

Jean couldn't believe her ears. She felt a burning in her panties almost as strong as her yearly heat. She looked at their uncle Jules in a way she never had before. He'd always been her quirky gay uncle, but now he was holding secrets and stories she'd love to know. She knew that Kyle wasn't holding up well in this conversation. She saw how uncomfortable this was making him. But she had to know more.

"So, mister Jules. Why not tell me more about you and Kyle's dad?" Suggested Jean.

"I dunno, what do you think Arty? Think we can trust her?" Asked Jules.

Kyle looked at his sister. Despite the red hair and the wedding dress he could tell she was really getting turned on. He promised to help her get closer to their dad, and hearing stories like this must have been Christmas to her. He wanted nothing more than to escape this conversation, but he stuck it out.

"Tell her everything. It's time someone knew our secret." Said Kyle, still posing as his father.

"Well, it started when we were 13. We had to share a room and had this habit of sharing a bed and cuddling during the colder months. It's something a lot of otter siblings did when we were younger to keep warm. One night I popped a boner cuddling him and poked into his rump. We both had heard rumors about being "gay" from school and knew the basics of how it worked. I wanted to know what me getting hard meant so we explored it. We spent three wonderful years in secret having sex and Arty thought we both were gay until he met Kris. Then he realized he had met his true love and asked me to stop what we were doing." Explained Jules.

Jean couldn't believe her ears. She knew her panties must have been soaked by now. She shot Kyle a look. One that said everything she wanted him to do. Kyle nodded and decided to do exactly what she wanted. He could still smell his mother's perfume on his clothes, and was reminded how he had been deprived of an orgasm. He put his paw on his uncle's knee and gave him a sultry look. Jean excused herself to go to the basement, but Jules never noticed her leave.

"Maybe once more, for old times' sake?" Asked Kyle.

"Arty... are you sure?" Asked Jules, drunk enough to want to do it but not so much that Kyle would be taking advantage of him.

"Let's go to my son's room. He should be too busy to be there." Said Kyle.

Jules got up and grabbed Kyle's paw. Kyle prayed that his mother's wet spot had dried by now. He knew Jean would be hiding in his closet again to watch. They quickly made

their way through the kitchen and to the basement. Kyle saw Xeila, but he didn't have time to greet her. They arrived in Kyle's bedroom, and Kyle was pleased to see that Jean had cleaned up his bed for them. He looked towards his closet and could smell his sister's musk emanating from it. She must have already started masturbating. Kyle was glad that their uncle's nose was just as dull as their dad's as he laid back on his bed.

"How do you want to do it, Arty?" Asked Jules.

"Take my tailhole?" Suggested Kyle.

"Perfect. Take those pants off, brother." Grinned Jules.

Kyle made quick work of that, shedding his trench coat, shoes, pants, and undies for his uncle. Jules took off his shirt, pants, and undies. He had dyed everything orange. Kyle saw the tattoo on his chest, the same one that Arty has in the same place. He was rock hard and dripping, looking down at what he thought was Arty. Kyle felt his paw bump something on his bed and saw that Jean had left out his lube. He tossed it to Jules who put it back on the bed.

"Don't tell me you've forgotten how we do this, Artemidorus." Sighed Jules.

"Why don't you remind me?" Asked Kyle.

Jules grinned and knelt down, placing his muzzle at Kyle's rump. He quickly buried his muzzle between his nephew's cheeks and rimmed his tailhole heavily. Kyle fought moaning and melted at his uncle's licks. Jules gripped his cheeks with his webbed paws as he bathed Kyle's hole with licks. After a few minutes Jules stood up and placed his length at Kyle's rump. Kyle looked and saw, Jules and Arty weren't exactly identical. Jules' length was easily 7 inches long, probably more. Jules slowly slid into Kyle until his crotch bumped his nephew's taint. Kyle looked over at his closet and saw the glint of Jean's eyes as she watched them.

Jean fingered herself as she watched her brother and uncle make love. She didn't even bother teasing herself, one paw slid three webbed fingers in and out of her pussy as the other rubbed her clit. She shuddered and bit her lower lip as she squirted another load of girlcum on to the floor. She didn't have time to clean up the closet and made a mess of the clothes Kyle had on his closet floor.

Jules' length did a good job of teasing Kyle's prostate. He was soon hard and dripping on his suit jacket. Jules pulled out and gave Kyle a hard thrust. Kyle yipped and squirted a little pre onto his suit. Jules saw Kyle making a mess of his costume and made a suggestion.

“Brother, why don’t you take off that suit jacket? You’re getting it messy.” Suggested Jules.

“Yeah, sure.” Said Kyle without thinking.

Without removing himself from what he thought was his brother, Jules helped Kyle take off his suit jacket and dress shirt. Kyle didn’t realize that Jules would see that he lacked the tattoo they shared. Jean saw what was happening, but knew that if she burst out of the closet now there would be no explaining what she was doing, and could only watch. Kyle’s naked chest was revealed to Jules and he looked at it for a second, then got lost in his thrusts into Kyle’s tailhole and didn’t notice “Arty” was missing his tattoo.

Kyle grabbed his dripping length, now no longer worried about getting cum on his suit, and stroked his cock aggressively. After being blue balled he was desperate to cum and Jules’ cock was hitting the spot. He felt himself getting close, and a tension in his crotch spread out to his whole body as he got ready to fire his load. However, Jules gave a few uneven thrusts and came heavily in Kyle’s tailhole. The drunk otter moaned loudly as he came into his nephew, then fell forward, laying on top of Kyle. Kyle, as he was, couldn’t fap anymore and was again denied an orgasm.

“T-that was g-great, Arty.” Muttered Jules. “I haven’t cum in weeks. Thank you.”

“No problem, Jules.” Said Kyle, unable to move with the otter on top of him.

Kyle felt Jules cock slip from his tailhole and knew he’d be dripping cum on his bed soon. . He heard snoring come from Jules. He was so drunk that he fell asleep on top of Kyle after cumming. Kyle tapped Jules, but he was out. Figuring it was safe, he called for help.

“Jean, stop masturbating and get him off of me, I have a plan.” Called Kyle across the room.

Jean came out of the closet. Her pussy was a sopping mess and his closet reeked of female musk and girlcum. She wasn’t wearing anything, having abandoned their mother’s wedding dress in the closet. She walked over to Kyle and observed their drunk uncle fast asleep on top of her brother.

“What’s your plan?” Asked Jean.

“Help me get him off of me and get him in my bed. Then I drip his cum from my tailhole into the inside of his undies to make it look like he came inside them. He might think this whole encounter was just a wet dream.” Explained Kyle.

“That doesn’t seem like it’s going to work.” Stated Jean.

“Just get him off of me.” Groaned Kyle.

The two otters went to work. Kyle did his best to hold in his uncle’s load while they arranged Jules on the bed to look like he took a nap. Lucky for Kyle his uncle’s cum was just as thick as his and didn’t leak from his stretched tailhole, and he was able to get most of it in Jules’ orange briefs. They slid the messy undies onto their orange uncle and finished dressing him. Next, the pair got back into costume and Jean shut the closet doors to avoid the smell traveling into the house. Kyle looked at his cock making a bulge in his suit pants and tucked it under his waistband, sighing. More blue balls for that poor otter. They rejoined the party, and quickly found Austin dressed in scrubs and a white lab coat.

“How’s your night been?” Asked Austin.

“My room. Now.” Muttered Jean as both otters dragged him upstairs.

The wild night wasn’t over. It was just beginning.