

Kyle woke up, dazed, but the pressure in his bladder immediately fixed that. The otter rushed out of bed and quickly to his bathroom, only to remember that it wasn't working. He felt tension rising and dashed upstairs. Though the kitchen and living room, and up to the second floor. He felt a bit of relief as he got to the door he'd been heading for but his hopes were dashed as soon as he opened the door.

Once the desperate otter opened the door he found his sister sitting on the toilet, wearing a look of surprise on her face. After a 30 silent second staring match Kyle just said "I thought dad fixed this lock." before shutting the door behind him. Jean could see the desperation in his face. She had felt it herself just a few minutes ago and sighed. Spreading her legs, she revealed her leaking pussy to her brother and waved him over. Kyle, seeing no other means of not wetting himself, dropped his pajamas and sat in Jean's lap facing her and angled his cock through her spread legs.

As soon as the pressure broke and a stream of pee left him he sighed with relief and put his paws on his sister's shoulders to steady himself, he thought how funny it was, sitting like his he was the taller one. There was a power to it he found appealing. After a long silence, only filled by two streams hitting water, the siblings looked at each other in his seated position. Suddenly, Kyle could feel a different kind of pressure and quickly stood up, turning around, away from his sister. He didn't want her to see that he was getting hard from this.

However, Jean was rather savvy, and knew exactly what was happening. Instead of helping she rolled her hips forward and made a show of wiping herself clean, knowing her brother could help but watch. She was right, looking over his shoulder, the otter slowly turned around, paws over his erection, but the otter was transfixed with the intimate view of his sister. Jean stood up and flushed, but instead of pulling her panties back up she sat on the sink, displaying her beauties to Kyle. The otter unknowingly dropped his paws, revealing his dripping boner.

Jean grinned at her brother. "Can't send you back out there with that, your pajamas won't provide any cover for it!"

Her brother blushed and slowly walked over to his sister, kneeling down to get a closer look at her pussy. "Think you're ready for sex?"

Jean placed her paws on Kyle's head and pressed it to her slit. "Maybe I could use a warm up."

Kyle was cautious. "Will mom and dad hear?"

His sister replied matter of factly "Mom is at work, dad is watching TV downstairs, you must have missed him on your way up here."

The boyott didn't need any more info, he leaned in and gave Jean's treasures a kiss, then quickly slid his tongue inside. Kyle lapped at his sister's pussy, loving the taste of it. Losing all sense of what surrounded them, he covered it in licks. Jean slid a paw in her

shirt and tweaked one of her nipples as her brother only did what he could do. It wasn't much longer before Jean felt a build up in her. Losing control, she closed her legs on her brother's head and squirted heavily all over his maw. Kyle drank her juices as best he could, but still wound up with a messy muzzle.

The girlott relaxed on the sink, leaning back against the mirror, when Kyle stood up and without warning, slid his cock in her warm, wet slit. Jean covered her mouth as Kyle didn't build up to it, just thrusted wildly into her. Like a beast unchained Kyle bit Jean's neck, causing a small gasp to escape her maw. The boyott humped heavily into his sister, the slapping of his balls ringing in the tiled bathroom. It wasn't much longer until Kyle gave a few thrusts that almost knocked Jean into the sink as he drained his balls into his sister. The girlott felt the inside of her pussy warm up as her brother's spoo spurted deep inside her. Then the room was silent.

Kyle released Jean's neck from his teeth and slowly pulled out of her. His cum oozed out of Jean, sliding down her and pooling at her tailhole.

Kyle stared at his mess and was the first to speak "You didn't cum from me fucking you this time... did you?"

Jean, out of breath and unable to speak just shook her head.

Kyle looked at her messy pussy and tailhole and licked his lips. "Sorry, I was too focused on me cumming. Let me fix that."

Kyle quickly nosed his way down to Jean's tailhole and slowly licked at it, cleaning up all the extra jizz that had escaped from his sister's pussy. Jean groaned from behind her paw and the boyott traced a line of cum up his sister's taint and arrived at her cream-filled pussy. Kyle slurped out all of his cum, sliding in his tongue as far as it would go. Jean felt the end coming again and this time grabbed Kyle's head with her free paw and pushed him back down to her tailhole.

Taking the hint, the boyott rimmed her like a pro, sliding his tongue into her and lapping at it until he felt Jean squirt her fluids onto his head, getting his ears all wet. Kyle stood up and looked at Jean, his muzzle was dripping wet, as was the top of his head. Jean slid off the sink so he could wash up. But first Kyle kissed her so she could taste what had. The mere taste of her own juices set her off again, and she squirted on the floor without even being touched. Jean grabbed some TP and wiped off the floor as Kyle cleaned himself off. They both dressed and went separate ways, ready to start the day.