

Pops sat in the waiting room of his doctor's office, reading the expired magazines that had been there the last five times he stopped by for a check up. It had been an hour in this droll room and he had stared at every painting in the room. Not that it mattered much, he had been going to this doctor for so long that he could walk around the room with his eyes shut and be fine. They even called him by his preferred nickname. And, as to drive that point home, the receptionist called for him: "Pops, can you come up here?"

Sylvester's dad got up, and walked over to the young mouse with a labored walk. He was embarrassed to be there, but glad the mouse didn't know why he was at the office that day. The mouse looked up at the man, and he couldn't help but think how attractive that mouse was when she looked up at him with those striking green eyes. "I'm sorry it's taking so long, pops. But our nurse practitioner is free if you'd like to hurry up the process."

Pops was tired of waiting, so without considering it he agreed to see this new guy so he could get home in time to see his sons arrive home. "Sure, anything to speed this up Val."

And with that pops was lead into a different room than usual and sat on the typical table that every doctor must have in their offices. He couldn't help but watch Val leave and noticed something that caused a stirring in him. She was wearing a thong under those tight scrubs that showed off her shapely rump, and it was sticking out over the top of them. He looked down at his crotch after the mouse had left and to his horror he noticed that a bulge was forming in his pants. While he prayed that it would go away before the nurse practitioner arrived, the nurse practitioner stepped in the room. Pops looked up and saw the hottest Russian Blue he'd ever seen. If his bulge wasn't going to go away before it was impossible for it to go away now.

"So, mister-" The nurse practitioner began before being interrupted.

"Please, just call me pops. Everyone else does." Blushed pops.

"Alright, pops. You can call me Ms. Kris. I see you're here for a prostate exam. Why don't you take off your pants and underwear so I can examine you." Responded Ms. Kris.

"Well... you see..." Stammered pops. His erection had not gone down and didn't show any signs of easing up on him.

"No need to be embarrassed, pops. I was a nurse for 5 years before getting my license. I've seen it all. Smiled Ms. Kris.

And with that pops blushed, but complied. He removed his pants and briefs so his boner could stand unencumbered. Upon seeing the older cat's package the Russian Blue turned a light shade of red. "Not to worry pops, that happens to guys all the time. Masturbating more frequently might help it. Now, bend over the table while I get ready and we can begin. For some men this is uncomfortable, so you might feel some relief of

that too.”

And this that pops did as he was told, bending over the exam table and lifting his tail for the woman. He looked back and watched her work, snapping on a glove and lubing up a finger. “Okay pops, you might feel a slight discomfort.”

Pops did his best to relax, hoping Ms. Kris was right and his erection would die down. But, as soon as Ms. Kris touched him he realized that would not be the case. He felt himself dripping pre as she entered him, and by the time she had finished probing his prostate a small puddle had formed on the white paper of the exam table. Blushing by now, he turned around and faced Ms. Kris: “Can you... can you leave some of that lube for me? I want to take care of this before I leave so I don’t show the entire waiting room my business...”

Ms. Kris looked at pops with surprise, not expecting him to be so forward about this issue. But, after looking at her prestained exam table to what must have been the biggest cock she’s ever seen, she felt she had no choice but to walk to the door and lock it. “Well, pops, I feel kind of at fault for this. My exam didn’t help it go way at all. So, why don’t you just lie back on the table and let me take care of that for you?”

Ms. Kris grinned at pops, who could only look at her with surprise. But, not being one to turn down an opportunity like this he took off his shirt to avoid messing it up and did as he was told. Ms. Kris lubed up her finger more and walked over to the older cat. She slid in a finger to gently prod his prostate and grabbed his large, uncut cock. She stroked it while giving him a soft prostate massage. Pops bit his lower lip to prevent himself from making any noise, but knew he wouldn’t last very long like this.

Pops closed his eyes to fantasize a bit to speed up the process, not that Ms. Kris needed any help. But, he felt something smooth and wet on his frenulum and opened his eyes to find Ms. Kris giving him a blowjob while she massaged his prostate. That was too much for the old cat and he whimpered a warning: “G-gonna blow.” Before erupting in Ms. Kris’ maw. The load was too much for the Russian Blue and soon she was a white Russian, as cum squirted all over her face.

Pops relaxed on the table as Ms. Kris cleaned herself up, licking what she could and using paper towels for the rest. “Well, pops, your prostate feels fine. My only recommendation is what I said before, you should jerk off more so this doesn’t happen. But I wouldn’t mind if you stopped by for a follow up in a few weeks. I haven’t ever had such a tasty treat before.”

Pops nodded and thanked the nurse practitioner before getting dressed. He exited the room and made an appointment to see Ms. Kris again in a few weeks. The mouse winked at him as he left the office and got in his car, thinking: “Masturbate more, eh? I think Sylvester has some toys that would help that, or maybe Sylvester could help me himself...”

And with that he drove off, hoping to beat his sons home so he could rub one out again

in peace.