

We Can Explain 2

A story by Xavier, the otter

"Uh... We can explain..."

Reality slowed for the brothers after they spoke, waiting for their cousin's reaction. He stood there for a moment, then blinked and closed the door behind him.

"Look, I dunno what I just walked into here, and I don't think I want to know either..." Max says, setting his backpack down by the door and quickly moving past Alex who was still on the floor, looking up at him. "I'll be back in a moment, so you guys do... do whatever it is you need to do." And with that, Max disappeared up the stairs, heading for the bathroom.

Alex looked towards Danny surprised, who was looking back at him with a similar expression. Danny offered a hand to Alex, who stood up, and walked around to where they had abandoned their clothes. "I guess he's in shock or something... That went about as well as it could have," Alex said, grabbing Danny's underwear and wiping his dick off.

"Aww man, what if I was going to wear those again?" Danny said, watching him ruin his undies.

"You have more, so deal with it. Unless you want to use your tongue instead?" He replied, presenting his flaccid cock to his younger brother.

Danny pretended to be disgusted by the thought, crossing his fingers at his brother's dick as if to ward it off. Alex only chuckled at the motion, and turned around to head upstairs, leaving the younger canine to quietly clean up the mess on the back of the couch by himself.

Once the room was tidied and all evidence of incestuous activities removed, Danny headed upstairs to his room, grabbing some fresh underwear and a pair of shorts to make himself presentable again, then headed back down stairs to find Max sitting in the armchair, nose buried in his phone, while his brother had started a pot of coffee, three cups on the counter waiting to be filled. Not only could he just hear the silence, he could practically feel the awkwardness hanging in the room. He felt he needed to break it, padding across the room and taking a seat on the end of the couch near Max.

Alex watched from across the room as Max and Danny start conversing about some game, internally breathing a sigh of relief and pouring coffee for everyone. He puts them on a tray and brings it over to the other two, sitting next to Danny and joining in on the conversation.

The three chat for what seems like hours, the topic shifting from games to comics to movies, the brothers putting the moment behind them for the time being. But, Max didn't, and even though he was engrossed in the activity at hand, he was still very much thinking about earlier. He had so many questions about it. Had he actually just witnessed his two cousins having sex right here in this room? Maybe they were wrestling like he's seen them do before? But they were naked. They've always had at least underwear on all the time. Not to mention he could see Danny blowing his load all over the couch. No, they were definitely doing what he saw them doing, no trickery here. How long has this been going on? It didn't look like it was their first time. He didn't even realize they liked guys. Didn't Alex have a girlfriend last summer or something?

Max couldn't think straight, mind whirling around. Eventually time passed, and the evening was getting late. Everyone was yawning despite the copious amounts of coffee and snacks they consumed.

Danny leans back and stretches his arms above him, yawning loudly before standing up. "I don't know about you guys, but I think it's time for sleep," he said, stepping away from the couch. "I'll see you guys in the

morning." He heads towards the stairs, hearing his brother and Max say good night behind him, and heads for his bedroom to get ready for bed.

"Yeah... It's probably time I headed in too," Max states, getting up and heading towards the den, which serves as a guest bedroom.

"Alright man, seeya," Alex said, sitting there for a moment watching Max disappear behind the door before heading upstairs himself. He heads towards his bedroom expecting to find Danny already in bed, but sees the room is empty. Puzzled, he turns back and heads farther down the hall to Danny's bedroom, finding him in his own room, standing at his closet, slipping a shirt over his head. Alex smiles and sneaks up on Danny, putting one arm around his chest, the other snaking down his front and grabbing the bulge of his crotch through his underwear. "A-ha, you're in here. Did you think you could escape me by hiding in your own room?" he said, massaging his younger brother's dick.

Danny jumps from the surprise attack, but practically submits to the feeling of his bigger brother's warm body hugging him from behind and feeling him up from the front. He enjoys it for a moment before reluctantly reaching down and pulling his hand from his crotch, turning around to face his brother. "As much as I like what you're doing, I think it might be better for us to sleep separately. At least for tonight."

Alex looks at Danny, the smirk on his face sliding off. He takes a step back removing himself from Danny's personal space, the new look on his face similar to the one a child would give when they were told they weren't going to the waterpark after all. "Oh... Well, do you want me to leave or something?" he says.

"You big dumb," Danny said, seeing the look on his face. "I'm only saying that for tonight, maybe a few days. It doesn't mean forever or anything."

Immediately Alex's face lights up, tail wagging behind him. "Alright. Well I'll get out of your hair for now. Night Danny." And with that, Alex left the room for his own bedroom. Danny walked over to his bed and got in, snuggling up against the pillow that he hadn't slept against in what felt like weeks, and eventually falling asleep.

Meanwhile in the den downstairs, Max was already dressed and lying in bed, his thoughts still set on the day's events. Maybe he can just pretend it never happened. Would they keep doing stuff then? Or would they stop because they were caught? Had they been caught before? Max didn't know the answers. What he did know though was that he was tired and was only keeping himself up later with these thoughts, so he rolled to his side and shut off the lamp, and quickly fell asleep.

That night, Max had a wonderful dream. He dreamt he woke up to someone touching his chest, running a paw over it gently. Opening his eyes he realized he was back in his own bed in his own home. He looked down and saw a white furred paw of a beautiful vixen, who was looking back at him. "Oh good, you're awake" he heard, but her mouth didn't move. He turned his head to his right and saw another vixen lying beside him, a hand on his bare thigh. "My sis wanted to start without you," she said, her hands creeping up to his crotch, pulling down his PJs and exposing his cock and balls to the two girls. "Wow, you've got quite the package here Max, I can't believe you've never let someone take it for a spin" she says, leaning down and giving the half-hard cock a lick from balls to tip, making it throb and harden for them. "Want us to help you relax more? Make you feel good?"

Max quickly nodded to her and closed his eyes, wanting nothing more than to enjoy this experience to its fullest.

The fox smiles, taking his cock into her mouth and starts bobbing on it. The white fox on his left watches her sister suck his cock, moving down between his legs and puts her tongue to use on his balls, licking and sucking on them. Max can only moan in approval as he is serviced by two mouths at once. After a few minutes of this, the mouth on his cock pulls off, a paw replacing it as it stokes him slowly. "I think you're ready enough for the main course, don't you think Max?" He hears one of them say, eyes still closed. He thinks to ask what

the “main course” is, when he hears the other one pipe up. “Yes, he’s certainly ready for me,” she says, and he feels the girl between his legs get up and straddle his waist. The vixen holding his cock aims it towards her sister’s panty-covered crotch, rubbing the tip against the soft fabric before pulling them aside and exposing her entrance. “Alright Alex, go ahead and sit on it,” she says.

Max’s mind hangs up on those words. She sounds... different, her voice deeper now. And what was that name she said? Alex? He opens his eyes, looking up at the girl above him. She was still there, looking down at him, but now her fur was different, it wasn’t the pattern of a fox. It was more ... like Alex’s? What was going on?

Alex looks over at her sister, a pouty look on her face. “Are you sure you don’t want to be his first, Danny?” Now her voice was different, but not just deeper, it sounded almost exactly like his cousin Alex, not the vixen Alex he woke up to. Confusion and panic was starting to really set in after hearing the other girl’s name. Danny? Alex and Danny? His cousin’s names?!

Max was well awake now, and looked at “Danny” beside him. She too didn’t have her beautiful white fur anymore, which was replaced with Danny’s markings. Max could feel a chill as he realized he wasn’t dreaming of two girls anymore, he was dreaming about his cousins! He tried to sit up quickly but found he couldn’t with the girl on top of him. When he spoke, only some choked words came out. The girl above him leaned down close to his face, hers looking much more like his older cousins face now instead of a fox. “What’s wrong Max?” She said, and tried to kiss him.

Max shut his eyes tightly and yelled out as she kissed him, suddenly waking up from the dream-turned-nightmare. There was no girls or cousins in his bed, his sheets still over him, and the room still dark and silent as he left it when he went to sleep earlier. He could feel sweat dampening the fur of his arms and torso, but he felt much more damp down low. Tentatively, he pulled the sheets off himself and looked down, only to discover in horror that his cock was still very hard, tenting out against his PJs, which were completely soaked through from precum near the tip.

“What the fuck...” he muttered out loud, not believing that he’d still be rigid after something like that. He stared at his crotch, confused about what the dream meant. It had started off so well, why did it have to twist into something like that? He’s never had thoughts like that of other guys, especially not his cousins. He reached a paw out and touched the wet tent, shuddering at how painfully sensitive his cock was. He’d probably cum in a handful of strokes, he thought. After a moment, he grunted, frustrated, and flopped back down to the bed, kicking the covers off himself. It’ll just have to wait until another time, I’m not taking care of it with that dream still in my head, he thought to himself. He laid there on his back, staring up at the ceiling. Several minutes passed by before he closed his eyes, and tried to fall back asleep. After a while he succeeds, drifting back into a now dreamless sleep.

The next morning, Max wakes up slowly, groggy from the lack of sleep. He can smell breakfast sneaking in under the door to the room, figuring at least one of his cousins are awake now. Throwing his feet over the side of the bed he sits there for a moment, remembering what had happened in the night, and looks down, seeing a massive stain in the front of his PJs from the precum. Knowing his cousins would immediately see it, and probably smell him too, Max gets up off the bed and grabs a new pair and slips them on. Satisfied, he heads out of the room to investigate what’s cooking.

In the kitchen, Max spots Alex at the stove and sits down at the table. “Sup Alex, whatcha making?” he said.

Alex looks over his shoulder for a moment and then goes back to the food. “Steak and eggs. Toast on the side if you’d like some,” he states, gesturing to the toaster.

Max shrugs and slumps back into the bench seat, watching Alex work. He notices that Alex is just wearing his underwear and an apron, tail swishing behind him lazily while he cooks. Thinking to himself, well

of course he's just wearing underwear, that's normal for his cousins to lounge around their house like that. Hell, even he'd do it sometimes if he forgot PJs to wear. Why was he putting so much thought into it now though?

Max's thoughts were interrupted as a Danny slid in next to him at the table. "Smells good Alex, is it almost done?" He said. "Morning Max, sleep well?"

"Eh... Not really, had a bad dream..." Max grumbled, staring off into space.

"Ah well that's too bad. Hey maybe later we can head down to the comic shop and pick up some stuff, yeah?" Danny said enthusiastically.

"Yeah, sure. Sounds like a plan."

Alex walks over, setting plates of food down in front of Danny and Max, and taking a seat himself across from Max. The three of them begin to chow down on the food, the room falling into silence.

Max's thought wandered again, thinking about Alex and his underwear-and-apron attire. Even though he couldn't see them through the table, he remembered that he was wearing a pair of boxer briefs that were a deep blue, with a single white racing stripe that ran up the right leg and over his butt. He was sure he'd seen them before, but he doesn't remember seeing that stripe. He also doesn't remember Alex having a rather shapely rear, either. Wait, why was he imagining his cousin's butt?

Immediately he snapped back to reality, where he was sitting with his cousins who were still eating away. He blinked and rubbed his forehead, and went back to eating as well.

Danny set his fork down, looking up from his plate. "You guys want something to drink? I'm getting up," he said, slipping out from the bench and heading to the fridge.

"Orange juice," Alex said to Danny.

Max looked up. "Uh, yeah, orange juice too," he said.

"Whoa now, not drinking your usual milk?" Alex said teasingly, pointing his fork at Max.

"Yeah lonno, I'm feeling different today."

"Well Mister Different, don't try anything too crazy now," Danny said, spinning around from the fridge and kicking the door shut, heading back to the table.

Max watched Danny walk back towards him, and suddenly time slowed down for him. He started noticing things he'd otherwise completely skim over, like how Danny was wearing briefs that had the same design as Alex's, but they were bright red in color, and the white stripe was also on the front side, going up his right leg from thigh to waistline. He also noticed that they did absolutely nothing to conceal Danny's package. He could practically see every detail with each step he took. Somehow, he suddenly felt weird, studying his cousin's crotch like that. Sure he'd seen his cock before lots of times before yesterday, but that last time was different. His cock was hard, still dripping the remnants of a load it had just blown all over the back of the couch just a few feet from where he was sitting.

"Here's your OJ," Danny said, holding out a glass to Max.

Breaking out of his day-dreaming, Max tore his eyes away from Danny's lower region to accept the glass from Danny. "Thanks," he said, taking a sip and setting it down.

Alex tilts his head quizzically at Max. "You alright man? You're spacing out quite a bit all of a sudden."

Max shrugs. "I guess I missed out on more sleep than I thought..."

"Well I won't be mad if you don't finish my cooking," Alex says.

Danny leans over against Max. "Yeah, he won't be mad, he'll just smother you in your sleep is all," he says jokingly.

"...I think I'll go take a shower, maybe I just need to wake up more," Max says, taking another sip of the juice before getting up from the table and heading upstairs quickly.

"Well now you did it, you scared him off!" Alex said, getting up from the table as well and grabbing the plates, and heads towards the sink to clean up.

"I didn't do anything!" Danny says.

Alex just shrugs and goes about his business at the sink. As he cleans, he feels a body sneak up behind him and press itself against his backside, two arms moving around him. "Hey, you forgot this," Danny says, pressing his crotch against Alex's butt as he sets a glass in the sink for him, and moves his hands down to Alex's hips, grinding on him slowly.

Alex growls lightly as the move, rotating around and playfully pushing Danny off of him. "What happened to the whole 'sleeping in separate beds' speech last night?" he says, smiling.

Danny looks up at Alex. "I couldn't help it. I already miss your body..."

"Yes I know. You'll just have to wait a while, you'll survive," Alex says, turning back around to the dishes.

Danny pouts, but then gives up and leaves the kitchen, flopping down on the couch to wait for Max to hurry up in the shower.

Meanwhile in the bathroom upstairs, Max strips his PJs off and turns on the water, letting it warm up for a moment before getting inside the shower. He turns his back to the showerhead, letting the hot water beat down on his neck and back, trying to relax and enjoy the warmth soaking into his fur and skin. As much as he tries though, his thoughts soon wander back to his cousins downstairs. As he reached for the shampoo he realized he had actually been checking out his cousins, something he thinks he never did before. He told himself there wasn't anything wrong with this realization, other than the fact that they were related to him. Sure, they had nice toned bodies and kept their fur neat and trimmed, but he shouldn't be thinking about them this way.

Max closed his eyes and started rubbing the shampoo into his fur, still thinking to himself. Surely Danny knew that he could see every detail of his cock and balls through his underwear earlier? It almost felt like he knew and didn't care, like he was trying to show off or something. Or maybe he wasn't showing off to Max, but to Alex instead? But it was common for his cousin to dress that way around the house so maybe he wasn't showing off at all. He started to daydream again, thinking about all the other times he'd seen Danny in underwear as his hands wandered around his body. He remembered one time the three of them had shared a big shower stall at a hotel and took turns using the showerhead to wash their own bodies, at that time just to get through the process faster. He imagined being in that situation now, both Danny and Alex in the shower with him, but instead of everyone working on themselves, they were just washing his body. Hands working all over him, spreading the shampoo.

Without realizing it, his own hands were trailing downwards, and it surprised him when they bumped into his cock, which was standing straight out from his crotch, a result of his fantasizing. What was he thinking? Was he really fantasizing about his cousins again? He opened his eyes and looked down at his cock. He hadn't taken care of it last night. If he doesn't take care of it now it'll be a distraction until he does. Maybe his body is trying to tell him that he needs it right now.

And with that, he wraps a hand around his cock and gives it a squeeze, surprising himself with a quiet moan of pleasure. Max gives in completely, leaning against the shower wall as he starts stroking his cock, quickly building up speed as he tries to imagine the things that turn him on, but to no avail as his thoughts twist into what he walked into yesterday. He finds himself a part of that memory now, standing next to Danny as

Alex fucks him against the back of the couch from behind, Danny's hand wrapped around Max's cock jerking him off. He watches Danny moaning and Alex grunting as they work against each other, Danny looking up at him, locking eyes with him. Max can see Danny's cock drooling pre all over the floor under him, knowing he's close to that fateful finish, and he begs him and Alex to cum for him. He looks up at Alex, seeing him reach his limit as he presses his hips against Danny's rear, sinking himself as deep as he can inside him as he grunts and cums hard. Max immediately cums from the sight, his load shooting out and hitting Danny in the face, who was already cumming all over the couch himself from being stuffed so much by Alex.

After such a finish, Max slowly comes back to reality, his whole body tingling from the afterglow as he finds himself back in the shower. He looks down to see his hand still wrapped around his cock, and a massive load of cum all over the wall in front of him. It was all so confusing now. On one hand it felt so good to finally get off, but on the other hand, was that really what his body was turned on by?

Max sighed to himself, reaching up to aim the showerhead at the wall to wash away his evidence before washing the lingering shampoo from his body. He turns off the water and steps out of the shower, reaching for a towel. As if it hadn't been decided before, what he just did sealed it. He can't just ignore what he saw yesterday, and the confusing thoughts he's been having either. He'll have to talk with his cousins about it for sure.