

"Last bus of the day, m'boy." Sylvester hears his dad say with a stumble and a wobble. He must have had too much to drink at the bar too.

"Yeah, dad. We got real luc...ky." Sylvester trails off, seeing the gleam in his father's eye that can only mean one thing: This bus driver is gonna be angry to find a mess on his bus after the cats get off. In more than one sense of the words.

"Dad is gonna choose a seat near the back." Thought Sylvester as they boarded the bus, but he was surprised when his dad led him to the fourth row. "Are you sure you want to sit here, dad?"

"Very sure" Pops responds with a grin "Now be a good son and sit by the window, you know how your old man prefers the aisle."

"And to block the view of our fourplay." Thinks Sylvester, obeying his father and sitting by the window.

"The bus is empty and it's almost midnight." Thinks Sylvester. "Dad really is gonna start something so close to the bus driver. I just have to wait."

It doesn't take long for Pops to rest his paw on Sylvester's knee, then slide it up to his inner thigh. When his greedy paw hit home Sylvester was ready to yelp, before his father whispered: "You best be quiet, no need to alert the driver to our doings, after all."

Sylvester covered his maw to stifle a yelp and nodded at his dad, feeling his cathood growing in his father's paw. He tried to think of other things to avoid making noise and looked out the window at the neighborhood they were driving through, but he knew all he was doing was dripping in his father's paw.

"Now now, don't be selfish, I raised you better than that. I think your father could use a bit a attention too." Quipped Sylvester's dad, motioning towards his growing cock.

Being a good son, he quickly used both paws to grip and jerk his dad's cock, already dripping heavily. Sylvester couldn't help but wonder how he was going to get fucked by his dear old dad in a situation like this, but he was about to find out.

Sylvester's dad leaned forward in his chair to hide his face from the driver and came heavily on the seat in front of him. Pops lost his grip on his son's dick and relaxed.

"I guess we're just doing hand stuff tonight." Thought Sylvester. And, eager as ever, he started fapping his cock so his seat could match his dad's.

After recovering from a rather sticky orgasm, Pops looked at his son trying to catch up and smiled. Then, he gathered all of the cum he could and brushed his son's paws away, using his cum to give Sylvester a nice slick handjob. It wasn't much longer until Sylvester mimicked his father, leaned forward to hide his face from the driver, and shot a messy load all over the seat in front of them.

“Good job, son.” Said Dad proudly. “But, we’re not over yet, you’ve gotta clean up my paw!”

Sylvester didn’t falter as he licked up his father’s sweet and tangy cum. And, when he was done, he leaned against his dad and stared lazily out the window as they left the city and headed home muttering: “Suffering succotash...”