every thrust sent waves of pure pleasure up my spine and back, overloading my senses. This excitement, this pleasure, it blocked out all sense of place and time! It could have been hours long or minutes, it didn't seem to matter. All I knew was the sensation of my dick going in and out of Sam's tight ass.

I felt pressure building in my cock, and I knew my climax was near. I was enjoying myself so much I didn't really know how long we had been going at it. I tried to hold it back but the more I did, the more I had to try to keep my composure. Sam's moans became more frequent and higher pitched, and I could already see his cock beginning to twitch under the strain of trying to hold back his own impending climax. I let my own hands grab down to the bedding, claws straining for a hold.

“Sam!” I managed in a gasp of breath.

“Sal!” my brother whimpered in a high-pitched squeak.

Finally I could take no more, I let go and my cock throbbed and twitched as it spewed hot seed into my brother’s tight ass. I gave it one last good push and Sam gave a loud squeak as he pushed himself as far down as he could onto my cock as it filled his tail hole with cum. As he gave his last push and the squeak left his lips, his eyes went wide and his own cock shot hot globs of semen onto my chest and face. Our uniformed climax worked in perfect harmony, I filled his insides while he coated me with shots of warm cum that seeped down through my fur and into the skin below.

In the back of my mind, it was like a spark had just gone off in my brain. In that moment of unison, when we were connected in the single act, I felt... different. This feeling that still escapes definition or meaning. Its like we were no longer two brothers cuming in and onto each other, but a single entity engaged in the awesome act of sex. This connection, whatever it was felt like nothing I’d ever experienced before. It was intoxicating to say the least, so much so it almost overshadowed the pleasure of simultaneous climax.

Finally, our orgasms subsided, Sam fell onto my chest, his throbbing cock subsiding as it shot the last of what it had between us. I tried to get my breathing under control, and Sam’s breathing seemed to be just as heavy. I took a big gulp, realizing the gobs of semen still stuck to my face. I lapped at the ones I could with my tongue, and wiped the rest up with my paw and licked it clean. Before swallowing it all down, I let the full taste of my brothers seed coat my mouth in the salty goo.

Sam finally lifted himself off my already softening cock, a bit of cum seeping out and wetting my lower regions. We lay side by side as our breathing slowly but surely came back into normality. I turned my head to look at Sam and he turned back to me, eyes glazed over with a look of pure enjoyment. I doubt I looked any better, probably worse with dried bits of cum in my fur. There were a couple of spots where his own cum was caught in his fur when he collapsed on top of me, but not quite as sticky as my own torso must be.

“W-wow,” I said between small gasps, “that was...”

“Amazing,” Sam finished my sentence.

I smiled, “That’s one way to word it.”

Sam chuckled, leaning in closer. “You’ve got a little something on your face.”

I was about to reach up and touch my muzzle when he leaned in close and licked whatever was left on my face clean. He then pressed his lips to mine again, his eyes

closed; lost in what he was doing. I closed my eyes, and embraced his whole body in that kiss. We never left Sam's room that night. I didn't hear dad come home, but I figured he'd probably think we were already asleep in our own beds by the time he got home. We didn't do anything else, just lay in each other's arms, kissing and feeling our bodies against one another. I'd never felt so close to my brother as I did that night. We pulled the sheets over us and by the time the sun had gone down, Sam was asleep in my arms.

I used the time I had left before sleep took me to think about exactly what I had done. No sirens went off, no thoughts penetrated my mind. My brother and I had just committed an incestuous act, and no one was the wiser. My father didn't smell the musk of two males having sex across the hall, and the world kept on turning. It felt good to sleep in the same bed with another male, cradling him as he dreamed peacefully. For whatever reason, the fact I was in bed cuddling with my brother, it felt natural. My brother's breathing was deep and slow, but quiet. A smile was plastered across his muzzle, and I'd say it probably stayed that way the whole night.

The last words that passed my lips as I drifted off to sleep gave me the ultimate sense of satisfaction, and in that moment I knew there was no other place I wanted to be than clutched closely in my brothers arms as I held him in mine. "I love you, Sam."