

It was day four of Dad being gone. Mom was so tired from day three's nighttime antics that she slept in. Lying in bed, she was lost in a dream. She remembered when she met her husband. In her sleep she thought back to that day when they were 16. She was the only feline in a mostly otter school.

Kris was never good with faces. And when most of her classmates were otters, she hated to admit it but she had trouble telling them apart. However, there was one otter that always stuck out. Arty wasn't the smartest or the most athletic, but he was the hardest working fur in that school.

In a place where swimming was the most watched sport, he was on the fencing team. One day she and her friends sat in on one of their events, they watched Arty in his match. Her friends didn't see it, but she saw how hard he worked at his match. He lost, but Kris saw how hard he took it. Her friends laughed at his angst, but when he looked up at them he saw the strange lynx girl giving him the sweetest look he'd ever seen. She hadn't noticed that her friends had scrambled when he looked at them. Arty climbed up the bleachers and sat with her. That was the first time they met.

Kris rolled over in her sleep. They were inseparable after that. Kris' friends apologized for laughing and he accepted. Kris saw how Arty struggled in school to get the Bs he got, and she saw how much he practiced to be the third best fencer on the team. His struggles never discouraged him, and Kris grew to love everything about him. Arty saw how unusually kind Kris was. In a sea of otters she was a siren, her song was so beautiful. Her voice was like a serenade to him.

And when his parents disliked his first girlfriend being a lynx, she stuck by her boyfriend, and he stayed by her side. By the time they both were 17 they were ready to take the next step. Kris had always disliked the idea of sucking cock and Arty never pressured her, but when she said she was ready to go all the way he had trouble hiding how ecstatic he was. At 1 AM on a Wednesday they snuck into their school. Under the bleachers where they first met. They knew they'd have to be quiet, and Arty kept this in mind while they lost their virginities.

They slid off their clothes and undies quickly, both excited to get to the "main course." Arty was worried his size wouldn't impress a lynx like Kris, but she didn't think of it. He slowly slid into the cat and she quickly wrapped her legs around him. However, the otter was a hair trigger and after only a few thrusts he felt the end coming near.

"Kristen... you have to let me pull out! I'm going to cum!" Whispered Arty.

However, Kris was too lost in the feeling of it to hear him. She wrapped her legs tighter around the struggling otter. Arty did his best to hold on, but after five more thrusts into her depths he knew it was too late to pull out. Arty gripped her hips and let out a moan as he fired his pent up otter load into his girlfriend's inviting pussy. This startled Kristen and she looked at her boyfriend as his cum erupted into her.

"Arty... are you cumming?" Asked Kris. Arty could only nod in the midst of the longest

orgasm he'd ever had.

"I'm not on the pill! You're going to get me pregnant, Arty!" Whispered Kris back to Arty.

Kristen finally realized her legs were preventing the otter from pulling out, but by then he was done cumming and his uncut ott cock only dripped drops of semen as he pulled out. Arty fell back on his ass and looked at his girlfriend's slit. It was dripping his cum onto the gymnasium floor. He looked at Kris and crawled over to kiss her, trying to dispel any worry.

"Don't worry, honey. My parents say that it can take trying dozens of times to get pregnant, you're probably not going to get pregnant from me accidentally cumming in you once." Said Arty, stroking her cheek.

That was the night Jean was conceived. Kris woke up thinking about her first time with her husband, and how as much as she loved him, he never got any better at sex. She got out of bed feeling ready to get off, so she took off her pajamas and put on her robe over her naked body, ready to find her son to scratch that itch.

She walked downstairs and found Jean watching TV. She ruffled her daughter's hair and sat down next to her. They sat in silence until Jean realized her mother's musk was exuding from her robe. After that Jean began to blush. Kris caught on to her daughter's blushing early.

"Feeling blushy, Jean?" Asked Kris.

"I can smell your musk, Mom." Giggled Jean.

"Oh, yeah. I need to find your brother... where is he?" Replied Kris.

"He's out with Austin. Need help with something?" Asked Jean.

"I need a hand getting off..." Said Kris, trailing off.

"A hand, eh?" Wondered Jean.

Jean moved closer to her mother and slid a webbed paw up her robe. She quickly made contact with Kris' bush. She ruffled her paws through her mom's pubic fur and moved her paw slightly until she felt Kris' pussy lips. Kris took in a deep breath when she felt her daughter's paw against her slit. Jean slipped a finger into Kris' pussy and the lynx let out a gasp. It wasn't long before she found her mother's clit and gently rubbed it. Jean added her other paw and finger fucked Kris while teasing her clit. Soon after that Kris gripped Jean's leg and moaned as she came around her daughter's fingers, dripping her juices all over them. Once she unclenched around her daughter's fingers Jean brought them to her muzzle and licked them clean.

"T-thankssss." Purred Kris.

“Anytime, Mom.” Smiled Jean.

“Can I reciprocate?” Asked Kris.

“Sure!” Replied Jean, surprised.

Kris slid to the floor and looked up her daughter’s skirt. She was surprised to see that Jean had “forgotten” to wear panties. Kris slid her daughter’s skirt up to expose her pussy. She leaned in close and had a moment of doubt before giving it a lick. Jean shuddered at the feeling of her mother’s tongue on her slit. Kris buried her tongue into her daughter’s slit, causing Jean to squeak. Jean rested her webbed paws on Kris’ head as she ate her out.

Kris slid a paw under Jean’s pussy to tease her tailhole. That was all Jean needed, she clenched around her mother’s tongue and dripped juices all over Kris’ muzzle. Kris withdrew from Jean’s crotch and lapped up Jean’s juices from her muzzle. She didn’t know about sucking cock, but eating out a woman seemed fun. Jean pulled down her skirt and Kris went upstairs to get dressed. Kyle came home that night and was none the wiser to what happened.