

Pops sat on his motel room bed and wondered how he got here, all alone in a motel room when Sylvester was so close. He thought of his wife, sick at home, having to miss Parent's Weekend at Sylvester's college and how perfect it would have been to share this bed with his son. But Sylvester insisted that he stay in his dorm. Maybe the young cat was getting tired of his old man.

Almost mechanically the adult cat got ready for the day and soon enough he was in his car, driving to the campus. He couldn't believe his son tricked him into bringing condoms in his large size. Even thinking about it gave the cat a bulge in his pants, so he did his best to ignore it. The cat arrived at the university and parked in visitor's parking. He got a text from Sylvester that gave him directions to his dorm and sure enough he found his son waving happily to him as he approached.

"I'm glad you made it dad! Want to see my room? I think my roommate is gone for the day so we'll have privacy!" Chimed Sylvester.

"Maybe this is it." Thought the cat.

As much as he loved to see his son, his libido was not going to quiet down. Sylvester grabbed his dad's paw and led him into the building. Up some stairs and down a hall the two arrived at a door with tags that read "Sylvester" and "Top Cat." They entered the room and Sylvester was right, it was empty.

Sylvester went to his mini fridge and pulled out a water bottle: "Just let me get a quick drink and we can go meet my professors."

But, as luck would have it, the poor cat's bottle opened itself and spilled all over him. "Aw, dang it. Dad, can you get the door? I need to change out of these wet clothes."

Pops nodded at his son, not believing what just happened, and turned around to see his son in a pair of tight red and white briefs, showing off what God had given him. Pops quickly covered his growing bulge with his paws, but couldn't take his eyes off of Sylvester as he took his time getting dressed.

Brushing himself off, Sylvester cheerfully looked at his dad and grabbed his paw again. Pops was lucky he was wearing his tighty whities so the bulge didn't show as much, because one paw wouldn't usually wouldn't cover it properly. Sylvester led his dad to one of the academic building and scanned the roster. "He should be here." Mumbled the young cat.

"Who should be here?" Questioned Pops, thankful his bulge went away.

"My favorite professor, I'm sure you'll like him too." Assured Sylvester with a wink.

Pops was perplexed, but he quickly saw why his son loved this teacher. A few minutes later Pops was introduced to Dr. Cedille.

With a flourish but without greeting, the heron greeted Sylvester. "Hello, Sylvester! It's wonderful of you to come on a weekend just to see me." Pops may not be the "hippest" cat, but he knew it when he saw it. Dr. Cedille was as gay as they come, but his mannerisms alone were enough to draw the cats in. Pops could see why Sylvester liked him.

"And who is this you have with you, an older brother?" Asked Dr. C. He was a flattering bird too. Pops actually blushed.

"This is my father, Dr. Cedille. He came up for Parent's Weekend!" Said Sylvester happily.

Dr. C quickly walked and offered a feathered hand to Pops. "Nice to meet you, please call me Joseph."

Pops took the paw and shook it. "Nice to meet you, just call me Pops."

Caught in each other's eyes in a silence that was anything but awkward, Pops and Dr. C gazed into each other's eyes. It was broken when Sylvester's phone went off.

"Oh, please excuse me, I should take this." Said the cat quickly.

Sylvester rushed out of the room and Pops suddenly noticed they were alone. Dr. Cedille walked over to his desk at the front of the lecture hall and sat on it, one leg over the other, displaying himself in what must have been a seductive manner. Pops continued his gaze before breaking the silence.

"So, Cedille. Is that French? Questioned the cat, hoping to keep things going.

"Yes, my great grandfather was a French immigrant. I'm afraid I didn't retain much of the language from visiting him. Cedille is actually a French letter. At Ellis Island they couldn't pronounce his original name, so they gave him Cedille. It's not even spelled correctly, funnily enough." Replied Dr. C in a rather singsong way.

"Oh, that's interesting. How is my son doing in your class. I'm sorry, but I don't know what you teach?" Asked Pops, trying to be as casual as the heron.

"I'm an English professor, Pops." Chuckled Dr. C. "And your son does show enthusiasm, but his grades are subpar. When we read Dorian Grey he stopped by my office numerous times, but he can't quite grasp the literature."

Pops was startled, Sylvester never mentioned poor grades to him. He thought they could be open to each other. Were things really changing between the two?

Seeing Pops' reaction, the heron gave Pops a lover's gaze. "There's something that can be done about it. If you're willing to help your son out."

Pops was taken aback. Even he could see where this was going. "And what is that, Joseph?"

Dr. Cedille laughed and walked past the cat to shut the door. "You know, well endowed cats shouldn't wear suit pants, it shows off too much when they're turned on."

Pops looked down at his crotch, his formal pants gave away his interest. The heron crept up behind him and draped his arms around the cat. "Well, for some species. Shall we go to my office for a bit more privacy, Pops?"

The heron released Pops from his grip and traipsed off towards a door in the side of the room. Pops gulped and followed him. He'd never been with a bird before. Never even seen one naked. He entered the small room and was surprised that Dr. Cedille was able to fit a couch in his office, but he was already lying on it.

"Shut the door, Pops, and let me see what's causing that bulge of yours." Remarked the heron, grinning as well as you can with a beak.

Pops couldn't help but feel as if he were being taken advantage of, but if it was for his son it was worth it. Plus, he didn't exactly mind getting off with an attractive bird if his son wasn't going to help him out. Pops shut the door and dropped his pants and undies, releasing the beast. He turned around and found Joseph had also removed his bottoms, to reveal... nothing.

"It's called a cloaca. Just stick that monster in it and we'll both feel great." Said Dr. C with an air of lust. Joseph went over to his desk and gripped the edge, leaning over to reveal his slit. Pops slipped on one of the condoms his son had him bring and quickly walked over to the bird. His horniness was in control now. He placed his cock at Joseph's cloaca and the bird quietly cried "Give it all to me!" Pops didn't need any other permission and slid his cock inside Dr. C. The heron squawked when Pops hilted in him and his cloaca clenched down on the cat's cock. Pops pulled out of the tightening hole and slammed back in, giving a seasoned gay man like Dr. Cedille quite the ride.

Pops gripped the bird's tail feathers and fucked him hard. Harder than he ever had done to Sylvester. In fact, he had forgotten his son altogether. It wasn't about grades anymore, it was about filling up a condom with his seed while fucking a handsome heron. Dr. Cedille let out a cry, probably much louder than he intended, and his cloaca clamped down on Pops' cock with an orgasm. The cat couldn't take anymore, gave it one final thrust, and filled the rubber he was wearing. Both the cat and heron panted as they caught their breath. Pops carefully pulled out and found a monstrous load came out of his large cock. Too much for a trash can, so he slipped it off, did his best to tie it, and put it in a pocket.

Joseph was panting, in a short manner of words, he told Pops: "Your... your son's grades... are taken care of. Just close the door on the way out, I need a minute."

Pops got dressed and gave the heron a slap on the back, casting a glance at his

stretched cloaca before leave his office and the lecture hall. He found Sylvester and gave him a pat on the shoulder.

“You really should have told me about your English grades before you had me meet Dr. Cedille, son.”

Sylvester looked at his father with confusion and concern. “What are you talking about, my English grades are perfect. I wanted you to meet Dr. C because it’s my best class! ...What did you do while I was gone?”

Pops tried to think of a combination of words that could accurately describe what had just happened to him when he had an idea. Pops fished in his pocket for the ballooned condom and gave it to his son. “Your teacher is a crafty one, I’ll give him that.”

Sylvester looked at the mess of spoo in his paw and looked at his dad: “Aw man, I was saving this load for me!”

Pops looked at his son and smiled. “Let’s meet your other professors, I still have that motel room for another night!”

Then Sylvester pocketed the condom for later “use” and the two cats walked off towards the science building.