

Fawks belongs to: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/tinyfawks>
Xeila belongs to: <http://www.furaffinity.net/user/fallenfol>

Jean and Kyle took a breather in the kitchen before going to keep their uncle Julius company. Arty quickly stepped in the kitchen, looking a little irate. He was also dressed in a suit and trench coat. The only big difference between he and Kyle's costume was Kyle's Converse.

"Jean, Kyle, Jules is hitting on your folf friend."

In the living room a very orange Jules was talking to a clearly peeved Xeila. Shi was dressed in a selectively cut jack o' lantern costume. He was making a fool of himself and loudly talking to hir chest. Before Kyle or Jean could get to them, Fawks in a Storm Trooper costume stepped up to the pair and leaned in to talk to Xeila.

"I'm here to rescue you." Whispered Fawks to Xeila so Jules wouldn't hear.

"Oh! I've been looking for you. Please excuse me, my boyfriend wants my attention." Said Xeila, giving a fake smile to Jules and walking off into the kitchen with Fawks.

Jules didn't even notice they'd left. He sat down on the couch and pulled out a flask from his orange pants. There wasn't much else to his costume. He dyed his fur orange and wore orange clothes to be an Orange Julius. He had set his sights on one of the neighbors when Kyle and Jean sat down on either side of him.

"Hey uncl-" Began Kyle before Jules interrupted him.

"Arty! There you are!" Said Jules, jovially.

"Uncle Jules, that's not Dad, that's Kyle." Corrected Jean.

"Nonsense! I remember every face I've painted, and I've done this guy's mug tons of times." Bellowed Jules in a drunken stupor.

"Painted?" Asked Jean, getting a familiar feeling.

"With my jizz. Arty and I fooled around tons of times before he met Kris." Ranted Jules.

"Oh my god!" Gaspd Jean.

"Now, young lady, who are you?" Asked Jules, quickly switching topics.

"I'm... Kyle's girlfriend." Replied Jean, thinking it better not to worry the drunk otter.

“Well, don’t tell Kyle. I can’t imagine finding out that your dad and uncle fucked like bunnies for years.” Continued Jules. “Isn’t that right, Arty?”

“Yeah, I-like bunnies.” Responded Kyle, also seeing it best not to worry their uncle.

“It’s a big secret, so don’t tell anyone. Especially not Kris, Jean, or Kyle.” Cautioned Jules.

“Okay, I won’t.” Said Jean.

Back in the kitchen, Xeila and Fawks enjoyed some alone time away from people since no one had made their way to that particular room yet. They just enjoyed each other’s company until Xeila broke the silence.

“Aren’t you a little short for a Storm Trooper?” Giggled Xeila once they were clear of the living room.

“Huh? Oh, the uniform.” Replied Fawks, taking off his helmet.

“Oh, you’re pretty cute. Are you here with anyone?” Asked Xeila.

“My girlfriend couldn’t make it, so she gave me permission to hook up here.” Responded Fawks.

“Oh, I see. Care to check out the backyard with me? I’ve never seen it before but apparently it’s beautiful year ‘round.” Suggested Xeila.

“Sure.” Smiled Fawks.

The pair stepped outside into the warm air. They both stared open mouthed at the garden. Tiger lilies adorned the edges of the garden with a small coy pond in one back corner and a shed in the other. Bushes of roses lined the back fence. White christmas lights connected from the corners of the garden to a tree in the center. Xeila and Fawks held paws as they sat down on a bench under the awning of the house. They sat quietly, taking in the view of the garden as the sun set. Then, Fawks slowly put his paw on Xeila’s knee, and Xeila wrapped her arm around the fennec’s shoulders. They glanced at each other and shared a simple kiss, then Xeila pushed Fawks back onto the seat of the bench and straddled him.

“Know any place where we can get a little privacy?” Asked Fawks.

“The garden shed?” Suggested Xeila, hearing the party grow to a roar inside.

The two snuck across the darkening backyard and tested to see if the shed's door was locked. It wasn't. Inside was old patio furniture and gardening tools. Xeila set hir sights on a cushioned chair and nudged Fawks to point it out. Fawks got the message and quickly undressed. He positioned himself with his rump in the air on the chair with his tail raised, tailhole exposed. Xeila knelt down in front of his rump and stuffed her muzzle under his tail.

Fawks moaned as Xeila rimmed him. Shi bathed his tailhole in licks, getting him nice and slick for hir. After a few minutes and Fawks' cock having fully emerged from his furry sheath, Xeila abandoned hir pumpkin costume and revealed hir monster. Fawks' eyes widened and he uttered a "God damn..." when he saw it. Fawks rested his knees comfortably on the seat cushion and gripped the top of the chair, readying himself for his ride. Xeila teased the fennec's hole with hir tip, dripping folf pre all over him, before shi slid into him.

Xeila and Fawks groaned together as Xeila's black cock disappeared into Fawks' tailhole. Fawks gripped the chair he was on tightly, not that he couldn't handle himself. Xeila's monster stretched him to his limits, and when Fawks felt Xeila's knot rest against his opening he actually whimpered a little in anticipation of taking it.

"Something wrong?" Grinned Xeila.

"No, you're just bigger than I'm used to." Laughed Fawks.

"We can stop if it's too much for you." Assured Xeila.

"And give up this opportunity? No way. Just go slow at first." Chuckled Fawks.

Xeila gripped Fawks' hips and thrust gently into the fennec. Fawks moaned gently as shi did. Kaya had been sick with the flu all week and he hadn't had the chance to get off. A nice load was welling up in his golden furred balls and Xeila was going to pound it out of him. After a few minutes of gentle thrusting Xeila started inching hir knot into Fawks with each thrust. Shi felt the need to cum fast approaching. With each inch of hir knot thrust into him Fawks felt himself getting closer and closer to painting the chair he was resting on with a white coating. His knot was fully inflated in anticipation of squirting his load.

With a quick "pop" Xeila's knot slipped into the fennec and shi started staining his insides with a slippery load of folfess cum. Fawks yipped when it popped in and clenched around hir monster as he painted the chair he was on with a splattery pearlescent load. The pair shot their loads quietly, panting in time with each other as they were stuck together. Eventually Xeila broke the silence.

“What is it with the Imperial forces exploding whenever one of their holes are plugged?” Asked Xeila as the last squirts of cum left hir length.

Fawks giggled and shook the two of them as he laughed. Xeila joined him and soon hir knot deflated enough to slip out of Fawks’ stretched tailhole. Fawks turned around and sat in the chair, leaking folfess spoo as he did onto the cushion of the already messy chair. Xeila patted Fawks’ head and gradually got back into costume as shi talked with Fawks.

“Aren’t you going to get dressed too?” Asked Xeila.

“I think if I do I’m going to be leaking folf cum all over the floor. I’m just gonna relax in here for a bit until I think it’s safe to come back inside.” Sighed Fawks with a goofy smile on his face.

“Alright. Find me when you come back inside, I like talking with you.” Replied Xeila, smiling back at Fawks.

Xeila walked out of the shed, happy to see that no one else was in the garden yet, and the autumn breeze had done quick work of the musk they must have been exuding. Shi walked back into the party to see Jean heading into the basement with Kyle and Jules soon behind her. Shi had no clue what that was about, but shi didn’t care, shi grabbed a glass of wine and went to find Kris.