Like every morning since the apocalypse began, I woke up to an unfamiliar ceiling, in a house or building I didn’t own. The one for that morning happened to be a single-story suburban home not too far from the main highway.

Not long before I made the abandoned place my shelter for the night, another freak rainstorm occurred. It came without warning after deciding to search through a few neighboring houses. Luckily, the last one I found myself stuck inside had no decaying corpses or black mold in every corner. The previous mammal to loot it though did brutalize the wiring and plumbing though. As well as tearing apart the furniture. Or maybe they were wild animals?

Either way, I fell asleep with my back to the wall. Like every morning, I woke up before dawn. My canine cock also strained with morning wood. Both of which were traits I thanked my Doberman heritage for.

At first, I considered dealing with my erection the traditional way. My fingers already brushed against the growing tent in my dirty jeans and I palmed my neglected cock through the fabric. Then, I started picturing handsome, naked, and rugged men of every species in my head before stopping myself.

“Not now,” I muttered to nobody.

I still had a long way to go before reaching the outskirts of Milwaukee. Trekking through Chicago had been a nightmare. The last thing I wanted was to stall a while longer.

Ignoring the erection wasn’t too difficult, but it did get harder with each day. My left paw could only do so much, after all. Thankfully, I wasn’t a hormonal teenager anymore.

Sitting up and yawning, I whined at feeling my muscles still ache from the previous day’s long ride. My uncropped Doberman tail wagged though at seeing sunlight trickle through a broken window and stretched my limbs before warily grabbing my backpack. Waking up alive the next morning didn’t necessarily mean someone didn’t take my belongings. Thankfully, nothing was out of place; a few reusable bottles full of rainwater, granola bars and sealed food cans, a few state maps, some nuggets of gold, a compass, a few broken electronics, extra clothing, and semi-intact magazines collected over the years.

Mentally, I also counted the switchblade knife in my jeans’ back pocket. As well as the empty pistol I kept hidden underneath my jacket. Once upon a time, I had six rounds, but spent all of them defending myself from a marauder trying to rob me in my sleep.

If I was lucky, I could find more bullets.

I didn’t know who used to own the abandoned house. Some framed pictures still hung from the cracked, peeling walls though. Pictures of a smiling tiger family—a mother, father, and four cubs of varying ages—posing in front of beautiful scenery, or in front of a decked Christmas tree no longer present. Seeing the father and mother threatened to bring up dark memories I immediately pushed aside, and with folded ears, I went into the house’s connected garage.

The previous owners left in a hurry, not even bothering to close the doors to protect it from looters. Let alone the elements. My bicycle was still left leaning against an old truck too rusted and damaged to ever drive again. Examining the bike’s tire pressure for a second, I decided to try going for another few dozen miles.

I readjusted the straps of my backpack. With perked ears and alert eyes, I swung my legs over the seat and gripped the handlebars. The worn shoe on my left foot pressed on the familiar pedal as my right foot kicked the brakes up. Then, I took off down the littered driveway and onto the desolate road, bobbing and weaving between overgrown plants.

A cold morning breeze tickled my nose as I pedaled between the husks of empty cars. All around me, overgrown lawns could be seen for miles. A normal sight to behold after roughly three years of wandering what used to be the United States.

The apocalypse has arrived with plenty of warning. Everyone knew it would come but not like a feral beast, bouncing from the undergrowth and sticking its sharp fangs in our necks. I had been a high schooler when things slowly began to fall apart. Having grown up in the foster system, then eventually spending almost a year in a prison farm for juvenile offenders, I didn’t really focus on politics or world news—at least, not until the superstorms started.

First, a few more hurricanes here and there along the Gulf Coast. Then, a massive ice storm along the American Southwest turned states like California, Arizona and even Texas into frozen hells for several weeks. Severe lightning storms, brutal heatwaves, a season of tornadoes and another pandemic led to society collapsing. The straw that broke the camel’s back came in the form of a nationwide blackout. First, the East Coast lost power, then the West Coast, and then the Rockies, and finally, the Midwest. And the power didn’t turn back on again.

As mentioned earlier, I’d been a juvenile offender serving my time in a prison farm, for assaulting my foster mother and attempting to murder my foster father. The judge and jury didn’t care that it had been in self-defense, only that I had a criminal record (mostly petty stealing, panhandling, running away from home, etc.) at sixteen. In their eyes, I was a delinquent punk who needed a reality check.

Admittedly, in some ways I deserved it.

What I didn’t deserve though was nearly getting beaten to a pulp by my then-foster parents. It was they who attacked me after discovering porn under my bed. They couldn’t stand that not only was I a deviant, but a homosexual deviant too. They wanted to punish me for it, and so did the other prisoners at the farm when word spread that I liked boys. A few even tried making me their personal fleshlights, or a bitch to pass around like a blunt. I managed to hold my ground though, and by some stroke of luck, didn’t get raped during my time at the farm.

After a year of hard labor and shitty food, we woke up one morning to learn society was collapsing. The U.S. government was overwhelmed, so were supply chains, and even the Internet. At first, barely anything changed. The days turned into a couple weeks, and the guards watching over us stopped coming to work at some point. Then, a psychotic lynx named Jeff Wrightstown gutted the warden, leading to a riot that culminated in everyone escaping.

I tried staying with a group but left after they expected me to be their outlet for sex. Ever since, I’d wandered from settlement to settlement, and survival group to survival group, wherever I could find food.

Now, I was heading into Canada. Rumor had it that a stable settlement had been built somewhere along the Hudson Bay. I hoped the rising waters didn’t affect it. Otherwise, I could always go back further inland. If not to stay away from the harsh cold up north and the unbearable humidity down south.

 Speaking of which, the air itself felt like July, despite it being close to March. Yet I didn’t quit pedaling. Suburbia became shopping centers and strip malls. Rotting clothes and overgrown, half-destroyed stores went on for what seemed like miles. An exit onto a highway stood clogged with forgotten cars I easily sped past. Seeing the road ahead was flooded, and I didn’t want to know what kinds of infestation swam in the waters, I decided to take the ramp, going the longer route. Within the cars, some of them still intact with unbroken windows, I could see suitcases.

 I didn’t consider smashing the glass or looting them. Travelling lightly worked wonders for me. The last thing I needed were useless things to weigh me down.

However, I reconsidered it after exiting the highway and turning down an empty boulevard. Nestled beside the concrete pillars of the highway, half-overridden with green plants, I made out the words ‘Den Adult Store’ in bold lettering. The tattered remains of a gay pride flag hung beneath entangling vines.

My sheath stirred again upon reading it. At several points between journeys, I’d come across sex shops or adult stores, often times with their stock left intact.

*It can’t hurt to take a quick look*, I mused.

Shaking my head, I tried convincing myself not to be stupid.

The legs controlling the bicycle had a mind of their own. Twice, I wanted to cycle past it and twice, I failed to not let my dick think for me. My dick yearned to read and ogle at new content, new pictures as well as muscular mammals fucking each other. Whatever helped made the lonely nights more bearable, or helped my left paw bring me to climax. In the end, I licked up the brakes, climbed off, and stepped around the building to find a back entrance.

Well, I found it. As well as three surprises.

The first surprise came in the form of an outfitted truck, parked in the middle of the small lot. It wasn’t abandoned, instead armored and well-used. My immediate attention went to the sounds of moaning and slurping noises coming nearby.

The second surprise came in the form of two men next to the vehicle—a pair of lean and tall black cats, one standing and the other kneeling. The latter was bobbing his head up and down on the former’s crotch while he stood with his back to me. The standing feline’s blue jeans rested around his knees, his ass thrusting towards the other male cat’s jaws and flexing between labored breaths. Behind the thrashing tail, they were two perfectly round globes, obsidian-furred and hardly containing an ounce of fat. From the way my head peeked around the corner, I couldn’t get a better view, but I dared not to move. I was too transfixed by an act I only saw in my dreams and in long-ago photos.

The third surprise came when I accidentally stepped on a twig, and without hesitation, the two males immediately whirled around to face me. The cat kneeling held a knife and the other a pistol, and I stepped out with both paws raised up. The one who’d been kneeling asked me something, wiping his chin using the back of his free paw, and I saw their faces.

Very, very similar faces. Almost like doppelgängers.

“Y-You’re…You’re twins?” I gaped, trapped between shock and sudden lust.

Suddenly, the erection in my jeans went harder than I ever felt. Indeed, the two men I’d accidentally stumbled upon giving/receiving a blowjob were identical. Not just in their amber eyes, handsome jawlines, black fur and marble-white spots around their muzzles and whiskers. I swore that at some point, the two decided to dress the same. Both wore plaid red shirts beneath dark-blue fleece jackets, sporting even similar shoes.

They weren’t just two men having sex. They were twin brothers, committing incest.

I was too shocked by the revelation to notice the other twin pull his pants up. I did get pulled back to reality when the cocksucking brother hissed, “What were you doing there?”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I was passing through and just found this place,” I stammered out, trying to calm myself as I kept my paws raised. “I’m not looking for any trouble…”

“So, you say,” the twin with the pistol smirked. “There’s an awful lotta trouble around here.”

“I was just getting to the best part, and you had to give us a fuckin’ heart attack, didn’t you?” The twin wielding the knife stepped closer to me, chuckling and licking his lips. “Hey, Blaine, check out his pants. He’s not exactly complaining about what he just saw.”

Without thinking, I lowered my left paw to cover my hard-on, blushing as the two laughed. Before I could even say anything though or ask about what I’d just witnessed, all three of us jumped at the sounds of nearby gunfire. Shouting too, from around a few blocks away.

The raging boner in my pants went limp.

“Raiders,” I exhaled in shock.

“They’re plenty too,” the cat referred to earlier as ‘Blaine’ mentioned. “We better go.”

The cocksucking twin rushed over to the opened entrance of the adult store.

“Bro, we gotta go!” He hissed into the darkness, pocketing his knife. Turning to me with my paws still raised, the cat motioned to the outfitted truck as he asked, “Well, are ya coming or not? These raiders aren’t exactly gonna talk before shooting at you.”

“With you?” I blindly asked, dumbfounded. “Why would I get in the truck with you?”

Further gunfire a few blocks away made our ears perk up high, and Blaine was already turning on the engine.

“It’s up to you, stranger!” he hollered.

“Ambrose, c’mon!” The nameless twin growled again with a raised fist, banging his fist on the doorframe.

Standing still, I was left further speechless at who else emerged from the adult store. Yet another carbon copy of the two black cat; except he had a steely-eyed glare directed at me as he carried a box in his arms. The only difference in his clothes were the jeans he wore being black.

“Triplets?” I muttered to myself.

“Who’s he?” The third twin asked.

“Don’t worry, Bro,” Blaine mentioned. “He ain’t armed.”

“Caught me and Blaine in the parking lot,” the nameless twin laughed with a shrug. The one named Ambrose rolled his eyes. “C’mon, dude! We gotta go before they catch us!”

Raiders were unpredictable when in groups. If one were lucky, then they’d kill you first. If not, then it depended on each group whether they’d turn you into their sex slave or a next meal if food was scarce. Not wanting to figure out which category the approaching raiders fell under, I bolted for my bike and brought it with me towards the outfitted truck.

While Blaine had scooted into the passenger seat and Ambrose went for the driver’s seat, the nameless triplet helped me toss my vehicle in the empty tailgate before practically dragging me into the backseat with him. My brain didn’t register the secured boxes and bins tied down and tucked together. My nose did recognize the scents of gasoline, oil, and traces of unspoiled grain.

The outfitted truck lurched out of the tiny parking lot, swerving down the boulevard. My heart raced a thousand miles a minute as I instinctively clutched the black cat’s arm, until the shooting we’d heard earlier turned silent.

“You can let go now,” the feline mentioned.

“Ah!” I let go, leaning against my window as overrun shops and abandoned stores passed us by. “Sorry about that. Never been in a car for years.”

“No problem. What’s your name, stranger?” The twin sitting beside me in the backseat pointed to himself, then to the one in the passenger seat (clutching the box taken from the store) and the one driving behind the wheel, respectively saying, “I’m Cliff, that’s Blaine, and he’s Ambrose. We’re triplets.”

I could clearly see that.

“Now it’s your turn,” Cliff motioned to me. “Do you got a name, or am I gonna have to guess?”

“Donovan,” I said after a careful moment of thought. Neither of them seemed dangerous. For some odd reason though, instead of bringing up the obvious about catching Cliff and Blaineley committing incest while Ambrose was searching through an adult store, I asked, “Uh…can I ask what you three are doing all the way out here? I thought all the roads were blocked.”

“Not the ones leading towards Madison,” Cliff mentioned.

“Why’d you have him come with us?” Ambrose sternly asked mid-driving. “For all we know, he could’ve been with the raiders, trying to lure us out.”

“I’m not, I’m not!” I waved my arms defensively, still gripping my backpack behind me.

“What’s in your bag?” Ambrose asked.

I clutched mine, until Cliff reluctantly motioned to his holstered knife, and I reluctantly opened it to reveal the contents. My food, equipment, and the like. The triplet didn’t notice the magazines carefully preserved in a plastic bag. However, he did notice something else when I leaned down to set the bag at my feet.

“Check it out,” he swiftly reached behind me to pluck the switchblade from my back pocket. “Donovan here ain’t unarmed after all. You use this to hunt?”

“If I find small game, sure,” I replied honestly, “but only if it’s desperate.”

Cliff shrugged at my answer, opening and closing the switchblade, then handing the knife back to me for safekeeping, Still, he vigilantly watched me put it back in my jeans’ rear pocket.

So did Blaine and Ambrose. The former waited for his twins to talk while the latter scrutinized me. “What are you doing all the way out here?” He asked.

“Traveling through, like anyone else,” I replied hastily.

His amber eyes dissected me through the rearview mirror, whenever they didn’t focus on watching the road ahead of us. “No offense, but you don’t seem harmless to me.”

I gulped in understanding. “None…None taken.”

The driving triplet glanced at the passenger seat. “Blaine?”

“Hey,” he answered, “Cliff’s the one who suggested it.”

“We couldn’t just leave him! Food’s getting less and less to find, and none of us wanna find out what those raiders wanted to do with us,” Cliff pointed out. He smirked lecherously at me. “Besides, if he did wanna kill us, he would’ve done that instead of watching me suck off Blaine back there.”

I tried speaking, “About that—”

“You were sucking Blaine off?” Ambrose groaned. Just as I expected something dramatic or a level of shocked silence, the triplet demanded, “How many times have I told you two not to fuck around when we’re outside the walls?”

“We were still keeping guard duty!” Cliff argued, smirking again. “Besides, I’d argue you were just as much having fun in there as any of us would’ve.”

“Speaking of which,” Blaine cheerfully investigated the box, “let’s see whatcha got!”

I continued sitting in utter silence, watching blankly as Blaine rifled through the box and produced a magazine. A dirty magazine, depicting a manly, bearded bovine in farmer’s overalls beginning to strip for whoever held the camera. The crotch barely hid his emerging erection.

Immediately, mine pulsed back to life, upon seeing it.

“Ohohohoho, boy! This is fuckin’ great!” Blaine cackled, then turned to hand Cliff another magazine. As well as a booklet. “Check this out, bro! We hit the jackpot over there!”

“Yeah, you wouldn’t believe what else I found in there,” Ambrose muttered with a knowing smirk. His eyes didn’t leave the road. “Shame we had to leave so soon.”

“There’s always next week,” Blaine mentioned, flipping through his magazine.

“If Dad’ll let us take the Junkyard Dog again,” Ambrose replied.

Meanwhile, Cliff and I stared in equal lust and shock at what he held in his paws. A magazine from several months before shit hit the fan. On the front page, a kneeling red fox in his early twenties in a rainbow-striped jockstrap faced the camera, while a burly wolf in his mid-fifties wrapped a muscled arm around his shoulder as he wore a similar-colored jockstrap. Behind them was a white background. The wolf kissed the fox’s cheek, and both sported visible erections partially hidden by text: “May-December Romances: How Love Ages Like Wine & How You Can Savor It!”

“Dad’s gonna love this!” Cliff blushed, already feverishly flipping through the page. “What else did you get, Ambrose?”

“A few other magazines, some DVDs, an unopened coyote dildo, and some lube.”

Blaine showed us three tiny bottles before setting them back inside the box. “Thank God,” Cliff groaned. “If I have to use corn syrup one more time, I was gonna drown myself in it!”

“You never complained before, hehe,” Blaine said with a wink. One for him and one for me.

Finally, I decided to speak up after Ambrose’s earlier comment clicked in. “So, wait…you three are like, all gay? For each other? You’re…You’re—”

“We’re incestuous?” Blaine finished for me. “Fuck yeah, we are!”

“Damn right!” Cliff chimed in.

“Holy shit,” I exhaled.

“Got a problem with that?” Ambrose asked as he brought us onto a desolate interstate road leading away from the suburb we were in, nimbly dodging vehicles and debris before slowing down next to another exit, “Because you can always get out and bike back to those raiders if you’re gonna give us a lecture.”

“Lecture about what?” I said without thinking.

“How much it’s ‘disgusting’ or ‘wrong’, like it even matters anymore,” Blaine informed me rather bluntly. He chuckled though. “Then again, you’re not looking at the boner between his legs, Ambrose.”

Blushing fiercely yet again, I covered my crotch with my bag. All three black cats laughed in their seats, with Ambrose requiring to park the truck in the middle of the road. There, it idly waited until he calmed down.

“Aww, don’t be so modest,” Cliff jovially patted my shoulder. “It’s cute. You think we’re hot. It ain’t often we get an audience to watch me suck off Blaine.”

My folded ears were on fire. The betraying boner tenting through my jeans refused to go done, not as recent images of Blaine’s flexing ass and the gurgling noises Cliff made at the adult store stayed fresh in my retinas. I wanted to desperately jerk off. I desperately wanted to die. I doubted any of them would do it for me, but it didn’t stop me from reaching for the side door.

Failing to open it the first time, I unlocked it on the second try, but Cliff grasped over to close it shut.

“Now, now, hang on there. We’re just fuckin’ with you,” he reassured me, once again offering an approachable smile. “Where are you off to anyway? Heading north?”

The three felines waited for my answer.

“Yeah.”

“Neat, so are we,” Cliff said with a wag of his tail. “Where to? Manitowoc? Appleton?”

My half-heated ears twitched. “…Hudson Bay, I think.”

“If you’re going into Canada, it’s best to avoid Northern Michigan then,” Blaine explained, “There’s not that many raiders or marauders up there, but there’s too much dense wilderness and you can easily get lost. There is a settlement at Packer Stadium in Green Bay that’s open to some trade, but not much.”

Cliff chimed in, “There’s another one that’s all the way on Washington Island—”

“—but they’re not all that fond of gay folks like us—me, my bros, and you,” Blaine finished for him. “Long story short: let’s just say they think society’s collapse is a sign from God, and they’ll sooner make a pentagram than let any of us on their island.”

“They’re armed too, and not as friendly to strangers either,” Ambrose turned to me as he held the keys to the outfitted truck. “We’re going to stop around Wausau for the night, Donovan—was it?” I nodded, less meekly now that the erection went down. “Okay, Donovan, you up for joining us, or going on your way? If you’re going up north, Wausau’s the perfect crossroads. You can go anywhere in the Midwest from there…”

On the one paw, I didn’t really know much about Ambrose, Blaine, or Cliff other than they were a pair of triplets who sucked/fucked each other. Brothers who committed real-life incest. For all I knew, they could be psychopaths looking to trick me into a false sense of security, then strike. Then again, I’d be dead twenty different times over by then if that were the case. Plus, Ambrose was right. Wausau would take me anywhere I wanted to go, and traveling there in an outfitted truck was better than a damned bike.

“I, uh…” mulling it over, I didn’t need much thought. “Yeah. Yeah, Wausau sounds good to me.”

“It’s settled then.” Ambrose grinned as his brothers cheered, and he restarted the truck.

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Four and a half hours of driving passed by in the blink of an eye. Before the apocalypse, I never truly appreciated cars, or the distances made with vehicles. I hadn’t been in a truck since my transfer from prison to the detention farm. During that, I’d been half-asleep and wondering about the future. With the cat triplets though, I couldn’t have been more awake and animated to talk to them.

As unkempt wilderness and ghost towns rushed by the windows, we got to know each other further. Ambrose, Blaine, and Cliff (short for Clifford, really) Sauveterre were fascinating to talk to during the ride. All three black cats turned twenty-three in February, on Valentine’s Day. They had been finishing their sophomore year of university together when the Blackout occurred. Ambrose planned to be an engineer, while both Blaine and Cliff desired to do double majors—Business Management and Architecture. Somehow, they all managed to find time to play for their college’s volleyball team.

Neither would discuss in detail where they lived. Not yet at least, but I pieced together that they lived with their father and a large group of people in a settlement. They were a self-sustaining community somewhere up north. Ambrose happened to be the eldest triplet—by two minutes—with Blaine being the second youngest and Cliff being the third. They lost their adoring mother to a drunk driver sometime before society collapsed.

Also, Mr. Sauveterre was well-aware of their…unique relationship. In fact, he not only encouraged it, but sometimes participated in it several months after their eighteenth birthdays.

“What?” I sputtered, glancing between each of the nonchalant felines.

“Oh yeah, he likes to fuck us from time to time,” Cliff shrugged with a smirk. “And are you hiding another boner behind that backpack of yours, Don? Can I call you ‘Don’?”

I didn’t answer his question, instead squeezing my eyes shut as I gripped my backpack around my crotch area. The boner in my jeans threatened to burst the buttons off. Or perhaps leave a wet spot through the underwear and denim. The idea of these three hot brothers having sex with each other was already making my sheath swell, but the mental image of a rugged survivalist DILF getting to have foursomes with his own sexy sons, the faceless black feline hugging his three sons as they made out and ground their sexy bodies on a bed…I whimpered.

As Blaine let out a hyena-like cackle in the passenger’s seat, Cliff leaned forward to whisper, “We told ya, there’s no shame here. What? You never pictured father-son stuff before?”

“Well, with twins, who hasn’t?” I replied honestly. “But-But I didn’t think stuff like that existed in real-life. Between adults, I mean.”

“Consenting adults?” Ambrose asked.

During our conversation, the cloudy sky had grown darker, and droplets of water started to fall on the windows.

“Yeah, consenting adults,” I echoed his words. “Only times I ever read about stuff like that happening were in horror stories on the news, and in porn videos. Otherwise, everyone acted like it shouldn’t exist.”

“We get it,” Blaine sighed. “We thought so too. Before the Blackout, we expected the worst from Dad when he discovered us in bed one morning while visiting home, but he didn’t yell at us. He told us he didn’t think it was wrong. He was only concerned if Ambrose was pressuring us, or we were pressuring him. You’d really like him; Dad’s made sure our settlement’s been off the grid and doesn’t take shit from nobody. He even stood up for us when…when…”

Blaine suddenly fell silent. Uncharacteristically, neither of his brothers were quick to finish his sentence like any of them did beforehand. “When what happened?” I asked them.

The rainfall began to pick up, to the point Ambrose couldn’t see outside.

“When we got charged,” he said, muttering a curse. Once he set the windshield wipers on, the ‘eldest’ brother glanced between Cliff, Blaine, me, and then glared towards the road. “When Blaine and Dad and I got charged, I mean.”

My ears instantly perked up and my boner went limp again. “Charged with what?”

A sudden flash of light blinded us, followed by two seconds of silence, and the loudest single boom I’d ever heard of in my life. Me and Cliff screamed while Blaine let out a startled yelp, and Ambrose jerked the wheel to the side of the road, hitting the brakes. The skies above us turned daytime into night, with the clear windshield almost useless with how much hard rain pelted the glass.

Ambrose grabbed something I didn’t notice until then—a handle for a CB radio. Without turning the truck off, he flicked a switch and the rectangular machine buzzed to life.

“You’re calling Dad?” Blaine guffawed.

“We’re not too far from Wausau anyway.” Ambrose held the handle to his whiskers, clearing his throat and gripping the button down. “SCHQ this is Eldest Son. SCHQ this is Eldest Son, do you copy?” he spoke up. “The storm isn’t letting up and it’s getting dark soon. We’re going straight for the Halfway Safehouse to stay there the night. SCHQ, do you copy?”

Several seconds later, a gruff voice answered back, “Loud and clear, son. Better go silent. Be safe and get yourselves back here the first thing in the morning.”

Ambrose smiled at us, replying, “Roger, SCHQ. Over and out.”

“Was that your father?” I asked Ambrose, and too an extent, Blaine and Cliff.

“Sure was, and he didn’t sound so happy,” Cliff mentioned.

“He’ll be even more unhappy if we don’t get to the safehouse now,” Ambrose turned the truck back onto the desolate road. “And Donovan? Unless you wanna bike through this rain or get electrocuted into Kentucky Fried Doberman, I recommend you stay with us.”

My hackles rose up from another lightning strike somewhere. “Good idea!” I nodded firmly.

“Aww, don’t worry about the thunder,” Cliff playfully purred. “We’ll keep you safe.”

“Shut up,” I snarled in annoyance.

“Hehehe.” He and Blaine laughed, as did Ambrose, who drove on.

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

“Here we are!” he announced.

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

“This is the Safehouse?”

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

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

“Bastard,” Cliff tease.

“Motherfuckers,” Ambrose chuckled.

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

“You three are weird…”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hey Donovan!*

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

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

*-Cliff*

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

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

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

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

“Oh! Yeah, sure.”

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

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

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

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

I beamed. “Absolutely!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Never looked back,” Blaine confirmed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

 “Bye.”

 “Bye.”

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

My tail stilled and ears twitched against the soft pillows.

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

 Heavy emphasis on the word ‘tried’.

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

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

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

 …only to stop. Realization struck me like a car crash.

 “What am I doing here?” I questioned myself. “Fuck it!”

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

 >>>>All 3 naked, and invite him inside.

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

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

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

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Like every morning since the apocalypse began, I woke up to an unfamiliar ceiling, in a house or building I didn’t own. One such morning, I woke up on the second story suite of an abandoned hotel, my face buried in a muscular black cat’s chest that rose and fell, two other identical cats lying next to us with their arms blissfully wrapped around our midriffs. The smell of dried cum, dried sweat, and musky scents mixed together, inhaling into our noses.