

Those Who Trespass

Jimmy Lee Starbird is © Roochak

Jimmy leaned back in his staff chair, his "Southpaw Entertainment" bathrobe hanging wide open. With one hand he was idly looking over his script; with the other he was sipping from his thermos. Down below, an extremely enthusiastic mouse girl was working him up. Anne, Southpaw's designated fluffer, lacked the looks to get in front of the camera, but she had more than enough talent where it counted.

Jimmy shifted himself, shuddering and sucking in a little air between his teeth as Anne's hands worked him up. Anne wasn't allowed (nor did she need) to use anything else, but she was certainly a lot more effective and fun than a few Cialis pills. Jimmy tried to concentrate on his script, but Anne seemed to be intent on keeping him from concentrating. He looked down at her and grinned. She was flatchested and had massive glasses, but Jimmy thought she had a cute "girl next door" look. And the way her hands were working over his balls, he really did question Southpaw's decision to keep her on as a fluffer.

Jimmy stood up, setting down the script and drink. Hydrated, refreshed and erect, he was just about ready for work. "That's enough, Anne," he said, almost having to pry her off his dick. She grinned and ran over to the hangars where his costume was.

"Oh c'mon, I've seen your flicks. Even if I had you spurting up a geyser you'd still be good to go a few minutes later," said Anne. She was holding a worn wifebeater, flip flops and some very tight daisy dukes. A very familiar costume to Jimmy by now, he'd been wearing it for three volumes of *Spunk Sojourns*, all of which had gone extremely well. In each, Jimmy played the role of a vagabond mouserat who spent his nights "earning his keep" in various locations. Thus far he'd gotten a free ride on a houseboat, a trip in the back of an 18-wheeler, and out of a ticket for indecent exposure thanks to a very nice pair of police dogs. This time, however, he'd be spending the night in a barn with some very nice horses.

Jimmy slipped into his outfit, making sure it was tight enough to show off his body but not so tight he'd have trouble getting it off. With Anne looking on in admiration, he checked himself out in the mirror. He smirked, the cute little glasses perched on his nose in front of big, friendly eyes, underneath a tuft of fuzzy blond hair on top of his head. Anne walked up behind him and grinned, rubbing his arms.

"I like your tattoos," she said, her fingers gently tracing the large tribal tattoo on Jimmy's upper right arm. He had one on his left as well, and a much smaller one encircling the base of his tail. He smiled, caressing her hand as she touched his smooth, soft platinum blond fur.

"I like 'em too. They've become a bit of a signature lately as well, proof that it's me doing the fucking instead of some cute stunt double. Is it true that one of my tats is gonna become my symbol, you know, that they put it on the DVD cover and all that?" Anne nodded.

"I'm friends with the graphics guy, and he says that after a little work he's managed to replicate the one on your left arm pretty much exactly. Only it's flat, of course. It'll be appearing on every DVD with you now, somewhere on the cover. I'm pretty sure it'll start being used as your signature in series too, since it's kind of unique." Jimmy nodded, remembering that famous actors often had their face or a special symbol put on the spine of the DVD case, so that one could tell who the star was at just a glance. It certainly helped when you wanted to see a particular porn star in action, and Jimmy had soon learned the signs and symbols of his favorites, so as to more easily spot their DVDs in the store.

"Well, its time for me to go out there, Anne. I assume I'll see you on the set for more fluffing?" Anne chuckled.

"Oh you know those horse boys. Sure their dicks are big, but even with a few Cialis tablets they still need help. There's just a lot of blood in those big monsters."

"Lotta spunk too. Remember, you're supposed to condom 'em up good. It's company policy." Anne just smiled, waving around a thirty-two pack of "MAGNUM XXL" condoms. Jimmy knew that the "XXL" was a bit of an exaggeration, but they certainly were bigger than normal. Just like the horse cocks they'd be sheathing.

Jimmy walked out onto the set, looking around and familiarizing himself with who he'd be working with. The set, which consisted only of a crude interior of a barn, looked agonizingly cheap. Jimmy frowned at it, knowing that the cheapness of the set would force him to work all the harder to keep the action on him and away from the crudely nailed two-by-fours and pathetic looking hay bales that had been tossed on top of the wooden floor. It looked more like a set for a children's play than a porn studio, excepting the two throw mattresses that were going to be dragged out from the sides once the action started.

Suddenly he felt a very large hand clamp down on his shoulder. Spinning around, he saw two very large horses, each of whom was grinning down at him. Clearly these were his co-stars. They waved politely, examining Jimmy intently. One of them extended his massive hand and Jimmy shook it, surprised at how enthused the big horse seemed to be.

"I'm Lawrence, and this here is my lover horse Marshall." Marshall extended his hand, and Jimmy shook it as well. "We're big fans of your work, and we've both been lookin' forward to workin' with yeh." Jimmy grinned, getting a good look at the two big horses. They were both heavily muscled and, even for their species, massively

endowed. Jimmy smirked a little, thinking about how hard Anne would have to work to get those things ready for action. The horses were clad in leather boots and gloves, leather chaps (complete with large silver belt buckles), cowboy hats and leather jackets. Lawrence had chosen to go with all-white leather, which shone off nicely against his khaki brown fur. Marshall had opted for slick, black leather that seemed to mix and mesh with his black, shiny fur. Both horses seemed friendly, and they certainly were very handsome.

"Well from the looks of it, I might end up being a big fan of you two as well," said Jimmy. The horses grinned, then kissed one another, liking the way Jimmy was looking them over. Like any good porn star, these guys had an exhibitionist streak, and they seemed pretty thrilled by the excited look in Jimmy's eyes. Marshall grabbed his big black hunk of horsemeat in a leather gloved hand, twisting it this way and that, showing off its girth. Lawrence grabbed his more pinkish one as well, cranking it and lining it up with Marshall's. Jimmy wasn't sure if either one was bigger, but they were both enormous. He giggled. "Hey hey hey you two, save some of it for the camera!" Jimmy tried to pry his eyes away for a moment. He wasn't sure whether to be afraid or excited, but he sure felt a bit of both. He waltzed over to the director, shaking his hips at the horses as he left, leaving their massive dicks to Anne's quick workup.

The cameras were rolling and Jimmy was walking in slowly, letting the camera follow him. He'd been doused in water before entering, and the cheap thunder and lightning effects implied that he was coming out of the rain. Jimmy thought it was a little cheesy, but he liked the way the water made his white (now translucent) shirt stick to him, as well as the way his fur glistened when it was moist. Shaking himself off, he moved to an oil lamp burning low and hanging from one of the beams. Turning it up, he felt almost blinded as the camera lights were turned on and moved in. They did an excellent job of illuminating the two huge horses leaning on the stalls in front of him.

Marshall was puffing lightly at a cigarette, his hat pulled down low over his eyes. Lawrence was holding a smoke to his lips, the lighter flame flickering in front of it, but once Jimmy came into view he closed the lighter and tossed the smoke away. Marshall stubbed out his as well, and the two big horses advanced on Jimmy, their erect dicks jutting out at least a foot in front of them.

"Well well well, what have we here?" said Lawrence, crossing his arms and chuckling. "Looks like a little mouserat trespasser."

"We don't take kindly to trespassers in these parts," said Marshall. The big black horse spat onto the floor. "So you might wanna get out, unless you wanna get hurt..."

Jimmy pretended to be scared, though the huge, almost comical boners both horses were sporting made them look rather non-threatening. Still Jimmy knew his role, and started backing up

towards where the door would be. "Look, I'm sorry, I didn't know! I was just lookin' for a place to get in out of the rain," he said. "I didn't know I was trespassing."

Marshall advanced closer, moving in as the two horses slowly examined the wet mouserat, pacing around him. "Just comin' in out of the rain, eh? Well I guess you're all wet, why don't you get rid of those clothes?" Jimmy playfully stripteased out of his garments, laying them over the side of the stall. The horses grinned, slowly pumping themselves with their gloved hands as he stripped. Jimmy smirked a little as he worked, noticing that they began to pre as his butt jiggled in front of them. If this is what trained porn stars got from the view, imagine how the fans would feel!

Lawrence circled around behind Jimmy, cupping the mouserat's ass with a firm, groping hand. His partner grasped Jimmy's chin. "You sure do got a pretty mouth there," said Marshall. "Mebbe we'll let you stay here for the night, if'n you can work for your pay." Jimmy grinned, whipping his tail around and leaning up against a post, giving the camera ample opportunity for a good butt shot.

"Oh really? And how might I be able to earn my keep here tonight?" he asked, hardly pretending not to know what came next.

"Well you could start by slicking up some sausages, and then move on to the meat packing," said Lawrence, moving around to the front. Jimmy dropped to his knees, each of his hands stroking one of the horse dicks. From this angle, they looked even more massive.

Lawrence shuddered, whimpering and groaning as Jimmy worked him over with both hands. Off camera, Anne quickly ran out and slipped a large condom over Marshall's dick. The latex was special made, clear as glass and, excepting the small ring of rolled condom at the base of his cock, almost invisible. Anne dashed off and Jimmy turned around, licking and slurping on Marshall's big dick while Lawrence moved off to the side. Jimmy didn't care much for the taste of the rubber, but it was scentless and thick, musky smell of Marshall's groin was intoxicating. Jimmy licked and slurped more, getting it nice and wet for the jamming it would soon be up to.

Marshall got down on his knees, and Jimmy dropped down to all fours. Gently working his way down, Jimmy slid the horse's thick black meat into his mouth. Behind him, he could feel Lawrence probing around with lubed up fingers. Glad that Anne had provided the big horse boy with more than just a condom, Jimmy whimpered and relaxed, adjusting to the fingers. He just hoped it would make him loose enough for the cock.

Pulling Marshall out of his mouth, he rubbed and slicked on the horse's cock, sliding his tongue around on the underside, working most of the shaft with his hands. As he continued to move down towards Marshall's balls, he could hear the horse whinnying with pleasure. A quick glance out of the corner of his glasses confirmed that the tip of the horse's condom was filling up with pre, too. It was almost time for things to get serious.

Jimmy could feel himself being probed by Lawrence's massive endowment. He groaned, trying to get himself loose, feeling the big, thick dick jamming and shoving into him. It felt like he was getting double anal, even though this was only one guy. After one final push, Jimmy felt himself being slowly and surely penetrated. He couldn't remember feeling more stuffed, and he was amazed at how little it hurt. All those exercises had paid off: it was pure pleasure now.

Steadying himself, Jimmy let Marshall and Lawrence take hold of his hips and shoulders. They worked him gently, moving what felt like only half of their lengths in and out of him, spit roasting him for the camera. He whimpered and moaned, working them as best he could, but mostly staying still. It was pretty hard to move with two enormous dicks fucking him over. He groaned, looking deep into the camera, shuddering with the waves of pleasure he felt. The horses were massive, gentle and demanding, shoving and pushing themselves around and around inside him. He felt heavy, gloved hands gently caressing his head, his neck, his back, and best of all, his cock. His pre was dribbling down on the floor, and he silently cursed the director for telling him not to release.

Much too soon, it seemed, the two horses pulled out and started rubbing themselves in front of him. Jimmy was disappointed; he wanted it to continue for so much longer. But they stroked and pumped each other until the camera rotated, keeping them off-screen. Jimmy opened his mouth and closed his eyes. He hated this part. Due to problems with STDs, they used stunt spunk shot out of special water guns. Though it looked like the real thing, it tasted mostly like unflavored Jell-O. Jimmy missed the real stuff, even though he knew the substitute was essential.

Closing his eyes despite his glasses, Jimmy moaned, letting the spunk hit him and roll off his face. He moved this way and that, trained to get the best splatter for the camera. Anne was operating the spunk shooter, and doing her job well. Shooting his face, nose, glasses, and chest, she gave him a coating that seemed big even by horse boy standards. Jimmy grinned and giggled, showing off for the camera until the cameraman gave the "out of film" signal. Standing up, Jimmy was showered with applause from the sparse crew. Even Marshall and Lawrence were applauding, their big, gloved hands making wet smacking sounds. The horses snuck up behind him, kissing his forehead. Marshall bent down, whispering:

"We all know you love the spunk, and me and my lover horse would love to have you come back to our place for a little party." Jimmy paused to consider, though he knew he'd say yes. Marshall kissed him on the cheek.

"Bring that fluff girl along too," said Lawrence. "She looks like she could use some horsey love..." Jimmy giggled. Sounds like his spunk sojourns wouldn't end with this film.