I drove west into Alabama with only the basic knowledge learned from film and television stereotypes. Contrary to popular belief, both inside and outside the United States, Alabama wasn’t a backwater place to live. The state wasn’t full of poor, prejudiced, unhygienic, uneducated simpletons who lived in rural trailer parks and dated their siblings. No, no, no.

However, the two twinks I hooked up with did fit at least one stereotype: the pair of wolves were married cousins. Yes, married gay wolves who happened to be cousins. They were Drake and Ennis Marshall, both of whom had the same last name as each other before marrying, having grown up together as best friends and cousins only two years apart. Of course, it was not only scandalous to be gay in the Deep South during the late 90s and the early 2000s, but being enamored with a male cousin held an even special taboo. One close family didn’t condemn them to Hell, unfounded rumors scandalized their reputations. Neither Drake nor Ennis cared though, not after graduating high school and starting a life together in Azalea, Alabama—named after a popular native flower. There, the duo purchased a comfortable suburban house together after saving enough, then Drake became a life insurance salesman while Ennis worked as a freelance contractor. They didn’t even consider marriage until same-sex weddings became legalized by the American Supreme Court, therefore expanding on the already existing law that marriages between first cousins were legal, then jumped together through a few legal hoops and hurdles before finally tying the knot. Literally and figuratively.

Drake also enjoyed frequenting Howlr, inviting travelers from out of state for threesomes with him and Ennis. It turned out that I have quite a few perverted tourists (like me, hehehe) rejoiced at the prospect of sleeping with handsome cousins. I certainly didn’t mind the thought. Then again, I happened to be a very kinky European.

Anyway, upon arriving in Azalea, I booked into my motel room and drove the short distance to their home, the left side of a two-story duplex crafted from Louisiana Gothic. The one to answer the door for me was one of the athletic wolves, wearing a wife beater and old denim jeans that did little to hide his erect bulge. He grew a small goatee, but what mesmerized me the most was his infectious smirk and how utterly jacked the fellow canine looked underneath that wife beater.

“I reckon y’all must be that German feller. Drake felt confident you would show,” he held out a paw that I eagerly shook. His strong grip also impressed me. It had the same spirit one expected to find in a contractor. “Sebastian, right?”

“And you’re Ennis too,” I replied with a bright smile.

“Drake’s inside getting everything ready,” he glanced left and right, then paused when he spotted my Fjord truck parked in his driveway. “Oh, damn!”

One of my ears perked up. “Should I move it out of sight?” I asked him.

“Nah, I’m just impressed by the model ya got,” he chuckled briefly. “Besides, it’s not a problem what the neighbors think. We’re already godless sinners to ‘em. Still, come on in then and we’ll get ya’ll comfortable.”

My upbringing in life always made me feel a need to admire and cheer for underdogs. Whether it be fighting against poverty, discrimination, injustice, intolerance, or simple bad luck, it often didn’t matter. Seeing the interior of the duplex both Drake and Ennis lived in allowed me to see the life they built together. Childhood pictures, photographs of family that didn’t disown them, a Larger framed picture of their wedding day hanging on the wall in the living room, where we found Drake already stripping down. Unlike his husband/cousin/love of his life, Drake didn’t have as much of a perfectly toned body, but the other twink did well to stay in shape within his early thirties.

“Sebastian!” Drake chimed and partly blushed at my presence. “Glad that you could make it here. Mind having a seat?”

“Someone is eager to get started,” I laughed, while still following his finger pointed towards a plush couch along the wall facing him and Ennis, who already began curling up his wife beater shirt to reveal a six-pack similar to mine. All three of us sported looks of lust and anticipation, mostly for me. A part of me surmised that this wasn’t the first time the two Marshalls had done something with a stranger.

My theory proved itself when I sat down, and Ennis didn’t hesitate to lock lips with his naked cousin and married husband. Startled for a second, Drake immediately embraced the muscular timber wolf, collecting his arms and caressing his back as the bulging sheath between his legs stirred. Drake audibly moaned back into the bearded lips, then reached his paws downward to cup, then squeezed on the mounds obscenely hidden under old denim.

I licked my lips at seeing the full, incestuous display. I placed each image and detail of the memories inside my mental vault. All of it would make incredible jacking off material, from the sight of the two wolf cousins passionately trading tongue, to the sounds of Drake’s impatient growls as he blindly undressed the other canine, the red colors of their peeking wolfcocks stirring to hardness, plus the wonderful knowledge of what I witnessed happened to be complete taboo. A taboo that not only compelled me to yank my own pants down and eagerly masturbate to, but a breaching of societal norms I couldn’t help but subconsciously support. Obviously, laws against incest existed for logical reasons, but the fact two same-sex partners couldn’t get either pregnant solidified their right to cohabitate. If heterosexual first-cousins could be allowed to marry in Alabama, why couldn’t they? Also, I could clearly see they loved each other. Drake and Ennis Marshall kissed deeply in a way that transcended blood and gender.

Like I mentioned though, I was a kinky European. Not everyone shared my opinions and tastes.

I continued stroking my firming dogcock until the thick knot finally tasted air. My panting turned more labored as time went on, and the timber wolves remained entranced into long, intimate kisses interrupted several times by moaning. As well as loving whispers I couldn’t decipher. They were in their own world.

Yet it didn’t stop me from joining in. Once everyone in the living room started to grow tense, fighting against the need to ejaculate wantonly, Ennis and Drake invited me into their bedroom down the hall. I happily obliged, shredding the last of my clothing before joining the two on the massive king-sized bed that engrossed half of the room. I would’ve marveled at the collection of knickknacks hanging on one side of the indoor wall, if a more handsome view didn’t distract me. Not one but two handsome wolf twinks pulled me onto a large mattress for a threesome. I couldn’t be more joyful.

We did everything possible on those washed bed sheets; I happily exchanged make-out sessions with both wolves, switching between one and the other before watching them kiss each other atop my compact stomach. Three pairs of arms and paws roamed all over as we lean forward for a three-way tongue-sucking, and I tasted Ennis’ rugged saliva with the hint of tobacco, while Drake’s lips held a reminiscent aroma of a whiskey shot. The lad liked to have a small sip of liquid courage before hookups, he’d later tell me.

We discovered through sight, smell and touch the uncharted terrain of everyone’s bodies. Drake gleefully gave oral treatment to my dick while Ennis throbbed his member between my lips as his right fingers enthusiastically reached over my sweating chest to rub at my left nipple. Minutes later, the two switched her positions after Ennis started drooling over the sight of his cousin sucking my shaft, and he desired a quick taste.

Neither me nor the cousins had the chance to tie their knot under someone’s tail. We certainly had the tools for it, but we were too engrossed in the moment to bother reaching for the nearest lubrication on the nightstand. Thus, I eventually felt two similar cocks thrust and spasm together against my thighs, and I came torrents all over Ennis and Drake’s rubbing chests. We collapsed all together in a satisfied heap not long after draining every last drop, the scent of canine musk and splattered cum so pungent that I couldn’t help but worry if the neighbors were able to smell it. Oh well.

After napping together for a couple of hours in the post-afterglow, Drake and Ennis insisted on taking me out to dinner during my remaining time in Alabama. They knew a couple of great barbecue restaurants in and around downtown that I needed to try. Once again, I couldn’t refuse, and hardly wait until they invited me back to their place for another round. Hopefully, with penetration this time.