

Jimmy's Deliveries Vol. #1: Lonely, Lonely Alice

Jimmy Lee Starbird is © Roochak

Jimmy Lee Starbird lay back in his staff chair, closing his eyes and letting Anna work on his hair. The nerdy, but talented, young mouse had been assigned to be his personal assistant shortly after the success of "Those Who Trespass," along with Jimmy's new line. Jimmy leaned back as Anna gently powdered the mouserat's face, enjoying the girl's soft attention.

"So, Jimmy, are ya excited about your first film series?" asked Anna, giggling and bouncing a little as she finished working on Jimmy's hair. Jimmy tugged on his bathrobe and stood up, admiring himself in the mirror.

Jimmy took off his bathrobe and grinned at himself, flexing lightly. He had a large tribal tattoo on each of his shoulders, and a much smaller one ringing his long rat-like tail. He struck a few poses, chuckling to himself. With the help of Southpaw Entertainment's personal trainers, he had toned his body lightly, something that certainly helped his new image as a femme-loving heart-throb. Not to say he didn't love cock as always, but he had begun to develop more and more of an interest in women. And his bosses had taken notice. His new series, "Jimmy's Deliveries," was intended to target straight women, and as such Southpaw's finest had invested several weeks of training in Jimmy. Anne had even volunteered to help him practice on some of the weekends. Jimmy looked over his shoulder at her as she bent over low to pick up a pair of short shorts. She might not be pretty enough for the camera, but she certainly had the right attitude.

Off to his right, his co-star for the first film was idly looking over her lines as she slipped into her lingerie. The light tan mouse had thick black hair, and was putting on see-thru red panties and a lacy, skimpy top that barely covered anything at all. Petite, she was shorter even than Jimmy, and had almost a flat chest. Her assistant, a polite but silent young chipmunk, was primping her hair, while the mouse worked on her eyelashes. Jimmy turned and smiled.

"So, Alice, y' ready to show th' camera what we c'n do?" Jimmy's thick southern accent was slipping out a lot these days. He didn't mind, most people found it cute and endearing. Alice chuckled.

"I am, but are you? This will be your first hetero flick after all..." said Alice. She paused for a moment, applying lipstick and then making kissy lips at the mirror. Satisfied, she sat back in her chair, smiling politely at Jimmy while her assistant stood by.

"Yeah, I guess 'tis, but I know I'm ready," said Jimmy. Anne tapped him lightly on the shoulder, presenting the costume. It was a pair of very tight brown shorts, a tan cotton top, two light brown fingerless gloves, and a brown ball cap with "Jimmy's Delivery

Service" stenciled onto it. It looked decidedly cheap. And tight fitting. As Jimmy slid it on, he realized that no straight porn star would ever attempt to dress in such a thing. It hugged his ass and chest so tightly one could read his musculature. Jimmy spun around and grinned, turning to Anna.

"Well tell me, Anna, would you sign for this...PACKAGE?" Jimmy playfully slid his hands behind his head and thrust his hips forward as he spoke the last word, making both Anna and Alice giggle.

"Very playful," said Alice, "but I'd rather see your performance in front of the camera than back here. C'mon, it's casting time, get yourself out to the front door."

The set for this flick was, quite literally, Alice's house. Not only did this save money, but it saved having to worry about anyone peeking in. Alice had been a porn star for a full seven years now, and had not squandered her veteran status or pay. Though she was somewhat doomed to be a co-star due to her petite size and small breasts, she had managed her money carefully, and lived in a large house with a privacy fence. Also important was her massive living room, and the large tan sofa she happened to own. It would certainly give them lots of room to play with.

Jimmy stood outside the door, camera crew and lights behind him. A second crew was inside, ready to film him, while those behind him would do their best to capture Alice. Careful positioning was needed to keep them and their equipment out of shot, but these guys were pros. Indeed, the least experienced person on the set today was Jimmy himself. He just hoped his natural talent was more than enough to get the job done.

Behind him, he could hear the director give the signal to start rolling. Jimmy took a deep breath and rung the doorbell, standing up straight and swishing his whip-like tail for the camera. Alice opened it slowly, seductively, leaning on the doorframe and gently tugging down on one of the straps for her top. Jimmy had to give her credit; she looked almost unbelievably hot, yet casual and natural. She smirked and played with her hair, coyly showing off her small but shapely breasts. Jimmy took a deep breath.

"Got a package for ya ma'am..." said Jimmy. He held out the large box in front of him, which wasn't even taped, for Alice to inspect. She took it lightly in her hand, opening it deftly with a flick of her wrist, and fished out a genuinely gigantic translucent green rubber dick. She cooed and hefted its weight, letting it bounce and wiggle in her hand.

"Oooh, thank you handsome, I've been home alone for so...long...and I've been just waiting and waiting for this to arrive." Alice let her lines slide out, full of tease and cheese. She knew the dialogue was bad and played with it gently, making it sexy even though it's clear

she'd rather laugh in it. Jimmy had to contain himself, knowing he had to keep a straight face for at least another few minutes.

"Its cash-on-delivery, ma'am. That'll be \$29.95," said Jimmy. Alice frowned, putting on a fake pouty-face, continuing to ham it up.

"Oh dear, I forgot all about that! Won't you come in, please?" asked Alice. Jimmy grinned and complied, walking in with big, proud strides, being sure to stick out his crotch. Had to get the boner in shot, after all.

The indoor camera crew quickly followed Alice to the coffee table, where a pile of small bills laid out in the open. Next to them was a pair of batteries, and, after vacillating for awhile, Alice took the latter. Loading the vibrator and dispensing with her panties, she gently began to work herself, sliding it in several inches almost right away. As she moaned and groaned away for the cameras, Jimmy unzipped and signaled to Anna. The young mouse eagerly hopped up from the corner where she was hiding, well out of shot but still close at hand, giving Jimmy a bottle of cool water. Her free hand slid down to Jimmy's groin, giving him the delicate, erotic touches she was famous for. Jimmy groaned a little as he downed his water, very much enjoying Anna's fluff job. She was certainly a lot better than a few Cialis tablets.

"She's pretty impressive, isn't she?" whispered Anna. Jimmy nodded, and then took another swig of water, swallowing it quickly. "You intimidated? You look kinda worried." Anna gently zipped Jimmy back up, tucking his erection carefully into his tight pants, before slipping behind him and rubbing his shoulders.

"Yeah, a little, but who wouldn't be? Still, I know I can do this, and you know I can do this, and that it'll be awesome." Anna nodded, resting her head on Jimmy's shoulder as he sipped idly at the last of the water. He watched Alice continue to work herself with the dildo, amazed. She slid it in and out of her as if it were thin as a finger, barely pausing to relax herself. He saw it slide deep into her tailhole, wincing as he saw its thick length dive on it. But she had no trouble at all, sliding it in deep after only mild teasing. "Jeez, she can take that thing deeper than me."

"Yeah, she used to do a lot of big dick on a little girl stuff. I think she's worked with those horse boys you did a few weeks ago... I'm not sure, she's been in a lot of stuff over the years." Jimmy nodded, and noticed that the way the camera was lined up, Alice could easily make eye contact with Jimmy. And she was doing so. As she grinned and posed for the camera, she grinned and posed for Jimmy, who was able to see most of the action over the cameraman's shoulder. She batted her eyelashes at him playfully, then turned up the heat, fucking herself wildly, rubbing her tits as she worked the vibrator around wildly. Jimmy raised an eyebrow, but the staff in front of him simply focused in closer. They knew that this was too good to miss.

Alice let out a deep, sobbing moan, arching her back and groaning as she was racked with orgasm. She let out squeaking, piercing cries as she let herself be overcome by it all. The cameramen crowded in eagerly, getting footage from all directions, but Jimmy found that he could get a good view if he tried. From his vantage point, he could see Alice curl her finger at him, drawing him in gently. He gulped, a little wide eyed but unbelievably excited. Finally the cameramen retreated, and Alice sat up, grinning and smiling at Jimmy.

"Well, you think you can follow that act, mouse boy?" said Alice, who accepted the water and lit cigarette offered by her assistant. "I certainly hope so; you've only got fifteen minutes before we go at it." Jimmy gulped, flicking his tail. It was a hard act to follow, sure. But deep down inside, Jimmy knew he could do it. He knew that this was his time to shine, and that he was ready to do it.

All around him, the tech crew of SouthPaw Entertainment was getting ready for the final scene of the movie. Alice's performance had gotten everyone excited, and Jimmy knew that the burden of proof would be a little high. After all, Alice had just given the camera ten full minutes of action. Jimmy had to keep that level of enthusiasm up for at least thirty minutes worth of camera time. Taking a deep breath, he took his position, and waited for the director to give the signal to go.

Alice was on the couch in front of him, a camera down low behind her. Coming in from the side of the couch, Jimmy advanced, his hand on his cap. He chuckled, and tried not to get blinded by the lights as he looked down on the wet and disheveled mouse. "Ma'am? It's been quite awhile, I've got a lot to do on this route. Plus I heard you screaming...Is everything okay?" Alice fed the camera behind Jimmy's head a big, sad pouty-face. The big rubber dildo still in her hand, she crawled across the couch on all fours.

"No, its not...This dildo just isn't doing it for me and I just don't know what to do..." Alice crawled up close...Very close. Her hand gently caressed Jimmy's hardon through the strained pants front. "Maybe you can help out?"

Jimmy closed his eyes and took a deep breath as he felt Alice undo and unzip his pants, fish him out, and slide him into her mouth in one deft, fluid motion. He bucked his hips slowly, giving her a chance to move in on him, as well as give the cameraman a chance to move into a good side angle. He gently rested his hand on the back of her head and began to move in and out of her mouth. At first she seemed to protest, wanting to be in charge and put on a show for the camera. But Jimmy remained insistent, holding her head still while he pumped his shaft in and out rapidly, avoiding her buck teeth and giving her plenty of room to work with her tongue. He was the star of

this picture after all, and if he was going to be a star he'd need to act like one.

He continued to pound and work Alice's head, never letting her be in control, but moving smoothly and gently enough to give her lots to work with. At first she seemed miffed, even resistant, to Jimmy's desire to take the lead. But after the first few minutes she began to give in, and then to relish the activity. Jimmy moaned loudly, then, remembering the boom mike set up specifically for him, decided to ad lib. "Ahh yeah...You cock hungry little slut...Suck that cock, you horny bitch...Suck it hard...Ahh fuck..."

No one seemed to mind that Jimmy was adding in his own dialogue, nor that he was going slightly off script, and so he continued to push and grind, giving Alice orders and working her face over hard. She seemed to eat it up, and the camera and sound guys were too. He grinned widely at the camera as it tilted up to look at his face, noticing out of the corner of his eye that the operator had a massive boner.

The director finally signaled to Jimmy and Alice that it was time to change positions. Jimmy let go of Alice, who instantly bounded over on the couch, spreading her legs wide for the camera. Jimmy sauntered over, his erection bobbing comically in front of him as he walked. Alice had to visibly stifle a laugh, but Jimmy was starting to see why Alice hammed it up. It was a lot more fun than just straight pounding for the camera. Shoving the coffee table out of the way to make room, he started to slowly unbutton his shirt, grinning and playing for the camera. All of those years of working in The Place were going to pay off here.

He let himself focus attention on Alice, then one camera, then the other, all the while turning his hips and gyrating to some unseen beat. Moving his body skillfully, his shirt seemed to melt off of his body rather than be discarded. Several of the crew were visibly impressed by his performance, and Jimmy could tell that Alice knew she'd been one-upped. Still, she was enjoying herself.

Jimmy finally peeled off his shorts, which were barely on anyway, and tossed his hat over his shoulder. Rather than bother to take off his shoes, he simply shoved his pants off around them, leaving them on. He had work to do, and better things than to untie shoelaces.

He dropped to his knees and crawled forward, much like Alice had been doing only a little while ago. Grinning and looking up at Alice, he made sure that the camera got a good look at his distinctive tattoos before sinking his nose into Alice's sex.

This was going to be the first time Jimmy ate pussy on camera, but the success of the strip tease was making him feel confident and cocky. He wrapped his arms around Alice's thighs and dug in with great gusto, letting his tongue make deep, sloppy motions.

Jimmy had watched enough porno and received enough training to know that this sort of oral sex was mostly just for show. After all, it was between impossible and impractical to get a camera in close

enough to watch the motions of Jimmy's tongue, and regardless of how good Jimmy was, Alice would scream and moan like he was some sort of tongue-god. But Jimmy was determined to make this more than just a show. Flipping his tongue around deep, he worked not only her clit, but moved around delicately in her labia, touching and caressing. Jimmy was pleased to see Alice's reaction. She was moving and groaning in pleasure, giving the cameras lot to snap up, and she wasn't just acting. Even as experienced as Alice was, Jimmy knew that she couldn't fake the noises she was putting out now.

Jimmy stood up, mess on his face, still whipping his tongue around. Signal or no, he knew that if he didn't quit the oral now he'd have Alice cumming all over his face, and shooting would have to be held off for a few hours. He didn't want to embarrass her like that, since cumming for real, especially when it was off script, was the mark of an unprofessional. Holding his cock firmly in his hand, he slid it gently into Alice's sex, making her moan loudly. Once he was in halfway, he began to thrust lightly, letting the camera get a good look at all the goings on.

Alice bent her back, groaning as Jimmy started to work himself around inside her. Jimmy knew he didn't have the vibrator's size, but he knew that he could do things it couldn't. He moved his hips this way and that, working himself up, down, and side to side. He closed his eyes and leaned back, using Alice's motions and moans to judge when he had it right. He bent forward and gripped her nipples lightly with his hands, then more roughly, pinching and squeezing them. She squeaked with pain, but Jimmy could tell he hadn't made a mistake. Those soft, sensitive little nubs liked to be pinched and pulled on.

Jimmy finally pulled out at the director's insistence, but it was clear no one wanted him to stop. He was going to take this all the way to the end. Its just the position needed a little changing. Alice walked herself over to a nearby wall and braced herself on it, curling her tail up in the air. She set her legs wide apart, making sure that her sopping-wet sex made an eager and visible target. Jimmy gripped himself firmly in his hand and practically ran over to her, sinking in quickly with a burning eagerness. He sunk his fingers into her ass and pounded, his whole body breaking out in a thick sweat despite the powerful air conditioning.

He grunted and groaned, throwing his full weight into each thrust. Alice was shuddering under him, her whole body rocked with sexual pleasure. Jimmy didn't know if she was having an orgasm, and he didn't care. He knew that he was about to go off, and he was going to let this one go whether it was too early or too late. Pulling out, he yanked Alice around and did his best to gently get her down to her knees, glad that she had such thickly padded carpet to fall on. He rubbed himself firmly and closed his eyes, tilting his head back and sighing as he let out shot after shot onto Alice's face. It took him several seconds, and when he finally looked back down, he was startled to see at least eight bright white lines of spooge glistening across Alice. She eagerly leaned forward to lick and lap

up the rest of it, swallowing what little he had left to milk out. Jimmy was somewhat dumbfounded, and grinned sheepishly. The crew, however, applauded. Clearly, he'd put on the impressive show he'd intended.

Anne was giving Jimmy a quick towel down while he sat in his casting chair. Most of the mess had ended up on Alice, and so Jimmy let her use the one shower in the house first. After all, it was her house, and her face. He was glad none of it had gotten into her eyes, at least.

Ever since the end of the shoot, crew members had been dropping by to give him accolades. A few even wanted autographs, which he happily gave. Since everyone but the caterer had been in the room at the time, there was no gossip about the matter, but plenty of talking. Even the director had come by to congratulate him on a most excellent performance, although the director had a few words to say about sticking to script and plan. Jimmy could tell that he was pleased with the overall result, though, and it looked like the movie had all the ingredients needed to be a hit. A good way to start of a new series, especially as so much of the crew would be involved in the other pictures.

Anne went off to go get Jimmy some warm coffee, noticing how cold he was starting to feel now that he wasn't fucking and the AC was still turned way up. Just as she left, Alice came down in a bathrobe, her hair done up in a towel. She had come down without blow-drying her fur, and was dripping on the carpets a little. "I just came down to say you did an excellent job there Jimmy, and I've got to say I'll be looking forward to doing another shoot with you some day." Jimmy grinned and leaned back in his chair.

"It was fun, wasn't it? An' I'm glad y' had fun, and that y' think I did a good job an' all. Not many male actors that c'n give head properly, hmm?" asked Jimmy. Alice sat down in her staff chair and smiled warmly.

"You'd be amazed how many actors rely on the camera angle and the girl's screams to make it look like they're giving head. I even had this one guy who refused to stick his tongue out and actually work me over, claiming he hated the taste. Fucking pussy. At least you know how to please a girl..." Anna arrived with Jimmy's coffee and he sipped it, trying to take a moment to collect his thoughts and respond. He never got a chance. Alice's assistant whispered something into the mouse's ear, something that made her put on the first genuine frown of the day.

"Listen, I've got to go. I've got some other appointments and a screen test to do across town...But if you'd like, I can give you my number. I certainly wouldn't mind having you drop by for something a little more private...maybe that lasted more than just a whole reel of film, too..." Jimmy chuckled.

"Well that sounds real nice..." said Jimmy. "And seein' as this shoot leaves me with a free Thursday evenin', I might just have time fer you around 7...Is it a date?" Alice giggled.

"It certainly is...But enough of that, I've got to go, and you should go home and rest...You've got shooting with Brunhilde tomorrow, and she hates it when the male lead is tired and late..." Jimmy just grinned. He'd handled a pro like Alice like it was nothing. What could a 6'4" tiger do that he couldn't handle?