

Herbal Remedies

Port Trusta was the pride of the kingdom, a jewel of a city and bustling with merchants and adventurers from the world over. A place where the highest of born and the dirtiest of urchin scum could interact and it be completely normal. There were seven major ports along the many peninsulas, or fingers as the locals call them, of the Cerulean Expanse that made up the kingdom's western shores, but Trusta accounted for almost half of their combined commerce. Even though the guilds that managed the ports were all treated equally, it was clear that the guild in Trusta was the headquarters of the lot.

So, when a particular band of brothers had the opportunity to finally settle down in the famed port, they leaped at the chance. Adventuring was great and all, but this particular band of three were tired of the gig, and adventuring wasn't necessarily the end-all-be-all. You either get out, or you die, and the three didn't like option two in that scenario.

With their accumulative funds they were able to get a nice little plot of land, a beautiful little spot that they made into a fine apothecary. Briar, the black bear and druid shaman of the three, naturally had a green thumb while the fox twins, Vix and Nix, were able to adjust their thievery and poison skills to heal instead of harm. The trio had a great time, their shop the pride of the block and salvation for many. Whatever couldn't be healed with herbs, they had Briar's healing spells to thank. For the merry band, it was paradise.

Until it wasn't.

"Screw you, you sea slug sucking asshole!" Nix shouted at his brother.

"Oh yeah? Very original dumbass. Get new material you dung eating fucker!" Vix shot back.

Briar had thought that keeping the two foxes on opposite sides of the garden might have kept them from each other's throats. It was quite large for a city garden, but there was only so much you could do when the two ex-thieves were determined to ruin the other's day.

"Come on you guys, get back to your work," Briar growled, the black bear's deep voice rumbling. "If we don't finish this up we won't be able to harvest before the next port rotation."

"Yeah, yeah," Nix and Vix said in unison, the two almost carbon copies of each other. Their bright orange fur silky and well kempt from the oils they frequently bathed in. Normally they were in sync like this, but one thing led to another and some prank war got out of hand. The two had been at each other's throats for weeks and it was starting to get on Briar's last nerve.

Briar was a patient man, but he left adventuring behind to avoid discord and conflict, not be at constant odds with his best friends. He tried everything to get the two to bury the hatchet, but no matter how well mediated or controlled the environment they were always bickering by the end of the attempt. The bear decided he needed to resort to some extreme measures, meaning magic.

Not necessarily druid magic...

Briar could incite infatuation with rose and plum blossoms, he could harden resolve with snake wood bark and wood violets, he could even soothe grief with burdock root and honey, but these just brought out feelings, not suppressed them. The black bears magic was geared towards growth, and emotional weeds are far more difficult to expunge than creeping charley.

So, the day prior he went to the market and got something very specific from a warlock. Specifically a fey warlock. The fey were the first druids in a sense, but with the dark taint of original sin mixed in with mortal blood, not to mention a pact deal, a warlock's magic was more...flexible than Briar's pure magic.

A crooked old dragonborn with scales of violet and milky white eyes sold him something Briar thought might work.

“So, this talisman will stop all conflict by splitting my will onto others?” Briar asked.

“Yes, in a manner of speaking,” the old man chuckled, sparks dancing between his teeth and the smoke that curled between them. “It’s a very powerful, yet simple spell from our dark mother. All that’s needed is a hair willingly given. Simply tie the hairs of the two squabbling brats together around one of your own hairs and put it in the pouch.”

“And they’ll get along?”

“Oh, young man, they’ll forget why they were fighting in the first place. They’ll be too distracted to really care.”

“Distracted?” Briar narrowed his eyes at the dragonborn.

“You have plenty of work for them to do, right? They’ll keep to themselves if that’s what you truly want.”

“At least until things cool off,” Briar sighed and handed over a fist full of apple seeds from their garden and took the purple pouch. The dark fey loved apple seeds. They said their arsenic was sweeter than honey in their tea.

The talisman currently hung from Briar’s neck. It was hand stitched from some sort of scratchy thread that itched his chest, his dark chest hair making it cling to him until the rising sun caused his sweat to roll down his back and cleavage. His thick pecs and muscled gut were in stark relief as his linens drank of his hard labor and clung to him, his shoulder blades and back muscles forming a growing cliff face as he worked his garden.

Briar cut the twin's hair the prior night when he got back, being an amateur barber, and simply asked if he could pluck a hair in between conversation. It was funny how they both had the same response.

"Sure big guy, whatever. Gunna ask for the rest too?"

Briar rolled his eyes at how similar the two were. They were inseparable, and the thickest thieves this side of the Cerulean Coast. If they would just let go of their pride, they would be the same again, but instead they keep forcing a bigger rift.

And this damned talisman wasn't working!

The two had never been more at each other's throats. Briar felt like his patience was sucked right out of him and yet it was like not one ounce of it showed up in the bratty twins. They just kept shouting, yelling, and sniping at each other. They ran out of regular insults and switched to the pirate vocabulary they picked up from the docs.

"Fucking dungbie barnacle!"

"You shitty swab!"

"Enough!" Briar roared. The foxes froze and looked at Briar, the big black bear growling as he turned to stare down the twins, their tails between their legs. "I'm so sick and *FUCKING* tired of you two feuding day in and day out! Just get over it already! Forgive and forget!"

"Get over what?" The two instantly cocked their heads.

"Briar, you okay?" Vix asked looking up at the black bear with concern.

"Yeah, you seem a little tense," Nix agreed. "What's goin' on big guy?"

“I’m waiting for you guys to make up, but it’s been too long. I’m tired of listening to you two fight.”

“Fight?” Vix huffed and threw his arm over his brother’s shoulder like he always would. “This one wouldn’t last a second against me.”

“Oh, you’d be lost without me on the battlefield you scamp,” Nix playfully shirked his brother off his shoulder.

Briar’s jaw dropped as he looked at the two giggle and smirk at each other mischievously in their normal way.

“Did...did you two just fight to get under my skin or something?”

“Briar, big guy,” the two said in unison before Vix shrugged and let Nix continue talking. “We haven’t fought since we were kits, what are you talking about?”

“Don’t fuck with me right now; tell me, were you guys fucking with me these past few weeks?” Briar demanded.

“No, of course not,” the two said in unison, almost mechanically before looking at each other and play punching one another with a few light chuckles.

Briar’s confusion only grew, and with it, his frustration. They had to be fucking with him. There’s no other way they would just flip it off like magic...

Briar blinked and gripped the pouch from around his neck, the thing warm with power as it lightly pulsed. Briar knew this magic. It was his magic, but twisted with something else. He sniffed the pouch. It smelled of peach blossom, foxglove, witch-hazel, and...something he didn’t recognize. It was a smell he had never smelled before. It was mild, sweet, and subdued. It reminded him of rose water, but

it was lighter than that. He pulled the aroma with his magic, the pollen from the flower in the pouch forming a glowing image of a small pink and white bloom. He recognized it from his horticulture books. Dianthus, known for its uniform shape and design, symbolizing...

“Obedience,” Briar rubbed the pollen between his fingers, the image of the flower vanishing. “Did...did they obey my command to forgive and forget?” Briar mumbled to himself. This was powerful and twisted magic. His shaman ancestors would be ashamed, but that pulsing warmth from that pouch radiated through him with purpose. He had to know if it was really what he thought. A sly grin played on his face.

“Why don’t you two make up with a kiss,” Briar smiled. The two were close, but not that close.

“Briar, what the fuck are you talking about?” Vix rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, us, kissing really?” Nix rolled his eyes too.

Briar blushed under his onyx fur and was about to apologize when he realized the twin’s eye rolls moved their muzzles in line with each other’s. The brothers cupped their identical muzzles and brought them together for a light kiss.

“See, no big deal,” the two said in unison as they leaned on each other again.

Briar was speechless as he watched the whole interaction. The two fought to eliminate assumptions that they were into incest their entire lives. They would never have kissed, not even a peck on the cheek. Well...maybe that one time when Vix saved Nix from that snake, but that was different.

Maybe if Briar wasn’t so shocked by the whole thing, he would have noticed the talisman’s pulse in his body, his magic being tainted by a dark fey power. It rippled through his fur, his green eyes catching flax of purple as his hanging jaw slowly went up into a sly smile.

“Fuck...” Briar breathed.

“You turned on by that mate?” Vix and Nix said in unison. The growing bulge in Briar’s pants wasn’t just from the display of them kissing...but the control he knew he had.

Was he really going to take this further? Briar could end this now, take off the talisman and be done with it.

But why should he?

After the weeks of constant bickering shouldn’t he get something out of this? It was like there was a die rolling in his head, so many options rattling around and he didn’t know where it was going to land. He knew this wasn’t right, that something was deeply wrong with all this...but it felt good.

Crit-Fail

“You call that a kiss? You two love each other, right? Put on a real show you needy little sluts.”

Where the hell did that come from? Briar thought. Where were these words coming from? Were those his words? Of course they were...they were always there...a deep desire he suppressed...he just never dared act on it.

“What the fuck Briar,” Nix snarled, but was quickly silenced as his brother tackled him. Vix pressed his maw against Nix, the toned foxes’ lips smacking and tongues dancing between them. Snarls of revulsion and resistance quickly melted into deep lusty murrns and cute yips. The twins were going at it, Briar had unleashed on them the full force of their lust and directed it at each other. They weren’t just obedient, they believed in the words that Briar said. Whatever he stated became their truth and rewrote their memories accordingly.

“Holy shit,” Briar rumbled, his thick cock swelling in his britches, his thick tip smearing dark stains across them. His dick throbbed as thick pearls of desire welled up and rolled down his pants to make a snaking stain.

“Oh fuck, Vix,” Nix moaned.

“Nix, oh, fuck nibble right there...oh god...” Vix moaned as his brother nibbled at his neck and lulled over it.

“Yeah...you little shits love to show off your little perverse selves, huh? Don’t you? You like it when I watch. Always trying to tease me and get me to join in.” Briar rumbled, his voice rumbling as he came closer.

“Oh fuck Briar, you’re usually such a tease,” Vix moaned as he arched his back while Nix nibbled on his neck.

“Yeah, you make more shitty cat calls than a blue balled sailor, yet never act on it,” Nix said, his lips smacking off his brother’s neck, a bright pink hickey forming. “Did we finally find something you’re into?”

“I have an idea of what’s gotten into me,” Briar murred and lifted his foot, his bear paw coming out of his boot as he brought it to Vix’s face. “And I fucking like it.”

“Briar, what are you doing?” Vix curled his nose up at Briar’s big foot paws.

“What? You love my paws almost as much as you do your brother. Can’t get enough of them. Don’t think I haven’t noticed you sniffing my damned boots before?” Briar lied, but those lies became a quick truth as he felt Vix’s hot moans curl through his toes, followed by the fox’s ruby tongue as it licked over them.

“Vix, come on,” Nix complained in a sultry tone. “I’m so hot for you, why are you wasting your time on Briar’s foot? You can jack to that whenever you want-”

“Shut up Nix, you’re more of a foot slut than he is,” Briar smirked and lowered his heel down for the other fox twin to get in on the action. In an instant, Nix playfully nipped at that heel, his teeth brushing it gently before his tongue lulled over it while Vix moaned and laced his tongue between the toes.

Down below the brother’s had pulled their pants down to expose their duo of six inch dicks. They did say they were a full foot between the two of them. Nix grabbed Vix’s dick and vice versa, the two of them grinding together and fucking into each other’s paws as they lapped and slurped at that massive bear foot.

“Fuck...” Briar rumbled, the pouch on his neck pulsing with power, the corruption bleeding deeper into him as he succumbed to more of its dark magic. Briar had whipped out his own cock, looking down at the two of them he couldn’t help but reach full mass. Ten inches and almost as thick as a stein, the thick tip glossed with a thick layer of his pre as it dribbled out of that angry cock head. Briar took his cock in his hand and stroked it.

But it wasn’t enough.

“Get inside, bedroom, nude,” Briar barked out his orders as he pushed off on Vix’s face, causing the fox to flop over.

“Fuck Briar, not so rough,” Vix complained.

“Yeah, don’t be a dick about it,” Nix snarled.

“Quit flapping your dick holsters, you love it,” Briar grinned darkly. “You love when I get rough with your fairy asses.”

“Oh fuck,” Vix wined his cock spirting some pre onto his well-toned chest. He was halfway through the disrobing command when the next one hit him like a truck.

“Oh, we do like it rough, daddy,” Nix murred, licking his chops of his brother’s spit as he pulled himself up.

Briar’s sly grin grew deeper as he felt his cock throb, the plants it landed on shivering and their viridian leaves turned to a cobalt blue. Briar didn’t notice as he was focused on the bright, white, furry asses of those foxes as he dropped their pants, flashing their pert little holes at him as they went inside. Briar lumbered after them.

The garden would have to wait, he had some new soil to plow.

Briar’s bedroom was larger than the twins, simply because he was a much larger guy. The two foxes barely reached the bear’s massive pecs, so their combined size wasn’t much compared to the lumbering druid shaman. The two foxes were nestled into the crook of each of Briar’s arms. He exchanged taking their breath away, first rolling his massive head over to press his tongue into the maw of one of the twins, lulling deep into their throats as they suckled on that appendage, before alternating to the next. The twins gagged on that massive tongue before shifting over to the next. The twins used their cute little fox paws to message that thick bear tip, their toes glistening in his copious pre, the black bears nuts pulsing and churning with their need as they flexed with that spire of man meat.

“Nothing brings you more joy than me playing with your assholes,” Briar growled into one of the twins lips, the bears big fingers slipping between the soft, rounded cheeks in his massive paws. His fingers played against those twitching puckers, the two moaning and arching their backs.

“Kiss,” Briar rumbled and the two arched so they were pressing their muzzles together, their submissive soft mewls, high-pitched whines fluttering between their lips as Briar worked those holes open, slowly tilling up that earth to sew his wild oats.

“Oh fuck, Nix, his fingers are so good-” Vix cut himself off with a little yip as Briar’s thick fingers sank deeper and brushed that hidden love button. Nix took the opportunity to press forward, his tongue filling his brother’s maw as he cupped it with his free hand.

“Oh fuck, Vix,” Nix moaned as he grinded down into Briar’s hand, that thick paw able to palm his entire ass and still fill his hole. “It feels so fucking good.”

Briar smiled, his lust throbbing between his legs as the twins continued to make out while he played with their sensitive holes. Then he felt their hands gripping his dick. Briar gave a low moan that shook the shop below as those soft vixen paws gently stroked, their fingers lacing together around that thick member and only barely able to encompass it. They could pick a lock in the dark with those fingers, he wasn’t surprised they were talented at finding the best way to stroke his engorged glands.

“Make yourselves useful and start sucking on it,” Briar snarled. The two foxes did as they were told, shifting on those meaty fingers to get down and kiss that member. The thick glaze of Briar’s lust on that cock was heady with musk. The two opened their maws, tasting their master’s thick essence, the salty glaze filling their muzzles as they made out, rolling it between their mouths.

“Holy shit you two, it’s like you’ve wanted this forever,” Briar smiled, sinking a second finger into each fox hole, those asses presented to him as the two lapped and made out around that massive dick.

“Oh fuck daddy, harder,” they moaned, their tongues lulling over that shaft.

“You know what you need to do in order to get more,” Briar growled, his fingers tracing light circles over those prostates. It was amusing how each one was in the exact same place as the other.

“Oh fuck,” Nix opened his mouth and took that jaw breaking head into it, his tongue lulling over that head and slurping. Briar groaned, half growled as his cock throbbed, a thick wad of pre slapping the back of Nix’s throat while he applied more pressure to Nix’s love mutton.

Nix couldn’t hold it back, that cock plopped out of his mouth as he moaned like a whore in heat, his back arching and his little fox paws flexing in pleasure as he pressed back against those fingers. His brother took over the cock sucking, slurping it up and messily schlorping over that knob. Vix had a very similar reaction only he shuddered through his moan, his tail flicking back and forth as his thighs tried to spread farther apart to accept those fingers, his asshole pushing back to suck those powerful knuckles in as Nix regained composure and slurped on that dick again.

This back and forth kept going until they got used to their prostates popping off, their cocks oozing pre and cum, both having mini orgasms as their prostates were played with. Briar was edging himself, his maw clenched as he snarled around the pleasure. Each time one twin was about to get him to bust, he would milk their little prostate more, moving faster, slipping his fingers over those little bundles of nerves, spitting on their puckers and working his fingers in more slickly. They would inevitably arch and moan, their dicks throbbing in time with his fingers running over their inner clits.

“Holy shit, you’re getting me close,” Briar rumbled through clenched teeth, drool dripping from his muzzle as he continued to play with their holes. The twins took that as a challenge, each one looking at the other with mischievous eyes as they wrapped their muzzles around that massive shaft, one on either side, so they could slide up and down that shaft, their tongues lulling and lashing in opposite directions. They made out, their tongues lapping around that thick monster as they continued to slurp and move faster. Wet shlorping filled the air as they reached the head and alternated from gagging themselves and going down to try and lick those nuts, then alternating back.

“I’m gunna bust, holy shit! Don’t Fucking stop! FUCK!” Briar roared, his balls drawing up as Nix dove down on that shaft while Vix lapped over the rest, stroking it with his paws.

Briar’s cock throbbed, a thick wad of cum splattering in Nix’s muzzle and another rapidly overfilling it, the third shot out of his nose and he was forced to come off his cock. Vix kept stroking the orgasm as that hot shaft unloaded over that massive keg of a muscle gut.

Briar felt the foxes holes clench as their prostates pulsed against his fingers. He kept stroking them playing with those beautiful bundles as his two boys came hard, their cum jetting over the mattress.

Briar moaned as his orgasm subsided, but the twins kept on working. Nix kept that cum in his muzzle as Vix lapped over the strands that Briar coated his keg with. The cum welled up on the fox’s tongue before lapping it up, getting every last stray strand in his muzzle before the two came together again. Thick wads of warm bear cum filled their muzzles as they made out, the twins feasting on their master’s essence as their incestuous tongues found each other in the thick, warm mess.

“Holy shit,” Briar groaned. “That’s right, my cum is the most amazing thing you two have ever, or will ever taste. Isn’t that right boys.”

The two were snowballing languidly before, but with that command, their spines tingled, their cocks twitching with newfound vigor as they made out deeper, trying to push that cum further into each other’s throat. That seed felt like the sweetest and meatiest thing in the world. Light sips were taken of that ambrosia as it dribbled down their chins with their drool.

“Good boys, don’t waste a drop,” Briar rumbled, putting his hands behind his head as the two continued to smack their lips, gulp, moan, and lap over each other’s chins to get any stray strands. They licked each other clean.

“Daddy?” the two asked in such a sweet tone, “Can...can we treat you to something now?”

“Of course,” Briar smiled. “what do you have in mind.”

“Well,” Nix smiled. “I wanted to ride you and Vix wanted to ride your face...”

“We love you so much daddy, and we want to give you everything you want, everything you deserve.” Vix murred.

“Of course, boys. Time to show your daddy how much you love him, and he’ll show you just how much he loves you.”

That last bit wasn’t a lie. The talisman, let alone any magic, couldn’t create true love. The trio had already built the trust and understanding, but it was the lust that was the last component to make this love carnal and all consuming. That night they drained each other’s nuts, the twins giving the bear a run for his money, but in the end. The three called it at the same time, the foxes curled up in Briars arms as he kissed them both goodnight, his fingers deep in their cum soaked assholes and gently messaging them.

“Sweet dreams, boys. In the morning, you can treat daddy’s morning wood. How does that sound.”

Briar didn’t need an answer, their assholes clenching was answer enough.