

Jimmy smiled in the mirror, looking up and openly flirting with Anne as she put the finishing touches on his delivery outfit. By this point, Anne had gotten his costume down to a science. After all, the khaki pants, tan shirt and cap weren't exactly complicated, and after some initial hardship they'd learned how to get Jimmy into them, despite their extremely tight fit. Jimmy knew he looked great in them, but he was always eager to take them off as soon as possible. He tugged lightly on his fingerless gloves and kicked his boots on the floor. At least those fit nicely. Which was good, considering he'd have them on during the entire shoot.

Anne was teasing and playing with Jimmy's hair idly as they waited for Art to drop by and summon them to the set. Now that the same crew had been working together for two full pornos, things had gotten to where they were running smoothly. Or at least as smoothly as could be expected. They were re-using the same house as last time as well, which meant that hardly any equipment had to be moved. All that had to be changed was the furniture, and even this was only a minor change. Jimmy sighed and leaned down in his chair a bit, doing his best to relax in the tight-fitting costume.

"You need to get a haircut soon," said Anne, tugging lightly on Jimmy's ears before putting the cap down between them. "You're getting scruffy on top."

"Well aren't you trained as a hairstylist?" asked Jimmy smiling up and leaning his head back, so he could get a good look at the glasses-wearing mouse hovering over him. She grinned, showing her big buck teeth. Jimmy noticed that when she leaned back, her t-shirt pressed against her flat breasts, letting him see her nipples a little. They were downright rock hard. "And why aren't you wearing a bra?"

Anne giggled, putting her hand to her muzzle. "Oh you silly mouserat...A girl as flat chested as I am doesn't need to wear a bra unless she's trying to be modest, and last I checked, we both knew I was not very modest..." Anne kissed him on the nose, making Jimmy smile and whip around his tail. She moved to adjust his short sleeves, making sure that they did little to cover the large tribal tattoos on either one.

"Don't forget the one on my tail," said Jimmy. "I'm going to be doing a lot of birdie butt pounding today, and I'd like my rump to look nice." Anne scrunched up her face in a false look of indignation and then reached down to grope Jimmy's rump.

"Oh you! We both know that your rump always looks nice." Anne's grope slid slowly into a caress. She grinned. "So, are we gonna head out to the set now? I bet those itty bitty birdie titties are just waiting for you to get your hands on them..." Jimmy grinned, practically leaping out of his chair as he stood up.

"And I bet Art will be glad to have us on set before he has to call..."

Art was indeed pleased to see Jimmy and Anne approaching the set well before their scheduled call. He walked up to Jimmy, the rabbit's hefty body bouncing considerably as he walked over. He gave Jimmy a pat on the back and directed him to where two pretty, young birds were sitting in cast chairs. "Jimmy, meet Lilith and Lucy, better known as the Titty Twins."

Jimmy was surprised at how similar the two titmice looked, and had trouble believing Art's statement that they weren't related. Either they already looked identical, or the makeup department was even better than he thought. Both of the birds had black heads with a small white portion running from the beak to their eyes, soft black pupils in the middle of little orbs of white. They had small light-brown beaks, and all their feathers from the neck down were in various shades of brown, tan and black, giving them a pretty but delicately simple color scheme. They had small, a-cup breasts with pert brown nipples poking out from between the feathers. Their feet and shins were coated in the tan scales typical of their species, and though they had feet similar in shape to Jimmy's, they had no nails and instead ended in a small, sharp claw. Their hands were also like Jimmy's, various sizes and shapes of scales making up the pads and back of the palm, but the fingertips were likewise equipped with small black claws. Each had a small fan of tail feathers behind them, pressed lightly against their seats.

"Hello Jimmy, we've so been looking forward to working with you..." said Lilith. She got up, walking closer to the mouserat, and Lucy got up behind her. Lucy immediately put her hands on Lilith's breasts, groping and fondling them lightly, giving her "sister" a few pinches and caresses on the nipples.

"It's been so long since we did a het film, hasn't it Lilith?" asked Lucy, who was now nibbling lightly at Lilith's shoulder.

"Yes it has, Lucy." Lilith reached back and began to caress Lucy's hips and thighs, the titmouse's slender scaled fingers stroking and caressing the delicate curves of her "twin." Lucy cooed.

"And surely you know, Jimmy, how a girl gets a certain...itch, which dildos can't begin to scratch," said Lucy. The two birds leaned together, spreading their beaks wide and tossing their tongues together in a sloppy, messy kiss, their hands gently caressing one another as their eyes remained locked on Jimmy's. Jimmy was just about to stutter out a reply when Anne grabbed his shoulder, tugging him away from the pair.

"C'mon Jimmy, you're wanted on set," said Anne.

"But I am on set!" protested Jimmy as Anne dragged him away, her small frame tugging and pulling on both his shoulders with frustrated effort. Lucy and Lilith waved goodbye, not even beginning to break up their kiss. Art followed Jimmy and Anne, laughing as he went.

"Oh don't mind them Anne, they just really, REALLY get off on the show, you know? It looks great on the camera, trust me. They're just teasing and playing, hell, I've seen them give me that sort of shtick..." But Art's words did little to dissuade Anne, who didn't stop dragging until Jimmy was out on the front steps.

Several cameramen and boom mikes were clustered around Jimmy. There had been a notable increase in the size of the crew since the last film, although whether this was because there would be three actors or if Art just decided they needed more cameras Jimmy did not know. He did know that the house was the same as that used in the previous flick, and that all that had really been changed was the furniture. Even the house number out front had remained the same and in plain view, making certain that anyone who cared to notice would realize that Brunhilde and the Titty Twins apparently lived in the same house. He hoped that no one would care.

All around him cameras and boom mikes were swarming into position. Art was still in the house, but even behind the shut door Jimmy could clearly make out his insistent commands. He wondered how such a short, fat little bunny was able to make so much noise, but figured that it played an important role in Art's current employment. Jimmy made a quick tug on his uniform, making sure it was tight over his chest, before hefting his package and waiting for the signal to ring the doorbell.

As he pushed it in for a ring, the door swung wide open, almost as if Lucy and Lilith hadn't bothered for him to actually push the button. Both birds were still naked, and were putting their hands all over one another in smooth, slow caresses. They also cooed lightly, visibly checking Jimmy out before and while he spoke.

"'Scuse me, are you two the Titty Twins? I've got a package here for the both of you..." said Jimmy. He held up the package and the pair took it, eagerly tearing in to it and pulling out a large, long, thin pink dildo with two heads. The dildo was soft and floppy and had small segments, making it look not unlike a large worm. Lucy and Lilith eagerly cooed and fondled it, licking and slurping on the ends a little.

"Oooh just in time, we've been waiting for this all day..." said Lucy. Lilith slid her hand down and gave her "sister" a rub, making the bird coo and moan lightly.

"But what about our other package?" asked Lilith.

"What other package?" said Jimmy, feigning confusion. Both Lucy and Lilith leaned forward, giving his groin a firm grope.

"This one!" they said in unison. They grabbed his pants by the belt loops and dragged Jimmy inside, the mouserat flicking and flipping his long hairless tail in excitement.

Jimmy was quickly deposited on a large, wide easy chair while the cameras swarmed behind and to the left of him. Lucy and Lilith stood in front, making sure that both the cameras and Jimmy had the best possible shot of what they were doing. Starting out with more beak-to-beak kissing at first, they slowly slid the long, thin dildo up between them, licking and slurping on it with great gusto. Slowly, they slid its entire length between them, from head to head, until it had been coated in their saliva.

They then tilted their heads back and, gripping the center in one hand each, gently lowered the tips into their beaks. Moving in perfect synchrony, they slowly slid the ends of the dildo into their beaks, sucking and slurping on them at first, then gently sliding them deep down their throats. As they continued to work and swallow, they eventually brought their beaks together, kissing each other even as they slurped and worked around the dildo. After what seemed like several moments, they finally slid apart, extracting the dildo from between them and letting it flop out messily onto their chests, making their soft breast feathers glisten with spittle.

Continuing to move in sync with one another, the two slid down to their knees, and then turned around, gripping the dildo lightly and shifting to all fours. They got it between them and slowly began to push, Lucy and Lilith each sliding it deep into their pussies. They continued to push lightly, lifting their fan of tail feathers as they came close, and then began to rock back and forth, each one pushing the long rubbery toy deep into the other as she moved. They both groaned, smiling up at Jimmy, and making sure that the long, sloppy dildo sliding between them came out dripping on the carpet from time to time.

Rocking back and forth gently, Lucy and Lilith slowly broke out of sync, and instead began to work themselves hard. Each girl worked her tits as well as her cunt, reaching back from time to time to encourage the other to push, shove or prod. The sound of sticky wet dildo sex filled the air, along with the loud moans and cries of each of the two birds. They then slowly turned over, pushing their groins together so close their pussies touched as they shoved and ground against one another. They then bent forward, locking their beaks in a messy kiss for several seconds before Lucy finally slid off, leaving the messy toy bouncing and waving out from between Lilith's legs.

Lilith smiled, lifting her rear up and spreading her legs, as Lucy grabbed the sloppy, free end of the dildo, turning it around and pressing it lightly against Lilith's tailhole. Lilith groaned, slowly relaxing herself as it slid in deep. Lucy grinned, gripping the dildo with both hands and pistoning it in and out of both of Lilith's holes, making the young titmouse squeal and arch her back in glee.

Just when Jimmy was beginning to wonder if he'd been forgotten entirely, Lucy pulled the dildo out of Lilith's wet, sloppy pussy, and Lilith stood to her feet, the dildo wagging comically out of her rear as she walked over. Lilith and Lucy both reached down and

unzipped him, getting his pants undone, down and off in a matter of seconds. Just as fast, both of their beaks went to work on his cock, their thin tongues working and slicking up his cock, their hands coming in to work him this way and that. Jimmy groaned as the girls worked his balls and shaft hard, before Lilith stood, sliding herself down onto Jimmy's cock, moaning as his thick length entered her. Jimmy gripped her hips firmly and started shoving in, grunting with effort as he sent the birdie bouncing up and down at a rapid pace.

Lucy slid in from behind, gripping the messy dildo still sticking out of Lilith's rear, and slid it deep into her own sex, moaning as she began to grind Lilith from the side opposite Jimmy. The girls grinned, and then kissed over Lilith's shoulder, all while Jimmy continued to move Lilith up and down, grunting and pounding as fast and as hard as he could. The girls cooed and moaned, encouraging him with caresses, noises, and the coyest looks they could manage.

Just as soon as Jimmy was getting used to the pounding, though, the girls suddenly jumped out of his lap, grabbing and extracting the dildo as they went. The dildo didn't stay out for long though, as they were soon belly to belly, the dildo deep in their sexes and grinding deep as they went. Lucy was on top and raised her tail feathers encouragingly to Jimmy, who grinned and sunk his cock in deep, groaning as he thrust and worked the bird over.

Pulling out and panting, Jimmy rubbed himself furiously, knowing he was going to start spurting any second. Lucy and Lilith sat up, smiling and cooing, hands all over one another while opening their beaks wide and sticking out their tongues. Jimmy groaned, and then let out a relieved sigh as he put out shot after shot after shot. After holding back under so much for so long, he put out a surprising amount of spooge, splattering the faces, beaks and chests of both the birds with numerous large, messy shots. Panting and struggling to stand up in the afterglow, he was relieved to feel Art's hand on his shoulder, which helped both to steady him and let him know that he could finally rest. He collapsed back in the easy chair, deaf to the applause and cheering around him as he basked in the most powerful afterglow he could remember.

Anne had hopped into the shower with Jimmy and was gently rubbing and caressing him, rubbing soap into his fur and washing out the extensive amount of mess the day's shooting had caused him to accumulate. Jimmy smiled and closed his eyes, and Anne made soft, pleased noises as she worked the mess out of him.

"Pretty impressive shooting today, Jimmy..." said Anne, gently sliding the soap across his groin for the umpteenth time.

"Pretty impressive washing today, Anne. Is my crotch clean yet? And isn't it against the rules for you to be in here with me?" Anne grinned and leaned forward, kissing Jimmy lightly on the lips.

"That's right, and you'd better not tell Art, or else he'll give you a stern talking to, and force you to have this filmed for a DVD extra." Anne grinned and gave Jimmy's cock another fondle with the washcloth.

"Don't tell Art what?" said a voice from outside. Jimmy yanked the shower curtain aside to see a smiling and smirking Art staring back at him. He stuck out his tongue. "About the fact you're flying in the face of my rules and letting a non-actor use the actor-exclusive showers?"

"Oh hush, she's not showering, she's washing. She just had to take off her clothes and get in here to do the job right..." said Jimmy. Anne pulled her side of the shower curtain back and smiled at Art, knowing that she was not in any sort of real trouble.

"Listen, I could be a real bitch about this, but after having to deal with the Titty Twins in their wash-up room I think I've had enough bitching for one day. They spent fifteen minutes trying to convince half the camera crew to join them. In the end, we just let them do it and filmed it with handhelds. I'll use it for something I'm sure." Jimmy stepped out, and Art tossed him a towel, hitting the mouserat square in the chest with it. "But what I'm really here to talk with you about is tomorrow's shooting."

"What about it? It can't be any worse than the Titty Twins." Jimmy began to dry himself as he spoke, but soon Anne was all over him, insisting on drying him herself. Sometimes he felt like he was her favorite doll, getting dressed and primped as she saw fit.

"Maybe so, but it can be worse in a different way. You'll be working with Laycee Spade, from Antipodes Entertainment. She owes us one last film as part of a cross-company promotion...Its complicated, but I figure that if we put one of our biggest stars with one of their biggest stars, we're sure to attract fans." Jimmy grinned, and Anne kissed him on the lips.

"Any film with Jimmy in it is sure to sell well, Art," said Anne, giving Jimmy a pat on the rump.

"I'm sure about that, its just Laycee I'm afraid of. She's a bitch in more ways than just her species..." said Art. Jimmy just grinned.

"Well then I guess its time she got a nice, big delivery from Jimmy to make her feel better..."