

It was a special time of year for the Quincy household. Every year on the Saturday before Halloween the otters threw a Halloween party. Normally Kyle and Jean would skip such a dreary event, especially when house rules meant you had to go all out on a costume (including dyeing your hair to fit your costume.) But, this year Mom was adamant about them being there. She even let them invite a few of their friends, something that she never had let them do before. Kyle and Jean sent out invites to Austin, Kaya, Fawks, and Xeila. Kyle was lounging in the kitchen in costume as David Tennant's "The Doctor." Guests were to arrive at any minute. He was contented munching on some pretzels when he smelled something lovely.

Kris walked in Marilyn Monroe's trademark white dress, and even bleached her hair for the correct look. She walked up next to Kyle and gave him a rather forceful hug. He returned it, only to find her groping his butt with both paws. He looked up at her and she deeply kissed him. Unused to such a brazen show of affection from his mother, he couldn't help but speak up.

"Mom, you should be careful, Dad might walk in at any moment." Cautioned Kyle.

Kris looked down at her son in shock. She quickly stepped back and took a closer look at the man she had just felt up. Kris burst out laughing, having to hold the snack table to keep from falling over. Kyle tried to understand the situation, but he was completely lost.

"I'm sorry, son." Laughed Kyle. "Your father's costume is just like yours. The only discerning difference is the shoes."

"Dad dressed as The Doctor for Halloween?" Asked Kyle.

"No, he's Castiel from Supernatural." Giggled Kris. "You're wearing converse and a slightly different suit, but otherwise you look almost identical."

"Well, that's great." Sighed Kyle. "Do you always feel up Dad like that on Halloween?"

"Uh, no. This year our party lined up with me starting my heat. I guess my head is just swirling with too much lust to really pay attention to details." Shrugged Mom.

"Oh, is that why you're wearing such an alluring perfume?" Asked Kyle, innocently.

"...Yes. Kyle, do you think you could do me a favor?" Asked Mom.

"Sure, what do you need?" Replied Kyle, expecting her to ask him to put out more food or something along those lines.

Kris stepped in close and whispered into Kyle's ear. Her breath on his sensitive ear

alone made him swoon a bit. The four words she uttered sounded shocking to Kyle, but the more he thought about it, the better of an idea it seemed.

“Make your mother cum.” Whispered Kris into her son’s ear.

Kyle looked at his mother. She was being serious. Her guests would arrive any minute and all she could think about was a little temporary relief from her heat. Kyle looked around, no one was in the kitchen with them. He quickly led her to the basement door, closing and locking it behind them. Kris grabbed Kyle’s paw and lead him to his bed, she shoved him on it and quickly went to work unbuckling his belt and pulling down his pants. He was throbbing in his briefs.

Kris stepped back for a second to enjoy the view, then she pulled down her son’s undies too. His cock stuck out like a tent pole, his foreskin stretched against his swollen glans. Kris hiked up her dress and pulled down her panties. Then, she climbed on top of Kyle, resting his cock head against her soft bush. She didn’t wait for him to prepare, she just pushed herself down on his length, sliding it into her pussy. Kyle gasped at her quickness, and instinctively grabbed her hips. Kris bounced on the bed, working herself to a quick release.

The lynx felt her son deep in her folds, and she knew she was drenching him in her juices already. Kyle held on, he knew that him getting off wasn’t what was important right now. He just wanted to be a good son to his mother and help her out. Kris’ slit clenched on Kyle’s length and she shuddered, flooding him with girlcum as she came. They were lucky Kris was wearing such a strong perfume, otherwise they both would reek of sex after this.

Kris rested on her son’s lap as her pussy squirted girlcum all over his crotch. Kyle held his mother tightly, he felt himself on the edge. But he knew that cumming in her, especially now, would be a big mistake. Kris sighed happily and lifted off her son. She grabbed a dirty but dry towel from Kyle’s desk chair and toweled herself off before doing the same for her son. She found her panties and put them back on. The lynx was just about to jerk her son to completion when there was a knock on the door and someone tried to open it.

“Kyle? Are you down there? Have you seen your mother? Our guests are arriving and I can’t find her.” Called Dad.

“Yes, she’s helping me with my costume. We’ll be right up.” Called Kyle, his hopes of cumming fading fast.

Kyle looked at his mother and shrugged. He pulled up his undies and pants and both looked in his mirror to fix their hair. He smelled strongly of his mother’s perfume, and he

knew it would serve as a constant reminder of his blue balls tonight, but he didn't care. He was just happy to help his mother out in her time of need, like she had done for him so many times.

"Sorry, son. Looks like I'm needed elsewhere." Frowned Kris.

"Don't worry about it, I'll be fine." Smiled Kyle.

The pair did a final check to make sure no one could tell they had just had sex. Kyle placed the towel over the wet spot Kris had left on his bed and the two quickly hurried upstairs. Dad wasn't there, so Kris hurried to the front hall while Kyle held back and munched on more pretzels. Jean rushed into the room dressed in their mother's wedding dress and her hair dyed red. She was The Doctor's companion, Donna. She looked almost frantic.

"What's wrong, sis?" Asked Kyle, almost bewildered by her uncharacteristic nervousness.

"Uncle Jules is here, and he pregamed. He's really drunk and Dad asked me to keep him company to make sure he doesn't make an ass of himself. Can you please help?" Asked Jean.

"Yeah, sure." Responded Kyle, glad for any distraction from his blue balls.

They didn't know it yet, but this was going to be a wild party for some of them.