

Kyle walked into Jean's room. It was unusual for him to stop by mid morning, but he was an otter with a plan. Jean watched him walk into her room at sit at her desk. It was empty as she had already packed up her room to go back to school. He sat there for some time, quietly looking at the empty space, before speaking.

"I didn't forget the promise I made to you." Said Kyle, plainly.

"Promise?" Asked Jean.

"To see more of Dad's dick." Replied Kyle.

Jean sat up, suddenly much more interested in what her brother had to say. She crossed her legs and thought back to their time as a family at a nude beach. Kyle and Mom were off in the bushes and she sat awkwardly next to her dad. She couldn't help but stare at his cock, fascinated at how much it looked like her brother's. Dad caught her staring and spoke up.

"Never seen an uncut one before, Jean?" Asked Dad.

"N-no, Dad. Never." Replied Jean, using whatever reason she could get to explain her staring.

"It's just like a cut one, watch." Stated Dad, grabbing his soft cock.

The maleott manipulated his uncut cock, pulling back the foreskin to show his daughter how it worked. Jean crossed her legs, hiding how wet her father's demonstration made her, but didn't take her eyes off of it. Dad noticed his daughter's gaze and took his hand off his cock. To his chagrin, he was starting to get hard, and he knew that if he kept at it he would cum very soon.

"Can... can I try, Dad?" Asked Jean, carefully.

Dad was shocked, he hadn't expected his own daughter to ask to touch his dick. But, he had a bad habit of spoiling her, and couldn't really say "no" to her. Doing his best to avoid cumming, he nodded at his daughter. Jean slowly reached over and gripped her father's semi-hard cock. Feigning inexperience, she failed a few times to pull the foreskin back before getting it right. Then, she got into a groove, stroking it slowly and feeling it getting hard in her grip. Dad did his best not to cum, but he was a hair trigger and Jean wasn't doing a good job at feigning ignorance. Eventually dad began to tremble. His length was throbbing and he was dripping pre onto Jean's paw.

"J-jean..." Muttered Dad. But Jean didn't hear her.

She was transfixed by what she was doing. She stroked her father's cock, tugging on his foreskin. Dad began to clench, doing everything he could not to do what he knew what he was going to do. He cursed under his breath and shuddered as his cock spasmed in his daughter's paw and fired a cluster of slick cum spurts into the sand in

front of him. This brought Jean back to reality and she dropped her dad's dick.

"Oh! I'm sorry, dad." Blushed Jean.

"Christ, I'm the one who should apologize." Panted Dad.

"Then let's forget it happened." Said Jean.

"Yeah, don't mention it to anyone." Replied Dad. He kicked the sand where his cum rested to hide the evidence.

Suddenly she was brought back to her room. The beach was just a distant memory. Kyle was looking at his sister and grinning.

"Having nice thoughts?" Grinned Kyle.

"How do you know?" Asked Jean, a bit flustered.

"You're dripping so much you're making a puddle in your bed." Laughed Kyle.

Jean looked down at her crotch, she had dripped straight through her pajamas and onto her bed. Blushing, she closed her bedroom door and stripped off her wet pajamas and panties. The girl looked in her drawer for a clean pair of panties and slipped on a white pair with a red ribbon on the front.

"I'm missing my blue silk panties." Said Jean, looking at her brother.

"I may have ejaculated into them and need to wash them for you. Let me make it up to you. Go hide in my bedroom closet, Dad and I will be there in about 5 minutes." Explained Kyle.

Jean nodded and scampered down to Kyle's basement room. Kyle walked down the hall to their parent's room to find their father. Kyle shuffled awkwardly over to their dad, sitting on his and Mom's bed lifting weights. When he noticed his son in the room he set his weights down on the bed.

"Something wrong, son?" Asked Dad.

"I have a problem, it's kind of embarrassing..." Said Kyle, shuffling his feet.

"You can tell me, son." Smiled Dad.

"I have a penis problem... I was hoping you could show me yours to compare the issue." Said Kyle, burning a hole in a painting on the wall.

"Well... isn't this something your boyfriend could help with?" Said Dad, a little uncomfortable.

“He’s a canine. Their plumbing is different than otters’.” Said Kyle, thinking that Jean owes him for this.

“Well, I guess I am your best option. Close the door and let me take a look, son.” Replied Dad.

“I need a magnifying glass in my room. Can you come with me?” Asked Kyle.

Dad nodded and followed his son through the house, down the stairs, through the first floor, in the kitchen, down to Kyle’s basement room. Jean heard the pair coming down the stairs and hid in Kyle’s closet, peeking through a crack in the door. The two male otters entered the room and stood awkwardly for a few minutes.

“So, I guess we should take off our pants.” Said Dad.

Kyle nodded, the pair looked at the floor as they removed their pants. Kyle was glad he wasn’t wearing his sister’s panties for this. Dad stood in his tighty whities and Kyle had on red boxer briefs. Jean couldn’t believe what she was seeing. One of her webbed paws had already found its way into her panties. The girl otter fingered herself, staring at her lover and her father in their undies. Then the moment of truth came, Dad put his thumbs in the elastic of his undies and so did Kyle, and the otters revealed their cocks to the room. Jean bit her lower lip to avoid moaning as her whole body shook with an orgasm, squirting all over the floor. She was glad that their dad didn’t have a strong nose, because she was filling that closet with her musk.

“Here, dad. When I pull back my foreskin I found a mark.” Said Kyle, angling his cock at his father.

“Oh, I see. Yeah, look at mine. I don’t have any marks.” Replied Dad, rolling back his foreskin to reveal his head.

“Here’s, look at it with a magnifying glass.” Said Kyle, offering his dad the magnifying glass.

Dad looked at the mark, closely. To Kyle’s embarrassment, the attention was making him get hard. Dad kept a straight face as his son got an erection in front of him. Jean watched everything from the closet, fingered herself to another explosive orgasm and soaking the clothes that Kyle left on his closet floor. She let out a squeak this time, but Dad didn’t hear it. Her scent wafted from the closet, not helping Kyle’s attempts to not get hard. Kyle thanked God that their dad’s nose wasn’t as sharp as his kids’ noses.

“I’ll set you an appointment with my urologist.” Said Dad, lifting his head away from his son’s cock.

“Let’s give it a few days, maybe it will go away on its own?” Responded Kyle.

"There's no need to be afraid of the doctor, son." Said Dad, pulling up his pants and undies to his daughter's dismay.

"Okay, Dad. I'll go to your urologist." Conceded Kyle.

"Get dressed, son." Smiled Dad. "I'll go call my doctor."

Dad left the room. Kyle got dressed. Jean crawled out of the closet. It reeked of girlcum and the floor was soaked. Her pussy was so wet that her panties were wet enough to show her labia through them. Jean walked over to her brother and hugged him. Then, she rummaged through Kyle's drawers to find a pair of briefs and a pair of shorts. Putting them on, she started to leave the room and stopped at the door.

"Is your dick okay?" Asked Jean.

"Yeah, I drew it on. It'll wash off when I shower." Replied Kyle.

"What about the urologist?" Wondered Jean.

"I'll figure it out." Responded Kyle.

"You're the best, bro." Smiled Jean.

"Now to clean my closet." Groaned Kyle.

"You love the smell." Smirked Jean.

"I love you, Jean. The smell is just a bonus." Grinned Kyle.

"Later, Kyle. I need a shower." Waved Jean.

"Later, Jean." Replied Kyle.