

The otter siblings were back at home for a holiday weekend, which meant that they weren't as free to do as much as they would like with each other or Austin for a few days. Things were tense as is, Kyle had a bad feeling that his parents were going to ask to meet his boyfriend soon, but what they didn't know was that he was Jean's boyfriend too. Kyle didn't know how Jean had kept her involvement a secret to their mom and dad, but that just made him more nervous. The boyott didn't manage to fall asleep until late his first night home, and when that happens he tends to sleep walk.

In his mind he was just walking to the upstairs bathroom since the toilets in his and the one off the living room were still broken. But the otter went into the right door at the top of the stairs instead of the left, and into Jean's room. Still asleep, the otter walked right up to his sister's bed and dropped his pajamas and panties. Aiming his soft cock at an imaginary toilet, he let loose. Unfortunately he was aimed right at Jean.

The girlott bolted out of bed and saw her brother, obviously asleep, but peeing on her lap. She normally would have enjoyed her brother's urine raining down on her, but not at three in the morning and not right in her bed. She had awhile to sit there, thinking how to rouse her brother as he went a long time with a steady stream flowing from his length. She decided not to wake up their parents by yelling and simply flicked her brother's ear. The otter quickly came back to his senses and saw what he was doing.

"Wh-what? Oh God, Jean! I'm s-so sorry!" Stuttered Kyle, not able to stop himself from wetting his sister and her bed.

"You're not sorry yet, dear brother of mine, but you're going to be." Grinned Jean.

They waited quietly until Kyle ran dry, then Jean collected her sheets and grabbed Kyle's paw, heading for the laundry machines in the garage. Kyle's pajamas and panties were still around his ankles as he walked, Jean made sure not to give him a change to pull them up before they entered the garage. It was built for two cars but they only had one so there was plenty of room. Jean dropped his paw and put her sheets in the laundry machine, using extra detergent. Before shutting the lid she stripped off her wet clothes and underwear, standing naked in front of her brother. Kyle was in the process of pulling up his panties, but when Jean stripped he stopped, admiring his sister in all her splendor.

Kyle let his panties drop and stepped out of his clothes, leaving him in just a t-shirt. His cock quickly got erect from the view, but the otter didn't dare make a move. He was still waiting for his punishment and Jean wasn't above blueballing him. The male otter just stood his ground while Jean started the washing machine. Once that task was done she turned to her brother.

"Lose the shirt." Demanded Jean.

Kyle quickly took off his shirt. He watched as Jean slowly sauntered to one of the load bearing beams in the garage and leaned against it. Spreading her pussy lips, she let out a gasp as her cold fingers touched her folds.

“Come here.” Commanded Jean, but amended that command “On your paws and knees, little brother.”

Kyle gulped. She never called him “little brother” unless she was mad at him. She liked to pretend they were twins, even if she was only a year older than him. The otter obeyed nonetheless and got on his knees, crawling over to his sister. He got a bad feeling, like this had happened before. Once he reached his sister he sat and waited for her next command.

“Lick me.” Said Jean, holding her lips open for him.

Kyle quickly did as she asked, first giving her whole pussy a few slow licks, then focusing on sliding his tongue into her and licking his way out. It was while his tongue was in his sister that he heard Jean exhale and felt her shudder. Kyle remembered why this felt familiar and realize too late what was about to happen. Suddenly a warm liquid jetted from Jean’s pussy and into his face. The otter closed his eyes but knew this was his punishment and continued licking his sister as she pissed on him. He did his best to avoid getting any in his mouth but some got in there anyway, he had no choice but to swallow it with the rest of the juices he was teasing out of her. The silent garage only had the sound of the washing machine and Jean’s stream hitting Kyle’s muzzle.

This went on for a matter of minutes, Kyle had to close his eyes to prevent them from stinging with his sister’s pee. But, he didn’t once stop eating her out. Eventually a new sound permeated the previous two, Jean’s breathing was heavier and quick. She was close. Kyle, after hearing that sound, redoubled his efforts. Soon, to his relief, Jean stopped peeing. He was delighted and opened his eyes just in time for her to squirt in his face. Jean’s pussy lips clamped down on Kyle’s muzzle, making it so he couldn’t move as squirting streams of girlcum rained down on his face and muzzle.

Eventually, after the coating of piss was replaced by a coating of girlcum the boy was freed and stood up. Jean fetched a clean towel from the laundry basket and handed it to Kyle, but as soon as he started wiping his face he pulled the towel away, getting a crusty feeling from it. Jean took it and sniffed it. Aside from smelling like her juices it reeked of their father.

“Dad came in this and didn’t wash it...” Said Jean, tossing it with the dirty things and getting a new one, checking to make sure it was clean before handing it to Kyle. The otter sniffed it, to make sure it was clean, before wiping himself off with it. Finally opening his eyes again, he saw his sister still naked. His cock was hard enough to ache at this point. But, before he could ask for some help Jean spoke.

“Let’s get dressed and go shower in your room, we still have some time before my sheets are ready to be thrown in the dryer.” Said Jean, digging through the basket of clean things for some panties and a shirt.

Kyle got dressed, not putting on his shirt since his torso was soaked in otter pee. The

two retreated to Kyle's room and hopped in the shower. They both got undressed, revealing Kyle's cock, still hard. Jean looked at it and giggled, but Kyle didn't find it that funny. They hopped in the shower and both rinsed off before lathering each other up, Jean focusing extra on her brother's rump and balls. Once they were both clean and just admiring each other, Kyle had had enough.

The boyott gripped his cock and started stroking. Jean just watched her brother go at it with reckless abandon. Kyle closed his eyes, trying to imagine something more arousing than just his sister naked, but eventually he felt something warm on his dick. Opening his eyes, he looked down to see his sister with her lips around his length. Kyle moved his paws to give Jean full access to him and she quickly took advantage of that, taking his cock into her throat. The poor boyott wouldn't last much longer and soon started spurting heavily into Jean's muzzle. The girlott slid back, so just the head of his length was in her mouth so she could catch his load and enjoy the taste.

Kyle was so worked up that his load started to trickle out from the corner of Jean's mouth, dripping onto the shower floor. After he was done cumming and Jean pulled off his cock to swallow it in one big "gulp" Kyle shut off the water and they both dried off. Kyle got dressed and walked to his bed, but Jean bonked him on the head.

"Nope, you're finishing my laundry, mopping up the mess in the garage, and making my bed so I can sleep in it while I lie on the couch." Said Jean, smiling.

"Fine." Groaned Kyle.

The two otts left the basement and went about their duties at four AM. Kyle didn't want to, but he knew he deserved it. Jean fell asleep on the couch, waiting for her brother to tell her to go to bed. All was well in the otter household. For now, anyway.