

Kyle had no clue what to expect. Ken never texts him, especially not to come over to “hang out.” He looked for Jean to ask her about it, but she wasn’t home. She had been neglecting him, ever since she discovered hypnotism she had been nerding out over it, leaving Kyle by the wayside. The otter walked next door to where Ken lives and discovered the house empty. It wasn’t until he walked into Ken’s room that he found people.

Jean and Ken were talking quickly about something, but soon stopped when they realize Kyle had arrived. The boyott walked in the room and Jean stood up to shut the door behind him. She had her hypnotism kit with her and Kyle groaned. “Again with this, Jean?”

Jean grinned at her brother, and so did Ken. The girlott walked over to the kit and picked up a gold coin that was supposed to make him very sleepy or something. With a flick of a finger the coin spun. Kyle looked at it expecting nothing, since he was her guinea pig. His eyes grew dull and listless.

“I told you he wouldn’t remember.” Said Jean to Ken, who was watching intently. “Poor little otter doesn’t remember servicing his sister at her whim.”

Kyle swayed gently back and forth. The otter just watched the coin spin, getting slower as it lost momentum. He remembered Jean telling him that when the coin stopped spinning she would be in control, and his swaying stopped as the coin finished it’s spinning. The coin slowed to a stop and he was Jean’s.

“I bet you’re wondering why you don’t remember this part of the hypnosis. It’s simple, bro, I told you not to. Now you’re our plaything for the evening, and if you’re lucky I’ll let you get off too this time. I know you must be feeling pent up, right?” Monologued Jean, as if she had explained it a dozen times before.

Kyle stared at the coin, only coherent enough to let out a: “Yes, sis. So pent up.”

Jean nodded at Ken, who walked over to Kyle and started to undress him. “Well, you’re going to hold still while my boyfriend takes off your clothes, be a good otter and let him do it, okay?” Jean ended with a question, but Kyle knew it was a command. He just nodded as Ken took off his clothes, and when he dropped is pants he revealed the boy otter was wearing his sister’s panties again. Jean laughed at the naughty otter, and when Ken pulled down those panties Kyle’s hard cock stuck out, his foreskin barely able to be bunched up over the head of his erection. The guy ott just stood there, like a good hypnotized otter.

Once the otter was naked Jean ordered him to get on Ken’s bed. While he did Ken undressed down to his briefs, which were already dripping with pre. Jean told Kyle to stay still while Ken grabbed his rump cheeks with both paws and stuck his muzzle between those cheeks, rimming him like it was Ken’s last meal. Kyle did his best to stay still, but even hypnotized he couldn’t help but moan and groan as he was rimmed. While the boys played Jean undressed completely.

“Okay, Kyle. Now you’re going to roll onto your back and lift your legs for Ken, then I’m going to put something tasty in your mouth, and you’re going to lick it until I squirt on your muzzle, okay?” Commanded Jean, again with a question.

As soon as Kyle nodded the couple went to work, Ken resting Kyle’s lifted legs on his shoulders and Jean resting her pussy against Kyle’s muzzle. Almost at the same time Ken pushed into Kyle and the boyott started eating out his sister. Ken held tight onto Kyle’s legs and Jean did her best to hold herself up as her brother expertly licked her. She felt that tingle and build up that comes with squirting cum and the sound of Ken’s balls slapping against Kyle’s rump prevailed in the busy room.

Jean let out a girlish moan as she squirted her girlcum all over Kyle’s face and Ken gave one final slam into Kyle as he filled him with a pent up deer load until little dribbles of it soaked his balls. The couple moaned together and then went quiet. Climbing off the otter, they shared a deep kiss, before hearing a whimper from the bed. Kyle’s cock was leaking like a faucet. He had been teased almost every night for a week and hadn’t gotten off. Jean nodded at Ken then climbed on her brother.

“You are not to ejaculate until I do, got it?” Declared Jean.

Kyle nodded and his sister started bouncing on Kyle’s cock. The boyott whimpered and shuddered, but held on despite a muzzle full of girlcum and a huge deer load leaking from his rump. Ken sauntered over and flicked Jean’s clit as she bounced, adding too much stimulation for the girl and she moaned again, squirting another load of girlcum on Kyle’s crotch. Kyle then groaned and finally shot that pent up load, filling Jean, the girl ott stayed on his cock, enjoying the warm feeling he was giving her.

Once they left that orgasmic peak Jean gave Kyle one more command. “get dressed, go home, take a shower, then take a nap.”

Kyle couldn’t take it anymore, he burst out laughing. Jean and Ken looked at each other and didn’t know what to say. It wasn’t until the guy otter calmed down that he could explain.

“I’m sorry, I just had to, it was the perfect opportunity.” Laughed Kyle.

“What do you mean?” Asked Jean, a bit startled.

“Hypnosis doesn’t work, I was just playing with you! I knew what was going on all the time, you didn’t make me do anything.” Explained the boyott with a grin, happy to finally end the charade.

Ken was speechless, but Jean was pissed. She glared at her brother and shouted: “Get out! I’ll deal with you later!”

Kyle stopped with his gleeful display and folded his ears. With his tail between his legs

he quickly exited Ken's house.

"What are you gonna do to him?" Questioned Ken.

"I'll think of something... you still have that chastity cage that didn't fit?" Asked Jean, with an evil grin.

Later, in the otters' house, Jean entered Kyle's room without knocking. "That was a mean thing to do, Kyle." Stated Jean plainly.

"So is trying to turn your brother into a mind slave, Jean."

Jean knew this was true, but didn't want to give up her plan. "Tell you what, I won't do anything like that again, and never bring this up, if you wear this for a week." Jean states as she placed a chastity cage in front of Kyle. "I don't know if you really held out for a week, but a week's worth of your cum squirting in me felt great. Let's do it again."

Kyle stared at the cage and thought before nodding. "Fine, one week. But I'm too hard for you to put it on."

The otter's shook and Jean undid Kyle's pants and pulled down his panties to reveal a throbbing erection. "Only one thing to do about that." Remarked Jean before taking all of her brother's cock in her maw, grazing her throat. Kyle moaned and groaned, the basement providing soundproofing to his pleasure. Jean reached under her brother's bed until she found some lube, then immediately raised her muzzle from her brother's crotch. The girlott took off her shirt and bra, then got Kyle's cock slick with lube. Positioning him so he's sitting on the edge of the bed, Jean knelt in front of her brother, and in one move engulfed his cock between her breasts.

Kyle, never having felt this before, didn't know how to respond, but Jean knew what she was doing. There was just enough of his cock pointing out for Jean to swirl her tongue around it. The boyott gripped his bed as his balls welled up and he squirted his ott cum into Jean's willing mouth. Kyle flopped back on his bed, his erection wilting as Jean got dressed. in a flash she affixed the cage. Saying "I hope you can make it a week, bro." before leaving his room.