

Sylvester sat at his laptop in his dorm room. It was late and Top Cat was going to be out until the next morning. He mentioned some girl and then thrust his hips before leaving. Sylvester popped on Skype and saw that Tom was online.

"Hey, Bro." He typed out and sent.

"Hi. You alone?" Asked Tom quickly.

Sylvester grinned. Tom had a pattern. When he was horny he'd type and respond quickly. Sylvester waited before responding. If he was really in need he wouldn't wait for Sylvester to respond. And, sure enough, Tom was typing again.

"Just talking to my girlfriend but she went to bed. Kinda need to get off. Help?" Sent Tom.

Sylvester thought on what to do before checking to make sure the door was locked. Then, he sat in his chair and pulled down his briefs to let his uncut cock flop out. His paws drifted to his keyboard and typed out. "I stand up and pull down my jeans, revealing those blue and white briefs that you love so much. There's a wet patch at the tip of my bulge, just to show you how turned on I am."

Sylvester sat back in his chair and slowly stroked his cock. He let his foreskin glide over his cock's head and dripped a steady stream of pre down the underside of his cock. He watched as Tom responded in the slow way he does when he's stroking himself.

"I stand up too and walk over to you. Kneeling down in front of you I suckle gently on the tip of your bulge, trying to taste that delicious pre of yours." Typed out Tom.

Sylvester began to type out his response when the latch of his door clicked and the door opened. Sylvester managed to pull his briefs over his cock but not without all of that pre staining his undies. Top Cat walked in looking to be in a foul mood.

"I can't believe women." Moaned Top Cat.

"Roommate came home, sorry bro." Typed out Sylvester.

His brother responded with an explicative and went silent. Top Cat walked around the room ranting about this girl, but not about why he didn't stay the whole night. He just went on and on about how women were two faced and crazy before Sylvester had to ask.

"So, why are you back so early?" Asked the black cat.

"She took one look at my downstairs and told me I'd never be able to pleasure her, then sent me packing." Whined Top Cat.

Sylvester wanted badly to comfort his roomie, but he knew that if he got up his erection would show and Top Cat would know he had caught the cat jerking off. So he sat until

Top Cat caught on.

“That fuc- wait. Why are you in your briefs... why are they wet... you were jerking off, weren’t you?” Asked Top Cat.

Sylvester blushed and nodded, a little humiliated. Or at least he was humiliated until Top Cat dropped his pants, took off his shirt, and pulled up a chair to the black cat’s laptop. Reaching into his own desk, the hatted cat pulled out some lube and pulled down his undies. The yellow cat spread the lube on his cock and leaned back in his chair, happily jerking off.

Sylvester, seeing no reason to hide what he was doing if he omitted one big detail typed to Tom: “Roommate wants to join us.”

Tom quickly responded: “Alright, let’s continue. I pull down your briefs to expose your dripping cock and gently lick up any pre I can.”

Top Cat let out a “mff.”

Sylvester pulled down his briefs and started gliding his foreskin over his cock head again, not pulling it down as far as it would go, but jerking it to keep his cock head moist. After a minute of jerking off he knew Tom was also masturbating from his silence. Sylvester was happy Tom didn’t have any clue of his identity in his screen name.

“I rest a paw on your head and guide my cock into your muzzle so you can drink my pre from the source, then after a few minutes I start to jerk my cock in and out of your mouth.” Typed Sylvester.

While Tom typed the roomies jerked off. Sylvester stole a glance at Top Cat’s cock and thought that girl was crazy. He was perfectly able to pleasure anyone he wanted. Sylvester thought on how Top Cat was much more comfortable around him now and Top Cat asked a question that Sylvester had hoped he wouldn’t.

“So, who are we chatting with?” Wondered Top Cat.

“Just... an ex of mine. We stayed friends and cyber sometimes.” Responded Sylvester as nonchalantly as possible.

Tom responded and the two cats shut up.

“I take all of your cock in my muzzle that I can until my nose is buried in your pubic fluff. You can feel the tip of your cock in my throat before I pull back and let your cock glide over my tongue.” Typed Tom.

Sylvester was in the middle of typing back when he felt something wet on his cock. Top Cat had grabbed his length and was jerking his uncut cock with a lubed up paw. Sylvester loved the feeling and forgot about responding for a few minutes before Tom

typed back quickly.

"I'm sorry, man. I was edging and I came. You seem distracted anyways, so let's do a raincheck?" Asked Tom.

Sylvester responded with a: "K" and felt bad for doing so, but he was far too distracted at this point to care. Top Cat was jerking him with lube and he loved the feeling. Reaching over to the yellow cat, he reciprocated and used what lube was left on Top Cat's cock to slide his paw over the hatted cat's cock.

The two sat next to each other, jerking each other off in silence. Sylvester was the first to make any noise. The cat gasped when he felt his balls well up and he shot his load. Seven heavy spurts flew from his cock and landed hidden in plain sight on his white chest. Top Cat let go of Sylvester's cock and replaced his roomie's paw which had fallen from his cock.

After a minute of enjoying the afterglow Sylvester came to and grasped Top Cat's cock again. The black cat jerked his roommate steadily and after a few minutes Top Cat took off his hat and put it over his cock before firing ten sticky volleys into it. "G-gotta prevent the mess." Mumbled Top Cat on the subject. Sylvester held Top Cat's cock as he came, feeling it throb with each spurt. Afterwards Sylvester licked up any cum that fell on his paw and went to the bathroom to rinse himself off.

When he got back Top Cat had gone to bed, deciding on cleaning himself and his hat up tomorrow. Sylvester closed his laptop and crawled in bed, making a mental note to tell Tom what had happened tomorrow. Then he fell asleep, happy he was able to get along with his roommate after so long of having trouble.