Mason Rivers ran for his life. Like a bullet with no trajectory, he bolted past each fallen branch and standing tree trunk throughout the forest, using his swift athletic skills the slender red fox had acquired from playing track and field. Unlike the university club though, his enemy wasn’t the clock. It was the two creatures trailing behind him.

He discovered them by chance halfway into his hike. Had been the weekend after a long and grueling five days of studying and midterm exams at the local university. So, to help himself relax, Mason figured it would be a good idea to do some hiking at a forest on the outskirts of town. Since he didn’t want to interact with many people, the unmarked section of the woods, the same one where not many people ventured into, felt like the best option.

In hindsight Mason should have known not to venture off the beaten path. It seemed smarter. Then again, how could he help himself? Besides eating his lunch in the small garden on campus, so fox did not have the chance to go enjoy nature as much as he wanted.

It was getting dark when Mason decided to walk back to the entrance when he suddenly came across a clearing, freezing as he spotted two hulking, masculine figures rutting in the middle of the grass. At first, the fox blushed at the thought of two men hooking up with abandoned care in a remote area like this and tried peeking around the foliage to get a closer look.

What he saw though didn’t further arouse him. At least not at first. The first thing he did was run like the wind, but the universe decided to punish the fucks further.

Not even a second later, they spotted him running away and started chasing him.

Without even waiting to see what they were, Mason started running in the opposite direction. It was a foggy twilight evening. He couldn’t tell where was north or south or east or west, but the fox still blindly ran wherever his legs carried him. The minutes spent fleeing began to catch up with him though. His heart started pounding against his chest. His powerful legs started to grow numb. He could no longer feel his tail, or toes. It felt like the weight of gravity itself would push Mason to the forest floor any second.

Unfortunately for him, it was a stone hidden by fallen leaves that caused the fox to tumble.

“Ow! Ow—fuck me! Ack!”

Mason’s nose collided with mossy undergrowth. Aching pain vibrated through his sides, and he groaned at the dull bruises forming beneath his arm fur. The groan turned into a terrified scream though when his hulking pursuers burst through the trees, revealing their true forms for the first time to the petrified, shaking fox.

The two identical looked like anthropomorphic wolves but they were not anthropomorphic wolves. At least, not the ones that Mason had as classmates and a few professors. Their oily-dark fur was rugged and untamed, wow their hind legs resembled those of their feral ancestors, with amber eyes widened and piercing directly into Mason’s soul. Standing at least eight feet tall if they remained upright, with arms as big as tree trunks and large paws big enough to crack his head in two like an egg, the wolf-like creatures seemed plucked out of folkloric novels.

Yet as much as Mason tried to blink repeatedly at the two monsters, they didn’t disappear from his gaze. They stood as real as him. No mistake about it. Sitting up at eye-level, the worn-down red fox also could not mistake the year familiar sight of a sheath and two hefty scrotums—each the size of baseballs—dangling between each of their muscular legs. He even spotted the hints emerging red cock from the tips before the terror returned to the forefront of his mind.

What were these two going to do? Devour him? Tear his limbs apart? Brutally rip them in half?

The werewolf on his left approached first, its pointed ears directed at the forest floor. “Do you have any idea where you are?”

The previously scared vulpine grew confused. “You…Y-You can talk?” He stammered. “W-What are you—”

“We own these woods, pup!” The werewolf to his right snarled aggressively. “Me and my brother Kaiser don’t take too kindly to outsiders in our territory. It’s one thing to have poachers and littering pricks fuck up our ecosystem, but you have the audacity to see us having a private moment.”

Something clicked together.

Mason has been hooked up too much on the adrenaline and the sound of his raging heartbeat to connect two and two together. Besides being werewolves, the two creatures that he caught fucking like animals in the clear in earlier also happened to be…be…brothers?

Whether it be the red fox’s secretly perverted mind or the fact the two monsters hadn’t torn him to shreds the instant he’d tripped, Mason sputtered out, “B-Brothers?!”

“Twin brothers,” the werewolf—named Kaiser, he recalled—clarified with a pointed finger at him. “Yes, we are twin brothers and you spotted us doing exactly what do you think we were doing.”

“Can we get on with punishing him then, Kaiser?” The other werewolf growled, glancing between his twin and the trembling red fox at their mercy. “It’s been a while since we last had a fox, and I’m hungry to try him out.”

Mason felt his racing heart crash between his ribs. “H-H-Hungry?”

“Don’t toy with him, Razor,” the more amiable creature groaned. “We’re not monsters, so stop scaring the poor boy to death and get it started already…”

Razor gave a deep scoff. “You are no fun, brother!”

“What is even happening to me?” Mason asked himself, half-scared, a quarter aroused, and a quarter confused by the situation. “Am I…dreaming—no, no, wait!!”

Mason Rivers raised both of his arms protectively, at the same time Razor lifted his. In that moment, horror filled the red fox as he expected the worst pain imaginable. No agony arrived though. Instead, squeezing his eyes shut and preparing for the end, Mason only Heard precise slashing and felt colder than usual. In fact, he shivered at the sudden lack of a T-shirt and hiking pants.

“Wha—what?” Mason gasped, opening his eyes to find his clothing torn to shreds and scattered around him. Not even the underwear survived. “What’s going on? Why did you…?”

The werewolf named Razor chuckled darkly at the anthropomorphic fox’s nudity, watching him feebly try to gather as much shredded fabric as possible to cover his lithe chest and bare crotch to no avail.

“Pup, consider that punishment for not only encroaching on our territory but also spying on me and my brother,” he informed Mason, a leathery tongue licking his upper and lower jaws, revealing sharp fangs as he spoke. “We’re going to give you a choice at the moment, seeing how we can smell the arousal on you. Do you want to join us in continuing our mating? Or do you want to walk out of here?”

Mason tried but failed not to stare or shake and what remained of his shoes. He quaked and gulped nervously at the exotic sight of the werewolves’ plump balls, hanging casually underneath an equally bulging sheath. The closer Razor approached the red fox, the The more he could catch whiffs of the masculine scent and thick mask radiating off the hairy body. To think another creature exactly and biologically like him existed nearby, carefully watching, it made Mason cling to the first thought in his overwhelmed head.

“Yes.”

Razor revealed his razor-sharp fangs. “Yes, what?” He asked amid a playful snarl.

“Yes, I’ll join you.”

The large werewolf chuckled and licked his nose. As did his twin brother, but with a more relieved laugh. “Good choice!” The former said, then turned to the latter. “Let’s bring him to the cabin!”

\*\*\*

The werewolf brothers proceeded to carry me to their home several acres away. Razor carried the red fox over his shoulder like a bag of potatoes, patting his bare ass every kilometer or so as the strode through the forest. It made the vulpine Anthro giggle as well as blush so intensely, his white fur matched the crimson. To keep himself from nutting, he exchanged names with the two wolves and learned a few more things about them.

Yes, they were werewolves. No, they didn’t need a full moon to transform (though it helped). Yes, they were both consenting adults (both approaching thirty years of age), loving each other as both brothers and lovers since they were teenagers. Yes, they lived alone. No, they were not orphans. Their mother and father passed away several years back. The inheritance left for Razor and Kaiser consisted of way more than enough money to spend the rest of their lives. They never needed to work again. Yes, once in a while, they did hook up with other men who wandered too far into their woods. Most of the time though, any sexual prospects were too scared to return. A mixture of disgust to the twincest and fear of being werewolves. And yes, they did have regular anthropomorphic forms, but preferred to not be transformed as regular anthros unless either of them needed to return to civilization for supplies.

Within mere minutes, they trekked over a large bill surveying a small valley Mason found himself floored at the sight. At the base of the forested depression stood a small pond no bigger than a miniature golf course, said to buy a babbling brook and emptying into a creek that no doubt connected to a larger river. Camouflaged beside it a stone’s throw away stood a two-story log cabin. One that appeared plucked right out of a hunting magazine. Moss and golden tree leaves covered the exterior, yet a cursory glance through a large window as they came closer to the building gave Mason a sense that the interior appeared rustic yet modern. It had clearly been built by working paws, but the site of a parked truck next to the cabin gave a strong hint that the werewolves were not complete hermits.

Razor casually placed Mason to his feet before grabbing a hidden key.

Kaiser sensed the fox’s confusion, standing beside him to shield the smaller canine from a gust of cold wind. “We have been here a long time,” he mentioned. “My brother is old-fashioned, so it took me a while to convince him to let me buy the Junkyard Dog.”

“Huh?” I perked an ear.

“That’s what he calls the gas-guzzler!” Razor grumbled as he tried unlocking the door. Somehow, the doorway accommodated his height. “How I let you waste our money like that, I’ll never know…”

“Oh, I think you do know, little bro,” Kaiser laughed. “It helped that I have you something in return—my Cherry.”

Meanwhile, Mason felt his erection spring back to life. One, because the friendly twin admitted to committing incestuous acts with his identical brother. Two, because Razor raised his wagging tail to reveal his perfectly toned ass, each muscular globe covered by thick, dark fur. Three: he could feel the warmth of Kaiser’s broad chest hit his shivering back.

What was Mason about to get into?

Soon enough, Mason and the werewolf twins entered the cozy cabin. Razor didn’t waste time and picking the fox back up and swinging him over his shoulder once more, if only to rush upstairs more quickly. Within seconds, Mason yelped as he was effortlessly flung onto a humongous bed mattress, sinking into a soft blanket before Razor pulled him back to plant sloppy kisses across his shorter muzzle. Without resisting his instincts, Mason surrendered. He eagerly surrendered to the large creature’s dominant lips and massive tongue, letting them coat both his face and inner maw with sweet saliva.

Kaiser stood leaning against the upstairs railing. He spent no less than five minutes admiring his brother and Mason, amusement and growing lust clear on the casual werewolf’s muzzle. As well as between his legs. Particularly when Razor gave a long lick from the fox’s shivering chest, up his navel, along his nape, then possessively nibbled at an ear as the bear-sized canine rubbed his cock against his lover’s smaller member. A single whiff from Kaiser’s powerful nose caught the scent of werewolf pre-cum stained against Mason’s crotch.

Soon enough, Razor’s tongue went lower and lower, teasing the fox with a few licks around his throbbing cock tip before making him squeal with a ravishing devouring beneath his taint. Seeing Mason’s head hung off the other side of the bed, Kaiser found a perfect chance to join them.

It all had to be a dream. Otherwise, Mason had a question how he managed to get so lucky to not only be taken by two werewolves, but twin brothers on top of that. Whatever the case, he chose not to question it. Instead, the red fox grew limp and happily swallowed the monstrous member tapping against his nose for entry. He remembered the techniques his first boyfriend taught him regarding oral treatment, allowing him not to bite down as Razor thrust his tongue harder between his own spread cheeks.

“Grrrr, hehe,” Kaiser let out a surprised chuckle. He slowly pulled his thick cock out of Mason’s experienced muzzle, the both of them panting. “You didn’t even gag there. Not your first time?”

“Not my first, no,” Mason whined, leaning closer to try and swallow the tapered tip again, only for his suckling to become Alex and feverish kisses along the shaft. “P-Please…Please!”

“What do you say, brother?” Kaiser asked, “Should we give him our ‘twincentive special’, to encourage him not to blindly encroach on our territory again?”

“Shit, all it’ll do is encourage him to come back again, bro,” the other werewolf wryly grinned as he stood up, and Mason felt a heated appendage position itself at his readied entrance. “But I’m willing to if you are!”

Mason Rivers thought he was prepared. In truth, he expected the twin brothers to be a little rough, having gone through rough sex not long after his first breakup, with two fraternity horses who insisted they weren’t gay. They only wanted to get their rocks off. However, that didn’t stop them from spitroasting Mason on either end of the fox’s willing holes (after a thorough, much needed stretching and lubrication). Whatever was in the werewolf saliva that coated his tail hole somehow possessed properties that acted like lube, and possibly relieved pain? The reason that Mason mulled over this what is because Razor have a single solid thrust past his anal defenses, fucking him to the hilt and eliciting an operatic moan from the fox the minute his shaft brushed against the prostate.

It left Mason hyperventilating at first, surprised by the sudden invasion as well as feeling his ass accommodate for that massive length. Above, Kaiser patted his forehead as his erect cock rested against the fox’s snout.

“Are you alright?” he asked, concerned. “Does it hurt too much?”

“He’s not screaming or begging me to take it out, is he?” Razor pondered aloud, then froze from the glare directed at him by his twin. “Well, Mason? Do you need me to take it out?”

“No!” The fox let out a cry. “No, no, just…go slow! Please, I’m…I’m loving this…”

“You hear him then!” Razor began to jump in and out of Mason, careful not to go too fast, as requested. “Grerrr, Goooood, that’s it…Ngh, haven’t fucked a bitch this tight in years. Do you feel like a virgin…!”

Meanwhile, Kaiser started off even more gentle. He smiled down at the expectant fox staring back up at him. Then, he placed the head of his leaking dick between those hungry lips and pushed. Mason whimpered at the saltiness of pre-cum leaking out that magnificent cock head. In turn, Kaiser growled at the way Mason wrapped his smaller lips around his neglected member, servicing it with all the attention suck an exotic male cock deserved.

Time seemed to slow down, becoming irrelevant for the three mammals. For Mason Rivers, his mind became blank amid a fog of unbearable lust. He could barely form cohesive sentence says as he got fucked on both ends and felt jolts of pleasure dance across his body. The twins would not quit they were momentums as soon as they reached them, with Razor pounding faster and faster into him than while Kaiser face-fucked his muzzle like a fleshlight. The pleasure was causing drool to drip down their chins, then stain either his stomach or navel, mixing with Mason’s sweat-stained fur. Below them, the red fox squeezed down on each shaft as much as he could, giddily yipping when they went deeper. Then, something made the fox feel electric all over. He stared up in amazement at the side of the werewolf brothers leaning over him for a kiss. No, not a kiss—making out like horny schoolboys unbound by rules. Their tongues lashed and lips connected in ways that two brothers could not ever do. It all drove him wild.

It caused Mason to grow even more painfully erect and combined with his prostate being lit a flame by the aggressive twin, as well as the romantic twin’s pre-cum, the red fox reached his climax. He roared at the sensation of steamy cum jetting from his balls all over his chest and shoulder blades.

In return, Kaiser and Razor grinned down at the spent fox, and went faster to reach their own summits. The former made it to his midway through another incestuous kiss, while the latter pulled his maw away to let out an earth-shattering howl at the fact that he’d knotted their foxy toy. Who eagerly swallowed each milliliter of seed erupting down his esophagus.

The next thing that Mason knew, those muscular hips slammed against his ass one more time, and he felt hot werewolf seed coat his insides, while a sharp jolt of pleasure and pain indicated that he was tied to the larger canine. The pain soon made way for more pleasure, and the fox never felt fuller.

All three mammals lay together in their afterglows. Slowly, sorely, Kaiser withdrew from Mason’s aching paw and knelt to plant a romantic kiss on the fox’s muzzle. He returned it in kind bliss, smiling tiredly up at the werewolf.

“Are you okay?”

Mason nodded happily.

“Too tired to talk?”

He nodded once more.

“It’ll take a while to untie him,” Kaiser told his twin brother. “Mind scooting up a bit so I can cuddle with you two?”

“No problem, bro,” Razor said in a rasping voice.

The werewolves exchanged an affectionate kiss, then assisted Mason in scooting vertically along the large bed. He winced once or twice along with Razor when one or the other accidentally pulled against the knot. Soon enough though, Mason found himself resting comfortably between the two hulking werewolf brothers, each twin hugging him close as they returned to basking in their bliss.

The fox’s tail wagged at their feet. “I’m definitely gonna wander into your territory again,” he quipped.

Razor and Kaiser both laughed. So did Mason, as he slowly drifted off to sleep.