

Pops laid in bed, blushing. He was on his stomach and his tail was raised, fidgeting in the air. Sylvester stood over him, his eyes focused on his father's rump. Pops had pushed his cock down so it showed between his legs under his balls, resting against the bed with a small pool of pre dripping onto Pops' sheets. Sylvester just took in the view before Pops mumbled.

"A-anytime you're ready, son." Muttered Pops.

Sylvester suddenly had something other than his father's rump to focus on and jolted back into awareness. His briefs were bulged with an erection and his mouth was watering. When his dad made the request he could hardly believe it, but Pops wanted to try bottoming and Tom couldn't make it home this weekend, so there was only Sylvester to do it.

"Sorry, dad. Was just enjoying the view." Smiled Sylvester.

The younger cat leaned into his father's rump. He spread Pops' rump cheeks with his paws, revealing his dad's little used pucker. He leaned in and enjoyed the scent, clean but still with a little musk. He planted his tongue against Pops' tailhole and lapped slowly at it. Pops shuddered and his cock spit out a small trickle of pre. Sylvester bathed his father's pucker in licks, getting it nice and lubed up. Pops held on to his pillow, doing his best not to make too much noise, but some whimpers escaped from him as he thoroughly enjoyed the tongue bath. After a few minutes Sylvester pulled back and dropped his briefs, letting his erection flop out and stand at attention.

"Ready, Pops?" Asked Sylvester.

"As I'll ever be, son." Replied Pops.

Sylvester laid gently on top of his father, arranging his cock to rub against Pops' lubed up tailhole. He gently slid it in and Pops bit his pillow to avoid moaning out loud. Once Sylvester had hilted himself in his father he just rested on top of his dad, letting his cock throb inside of Pops. He rested his head beside Pops' and gently bit against his neck before pulling out and thrusting back in slowly. Sylvester picked up speed as time went on, his bite on his dad's neck becoming more forceful as he fucked into Pops harder. Pops whimpered and moaned into his pillow, too embarrassed that he was enjoying himself to say anything. It wasn't long before Sylvester felt the sap rising, his dad was unbelievably tight, after all.

"G-gonna spurt, d-dad!" Yelped Sylvester, thrusting hard enough into Pops that the bed shook.

"Hold... hold on f-for a little bit l-longer... I'm gonna cum s-soon!" Responded Pops in a strained voice.

Sylvester obeyed and did his best not to cum, continuing his humping against his father's rump. Just when Sylvester knew he couldn't hold on any longer Pops buried his

muzzle in his pillow and let out his loudest moan yet. Sylvester felt his father's tailhole rhythmically clench around his cock and he knew his dad's massive length was making a mess of his sheets, so he felt no guilt in just letting go, humping into his dad's tailhole as he squirted a healthy load into his father.

"Rrrf... fuck, Sylvester!" Moaned Pops as his large length spurted into his bed.

"T-tight, dad" Responded Sylvester in between cum shots in his dad's rump.

Sylvester humped almost mechanically into his father as he came inside him, and Pops' cock responded by making a nice pool of cum where his uncut length rested against the bed. After they both had finished Sylvester just rested on top of his dad, enjoying the closeness as his length softened in Pops' tailhole. Soon enough Sylvester's cock slipped from his dad's tailhole and a stream of cum poured out from the older cat's stretched pucker. Sylvester rolled off and sat up, looking at the messes they both made. Pops' cum was soaking in a puddle in the bed while Sylvester's cum dripped down his father's balls and coated his cock in youthful cat semen.

"C-can you get me some ice, son?" Asked Pops, not daring to roll over and unleash the torrent of Sylvester's spoo on his bed.

"Yeah, sure. Be right back." Said Sylvester, getting out of bed and leaving the room.

"I'm lucky to have sons like this..." Thought Pops to himself.

When they were done Sylvester washed his parents' sheets while Pops recovered from his pounding on the couch. When mom returned she complimented her son for doing a chore for her and Pops, having no idea his kind gesture was to hide evidence of their liaison. Sylvester sat with his dad on on their couch watching TV.

"What did you think, Pops?" Asked Sylvester.

"Next time let's use actual lube." Whispered Pops, laughing to himself.