

Sylvester rose out of bed on a Wednesday at 11 am. He didn't have Wednesday class so he could sleep late. His fur was a mess so he took a few moments to spruce up before going to brush his teeth. The cat looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. Last week his mouse friend Jamie had really torn him a new one, then slept with him right after. He hadn't been in contact since. Jamie even missed volleyball night. He played that night back in his head as he brushed.

It was the end of the night and it was just Dr. Cedille and Sylvester putting away the equipment. Sylvester missed his new mousey friend and worked in silence. Eventually his teacher picked up on Sylvester's rotten mood.

"Any chance you know why Jamie isn't here tonight, Sylvester?" Asked Professor Cedille.

"He's mad at me, apparently." Sighed Sylvester.

"Because I emailed him?" Asked Dr. C.

"Because I told you about his secret." Whispered Sylvester to his professor.

"Oh, I see. Well, he got back to me, let me talk to him." Smiled Professor Cedille.

Suddenly the bathroom door opened and Sylvester was brought back to the present. Top Cat walked in looking sleepy. He didn't have class until much later, so he got to sleep late on Wednesdays too. Sylvester watched his roommate out of the corner of his eye as the hatted cat walked into a stall and shut the door. The sound of water hitting water pierced the previously silent room. Sylvester finished brushing his teeth and walked back to their room.

Sylvester got dressed and walked to the dining hall for a late breakfast. The brisk air did a good job at waking him up. He walked into the dining hall's building and swiped in at the register. He scanned the room for someone to sit with, his volleyball friends or people from a class. He set his sights on some volleyball peers when he saw something in the corner of the room that caught his attention. Dr. Cedille was sitting with Jamie in a booth, talking quietly. The cat couldn't hide his excitement, he almost scampered over to the table. When he got there the two of them halted their conversation.

"Hey, Jamie." Said Sylvester, a little awkwardly.

"Hey, Syl. I was just talking with Dr. Cedille about my... situation. He says he understands but I'm not sure I buy it." Frowned Jamie.

"Well, you're talking to me about it, I'd call that an accomplishment." Smiled Professor Cedille.

"Care to sit down?" Asked Jamie.

“S-sure.” Stammered Sylvester, not sure how to act around his forlorn friend. Sylvester sat down next to Jamie. “You know, Dr. C really does have a better idea of what you’re going through than most guys would.”

“And why is that?” Sighed Jamie, giving Sylvester the feeling that he wasn’t the first person to attempt something like this.

“Have you ever seen a bird naked, Jamie?” Asked Dr. Cedille.

“No, Professor, usually for looking at naked people I go for mammals.” Blushed Jamie.

Dr. Cedille leaned in to both Jamie and Sylvester, talking very quietly. “I don’t have a penis either.”

“You don’t?” Responded Jamie, surprised.

“It’s true, he doesn’t.” Said Sylvester, carefully.

“Well of course you’d know, you two are sleeping together.” Smirked Jamie.

“And we’d appreciate if you kept that quiet.” Whispered Dr. Cedille. “It’s not against the rules per se, but we’d still prefer to keep it quiet.”

“Don’t worry, I only brought it up to see Sylvester sweat.” Smiled Jamie, giving Sylvester a playful bap on the shoulder.

Professor Cedille got up and scanned the cafeteria. “Perhaps we would be better off discussing this somewhere more private. Why don’t you two eat and meet me in my office in about an hour.”

Sylvester and Jamie both nodded, so Dr. C got up and left. Sylvester took his seat across from the mouse. They sat in awkward silence before they both got up to get food, returning about the same time. Sylvester didn’t know what to say, but he knew he wanted to know why Jamie had been on radio silence since last week.

“So, how has your week been?” Asked Jamie.

“It was okay. My roommate and I invented a new game and I went home for the weekend. How was yours?” Responded Sylvester.

“I got the courage to email Dr. Cedille back, today was our first meeting. You were right, it was a good call to get him involved... I’m sorry for yelling at you.” Apologized Jamie.

Sylvester was taken aback, he hadn’t been expecting an apology. “It’s no problem at all, I’d just like to be friends again.”

“I’d be fine with that.” Said Jamie, offering a paw.

Sylvester shook it and went on to explain ejaculation tag to Jamie. The mouse found it hilarious and couldn't stop laughing. After they were done eating they made for the Humanities building and quickly went to Professor Cedille's office. They found the door to be unlocked and went inside, where they found Dr. Cedille at his desk grading papers.

"Gentlemen, welcome." Grinned Dr. C.

"Professor, why did you ask us to your office?" Asked Sylvester, unsure of why they needed privacy.

Dr. Cedille kept his grin and got up from behind his desk. He wasn't wearing pants or underwear. Sylvester blushed and couldn't help but quickly grow hard, his erection bulging in his jeans. Jamie gasped when he saw the bird's slit. Dr. Cedille casually leaned back against the front of his desk, giving his pupils a full view of his cloaca. Jamie felt a blush burning his face.

"So, you really do have a good idea of what it's like being me, professor." Said Jamie, after a long silence.

"You can forget the "professor" title for now, just call me Joseph like Syl does when we're alone." Laughed Dr. C.

"Well, I believe you now, so why not cover up?" Blushed Jamie, now not making eye contact with his teacher.

"Because I've had an itch I need scratching, and I think Sylvester is the best person for the job." Smirked Dr. Cedille.

Sylvester knew his cue and took off his pants and boxer briefs. His erection flopped out, dripping some pre on the floor. When the heron saw his student's cock he sat back in one of the chairs in front of his desk, leaving his cloaca the perfect height to take Sylvester's length. The heron spun around in the chair so he faced Sylvester and Jamie. Sylvester walked over to Joseph and slid his cock over Dr. C's slit, getting it nice and slick before shoving in. Jamie watched with a mix of embarrassment and jealousy. He hadn't been able to get off since he last slept with Sylvester.

Joseph let out a quiet moan as Sylvester's length entered him, gripping the cat's rump cheeks when he hilted himself in his professor. Dr. C's grip only allowed for short thrusts, but Sylvester didn't mind, it was just enough to tease his glans enough to build up a load. After about five minutes of fucking in the chair, Sylvester gripped the back of the chair and stopped holding back, fucking hard into the bird. Dr. Cedille wrapped his legs around Sylvester's waist and came around his cock before Sylvester could finish. As Joseph caught his breath he pointed behind Sylvester, seeing that his student looked a little disappointed.

"Don't... don't fret, Syl. I see... see someone who could use you more than I need... you... right now." Panted Dr. C.

Sylvester looked around and finally saw Jamie. The mouse had dropped his pants and boxers, choosing to finger himself to the sight of Sylvester fucking their coach. Two of his fingers were slick with his juices, sliding in and out of his slit as his other paw gently teased his clit. He was trying to make it last. Sylvester grinned at Dr. Cedille and slid out of his cloaca, leaving the heron a tired mess in the chair. The cat walked over to Jamie and grabbed his paw away from his pussy, leading him behind the desk and into Dr. Cedille's chair. Jamie stepped out of his pants and undies as Sylvester lead him, and didn't resist when Sylvester placed his uncut cock at his entrance.

Jamie let out a loud moan as Sylvester slid into his cunt. Sylvester gripped Jamie's hips as he thrust heavily into the mouse, not bothering to build up, but instead brutally fucking into his friend. The chair skidded with each thrust until it was against the wall and creaked with each hump. Jamie's pussy leaked all over their coach's chair and he sat up to hug Sylvester as he thrust into him. Jamie knew he wouldn't last long after not cumming for a week, and bit into Sylvester's neck as he groaned and came around Sylvester's cock, leaving a puddle of feminine fluids dripping from the chair to the floor.

Sylvester felt Jamie's pussy clench around his cock and knew he couldn't hold back anymore, after being denied an orgasm by his teacher he was ready to fire off in his friend, humping hard enough to slap his balls on Jamie's rump. He cursed under his breath when Jamie bit down on his neck and knew that was it, he hilted himself in the mouse and humped into him, shooting a volley of thick, gooey cumshots into Jamie's folds. Sylvester slowed down as his shots diminished and then just held himself hilted in Jamie. Jamie released Sylvester's neck from his bite and leaned back in the chair, exhausted. Dr. C clapped for his students and went to his closet to get a roll of paper towels, tossing them to Sylvester after he pulled out of Jamie, who then proceeded to gush Sylvester's load onto the chair and the floor.

"That chair is real leather, so you better clean up everything." Laughed Dr. Cedille.

Sylvester and Jamie diligently cleaned up the mess and got dressed, taking the pungent paper towels with them and dropping them into the first wastebasket they found. They walked back to the central quad on campus in a pleased silence before they approached the fork in the road where they were to go separate ways. Jamie started to walk away when Sylvester piped up.

"You know, my roommate has class tonight around 7 if you want to come over and hang out." Suggested Sylvester.

"That'd be nice." Smiled Jamie.

"Cool, I'll see you then!" Grinned Sylvester.

Sylvester walked back to his dorm and collapsed in his bed. Top Cat was at his

computer working on an assignment when he quickly turned around in his chair. Sylvester might have cleaned up his mess in Dr. Cedille's office, but he still reeked of sex.

"You got laid!" Called out Top Cat.

"I might have." Grinned Sylvester.

"Details, man!" Urged Top Cat.

"Sorry, this is secret stuff." Responded Sylvester.

"Gah, you never tell me when you get laid." Frowned Top Cat, turning back to his assignment.

Sylvester laid awake in bed, staring at the ceiling. He enjoyed having a friend like Jamie and was glad to be talking to him again. He wondered if he could take Jamie somewhere where he could dress like a girl and felt himself getting hard just thinking about that mousey butt in a skirt and panties. Sylvester knew seven o'clock couldn't get here fast enough.