

The Fluffer

~ by NightEyes DaySpring

The salty taste of the cock in his mouth told Max that the wolf he was going down on had been working up a sweat. It was pleasant enough though, and he lapped at it eagerly with gusto, taking the cock deep into his throat. It was thick and — with a few deft licks by Max — already hardening nicely in his mouth. Max closed his eyes to savor the taste and the moment, but it ended far sooner than he would have preferred.

The wolf pulled out of Max's mouth with a groan. "That's gonna do it, hun. Gotta have something for the scene you know." Max smiled up at the wolf weakly. The wolf scratched behind Max's ears as one would pet a feral animal, before shooing him out of the way.

The raccoon sighed silently to himself, disappointed. He got up with just a half realized hard-on and the salty taste of Joshua's cock in his mouth. On the other side of the bed, there was an otter tied up. Max went over to him and pulled a bottle of lube out of his pocket to squirt some onto the otter's erect cock, quickly slickening the hardened length. He then stepped away from the bed, to take a swig on his water bottle and wash the taste of cock out of his muzzle.

"All right, let's get this shot going and finish up this scene," the weasel director said as he stepped up to the bed.

Max drifted away from the bed while the director barked orders to the cameramen and the actors. Then there was the telltale snap of the clapperboard, and they started filming the scene. The moaning and the creaking on the bed began immediately, and that only made Max want to tear the fur off his head.

With apprehension, he turned around to watch. Joshua was banging the otter on the bed while the director motioned for one of the cameras to zoom in on the action. Joshua roughly gripped the otter's cock as he fucked him, jerking him along. Max could feel a tightness in his chest as he wished he could change places with either of the actors. He wanted to look away, but he couldn't. This was exactly what he wanted, but he was just on the sidelines. If he couldn't get his jealousy under control, he was going to have to find another job.

The sex went on for twenty seconds, and then Joshua pulled out so he could cum on the otter. As he pulled out, he shifted his weight so the camera could get a better angle. With a grunt, he came, shooting thick ropes of cum onto the otter. When he finished climaxing, the wolf sat back on the bed as the director shouted, "Cut!"

The stage sprung to life as everyone started moving about.

"That's exactly what we want in this film," said the director coming up to pat Joshua on the back.

"Thanks," said Joshua grinning up at the director.

"Mmph," was all the otter could get out.

"Max, get Carson untied," the director said as he walked away from the bed.

Max walked over to the otter and started to undo the ropes. Carson looked up at him and mumbled something that sounded like a thank-you. As soon as Max loosened the ropes, Carson's body relaxed and he rubbed his wrists before he reached up to undo the ball gag.

"Gah," sputtered Carson with a dry hacking sound. Max held up the water bottle and squirted water into Carson's muzzle. The otter licked his lips and then spoke. His voice was still dry. "Thank you," he said. "It feels like I've had sandpaper in my mouth."

"No problem" said Max. He was preparing to undo Carson's ankles when the director started shouting.

"If camera #2 was out of position, why didn't you say something?"

"I thought Joshua was going to use a different angle," the besieged cheetah cameraman offered.

The director sighed, his thin tail flicking back and forth. "Everyone, back to your places; we need to reshoot the end of the scene. Max, get Carson cleaned up. Then take Joshua and get him prepped up again."

Carson cursed something fierce. Max felt his chest fall. They'd already shot this scene once earlier today, and they were going to have to redo it again.

"I swear, I am never doing a fucking ball gag scene again. This is ridiculous," muttered Carson to the raccoon as he started to sponge down his fur.

Max looked over at Joshua. "At least you get something."

Carson rolled his eyes and scratched behind his ears. "If you think what they're paying me makes up for the sore ass, you are so mistaken."

#

Raccoons had never been popular porn stars, but Max hadn't gotten into the adult film industry looking to score a role. He'd done a few scenes, but mostly he worked in the background prepping the actors. The fluffer role got him a chance to sample the most amazing cocks in the industry, but when it came to something more substantial, he was out in the cold.

The waitress at his favorite sushi place dropped off his sake bomb, and he gingerly slid it in front of himself. Joshua Swanks was his current favorite star to work with. He was big right now, and his movies were on top of the industry. When he wasn't busy filming, he was putting in appearances to build his reputation. Max slammed his fist silently on the table forgoing the traditional shout. The shot glass of sake dropped into the beer with a clunk, causing the beverage to fizz. He then grabbed the glass and threw it back, letting the drink pour into his muzzle. He fantasized about the wolf a lot, but he knew he had about as much chance with Joshua as he had winning the lottery.

He put the glass down after gulping the contents. A lot of guys would love to get Joshua Swanks's cock in their mouth. He just wished he could actually get him in his mouth for more than thirty seconds. Hell, he wished he could get anyone inside his mouth for more than thirty seconds. He sighed. This is what his life had come to: sucking soft cocks and getting drunk alone in restaurants. He put his head on his paws. Maybe he should consider doing something else with his life, like finding a job in regular Hollywood. At least he wouldn't be teasing himself by going to work.

The vulpine sushi chef walked over where Max was sitting at the sushi bar and put his order down in front of him. "Your usual, a spider roll and nigiri."

"Thanks," said Max, picking up the chopsticks and reaching for the soy sauce. He wasn't really hungry, but he was going to force himself to eat.

"Hey, I didn't know raccoons liked sushi!"

Max jolted up and turned to his right. The ball-gagged otter who Joshua had been banging earlier in the week had appeared next to him.

"Everyone on the west coast likes sushi," said Max surprised.

"True enough," said the otter sliding into a seat next to Max.

The raccoon tensed a little. He didn't want company right now, and while he knew Carson, he only really knew what his cock was shaped like. Max had worked on some films

where the otter had bottom roles against power tops. He'd fluffed him a few times, but they had never talked off set.

"It's good I ran into you," the otter said with a smile on his muzzle. "I'm working with a new director, and he's short on staff. We're looking to do some shooting next week. Are you available?"

"Uhh," said Max going over his mental calendar. "Only after Wednesday."

"Oh cool. The film is called, 'An Otter on the Serengeti.' I'll talk to the director and have him call you. This will be my first starring role! I get to slut it up with some big cats this time. There is even some real dialogue to this one, so I get to actually act."

"That's nice," said the raccoon picking at his sushi.

The otter looked at the raccoon. "You look a little off; are you okay?"

Max looked at him. The otter's ears were pointed toward Max. "It's just been a long day."

"I understand that. Hey, before I forget, what's your number?"

"Huh? Oh, for the director?"

"Yeah," said Carson pulling out his phone and handing it to Max.

Max silently took the phone, tapped in his number, and handed it back to Carson.

"Thanks." The otter hopped off of the bar stool. "I have some friends I'm here with, but I'll hopefully be seeing you next week."

Max sighed and watched the otter walk off. He joined a crowd of guys at a big booth. One of them, a bear, wrapped his arm around Carson. Max recognized a few of the people; he knew them from various films he'd worked on or seen, and at least two he'd had to prep for scenes.

The raccoon turned back to his food. He reached for the empty sake bomb, but put it down when he realized there was nothing left in it. He was going to need another drink.

#

The film Carson had gotten involved with was a rather low budget affair. The director had rented a sound stage in a building that felt more like an oven than a movie studio. The constant stale air gave off a dry heat that made the studio stifling. This produced a strong musk on set that didn't just come from the actors.

As for the dialogue, it was so hokey it made Max wish he hadn't gotten into this production. Carson though, seemed to love it. Of course, being the star in any adult film was a step up from being a stock bottom. Even if the otter had to take a lot of cock, he was the star of the show, and you could tell he was loving the attention.

Still... it does pay, mused Max, one night after shooting had wrapped up for the day.

That seemed to be only thing redeeming about the film, besides getting to watch Carson in action. Unfortunately, watching Carson service the cats just drove home Max's sense of loneliness.

After the first week of filming, Max was left to tidy up around the set. He had spent a lot of the day fluffing various actors with hand jobs or blow jobs, including Carson. He was certainly becoming familiar with the otter's package. He could easily recall the curve of it in his muzzle, but the person behind it, that was still a mystery to him. He was definitely a sexy mystery, and Max wondered what types of moans and squeaks he could get out of the otter given the chance.

He shook himself out of his daydreams. The director had already left for the day, and after he finished breaking down this sling, he was out of here too. Only a few of the camera men were still milling about cleaning the camera equipment.

"Hey, Max!" came a call. It was Carson, and that made his tail go stiff. He'd thought all of the actors had already left for the day to go out for drinks together.

"Yeah," said Max turning around.

"You need a hand with that?" said the otter kneeling down to help.

Max didn't know how to answer that. The otter didn't have to help him, so why had he decided to now? "Sure," he said after hesitating.

The otter started to undo the other arm of the sling that Max was currently unbolting. Carson already had his street clothes on, but he wasn't wearing anything fancy. "So, I've been meaning to ask you. What do you think of the movie?"

The raccoon paused, and looked over at Carson. He was usually pretty tactful about his opinions, but he was tired and sore tonight. Carson looked eager to hear what he said, and there was a certain honest interest in his expression that caused Max not to side step his feelings about the film.

"I'm sorry, but I think it's one of the lowest quality films I've worked on that wasn't filmed at someone's house."

The otter flicked his ears back and his muzzle hung open a little.

"And honestly," said Max going on, "the dialogue sucks. It would have been better as a straight porno without any attempts at conversation."

Carson closed his muzzle. "I guess that means you don't like it."

"Pretty much," said Max as he disconnected the leather harness and started to fold it up.

Carson sighed. "You know this is my big break into a leading role?"

Max looked at the otter. "Well, what do you think of it?"

Carson looked around, and then smiled. "The dialogue does suck, the studio is cheap, and the director is a two bit hack. It is one of the few films I've seen that wanted a starting otter, so I'm hoping it will at least sell."

Max didn't say anything as he took a metal bracket Carson handed to him and set it down on the dolly he was loading the swing onto.

"When I graduated from acting school, this wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but it's something," said the otter.

"You went to school for this?"

"Yup," the otter said blushing. "Now I get banged by big cats hoping to make it to something better. It's not exactly glamorous work, but it is work. Hey, you want to go grab some sushi tonight?"

Max paused, and looked up at the otter. That wasn't something he had been expecting. "Uhh, with your friends?"

"Oh, those guys?" laughed the otter. "They're a bunch of horn dogs. Not only do they make porn for a living, they try to live in a porn. We were out celebrating my new film that time, so I wasn't going to turn down the opportunity to network with them. No, this would just be you and me."

Max nodded. At least he wouldn't have to be alone tonight. "Sure, it's not like I have any other plans for tonight."

“So,” said Carson as he poured hot sake and then slid the small cup over to Max, “how did you get into the adult film industry?”

The low lighting was relaxing, and he was enjoying the soft music playing in the background. Max might have felt embarrassed to answer it, but the secluded booth in the back of the restaurant was private enough he didn’t think they would be overheard.

“It just kind of happened. I got an opportunity to meet some porn stars, and it spiraled from there. I did some minor rolls and then ended up working behind the scenes.”

Max took the offered cup of sake and sniffed it before taking a sip. The sake was sweet with hints of fruit to it.

Carson nodded. “Do you find it fun?”

Max blushed a little thinking back to when he’d had Carson in his muzzle earlier in the day and the small squeak he’d given off when he was ready for the scene and Max needed to stop. “Sometimes.”

Carson smirked and leaned forward. “You like the guys huh?”

Max blushed deeper. “And you don’t?”

The otter shrugged and sipped his sake. “I used to. Most of them are kind of airheads.”

“So why are you in the business?” asked Max.

“I keep hoping that someday, I’ll get a break and a role that will get me out of this and start me on the road to being a real actor. Mostly I just lie there, take it, and moan. It’s easy money for a starving actor.”

“Well, you do it well.”

“Yeah, but I’m typecast,” said the otter. “I feel I’m pretty flexible in bed, but being an otter, I only get submissive roles. Even with this movie, I’m playing the sub. Don’t get me wrong now, there are more big name bottoms than tops, but I would like to get the chance to actually top on film.” Max took another sip of his sake. “I guess at this rate, all I can hope for is to be the next Ty Ruddertail. Now that’s an otter who has a sweet ass.”

“Raccoons don’t get a lot of respect in this business either. The few times I ended up in front of the camera, all I did was sit there and suck some cock in the background of an orgy scene. Most people don’t think we’re very sexy, and they think we’re too chubby to be in front of the camera.”

Carson smiled. “I find you sexy. I mean, you’re no Ty Ruddertail, but you’re not a career ‘pool boy’ like he is.” The otter winked. “Also, you do suck a mean cock.”

Max blushed bright red.

“Now don’t do that,” said the otter, noticing Max’s deep blush. “Remember, I’m stuck being the preverbal cock warmer. It’s nothing to be ashamed of.”

Max just finished off the rest of his sake and put the cup down. Carson poured him some more.

“I confess, this isn’t exactly a normal conversation. Here we are talking about sex so casually like it’s nothing,” the otter mused.

“That bothers you?” asked the raccoon.

“Doesn’t it bother you? We’re surrounded by so much sex at work; it’s lost its meaning.”

Their waiter arrived then with their food, and set down two plates of sushi. Max picked up his chopsticks.

“You mean there is no passion to it and it has become mechanical?” Max asked Carson.

“Yeah there is no love,” said the otter popping a piece of fish into his muzzle before he even poured himself some soy sauce. He closed his eyes to chew and savor the flavor.

“It looked like you enjoyed that scene with Joshua, and you were really moaning today in that sling.”

The otter smirked. “I’m paid to moan like that for a living.”

“Yeah, but you get to brag now that you’ve slept with Joshua Swanks.”

“Hey now, I’ve never slept with Joshua,” Carson said pointing a chopstick at Max.

“Well, okay, I’ve slept with him, but not off camera. On camera, you perform. It has all the motions of the real feel, the same sensations, but when it’s done, you go clean up and that’s it. Joshua is nice to look at, but he wouldn’t do it for me. I need something more than a hot lay, I need something up here,” the other said as he tapped his head. “Based on your definition of ‘sleeping together’, you’ve blown a lot of different guys.”

Now it was Max’s turn to get defensive. “None of them ever finished.”

“So?” smirked the otter.

They ate in silence for a few minutes, savoring the sushi. Sushi hadn’t originally been Max’s thing, but he’d developed a taste for it living on the west coast. The salmon was rich, and the sauce on his sushi roll made his tongue tingle. Carson’s tail wiggled back and forth as he ate, showing his deep contentment.

“I think your right about how desensitizing to sex this work is,” said Max. “I’ve stopped even thinking about dating anyone. Hooking up is where the action is, and that’s all I think I will ever find. I can’t even seem to do that well anymore either. Have you dated anyone seriously since you got into the business?”

Carson shook his head. “I’ve hooked up with a few other stars, but mostly the sex tends to be mechanical. It’s hot, but when it’s over, it’s over; they want to kick you out of their house then. I feel like a hopeless romantic when I say I just want to snuggle with someone.”

Max sat back and appraised the otter. He’d always been into the big stars, the guys who had the big tools or showed off the nicest bodies. Carson was buff, but he wasn’t a muscle head. His thick, stiff fur didn’t give him great muscle definition. He could feel the stirrings of something he hadn’t thought about in a long time. He put down his chopsticks and leaned forward to take one of the otter’s hands.

“Don’t let what you do take away what will make you happy.” He wasn’t sure if this was for his benefit or Carson’s, but it seemed to be the right thing to say.

Carson’s eyes widened, but he smiled. “You’re right. I’m just doing this until I can do better. If I keep working hard, I’ll get a real acting gig.”

“Exactly,” said Max going over his own working situation in his head. Maybe he could land a job as a rigger or a camera operator on a normal production. He’d filled in on both spots in the adult industry, so he had the experience.

“You know what, I think I’m going to talk to the director tomorrow, and see if we can’t improve some of the dialogue. I’ve got a few ideas on ways to make it better. I doubt he’d want to reshoot anything, but perhaps the movie can be improved a little.”

“Ahh, now you’re thinking outside of the box,” said the raccoon.

“Exactly,” said Carson, his thick tail thumping. Their eyes meet and Max couldn’t tell if Carson was really into him, or just wanted someone to talk to. There was a connection there for a moment, and then Carson broke it off to pop another piece of sushi in his mouth.

The rest of dinner was small talk and swapping stories about different actors. That night, when he was asleep in his bed, Max didn’t dream about Joshua Swanks. Instead of the hunky

wolf, there was an otter with a penchant for sushi and sake.

#

Max pulled up at work in the morning a little early. Every production he worked on was different, so he never knew what to expect. The sun was up, but the parking lot seemed a little emptier than usual. Still, he was early; it wasn't until he entered the studio that he realized something was wrong. The lights over the stage were off, and everyone was milling about near the entrance talking.

"Hey," he said to the crew, "what's going on?"

A swift fox who'd worked in the industry for twenty years spoke up. "The movie is off. The director showed some of the footage to his backers, and they didn't like it. They're pulling the plug on the movie. I think they wanted something more upmarket."

"What?" said Max. "We haven't even been paid for the last week of work."

"Yeah, well the director said the studio would cover us for that, but that's it. They're asking for a few people to help break down the set, and clear out. The rest of us can go home."

Max shook his head. He'd never had this happen before. He'd turned down working on a small production next week just a few days ago since this movie was supposed to shoot for four weeks and they were just one week in.

"Well if they're paying for breakdown, I'm in."

"I didn't think you could create a porno so bad it would get canceled while filming," said one of the cameramen.

"Go figure," said the swift fox. "There are lows even the adult industry won't stoop to."

As the crew talked, Carson came out from the back of the studio. He looked very upset, and Max tried to flag him down.

"Carson!" said Max breaking away from the crowd and heading over to intercept him.

"Yeah," the otter said tiredly when the raccoon walked up to him. He'd been crying, and his eyes looked puffy.

"You okay?" asked Max.

The otter sniffed. "My first starring role as a lead, and the entire movie gets canned."

"Hopefully this is just a bump in the road for you. You got any other work lined up?" Max asked.

"No," he sighed. "I'll call my agent and see, but it will probably be some other dumb orgy flick. Even as an adult actor, I can't get into the good productions."

Max wrapped an arm around the otter to try and comfort him. "You'll find something else; I'm sure. Think of it this way, at least your debut as a lead won't have this hooky dialogue in it."

"I guess," the otter slipped out of the raccoon's grip. "I'm going to go home, and see what my agent can dig up." With that, he shuffled for the door, his tail carried low. Max bit his lip and rejoined the other crew. He was probably going to need the extra money from doing break down.

#

It took Max two weeks, but he was able to find an adult production that needed an extra rigger, so he wouldn't have to fluff the actors. In the meantime, he worked a few shifts at the

sub shop a friend of his owned for some extra cash. The film Max landed had a higher production value than his last couple of gigs, and the director for this one was pretty serious. He did both porn and standard movies, so he expected a lot out of his crew and films.

Being more excited about this film than anything else he'd been involved with in the last few years, Max gave Carson a call to see how he was doing after the first day of shooting.

"They want me to do another film with Joshua Swanks," Carson said dejectedly over the phone.

"So, that's good isn't it? That will help build your brand."

"I'm tired of being a two-bit bottom. I mean seriously, it's another one of his gang bang films where he does four to five different guys. I told my agent he needed to find me something better."

"Is there any chance they're going to resume production on 'An Otter on the Serengeti?'"

"No," Carson said exasperated. "Last I heard, they're suing the director. I've got some money in the bank, but I'm tired of not breaking out."

"Would you like to go out for coffee? It would get you out of the house," asked Max. Perhaps that would get the otter's problems off his mind.

Carson paused. "Sure, I can swing that. Tonight at 8?"

"Yeah, how about the place down on Western Ave."

"The Java Box? I've been there."

"Great," said the raccoon. "I'll see you soon."

#

Max got to the coffee shop early and waited for Carson to show up. He got his coffee, and then found a comfortable spot in the shop with two big arm chairs for them. The otter was late and that had Max worried. It wasn't until he finally showed up that Max could relax back into the chair and stop gripping the arms tightly. Carson first came over and then went to order.

When he came over with a hot tea and sat down, he looked tired and fidgety. He smiled softly at Max though after he made himself comfortable.

"Good evening," said Max in his best dramatic voice.

"Hi," said Carson.

"Busy day?" Max asked.

Carson sighed. "Yeah. I've been trying to see if I can find other work. I've been hoping to get something more up market, but it's not coming easy."

"I hear ya. I was lucky to land this gig I got right now. The director seems easy to work for, and he doesn't just do adult films. I'm hoping if this goes well, I can get to be a crew member on one of his other movies."

"That would be great," said the otter sipping his tea.

"I know!" said Max. "We'll see though."

Carson put down his tea and leaned back into the large arm chair, letting his body sink into it. The otter sighed again. "I just need to have faith. If nothing comes up soon, I'll do this Joshua Swanks film."

"That will at least get you more exposure."

"I guess," said Carson.

"Something better will come around for you."

The otter opened his eyes and glanced at Max when he reached out to pat Carson on his

hand.

"I just want to find something real in my life. Something with meaning," said the otter.

"You have me," Max said. The moment he said it, the otter's eyes got a little wide.

"I meant to ask you this, but is this a date?"

Max froze. "A date?"

"Yeah. This is what couples do when they're starting out; they meet up, spend time together alone, and talk."

"Uhh... I dunno," said Max. He hadn't been thinking about it as a date, but that was why he had invited Carson out tonight hadn't he? He had been thinking a lot about Carson and they weren't always the most wholesome thoughts. Hadn't that been why the otter had invited him out to sushi?

Carson chuckled. "Don't tell me you've forgotten what dating is about."

The raccoon shook his head. "No," he said softly.

"Well then is it?" asked the otter.

Max sucked in his breath. "I think so. I'm so sorry; I didn't mean to ask you out on a date. I'm..." he blushed.

The otter laughed. "So this is just an accident?"

"No!" he said. Crap, he didn't want Carson to think he didn't like him. Without pausing, he leaned forward across the arm chairs and kissed the otter. It wasn't deep, but it had the promise of something more. Carson shuddered and it wasn't just due to the release of sexual tension.

"Wow," he said. The otter hesitated and then went back for a kiss of his own, deeper and more insistent.

They broke off feeling silly, ears going down as they realized people were staring at them a little.

"Perhaps we should go someplace more private?" said Max.

"Mmm..." said Carson. "That would be nice, but let's save that for later..."

"Then how about I buy us a pastry to split and see where this goes?"

Carson sank back into the chair. "Sure," he said contently. "There is plenty of time for us to explore each other physically another time. It's not like you don't know what I've got." Max got up and started to turn away, but Carson motioned him closer. "But next time you give me a blow job, I'm going to finish."

Max's eyes went big, and his ears went flat against his head. "Well of course, but only if I get to use the ball gag."

Carson frowned. "We'll have to talk about that. I'm not a huge fan."

Max leaned close in and whispered. "Yeah, but you're really hot when you are tied up."

Carson coughed and hid his eyes behind his paws. He looked really embarrassed, but as Max stood up and walked away to get the pastry, he could hear the otter's tail thumping against the chair.