

Helix

Solstice

By: Rufus Quintin

For: Kibbles~and~bits

"You're home early," said Kibs, shedding himself of his thick full length winter coat. A dusting of snow in the process of melting clung to its fibers.

"I traded shifts with Michael," the other husky said, or rather sung from another room.

The apartment smelt rather fragrant, bearing the scents of clove and nutmeg, the well-known winter spices that had a way of instigating immediate time travel back into their childhood kitchen, or living room in front of their much larger Christmas tree. "Smells nice," he said, kicking off his boots and loosening his tie. He padded through the hall of their living space, asking, "What's the occasion?" as he turned the corner into their kitchen. Aiden stood at the counter, clacking a knife through vegetables on a cutting board. He turned toward Kibs, revealing his shirt distended over his belly by some padding underneath.

"Guess what? After all this time you finally knocked me up, we're gonna have a cub!" He said, placing his paw upon the hump and beaming a proud smile at Kibs.

Kibs sighed, bringing his paw to his face and shaking his head. "You are so very, very strange Aiden."

Aiden laughed and produced a plushy in the shape of a husky from under his shirt, chucking it at Kibs. It bounced off of him and fell to the floor, rolling to face Kibs with its featureless black button eyes. "I knew you were going to say that."

"Good lord," he said, "remind me to never let you have cubs. Or at least never to toss them across the room." He picked up the plush mini-me and inspected its anthropomorphic form, tossing it back over to Aiden who caught it, setting him upright above the microwave.

"Then quit breeding me? With all the cum you shove up my butt, it's bound to happen."

"I thought I wasn't humping you enough?" Kibs asked, walking up behind Aiden who returned to his task. His arms slipped around Aiden and his muzzle pecked a kiss in the back of his neck.

"This is more than true," Aiden said, "still, it felt like ya really meant it last night, and well, a husky can wish can't he?"

"You better stick to taking care of plushies. They'll have a higher I.Q. than anything we'll make together."

Aiden chuckled.

"So what's really the occasion? Did I miss something?"

"No, no," he said. "Just wanted to surprise you. We need to spend more quality time with each other."

"This is true," Kibs said, placing another kiss into Aiden's fur and letting his paws slide over brother's infertile belly.

Aiden murred a pleased tone. He spoke in a very gentle voice, "We should do this at least once a week."

"Cook or mate?"

"Both, if possible. Preferably more often on the latter."

"Sorry about that," said Kibs. "You know it's just work right? It seems to be the horniness killer."

"I understand," said Aiden. "I feel that way too sometimes, but that doesn't mean we can't still come together as mates?"

"We can try. I think we can swing things to go back to the way they used to be. So what's for dinner?"

"Turkey." He said, "Plus some mashed potatoes and vegetables."

"Wow," said Kibs.

"I know, I've been cooking all afternoon. Plus I baked some of mom's cookies." He nodded in the direction of a cooling tray of round treats.

"I thought I recognized the smell. Thanks for this, sweetie." Another kiss nuzzled its way into Aiden's neck. Kibs rubbed his brother's belly, perceiving the softness of his body. Paws coursed their way over the husky's T-shirt, chasing under his loose-fitting clothes in a purposeful move. His fingers spread through belly fur and raked Aiden's suppleness in distinct tell of his intentions, pursuing that intent in a continuous slide beneath the elastic cinch of his waist. Paw pads found the transition into the coarser pubic tufts and ultimately the prominence of his brother's sheath.

"Well now," said Aiden, laying the knife aside and scooping up the julienned vegetables.

"Look what I found," said Kibs, pulling out the bands of Aiden's clothes, showing him his own male parts.

"You don't say," he said, catching a glimpse of himself.

"Quickie?" Kibs asked.

Aiden considered with a hum, "I think we can swing one, just a sec though."

The husky slipped from Kibs' fingers. Vegetables found their way into a casserole dish, joining the turkey in the oven. "It'll have to be quick."

Aiden turned from the oven. The two husky's found one another locked in a gaze, participating in a discourse of silent communication. Each beheld the identical blacks and whites on one another's faces. Each recognized the subcutaneous build through cartilage and bone bestowed upon them by the grace of inheritance. Their eyes mapped the lines, traced the upward curl upon the periphery of their lips, followed the coronas of their irises. Each saw upon the other the shadows of themselves, and the records of lives experienced in tandem. The tendency that needed no explanation spoke through the glances of their eyes, through the inscription of affects upon their faces, through the stillness of whiskers upon their muzzles.

Their bodies broke the distance. A step brought muzzle to muzzle. A caress brought the other nearer. Their heads tilted. Eyes closed. A gentile coo could be heard. Tongues flicked against one another, along the familiar features of each other's fangs. The tastes of a twin decoded upon sensory nodes, flashing through the corridors of memory. Their bodies stood frozen in the grays of their kitchen. Flocks of snow fell beyond the ice of their window.

Time moved like the snowflakes, falling neither fast nor slow, accumulating with nothing but a whisper. Paws moved with reverence over hips and flank, up the trunks of each other's bodies beneath the shrouds of clothing. Fingertips loosened vestments. Paw pads were allowed to experience the textures of fur beneath the covering of fabrics. A tickle elicited a shuddering breath expelled via sensitive nostrils. Ears stood in full perception of the slightest sounds, the subdued whimpers of one befallen with the need for intimacy.

Aiden pulled from the kiss. He smiled. Kibs returned the same. The husky lead the other through the doorless frame, down the corridor without speaking. They paused before their bedroom, a nod and a smile forged an understanding. A shirt and tie left Kibs' body en route to their shared bed, still disheveled from the night before.

Kibs went down the buttons of his shirt, ultimately casting it off his shoulders and onto the growing layer of shed items on the floor. Aiden rolled off his, revealing the modesty of his body to his brother's gaze. Kibs approached the other husky, reuniting their lips in the brevity of a kiss. Paws resumed their work divesting each other of the shrouds inhibiting the experience of their natural states. Kibs let his slacks become unbuttoned and his belt unlatched. He allowed his fingers to slide beneath Aiden's waistband. A tug ushered his parts down his male hips, bringing sheath into view.

Aiden slowly inched himself to the edge of their bed, breaking the growing intensity of their kiss. He fell onto the mattress, kicking his pants off his ankles. He smiled as he crawled among the tangled sheets, the blacks and whites of his fur totally shared, completely receptive to his mate's gaze or touch or both. The pink skin of his canine cocktip shone through the fur, giving a few insights into his level of anticipation.

Kibs pulled down his boxer-briefs, revealing himself in a similar state. He joined Aiden on the bed in total nudity, crawling the familiar path along the body of his lover. He broke from his usual course, taking a moment to hover over Aiden's male features. Sheath, balls, and a little bit of tip stood in full view just a few inches beneath him. He took in the clean fragrances of a recent shower and the subtle hint of male musk that couldn't quite let itself be disguised by any soap. Very little about his brother remained unrecorded by his senses, especially not the elements of his gender. Every inch of the twin had allowed itself to be explored, to be exploited in the mutual pursuit of experience until no corner had yet to feel the illicitness of touch.

Kibs' paw passed over the familiar territories of Aiden's body, eyes perceived its intimate details among tufts of uncovered fur. The other husky's body still maintained the taboo draw, the appearance of transgression even after the manifold breaking of all imaginable boundaries. Perhaps his gender, perhaps the nature of scents calling out the preprogrammed aversion to incest, or perhaps some other emotion entirely generated the illicit magnetism of limits and the imminent call to cross them. He let his nose descend and felt it sink into Aiden's pubic fur, kissing his brother in the immediate vicinity of sheath. He nuzzled his way toward the sex of his twin, through the salt laden scents unique to male bodies, taking in the well-known traces no sibling should.

His nose passed over sheath and the pouch of Aiden's testes, nuzzling them with care. Lips encompassed an orb, ushering it into a prison of fangs. Gentle suction denuded the precious organ of its musk, flavors swept away via the cautious brush of tongue in an act of utmost trust. Kibs lavished the pouch fur in broad textured laps, experiencing Aiden's body in a way it hadn't in far too long. The other ellipse received equal attention, taking up residence in a foreign muzzle subject to the tender attention of a canine. Kibs kept up his task ambivalent to the observation of his brother.

Aiden propped himself up on his elbows, muzzle directed down his chest at his progressively more aroused cock and the image of his twin's muzzle drawing upon his sack, occluding his balls behind his lips. His muzzle exhaled gasps of heightened sensitivity, through lips requiring more breath with growing rapidity of heartbeat. Meek sounds of approval also received utterance, cast into the quiet gray of their bedroom. No limb reached out to caress his brother, for fear of disturbing the rare pleasure carrying itself out. His hips refused the urgent call to buck, strained to reverently present his brother his sex.

Kibs pulled off, leaving the white pouch matted in saliva. His eyes met those of his brother, whose features bore a kind softness, a contented euphoria held in perfect balance within the moderate curl of a smile.

"You seem in a rare mood today," said Aiden, his glance wavering between the crimson of his cocktip and his mate.

Kibs blushed under a tiny bolt of embarrassment, but returned the smile, "I guess you put me in heat last night. I've been thinking about this all day."

"You planning what I'm thinking?"

"Maybe," Kibs beamed, letting his paw travel over Aiden's matted balls and sheath, wrapping fingers around the first few inches of arousal.

"Naughty husky," he said, pressing his hips against Kibs' paw.

Kibs stared down his muzzle at the slender shape of his brother's shaft, rediscovering the ridges, the curved up point, and the little slit residing in its crescent. He watched his nose fall into his brother's lap, saw whiskers mingle with pubic fur, and experienced the sensation of his lips drawing a seal around the circumference of canine shaft. His tongue instinctively began to wander around that permitted into his muzzle. Aiden's familiar flavor sparked across his senses within an immeasurable fraction of a second.

This time Aiden could not override his hips and hilted the twin with an overeager buck. Cocktip pushed past fangs and sheath pressed against lips. The athletic husky took in the mouthful, making hardly a sound, tasting skin and fur all at once. He closed his eyes and let his tongue negotiate his full mouth. His tongue stretched, his muzzle twisted, testing reflexes in pursuit of things that seemed right only under the conditions of the moment. Effort brought him to the very base of Aiden's cock, in contact with the seldom attained flavors at the core of his sibling's maleness. Kibs suckled every flavor, every scent, and the first drops of husky pre down his throat. His head rose and fell, twisted and flourished in the way that Aiden had taught him. His paw held Aiden, controlling his cockbase under the direction of thumb and forefinger, impressing restraint over the corridor through which seed could flow, caressing increasing quantities of clear musk into his mouth.

Aiden annunciated meek whimpers between ever more needy and ever more frequent bucks. Kibs found it peculiar that Aiden whimpered when rolls reversed themselves. The kind that seemed a little more baleful than the playful variety cajoled out of him during episodes of tickling or debilitating mock combat. He learned to interpret the call among the many other signs that came into being after a glance, after a touch, after the first undoing of a button. He assumed it meant just a little digression into submission, the passing on of control over his climax to his brother and mate.

Kibs repeated his actions under the acquired reflex of discipline. Muscular limbs tensed in impeccable form. Fingers, tongue, lips, and every participating part worked in unison, performing the complex sequence of movements only time and experience could impart. His muzzle flexed, head tilted, and fingers stroked, displaying a proficient command over himself. Kibs sensed the totality of Aiden's gaze upon him. It made him transparent, blurring the boundaries of power and control. Twin eyes distinguished by an allele of difference struck him, focusing on his muzzle and its motions, his body and its nudity, his totally aroused state and the leaking droplets of husky pre falling into the sheets with the regularity of a metronome.

Aiden tapped him on the nose. Kibs broke off the intent flow of his movements, pulling off aroused cock leaving a string of pre connecting lips and tip. Aiden smiled. The marks of sexual excitement etched on his features. "I'm not letting you have all the fun," he said, lifting himself off the pillows and sheets.

Aiden crawled across the bed, bringing his body parallel to Kibs'. His weight crashed upon the mattress, coming to rest laying the opposite direction. He presented Kibs with the fully aroused canine anatomy

primed in a coat of pre and saliva, providing a silent example of what he expected. Aiden waited no time in hesitation. His muzzle quickly consumed his brother's maleness, denuding it of its accumulated coat of pre. Kibs tensed and gasped under the sensation of his twin's warmth bestow upon him the far more skilled ministrations of tongue. The enticing urge that accompanied him all day intensified in a matter of seconds, replenishing the well of pleasurable pressure impressing every part of his sex.

A few hasty seconds of inspection concealed the processes of introspection. Kibs observed his twin fast at work, then the maleness his muzzle coaxed into a state poised to carry out its biological purpose. Kibs parted his lips to take in that length, fully aware of that impending operation, accommodating it from tip to knot in the loving embrace of a sibling. The huskies lay upon the tangled sheets, their identical bodies constructing an intimate circle, spirals linked in pursuit of something beyond a paltry few seconds of amusement. Heads bobbed upon each other's lengths, paws held each other by the root, providing what satisfaction their fingers could elicit. Eyes shut, letting the projectors of imagination project their illicit imagery on the obverse of eyelids. Ears stood ready to perceive the slurp of simultaneous fellatio.

Both huskies urged their hips forward, thrusting cocktip into their muzzle's dark depths. Kibs' lips swept along Aiden's length, colliding with a knot he held in his paw. He felt an initial spasm pulse through his member, the kind that didn't quite deliver cum, only pre and the message that the real deal would soon follow. He recognized the flavors, the sticky sweet salinity of the foreshadowing substance. He swallowed of the now steady flow of clear canine fluid having forgotten how long it took him to overcome his reservations. Now he lay engaged in a repetition of a repetition, knowing Aiden's climax remained but a few steps away, aware of the exact strokes that would trigger it, accepting the fact that he would get his muzzle bred.

Some inexplicable pleasure-pressure combination housed in parts of himself he only knew the scientific names for pushed him out of the realm of reason into a domain of a single-minded urge. The husky perceived the same tendencies in the maleness held in paw and muzzle. An equal urge, a selfish motive, and a craving for more than just climax somehow communicated through the trembling and the behavioral cues of the other's body. Aiden bucked with a seldom expressed force and confidence, sending his cock sweeping through the wet enclosure of lips, conveying the anything but subtle reminder that Aiden too possessed the innate knowledge and capacity to breed. It didn't take Kibs long to interpret the desperation or sympathize with what compelled his twin forward in pursuit of just the right locus of stimulation, the perfect place where he could unload himself.

Kibs tracked down Aiden's triggers, perhaps out of compassion, perhaps out of some inexpressible craving fragmented in his subconscious. Paw pad's caressed knot, grasping it in the way a bred mate's tail-hole would. Lips and tongue swept over his brother's nerve laden centers, directed under an intent the consequences of which ceased to matter. Aiden emitted a muffled low pitch moan, his hips swept forward. Knot collided with Kibs' lips, nose with damp testicles, shaft swept to the very back of throat.

The arousal in Kibs' mouth started pulsing, induced to an orgasm neither body possessed the capacity to obstruct. Shaft jerked between lips and tongue, pumping forth white viscosity through male conduits into the intimacy of the husky's muzzle. Aiden's cum struck the back of his throat and collected in the

corners of his mouth, diffusing over his tongue's taste buds with saliva and pre. The flavor of his brother's semen became real as repeated bursts left no region of his muzzle unsaturated. Kibs swallowed, sending sperm, carriers of genetic material perhaps only a nucleotide or two different than his own down his throat.

Some illicit impulse urged Kibs forward, presenting his twin with every inch of his shorter girth, exposing a need to give his mate that which he desired. The other husky easily accommodated, because of or in spite of the exuberance of climax, welcoming him into muzzle knot and all. His tongue twisted around the familiar curves of his sensitive slit, lapping away an invisible boundary until nothing remained but the throbbing cock. The muscles of Kibs' belly buckled into involuntary tension. Hips twitched forward. Something inside him released, flowing through opened gates. Cum welled somewhere behind his knot and coursed through his shaft and into a muzzle via powerful rhythmic bursts. The twin husky voiced a contented moan, for that was all he could voice, partaking like his brother in the flavors and characteristics of husky semen.

The canines held still, completing their circle. The muscles of their throats silently twitched as they drank of each other's essences. The tension in Kibs' muscles gave way as the fervor of arousal pulled off his body like a sheet of light fabric. He felt the oversensitive bare skin of his maleness enveloped in warmth in the wet muzzle of a loving sibling. His twins' remained between his lips, delivering the remainder of ejaculate in a slow trickle. The complex flavors of husky cum dominated his senses with musk of sex that certainly wouldn't erode anytime soon. His eyes opened to see nothing but Aiden's thighs, the black and white fur, and the testes whose product he absorbed.

Eventually they broke, leaving each other's naked bodies. Crimson arousals shone slick between their thighs. Their bodies turned, faces displayed the signs of contentedness. Lips found a complimentary pair. Tongues discovered one another, sharing flavors in the common space of dual muzzles. The ears of two huskies perceived the sounds of kiss, ambivalent to the distant sirens addressing an unrelated problem somewhere in the city's far off streets.

Aiden reluctantly broke off, licking the traces of husky off his lips. "Sorry," he said, "need to check on dinner." He slid off the edge of the bed, cock hanging from its sheath between his legs. He padded off nude over their clothes, turning down the hall into the kitchen. Kibs remained behind. His body reclined into the sheets upon his back and his muzzle pointed up at the ceiling's stucco. The montage of another stressful day played off in his mind, reminding him of another two dozen things that needed his attention. He sighed, wanting a nap.

The scents of dinner soon overpowered those of sex. A radio went on in another room, droning Christmas music perhaps a notch too loud for their apartment. Aiden called moments later, rescuing him from the clutches of unconsciousness. He slid to the edge of the bed, trying to find the strength that would bring him to the kitchen.

"Was that so bad?" Aiden asked, standing nude in the kitchen, hovering over a full size turkey with a carving knife.

"I hope you washed your paws," said Kibs adjusting the edge of his boxers as he padded toward the wobbly self-assembled dinette table and took a seat on an equally precarious stool.

"I hope you washed yours, we're about ready here."

The husky emitted a growl-like sigh and heaved himself upright, taking the few steps to the kitchen sink.

"That's all I ask, really."

"What?" said Kibs, lathering soap under the faucet.

"Just some quick us-time like that, that was really hot just now."

Kibs shook his paws in the sink and dried them with a kitchen towel. "Yea it was," he said, returning to the table.

"New Year's Resolution: We make that a little more regular."

"We can try. But you have to understand how much a drain work is."

"I do," Aiden said, shuttling prepared dishes to the table, "work at the café isn't a cake run, ya know?"

"Oh I believe you, the world's a different place than it was back when we were in school. We should be happy with what we have under the given conditions."

"You're right," Aiden said, plating a more than opulent holiday meal. He sat adjacent from his mate at the spindly table and helped himself. "We have each other, and we have enough to make us happy."

"Thanks Aiden," said Kibs, delving into his meal with the clink of flatware on porcelain.

"For what?"

"For cooking!"

"No problem, I wanted to do this for a while. Like mom did for us. I just wanted to maintain some of our traditions, even away from home."

"It's appreciated."

"So what's missing," asked Aiden, not having touched his food. His voice left ambiguous that which he referred to.

"It looks like it's all here, turkey, potatoes, casserole, and even mom's gingerbread."

"That's not what I meant. You said, we should be happy, does that mean you aren't?"

"That's not what I meant, of course I'm happy with the way things are."

"Then nothings missing?"

Kibs poked at his plate, pausing from the hungry inhalation of food. He looked up at Aiden, swallowed, finding no words to fill the void in his muzzle. He sighed and let a few lines take shape. "It's kind of hard to say. I kind of lost my friends from college; I'm not connecting with the people from work. They're nice enough people, but I'm not sure how they will handle knowing about you. They ask if I'm with someone like every week, this one girl especially. While most of them probably wouldn't mind the gay thing, well..."

"Everyone I work with knows about us. They didn't seem too surprised. They even want to meet you."

"You told them?"

"Yea, it came out. It's not that big a deal."

"Seriously? What happens if this gets out? It could cost me my job!"

"It won't. Come on, you talk about being lonely, yet you won't let anyone in. We need to make friends, maybe start a family. Or else you'll just end up hating me."

"But Aiden, I won't ever hate you."

"I just don't want you to miss out on anything because you think you have to hide me. We're young, we have a good home, and we have a lot to be thankful for. There's nothing there to brush under the rug."

"I just don't know."

"You just said you're not happy. Please, all I'm asking is to let yourself be. Let's throw a party on New Years. There's probably enough time to get something going. I can ask some people at work. Even if it's just a few, maybe we can start building a circle of regulars."

Kibs sighed into his paw, massaging his temples. "Okay," he said, "you're right. Let's give this a shot. Just be careful. I don't want too many people to know about this, so be careful on your advertising."

"I promise. You'll be surprised how supportive people can be."

"I trust you."

"Good, now eat before the food gets cold. You already had your appetizer."

"It did tide me over."

"You know me, I could go back for seconds," Aiden said, with a smile on his muzzle that could have been just as at home on a vulpine.

"I won't stop you."

"Like you would even try."

"Then try and save some room."

"Merry Christmas Kibs,"

"Merry Christmas Aiden, love you."

"Love you too."

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