

What Meowths do Best
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"..."

Paws brushed across his midsection, exploring his body, ruffling his fur. They moved upward, their pads tracing delicate swirls in his cream colored pelt. The sharp points of clawtips circled his nipples. He stiffened at the contact.

"You're so sexy, bro..."

Fate felt the heat creeping up his cheeks. Warm, if he had to use a word to describe this...this...that would be the one. Everything was warm. Too warm.

The meowth sat up straighter, pulling his feet in tighter beneath him and resting his butt on his heels. The fresh wash of air felt cool on his back. The paws on his chest slid down, wrapped around his midsection, pulled gently. He tottered, resisted a little, but gave in. He felt his brother's body pressed against his back again. The paws resumed their roaming. A chin rested on his shoulder. Whiskers brushed against his cheek.

"Relax~."

He tried. He felt so exposed. It was embarrassing, having Fortune touching him like this. Was that it, was that the nagging sense of discomfort? It had to be.

The paws crept down to his stomach, then continued their descent. Fate's breath caught in his throat as the soft skin of his brother's pads found their way to his groin. They halted just to the sides of his member, which stood at full attention, pulsing gently just beyond his most intimate fur. A stream of pre trickled from his tip, curling around the bell of the head before following the shaft down to his balls. He caught the blurry outline of smiling fangs from the corner of his eye.

"Beautiful...and soft...and handsome...", his brother cooed to his ear, as the paws slid slowly, lightly, up the base of his member. He failed to contain a shiver. Fortune's paw curled around his shaft, pads pressing gently against his flesh. Teeth nibbled sweetly at the curve of his neck. A soft squeeze made him gasp; his cock throbbed in its quickly dampening hold of flesh and fur. His brother planted a kiss on his cheek, nuzzled against him.

"You like that?"

He hadn't realized his mouth was hanging open; he closed it, swallowed.

"...yeah..."

Another kiss. Fate exhaled shakily as his brother's paw gave a long, loose stroke up his cock. Then it was gone. The heat against his back relented; he suddenly felt...very...

It took a second for Fate to find himself again before he turned around. His younger sibling had made

his way over to a chair, positioned at the edge of the bed. Fortune sat there, tail slinking side-to-side, with his legs splayed casually, seemingly for his viewing pleasure. For the first time, Fate really took a moment to admire his sibling's body: his lithe frame, his deviously cute smile, his...ah...enthusiasm...

Fortune invitationally tapped the edge of the bed with his foot.

Fate half-walked half-crawled over. He resisted the urge to touch himself, strong as it was, as per his brother's earlier requests. He felt Fortune's eyes on him, and he returned the younger meowth's gaze for a moment. As he made himself comfy— as much as he could be within groping distance of Fortune— he realized that chair had been there just like that the whole time. He wondered briefly how premeditated all of this was.

He tried to imitate Fortune's relaxed body posture, letting his feet dangle over the edge and leaning back on his forepaws. His younger sibling smiled slyly at him over the short distance between them.

“Just want to try something.”

Fate felt a paw on his thigh, but it wasn't a forepaw. His brother's foot slid along his leg, toes occasionally curling through his short fur.

“...okay...”

The toes scratched lightly at his abdomen. As they traced down, the heel came to rest along the top of his shaft, forcing his erection to jut out toward the younger meowth.

“I think you'll like it.”

Fortune's foot slipped down to the side of Fate's member, permitting it to slap against his tummy and leave a wet spot in his fur. Before it could settle, though, the underside of Fortune's foot pressed down, grinding his cock into his groin again.

“Hnnhh-!”

Fate bit his lip as his eyes clenched shut. Fortune's first two toes slipped to either side of his cock and began flexing back and forth beneath the head.

“Ohhhkay....Ohhkay. Yeah. Jh...just...”

Fate's member throbbed, held tight by the fuzzy digits around it. More pre dribbled into the already slick coat of the stuff covering his penis. His brother's foot pressed down firmly again, slathering his crotch fur with his own fluids. Fortune's pads began slowly rubbing up and down his shaft; he rocked his hips into the motion just a little. His breath was short. Every few strokes, he felt his brother's heel press into his pouch, which had begun to tighten. He scooted forward more, putting the weight of his upper body on his arms behind him. He felt his body tense up tight; an intimately familiar yet strangely foreign feeling began to take hold of him. His brother's paw slowed down slightly.

“You gonna cum?”

Fate didn't look up, only nodded. Fortune resumed his pace, adding a hard rub every few strokes.

“Just let it go.”

Fate's last hint of insecurity slipped away with that simple command. The older meowth let out a whispered curse or two before he succumbed to Fortune's ministrations. His cock twitched in its vice, pressing out against his sibling's paw; a thick glob of cum spurted from his tip and into his belly. His fur quickly saturated as more seed churned from his member. His brother's foot let up a little, angling his shaft in such a way as so he covered the younger meowth's toes in their fair share of sperm. Fate's head tilted back as he moaned quietly; his own toes curled as he rode out his orgasm.

Fortune merely sat back and looked on, enjoying Fate's shudders and gasps. Every now and again he gave another small rub with his paw, letting his pads massage his older sibling's length into another pulse. Fate's increasingly exaggerated post-orgasm vocalizations were music to his ears.

Fate took a minute to collect his breath. Fortune eventually stopped his teasing motions, letting his foot simply rest against Fate's member. As the elder meowth gained his wits again, he realized his claws were digging holes in the sheets. He relaxed them, plucking them from the dark cloth. He lifted his head and opened his eyes, looking into the pair opposite him. The younger meowth paid him a sweet smile. He followed Fortune's gaze as it lowered to his crotch, acknowledging the result of their efforts. He stared with a mix of surprise, embarrassment, and happiness.

Fortune lifted his forepaw and brought it to his own member. Careful not to shift his occupied foot, he scooted a little closer on his chair, until the tip of his penis rested on the elder meowth's balls, right beside his own heel. As he was a shade under fully hard, his dick rested neatly atop his sibling's fuzzy pouch; he removed his forepaw and carefully placed it back behind him. Fate, naturally, was curious about the seemingly odd placement, but couldn't compel himself just then to do anything but watch. They stayed like that a moment, enjoying the intimate tranquility.

Fortune rose and slid forward, leaving his chair in favor of the bed. He lowered himself into Fate's lap, sitting on his thighs, then slipped his feet around behind his older sibling. Fate felt Fortune's member return to his privates, though it now pressed up parallel against his shaft. Fate kept his eyes on Fortune's face as the younger meowth used a forepaw to grip their members; he quivered slightly as Fortune's paw began smearing his load over both of their cocks. His eyes fluttered shut as he tried to keep his sensitivity in check.

A light bump against his head made him look up. He found his brother's face about an inch from his own. They eyed each other, not seeing at that proximity so much as sensing. He felt Fortune's breath against his lips.

“...”

Their mouths simply pressed together for a moment. Fortune's lips slipped between his own, testing. Fate almost pulled back, but stopped halfway; he pushed forward again. His arms snaked their way around Fortune's waist. His head turned into the kiss.

It was Fortune who withdrew, feeling a tad overwhelmed. Fate pulled his younger sibling further up his lap and permitted him little respite, rejoining his lips with Fortune's. The younger meowth felt heat unexpectedly creep up his cheeks. His brother's whiskers tickled his nose. Fortune's paw slipped from their members as his arms came up and over his brother's shoulders. His lips parted as Fate's tongue

made its way to his own; they hesitated as they touched, an uncertain pause of a new experience. They slid against one another, exploring, reacting.

Fate didn't know where his sudden gush of affection was coming from. All he knew, as he sucked in his brother's flavor, was that it felt good. He loved how close he was to Fortune, how damn near every inch of him possible was pressed against his younger sibling. He let his tongue roam through his brother's maw, rolling over the slick flesh of Fortune's inner cheek. His hands, previously content to rest above his brother's hips, descended, groped at the younger meowth's butt. He might as chuckled at Fortune's muffled sigh, if it weren't his mouth doing the muffling. Fate quickly found himself returning a moan, though, as his brother grinded into his crotch, trapping their dicks between their tummies. Fortune repeated the motion; Fate squeezed his sibling's ass firmly and pulled the younger meowth as close as he could.

Fortune, with some reluctance, reduced their kiss to lips, then nothing. Fate stared at him, expectant.

“...Just...Fuck me, Fate...”

The air hung heavy for a moment. Fate looked away. He gave a few jerky nods.

“Okay.”

He paused. Looked around cluelessly.

“How do you...uh...want-”

Fortune leaned in and gave him another soft kiss on the lips. He made sure he caught his brother's eyes.

“Lay down.”

Fate reclined, sliding his claws through the younger meowth's leg fur as he did so. Fortune remained upright, resting on his knees.

“Back up a little.”

Fate obeyed, wriggling a little as he moved far enough to get his feet onto the bed. Fortune crawled forward until he rested on all fours over the older meowth.

“...So...should I...do anything?”

Fortune just smiled at him for a few seconds. He sat up on his knees again, then grinded his butt into Fate's crotch, smearing cooled-off cum on his taint and cheeks. The elder meowth gritted his teeth and exhaled.

“Just be you.”

Fortune lifted up. He reached back, taking his sibling's member in his paw and angling it upward. He lowered himself again, lining up the tip with his entrance.

He sank down, slowly letting Fate's cock spread him open. The older meowth instinctively clutched at

his brother's thighs, wanting a semblance of control over the intense feelings from his nether region. He watched as his member disappeared behind Fortune's descending balls, felt the heat and tightness engulfing his shaft a few centimeters at a time.

Fortune knew he was straining for the last inch or so, but he pressed on in spite of it. Fate's tip stretched him in places he'd never been touched, which made him open his mouth in surprise. With a low, half-pained groan, he touched his cheeks to Fate's groin and rested his weight there. He moved his forepaws to his brother's abdomen, clenching and relaxing his digits in the cream-colored fur. It helped him maintain his facade of collectedness.

“Mmmm. You feel incredible, big bro.”

“Y-you too...hfhf...”

Fortune snrked.

“You're cute.”

“...Shut up...”

The pair shared a smile as Fortune's claws continued to knead the older meowth's fur.

“...You are going to move eventually, right?”

Fortune scowled.

“H-hey...I didn't rush you into this.”

“Joking.”

“...Besides...mm...how am I supposed to move if you're holding...holding my legs in place? hm?”

He took Fate's arms by the wrists and set them on the bed.

“No touch.”

“Bu-”

“Ah-ah! My rules.”

Fate considered protesting, but his brother began lifting his hips. The younger meowth only rose an inch or two before lowering himself again, but it was enough to make them both catch their breaths. He repeated the motion, going just a little higher before descending. As his cheeks met his brother's crotch again, he rolled them, forcing Fate's cock to rub hard against his prostate. His own member jumped, a trickle of pre rolling down the front of his shaft. Fate once again dug his claws into the blanket beneath him.

Fortune began finding a pace. He kept it fairly calm, putting a little extra emphasis on each bounce against Fate's groin than he might have otherwise. The residue of Fate's first orgasm helped make the

process more streamlined, but it was still a fairly tight fit for his, secretly, inexperienced body.

The older meowth tried his best to stay still and let Fortune do his thing, but he found it increasingly hard; it just felt so good. He couldn't stop himself from bucking upward every couple seconds. Along with his forepaws, his toes began to curl in an effort to distract his muscle tension. It did little in terms of soothing...though this wasn't exactly something he really wanted soothing from.

As he rutted himself with his brother's meat, Fortune began to gasp softly on the descents, especially the ones that the older meowth reciprocated with an upward buck. His passage was slickening as Fate's dick continued to leak pre into him, almost spurring him to go faster. His head started to swim a little. He did his best to stay collected and keep his rhythm smooth, but it was hard: on top of everything else, this was, in a lot of ways, a culmination of his sexual fantasies. Not that Fate knew that. He almost wanted to give in. He tried not to let his brother see him strain, though; he didn't know if he could handle it if he weren't setting the pace. As long as he stayed in contro-

“Aahhhhhnn!”

Fortune found himself on his back, resting against the already heated sheets. The already powerful sensations he'd been wracked with almost immediately increased.

“Ah! Ahh! Ah!”

Despite the change of position, Fate couldn't bring himself to stop the friction for even a moment. Leaning over his younger sibling, with a whole bunch of leverage at his disposal, he had all the access to his brother's ass that he could want, and he didn't hesitate to use it. He fucked Fortune just like he wanted: deep and hard.

“Waaah-, w-wait, Faaate waaaaitohhhhhh-”

“Wait...f-for what, Fortune?”

“Let, hnnahhhhh, let me be on toOHHHHHh! On toppp-NGHAahh!”

“...Sorry bro...you were goin...too slow...”

Fate snuck his arms under Fortune's legs and lifted them over his shoulders, further placing his sibling at his mercy.

“N-nooooo, you prooomissed!”

Fate didn't stop thrusting, and Fortune didn't stop moaning.

“Just...relax~...”

Seeing as his protests weren't getting him anywhere, Fortune tried his best to open up for Fate and make it a little less overwhelming for him. His efforts were mostly in vain, though; his various sighs and gasps reflected as much.

“Heh...and you think I'm cute...when I like something?”

Fate made an especially deep thrust, grinding his hips into Fortune's backside just to see how loud he could get the younger meowth to be. His expectations were pleasantly exceeded; he watched his brother writhe, watched his cock spurt pre into his light-tan fur. He even waited long enough for Fortune to open his eyes, eyes that shimmered with a glimmer of hope that they'd found a little mercy, before he resumed his rutting.

Fortune's mouth hung open as his head lolled to the side, letting saliva trickle down his cheek and into the bedsheets.

“Nnuh...UHNnnhh...”

“Haah...Enjoying yourself?”

Fate actually did slow down this time. He leaned forward, bending Fortune's legs up over his head and bringing his face directly in front of his sibling's.

“Cmon Fortune. Tell me how much you like it. You can be honest with me. I'm your brother.”

Fortune's head weakly lolled to face his brother.

“Fate please-...PLEASE don't tease-”

Fate grinded against his brother's ass, making sure every last bit of his cock was firmly planted in Fortune.

“Mmm...tell me how nice that feels...”

“Ohh, god! It feels really good, fuck!”

“Yeah...it does...”

Fate kissed the corner of his younger brother's mouth. He leaned back a little, slipping a paw against Fortune's slim belly. This forced the younger meowth's member to rest against the back of his hand. He began scritchng the plush fur there.

“Hmm...you know, I think I can feel my dick inside of you. Y'know, through your tummy.”

He grinded into the younger meowth to test his theory. His smile told all. Fortune's cheeks lit up crimson through his fur.

“...Fate...please...”

“Please what, Fortune?”

Fortune knew he wasn't going to get off without humbling himself.

“...Please fuck me. Hard. Just- god...just breed me, start fucking me again and don't fucking stop until I finish! Please! Please!!”

Fortune almost glared at Fate. Fate, in return, gave him an uncharacteristically sly smile.

“Whatever you say, little brother.”

Fate let one of his sibling's legs slide off his shoulder. He started thrusting again, making a few drawn-out humps, which earned him a slight glare from the younger cat. Then he started giving Fortune what he wanted. He rocked his hips as he worked up a rhythm, slamming his cock into his brother faster and faster.

Fortune's body was a wash of confusion under the intense sensations wracking it. One second he was writhing, trying to adjust; the next he laid limp, overwhelmed by pleasure.

“Ohhhhhh, ohhhhhh wow, ohh-AAH! -nghhahhh! Fuhhh-hhck!”

Fate started to feel a familiar flame in his loins. He tried to resist, but he had always been fairly sensitive, and Fortune's moans were fueling his lust like nothing he'd ever experienced. He felt his body tensing; his balls drew up tight as they slapped against his sibling's ass.

“Gonna...cum...”

“Ahh...D-do it...inside m-me...nhhuhhh...nhhhn...”

Fate might've mentioned that he couldn't pull out if he wanted, but he lost his train of thought as he went over the edge. His paw wrapped around Fortune's thigh gripped tighter. He used its leverage to wedge his cock in Fortune's ass as deep as possible; he wanted, needed every last bit of that warmth and tightness engulfing him. His cock throbbed hard as his seed rocketed from his tip, filling the younger meowth with his cum. Fate couldn't keep himself still; he started thrusting with the twitching of his cock, a hard grind of his hips accompanying each string of jizz he planted in his sibling. He vaguely noticed himself exhaling forcefully with each jerking thrust of his climax...noticed how Fortune was moaning along with him...

The younger meowth was all smiles in his mind, though his face wasn't quite on the same page. His mouth hung open, nicely complimenting his glazed-over eyes. He hadn't expected anything like this tonight, but it all felt so perfect. He held himself as still as possible, trying to feel every little sensation emanating from his backside. His own member was an afterthought as it leaked pre all over itself.

Fate finally started winding down, making a few more weak jerks against his brother's ass before grinding to a halt. With a little finagling to keep his cock buried in its new favorite place, he managed to maladroitly lay down behind Fortune. He wrapped his arms around the younger 'mon and nuzzled him gently, purring quietly into his neck.

“You're the best, Fortune...”

Fate moved his paw down to Fortune's shaft; he found it hard and slick with pre. He began stroking, keeping a firm grip. Fortune gasped at the touch, previously unaware that any part of his body was as erogenous as his thoroughly filled backside.

“Mmm...you have a nice cock...”

Fortune shivered at first from the contact, but quickly acclimated to Fate's ministrations. He bucked his hips just a little, trying not to exacerbate the soreness from the dick in his rear. Fate's paw paused, giving a tight squeeze, then resumed its strokes.

“Bet you're feeling a little pent up, huh Fortune?”

Fate moved his lips right next to the younger meowth's ear, nibbling at the thin flap of skin and fur.

“I wanna feel you when you cum...feel your cock pulse in my hand...feel you clench around me...”

“Wait, t-the sheets-”

“Let's worry about that later.”

Fortune quickly banished the thought, in lieu of others of his brother's body.

Fate picked up his pace just a little.

“You close?”

“Yyeah...yeah...”

“Heh. I can tell.”

He bucked against Fortune's tightening ring. Though a small nudge in the grand scheme of things, that was all it took. Fortune's balls met the outer edge of Fate's paw as they raised up; his cock spasmed in Fate's grip before firing its first rope of cum, which made it a good three feet away before sticking to the sheets. Several shots followed, alighting all across the maroon fabric.

Fate stopped stroking, opting instead to simply squeeze his pads around his brother's twitching rod. Fortune's paws moved to Fate's wrists, one by his groin, the other against his chest. His breath remained caught in his throat, overcome as he was by the intensity of his orgasm. He felt himself clenching hard enough around Fate's cock to cause pain, but he was helpless to do anything but endure.

As Fortune started to come down, Fate began scritchng his brother's chest fur. Noting the lack of throbbing from his sibling's member, he slid his paw down to the base of Fortune's cock, gripped, and stroked forward. A good sized string of jizz was forced out by the motion; Fate collected it on a digit and brought it to his tongue.

“...Hm. Not as bad as I expected.”

He kissed the back of his (now panting) brother's neck.

“Better?”

“Ohhhh...fuck...fuuuck...”

“Fortune, do you kiss your mother with that mouth?”

Fortune turned his head as much as he could, seeking his brother's lips. Fate didn't leave him disappointed. The younger meowth added a little tongue for good measure before pulling away to resume his panting. Fate nuzzled the side of his head against Fortune's neck.

“Well...maybe not your mother, anyway...”

“Y-you are, SUCH a dork.”

Fortune tried to sound a little serious, but his voice cracked on the last word. Exhausted and defeated, he settled for scooting back further into his brother's embrace. They remained like that a few minutes, letting the sound of their breathing fill the room.

“...Fate...what was that?”

“What was what?”

“You. Kinda. I dunno. Were really...dominant.”

“...Huh. I guess I was.”

He licked Fortune's neck.

“I think you pulled it out of me.”

Fortune's countenance turned weary as he laid his head down again.

“I will be very disappointed if you turn this into a 'pulling out' joke.”

“Why, you don't want me to pull out?”

“No. No I don't.”

“Good. I didn't want to anyway.”

Fate paused.

“So...ah...do you...I mean...we're...related...”

Fortune's mind jumped to a million conclusions. He decided not to share them.

“...yeah?...”

“...Maybe we...I don't know...if you wanted to do this more often...”

Fortune was slightly disappointed for what were, he decided, stupid reasons.

“I think I'd like that a lot.”

“Awesome.”

Fate yawned.

“All right. I'm gonna catch some Zs.”

Fortune closed his eyes, thinking that sounded like a pretty good idea.

“Night big bro. Love you.”

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