

Jimmy's 50-Load Weekend

Jimmy Lee Starbird is © Roochak

Jimmy leaned back in his seat, looking out at the bed as the cameras and mics were moved into place. Anne was massaging his shoulders, and he felt nervous with no script to look over or anything else to do while he waited. Unlike his previous films, "Jimmy's 50 Load Weekend" was just going to be a raw-fucking endurance race to the finish, while a parade of porn stars came, fucked and left. Getting fifty guys to be ready for the whole forty-eight hour period hadn't been easy, and Southpaw Entertainment had squandered a lot of cash getting this together. Jimmy felt he was up to it though, and seeing as interest in his films had leveled off he knew he had to bring things up to the next level.

"Are you sure about this?" asked Anne. She had been his girlfriend for over a year now, and they had grown quite close, as well as quite comfortable with their chosen occupations. She was both a fluffer and a costume gal, and Jimmy was of course the biggest star ever to set foot in Southpaw Studios. It didn't take a detective to figure out how they'd met or how Jimmy had learned about Anne's skillful hands and tongue, but everything else in their relationship had been a private affair.

"You know I wouldn't try if I didn't think I was ready," said Jimmy. "Don't worry. I've got this under control, and if I go over time, we'll just have some guys stay late and do a little editing. The fans won't know, and they wouldn't care even if they did."

"Then why, for fuck's sake, are you trying to take a load up your ass every hour for the next forty-eight hours?" asked Anne, her head coming down to lean on Jimmy's shoulder as she reached forward and began to play with his shaft. He'd need to be erect and ready the moment the cameras began rolling, after all. "I mean, you have to fit eating and sleeping and going to the bathroom in there somewhere."

"I think I'll be eating more than enough," said Jimmy.

"I mean food, not cocks," said Anne. "And just because I know that you and I can go through a sleepless night, we're not doing it on film and we're not trying to show off."

"Look, I gotta do something impressive for the fans," said Jimmy. "My porno career can't last forever and so I've gotta milk it for what it's worth while I can."

"Fine, but I'm gonna be here the whole time, and you and I are going on a nice, quiet 'staycation' once this is over," said Anne, pulling her hand off his cock and helping him to stand and disrobe. "I don't wanna see you leaving the house until I'm satisfied you're back in top shape."

"Don't worry, Anne, this will be my best movie ever, just you wait," said Jimmy. "And when we get back, I'll take a nice long nap and you can make me some of that cherry cobbler of yours."

"Yes well don't think I'll put ice cream on it and slather it over my crotch so you can eat it off like we did on your birthday," said Anne.

"Think it? I expect it, dear," said Jimmy as he trundled off to the main room, swishing his tail as he went. Anne sighed, and then grinned to herself. He was pretty irrepressible, but even then she couldn't hope to say no to him. There was just something in the way he shook his butt that exuded powerful sexual confidence despite his small size, and that turned Anne on so completely. She couldn't be more in love, and the way he loved her back just made it all worthwhile.

"OK, places on the set!" said Art, who had recently been promoted to Director thanks to his excellent camerawork on Jimmy's other projects. Despite being straight as an arrow, the big fat bunny somehow always managed to get the right combination of lights, camera and action going to really wow the fans, and this was going to be his first big picture. As such, he was really taking command of the place, ordering around the camera crew and going to great lengths to make sure everything was just so. Jimmy was already laying out on the bed and his first three partners, all gray horses with big black dicks who were on loan from "Adam's Stable," were furiously maintaining their hard-ons as they waited to get started. "Ok, let's start this thing!"

Jimmy smiled at the camera as the whole place came to light in a mix of noise and motion. The horse guys walked in, each one looking almost identical to the other two, their massive boners bouncing in front of them as they walked. "Kind of a bad way to spoil me at the start, isn't it boys?" said Jimmy. "I mean, you're gonna wear me out before anyone else gets a chance."

"Oh please, there isn't a hole on you that isn't loose as all hell," said one of the horses. He lay down on the bed and Jimmy climbed up over him, rubbing his butt along the horse's massive shaft as the other two climbed up near Jimmy's head. "Besides, we know you like 'em big."

"That I do," said Jimmy, watching Art out of the corner of his eye to make sure everything was going OK. There wasn't going to be any plot or script or reshoots to this, and so Jimmy needed to come up with all the banter himself. He felt a little awkward being on the spot like that, but the big smile on Art's face as he flipped from camera to camera on his monitor let Jimmy know he had it right. He reached out and grabbed the big horse cocks in front of him and began to rub them slowly, cooing and blowing on them as he licked.

The horse underneath him took up his own initiative, though, and after helping himself to a big handful of lube he began slicking up his shaft and then pressing it into Jimmy. The massive girth of the shaft made it slow going, even for one as experienced and loose as

Jimmy, but despite his size the horse was a gentle creature. He kept it going slow and steady, giving Jimmy plenty of room to maneuver as he worked the two big cocks in front of him. He needed to keep them ready so that he could take their loads up his rear, and big shafts like theirs were hard to keep erect. Still, he knew what to do, and the way they were moaning and groaning let him know he had it right.

The horse under him was picking up the pace as Jimmy worked the two big black shafts in his face, and Jimmy could feel the horse's big balls slapping against his ass as the horse drove his meat in deep. Jimmy couldn't believe that he'd grown so loose and deep that a horse could go balls-deep in his ass, but he'd been in this job for at least four years now, and that had certainly given him lots of experience. The horse had teased himself pretty good before he had come in and it didn't take too long for him to go off, filling Jimmy with splatter and leaving a mess all over the sheets. Jimmy moaned, his voice mostly cut off by the big cock in his mouth, but he was pleased that he didn't feel the least bit tired after the first load. Nothing to get excited about, sure, but he'd been worried he might start off getting tired early. As it was, when the horses changed position, all he felt was a hunger for more loads and more cock. It was going to be a pretty good evening.

Jimmy panted and waved to the big black panther who was walking out of the room. The guy had just been someone picked up off an amateur porn site and he wasn't even being paid for his performance, but Jimmy couldn't remember the last time he encountered someone who was so good at working a wet hole. He hoped that the guy had a long career in porno, and as he took a long drink of water he made a mental note to ask the staffing agency at Southpaw Entertainment to try and pick this guy up. The panther had a long, thin cock that felt so good and deep and Jimmy just wanted more of it, although he knew he'd need to couch his hunger in an excuse of some sort.

He looked up at the big LED display over the bed that indicated he'd taken seven loads already and that he was ahead of schedule, with only five hours having gone by, and a lot of that being break time between rounds. The loads had turned into little more than a blur after about the fourth one anyway, his ass being so wet and loose that he barely felt anything outside of the slapping of hips against his ass. That's what had made the panther boy's skill so special, although Jimmy knew if he had a few more of those orgasm-inducing ass fucks he'd never make it through the entire forty-eight hours.

He was just about to close his eyes and relax when he saw eight big, burly husky dogs march through the door in line. He recognized them instantly as the Rainbow Dogs, a set of gay activist porno-making huskies who'd been around for almost a decade now. They'd started out just fucking each other and then moved on to gangbang

and train banging various porn stars, but Jimmy had never imagined he'd get to see them outside an awards ceremony or convention. They were old pros, who'd done at least a hundred and fifteen pornos since they teamed up.

"Oh wow, hey guys! Wow, the Rainbow Dogs, I never thought I'd see all of you in the flesh!" said Jimmy, extending a hand. "I'm a big fan of your work."

"I'm sure you are," said Blue, who was the leader of the pack. On set the dogs were referred to by their color-coordinated leather harnesses and collars, though Jimmy knew their real names. "And when we heard you were gonna try and run a fifty-load train bang, well...We just decided to help you out, eh?"

"It seems we showed up a bit late for the glazing," giggled Pink, who was by far the most effeminate member of the group. "So I hope you don't mind if you're not the only one taking loads here tonight." Pink hopped up on the bed, curling his tail back and sticking his butt out as Jimmy crawled back onto all fours. Jimmy was a bit nervous at Pink's actions at first, but when Art's cameramen moved in to capture the two of them together he knew that this was okay.

Jimmy certainly didn't need any lube at this point, but Blue tossed a bottle to Orange as he slid into Jimmy so that he could get Pink all lubed up. It wasn't long before Orange and Blue were moving in sync, gripping their partners firmly and kissing one another as they moved with perfect timing. The Rainbow Boys loved to show off how good they were at working as a team, and as Jimmy saw them working on him over his shoulder he had to admit he was pretty impressed. What was even more impressive, though, was how Orange and Blue managed to time their orgasms so that both Jimmy and Pink ended up with a load at the same time. Jimmy could hardly believe it, but as he gripped the sheets and felt that hot juice sliding up his butt he knew it was very much true.

"Wow, that looked like fun, I wanna try!" squealed Pink as Orange slid out of him. Almost as soon as Blue made room Pink was on Jimmy and humping like a jackhammer. Jimmy had no idea that the little husky had so much energy and it was all he could do to keep up with Pink's short, shallow thrusts. The little guy didn't have much in terms of a package but he certainly had a lot of talent and enthusiasm and even though Jimmy's hole was sloppy and loose as could be Pink managed to find and hit all the best spots. Part of Jimmy wanted him to tell Pink to stop, and to remind Pink that there were still a lot of loads and a lot of hours to go, but the rest of him just screamed out for more. Blue reached down to help hold Jimmy in place as Pink thrust and squealed, and Jimmy was glad of this when he felt his arms began to give out as his shaft erupted in orgasm. He came hard on the sheets, even as Pink popped out to paint up his back, and was glad that there was someone else there to support him.

"Well Purple, do you want in on this, or are you happy sucking Green's cock?" said Pink, sliding back and hopping off the bed as

though he hadn't even gotten warmed up yet. Jimmy tried to smile, but his face showed more concern than he'd rather let out. If Pink and Blue could do tire him out so much so easily, how could he hope to make it until Monday?

Jimmy yawned and stretched out a bit, blinking and staring bleary-eyed at his alarm clock. A real bed was set up in the second room of the condo where the shooting was taking place, and he had fallen asleep in Anne's arms. He had only slept six hours, and he was ahead of schedule for the most part, but he knew that Art would be prodding him to wake up soon anyway. At least this way he could fit in another shower, one where he could actually get himself good and clean instead of giving in to Anne's desire to touch him all over.

Jimmy stepped into the shower and turned on the water, slowly cranking up the heat as he got used to it until the shower was steaming like a Russian bathhouse. The steam and the water made him feel clean inside and out, and he closed his eyes as he stepped into the stream. It was very peaceful, and somehow, it made him feel more relaxed and refreshed than his entire night's sleep.

"Well look who's just washed up!" said a voice from outside. Jimmy turned and pulled back the shower curtain to find that Kevin and Marty, his co-stars from "Jimmy's Swim," were standing in the doorway buck naked. Art was there too, as were some cameras, with their red lights on.

"What the fuck, guys? I was just trying to take a shower!" said Jimmy. He was a little annoyed to have his tranquility interrupted, but he didn't wanna show it too much. He was on camera, after all.

"What the fuck is right!" said Kevin, the big otter boy stepping into the shower with Jimmy. "You've got fifty loads to take, you're on the clock!"

"No, I'm on the cock!" said Jimmy, bending down to give Kevin a big slurp. Marty stepped forward as well, his long muskrat tail whipping around as Jimmy gently caressed his shaft. Jimmy dropped to his knees and it wasn't long before the got both boys moaning. They had huge dicks that were slow to fill up and even slower to go off, but they had been fluffed pretty thoroughly and Jimmy knew it wouldn't be too long. He just had to keep them ready, and give them a good opportunity to do what they did best.

Kevin seemed closer to cumming and so when Jimmy braced himself against the side of the shower he directed the otter to go first. Jimmy was just glad that he was still very loose from the day before, and that someone had thought ahead to put a bottle of lube in the shower, as Kevin was near as thick as Jimmy's wrist. It was still very slow, tight going and Jimmy was glad that he had a no-slop pad under his feet so he could get a grip on the floor. Kevin put his hands on Jimmy's shoulders and let his enormous shaft sink in. Jimmy

moaned, his shaft quickly snapping to attention as he was spread and probed.

"Take it easy there Kevin, he's still got twenty more loads to do today!" said Marty, who was helping to hold Jimmy in place. Jimmy was certainly happy to feel the muskrat's big hands on his arms, helping to stabilize him, but he didn't entirely agree with Marty. He'd been slow-fucked well into the night and now he wanted something hard and fast to get him going.

"Fuck what he says, fuck me! Fuck me HARD, Kevin!" said Jimmy, accentuating his words by jamming back hard onto Kevin's shaft, letting his ass smack against Kevin's groin. Kevin didn't need a lot of encouragement beyond that, and soon he was slamming Jimmy as hard as he could, flattening Jimmy up against the wall and sending his hands reaching for the ceiling. Both Jimmy and Kevin were moaning and crying out at the top of their lungs by the time Kevin finally let out one big, contented sigh, his massive shaft throbbing as it pumped load after load into Jimmy's stuffed and worn tailhole. Kevin pulled out slowly, his dick making a wet, slimy popping noise as it came free.

Marty didn't give Jimmy any time to rest, though. He quickly shoved his own hard, thick length up Jimmy's ass, causing the mouserat to moan and gasp in pleasure. "Fuck, at least let me catch my breath first!" pleaded Jimmy, but Marty just kept it coming, soon matching Kevin's previous pace and pounding Jimmy so hard the mouserat could barely keep his feet under him.

"Oh shut up, you know you like it!" said Marty, leaning his head back and moaning as he got more and more into it. Jimmy wanted to complain, but he could feel Kevin's hand sneaking around and rubbing tentatively on Jimmy's shaft, making the mouserat moan. These two weren't going to let him have it easy.

Marty pounded away ferociously, making Jimmy's head spin as his body was assaulted by forceful pleasure. He could feel his shaft preying hard and preparing to squirt and it was all he could do to keep it under control. Kevin's hand was insistent, though, and soon he was painting the wall with his seed. His ass tightened, and he could feel Marty driving it home and then groaning as he emptied his load. "Fuck, have you been blueballing it, Marty?" chuckled Jimmy. "Shit, feels like you pumped a half pint of jizz up my ass."

"You know I always cum big," said Marty, who began to gently caress Jimmy's shoulders with the bar of soap. "Besides, it looks good on camera, doesn't it?" Marty turned and waved at the cameraman, something that made Jimmy roll his eyes. This might be porn, but Marty would never go far if he took it so unprofessionally.

Jimmy groaned as he struggled to stay awake and alert. The day had been long, slow and hard and he knew that it would take lots of editing to make it look like he'd been as into it on day one. The big

lion up his ass would be the last, though, and he was determined to make The King look good. King had come out of retirement just for this film, after all! His age might be showing, but his immense, foot-long cock was still as hard and heavy as ever.

He had already been fluffed but Jimmy sucked long and hard on the King's big shaft, making the aging lion moan as his tip was tickled and teased by Jimmy's little tongue. "Mnfff, you want me to pull on this big, bad splinter for you Mr. Lion?" said Jimmy, grinning and giving the King's shaft a few firm tugs.

"If I had a nickel for every time some mouse boy used that line on me," said The King. "Never mind, you just...Fuck, I'd forgotten how good you young guns can work your tongue!" The King growled with pleasure as Jimmy slowly worked more and more shaft into his mouth, gagging and panting as he felt the length began to slide into his throat. It wasn't exactly comfortable, but he knew the King loved it and it looked great on camera. Jimmy wasn't going to cut himself any slack just because he was tired!

Jimmy held himself still and let the King get in a little face-humping before he needed to come up for air, and when he did the King gave him no time to rest. Effortlessly picking up Jimmy by his arms and laying him out on the bed, The King got over Jimmy, pinning him down and rubbing his massive shaft against the mouserat's ass. "Damn, its good I went last, I don't think a little fucker like you could take me without being opened good and wide," said the King. He lined himself up and then slowly began to press in, growling and groaning as his shaft slowly sank down.

"Fuck, you're damn near as thick as you are long!" groaned Jimmy, panting and straining under the weight and force of The King's immense shaft. This was a gross exaggeration, of course, but The King was still very thick, over two inches at least. He took it slow and easy with Jimmy for now, but Jimmy knew that this was only a temporary arrangement. Things would get rough as soon as The King got settled in.

The King moved himself with firm, fluid thrusts, driving deep into Jimmy and making the mouserat blush and moan. It was a slow, gentle fuck but also one that was as deep and hard as The King's massive shaft itself. Jimmy groaned, wrapping his arms around the big cat and letting himself go for a ride, his haunches and legs lifting up into the air then sinking back down again with each hard, heavy thrust.

Just as Jimmy started to get used to this, though, The King began to pick up the pace aggressively and began to jam and force his giant shaft into Jimmy. The mouserat's ass was loose and supple enough to take the pounding, but Jimmy was so tired and his body so worn out that it was all he could do to maintain even the semblance of control. He was being flung about wildly on the bed, and he knew his exhausted body wanted to cum, only he was bordering on bare-bones dry!

The King, however, had apparently been holding back for quite some time, because when he went off Jimmy could feel it. Even though there were almost two dozen loads up his ass just from the rest of the day, Jimmy could feel the King's load filling and warming him from deep inside. His own shaft let out a small, meager splurt, barely dribbling down onto his crotch, his balls as tired as the rest of him but much more empty. As it was, Jimmy almost felt bloated, and when The King pulled out slowly and smoothly Jimmy let out a deep, relaxed sigh. It felt good to finally be done, and as the crew and remaining costars cheered the big counter on the wall was moved to read "50" and Jimmy knew it was done. He closed his eyes and began to relax, content in knowing he'd accomplished something few porn stars could even aspire to.

"I'm getting too old for this shit," said The King, wiping his immense and now floppy shaft on Jimmy's thighs. But Jimmy was fast asleep, finally giving in to his need to rest after hours and hours of exhausting fucking. The King chuckled and rubbed his hand across Jimmy's sleeping face as Anne came up, kissing the sleeping mouserat on his face. "Well it looks like someone won't be joining me at the after-party," said the King, grinning. "I trust you can take care of him?"

Anne grinned, rubbing Jimmy's hair as he began to snore. "Oh, you bet. I've got big plans for Jimmy here, just as soon as he wakes up!"