

Kyle and Jean found themselves back in their parents' car, on another family road trip. However, it wasn't time for their yearly camping trip. This time they were headed deep into the mountains. It just so happened that Arty found a cheap cabin rental, and decided it was time for another family vacation. The other siblings watched as the trees zoomed by, towering overhead on either side of the small winding mountain road.

"You two will appreciate the crisp mountain air." Said Arty to his offspring.

"A week in the remote mountains with no phone or Internet. We'll be lucky if we don't have a fight while we're up here." Grumbled Kyle to himself.

"We haven't fought in over a year, bro." Whispered Jean back to Kyle.

Kyle pouted and looked out the window in time for the trees to break into a meadow. Wildflowers were in full bloom, staining the green field with color. Kyle got lost in the view, and didn't notice when the car turned down another road and a few minutes later rolled to a halt, he was too engrossed in the scenic view. Jean got out of the car and scanned the area, she saw the beautiful mountain vista to one side and the lovely meadow to the others. She had to hand it to their dad, he chose a wonderful place to take his family. Jean went to their trunk and retrieved her bag, and for the first time she took notice of a small building off to the side of the property.

"What's that, Dad?" Asked Jean, pointing to the structure.

"An outhouse. There's no plumbing for a toilet out this far." Replied Arty, chucking to himself.

"I am not using that." Thought Jean to herself.

Kyle got out of the car and picked up his bag, carrying it inside. He looked around the cabin, there was a living area with a fireplace, bedrooms to either side of the living room, a shower next to one of the rooms, and a kitchen nook in the back, though it wasn't very well equipped. Kyle suddenly realized why Arty had brought a grill with them. He looked back at his dad to see which room was his and Jean's, and he pointed to the left. Kyle walked into the room and found a bunk bed. Jean followed behind him and was quick to claim the top bunk.

"I call top." Said Jean.

"That's fine, I top enough already anyway." Smirked Kyle, sticking his tongue out at Jean.

Kyle sat down on the bottom bunk and the bed creaked loudly. Every move he made caused the bed to make a loud noise, and he knew that if the bed was this loud when he sat down, it would be louder if they tried to have sex in it. Kyle looked at Jean and saw an apprehensive look on her face, she had realized the same thing as her brother.

"This is going to be a long week, isn't it?" Asked Kyle.

"Yup, but I think we can handle it." Replied Jean.

"I hope you're right." Replied Kyle.

The otters unpacked their bags in a dresser across from their beds and walked out into the living room. Kris was taking a look at the various knickknacks that decorated the cabin. They stepped outside and saw Arty preparing the grill for dinner. He went to a cooler in their trunk and pulled out some burgers, placing them on the grill.

“Dinner will be ready soon, so don’t wander off too far.” Said Arty.

“Okay, dad.” Chimed the otters in unison.

The pair of them walked into the meadow, enjoying the smell of the cool mountain air and marveling at the flowers. Jean leaned down to smell one and was surprised at the strong aroma. She went to smell another one but felt a pressure in her bladder. She had to pee. She resigned herself to not using the outhouse, however illogical the notion was, and tried to ignore the need. Kyle saw Jean walking awkwardly and immediately knew what was wrong.

“Just use the outhouse, Jean.” Smirked Kyle.

“I’d rather pee in the woods.” Grumbled Jean.

Kyle was ready to retort when they heard their mother calling them to dinner. They hurried back to the cabin and were greeted by the wonderful smell of their father’s cooking. They sat at the dinner table in the living room and waited for their mother to serve them. Kris came inside the cabin and put plates in front of Jean and Kyle before taking a seat at one end of the table. They waited for Arty, who was still outside grilling.

“The beds here squeak with every little motion.” Said Kyle to his mother.

“Ours does too, but I could hear your beds creaking all the way in the other room. Better play it safe this week.” Cautioned Kris.

“We know.” Frowned Jean.

Arty came back inside the cabin and the three of them quickly changed the conversation. He sat opposite Kris and hungrily dug into his meal. Jean told their parents about the wildflowers while they ate, but they mostly were silent, too hungry from the long drive to talk in between bites. Jean had resigned herself to go pee in the woods after dinner, but by the time they were done eating the sun had gone down, and it was pitch black outside the cabin. Too dark to even find the woods, let alone do anything else in them. Arty lit a fire and the Quincy family sat by it, enjoying the company. However, Jean needed to get her mind off of her bladder and went to bed early. Soon after that Arty and Kris went to bed. Kyle thought about using his new alone time to masturbate, but decided against it and went off to bed too.

Kyle stripped down to his panties and found his pajamas in the dark. He laid in bed and tried not to think about his libido. He drifted off the sleep and started dreaming. He was running through the meadow naked, chasing after some mystery fur. He was gaining speed when it started to rain, but it was a warm rain. Kyle woke with a jolt and found himself soaking wet. His eyes were adjusted to the dark and he saw the source of this wetness, it was dripping down from the top bunk. Jean had wet the bed.

“Jean! Wake up!” Called Kyle.

“...huh?” Murmured Jean.

“You’re peeing on me!” Scowled Kyle.

“Fuck!” Cursed Jean.

She sat up, but it was hopeless, she couldn’t stop the stream of urine pouring from her pussy. Kyle moved out of the way, but now he was very aware of his throbbing erection. For all the discomfort caused by Jean’s bed wetting, he was more aroused than he had been in awhile.

“From now on you’re using the outhouse.” Grumbled Kyle.

“I will if you help me make sure that mom and dad don’t find out about this.” Whimpered Jean, ready to cry.

“Deal.” Agreed Kyle.

They stripped off the sheets from both beds and quietly carried the wet bedding through the living room to the outside. Jean was thankful for the full moon, which gave just enough light for them to fix their problem. Kyle put his wet sheets on the porch and went into their car for a clothes line, setting it up between two posts on the porch. He hung up his and Jean’s sheets, then went back inside to change. Kyle was grumpy, as he was hard the entire time. Jean followed Kyle and got into their room in time to see Kyle changing, a wet patch growing in the tip of his bulged panties. She desperately wanted to climb into Kyle’s bed and let him take care of his hard on, but both beds were still soaked and she knew that their parents would hear. They stayed up late, waiting for everything to dry, before finally going back to sleep. They woke up to their mother calling for them to wake up. They sluggishly got out of bed and trudged out of the room. Kris smelled what had happened in their room, but decided against bringing it up.

“Breakfast is getting cold.” Said Kris, pointing to some pancakes at the table.

“Where’s dad?” Asked Jean.

“He went into town for supplies. He won’t be back for a few hours.” Replied Kris.

“I’m not hungry, I’m going to go for a walk.” Said Kyle, wearily.

Kyle left the cabin. As he walked he lifted up his shirt and saw that his morning wood still hadn’t gone away, if it had gone away at all since last night. He walked for awhile, out to the furthest reaches of the property, and hid behind a row of trees. He pulled off his shirt and pulled down his pants and panties, letting his cock stand at attention. He gripped it in his paw and let his foreskin glide over his glans. He leaned back against a tree and used his other paw to cradle his balls, giving them a light squeeze as he jerked himself off. He was getting close when he heard something: someone was walking over to him. He quickly dressed, but it was in vain.

“I can smell what you’re up to, son.” Chuckled Kris.

“Then can you leave me to take care of it myself? I’ve been hard since last night and it’s not going to go away on its own.” Frowned Kyle.

“Don’t let me stop you.” Responded Kris, sitting against a tree next to the one Kyle was leaning on.

Kyle sighed and pulled off his shirt again, pulling down his pants and panties. He gripped his length and stroked it quickly, wanting to make it a quick fap session. He closed his eyes and imagine the scene from last night, Jean wetting the bed and it dripping down onto him. He felt a load building up and knew he’d fire his load soon, but something distracted him, he could smell feminine musk. Kyle opened his eyes to see that his mother had pulled off her pants and panties, and was rubbing her cunt as she watched her son masturbate. Kyle forgot all about his fantasy and instead watched Kris start to finger herself, sliding three fingers in and out of her pussy while she teased her clit with her other paw. Kyle knew he wouldn’t last very long with such a show and felt his balls start to well up. He grunted as he fired off forceful streams of cum into his stomach and chest. He looked over to Kris as he came and saw that her paw was rubbing her clit very quickly. She added another finger and let out a quiet cry as she clenched around her fingers, her other paw rubbing her clit with vigor. Kyle continued jerking himself off as he watched his mom cum, and soon felt his balls well up again, firing more thick, sticky cum onto his stomach and chest. After he finished cumming a second time his paw wearily fell from his cock and he relaxed, feeling his jizz seeping into his fur. He looked over at Kris and saw her enjoying the afterglow of her orgasm.

Then it hit Kyle, he hadn’t thought about clean up. He cursed under his breath and tried using a leaf to wipe up his mess, but it didn’t work. He was getting ready to use his shirt and he noticed that Kris had stood up, not bothering to put her pants and panties back on. She knelt down in front of her son and let her tongue flick out. Kyle watched as she gave one strand of cum a tentative lick, then started lapping up his mess. Kyle opened his mouth to speak, but as soon as he did Kris shoved the fingers that had been in her cunt into his mouth. He suckled on them as Kris cleaned him up, savoring the taste of her pussy. Once his mess was cleaned up Kris stood up, got dressed, and left like nothing had happened. Kyle sat dumbfounded, not bothering to get dressed, but eventually followed suit. He went back to the cabin, sat back at the dinner table with Jean, and used a fork to put some pancakes on his plate, eating quietly.

“It’s going to be a long week.” Sighed Jean to Kyle.

“Maybe, maybe not. We’ll have to wait and see.” Replied Kyle.