

Sylvester slumped in his seat. His mind wandered and he began to think that this “being a great student” thing we was going for this semester thing wasn’t worth it. He found himself working through volleyball night in the library, trying to finish a paper he should have done weeks ago. The cat had been so focused on typing on his laptop that when he looked up from his computer for the first time in hours, he saw that this floor of the library was deserted.

He looked at the clock on his laptop, it read: 11:30 PM. He had been working for almost six hours. Thinking he deserved a break, he opened Google Chrome on his computer and checked his email. There was only one new email, from Dr. Cedille. He thought about saving it for later, a treat for finishing his essay, but he clicked it anyway. Right about now the last game of volleyball would be being played. It was a short email, it read:

“Hey Syl, we all missed you tonight. Top Cat showed up and told us that you were being a good student and working on an essay in the library. I commend you for being able to prioritize school work over fun. We’re going to end early tonight, so I’ll head over to check on you when we’re done. - Dr. Cedille.”

Sylvester’s heart jumped. His favorite professor was going to come visit him? He looked at when the email was sent. 11:15 PM. He looked around him and saw the heron come down the stairs. He scanned the floor and quickly saw his favorite pupil. Sylvester gave an excited wave and the heron calmly walked over and sat down next to Sylvester.

“Hey, how’s the essay going?” Asked Dr. Cedille.

“It’s going fine. I just need a conclusion and then to edit it.” Grinned Sylvester. He couldn’t hide how happy he was that Dr. C cared enough about him to stop by the library so late.

“Want me to read what you have so far?” Asked the professor.

“Sure!” Said Sylvester, happy that he wouldn’t have to bother Top Cat to help him edit his paper.

Dr. Cedille grabbed his laptop and read over the essay. He quietly mouthed a few parts to himself when he really liked what his student had written. After ten minutes of silence Dr. Cedille looked up from the laptop and clapped Sylvester on the shoulder. He was really proud what his student had written.

“This is great, Sylvester! You’ve really improved from when you first got here.” Smiled Dr. Cedille.

“Thanks, sir.” Beamed Sylvester.

The cat leaned back in his chair and stretched. He was a bit sore from sitting in a chair all night. Dr. Cedille saw this and chuckled. He remembered being back in college and

what he did to relax when trying to write out an essay in one evening. Suddenly the heron had an idea. He looked around and saw that the entire floor must be empty.

“Sylvester, take a walk with me.” Said Dr. Cedille, a sly grin on his face.

“Okay, professor.” Responded Sylvester, not one to turn down an invitation for anything from his professor.

The pair got up and walked around the floor. Dr. Cedille scanned the place for a nice private space where they wouldn't be interrupted. He spotted a dark corner behind a few rows of bookshelves and walked in that direction. He soon found a quiet nook that smelled faintly of semen. It was a space that couldn't have been a stranger to campus bucket list hook ups. Sylvester smelled the remnants of cum too, and felt his length strain against his undies.

Dr. Cedille grabbed Sylvester and pushed him against that back wall. He got on his knees and quickly pulled down Sylvester's pants. His black briefs glistened a little as drops of pre formed on the tip of his erection. The heron licked his beak and pulled down Sylvester's undies, letting his uncut cock flop out. Dr. C wasted no time in taking his student's uncut length into his beak, carefully maneuvering it to avoid poking his favorite pupil in the stomach with the tip of his beak.

Sylvester huffed and went limp. His mind was reeling from the blowjob. Dr. Cedille was anything but untalented, and he'd never been sucked off quite like this. His professor knew how to please an uncut cock, and while his beak prevented the heron from deep throating him, his tongue was so skilled that it didn't matter. Sylvester moaned gently, realizing that if the floor was empty no one could hear him. He placed both of his paws on Dr. Cedille's head.

The cat felt his balls well up rather quickly, and he knew that with his favorite professor's deft movements, he wouldn't last very long. He let out a quiet groan as his cock erupted, firing sticky wads of cum into Dr. C's beak. Semen overflowed and ran down the sides of Dr. Cedille's beak, dripping onto the floor. The professor swallowed what he could, but they still left a mess in the stacks. When Sylvester finally stopped firing his load into Dr. Cedille's mouth, the heron stood up and pulled out a handkerchief to wipe off his beak. He grinned at the cat and Sylvester pulled up his briefs and pants.

The pair of them left their private little nook and returned to Sylvester's laptop. Dr. Cedille stayed another half hour, watching his favorite student type up the conclusion to his essay with a renewed fervor. When he completed it Dr. Cedille read over the essay one more time, congratulating his student on writing a great essay. Sylvester saved his work and packed up his stuff, resolving to print it in the morning. The two walked out of the library and went in separate directions, Sylvester to his dorm and Dr. Cedille to his car.

Sylvester was pleased that he went to a school where his professor cared enough to reward his good behavior. But when he got back to his dorm he groaned. He meant to

talk to the heron about Jamie, but in their erotic rush he had forgotten. He resolved to do it the next time he saw Dr. Cedille and got ready for bed.