Tom gave his girlfriend a kiss goodbye. A peck on the cheek, she wouldn't allow for anything more. Then he took an extra second on her porch to make a little maneuver, tucking his cock under the elastic of his undies. He loved his girlfriend a lot, but the fact that she left him with blueballs after every visit made him question why he didn't try to find someone who was a little more open to helping him out with his pent-upness. Upon arriving home his mind was filled with dirty thoughts about jerking off or what to do with his brother when they finally got some privacy, but the first cat he ran into was his father on the front porch.

"Hey, m'boy. Spending some time alone with your girlfriend?" Winked Pops.

"I wish, dad. She wants to wait until marriage until we meet each other anything but fully clothed." Pouted Tom. "I was just going to see if Sylvester could help me work off some frustration."

Pops grinned "Sorry, son. Your brother is out with mom buying some new sheets. Seems the stains we're making the boy leave on his old ones don't wanna wash out."

Tom cursed under his breath and went inside. "Guess I can always jerk one out…"

Pops waited ten minutes, then followed Tom. Quietly taking the path to the boy's room, he quickly opened the room to find Tom with his nose in the crotch of in a pair of Sylvester's dirty undies, breathing in his amazing musk. When Tom finally realized he had an audience, Pops had already gotten undressed and was stroking his cock. Tom stopped jerking off and looked at his dad, who was looking back at him with a glint in his eyes that from Sylvester's tales he knew meant he was horny.

"You know, m'boy, I'm not sure we've ever had sex. Any interest in bending over for your old man?" Asked Pops.

Tom folded his ears, he had never thought of being a bottom, especially for someone as endowed as his father. "I- I dunno, you're pretty big."

Pops chuckled. "Just go under Sylvester's bed and get some lube, I'll put it on you after I give you a nice rimming."

Tom nodded at Pops and dove under Sylvester's bed, not bothering to stop sniffing his brother's undies. Giving his dad a nice view while he looked under the bed, it wasn't until he came up with the lube that he realized that his tail had been up the entire time. Blushing heavily, Tom left the lube on Sylvester's bed and braced himself on the bed, tail raised. He felt Pops loom over him before leaning in and taking a long lick. Unused to the feeling of it, the cat started moaning. Thinking quickly Pops stuffed Sylvester's undies in his maw to avoid any unpleasant surprises down the road. Pops went back to his rimming, brushing away any attempts his son made at pawing. After a few minutes Tom couldn't take it anymore and crawled on the bed, using the lube to prep himself, then spread his cheeks for his dad.

Tom hoped his dad would get the message, and he was happy when he felt Pops' cock nudge his tailhole. Unsure what to expect Tom just did his best not to clench as he felt his father's cock enter him. The cat moaned and groaned into the pair of undies as Pops slid himself into Tom, and when he hilted himself in his son, dad let out a quiet groan. Getting a tight grip on Tom's rump cheeks, Pops pulled out and thrust into Tom again, this time slightly faster. Tom tried to be the best bottom for his father as he could, but a first time is still a first time, and being pent up is still being pent up. It wasn't much longer before Tom groaned from behind his brother's undies and shot a thick load all over Sylvester's bed sheets. His orgasmic clenching on Pops' cock was too much for the old man, and he spurted a sticky load into his son.

Just then, Pops and Tom heard the car enter the driveway and shut off. Quickly, with no time to help himself clean out, Tom got dressed and Pops grabbed an old rag to attempt to wipe up Tom's mess on the sheets. Just as mom and Sylvester entered the room with the new sheets Pops threw the rag in the hamper and Tom stood still as possible.

"What are you two doing in the boy's room?" Asked mom, a little perplexed. "And what are those wet marks on Sylvester's bed?"

Tom and Pops looked at each other desperately. Sylvester looked at his father, then at his brother's stance. He saw something creamy and white drip from his brother's shorts and knew. "I think it's more ice cream stains, mom!" Chimed Sylvester.

Mom looked at her family exasperatedly. "I swear, living with all men is like living with slobs." Then she left the room.

Once she was out of earshot, Sylvester chided his family. "You should be more careful, you almost got caught!"

Tom looked at his brother with a mix of embarrassment and surprise. "How did you know, bro?"

Sylvester pointed at his brother's shorts. "You're leaking. Dad, watch the door, Tom, on the bed with your shorts and boxers down."

The two men did as they were told. Pops leaned on the door and watched his sons as Tom laid on his belly on his brother's bed and dropped his shorts and undies. A healthy helping of cum had already drained from his brother's tailhole, but Sylvester knew if it was a load from their father, there was still much more for him. So, he buried his muzzle in between his brother's rump cheeks and went to town. Slurping up any cum he could, he enjoyed a healthy meal. Tom resorted to stuffing his maw with undies again to prevent any noise as he got the rimming of a lifetime.

Once Sylvester felt he was done the cat hopped off his bed and looked at Pops. "Well, I hope you two learned your lesson." Then Pops and Tom quickly left the room so Sylvester could change his sheets.

“Gonna have to be more careful with these.” Mumbled the cat. “Mom’s not gonna believe the cum stains are ice cream forever.”