

The day Dad returned Kris wanted to make sure Jean and Kyle weren't around. She got out of bed in the morning and looked in the mirror. Her breasts were still a bit perky despite her age and she took pride in that. She looked at her red mound and wondered how she'd look if she styled herself like her daughter's, but that thought soon faded when she remembered how much Arty preferred the "natural" look. Kris put on her favorite robe and went downstairs.

She found Jean sitting in a t-shirt and panties in the living room, relaxing on the couch and watching TV. Kris sat down and watched what was on. It was some animated show with adult situations. Kris began to wonder if her daughter was old enough to watch it, but then remembered their past week and ignored that thought.

"You should get dressed. Your father will be home in a few hours and I want you and Kyle out of the house when he gets home." Said Mom.

"Why?" Asked Jean.

When Jean looked at her mother she had an embarrassed look on her face. That told the girl everything she needed to know about that answer. Jean sat up and closed her legs. She didn't want her mother to know that the idea of their father having sex turned her on, and wet spots in her panties would certainly give it away.

"Never mind." Responded Jean, getting up to go get dressed.

"Where's your brother?" Called Mom to Jean as she left the room.

"Still sleeping." Called back Jean.

Kris got up and walked through the kitchen. She opened the basement door and was hit by a wall of pent up male musk. She walked downstairs quietly, knowing whatever her son was doing to make that much musk he might not want her to see. However, these tender embarrassing moments brought her closer to him, so she now tried to be a part of them more often.

As she got farther down the stairs she could hear squelching and a loud "thunk" occasionally. She thought back to yesterday when she returned Kyle's fleshlight and how he sheepishly thanked her before running out of her room. When she got closer to the bottom she could hear him moaning gently.

"Oh! Oh god, Mom!" Moaned Kyle, softly.

Kris stopped in her tracks. He was picturing her as he masturbated? She blushed, happy to see a teenager like her son still finding her attractive. She got to the bottom of the stairs and saw her son in his bed, holding the toy in both paws as he faced away from her. Thrusting hard into the toy, his tight balls threatening to douse the toy with a sticky load at any moment. Kris snuck closer to him, her hunting skills being very useful at the moment.

"M-mom! I'm close, just... can't..." Muttered Kyle.

Kris stick a finger in her muzzle and lubed it up, then watched her son's rump as it thrust into the toy. She crept closer, close enough to do what she planned. She rubbed her son's tailhole with her lubed up finger. Kyle jolted and turned around, but didn't stop fucking the toy. He turned a dark shade of red with embarrassment and shame.

"M-mom?!" Yelled Kyle.

However, it was too late for the poor otter to stop, Kris sunk her finger into Kyle's tailhole and set him off. He fell face forward onto his bed and jackhammered into the toy, cumming rope after rope of sticky white jizz into its depths. He whimpered and moaned as he did, and his rump clenched around her finger. Once his orgasm calmed down and he released her finger he sat on his bed, not taking his cock out of the toy. Kris sat next to him, patting his head.

"Having fun?" Giggled Kris.

"How much did you see?" Blushed Kyle.

"Enough to know I have a wonderful son who loves me." Smiled Kris.

Kyle blushed more, both not taking himself out of the fleshlight because it provided cover and to avoid a mess. He shuffled his feet. He thought he should apologize for thinking of her when he masturbated, but he knew that he shouldn't. The otter got out of bed and walked into his bathroom, holding himself in the toy the entire time. He upended it when he got to the sink and watched his pearly essence go down the drain. He cleaned out the toy and left it to dry on the counter. Returning to his room, he found that his mother hadn't left. He blushed more, now completely naked in front of her.

"D-did you need anything, Mom?" Asked Kyle as he went to his drawer to put on some underwear.

"Yes, actually. I told your sister this too, the two of you need to clear out of here after breakfast so your father and I can have some privacy when he comes home. Okay?" Explained Kris.

Kyle put on a shirt and shorts, then turned around. He didn't need to ask why she wanted privacy. She was wearing her expensive robe instead of the cheap one she normally wore. It just barely covered her bush and showed off her well endowed chest. Kyle realized awhile ago she only wore it when she wanted to be intimate with Arty. He nodded and Kris got up, unaware that when she sits in it she shows off her mound to whoever is in front of her.

"Okay, I'll get started on breakfast." Chimed Mom, getting up.

"Is that why you gave me back my toy but held onto Jean's?" Asked Kyle, bluntly.

"...Yes, Kyle. That's why." Said Mom, pausing at first.

"Okay, I'll see you upstairs." Responded Kyle,

Kris made breakfast and the otter siblings ate quickly. They were going to go check out and clean Jean's apartment. They started school soon. They got up to head out the door when Kris stopped them. She kissed Kyle's forehead before they left and whispered: "Happy Birthday, son."

Kyle didn't like celebrating his birthday. He made Jean promise not to tell anyone when it was. The otters walked to the train station and waited for their train to arrive. They sat in silence, with Kyle leaning on Jean's shoulder. She patted his head, stroking his hair. He looked up and gave her a kiss on the cheek, then returned to leaning on her.

Kris hurried upstairs and showered. She then went into Kyle's room and quickly found his lube, knowing she'd be needing it. She was just getting into the kitchen when she heard the front door unlock and open. Kris hung her robe on a chair in the kitchen and waited at the door to the living room. Arty walked in and saw his wife, naked. He didn't say "Hello," "I love you," or "I missed you." He rushed over and gave her a deep and passionate kiss.

Kris knew her husband well after all these years. She knew that after business trips he was always very pent up after spending a week with coworkers around all the time. No time for him to... relax. She felt him poking into her leg. Their kiss lasted a few minutes, then Kris broke it to tell her husband what was going on.

"I've got a surprise for you. You might not think it's something you'd enjoy, but I know you will." Grinned Kris.

"What can that be?" Asked Arty, really feeling his week without ejaculating.

"It's on the bed. I'll be right up, just need to grab something." Smiled Kris.

Arty briskly walked up to their bedroom. Kris stepped into the kitchen to grab the lubricant off of the counter and matched his pace upstairs. Arty undressed as he walked, and by the time he made it to their bedroom he was just in some presoaked briefs. He saw what his wife had left for him on the bed: Jean's toy. He knew immediately what his wife had planned, and he throbbed in his briefs.

Arty walked to his bed and picked up the toy. He noticed the part that would penetrate him looked oddly like his cock. He turned around to see Kris at the doorway a little unsure of himself, but then he saw what she had in her paw and knew it was meant to be. She had brought his favorite brand of lube. Arty dropped his undies and crawled on the bed, his cock almost spitting pre.

Kris took the toy and gently inserted the vaginal part into herself. She was so slick by now that it took almost no effort to slide the toy into her self. She took the lube and applied it liberally to the toy. Arty sat on the bed, not daring to touch his cock. One question burned in his mind.

“How do you want me?” Asked Arty.

“Like that is good, just lean back and lift your balls for me. I need to lube you up too.” Grinned Kris.

Kris secured the harness part of the toy to make sure it wouldn't come out, then applied the lube to her finger and crawled towards her husband. She gently rubbed at his tailhole. He shuddered and murred at the feeling. She slid in one finger, then two, and Arty's cock was leaking like a faucet. She slipped in a third and he moaned, she knew he was prepped enough.

Arty grabbed one leg to lift it back and Kris pushed his other one, using her free paw to guide the toy. She rubbed it against his tailhole, taking her time with it. With a gentle nudge she slid in the foreskin covered head of the toy and Arty groaned. She slowly and carefully slid the toy in, and the tailhole stimulating part of it sunk inside her, causing her to moan as well. She dripped heavily into the harness, ready to cum from sheer arousal.

She got into a rhythm of small, slow thrusts into her husband. Arty was whimpering, he was in the palm of her paw. She picked up the pace and that was it, Arty clenched around the toy and shuddered, and without even touching himself he shot a slick, creamy load all over his stomach and chest. Kris kept up with her thrusts, feeling so close herself. However, by the time her husband's spurts died down to a dribble, she still had not cum. She was getting ready to pull out when Arty gasped.

“Keep going... I want more.” Groaned Arty.

Kris didn't need to be told twice, she humped into him harder. She rested her paws on Arty's thighs and fucked him hard. With each thrust in the toy tickled her tailhole and she grew closer to cumming. Then, it happened, she gave one final hard thrust and the dam broke. She squirted hard into the harness and all over their bed. Arty watched in awe as his wife ejaculated in front of him. That was it, even his dull nose could smell the naughty juices she was squirting and he writhed again as his cock fired out another white load onto his chest, stomach, and face.

They came together, moaning each other's names, and making a splattered mess of their sheets. Once they came down from their orgasmic highs they hugged, the perfect end to a perfect week. Kris slowly pulled out of Arty and threw him a towel to wipe his excessive loads off. Kris took off the harness and slowly removed the toy from her messy cunt, making a note to wash it before Jean got home. Arty went to take a shower while Kris grabbed their sheets to put them in the wash before starting dinner. Jean and Kyle returned home a few hours later, happy to see their dad.

That night, after a tired Arty went to bed early, Kris did the last of the things she planned for that day. She quietly took the toy she borrowed from Jean out of their room and thoroughly washed it before knocking at Jean's door.

"Come in" Called Jean.

Kris walked into Jean's room and sat down on her bed. Jean was on her laptop at her desk chatting with friends. Jean turned around to look at her mom and saw that the lynx had her toy in her paws. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw it. It smelled clean, but Jean knew what her parents had done with it, and she knew what she wanted to do with it.

"Thank you for letting me borrow this." Said Kris, blushing.

Jean got up and sat next to her mom on her bed. She took the toy. She was glad she decided to wear pajamas that night, because she was already dripping into her panties. Jean looked at her mother, she was blushing and felt awkward. The girlott knew she shouldn't ask, but she had to know.

"Was it useful?" Asked Jean.

"Very." Blushed Kris. "Goodnight, Jean."

Kris kissed her daughter on the forehead and got up, she walked out of the room and closed the door behind her. She had one more task before bed, to return her son's lubricant. Tomorrow she would have to go to LoveJoy's to get her own lube and toy. Jean sat on her bed holding the toy. She knew her friends would be waiting for her response, but her going silent for "breaks" wasn't uncommon, so she knew that her silence would tell them all they needed to know.

Jean slid off her pajamas and panties, revealing her dripping slit to the air. Little strands of her juices clung to the fabric. She positioned the cock portion of her toy at her opening and quickly slid it in. She was so drenched it made a slight squelching noise, but she didn't care. She stuffed one paw up her shirt to tease her breast and used the other to shove the toy into her pussy. She laid back in bed and moaned gently to herself as she masturbated, breathing heavily as she quickly reached her peak. Sliding the toy in and out of herself and pinching one nipple hard, it wasn't long until she let out a strained squeak and flooded her bed with girlcum, almost spraying it on her sheets.

"Oh, daddy!" Moaned Jean, softly.

Jean gave one final, hard push of the toy into her slit, moaning as she did. She lifted her messy rump off her bed in ecstasy, enjoying the thought of her father fucking her as she squirted thick girlcum onto her bedspread. After a few minutes she collapsed back onto her mattress, drained of energy and lust. She gently slid the toy out of herself and sat up, looking at the dark patches of girlcum on her bed and frowning. She didn't want to

have to do laundry so late, but she had no choice, it almost looked like she wet the bed. She typed a quick message about doing laundry to her friends and gathered her sheets, leaving the messy toy on her desk and praying that she didn't run into anyone on her way to the garage.

Kris was already in the kitchen, getting herself something to drink before she returned her son's lube. She was deep in thought. She felt almost guilty. It was her son's 19th birthday and she hadn't done anything. She knew that he hated celebrating it, but that was when he didn't have any friends to invite over for a party. An idea popped into her mind. Something she knew he would love. Not quite a present but still a sort of gift. She opened the basement door and walked downstairs, making sure to shut the door behind her.

She found her son on his computer, in a chatroom. He looked to see her and saw she was still in her favorite robe. Kris sat down on Kyle's bed and the otter was very aware he could see his mother's mound, and the faint outline of her labia. He regretted that he was only wearing boxer briefs and a t-shirt, because they didn't stand a chance at concealing the erection the view gave him.

"I'm just returning your lube, son." Said Kris, softly.

"Thanks, mom." Replied Kyle, not turning around.

"Come sit with me. I know you don't like them, but I have a birthday gift for you." Purred Kris.

"I can't..." Blushed Kyle.

"Why's that?" Asked Kris.

"When you sit down in that robe I can see your bits, and it has left me a little hard." Blushed Kyle.

"You know that doesn't bother me, now sit." Ordered Kris.

Kyle got up and walked over to his bed. His throbbing cock bounced as he walked, and when he sat down next to her Kris could see a bead of pre at the tip. Kyle couldn't look at his mother, but she gazed at him lovingly. She carefully moved her paw to his bulge and stroked it gently. Kyle instinctively laid back, giving his mom total control over his boner.

"M-mom..." Whimpered Kyle.

"Don't you want your gift?" Asked Kris.

"Y-yesss..." Stuttered Kyle.

Kris pulled down her son's boxer briefs and delicately applied lube to her paw and Kyle's length. She slicked it up and gripped it tightly, enough to slide his foreskin a little as she stroked his slippery cock. Kyle took off his shirt and then laid back, enjoying the handjob. Kris expertly stroked Kyle, giving the right amount of attention to his dick's head and using her other paw to tease his balls just like he liked.

"I was thinking, now that you have so many friends we should have a party for them." Commented Mom as she gave her son a handjob.

"You kn-know I-I don't-t li...like parties..." Whimpered Kyle, his mind barely hanging on.

"I know, but you have a lot of friends and a boyfriend. I'm sure they'd love to help you celebrate your birthday." Said Kris.

Kris saw her son's balls well up and stay tightly against his cock. His length was swelling, getting to its full dimensions as it readied to fire its load. She stopped stroking him, instead rubbing a finger gently against the sweet spot on the underside of Kyle's length. He was at the edge but couldn't quite make it over. Kyle understood that if he wanted to cum he'd have to agree to a party.

"What do you say? Can I throw you a birthday party before you leave for college?" Purred Mom, teasing her son.

"Okay!" Moaned Kyle, thrusting against her paw. "But only if you let it just be me, Jean, Austin, and my friends. No parents."

Kris rubbed Kyle's sweet spot and tickled his tight ball sack. She pondered this for a minute. As much as she finally wanted to see her son have friends she knew the party was more important than her desires. She agreed and gripped her son's slick cock. A few strokes later Kyle bucked into Kris' paw and his cock fired a series of cumshots onto his chest and tummy. He groaned his way through it, tensing up as he did before relaxing and leaning back against his bed to enjoy the afterglow. Kris laid back with him, playing with his thick cum.

"Great. I'll set it up and Jean can invite people. Thanks sweetie." Grinned Mom as she laid by her son.

Kyle lounged around for a few minutes before getting up to go clean up. Kris did the same and joined her son in the bathroom. She rinsed the cum and lube off her paws and got a wet washcloth to help her son get his thick load out of his fur. Lucky for them most things don't cling to otter fur, and spoo is one of those things. Kris kissed her naked son on the forehead and went up to bed, cuddling her husband and planning a party in her head. Kyle thought about a party in his house and shrugged. What was the worst thing that could come from having his friends over?