

Jimmy's Deliveries #2: Big Bad Tigress

Jimmy Lee Starbird is © Roochak

Jimmy leaned back in his casting chair, idly thumbing through the few pages of script he'd been handed. He was still cruising from the phenomenal success the previous day's shooting had been, and was not too overly concerned about the fact that an hour long movie had only three pages of script. He'd been working with SouthPaw Entertainment for awhile now, and knew they had a very lax approach to writing. Not like porno needed a lot of writing and scripting, but most actors were put off by the fact that SouthPaw's directors expected the actors to improvise, working with instinct and experience as opposed to careful scripting. The cameramen weren't too keen on it either, as they were forced to lift and carry heavy equipment around, and forced to keep up with the actors' position changes without warning. Still, the finished product was a mixture of amateur and professional which had become SouthPaw's defining shtick.

Jimmy flicked his long hairless tail, the mouserat feeling mildly uncomfortable in his costume. As his current series, "Jimmy's Deliveries," was intended to target heterosexual females, the costume crew had picked out clothes that accentuated his small but well toned and sculpted body. They looked very good on him, but were also painfully tight. The light-tan cotton shirt he'd been given was so tight that you could easily see Jimmy's nipples and part of his six-pack, and the pants were so tight in the crotch that it looked like he was trying to smuggle eggs and a pickle. He was just glad that he had to spend so little time in it.

From behind, his assistant Anne was doing her best to get him ready for the camera. After placing his brown "Jimmy's Deliveries" cap on his head, she spun it around backwards and pulled his hair through the hole above the adjustable band. Jimmy looked up and frowned a little.

"Puttin' the cap around backwards makes me look a li'l...like a poser, doncha think?" said Jimmy in his light southern drawl. Anne smiled and began to roll up the sleeves on his tight fitting shirt. Jimmy had two large black-ink tribal tattoos on his shoulders, one on each shoulder, and over time they'd become something of a personal symbol. As such, most of the directors he worked with now demanded he make them visible in every scene. Jimmy didn't mind it so much, but it was annoying at times. Also they seemed quite content to ignore the small tattoo ringing the base of his tail, which Jimmy found a little hypocritical.

"I think it looks fine. Plus it lets us see your cute face better," said Anne. She was a petite, flat-chested, glasses-wearing mouse who'd been assigned to work with Jimmy only a few days after he'd signed his contract. She had other stars she worked with too, but they generally treated her as hired help, simply letting her do

her job and not even trying to strike up conversation. Jimmy Lee, however, was quite talkative and friendly, and he and Anne had become fast friends. She'd even been over to his house a number of times, mostly to demonstrate her phenomenal fluffing skills. Despite her somewhat plain appearance, she had hands that put Cialis to shame.

"Well, if you say so...You are my biggest fan now. An' you know how ta make me look majorly cute for the camera," said Jimmy. Anne grinned, hugging him from behind and looking at herself and her charge in the mirror. Jimmy looked too, and he had to admit that the two mousy faces staring back at him were indeed cute. Behind him, he could feel Anne's long thin tail brush up against his, then lazily wrap around it slightly in a gesture of affection. Not long after he could feel her lips press against his, and soon they were gently engaging in a deep kiss. Jimmy closed his eyes and leaned back to enjoy it, moaning lightly into Anne's mouth as she kissed.

Suddenly there was a loud rap on the half-open door to the changing room. Jimmy snapped back into the real world with a sudden jolt, blushing hard as he frantically looked to see who'd knocked. It was the stage manager and main cameraman, a young and portly bunny named Art. Art had his arms crossed and was chuckling lightly. Jimmy blushed through his fur, and in the mirror he could see that Anne was beet red.

"Good idea to get that out of your system now, Jimmy, Brunhilde won't have you kissing a thing above the waist for the entire afternoon. Believe you me; she's a total bitch once she really starts to get in character. I hope you're ready for it. She's not always the tame pussycat who leaves a tray of brownies in the break room every morning." Jimmy smiled and stood up, puffing out his chest and doing his best to be self confident. Being busted in on had shaken him somewhat.

"So she's the one who's been doin' that eh? I'll have to thank 'er after the shoot, then. Those brownies are damn good," said Jimmy, who began to strut towards Art. He winced slightly as he walked, the crotch of the pants pressing hard against his balls, which by now were begging for air. Anne followed quietly in tow, keeping her head down and her mouth shut. Jimmy imagined she was still blushing. It wasn't like either of them to kiss like that, and yet it felt so appropriate.

"C'mon you two, let's get you lovebirds over to the set. Brunhilde may be the one with all the whips, but Hal is directing today and he'll tan all our hides if we aren't on set in five minutes. You know how he gets when things are going well." Art started to proceed down the hallway, his fat rabbit frame jiggling a little as he walked.

"Yeah, he's a real pessimist. The better things r' going, the more he worries about somethin' goin' wrong," said Jimmy.

Jimmy was standing out by the door of the house that SouthPaw had rented for the shoot. He had been here before for other shoots, as its large living rooms and bedrooms had often been turned to sets for other films. SouthPaw had been renting it for almost a year, and it was quite familiar and well liked by the crews. Today, however, the front room had been equipped with cheap furniture and very big sofas. Jimmy had no idea that they made sofas bigger than those in Alice's living room, but apparently, they did. And after getting a good look at Brunhilde, he saw why they had them.

Jimmy was not a large mouserat. Like most rodents, he was significantly shorter than most other furs. He'd gotten used to it, and for the most part, it made little difference. Brunhilde was different. His eyes barely made it to the level of her breasts, which stuck out sharply from the top of a tight leather corset. Though she clearly didn't need the extra height, she had six inch heels on her boots, which put her height from impressive to downright monstrous. He was amazed at how the big, leather-clad tigress moved around with relative ease, flirting lightly with the staff and flipping her riding crop around. The leather cap on her head looked a bit small, and the leather gloves on her hands were tight fitting and ran well past her elbow. She also wore a thick leather collar, but it hardly seemed to carry any submissive connotations. After bending over a bit to make eye contact with Art and attempt to discuss where the lights would be placed, she waltzed over to Jimmy, shaking her hips and whipping her long striped tiger-tail behind her.

"So you're going to be my new little costar, hmm? I've heard a lot about you, and seen some of your earlier work..." Brunhilde had a surprisingly light German accent, which was barely detectable. Jimmy smiled weakly, but found it hard to make eye contact. Brunhilde's breasts were pushed up and out by her corset, and were only inches away from his eyes. They looked to be as big (or near as big) as his own head as well. "I've been looking forward to this really. I've been working with sniveling little submissives for so long; it'll be nice to have someone who isn't begging for abuse for half the film." She extended a massive paw and placed it on Jimmy's hat, moving it around a little and ruffling the hair underneath.

"And I'm excited to work with you," said Jimmy. He finally gave up on trying to pull his eyes away from Brunhilde's chest and outright stared. They were just huge. "And I've seen some of your films. They're ahh...interesting." Brunhilde chuckled and pushed her cap back a little.

"That's a mild way of putting it. Let's face it; I look so good in leather that I'd invariably end up in fetish porn. But we'll be going light on it today. Still, your performance in *Those Who Trespass* will come in handy here...I'll be bringing out my toys." Jimmy tried to smile, but he was hit by a new wave of nervousness. If the toys had anything similar to Brunhilde's stature, then they'd be pretty hard to deal with. "But enough of that. Art's signaling for us

to take places, and I say we play nice with him. The director's been giving him a hard day already."

Jimmy stood by the door, the camera crew again behind him and out of shot inside the house, filming from both angles. Again he had a big "JIMMY'S DELIVERIES" box in his hands, and he knew that a big rubber dick was inside. But he knew just about everything else would be different. While the cameras rolled, he stepped forward and rung the doorbell, holding the big package out in front of him prominently. The door quickly swung open to reveal Brunhilde, smiling and slapping her riding crop against her palm as she looked at him. Her heels, and the fact that he was still on the front stairs, helped to accentuate how much more massive the big tigress was than him. She growled and flicked her tail around a little, looking discontent.

"You're late," said Brunhilde. Her accent was now quite thick, dripping with thick Teutonic command. Jimmy was put off a little by the sudden change, but he had to admit, it made him feel like she was in charge. Just like he'd need to feel when she was bossing him around later.

"Sorry ma'am, it's just that I was...held up at my last stop." Jimmy paused for a moment, knowing that in the final cut, there would be a flashback montage to the previous episode right here. For now though, it felt awkward, standing still and idly staring off into space, just so that the editor would have a good 3-5 seconds of film to cut. It didn't last long though, soon he felt Brunhilde's big, leather-gloved hand on his shoulder.

"Zat's enough, my little mauschen. Come in and let Brunhilde test out her new toy, and maybe she won't have to be your boss calling..." Her accent seemed to grow thicker the more she talked. Jimmy found it both comical and entrancing. Her voice was deep and rich, and the more he heard, the more compliant he felt. Soon he was marching the rest of the way up the steps, inside the house, still carrying his package, and flanked by sound and camera crews desperate to stay out of shot while still getting as close to the action as possible.

Brunhilde took the package from Jimmy, who sat down in a very large loveseat, and then placed it on the coffee table. The cameramen and sound boys fanned out in a semi circle around the pair, all while Art signaled angrily. Jimmy wasn't sure, but it seemed like someone was in shot when they shouldn't be, and Art was desperate to not have to do any reshoots. In the end, three cameras moved in, along with their sound booms, and Art seemed to be content to stand in the corner behind them and continually mess with the lights and sound booms. Everyone else seemed content.

Brunhilde opened the package and reached inside, slowly lifting up the contents. Jimmy gulped visibly. The strapon inside the box was a massive, purple jelly-filled thing, similar in size and

construction to the real dicks he'd been playing with in *Those Who Trespass*. Brunhilde gently hefted and examined it, lifting it this way and that and cooing lightly with interest. Jimmy was pleased to see that the box also contained a large bottle of lube, meaning that the lubrication would be in-shot and part of the film. When done out of shot, lubing was usually little more than a quick rub, and as such tended to be nowhere near enough to get the job done. If it was part of the shot, though, Jimmy knew that half a bottle would be dripping all over that thing. And from the looks of it, that would be needed.

Brunhilde stood up and swished her riding crop around a little before bending it lightly with her hands. "So, you are going to help me, ja? On your knees, delivery boy..." Jimmy did as he was told, trying not to get in the way of the camera over his shoulder, and looked up at the impressive Brunhilde. He dropped his jaw as he looked up, amazed by her massive breasts and sex, the latter of which was now almost perfectly at mouth level. She gently grasped his head by the brim of his hat and pushed him forward. "I assume you know what do, hmm?"

Jimmy grinned and pushed his head forward, closing his eyes and extending his mouth. Thanks to a little practice on the side with Anne, he'd slowly learned how to use those big buck mouserat teeth of his to stimulate a girl's clit while his tongue put on a messy show for the camera. Brunhilde groaned, clearly surprised by Jimmy's new little trick, and appreciative of the fact that she would have to act. She rested her riding crop on him from time to time, gently guiding him around her sex with light movements. He was certain that he could hear her moaning commands as well, but he was much too focused to hear well.

Jimmy rolled his tongue up into a tube and probed deep before slurping his way out. He then shifted to long, deep drags on the labia before him, working the slit between his teeth up and down on Brunhilde's clit as he worked. Her size gave him plenty of room to work with, and soon he brought his fingers in as well, reaching his left hand up and behind to tease her tailhole while his right hand helped his fingers probe. He couldn't see too well, but from the way Brunhilde shuddered, and the way she began to grip his head, that he was doing a most excellent job. Just as he thought he was about to bring her to orgasm, though, he found himself suddenly pushed back by Brunhilde's hands. From Jimmy's angle, he could clearly see that she wasn't cumming, but anyone without such an up-and-close view would most certainly not know she was acting. Jimmy was confused as to why she wouldn't just let herself cum on camera, until he felt the large rubber strapon bonking against his forehead. He looked up to see Brunhilde waving it around lightly and grinning.

"Get those pants off and brace yourself on zee head of that couch, delivery boy..." Jimmy was quite relieved when he heard Art call for a stop of scene, thought Brunhilde clearly looked almost disappointed. She was certainly up to doing this all in one shot.

Art's break was short and sweet at best. Clearly Brunhilde was not above bossing him around, and they both knew that if they could get through this while the hormones were still running rampant it would definitely come out better than if they waited. Anne had stepped in and was lubing up the strapon herself as Brunhilde put it on. Apparently they weren't going to show the lubing and strapping on film. Jimmy wondered if the audience would care. It was porno after all.

Jimmy got rid of his pants and unbuttoned his shirt, leaving it on after Art recommended he did so. This was supposed to look like improvised, pick-up sex, and in any event Jimmy always looked good in the "falling out of his clothes" sort of getup. He grinned and braced himself on the sofa, letting Art position him a little before the camera got rolling. He looked over his shoulder at Brunhilde, who was raising her riding crop to her cap, pushing it back and revealing a little of her golden blonde hair. Her smile was unsettling, and the big sticky rubber dick hanging off her groin wasn't helping. Jimmy could hear the cameras whir back to life, and braced himself, ready for filming to resume.

Jimmy could hear Brunhilde walk up behind him, but he was having a hard time seeing over his shoulder from where he was positioned. Still, he was glad to see that rather than go straight to pegging, the big tigress bent forward and spread his ass cheeks, giving his tailhole a slurp. Soon her leather-clad fingers were probing around deep in his hinder, making him moan and whip around his tattooed rodent tail. Brunhilde gently worked his rump, balls and shaft with her hands expertly, making Jimmy feel a lot more ready and comfortable to have that big thing shoved up his ass. And just when he was beginning to wonder if she'd ever start the pegging, he felt the tip pressing up firmly against his hole.

Jimmy groaned loudly as he slowly felt himself being penetrated. He had to relax and adjust to take it in, and he was glad Brunhilde was taking it slowly. He looked over his shoulder again, panting loudly. Behind Brunhilde he could see one of the cameramen, a very dedicated and intrigued skunk, getting in close and capturing the dripping cunt and stretched tailhole on film. From the way that his big fluffy tail was snapping and moving around, he was clearly getting a very good shot. Jimmy tilted his head forward and closed his eyes, whimpering and groaning as he felt himself slowly penetrated deeper and deeper.

Brunhilde finally stopped, gently caressing Jimmy's back and rear as she slowly pulled back. She then thrust forward again, making deep, slow thrusts. Jimmy clenched his teeth, sucking air in as she pushed forward, and then letting it out in a relieved sigh. It was big, and downright painful. But it was also quite fun, and Jimmy pushed back lightly, doing his best not to strain himself to tearing, but making his enthusiasm apparent. He cooed and looked over his

shoulder a bit, making sure not to make eye contact with the camera that had moved up to catch his face as Brunhilde continued to work him over.

Suddenly, Brunhilde struck him hard on the ass with her riding crop. It wasn't hard enough to hurt permanently, but it let him know that she meant business. Bending low over him and giving him the reach-around, she rubbed his cock furiously with her hand while continuing to pound him. Jimmy found himself tossed about by the much bigger, heavier tigress and powerless to do more than bounce back and forth against the couch. He groaned loudly, whimpering and whipping his tail around, until he finally wrapped it around Brunhilde's midsection, if for no other reason than to have a place to put it.

Finally Brunhilde stood back up, pushing the strapon in all the way to the hilt and sliding her hands down low, rubbing off Jimmy and herself at the same time. Jimmy gave up on trying to see what was going on and instead put his head down and gripped the sofa tightly. He groaned, and then panted, relaxing as he felt himself shoot blast after blast onto the sofa cushions. Behind him, he could feel Brunhilde shudder as she managed to caress herself to orgasm. Apparently his squirming and squealing was just what she needed to get off. He grinned and looked at her over his shoulder, seeing her smile coyly behind him. Quite the professional, she was already sliding out slowly for the camera, her afterglow barely registering. But Jimmy was certain he could see it.

Jimmy grinned and stood up, wincing as he moved, his ass still sore. From off in the corner, Anne started clapping up a storm, and soon the whole crew was breaking out in a raucous applause. Jimmy laughed, then took a bow, to which Brunhilde responded by smacking his ass with her riding crop. Jimmy stood up, rubbing his ass and looking indignant.

Jimmy was sitting on an ice pack and sipping from a water bottle as Anne gently massaged his shoulders. He adjusted himself, trying to keep his butt from freezing, without letting it get too sore. Doing so required him to keep moving, and also to do his best to avoid the little droplets of condensation that were slowly making his butt quite wet. Off to the side, Art waddled in, clearly excited about something.

"Jimmy, I've been reviewing the reels, and I gotta say it turned out great. We got lots of action from almost every angle, and what with splicing together stuff from multiple cameras, we should be able to turn this thirty minutes of shooting into a forty-five minute movie no problem. The close-ups came out especially well. God DAMN your ass is stretchy." Jimmy winced and adjusted himself on his ice pack.

"It's not near as easy as it looks," said Jimmy. "My ass hasn't hurt this bad for months. Please tell me that the next scene doesn't

have any pegging in it!" Art chuckled, his large frame jiggling a little as he did so.

"Oh hell no. You'll be working with the Titty Twins next. If there's any strapons, and we haven't decided on that yet, you can bet they'll be used on either Carla or Cindy, not you. You've got the rest of the day and the evening off to recover. Before I head out, do you have any questions?" Jimmy took another deep slurp of water before asking.

"Yeah, how come two petite, flat-chested avian girls are called the 'Titty Twins'?"

"Well, they're both Titmouses...Titmice...Whatever. And they just look too much alike not to call 'em twins, even though one of 'em is a full two years older than the other. And they're no more related than you and Anne are. It's just that the lesbian twin sisters angle has really been selling well for 'em, so they keep up appearances. I tell ya, they don't look a bit alike before they go through makeup..." Jimmy stopped listening, instead leaning back in his chair and smiling, closing his eyes. Anne was doing that thing with her fingers that he liked so much, and it was quite distracting. He had no idea she could do so much with just his shoulders...