

Helix

Advent

By: Rufus Quintin

For: Kibbles~and~bits

The husky lifted his muzzle, pulling himself back into consciousness after having slipped into a state somewhere between sleep and awareness. It took his eyes a moment or so to focus on the ascending scroll of credits on the television screen. Chords of instrumental melody diffused into the corners of the living room. His eyes wandered down and saw the expressionless features of a second muzzle lying asleep in his lap. Its eyes appeared like gently closed black slits, whiskers hung motionless around a nose from which warm exhalation passed in rhythmic breaths. There was something uncanny in how the facial fur, the distinct patterns of blacks and whites mirrored his own almost exactly. A finger traced the border between the two shades along the other husky's cheek, down his neck, to the folds of fleece blanket enshrouding them both.

The form stirred without waking, a deep inhalation called air into his lungs, footpaws emerged from beneath the cover at the opposite end of the sofa. A soft tone, almost a whimper, emanated from somewhere within. The husky couldn't help but empathize, feeling emotionally drawn to the form below, the genetic duplicate so similar, yet so different from himself. A caress turned into another, over muzzle, over ears, a gentle invitation back into the world of the waking.

The second husky's eyes blinked open if only a sliver, fighting the weight of weariness like lead upon them. Whites shone. Pupils slowly focused. Breathing shifted away from reflexes into the controlled rhythm of a waking body.

"Did I miss the ending?" he asked, his eyes quivering towards the scrolling text on the flat screen, ears perking in its direction.

"I think we both did," uttered a deeper voice.

"Aww."

"It's bedtime," the sitting husky said.

The other didn't respond, merely shifted as if to find a more comfortable spot, nuzzling his way into the other's lap.

"Come," he said, threatening to stand up, nudging the body below.

The other husky didn't budge, issuing forth another coo and giving no sign of any other intent than to continue dozing before the television on which the studio emblems had arisen.

"I got work tomorrow," he said, his caress turning into shake.

The form below cringed, uttered another tone, and arose taking the blanket with him. He sat with his ears swept back, the screen cast an electric light onto his features, barely calling them into visibility. He looked dappled, fur tussled into all directions.

"Come to bed," the first commanded, standing up with the crack of bones before disappearing into the darkness beyond the screen's light.

The second husky remained on the couch, listening to the melancholy end of the credits and witnessing the transition to the DVD menu and the interminable loop of dramatic music. His paws fumbled on the coffee table, identified the correct remote and turned off the television. He wobbled to his feet and followed the other husky, pulling the plug on a small Christmas tree propped on a table beside the window on his way past.

Their paths crossed in the well lit bathroom, squinting red-eyed in the stark light. Rituals of hygiene were performed, teeth and fangs polished via a practiced sequence. They both spat foam into the shared sink and utilized the same toilet in front of each other without shame. They met several moments later in the bedroom. Streetlight shone in through the blinds, reflecting off bare brick walls to issue everything in a dim carmine tone. The husky noticed his duplicate laying prone on the sheets, as if unconsciousness had already called him back. His clothing discarded in an unruly pile beside the bed. He lay naked, his tail curled up by nature to reveal the curvature of his behind.

The sight drew only an errant glance. The husky preoccupied himself with the readying of wardrobe. Shirt, slacks, and tie piled up on the dressers surface. T-shirt, underpants, and gym shorts arched toward the hamper. He caught a sight of himself naked reflected in the mirror. It surprised him at first, but reminded him that he retained some of his tone. A paw swatted at a light switch, the room fell dark save for incoming streetlight. He crawled into bed, behind his slightly more full figured double and pulled the covers over both their bodies. The other husky rolled against him, dispelling any void that may have come between them.

"G'night Kibs," the other husky said in a whisper, his eyes already closed.

"Good night Aiden," he replied, casting his arm around the body in front of him.

Kibs pressed his nose into the other husky's headfur, nuzzling his black tufts and picking up the scent that seemed to saturate the sheets and haunt every corner of their apartment, a scent in which he could recognize the modalities of his own body in olfactory form. The triggered play of memory brought forth the often experienced parade of recollections, reminding him of the hallway in his home, light through the blinds catching dust motes in their shared bedroom, and the details of an act that had ushered in the present. He let his paw move across his companion's bare chest, where it had once come to rest,

and had come to rest many times since. Fingers spread through fur and felt the rhythmic signs of life within. A peck of a kiss fell upon the other husky's scalp.

A soft tone resembling a pleased whimper sounded from him. Aiden's body tensed a little and wiggled itself all the more closer. Bare buttocks found their place against Kib's sheath. A swift grind of cheeks suggested something explicit. A second movement pressed furry pouch into the husky's crevice when the first failed to elicit a response. A raised tail wagged insofar as it was able.

"Do you want to," Aiden asked with a certain rushed quality in his voice.

Kibs hesitated, uttered a weary tone implying doubt, and replied when that didn't seem suitable. "Come on, I have work tomorrow."

"But it's been forever," Aiden said with rapidity.

Kibs sighed, "But I'm tired."

"Please," Aiden coaxed, wiggling with a bit more persistence, "just a quickie."

Kibs fell silent, letting the sway of Aiden's hips erode a few of his reservations. He huffed in resignation. "What I won't do for you," he ultimately said, shifting his priorities.

A will surfaced which guided the movement of his hips and led the husky's soft white sheath through the tufts of fur beneath his mate's tail. A buck pressed the fur-enshrouded maleness against Aiden's curvature, into his crevice and against the telling warmth of a small bare patch. Their bodies became flush. The movement of hips enacted a familiar ritual, playing out the intensity of the imminent. Kibs' sheath slid through the fur between Aiden's cheeks until the pink and pointed tip of canine cock emerged. Aiden's black lips curled into an unseen smile. His tail strained as high as he could will it in about as explicit an invitation as possible.

Kibs' paw descended as if uninhibited by the processes of doubt over the soft paunch of Aiden's belly toward the features of male anatomy residing amidst the husky's coarse pubic fur. He found the ridged point of a familiar cock protruding from a firm sheath and concealed it in the grasp of his paw.

A sigh departed Aiden's lips and a needy quiver coursed through his hips, bucking maleness through confining fingers. Their bodies moved like waves edging toward arousal via each other's textures, performing the sensual and suggestive motions of union in cresting anticipation. Twin arousals emerged exposed to tactile interplay of fur and touch. Kibs felt his companion's cock fill his paw, slowly expanding into its long firm shape. He thumbed over its smooth venous surface, recognizing the curves and form long since inscribed into records of memory. His own glided through the other husky's crevice, passing over the little bare patch he recognized too well, experiencing the beginnings of an urge he couldn't imagine ever having wanted to resist. He felt the pleasant pressure build at the root of that which made him male. He felt the warmth of intimacy conduct into him, call to him. He felt the wiggle of a receptive mate.

"Are you going to breed me or are you gonna mark my tail," Aiden asked in a coy, almost effete tone of voice.

Kibs exhaled a chuckle. "Tempting," he said, releasing the husky's cock to reach into the night stand's drawer. He fumbled through its sundry contents for an irritatingly long moment before producing a small bottle. Its contents wet his paw and from there the husky's crevice, painting the little wrinkled patch of skin in satin fluid. He felt the folds of the tiny star pass under his fingertip's paw pad, and let his finger circle, reawakening some of the excitement he used to feel before when conducting the little habit. His claw carefully dipped into its center and guided his finger's advance into the supple ring. The band gripped Kibs' finger, but could not obstruct its slick advance.

His paw pad soon touched the husky's interior, passing over the smooth surfaces within his body. The twin husky drew a trembling breath, subjected to the displacement of his mate's paw. Touch breached his most personal barrier and caress reached the tender lining of his insides. Kibs' felt the well known regions of Aiden's tailhole, the place untold quantities of his seed had bred. His paw pad swept over the mound of Aiden's prostate and into the depths of his passage. The husky slid his finger in and out, brushing the other's insides with his finger's fur.

Aiden's body arched back, as if totally enraptured by the foreshadowing sensation of fullness. Kibs pumped deep into the husky's passage, sweeping lube onto every surface, tickling his innermost folds with the tip of his claw. Aiden whimpered as Kibs eventually withdrew his finger, leaving the star of his presented intimacy slick and perfectly loose. A cursory stroke prepared Kibs' and Aiden's lengths. Aiden began his anticipatory routine, falling into a comfortable position on his side, spreading his legs, and making sure his curled tail would pose as little obstruction as possible.

Aiden's gaze retained its restless focus on Kibs' paw, on the slow preparatory spread of a solution of lube and the first drops of pre. His eyes seemed to reflect some of the dim ambient light, glowing with perceivable excitement. Dark pupils set within white spheres followed every movement, the shift of hips, the settling of limbs upon his body, and the positioning of a certain anatomy beneath his tail. He peered over the curve of his hips to catch a glance of Kibs' arousal disappear into the fur of his crevice, locating the tailhole he so easily offered.

"You ready," Kibs asked, dragging his upward curved tip across the warm ripples of Aiden's intimacy.

The husky nodded in a quick sequence of nervous oscillations, the same reply he always gave. Kibs recognized it immediately, wondering where the source of his anxiousness came from after the many acts between them, or if it were a performed gesture, or a little bit of ritual. It had a way of awakening that innate protective response, the feeling of responsibility that always seemed in conflict with that expected of him. Aiden seemed to express some sort of silent pleading, the kind of glance that would instill both reservations and a sense of duty impelling him to continue. It was a peculiar combination of feelings, he noted, as his cock tip pressed against his brother's body.

A slow drawn in inhalation preceded a push. A gasp from the pudgier husky indicated the threshold of union. Smooth pink shaft disappeared into Aiden's body inch by inch, stretching the light skin of his most

intimate region. The husky's curved cock tip parted his brother's passage, realigning the supple interior, conforming it to the girth and curve it was more than suited for. Wet warmth enveloped all Kibs could give, accommodating him from tip to hilted base. Kibs' body grew flush with Aiden's, merging in an incestuous ritual.

Kibs brought his paw to Aiden's flank, feeling the anxious ripple of tensed muscle through the fur and paunch. He heard his mate's soft gasps and moans with no deficit of empathy. His paw issued a placating caress as if by reflex, passing over Aiden's belly. As the shuddering diminished, he understood that his brother had grown reacclimated to the now well known dimensions of his manhood. He felt the body beside him wiggle and the curvaceous rear press against his hips, brushing sheath fur against the taught ring of tailhole.

Their shapes fell into motion. Shadows flexed. Muscles tensed. Hips pressed forward. Body moved through and against body. The muffled utterances common to Aiden broke through the self-imposed restraint to still them, joining the wet sounds of sex echoing through the spaces of their bedroom. Kibs assumed the regular thrusts, pushing into his mate, into the tender interior of his passage. Darkness concealed the most explicit details, hid the descent of Kibs' paw into Aiden's lap, leaving little more than the vague outline of moving bodies to sight.

Scents, sounds, and the signifiers of emotions circulated into dark corners and the more primal regions of their minds, communicating more than words possessed the capacity to. Kibs' embrace took on protective qualities, nuzzle, touch, and nibble conveyed a sensation of utmost security, tempering the growing urgency of his thrusts. A kiss pressed itself into the back of Aiden's neck. He felt Aiden flex for him and lavish upon him the skillful tension of tailring. He admired how his brother could command his body. It felt as if every inch of his passage hugged him and coaxed from him the soothing droplets of pre. The band contracted along his length. It had a way of triggering his pressure points, pushing him into an instinctual mindset, in which all that mattered was the breeding delivery of his cum.

Kibs felt himself sink into the chase sensations, into the flow of emotional and physical tide. He felt its warmth spill over him, occluding all but the immediate. His hips drove forward, sending his cock through his brother's passage without hesitancy or doubt. He could visualize its course, his canine tip tugging at the dark folds deeper than any other part of him could reach. His cock throbbed a little jet of pre, alleviating just a tiny bit of pressure from the growing flood inside of him. He felt his knot quickly take shape, stretching Aiden's ring more with each pass. The husky emitted hushed moans, nuzzling into the pillow to muffle their sound. Signs of strain quivered upon his features, hinting at the concentration it took to will his body to please his mate and accommodate the repercussions. The perhaps intentional constriction of tail-ring around the lobes of Kibs' swelling knot chased the idea of a quickie out the window. The urge to breed awoke.

A few hasty passes teased Aiden with the dimensions of his knot, testing his body through urgent thrusts, playing with uncertainty of an imminent tie. The fluidity of his movements, the bed-rocking waves of fur and sinew transitioned into a push. Aiden winced as the shape of his brother's knot found

its place inside of him, its form left no void unfilled, consuming all space in utmost union. Kibs huffed hot breath into the back of Aiden's neck, into the tufts of his fur. Mate hugged mate.

Aiden sighed through a muzzle flourished with a smile. The sensation of sublimated fullness expressed on his features, apparent even in the lightlessness. His body tensed and toes curled. His jaw quivered unable to make a sound. Whiskers stood up as if electrified and eyes pinched shut as if to visualize the sensations broadcast throughout his passage and everything that made him male. Muscles flexed around the knot now fully embedded in his supple interior. A few grateful strokes passed along his member, hidden in shadows and sheets.

Kibs felt his brother's tailring clutch the very base of his cock, the familiar little quiver and signal of finality. He forced himself to pause before an urge sent his maleness deeper into the precum marked walls and folds. Calm rocking motions pressed hips to curved cheeks. Linked bodies moved like waves lapping shore. A bedspring announced each movement. Aiden accompanied the tone with an utterance of his own, a soft effete gasp; a call of air into his lungs. Kibs' paw clutched Aiden's knot to emulate the sensations he felt and occasionally swept along his long slender shaft, spreading the little river of thick pre over venous skin. Aiden squirmed within his embrace, subjected to every twitch, every spasm of his cock. The form in his arms seemed so gracious, so demure that the outpouring of affection seemed to have a bottomless wellspring.

Kibs kept his nose pressed into his brother's fur, the scent that was also his own passed into his nostrils. An affinity inscribed in his genetic makeup forged an unconditional bond, something the term love failed to express. The genes he shared with his twin translated into gestures and emotions, a whole codex of mutual tendencies. He experienced a need that tie and linked union could not quite satiate, and became subject to the desire for proximity so immense he could hardly fathom it. All emotions and desires distilled into an irrefutable protective impulse, both a caving and a purpose he felt born for. He felt his hips urged forward, felt the welling pressure from within himself break, let an instant of intense physical pleasure roll over him, loosing his seed to mark his mate. He sighed, his body shivered, willing itself forward, closer than ever. Thick husky cum flowed from one body into the other following the instant cessation of movement.

Breath drew into lungs. Fingers curled into fur. Every inch of Kibs' cock throbbed from tip to embedded root. Each palpable twitch sent viscous semen into every crevice of Aiden's tailhole, breeding aspects of his passage invisible to all but the imagination in a coat of potent white. Aiden gasped twice. Once at his limit, as the final thrust pressed knot as deep into him as possible. Twice as the warm flow of his brother's seed soothed all the strained corners of his intimacy. Two huskies held each other in utmost tension until the forceful twitching, the fertile jets of pent up essence crested and waned, tapering into a languid trickle. The last drops concluded the forbidden, the end of an act of incest.

Kibs exhaled into his brother's neck as the last throbs passed his semen into him. He panted heavily, realizing he held his breath. The encroach of awareness brought him back into their rented apartment bedroom, back beside his mate, late on a Sunday night. Aiden bucked against him, stirring the deposited fluids within his passage. He let his paw slide along Aiden's girth, slowly rebuilding his concentration in

the process. He knew Aiden's sensitive spots pretty well, the underside where his tip curved up, the very base of his shaft where it expanded into knot, and in the divot around his cock-slit where pre collected in drops.

Kibs felt Aiden's cock firm up even more, attaining its maximum stiffness just shy of reaching his edge. Experience proved it didn't take the husky long to get off after being bred. Knowing that Aiden liked having his knot held when he came, Kibs obliged. He pressed upon the familiar spots on Aiden's arousal, finding the correct sequence of nerves that could trigger the twitch of climax. He gripped the canine bulb, feeling his brother's seed pulse through his fingers, through shaft and into their Ikea sheets. His twin husky struggled against him, alternating between riding the still firm cock inside him and thrusting his through the helping paw. A vulgar sound left his muzzle once the flood of his cum released itself. He stiffened, and urged his hips forward. The scent of his semen filled the room almost instantly.

Aiden produced a sizable amount of potent fluid. It shot forth, achieving quite a bit of range, but wasted as usual on the sheet's fibers where it landed in white lines. His skeleton cracked as it realigned itself, before relaxing into post orgasmic limberness. He panted; smiling in afterglow, filled with the essence of the one he loved most, drained of his. Both breathed heavily of the husky scented air. Aromas of maleness, sex, and arousal once again graced their shared bedroom.

With the innate urge stilled and his genetic material passed on into his sibling's infertile belly Kibs slowly breathed himself back out of the altered state of heat. He held his brother and his brother held him, repeating a repetition of an act. Knot plugged Aiden in the most firm of bonds, sealing the fate of countless sperm. He felt the flex of the husky's body, the unmitigated warmth, and things about his brother both physical and immaterial society counts among the most forbidden. The sensation of disbelief that habitually rationalized itself into existence following the tapering of climax and the perceivable seep of semen throughout the spaces between them occurred. One solid fact eschewed all doubt. Kibs knew that without him Aiden would pursue his shadow in an indefinite search for as close a match as he could find to the genetic code currently marking his insides, subjecting himself to risks and exploitation that could forever mark him in far more than seed. It was strange, he thought, how fear forged love.

Kibs tickled Aiden's belly. He giggled, wiggling against the embedded girth, sloshing around the flood of incestuous husky seed inside him. Kibs felt the twist of body around his girth and knew their union would persist for some time. "Hold still," he said, not relenting his tickling.

"I can't," exhaled Aiden in a very effeminate voice, reminding Kibs of their childhood.

"At this rate you'll be plugged all night."

"I fail to see the problem in that," said Aiden, his voice returning to normal.

"Did you get what you wanted?"

"You know me," said Aiden, "if you bred me every night I probably still wouldn't be satisfied."

"Does it still feel good?"

"Oh yea!" he said, nodding vigorously. "And I still love you, very, very much."

"I love you too Aiden," said Kibs, thereupon pressing an honest kiss into his brother's neck fur.

Aiden giggled with joy, snuggling his body closer to Kibs, and away from the sizable cum spot he left in the sheets.

Kibs threw his arm around his knotted brother's chest and gave him a tight squeeze. They fell silent and let their breathing return to normal, taking in each other's scents, and once again feeling the weight of weariness upon their eyelids. "Bed time," said Kibs, nose in Aiden's fur.

Aiden nodded and remained silent. Only after a moment passed did he say, "Hey Kibs?"

"What?" he said softly.

"How come we don't do this as often?"

"Donno," said Kibs, his voice falling into a whisper.

"It's just that we used to do this like... every day. Now it's just every once in awhile."

Kibs held in his reply, not quite sure how to respond. As the absence of response started to become awkward he spoke, "I don't know. I think it's just work. It's a whole different ball game than college; it's a lot more stress."

"It isn't me is it? I've wanted to hit the gym and loose a little weight, I know I've put on something recently."

"No, no. That's not it. Like I said, it's just work and routine. I think it happens to everyone."

"Okay..."

"I love you Aiden. I always will. No matter what."

"I love you too," he said, shifting into the most comfortable position possible.

"It isn't us is it?" Aiden said after silence enshrouded them.

"Hmm?" uttered Kibs.

"It isn't because of this relationship? You know, because it's us?"

"Hey, don't think that. We're both in this, and that's how it will stay," said Kibs. "Now give me a kiss."

Aiden leaned around and strained to press his lips to Kibs'. The knot inside him tugged at his opening a little, but the seal blocking the flood of cum stayed firmly within.

"We can talk more in the morning," he said, holding his brother in about as tight a hold as possible. He pressed his hips forward, settling in his spent cock for the night.

Aiden moaned a meek tone and sunk into the sheets against his mate. Kibs held him where he lay. The digital alarm clock ticked away its numbers. Urban yellow-orange streetlight continued to seep in through the blinds, skewing the two huskies colors as they lay side by side, drawn into sleep's ebb and flow. Aiden was the last to succumb to exhaustion. He stayed awake long after his brother passed into unconsciousness, holding onto his sleeping brother's cock and essence. His fingers played with the cooling puddle of his own cum, letting strings of it web between his paw pads until the substance dried on the fur. His eyelids struggled against their own weight, opening to cast glances across the room at their shared possessions. He too let exhaustion take him, whispered to sleep by the warm regularity of his brother's breathing. It wasn't until the middle of the night when Kibs' limp cock slipped from Aiden's body, eliciting an unconscious coo from his parted lips. Kibs turned in his sleep. The huskies finished the night sleeping back to back.

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