Mordecai Heller had plenty of regrets. One of them was never telling Victor he looked handsome without an eyepatch.

The tall, imposing feline always insisted on taking it off before they had sex. He said wearing it distracted him, but always looked ashamed whenever the black cat saw it removed. Thankfully, it was only just the two of them booked in a sleazy hotel on the outskirts of St. Louis, one that catered to dalliances with their own kind.

Mordecai and Viktor made it a bi-monthly tradition for themselves. Ever since they began working for Atlas, the two felines would covertly drive together to the hotel, ask for a room without the elderly receptionist batting an eye, then undress the minute they locked the door.

Halfway naked, with Viktor down to his undergarments and Mordecai just finished with unbuttoning the rest of his vest, they shared a look. The mutual look they loved to share. Without a word, Viktor gently cupped the smaller cat’s cheek with his massive paw, and they smiled before sharing a tender kiss. Lips and tongues danced in wet unison, making their stomachs flutter. It seemed to go on forever before the two eventually needed to separate for some precious air.

For Viktor, he had never imagined falling in love with another man. Not since his youth back in Austria-Hungary, or when he married his wife and had Alena. Or even when he first met Mordecai Heller, whose personality and handsome features suddenly struck him out of nowhere and kissing him never felt so right. Viktor suspected that his wife knew and didn’t care so long as the triggerman’s salary continued to flow, and he remained a wonderful father in Alena’s life. Otherwise, it didn’t matter where the money came from or what he did outside of their home. And she’d said it with a knowing twinkle and smirk in her tired eyes.

For Mordecai, he also never imagined falling in love with another man. Normally, he did not care for romantic endeavors or relationships beyond a one-night stand. It all seemed pointless to him. However, something about the Slovak immigrant he first met while working for Atlas…it intrigued him. Then, when the two started to spend more time together and they eventually discovered each other’s…secret sexual proclivities, it seemed like a spark between them turned into a raging inferno. Of course, the two still treasured professionalism and did their jobs well back at Lackadaisy, but it didn’t prevent them from enjoying each other’s company in a private room.

Minutes later, Viktor leaned his bare glutes against the bed as Mordecai went to his knees, having neatly folded all of his clothing on a chair against the wall, including his spectacles. His paws kneaded Viktor’s thighs as he admired the larger cat’s physique once more. A tall and muscular frame built from years of hard physical labor, hidden under a thick layer of half-brushed yet beautiful copper fur. A pair of arms with biceps as thick as Mordecai’s skull and legs like large redwood trees in California. Not to mention the organ that hung between them, a wonderfully musky penis as thick as a glass bottle of smuggled moonshine and just as long too, with veins throbbing along the shaft and a pair of balls hanging low in a furry copper-furred pouch.

Mordecai lifted a paw to grasp the erection at its base. He gently tugged. One firm stroke didn’t produce a reaction from the stoic feline. Neither did a second or third one. Not until wet slurping noises filled the room when Mordecai replaced his fingers with his lips. That was when Viktor suddenly let out a shuddering exhale that transformed into ragged moans. Soon enough, he found himself touching the back of Mordecai’s bobbing head, his paws guiding the expert maw.

Mordecai’s tongue slithered around the thick shaft, relishing the masculine taste. His lower jaw managed to swallow it whole without issue, having done the act countless times before, as well as wanting to make Viktor feel pleasure. As much as he didn’t want to admit, he cared for the Slovak feline. He did care. It required so much cognitive dissonance and willpower for Mordecai not to realize how much the fellow triggerman was starting to grow on him.

Maybe they could be more?

Mordecai knew it was out of the question. No homosexual relationship would ever end well if it got public. The worst-case scenario would be the two of them being imprisoned or committed to a psychiatric ward. On top of also dealing with needless legalities regarding a consenting relationship between two secretly homosexual adults, their roles as professional triggermen didn’t allow for romance. Not with people outside of bootlegging, let alone each other.

The job didn’t allow it. Yet only if it did, then he and Viktor could—

Mordecai immediately shot the next thought down, and focused. He sucked with vigor. His paws kneaded affectionately against his partner’s bare, muscular thighs, while his tongue coaxed the man’s sensitive foreskin further back. He soaked it in saliva and the feline’s own pre-cum. Meanwhile, Mordecai also took the initiative to let his nose tickle the musky pubic fur. Pleasure upon pleasure. He only made the mistake of looking up and seeing the way Viktor’s stoic expression had collapsed, only for it to partially rebuild in an instant when his lone eye met his.

Mordecai continued without stopping. He worshipped the man’s Johnson until it made his toes curl against the old floorboards.

Nobody had ever touched Viktor like Mordecai did. Nobody else could make the big cat feel excited at the prospect of such taboo behavior with anybody other than him. However, Viktor preferred one aspect of the ritual over the other, and tapped between Mordecai’s ears to signal he was ready. So was the black feline, who reluctantly pulled his lips away to give the erect member a lustful kiss before crawling onto the bed.

Viktor approached the bed and admired the view, then grasped each of the black cat’s hips. Pushing the swishing tail aside, then confirming Mordecai had already prepared himself in advance (the lube was still wet), he prodded with a finger. Not only to test his tightness but to hear the black cat purr. It vibrated from the back of his throat and down his spine to Viktor’s own cock when it effortlessly entered Mordecai, causing them to both let out gasping moans.

Mordecai’s back arched at the welcomed invasion. His tail uncurled and thrashed as Viktor started to thrust back and forth, each inch making the black cat feel pleasure upon pleasure. He pushed back wantonly on the Johnson, forgetting about everything else outside of that moment; the Lackadaisy, Atlas, his wife, the murders committed, anything to do with their jobs. It all got pushed aside with every stiff bucking motion Viktor made.

Unfortunately for Mordecai, it didn’t last long for him. With his own erection neglected for quite a while, it only required another strong thrust from Viktor against his anal walls, as well as the slightest throb against the bed sheets to his touch-starved Johnson to set him off. He hissed and growled into the pillow as thick jets of cum stained the sheets. Meanwhile, Viktor pounded with wild abandon, rutting his ass like one of their feral ancestors in heat.

Minutes later, Viktor too reached his sexual limits. He let out a ragged growl, gripping Mordecai’s hips with his claws as he released his seed inside the black cat. Sweat trickled down his for head and his empty eye socket itched, until finally, he collapsed atop his partner. He shifted on his side just as quickly so not to crush him.

The two triggerman cats lay panting in silence for some time. Before and he could comment on how amazing it felt or whether or not either wanted to take a shower, sleep caught up to them rather quickly. Before Mordecai or Viktor knew it, the former was wrapped in the arms of the latter, and they drifted to dreamless slumber. Like they always did.