

Sylvester was awoken by a a thud in the night. At first thinking it was just Top Cat he rolled back to sleep. However, he quickly remembered Top Cat wouldn't be home until morning and bolted upright. He turned on the light and heard the thud again. Someone was banging at his door. The cat carefully climbed out of bed, tail poofed. Sylvester crept to the door and quickly opened it. Jamie was standing in front of Sylvester, looking irate. He meekly beat on Sylvester's chest.

"Why did Professor Cedille send me an email, Sylvester?" Hissed the mouse, both whispering and yelling at the same time.

"I-I told him t-to." Yelped Sylvester, too big to be overwhelmed by the mouse but still encumbered.

"Why?" Spat Jamie.

"Just come inside." Muttered Sylvester, grabbing the mouse and pulling him inside, shutting the door behind them.

"Well?" Barked Jamie, still pissed off.

"He's a bird! They have cloacas! I thought he could understand your situation a bit!" Wailed Sylvester, trying to seem convincing while being beaten.

"It wasn't your job to find me confidants, Sylvester!" Shouted Jamie.

"I was just trying to help..." Mumbled Sylvester.

"I know!" Sobbed Jamie. "But you don't have any idea how scared I am people will find out!"

Jamie stopped beating Sylvester and leaned into him, crying against his chest. Sylvester put his arms around the mouse and hugged him. Sighing as he looked down at his distraught friend.

"I won't do it again. Ever." Said Sylvester.

"T-thanks." Sniffed Jamie.

"But I really do think Joseph could help you." Replied Sylvester.

"Joseph?" Oh my god, you're sleeping with him!" Shouted Jamie.

"Would you keep it down! And no, I'm not." Hissed Sylvester.

"You're blushing! You're totally sleeping with a teacher!" Whispered Jamie.

"Okay, fine! I am. Now we both know each other's biggest secret. We're even, so let's

drop it.” Said Sylvester, quickly and quietly.

“I don’t think I’ll tell anyone, but I might need a little more convincing.” Blushed Jamie.

“Like what?” Wondered Sylvester.

Jamie grabbed Sylvester’s left paw and slid it down his pants, under his panties to feel his slit. It was dripping wet and his panties were drenched. The charged situation had left him highly aroused. Sylvester pulled his paw back and looked at it, it was dripping wet. His pajama bottoms did a bad job of hiding his arousal.

“You’re not the first guy I’ve slept with here, but you’re the first to make me cum.” Mumbled Jamie, blushing and taking off his pants, revealing his sopping wet panties.

A small puddle formed at the tip of Sylvester’s bulge, the cat could only sniff his wet paw and look down at his friend’s wet panties. Sylvester knelt and put his nose to Jamie’s panties, taking in his scent. He slowly pulled them down and revealed Jamie’s cunt. He was so worked up from their argument that Sylvester only had to give him a lick for a tingle to go down the mouse’s spine. Jamie pushed the cat away from his pussy and climbed on Sylvester’s bed. Sylvester dropped his pajama bottoms and followed him. The cat preferred this much more than fighting.

Jamie climbed into the bed and looked back at Sylvester. His legs were spread and his paw holding open his labia. Sylvester didn’t need anymore goading and shoved into the mouse. Jamie squeaked and let out a moan, not caring who heard. Sylvester jackhammered into Jamie, his balls slapping against the mouse’s rump cheeks. Jamie wrapped his legs around his lover. He felt a build up in his pussy as he neared his orgasm. A few strokes later the mouse let out a loud squeak as his folds clenched around Sylvester’s uncut cock. Sylvester could only groan as he felt Jamie clenching around him and gave a few more uneven thrusts into the mouse before he fired off into him.

They held together quietly, riding out their orgasms in a contented silence. When his cock finally stopped spurting cum into Jamie’s cunt he rested on top of the mouse and purred. Jamie didn’t remove his legs from around his lover, and petted the cat. He wasn’t even mad at Sylvester anymore, his anger was more frustration at not getting off than anything else. He looked at Sylvester as he purred and chuckled to himself.

“What’s so funny?” Muttered Sylvester.

“It’s nothing. You’re just dangerous to be around. I was ready to scream your head off and now I can’t even be mad at you.” Laughed Jamie.

“Let’s keep this in mind for next time I fuck up.” Smirked Sylvester.

Jamie bonked the cat on his head and ruffled his hair. Sylvester slowly pulled out of Jamie’s slit and his cum poured out of the mouse. He would have to wash his sheets

tomorrow, judging by the mess Jamie's cunt had left, on top of his own mess. He was content to spoon with the mouse, grabbing his blanket and covering the two of them. Neither had bothered taking off their shirts, so from all intensive purposes, they looked like friends sharing a bed. They slept all night in each other's arms.