

Sylvester thought he should be used to this drive by now, but he still noticed new things when he watched the world go by from the passenger seat. It seemed like his dad was driving faster than usual, but that suited Sylvester just fine. The cat knew that any minute now they'd pass a sign that said "Last Rest Stop For 100 Miles." and drive by a sketchy looking rest stop.

Sylvester had fantasies about that rest stop. Imagining that it was almost sunset and his dad had to stop at the restroom, so Sylvester followed him in to get a look at his dad's goods. Then, he'd grab his cock and give him a handjob, just like he'd always wanted to. Then, his fantasy was interrupted by the fact that he really had to pee.

Sylvester was trying to be an adult and not make them stop for bathroom breaks, but he actually had to go quite badly. He wanted nothing more than for Pops to stop the car so he could let loose, but alas, he didn't think his dear old dad would want to stop. However, with a stroke of luck Pops did pull into the rest stop's parking lot and quickly got out.

Sylvester followed him, thanking every God he could think of. Or, he was until he saw that both the men's and women's restrooms were out of order and locked. Then he was cursing every God he could think of before looking at his dad. Sylvester tried each door anyway, but they were bolted shut. Pops looked desperate, but they shrugged and walked back to the car a bit awkwardly, seeing as they both really had to go now.

"Let's just try to make it until we get home, Sylvester." Said Pops, dancing a little.

"Okay, dad." Replied Sylvester, shuffling his legs.

Back in the car Pops was speeding a bit more than before. Sylvester thought on both how he had to go and his dad must be nearing his limit too. The young cat looked over at his dad and saw how when his right paw wasn't shifting gears he was holding his crotch and noticed he was doing the same thing, with his left paw pinching his cock and the right drumming on the arm rest.

"So, how is school going, son?" Asked Pops, hoping to distract himself from his impending bladder misstep.

"It's fine, dad. English is hard but I'm doing well. My only issue is the showers. It's impossible to control the temperature, so I spend half my nights getting lukewarm showers with water just dripping all over me..." Responded Sylvester.

Then, Pops pulled over. He had had enough. The old cat put the car in park and opened his door. Walking around the front of the car the cat hightailed it into the woods. Sylvester followed his dad, knowing that he wasn't going to last much longer either and that this was his chance. Then, he saw his dad step up to a tree and drop his pants, so Sylvester followed suit.

Two pissing sounds filled the air as twin jets of urine hit the base of the tree as Sylvester

and Pops relieved themselves. With sighs of relief the pair looked at each other and laughed. Sylvester's eyes wandered and he looked at his dad's cock and was shocked by how big it was.

They both had done the same thing and pulled their hoods back far enough to avoid any splatter, but Sylvester was outclassed by his dad and he knew it. Pops looked at Sylvester and saw where his gaze was and grabbed Sylvester's paw, placing it on his cock, and letting the younger cat hold it while he went, unloading heavily on the tree. Sylvester felt himself getting hard and quickly forced the last streams of pee from himself, then focused on his father's dick.

However, soon Pops ran dry too and was about to put away his cock when Sylvester started jerking it. The young cat had one paw on his own cock, one paw on his dad's and was jerking both of them. Pops stopped trying to put away his penis and instead wrapped an arm around his son, enjoying the scents of their piss and musk mixing while they were alone in the woods.

Soon Pops was fully hard and was even more impressive to Sylvester, the young cat jerked his father off harder, matching the pace on his own length. However, Sylvester felt himself getting close already and moaned as he shot ten streams of thick, white cum onto the damp tree base in front of them. His paw fell from Pops' cock and Sylvester's father took over. He had been close too and a few minutes later Pops shot even more spoo than his son had, mixing their loads all over the base of the tree.

The two cats stood there, panting before they silently put away their members and walked through the woods back to their car. They got back into the car and rode in silence, not talking about peeing together or their jerk off session. Eventually Sylvester broke the silence.

"So, how did your dick get that big?" Asked Sylvester, feeling embarrassed to ask the question weighing on his mind.

"I don't know. As far as I know my father's wasn't as big or any of my brothers." Responded Pops, a bit surprised at the question.

There was another long silence. Both cats felt awkward at having had exposed themselves to each other, but there was something else. Both cats were hard again and their musk was filling the car so both knew the other was turned on. Eventually it was Pops' turn to break the silence.

"Want to jerk me off again?" Asked Pops, hoping for some relief.

"Sure, Pops!" Responded Sylvester enthusiastically.

Pops undid his belt mid gear shift and took out his cock again. His son reached over and took it in his paw, slowly sliding the foreskin down to expose his cock's head then back up to hide it. Sylvester did this, getting faster each time until Pops couldn't take it

anymore and shot all over himself, Sylvester's paw, the car's ceiling, and the steering wheel.

Again, Pops stopped the car. It was dark by now so Pops carefully walked around the car to Sylvester's side of the car and aimed his large cock at the ground. The sound of liquid hitting the ground in a stream permeated the car as Pops had his post cum piss. Sylvester watched his father unleash another torrent of urine, then cleaned up the mess in the car the best he could. Pops got some paper towels from the back seat and wiped himself off.

"Let's hope your mother is asleep before we get home, son." Said Pops, smiling.

And with that Pops drove off into the night, feeling relieved of both semen and pee, driving unburdened with his son in the passenger seat. Sylvester drifted off to sleep, the remnants of the smell of his father's jizz still in the car comforting him. The two sat in silence as the moon rose in the sky and they passed light post after light post on the highway.