*Knock, knock, knock!*

John Blacksad already knew who it was before he even answered the door. However, it didn’t stop him from cautiously peering through the peephole while gripping the year handgun in his trench coat pocket. Couldn’t hurt to be too paranoid, especially given his line of work. When he peaked through the tiny hole though, the black cat didn’t see an angry rhino or band of government agents, but a short weasel wearing a news cap and old brown jacket, carrying a camera as he smiled upward.

“Uh, John? Ya in there, buddy?”

Blacksad’s stature relaxed, and his tail uncurled as he unlocked the door. Upon opening it, he was surprised to catch a whiff of shampoo coming from the normally foul-smelling weasel.

“Is that lavender I smell?”

“My bosses threatened to fire me if I didn’t shower at least a few days each week,” Weekly begrudgingly confessed, brushing the topic aside as he presented his camera. “Anyway, I got the photos like you said, John, and boy! Were they fun to take, hehe!”

“Whatever,” he rolled his eyes, “Let’s have them processed…”

John Blacksad’s most recent case involved the standard wife claiming infidelity on her husband’s part but wanted proof to give to a judge. She not only wanted her marriage ended, but hopefully annulled too. So, John did some digging on the wolf, only to discover that not only did he keep his tracks minimal, but the husband didn’t like being followed. Not once, not twice, but three times, Blacksad lost the elusive canine in a crowd of people within downtown, and he started to Think that the husband was beginning to be suspicious about him. He needed someone else unassuming to follow the wolf without being detected. That was where Weekly, already trying to find work between tasks at the newspaper, came into the picture once Blacksad promised to give him fifty percent.

“So which hotel did he go to again?” He asked the weasel.

“The Chilton on the other side of town,” Weekly explained, “ I couldn’t get a good view from the street level, so I had to climb a fire escape in order to get these pictures. I’m just happy that he decided to go for a room with a balcony.”

Blacksad often joked how walking around his office gave him the feeling that he walked among the ruins of a lost civilization, but when it his makeshift darkroom in the corner of the rented apartment, it gave the seasoned detective the sense of being a gadfly catching glimpses of things nobody wanted to be seen. There, he watched in red-tinted darkness as dirty little secrets transformed into captured images.

Weekly waddled into the room and whistled at the pitch blackness once Blacksad closed the door. “It’s so dark in here, I can’t see a thing…”

“Here, just a second…”

A taller silhouette motioned at a switch, and the soft glare of a red lightbulb illuminated the room enough to walk around, but only to fully see the worktable, equipment, and clothesline to hang the developed photographs on. Otherwise, the small darkroom felt more akin to the other kind of dark room in a lurid nightclub. The kind where unfiltered sexuality reigned as traditional and family values withered into white noise.

Speaking of which, Weekly handed Blacksad the negatives as the latter got to work and the former sat impatiently in a nearby chair. There, he sat in boredom and impatient and so nice for what felt like hours until finally, the tall feline called him over to the table, where Blacksad pointed to some dripping photographs displaying frozen stills in time.

What they saw surprised the feline, but not the weasel, though he did blush at remembering the scenes he’d captured from the vantage point. Each photograph exposed the client’s husband in the middle of an orgy. Balding and middle-aged mammals fucked a slew of dames in various stages of undress, getting their cocks polished or relishing a powerful thrust into some pussy, unaware that a camera focused on them.

“What did I tell ya, John? Huh?” Weekly boasted while still blushing. “Pretty intense stuff I caught here. Do you think we should only show her the ones with her husband in it?”

Blacksad promptly lit one of his cigarettes in the hopes it would calm his libido down. However, he made sure not to have the end burn too bright.

“I doubt Mrs. DeCline will be interested in seeing other men share her husband’s sloppy seconds, Week,” he said between a huff. “Though I did notice something interesting…”

Weekly perked an ear up from under his news cap. “What’s that?” He asked, curious.

“Is it me,” Blacksad pondered with a growing smirk, “or did you take quite a few photographs of the men that you did the women?”

Weekly squeaked in shock, then held his head down to stare at the floor. Why didn’t he notice it until now? The photographs did show more cocks than beautiful breasts, some of them either painfully erect or deflated after pulling out. He couldn’t resist taking some.

“Listen, John,” Weekly tried to look up, only to freeze midway, “do you wanna…uh…oh, fuck…”

Weekly stared at his best friend’s crotch, the trousers tented. Above him, Blacksad grinned in equal lust as the weasel wordlessly knelt down in front of him, paws prying open his prize.

“I was wondering when you wanted to do this again,” the feline exhaled some smoke again.

Compared to Blacksad’s musk, expensive perfume and the scent of a woman in heat didn’t hold a candle to the feline’s masculine scent. Weekly drooled at the seductive red light glistening all over his friend’s thick, shapely Johnson as it flopped out into view. How it managed to fit inside the large feline’s trousers, he couldn’t tell, but didn’t care. He wrapped his smaller lips around the head either way. Just a lick at the sensitive tip elicited a hitched purr from the owner, who smirked down at his kneeling companion kissing and licking at his tool as he huffed in another drag.

“Oh, Weekly…” He groaned in relishing purrs. “Nngh, that’s right. Suck it good, mmm. Use your tongue. I like it when you lick under there…”

Weekly complied quite eagerly. He happily laptop the underside of the detective’s impressive feline member, his lips tracing along each rigid vein and throbbing curve before enthusiastically wrapping further around the shaft. As his tongue struggled to lather underneath it, the black shaft itself started to make the mustelid’s jawline ache slightly. Weekly shrugged it aside though, wanting to show his friend just how far he’d been practicing. He flared through his nostrils as he slowly yet surely lowered his maw around Blacksad’s dick.

“H-Holy…” The larger mammal gasped at feeling himself hilt inside the willing mustelid’s velvet throat. All without little resistance. Blacksad even had to pause another drag to stare down at the small cocksucker. “How-How’re you swallowing me whole there?”

Weekly only answered by pulling off until the cocktip only remained, then bobbed back down as if it were nothing. He slurped and slurped up and down until it left Blacksad moaning against the countertop, and he decided to put the cigarette out in a nearby ashtray.

Nobody else knew about their friends-with-benefits relationship. As far as either of their employers and the rest of the world were aware, Weekly and Blacksad were mere friends. Nothing more, nothing less, and definitely not homosexual. Well, bisexual, as meekly claimed by Weekly, but Blacksad held his doubts. No matter how many times the weasel posted about beautiful when then and gushed at the chance of seeing some scandalous sex take place, it didn’t stop him from sucking on some feline cock whenever they had the chance for some privacy.

Weekly didn’t think about dames or breasts though as he bobbed on his best friend’s delicious dick. He relished instead at the salty taste of feline musk, sweaty pubic fur, and precum drenching his small tongue, blushing at John’s hushed whispers to keep going. It brought back memories of when he’s first been fucked by Blacksad during a harsh winter that cut power to the apartment. Food was low and the heater did a little to keep them warm. No matter how much they try to rationalize being completely naked under a shared blanket and rubbing against each other, neither could deny it felt ungodly good. Neither denied it since, especially Weekly, Who nowadays only kept up his charm towards women for public appearances. Instead of dreaming about boobs, he dreamed about cocks and balls, or rather, John’s cock and balls to be exact. Nothing else compared to them.

John Blacksad wanted their moment to go on forever. So did Weekly, who scooted himself closer to the feline in order to deepthroat easier. His paws switched between kneading the feline’s broad thighs and fondling those heavy black orbs tapping against his bobbing chin.

Every purring thrust turned more desperate and vigorous until finally, Blacksad hissed as his cock withdrew from those velvet lips, and he pumped out streaks of cum all over Weekly’s opened maw.

The end of their session left both mammals feeling lightheaded and tipsy, like a pair of alcoholics after New Year’s Eve. Weekly did his best to lethargically lick off his friend’s seed with his tired tongue, only for Blacksad to regain his composure and kneel down to lap some of the salty white substance off the weasel’s right cheek. He purred at the bitter taste.

“God damn, that was good, Week…” He chuckled, having then noticed some on his whiskers, so he pried it off. “You wanna go for another round after these photos are finished?”

The panting weasel glanced down at his still-erect Johnson forming a tent in his pants and smiled. “I’d fucking love that, John,” he said, “I’d love that.”