

Kyle, Jean, and Austin sat back in their chairs at Austin's dinner table. Friday dinner had been a success and all that was left of it was dirty dishes. Kyle grabbed the last bit of fish from his plate and savored it before swallowing. But, now came the problem that they always had. They could never remember whose turn it was to do the dishes.

"It's totally Kyle's turn." Said Jean, patting her stomach.

"No way, I did it last week!" Scoffed Kyle.

"No you didn't! I did." Muttered Austin.

"Then I did it the week before. It's Jean's turn!" Whined Kyle.

"Gentlemen, I have a fair way to decide who does the dishes." Said Jean, leaning forward.

"What's that?" Asked Austin, knowing whatever she suggested would be fun.

"We go over to the couch and masturbate, last one to cum does the dishes." Smiled Jean.

Kyle and Austin looked at each other. They were used to Jean's risqué suggestions by now and knew they would have fun doing it. Moving the dishes to the sink, the boys and Jean made their way to the couch. Each tenderly leaning back, they got into their starting positions. Kyle and Austin unzipped their flies, Austin revealing his lipsticking sheath and Kyle his hardening length. Jean pulled up her skirt and pulled down her panties. Austin and Kyle waited for Jean's go ahead.

"Ready! Set! Jerk!" Said Jean, suddenly.

Kyle gripped his cock and pulled at his foreskin, sliding it up and down his cock head. His other paw gently cradled his balls. Jean, sitting in between the males, slid two fingers into her slit and had a paw up her shirt, pinching a nipple. Austin jerked his sheath, getting his red jackal cock fully out to play with. Once it had fully emerged the jackal jerked his cock quickly.

Austin's other paw slipped up Jean's shirt, gently squeezing her other breast. The soft feeling of it goading him on but unintentionally helping Jean get off too. Kyle felt himself getting close and started to moan. Jean and Austin knew that Kyle was about to cum and watched as white cum spurted from his uncut cock all over himself and the couch. Kyle was out of the running and now it was just between Austin and Jean.

Austin stopped playing with Jean's breast and just fumbled his balls with his non jerking paw. Jean stopped pinching her nipple and flicked her clit, adding a third finger into her pussy. Kyle just relaxed next to Jean, enjoying the afterglow. Occasionally the boycott would have a taste of his cum, but he was finished for now. Jean dripped her juices, making a puddle on Austin's couch. The jackal watched this happen and it only spurred

him on more. Precum poured from his cock like a faucet.

Jean felt it, her orgasm was building. But, it was too late, Austin moaned and thrustured into his paw, sending ropes of cum all over himself and the couch. Just as the last spurt of cum escaped his cock Jean hissed between her teeth and squirted a load of girlcum onto the couch and her thighs. But, it was too late. She came last so she had to do the dishes.

The girlott got dressed and went to do the dishes. But, there now was another mess they had to deal with. The couch was in no shape to be sat on by anyone. Otter and jackal spoo stained the fabric and Jean left a puddle and spurts of girlcum on it. Austin and Kyle went to get some paper towels and fabric cleaner and went to work on the couch while Jean did the dishes. She smiled to herself, at least she wasn't the only one cleaning. While the couch dried Austin and Kyle changed out of their cummy clothes just in time for Jean to emerge from the kitchen.

"So, next time a tarp on the couch for that game?" Asked Jean.

"And the coffee table, and the floor around the living room." Replied Austin.

"What should we do while the couch dries?" Asked Kyle.

"Well, I have another game..." Started Jean.