

“Nervous, son?” Asked Pops, looking at his son beside him in the doctor’s office.

Sylvester couldn’t believe his misfortune! Not only might he not be able to have kittens because of a genetic disorder, but to test his sperm count he has to jack off into a cup at a doctor’s office! The black cat slumped in his chair, looking at the cup. All he had to do today was cum into that cup. The people in the office knew this might be tricky, so they gave him the entire day to do it.

“This is embarrassing, dad...” Mumbled Sylvester, who was blushing. It felt like everyone in the office was waiting for him to go to the bathroom.

“Don’t worry, my boy. Dad will help you out.” Responded Pops, with that same glint in his eyes he got when he was horny.

Standing up, Pops grabbed Sylvester’s paw and pulled him up, leading him to the bathroom. The receptionists watched as the teenager slumped after his dad, glad that the boy had a father who could suck up any awkwardness and get his son to do what needed to be done. Though, they didn’t expect it to be such a hands on thing.

When the two cats arrived in the bathroom, they realized their first issue. It was too small for the two of them. Pops immediately saw an empty examination room and pulled Sylvester in there, checking to see if the coast was clear first. Once the cats were finally alone, Pops took charge.

“Okay, m’boy. Drop ‘em.” Grinned Pops.

“Yes, dad...” Mumbled Sylvester, still embarrassed.

Sylvester dropped his pants and undies, taking them off. Despite his embarrassment, his cock stood out like a flagpole. Pops took the cup in one paw and his son’s length in the other, and began stroking. Starting out slow but quickly picking up speed.

“Warm me when you’re about to pop, and I’ll aim the load into the cup.” Said Pops, fapping his son’s dick hard.

“Okay, dad... but it’s coming soon.” Replied Sylvester through gritted teeth.

The older cat jerked his son harder, aiming the tip of his uncut cock into the cup. He wasn’t surprised that Sylvester was going to finish so soon. To get a sufficient sample they told him to go two weeks without ejaculating. Pops licked his lips watching his son, he wanted nothing more than to swallow that load, but the old man knew better.

Then, Sylvester gripped his father’s arm as his cock started to spasm and spurt into the cup forcefully. Sylvester bit his lower lip to avoid making noise as he came, but it soon appeared that he was going to fill the cup and then some. Pops, after seeing the cum filled to the “fill here” line, replaced the plastic cup with his muzzle, swallowing the rest.

After another dozen spurts Pops took a big “gulp” and sighed happily. Sylvester pulled up his pants and undies and took the cup. The two left the room like nothing had happened and the younger cat brought the filled cup to a door at the other end of the hallway.

“Wow, people don’t usually make it to the “fill” line.” Responded the cat at the door.

“S-sorry. I’m a bit productive.” Blushed Sylvester.

“No no, don’t be sorry. This makes our job easier. Just go make your appointment with the receptionist to get your results.” Smiled the cat.

Sylvester walked to the waiting room to find Pops talking to a Russian blue woman in a lab coat. He remembered something about his father getting a prostate massage from her, but it was all too long ago for him to remember correctly. The cat approached the desk to find the receptionist grinning at him.

“So, you filled the cup?” Asked the lioness. Inappropriate to ask, but her face showed she had more on her mind than gossip.

“Y-yeah... they told me to make an appointment to get my results.” Smiled Sylvester, trying his best not to be embarrassed anymore.

“Come back at 10 am in 2 weeks and we should have your results. But come back in one week at 5 to pick me up for our date.” Said the lioness, still grinning.

Sylvester was caught off guard. Luckily Pops had heard what the receptionist had said and walked over. Clapping Sylvester on the back, he responded for his son.

“He’ll be there, Emily.” Grinned Pops.

“Great! Have a nice day. Oh, and Sylvester? I suggest you hold off ejaculating for that week.” Said Emily. Sweet but tart at the same time.

Pops waved goodbye to his Russian blue friend and the two cats walked out of the doctor’s office. Getting into the car, it just hit Sylvester that he had a date with a woman. She looked to be about his age but he never had much luck talking to women! The cat looked at his dad, shocked.

“You’ll do fine!” Laughed Pops. “Now, let’s get home before your mom does so you can help me out. Getting you off left me a bit pent up.”

The two cats drove away, leaving a doctor’s office full of people unaware that someone had gotten a handjob in their spare exam room. The boys were clean, so there was no worry for spreading infection, they just probably shouldn’t do that again. But that doesn’t mean they wouldn’t.