

Jimmy's Deliveries #4: The Bitch

Jimmy Lee Starbird is © Roochak

Anne was barely bothering with Jimmy's uniform. This would be the last time he would wear it, and after today's shoot, the costume would be retired. The tight-fitting delivery boy uniform had become familiar to him, even if it still wasn't comfortable. He slipped on his fingerless gloves and tied up his boots, leaving Anne to deal with his hat. The tan pants were tight and he fiddled with the belt a little, fidgeting as Anne pulled his bangs through the adjustable band. Jimmy leaned back, the buttons of his tan shirt barely managing to hold. They showed off his muscle tone excellently, but they sure were a bitch to move around in.

Anne gently rubbed Jimmy's ears, making the mouserat's long tail flick and twitch, the tattoo at the base whipping and wrapping around a little. Anne smiled, showing off her big mouse teeth as well as her good humor. She and Jimmy were very openly lovers these days, and while the self appointed "Set-Dictator" Art had been resistant to inter-office love, eventually the bunny had given in. It certainly perked up Anne and improved the quality of her work, and it made Jimmy feel a lot better before and after shoots.

Anne reached down to make sure that the short sleeves did little to obscure the tribal tattoos on Jimmy's shoulders, then bent over to kiss Jimmy on the nose, then got down, wrapping her arms around him in a hug and looking at the pair of them in the mirror. She sighed wistfully for a moment, and then hopped into his lap, her top tight against her almost flat chest. Jimmy reached up and grinned, pinching her nipples lightly and making her moan.

"So tell me, Anne, do you think I'm ready to take on the infamous Laycee Spades?" asked Jimmy, kissing Anne on the lips a little.

"I think you're going to need to spend some time with me afterwards," said Anne, gently rubbing her hands up and down Jimmy's back. He sighed and smiled, hugging the mouse close. He could almost see his own eyes reflected in her glasses as she smiled and stared intently.

"I was intending to take that anyway. It's Friday, and by the time we finish I intend to take you back to my place for champagne, a nice hot bath, and a full weekend without any clothes." Anne chuckled.

"I'll be thinking about it during the entire shoot..." said Anne. She gently got off of Jimmy's lap and stood smiling at him, extending a hand. Jimmy grinned, taking the time to admire and then caress Anne's shapely rear before taking the mouse girl's hand. Anne smiled as they began to walk, resting her head on Jimmy's shoulder. Jimmy smiled, his hand gently squeezing hers. He sighed contentedly, loving the soft feel, the warm presence of Anne beside him. With her at his

side, he felt like everything was going to be all right, even if it wasn't. It was a weird, unfamiliar tingle, but he certainly didn't mind it at all.

When Anne and Jimmy came on set, they noticed that the usual hustle and bustle of crew members was largely absent. Rather than a swarming mass of lights, cameras and action, there was simply a large huddle, focused around a cast chair in the far corner. From the center of the huddle there was a lot of noise, and most of it seemed to be coming from the same shrill, painful voice. Curious, Jimmy and Anne walked forward, shoving and pushing their way through the crowd towards the center of the noise.

In the very center was an unmistakable figure, Laycee Spade. The golden retriever was a bitch in both terms of the word, and was more than a bit of a porno diva. Dressed in an elegant, lacy piece of red lingerie that tightly tugged her massive breasts, she was bitching at Art and a gopher who appeared to be her quiet young assistant. Jimmy could clearly see her soft brown fur, along with two rings of purple dog bones tattooed along her upper arm, a signature symbol similar to Jimmy's own tribal shoulder tattoos. As she talked, she brushed her long, curly blonde hair out her eyes, acting as though she was infinitely superior to both persons she was addressing, and as though her rudeness was completely justified.

"Gawd, I remember what it was like, working for little rinky-dink shithole labels like this. Stupid plots, cheap sets, hack talent... Thank gawd I hit the big time because if I was still living like this, I'd blow my fucking brains out. Still, a deal's a deal and just because Southpaw comes out way ahead on this one, there's no reason not to get this shit in the can. I mean, can you believe this? Someone like ME pegging a stretched out boy toy rat?"

Art retreated, bowing and trying to spurt out some excuse, but when he saw Jimmy he grabbed the hapless mouserat and shoved him right in Laycee's line of fire. Jimmy scowled, having already seen enough of Laycee to know that he did not like her attitude, and he resented playing the role of Art's human shield. Art smiled apologetically but was visibly pleased to get away from Laycee, and immediately set to work putting the staff back to work and into position. Laycee sat back in her chair, smiling and growling at Jimmy with a contented anger. It was clear that the bitch got nothing but pleasure out of chewing out others, and that she relished the opportunity to sink her fangs into fresh meat.

"So you're the famous Jimmy Lee Starbird, the handsome leading man for Southpaw Entertainment? More like the handsome leading bitch. I've seen amateurs fresh off the street corner with less eagerness to have cocks shoved up their asses than you. It's no wonder you've been playing the subby little stunt-cock in this stupid 'Jimmy's Deliveries' series. The audience is just here to see my cunt stuffed

with random cock, so save the drama club bullshit, get your pants down, follow my lead and I'll take care of everything." Laycee smirked, waiting for Jimmy's response, baiting him to anger. Jimmy knew better, and though his dander was up he wasn't going to give Laycee the satisfaction of seeing him angry.

"Miss Spade, I don't know about you, but I have plans for this evening and I don't want to have to postpone or cut them short so that I can stay late today or come back for more shooting tomorrow. If you don't have anything to say concerning today's shooting I suggest you shut up and let me do my job." Jimmy was hoping she would either give up on him as an easy target or find something else to bitch about, but Laycee just smirked at him, as if she was acknowledging him as a challenge. Jimmy turned around to walk away, now that the crowd was dispersing, when he noticed Anne coming towards Laycee. Jimmy wanted to stop her, but by the time he figured out what she was about to do, she was already doing it.

"How DARE you talk to Jimmy like that! He's a good man and a bigger star than you've ever been or ever will be, you cheap slut! Unlike you, he actually cares about the rest of us, and about his fans, and about the quality of the film he puts out! He's nicer, better looking and more talented than you'll EVER be! And don't you dare go talking about his love of cock when your own cunt is little more than a hallway guys toss their hotdogs down!" Anne was in a rage Jimmy had never seen, and the little mouse was blowing up like a pile of gunpowder. Laycee just stood there grinning; eating up the young girl's hatred like it was gourmet dog food. When Anne finished she was red-faced and panting, her anger not totally dispersed but her vocabulary exhausted. Laycee stood.

"Done yet?" asked Laycee, smiling and towering over the much smaller mouse, pushing her ample bust in the girl's face. "Because if you are, I've got something to say." Anne adjusted her glasses, too pissed for words. Laycee grinned cruelly, placing one of her hands on Anne's shoulder and slowly digging in her long, bright-red nails.

"I'm glad there are so many disappointed, sad, ugly little girls like you that work this industry. Because when one of you pathetic little hang-on wannabes gets too big for your britches, thinking you've hitched your wagon to a star, it's so fucking fun to see you crashing down to earth. Just because some glorified extra stooped to fucking a never-will-be like you, you forget how expendable you are. Fucking dime a dozen. So why don't you play your little part, go get me a cup of coffee or something and stay the fuck out of the talents' way?"

As Laycee finished speaking, she slowly retracted her hand, and Jimmy could clearly see that her nails had broken through Anne's skin despite her soft fur and light T-shirt, making tiny blobs of red appear on her shoulder. But he knew that this was the least of her pains. Her lip was quivering, her eyes wet, her knees shaking. Jimmy moved to comfort her, but before he was halfway over to her Anne bolted off at top speed, sobbing her heart out as she ran away. Jimmy

felt helpless as she charged off, unable to stop her fleeing and unsure as to how to make her feel better in any event. After only a cursory meeting, Laycee had figured out enough to insult and humiliate Anne in the worst way possible, by attacking the feelings she had for Jimmy. It made the mousser at boil.

Jimmy turned to confront Laycee, who had since sat back down and was now talking blithely into her cell phone as her assistant R.G. held it to her ear, seemingly oblivious to Jimmy's rage even though he knew she was savoring it like a fine cut of steak. He wanted to slap her. To punch her. To grab the bitch by the throat and pound sense into her with his fists. He had not been this angry since before he'd left home, since before he'd gotten out from under his abusive brother and father. His small frame was racked with rage, and as he stepped forward, he had every intent of ripping Laycee limb from limb.

As he advanced, he happened to catch the eyes of R.G. staring at him lightly. Looking back at her, Jimmy was instantly overwhelmed with empathy. The poor gopher, herself flat-chested and far from the ideal look of a typical porn star, had clearly suffered the abuse Anne had just caught many, many times. Jimmy's anger subsided quickly as he felt an overwhelming empathy for R.G., who seemed to understand Jimmy's anger all too well. Jimmy paused, staring at her idly for a moment, observing the soft, carefully preened nature of her fur. Her shirt and pants were tight fitting and flattering, although she looked quite inferior to the porn star she sat next to. She wore modest earrings and gold bracelets, along with a visible belly button ring, and carried a small notebook filled to overflowing with papers, notes and appointments. As she continued to hold the phone, Jimmy saw a look of love in the young gopher's eyes, a deep, tragic love directed towards the cruel and callous bitch that R.G. assisted. Jimmy felt his anger fade away, replaced by empathy for this poor young girl.

Laycee shoved the phone out of her face and began to walk towards the door, demanding smokes and a light from R.G. The gopher quietly followed, getting the smokes and lighter into ready positions once Laycee hit the smoking area outside and off set. As she walked, one of the papers in her notebook slid out and gently wafted down towards the floor. To the casual observer it looked like an accident, but Jimmy could clearly see how deliberate it was. Picking it up, Jimmy saw that it was a letter addressed to him, written in immaculate penmanship but with a clear sense of hurry. At first Jimmy was a little surprised, but as he read down, he did little more than grin. Folding it up quickly, he shoved it into the small, tight pocket of his uniform and ran off to find Art.

This letter changed everything, and put a big smile on Jimmy's face. He only hoped that Anne would be able to see R.G.'s scribbling put into action. By this evening not only would Jimmy be giving her the night of her dreams, but the cruelty wrought upon her would pale in the face of the karmic justice it inspired.

Jimmy smiled as he hefted his box, ready to deliver its contents. Indeed, he was rather quite excited about the prospect, as was every member of the crew who was in on it. Art has a big smile on his face, and was back to his old commanding-yet-endearing self as he signaled for the shooting to begin. Jimmy strutted up to the door and put his finger to the buzzer, smiling and smirking and wagging his tail. The small, thin arctic fox operating the camera behind him was behaving much the same, as was the tall, thin raven boy behind him operating the boom mike.

Laycee opened the door, smiling with fake seduction, her breasts pushing up against and falling out of the beautiful lacy top of her lingerie. Jimmy had to admit that, had he not brushed up with her attitude earlier, he would be able to empathize with her fans. She was incredibly attractive, at least on the outside. She leaned on the door frame, flipping her large dog-tail behind her and gently caressing Jimmy's tattooed shoulder. "You're late," she said.

Jimmy smiled, tipping his hat a little in greeting before spouting his pre-scripted apology. "Sorry ma'am, I've been unavoidably detained several times today. And because of this, on behalf of Jimmy's Delivery Service, I'd like to offer you your C.O.D. package free of charge." He held up the box and Laycee took it, smiling and pressing it up against her chest, making the top of her cleavage stick out painfully. Jimmy stared, almost getting an erection before he remembered who that cleavage belonged to.

"Oh, how sweet, won't you come in?" said Laycee, backing away from the door as she curled her finger lightly at Jimmy. Jimmy smiled, taking his cap off and rubbing his brow a little as he pretended to consider the offer.

"Well ma'am, that's why I've been so late with my deliveries today, but you are the last stop on my route, I might as well reward myself for a hard day's work..." Jimmy put his cap back on and stepped into the house, following Laycee with a smooth gait. The camera crew stashed behind the door stepped in, their indoor lenses ensuring a smooth cut as Laycee and Jimmy went inside.

Laycee grinned, working her body gently and seductively as she walked. She wiggled her hips and wagged her tail, her whole form working itself for the camera. She grinned and sat down on the sofa, slowly moving herself and letting the cameras swoop in for ass and cleavage shots. Jimmy had to admit that, despite her attitude off set, she was quite professional when the cameras were rolling. That didn't keep him from wanting to continue on with his plan, though. After all, a true professional wouldn't mind getting something a little unexpected thrown into the mix.

Laycee put on a big smile and made a big gesture of slowly lifting off the top of the box, until she peered inside to see the contents. Her eyes suddenly went wide, and she reached in to pull out

a large, heavy dog collar with a dog-bone tag labeled "BITCH" on it, along with a matching leash. Dumbfounded, she held it up in the air. "What the fuck is this?"

Jimmy grinned and rose to his feet, moving himself in close. He knew he'd have very little time before Laycee realized what was going on, and he had to act fast. "Well well, it's a good thing that you're not being asked to pay, it looks like I've messed up your orders. You were supposed to receive a Big Doggie dog-bone strapon, but instead you've received the Bitch Doggie collar and leash. Still I must say it would look flattering on you..." Not giving Laycee a chance to react, Jimmy swooped down and grabbed the collar, sliding it around Laycee's neck and clicking it into place. Confused and angered, Laycee yanked at the collar angrily. This was not in the script, and she was quickly realizing that something was very wrong.

"What the fuck are you doing, Jimmy? Get this fucking thing off me right now!" Laycee tried to reach back to undo the collar, when Jimmy grabbed a rolled-up newspaper out from between the sofa cushions and bopped Laycee squarely on the muzzle with it. Laycee yelped in pain and confusion, and then looked up at Jimmy, fuming. "Just what's the big idea, you asshole?"

Jimmy bopped her again with the newspaper, and then yanked hard on her leash so that she had no choice but to fall forward and catch herself on all fours. Jimmy quickly put his foot down square in the middle of her back and then pulled tight on the leash, ensuring that Laycee had little choice but to stay right where she was and in the position she was. "Listen you little shit, I don't know what you're trying to pull, but-YEOWCH!" Jimmy brought the paper down hard on Laycee's rump, making her yowl and wince with pain.

While Laycee was distracted with her stinging hind end, Jimmy quickly unfurled the newspaper and pulled out a rather unusual looking gag. The actual muffling portion of it was a large, soft-rubber dog bone, with rubber straps running out from the edges. Jimmy shoved it into Laycee's open mouth like a bridle on a horse, and then tugged the rubber loops back behind her head, ensuring it wasn't going anywhere so long as Jimmy kept her hands from it. She glared and growled at him, trying to curse, but able to only drool and sink her teeth into the gag. Jimmy lightly bopped her on the nose with the newspaper again, wielding it like a rapier, sending it out and back as fast as he could. It was a fun game to be sure, but it was time he got back to the focus of R.G.'s little plot.

Moving to her side, he lowered himself until his knee was down on her. He rotated a bit more, and then lifted her tail, waiting for the cameraman to get in good and close before going to work. After giving her a few quick thwaps on the rump for good measure, he dug his fingers in eagerly, probing and caressing her soft folds with gentle gestures.

Taking it slow and steady, he teased, poked and prodded her sex with his fingers, taking time to glance to the cameraman focused on her face for a thumbs up. He wasn't able to hear her too well, but if

the scrawny little fox with the camera gave him the thumbs-up he knew that he was making his bitchy little prisoner blush and squeal with pleasure. Bending over low he began to let his tongue go to work, doing his best to lick and lap at her from the awkward angle without falling over.

Once he was sure that Laycee was a bit more compliant, if not wholly keen on the idea of being bound and restrained, he stood up, tugging on her leash lightly. He stood at attention; keeping the leash taut and the rolled-up newspaper at the ready should he need to enforce her compliance. "Up on your knees and beg, bitch. I wanna hear you whimper."

Laycee was red-faced and flustered, clearly embarrassed by her situation. Still, there seemed to be only minimal resentment of it. Indeed, she seemed to enjoy it on some level, and Jimmy hardly saw any malice as Laycee went to her knees, raising her hands and whimpering against her gag. She begged like a trained dog, and Jimmy was pleased that he had no more need for the newspaper, though he kept it near at hand just in case. Reaching forward, he slowly yanked on the rubber cord until it slid off over her ears, causing the gag to plop onto the floor. Jimmy waited for her to resume her stinging swearing and cursing, but it never came. Instead she simply knelt and whimpered, looking surprisingly cute. She was really getting into this. Jimmy could hardly believe that this was the same actress who, not an hour ago, had hurt Anne in ways Jimmy had not thought possible.

Unzipping his pants and fishing out his half-hard dick, he gently placed it in front of Laycee's face, which made the bitch smile and wag her tail. Gently cupping his hand behind her head, he instructed her to "Lick it up good, bitch," to which she happily complied. Jimmy moaned as she worked him over, astonished at the size and talent of her tongue. She worked his shaft and balls with large, slow slurping motions, taking big sections of flesh into her mouth with each stroke. He closed his eyes and began to scratch her behind the ears, panting, moaning and encouraging her as she worked his dick towards a steady drip of pre.

Jimmy tightened his grip on the leash, and then slid his hand to the back of her head, slowly working himself down deep into her muzzle and throat. Like the professional she was, she easily slid him down past her gag reflex, barely pausing to stop. Jimmy continued to work himself with her head, surprised at her flexibility and eagerness, but quite willing to use it. Gripping her with both hands he began to push and thrust her aggressively, spitting out what derogatory language he could manage to mutter as he did so. Trying to avoid looking into the camera, he looked off to his right, making sure that they were getting the force and depth he was putting into Laycee's face. He could clearly see that both the raven and the arctic fox had massive, pants-straining boners, and it was all they could do to keep their equipment steady. Jimmy looked down and chuckled, knowing he was doing it right.

Jimmy pulled out with a sudden, messy pop, then spun Laycee around and pushed her down, getting her ready to fuck doggie style. Rather than undress properly, Jimmy ripped and tore at his shirt and pants, letting the buttons pop and fabric tear as he went. Leaving his boots, socks, gloves and hat on, he dropped to his knees, shoving two, then three fingers deep into Laycee's cunt as he aggressively probed and pushed. Laycee moaned, looking at Jimmy over her shoulder and sucking in air between her teeth. She was sopping, dripping wet, and as Jimmy shoved and probed almost his entire hand into her, her massive cleavage swung this way and that, threatening to smack her square in the face.

Having enough of just using his fingers, Jimmy gave himself a quick stroke and slid on in. Considering how much of his hand he'd been able to fit in, he found Laycee to be almost tight on the inside, but she was still loose enough to fit Anne's earlier insult. Slapping his gloved hands firmly down on her rump, he began to push, pump and shove as fast as he could, panting and groaning as he fucked her. Laycee began to shake and shudder, and her soft moans soon gave way to delighted squeals.

Jimmy adjusted himself, getting up and over Laycee until he was bouncing off the balls of his feet, genuinely humping her as he went. Despite the sloppy, wet looseness of her cunt. Laycee loved it dearly, even reaching up a bit to work her breasts. Seeing this, Jimmy bent down to join in, giving her nipples a number of playful rubs and pinches. He whipped his tail as Laycee wagged hers against his stomach, and was glad that he had begun to genuinely enjoy this. Perhaps Laycee wasn't that bad after all, though she most certainly was still a bitch. His bitch, in this case.

Standing back up, all it took was a slight tug on the leash and some hard, genuine rubbing of his dick to get Laycee back up to begging. She eagerly got up on her knees and cupped her hands under her shin, wagging her tail as shot after shot of Jimmy's spunk blasted against Laycee's face. Jimmy let everything flow out of him, and by the time Laycee was licking up the last few dribbling bits from his tip he felt genuinely satisfied. His anger was gone, his revenge sated, and he was basking in an afterglow like few he'd felt ever before. He smiled, rubbing his fingers in Laycee's hair and giving her ears a quick skritch. He had to hand it to R.G.: the girl knew how to make the ultimate revenge of living well taste even sweeter and come even sooner.

After the shoot, Jimmy was lounging in his cast chair and sipping his water as he always did. Off to the side Laycee was having a good cry, piling heaps of fake insult and injury on R.G., who responded with pats and empathy. No matter how much Laycee insisted that she'd been raped, insulted and would never work with Jimmy or Southpaw again, R.G. and everyone else knew that she'd had a great

time, probably one of the few times she'd ever genuinely enjoyed herself on set. Jimmy sipped idly on his water, smiling at first, but then letting his mouth slowly turn down over time as more equipment was packed up and put away. Anne had yet to come back from crying, and Jimmy was beginning to get concerned.

Just as Jimmy was about to come looking for her, Anne slowly walked into the now almost empty room, sniffing and rubbing her eyes a little. Jimmy leapt up out of his seat, ignoring his nakedness and almost tripping over electrical wires in his rush to reach her. Wrapping his arms around her, he kissed and caressed her fervently, cooing and soothing her as best he could while she shoved her face deep into his shoulder. She nuzzled and patted him a bit, but didn't seem to be near as upset as she was before.

"R.G. told me what you and her and everyone else did to Laycee. She also told me about how Laycee was a lying bitch, and how lucky I am to have a boy like you to stand up for," said Anne, sniffing lightly and pulling her head back. She stared deeply into Jimmy's eyes, and before he knew what he was doing, he felt his lips locked firmly against hers, his tongue deeply probing into her mouth and wrapping around and around her own. He could feel her. He could taste her. All that there seemed to be in the world was Anne, and to Jimmy, that was just fine.

"Anne, you know I love you more than anyone. You know that bitch Laycee is full of shit, and that someone just needed to put her in her place for awhile." Anne kissed Jimmy on the nose, and then began to rock herself in his arms.

"I know. And I'm glad you did what you did. But I don't wanna hear about her anymore, I just want it to be me, and you..." Anne bent forward, raising herself on her toes and kissing Jimmy firmly on the lips, whimpering and leaning forward. He felt her soft, gentle hands lightly caressing his chest and shoulders, and he let his own slide up under Anne's t-shirt, stroking and caressing her tits lightly, pinching and stroking her nipples.

Jimmy felt himself overwhelmed by passion. He felt himself lowering her down onto the couch. He felt his hands move gently over her soft fur, caressing and fondling her body with a delicate hunger. Her clothes seemed to melt away, and without thinking he felt himself slowly sink into her flesh, causing his whole body to quake and shudder. He closed his eyes, feeling weaker and stronger all at once, giving way to his urges. Sex had never been like this before. Not with any of his stars, his customers, or even the few he'd felt he loved. It was as if he was only truly having it for the first time, and his entire body was racked with it at each thrust, the squirming, panting girl beneath him sending shudders of pleasure over his entire body with each squeal, caress, and loving word she happened to give him. He groaned, thrusting with a rush he'd never felt before, striking his orgasm with so much power he was, for a moment, blind, deaf and free from thought.

When he finally began to come down, he looked down at the panting, blushing, smiling young mouse below him, cooing and caressing his flesh lightly, smiling and staring at him through her disheveled glasses. He was still deep in her, and though he was sexually sated he felt no desire to leave her, instead leaning forward to continue and caress. From off to his left, he heard a low chuckle, and startled, he looked up with a little indignation to see a very happy Art wielding a handheld and smiling.

"Sorry Jimmy, but I couldn't resist. I couldn't believe that even you could make amateur so hot. I'll be amazed if this thing's memory card isn't smoking and steaming when I pull it out." Jimmy playfully stuck out his tongue and gave Art the middle half of a peace sign, but he felt no resentment. Deep down he wanted everyone to see what he and Anne shared, knowing that no one could take it away, and that the fact everyone could see it was something only he and Anne shared would make it feel even more special. He leaned down and kissed Anne, tilting her head towards the camera and smiling.

"Well it looks like you're a porn star now..." said Jimmy. She smiled, waving at the camera before kissing Jimmy on the lips.

"Mmm, just what I always wanted!" said Anne. Jimmy chuckled.

"I thought what you always wanted was for me to coat my dick in strawberry syrup and chocolate then let you slurp it off until you hit the special cream filling," said Jimmy. Anne laughed and pulled Jimmy's cap off, ruffling his hair into a mess.

"Yes but I'll get to do that in a few hours, won't I Jimmy?" Jimmy nodded and then kissed her on the cheek. It was something he'd known about for awhile, and he was eager to indulge the taste of his sweet-loving mousy lover.

"Art, would you be so kind as to drive me and Anne back to my place? I think we'll be having some business to conduct in the back seat all the way there," said Jimmy. Art smiled, continuing to film and toy with the camera. He even reached down to nurse his big boner, though he seemed hesitant to pull it out.

"Sure, just so long as I can bring along Robert to handle the camera. It's kind of hard to film and drive, and I'm going to get as much of this on film as I can." Jimmy grinned, pulling Anne into another messy, sloppy kiss.

"Fine, but she gets top billing. I insist!" Anne laughed at Jimmy's silly request, wrapping her arms around and shutting him up with more deep, loving kisses. Down below, Jimmy and Anne's tails curled up, entwining closely as they kissed. Jimmy felt, for the first time, that he was genuinely content with the day's work. And the shooting hadn't been that bad, either.