

Jamie didn't get much sleep the night before. He was up late talking to Dr. Cedille online. No doubt the heron was also exhausted, but if he was he didn't show it. He talked with his usual flourished enthusiasm in class. His face always lit up when he discussed Zelda Fitzgerald. Dr. C often acted like he wished he could have a Zelda Fitzgerald in his life. He hated when people called her a muse and instead treated F. Scott and Zelda as a writing team. Despite the interesting attitude, Jamie couldn't help but fall asleep. When it came time to register for classes he signed up for the class to get closer to Dr. Cedille, but Jamie wasn't much of an English major. He preferred STEM classes.

The mouse dreamt of Sylvester when he dozed off. The black and white cat had surprised him with a romantic picnic for two on the quad between their dorms. But when he began to speak he didn't sound like himself, he had a very southern accent. Suddenly laughter erupted in the room and Jamie jolted awake. He quickly looked around and found the room empty. All that was left was Dr. Cedille and a very well dressed rooster. They were locked in conversation, like they hadn't noticed a sleeping mouse in their class.

"Well I do declare, Joseph, I never thought I'd see you talking about settling down!" Laughed the rooster.

Before continuing their conversation Dr. Cedille looked over at Jamie. He had a wistful look on his face. It quickly changed when the heron saw that Jamie was awake. He coughed and the rooster looked over at the mouse.

"Well, I say, it looks like your sleeping student woke up." Grinned the rooster.

"Jamie, I'd like you to meet a dear friend of mine, Professor Leghorn. He teaches courses on how southern attitudes in the United States changed with the advent of writers emerging from the Jim Crow era." Smiled Dr. C.

"It's a pleasure, son." Said Professor Leghorn, matching Dr. Cedille's smile.

"Nice to meet you." Said Jamie, embarrassed that he was caught sleeping. He checked his watch and saw that he was late for his next class.

Jamie now knew where Sylvester's southern drawl came from in his dream. That rooster's accent was a perfect match to it. He quickly gathered his things and bid the professors goodbye, both embarrassed about being caught sleeping and because he found Professor Leghorn's accent rather charming, but when he got up to leave Professor Leghorn announced he had to leave too, and left with the mouse. They walked in silence, Jamie wasn't entirely sure that Professor Leghorn wasn't following him, but when they came to a fork in the road the rooster took one road while he took the other. However, before they got very far apart Professor Leghorn walked through the grass over to Jamie. Jamie stopped walking and turned to talk to the professor.

"Well, boy, I was wondering if you would be interested in some private tutoring? Dr.

Cedille mentioned that you were having trouble writing essays and I know I could be of some help.” Said Professor Leghorn, cheerily.

“T-that would be great, sir!” Responded Jamie, eager for some alone time with the handsome rooster.

“Well, son, I’ll see you tonight around eight in the library, then.” Grinned Professor Leghorn.

“Okay, sir!” Smiled Jamie.

“And cut it out with that “sir” title, I might look mature but I assure you I’m as queer as snow in July.” Laughed Professor Leghorn. He pronounced “July” as “Joo-lie” and Jamie blushed.

They went their separate ways and when Jamie got to class he realized he didn’t know what definition of “queer” that his new tutor was using. He pondered this all through his computer science class and through dinner. Jamie quickly went back to his dorm and was glad to see his roommate was gone. He went into his drawer, into the bottom one in the back. He pulled out a brown paper bag and dumped it out on his bed. Various colors of panties fell onto his bed. Jamie hated wearing panties, but he felt it was a good time to start, so he put on a lime green pair and went on his way. By the time 7:50 rolled around the mouse made his way to the library, and was pleased to see Professor Leghorn waiting for him outside. The rooster waved to Jamie, and it seemed that he had done something to his tail to make it more alluring.

“Well, boy, it’s more crowded in there than a highway in rush hour. Why don’t we go to my office instead?” Offered Professor Leghorn.

“That’s fine with me, Professor.” Grinned Jamie.

Jamie had a thought in the back of his mind: “If Sylvester can fuck a teacher, why can’t I?” The mouse imagined what Professor Leghorn was hiding in his suit pants. His new tutor was dressed rather well, almost like he was dressed for a date. The two of them walked for ten minutes to the Humanities building, and quickly found Professor Leghorn’s office. Jamie sat down across the desk from his new crush, and the rooster sat down with a grin on his face.

“Well, son, did you bring your paper with you?” Asked Professor Leghorn, pronouncing “paper” as “paypah,” making Jamie’s stomach flutter.

“Yes, professor.” Said Jamie, pulling out his essay.

“Now Jamie, I’m not your professor. Feel free to call me Foghorn.” Smiled Professor Leghorn.

“Okay, Foghorn.” Said Jamie, putting his essay on the desk in front of his tutor.

They worked for a few hours, with Foghorn correcting Jamie's paper, helping him figure out how to phrase his transitions from paragraph to paragraph better. When the clock in Professor Leghorn's office struck eleven, a little rooster came out, crowing eleven times. Jamie yawned, he was still tired from staying up late chatting with Dr. Cedille the previous night. Foghorn saw his pupil yawn and a sly grin appeared on his face.

"Boy, come closer, this last thing I need to explain very carefully." Said Professor Leghorn.

Jamie walked around the desk and stood next to Foghorn. The rooster began to explain how to write a proper conclusion, but Jamie was having trouble focusing. He could smell musk in the room now and it wasn't just coming from him. After explaining it a few times Professor Leghorn chuckled and grabbed Jamie, sitting him in his lap. Jamie blushed, but he couldn't feel a bulge against his rump from Foghorn.

"Now, son, pay attention. If you don't get it this time we'll have to be right back here tomorrow night." Grinned the rooster down at Jamie.

"I just don't think I'm going to get it tonight." Grinned Jamie back at Foghorn.

"Well then, what should we do now?" Asked Foghorn.

"I don't know..." Trained off Jamie. He felt himself dripping into his panties.

"Well, boy, I can feel you dripping against my suit pants. You must be wetter than an otter swimming in a downpour." Laughed Foghorn.

"Y-you can feel that?" Gaspd Jamie, moving to get up.

Foghorn held Jamie in his lap. The mouse didn't struggle against him for more than a few seconds. He didn't know how the rooster would react to his secret, and hoped he would just think it was pre. However, Professor Leghorn was rather savvy about this kind of thing.

"I do say, it's a surprise for a guy like you to drip this much." Chuckled Foghorn. "Why don't you let me take a look, to make sure things are okay?"

Jamie hesitated for a minute, then stood up out of his tutor's lap. He turned around and sat on Foghorn's desk, right on top of the paper they had spent the last few hours writing. He was embarrassed to see a puddle in Professor Leghorn's lap. The rooster grinned at Jamie, and put his feathered hands under the waistband of Jamie's pants, pulling them down. His moist green panties were exposed to Foghorn, the crotch an emerald green while the rest of it was lime green. Jamie didn't notice that he was now dripping all over his essay. Foghorn tossed aside Jamie's pants and leaned in to smell the mouse's musk.

“Well I do declare, something smells goo-ood.” Said Foghorn, as if he was talking about a meal.

“Why don’t you take a closer look?” Asked Jamie.

“Don’t mind if I do...” Muttered Professor Leghorn, leaning in to Jamie’s crotch.

The rooster gave Jamie’s damp panties a few licks before pulling them off completely, letting his dripping cunt feel the open air. His paper was now thoroughly soaked in Jamie’s juices. Foghorn did something unexpected. He licked Jamie’s pussy for a quick taste, but with a feathered hand he lifted his clitoral hood, letting the blunt tip of his beak gently rub against his clit. Jamie stifled a moan.

“Don’t worry, boy. We should have the entire building to ourselves.” Laughed Foghorn before returning to bathing Jamie’s slit in licks while rubbing his beak against the mouse’s clit.

“Foghorn... I’m not going to last very long at this rate...” Gaspd Jamie.

“That’s the idea, son.” Grinned Jamie in between licks.

Jamie rested his paws on Foghorn’s head, playing with his comb as he pushed the rooster’s beak and tongue against his cunt. Jamie hadn’t done this before, and he didn’t realize how lucky he was to have an experienced rooster like Foghorn to do it. It wasn’t long before Jamie felt a tingle in his pussy that grew into a pressure. He let out a loud moan as his cunt clenched around Foghorn’s tongue, squirting a load of girlcum on his face and dripping it all over his essay. Jamie held his breath while he came before coming down from his orgasmic high, gasping as he finished cumming. Foghorn moved his beak away from Jamie’s slit and towed himself off with a handkerchief. Jamie hopped off Foghorn’s desk and made for the rooster’s belt. As he did the rooster in Foghorn’s clock crowed again twelve times. Foghorn gently grabbed Jamie’s paws and looked down at him.

“As much as I want this, Jamie. And I do want this, Professor Cedille won’t like it if you fall asleep in his class again. Come back tomorrow, we need to redo your essay revisions anyway.” Grinned Foghorn.

Jamie looked back at his essay, the red ink that Foghorn had used to edit Jamie’s paper and the black ink he had used to fix paragraphs had smudged, making everything illegible. Jamie smirked and got dressed, hugging Foghorn before departing. His mind wandered and he daydreamed about tomorrow night the entire walk home. When he got back to his room he collapsed in bed, falling asleep right away. He had a dream about a fanciful rooster with southern hospitality and an accent that made his heart flutter.