

Kyle woke up at midnight, grumbling to himself. The bulge from under his sheets stared back at him. He needed to get off or he wasn't going to get back to sleep.

The otter threw off his sheets and gripped his cock tightly, sliding his foreskin over his cock head. He leaned back and fantasized about his sister masturbating, but after 10 minutes of trying, he wasn't getting off. He was only getting blueballs. His sister in his mind, he slid on some panties over his erection and snuck up the stairs from his basement room.

In the kitchen he saw a faint light of the TV in the living room. Hoping it was his sister watching something late at night he crept across the room, avoiding the squeaking tiles, but was disappointed to find his dad snoozing in his recliner. His cock was out but whatever he was fapping to was now off the screen, unless he really likes cooking shows. Kyle snuck through the living room, wishing he was wearing more than his sister's panties, and snuck up the stairs.

It was after the top of the stairs, after stepping over the squeaky tiles that he heard it: his sister Jean's moaning. A bead of pre emerged at the tip of his panty clad cock and he quickly but quietly inched to her room; the closer he got the more he could hear the sounds of sex. Or at least masturbation.

Kyle got to her door and opened it slightly, being greeted by the scent of a girl on heat and the musk that came from a pussy in use. The male otter snuck his muzzle in the door and saw it: a view he would never forget. Jean had her face in her pillow to hide her moans, she was on her hands and knees with a dildo in her slit and a vibrator in her tailhole. Kyle almost came just from the sight of his sister filled with lust, but he held back and slipped in the room, closing the door behind him.

When the door latched Jean's sharp otter ears twitched. She looked up, all flushed with lust and the need to cum, just in time to see her brother drop the pair of her panties he'd been wearing to the floor and walk over to her. They only exchanged three words between them before they started: Kyle whispered: "Horny?" And, when Jean nodded he replied: "Me too." Before slipping the dildo out of his sister's pussy and replacing it with his muzzle.

Jean returned her maw to her pillow to hide her moans as her brother ate her out with the same expertise he wasn't supposed to have. It wasn't long before Jean thrust her cunt into her brother's muzzle and squirted in his maw. Kyle greedily drank up her juices, and when she was done she collapsed into her bed.

However, Kyle wasn't done yet. He had a plan, so he gently flipped his sister over and slid the vibrator out of her tailhole. He wanted more of her juices, and he knew just how to get them. He quickly ran to her underwear drawer and found some lube, then lubed up his cock and Jean's tailhole. All the while Jean was just basking in the afterglow. Not even aware of her brother's plan... until he started sliding his cock in.

Jean barely got her paws over her mouth to prevent a yelp that would awaken their

parents. She quickly but sharply whispered to her brother: "What the hell do you think you're doooooing..." As angry as she wanted to be at the unwanted intrusion, as soon as her brother found the right pace, she was putty in his paws. Looks like the secret to her euphoria is in her tailhole.

Kyle was careful, he leaned over his sister and fucked her tailhole in the missionary position. He felt his orgasm building up, but did everything possible to not finish before his sister did. Biting his lip and shutting his eyes tight, he barely made it. As soon as he felt the heavy splash on his stomach from his sister cumming, he pulled out and erupted all over her. A barrage of thick, sticky jizz covered his blissed otter partner and she loved it.

Kyle fell forward on his sister as soon as he was finished cumming. But, this move just made him wind up being all sticky with his own mess. The boyott saw how peaceful his sister looked and could help but kiss her. When he did Jean opened her eyes and looked back at her brother, returning the kiss in this peaceful moment.

Jean rolled over to go to bed, ignoring the rather large mess she was making, and quickly went to sleep. Kyle grabbed a clean pair of boy shorts from his sister's drawer and snuck back downstairs, avoiding all the noisemaking steps, but when he got to the living room he saw a shock. His dad hadn't been asleep with his cock out, there was porn on the TV and the fatherott was going at it hard. Kyle only had the option to wait until he was done and wonder what his dad had seen of his outfit...