

The Laycee Train

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Laycee Spades gently brushed a blonde forelock out of her hair, checking herself in the reflection of the glass door while she waited for Norris to answer. The reflection smirking back at her showed a pretty golden retriever girl, her ears bent over in a cute expression of canine playfulness. Her thickly lipsticked lips shined back at her, along with a cute, wet brown nose. Her wavy, curly hair was draped over her shoulders, and around her neck was a small purple collar, with a little silver tag depicting a spade. She could also see two rings of purple dog bones, one around each of her upper arms, the tilted bones going all the way around. Her massive breasts were draped in a slow, rolling, low-cut dress that was barely able to cover her chest. Were this any other occasion she knew she'd have to wear double-sided tape to keep the fabric in place, but she didn't mind if there were any nip-slips around Norris. There was a belt around her waist that managed to keep the fabric flowing from her hips largely in place, but the outfit R.G. had selected her was of a sultry sluttiness even Laycee didn't normally resort to. Still, this was the famous Norris Pole, and he was important. Looking her best might be vital to her career.

Norris answered the door smiling, wearing an outfit a little more casual than Laycee but still very nice. Basketball shoes, a basketball jersey and uniform, all of which were quite fancy and new and not intended for the court. He also wore a few gold chains, but not his infamous 14" chain, which proudly declared the freakish piece of equipment that had made him one of the most famous male actors in the entire field of adult films. The big polar bear towered over Laycee, the icicle tattoo on his right upper arm being about at her eye level, but he seemed rather friendly and quite handsome. "Hey Laycee, come on in. You're right on time, I've got dinner in the kitchen."

Laycee was a little disappointed that Norris would choose fried chicken for what she thought would be a formal affair, but she admitted to herself that she was lucky at all to get a date with Norris Pole, especially one at his private residence. The food was good but the conversation was space, mostly since Laycee said little, giving Norris plenty of opportunities to check her out, and plenty of things to see.

Norris leaned back in his chair, sipping lightly at his beer and smiling at Laycee. "So tell me, why Antipodes? Didn't you used to work with some other company up until a few months ago?"

Laycee smiled, bouncing her tits a little as she nursed her own beer before replying. Laycee had always been a beer lover, and she found the thick taste of Norris's favorite brew alluring. "Well things really weren't going well at Doghouse Films, so R.G. did the

right thing and moved me on to people who are more professional. Best damn thing she ever did. I fucking hate amateurs, and that's all Doghouse Films was, a bunch of amateurs." Norris nodded, finishing the half of his remaining beer in a few big gulps. Laycee smiled as she saw how the bottle was dwarfed by his big hands. She'd seen Norris's films, and was very much a fan of big boys. The bigger the better, really.

"And you're definitely a professional, that's for sure. How long have you been in this business?"

"Since I was eighteen," said Laycee. This question was usually good at ferreting out her true age, and she'd become very good at protecting it. As far as anyone was concerned, she was going to be twenty four for as long as she goddamn felt like it. "And let me tell you, I've had just the worst luck with costars. Half of these guys can't get their limp little dicks up, and the other half start spurting as soon as I take my clothes off. It's a fucking miracle I've made it this far with the stunt cocks I've had to put up with."

"Oh I don't think its that bad..." said Norris. Laycee scowled.

"Oh you don't know the half of it. Take Samson, for example. I mean, you know him, right? A big bull guy? Halfway through the scene, just when I'm really starting to give it to the cameras, he pulls out and starts spooging up my back, totally off script. That was supposed to be a forty-five minute flick ending with a facial, and instead we had a thirty minute flick ending with my back all fucking sticky. I chewed them out for that shit, and demanded I get paid as it was scripted. I fucking did too."

"Don't you think that's a bit much? I mean, I'm sure he didn't mean it, and after a quick wipe you could get all the padding footage you wanted, and I'm sure that Samson could manage a quick rub off onto your face if you were really intent on it. He reloaded pretty quick back when we were on the set of Norris's Street Sluts."

"Street Sluts or no, he's still a fucking amateur with a hair trigger dick. Like that Stephen guy, the big eagle boy with the thick cock and big balls? Or that "Cockzilla" asshole. And don't even get me started on Mr. Cock-tattoo Brad. That fucking bear has a tattoo on his brain if he thinks that shit looks cool. Jesus Christ, for just one fucking flick I'd like to end up with someone who fucking knew what he was doing!" Laycee tore into her speech, letting herself rant a bit, letting herself push things onto others. She knew deep down that all of her films with Antipodes had actually gone over rather well for the most part, and that anything that had gone wrong was purely an accident. Still it felt good to push other people under her, especially if it meant getting more of the spotlight to herself.

Norris looked a little startled and miffed at Laycee's ranting, and she felt a small pang of guilt, partly because she might have just offended a very handsome man she had a slight crush on, and partly because she may have just damaged her career. But when she saw Norris break into a big, broad smile, the guilt faded away to satisfaction. Norris himself no doubt worked with many amateurs and

other no-talents and knew the frustrations she felt. She smiled back, letting herself lean back in her chair and take a long, guzzling swallow from her beer.

"Your tit's hanging out," said Norris, making a small gesture to Laycee's chest as he leaned forward, putting his elbows on the table. He smiled and put his chin on his knuckles, his chains dangling out from under him.

"So it is." Laycee smiled back, leaning forward carefully, making sure the other tit slipped out as well, letting her soft pink nipples come plainly into Norris's view.

"So you wanna work with a professional, do you? Well if its so important to ya, why don't we head up to my bedroom and make ourselves a little independent film? I know that the boss is always telling me to do a little guerilla shooting, put out a few fun, independent things as online-exclusives on my personal website. You'll get a cut from the sales of course." Laycee smiled, her bushy little dog tail wagging behind her. She'd hoped to sweet talk herself into something minor in one of Norris's up-and-coming bits, but getting to do one right here, right now, and right away was almost too much. She nodded, and Norris stood, offering her his hand. This was almost too good to be true.

Norris's room was big, even for a guy as large as Norris. His bed was big enough for half a hockey team, and there was plenty of room for a large flat screen TV, a sofa, and a small private bar. It looked more like a living room, largely taken up by his massive bed.

Laycee slipped out of her dress, which was barely containing her anyway, while Norris went into his closet to put away his clothes and get his camera. When he came back after a few minutes, Laycee struck a pose, taking time to admire Norris's nude form. She wagged her tail lightly as she saw his massive black cock, which was already a little hard, dangling down between his legs. After licking her lips in excitement, she looked up past his chains to his camera, which already had the red light on. She cooed and struck a few poses, making to sure off her excellent tits and legs. She'd always been good at posing.

"So tell me, Laycee, being an actor and all, I bet you're into roleplay," said Norris. "You were such a cute little doggie in 'Jimmy's Deliveries #4.' Mind putting a leash onto that collar and playing the good dog for me?" Norris pointed to a small leash over on his night stand. Laycee smiled, hopping up onto the bed and crawling over on all fours, wiggling her tail and rear at Norris's camera. Norris chuckled, and from her position, Laycee could hear the smooth flesh-on-flesh noise of Norris warming himself up. She could already feel herself growing wet with excitement.

She clicked the leash to her collar then folded up the rest, putting it her mouth, figuring it felt more like the part. She smiled

and wagged her tail for the camera, taking note that Norris was already mostly hard. "So tell me, does the cute little doggie happen to want a big, hearty helping of cock? Why don't you beg for me, show me how cute you can be."

Laycee growled and barked as cutely as she could, moving to her knees and putting her hands to her chin in the canine pose of begging. She whimpered and put her ears down, making sure to moosh and show off her tits for the camera. Norris grinned, his camera panning and zooming around, getting everything. "Okay boys, you can come in now."

Suddenly Norris's door swung wide, revealing a large group of men, not a one of which was wearing more than their socks, shoes and a smile. Laycee immediately recognized Brad, Samson, Stephen and Michael, but there were at least five others. They spilled out quickly, like clowns out of a clown car, only much bigger and more intimidating. Laycee's eyes widened and her jaw dropped a bit, her careful camera cool shattering for a little while. She turned to the camera and looked at Norris, confused and more than a little miffed.

"What the fuck is going on, Norris? I thought we were making a private little thing here." Asked Laycee. Norris grinned, still filming.

"I don't remember promising or even telling you that, Laycee. All I remember saying is that I wanted to invite you over for dinner, and then afterwards that I'd like to shoot a film. This will be filmed under contract, you realize." Brad walked up and out of the main group of guys, his large dick bouncing around in front of him, the swooshing flame tattooed on each side evident and proud looking.

"And I remember you saying something a little earlier about how you hate being stuck with all these amateurs. And the other day, I remember seeing you chewing out Sunset until she cried. And don't think we don't know about the way you insult Nekkie, or as you call her, the 'egg-shitting cunt'," said Brad. He was soon flanked by several other guys, all smirking, all erect, and all very eager to get down to business. Laycee felt a slight pang of fear.

"Look guys, I don't know what the fuck you want, but I did not sign up for this, and frankly, I don't need it. So you can all pack it up and go home, cus I ain't doin' this shit," said Laycee. She did her best to keep an outward display of bravado, but deep down, her resolve was cracking and she doubted she could keep them at bay should they decide to do anything. Norris reached out and gently grasped the end of Laycee's leash, handing the camera off to Brad. Norris grinned a bit, taking up the slack on the leash and keeping it taut.

"Listen Laycee, even if we sprung this on you, it's still under contract. We all know how your bad attitude has been poisoning the set, and how you've been transferred from studio to studio and fired several times during the course of your career. We're going to put you in your place for a little while, and we're going to fuck you till you like it. And then we're going to keep going until we've all

had our fill, and there's enough in this cute little handheld to fill up a two-disk special," said Norris. Laycee blanched, her ears going down flat a little as she whimpered. "Stephen, Michael, care to start things off?"

The two mentioned walked up, Stephen hopping on the bed and Michael taking the rear, the big alligator putting a heavy hand down on Laycee's back to ensure she stayed on all fours. Stephen walked on his knees until he was in a good position and put his hand into Laycee's hair, tugging and directing her to get her muzzle working on his cock. She resisted at first, but as Norris tugged on her leash and encouraged her, she finally gave in, giving the eagle's cock a firm, slurping lick. From behind her, she could feel Michael fondling and probing her rear, then slowly sliding in. She winced as the alligator pushed in. Michael wasn't very long, but he was painfully thick. She winced as she tried to relax and take him.

Brad and Norris chuckled, the two big bears pulling up some chairs and sitting down, enjoying seeing Laycee strain to take the two thick cocks from either end. Stephen was filling her mouth almost to capacity, and Michael certainly was filling up her cunt. Laycee groaned as she was pushed and shoved from both sides, her hair, shoulders, ass and tail grabbed on to as handles as the two boys played rough with her body. She whimpered, looking visibly relieved when Stephen pulled out and shot blast after blast onto her face, soaking her hard in a one-man bukkake. Michael wasn't far behind, though he left his length sunk in deep, pumping in so much so hard that it leaked out and smeared all over his balls. Laycee panted for breath, but Norris just snapped his fingers, signaling for Michael and Stephen to take a break while two others came up for their turn. Laycee put her ears down flat as Samson jumped up on the bed, his massive dick slapping against her muzzle. It was going to be a long night.

Laycee whimpered, her arms and legs barely able to keep her on all fours. Cum was dribbling out of her sore, tired mouth, as well as from her sore hole and cunt. The guys had been on a rotation for hours, and everyone except for Norris and Brad had gone at least once, most of them two or three times. Laycee coughed, spitting out a few blobs onto the sheets as she did so. She looked up weakly at Norris, who directed Stephen and Samson to go sit down with the others who'd had enough for the night and have a few drinks. Laycee blinked at Norris a little, hoping deep down that the boys had finally had their fun and were ready to turn the camera off and let her rest. But as Brad handed the camera off to Samson, Laycee saw that Brad and Norris were finally going to take their turn in what appeared to be the coup de grace.

Brad got on the bed and swung up from behind, his massive, tattooed cock swinging and hard thanks to the constant teasing he'd

put into it for the past few hours. Gripping Laycee's rear hungrily, he slowly slid himself deep into her tailhole, stuffing it in deep. Laycee was glad that Michael had loosened her up during his second or third time through the line. She moaned as Brad slid into her, feeling stuffed and rigid.

To her surprise, Laycee found that Brad and Norris weren't intent on keeping her doggie style. Rather, Norris was gently pushing her up, and Brad was hooking his arms under hers. Norris grinned, staring into her tired eyes as he fingered her pussy, then gently began to feed his monstrous cock into her. She groaned, and then whimpered, having trouble adjusting to Norris's immense size. The fat dick up her ass didn't help either, and when he finally stopped pushing in, she felt distinctly stuffed. She groaned, putting her head down on Norris's shoulder. Norris groped Laycee's sizeable tits a bit, working his hands as well as his cock.

Brad and Norris kept a slow, even pace, moving themselves in and out of Laycee in turn, pistoning her slowly. She groaned, letting the two big, powerful bears work her over slowly. After being used for so long, the slow, but deep fucking was a welcome relief. She kept her eyes closed and tried to enjoy herself, letting out deep, panting moans as she was moved this way and that, slowly sliding up and down as the massive cocks slipped in and out of her. She shuddered, feeling herself slide into a deep, consuming orgasm as Norris worked her over. She felt herself falling asleep, her body and soul exhausted from the massive marathon-fuck. As she did so, she could swear she heard Norris and Brad laughing.

"So how is Laycee holding up?" asked Norris.

"She's out cold in the back of the car. I take it your date went well?" asked R.G. The young gopher, who was even shorter than Laycee, was dwarfed by the massive Norris, who was dressed only in his bathrobe. She was wearing glasses and a very ordinary skirt and top. She looked surprisingly normal, considering her occupation as Laycee's assistant.

"It went well enough to where there's a line like you wouldn't believe for the showers. The film appears to have come out perfect. We'll be able to get a two-disc set with this one. It'll probably be Laycee's best sell yet. Definitely the hottest."

R.G. sat down, sipping her coffee. It was four in the morning and she had apparently just woken up very recently. "Excellent. I trust you boys had a chance to help her deal with her...Attitude problem as well?" asked R.G.

Norris leaned back, rubbing his eyes. He was glad that he wouldn't have to go to work today. He needed a lot of sleep. And to rehydrate. "We dealt with it all right, but I doubt we solved it. Still, I think she'll be a little more accommodating to amateurs in the future." Norris took a big sip of his iced tea.

"I see. Well that's good. Still, I hope that you and Brad won't hesitate to...Knock her back into line if needed. She won't admit it but deep down there's an itch she just can't scratch, and I'm hoping you and Brad will be able to find it for her."

Norris grinned. "Well we'll certainly like to try..." Norris took another big sip. "Is there anything else I should know?"

R.G. just smirked. "Just that I'm a lesbian so you can stop trying to look up my skirt. There's nothing up there I can let you have."

Norris sighed and leaned back in his chair, closing his eyes and smiling. "Well I guess I have nothing else to say, then, except thanks...Laycee is a better actor than she thinks she is, and she certainly can put on a show when she stops being a bitch."

"Then I bid you adieu, Norris...I trust I can rely on your services again, should they become...Necessary?"

Norris stood, putting on his biggest smile. "You bet your ass you can."

R.G. smiled, and then quietly headed out towards the door.

"I'm going to change her." Whispered R.G. to herself. "And I get the feeling Norris is going to be all too eager to help..."