“Ooooh, John!” I whimpered. “Yes, yes, like that!”

He tweaked my nipples like a radio. “Love the noises ya make, Ben.”

Intense winds and pelting mid-winter rain assaulted the window behind the closed curtains, separating the cold world from our own. The outside ambience turned into white noise drowned out by my panting moans and husky gasps, interrupted only by my brother-in-law’s dry lips kissing me back.

Our minds weren’t focused on if our wives suspected a thing, let alone where we actually were, or even what they were doing themselves on a dark, stormy night. Instead, me and John focused only on each other, and elevating the other’s pleasure to heights only two closeted homosexual married men could reach. All alone. Together, in a shabby room at the Motel 9 next to the highway cutting through Crossroads City. Nobody would suspect us coming here. As far as any of our families were concerned, we were just two ex-jock bucks, reminiscing about old times and how I almost made the cut for professional football. Far from the truth.

I relished his lips and explored his tongue with mine. Lying on top of me, John’s fingers traced the healed stubs where my antlers had before detached, as they did every February. His would be no different, but it didn’t stop John from initially teasing me about looking like a doe earlier.

(Not that I minded it, truth be told. Something about Mary’s brother calling me ‘a little doe’ got me literally hard under the belt.)

John breath breezed against my trembling lips. “You like it when I rub my buck meat between your thighs, doe?” He thrust his hardon under my balls, and I spread my legs even further for him. “F-Fuck, you’re such a good doe.”

(I suspected he knew it pushed my buttons in the best ways.)

As a reply, I humped my bare torso into his crotch. My throbbing shaft leaked heavily between our stomachs. It cost a grunt of ecstasy to erupt from John’s mouth, who suppressed the noise again when we locked lips once again, happy to be in each other’s arms once again. Lord knew, we had plenty of trouble keeping our paws to our sides during Christmas a couple of months back. How my sister (his wife) would kill me if she ever found out the truth. So would Mary.

Within the privacy of the motel room though, our inhibitions Lee abandoned like the clothing and umbrellas strewn all over the floor, atop rough carpeting likely as old as the Motel 9 itself. Without our inhibitions, the instincts keeping us from becoming divorced, disgraced bucks laughed at by our friends and family, we didn’t feel like outcasts.

We didn’t feel like imposters or adulterers. We felt…free.

For a few glorious hours, neither of us needed to pretend we weren’t horrible people. Neither of us had a wife, some kids, go to church or spend forty to fifty hours a week at a soulless job in a colorless office, paying bills or stacking up a 401k neither of us could use until our fur went gray. For those few hours, John and I were just two bucks in heat, trying to get off without acknowledging the feelings between us that continued to grow.

John and I continued rolling around the mattress, grinding and rubbing together, daring one of us to cum first. Kisses turned into playful bites, none of which could ever pierce the skin, but it still played into fantasy. It played into mine as well, the way he palmed my thighs and my head, kissing me fiercely while rubbing himself against my taint. John usually liked to fuck me, but since we had all night to ourselves, we decided to take it slow.

At least, for a while. Before either of us could resist, we suddenly started to grind faster and kiss much harder. Our cocks became pulsing rods of male flesh threatening to explode if we stopped. Sweat accumulated on our bodies, making me quiver against his roaming fingers, my arching back pressing my stomach against his, causing him to shudder all over.

In that moment it was as if the time had suddenly chosen to stand still. I couldn’t help but stare into his deep blue eyes that stared back at me. And we smiled. Not as in-laws, but the lovers we were meant to be. Then, he hurled his head back in a sheer cry of wafting euphoria.

SNAP!

His antlers fell off and tumbled to the floor. Luckily, we were too distracted by a convulsing climax and a blanketing afterglow to notice. We could barely move our arms afterward, let alone speak.

To be honest, we both knew what we had could not last forever. Neither of us considered the option of simply ending things. Never appeared on the table, if anything. Perhaps our wives and families would discover the truth. Perhaps we’d do it by accident. Perhaps they suspected and would one day accuse us. Maybe sooner or later.

“Do you ever think about running away?” John asked me ten minutes later, as we regained our strength and entered the shower. “Like, dropping all of our responsibilities, taking a truck, then driving all the way out east? Maybe to the Midwest?”

“Where would we go?” I shampooed the area on his head where the antlers used to be. “Lakertown? The Gemini Cities?”

“Maybe to Canada,” he said with a shrug. “I could never just leave her or my kids behind though. What would that make me?”

“A man freed from indentured servitude?” I joked, to which John answered with a light smack to my shoulder. “Ow, easy. I’m in the same boat as you. I could never leave Haley and Stephen behind either.”

We fell into mutual silence. Sometimes, I wished I had actually found the bravery to not marry Mary, and John found her the bravery not to marry my sister. Sometimes, I wished we could take that metaphorical truck to the Midwest and start a new weekend.

Neither of us were complete monsters though. For now, we were just a pair of cheating bastards cuddled up on a bed, watching television while reminiscing about old times. For now, we were free.