

# ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

## Chapter 41

*Chapter 41: Chapter 41*

"This car now smells pussy," Two-bit joked with a booming laugh as Sasha and I got into the Raptor.

I ignored him, getting in beside him in the passenger seat.

He raised his hands. "Why are you grumpy? You don't look like someone who just had a threesome."

Sasha laughed, buckling her seatbelt in the back.

"Why are you laughing, ma'am? Was he a terrible fuck? Did he bust his nut quickly?" Two-bit said in a curious voice, looking at Sasha in the rearview mirror.

"I wasn't part of the scene, man, I was outside the script," I told him quickly before Sasha could say it, my face burning.

"Damn, so you were just standing there watching shit happen and getting extra horny and shit?" he said. Then he roared into a laughter that rocked the car. "That's painful, bro, watching women fuck in front of you but you can't join them... I hate being you...."

"Just drive the fucking car," I said, trying to dismiss the topic. Sasha deliberately joined in on the laughter from the back seat, kicking my seat gently.

The whole journey back home was a pain as they kept throwing jokes related to the exclusion from the scene. My irritation was palpable, but deep down, I knew they were right. It was painful to be excluded, especially with a size increase that needed immediate testing.

"Be here tomorrow, same time I picked up today. Be ready when I get here," Two-bit said as we got off his car.

"I will be ready," I told him, then followed Sasha. I caught up to her as she was unlocking her door.

"I wanted to talk to you, Sasha, but I couldn't get the chance since you spent most of your time with your new rich client," I said.

She paused, then rolled her eyes. "I told you she's just a client. I didn't know she was part of Red Eye's crew. Even if I did, it's not your business who I sleep with. I have got nothing to do with whatever you got yourself into."

I paused, studying her, watching the color on her cheeks. She was furious. She was right, though. I didn't own her.

"You look cute when you are angry," I said, taking a closer step. I put my hand on her cheek. "You are right, Sasha. I shouldn't pry into your business. I'm sorry. We just got wrapped in an entirely different conversation. I want to talk about my business."

I kept my voice level and professional, shifting the tone entirely.

I could see her lightening up, her anger subsiding into curiosity.

"You are doing phenomenal work, Sasha. Your professionalism and on-camera presence are exceptional. I'm genuinely impressed with your talent and reliability," I said.

"Can you just cut the chase and get to the point?" she said, though the hostility was gone.

I removed my hand on her cheek, then inhaled deeply.

"I need your help, Sasha," I said. "I told you that I owe Big Mom a serious amount of money, and the repayment clock is running out fast."

"You need money then?" she cut in.

"No... I mean, yes... But not directly from you," I said. "The two scenes we've produced generated great initial revenue, but to hit a million dollars in monthly recurring revenue, I need scale. I need to move beyond single-scene productions at a rented condo."

"So what kind of help do you need then?" she asked, her arms crossing, suddenly intrigued.

"I'm establishing a production studio. I need a constant flow of high-quality content. What I need from you, Sasha, is your professional network. I need reliable, experienced talent—women who are active in sex work and who are willing to commit to regular shoots for high, guaranteed pay."

"Oh," She said, her faced almost surprised by the sudden, massive business proposal.

"I need volume, Sasha," I pressed, keeping my voice urgent. "If you can source the girls, I can guarantee the paychecks. Think of it: consistent, guaranteed income for your colleagues. I need five professional talents on retainer in the next two weeks to launch this studio properly. You know the best; can you make the introductions?"

Sasha chewed on her lip, calculating. "I know several girls who fit that profile exactly. They're professional, they understand contracts, and they're looking for stability. I can definitely try and convince them to sign on. They trust my judgment."

"Fantastic. What do I owe you for this kind of recruitment?"

Sasha's smile was sharp and businesslike. "If I'm building your studio's talent foundation, I need a piece of the action. I need a small cut—a talent agent fee, really. 15% of the gross payment of every girl I bring in, for their first three scenes only. That percentage ensures I bring you only the best, most reliable talent."

"Fifteen percent for three scenes? Done," I agreed instantly, mentally calculating the cost versus the exponential growth. "Start making those calls tonight. I need names and availability by the time I pick you up tomorrow."

I went into my room then immediately began working on the laptop.

I began by editing the lesbian scene. I quickly scrubbed through the 30-minute raw footage of Jess and Sasha, applying the color grading and quick cuts that made the raw desire feel palpable. Then I worked on the thumbnails, selecting the most provocative shots.

I made a 5-minute sizzle clip for free subscribers—enough to drive them insane—and polished up the full 30-minute scene for my paying subscribers. The entire package was uploaded and automated. I would give Jess her own copy of the scene when I met her tomorrow at the gym.

After that, I took a shower, the cold water finally dulling the lingering effects of Sasha's ministrations. I came back to sit on the computer and started serious work. I began researching the adult film industry, the pros and cons, and exactly how to open and register a studio. After all, I was expanding and opening a real production house, as I had just promised Big Mom.

## Chapter 42

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Whilst Sasha was busy looking for new talent for my videos, I was executing the initial plans to establish a functioning, scalable, and legally compliant adult content studio.

The operation had to be managed like a legitimate media production business, prioritizing legal insulation and consistent revenue infrastructure, even if the timeline was impossible.

Phase one was focused on the Corporate and Legal Foundation, securing the business entity and protecting it from future liabilities.

First, I addressed branding and intellectual property. I needed a name that resonated with the high-volume, aggressive style I planned to market, unlike the overly shallow names prevalent in the industry. I brainstormed extensively, rejecting names like "Moaning Zone" and "Fuck Club" for lacking long-term commercial appeal.

After approximately five hours of deliberation, I landed on The BangHouse. It felt direct and established the core value proposition.

Immediately, I initiated the logo design process. I accessed a specialized freelance platform and engaged a highly-rated designer, providing minimal, essential demands: a minimalistic design that incorporated abstract representation of the core product.

"I am transmitting a reference image for the abstract element you are to integrate into the logo design," I texted the designer after confirming her direct contact information. "The abstract form should subtly reflect the geometry of the erect cock without being overt."

"Understood," she replied, including a series of laughing emojis. "Send the reference."

I executed a clean, high-resolution shot of my erect cock and transmitted the file to her, finalizing the initial branding commission.

An hour later, my phone buzzed with the logo confirmation from the designer.

The logo was clean, minimalist, and highly effective. The design featured a stylized, bold, sans-serif text reading "The BangHouse." Subtly integrated beneath the main title, the letter 'A' in 'Bang' had been cleverly adapted: the horizontal bar was elongated and curved slightly, while the two vertical strokes were extended downward, forming an abstract, geometric representation of a dominant phallus pointing toward the 'H' in 'House.' The color scheme was a simple, aggressive crimson and black.

I liked it, and I had no changes to make.

"Perfect. This aesthetic aligns precisely with our brand requirements. I would like to establish a long-term partnership with you for future design commissions," I texted her, then immediately transferred the \$200 fee she had requested.

The next week was a blur. I canceled everything that wasn't directly related to building the studio or paying off Big Mom. This included pushing back the interviews with the girls Sasha had found. Every morning, I went to the gym, and Two-bit was there, turning into a very reliable driver and bodyguard.

I started learning a lot about his life—his past, his work for Red Eye. We weren't friends, but we understood each other's situations. I knew I needed to keep him close; he could be a useful ally against the control of Abigail and Big Mom later on.

Setting up the company legally was exhausting. It was a tiring process with too many documents to sign and detailed legal questions that needed careful answers. I used an online service to set up DigitalMedia Holdings LLC, which would be the official parent company.

I hired a sharp lawyer to handle the serious paperwork, including the official contract with Big Mom. I still didn't meet her. Instead, her lawyer, representing her as Monet Jacobs, handled the signing. I didn't know if Monet Jacobs was her real name, but she was serious and made sure the contract was airtight.

With the legal structure in place, the next step was finding a permanent home for the studio.

The studio needed industrial-grade space to handle the high volume of filming and to protect all the sensitive data.

I spent the next two days intensely searching commercial real estate listings, specifically looking at industrial parks and commercial zones. I filtered for properties suitable for industrial use—large, discreet buildings that could handle heavy power demands and be easily modified.

I found one listing that immediately stood out: a two-story, 8,000 square-foot former garment factory. It was located on a quiet, dead-end street in the industrial sector, perfect for privacy.

The rental price was high: \$12,000 per month for a five-year lease. This was a massive financial commitment, especially with the debt hanging over me. However, the building was ideal for my exact needs.

The location meant minimal foot traffic and noise complaints. We could film aggressive content 24/7 without attracting unnecessary attention.

The second floor was open-plan, ideal for building multiple interchangeable sets (luxury bedroom, office, gym). The ground floor had existing, compartmentalized rooms perfect for administrative offices, a security hub, and talent wardrobe/makeup areas.

As a former factory, it had a robust electrical system, meaning I could run cinema lighting, computers, and servers all day without blowing circuits.

This was the perfect space for TheBangHouse to become the high-volume content machine I needed. The industrial zoning was key; it made my operation look like a legitimate media production business, fitting the legal facade I was building.

I immediately called the listing agent.

The next afternoon, I met the real estate agent, a laid-back guy in his late forties named Ruben, outside the property. He had the keys and a folder of documents.

"Nice property," I said, keeping my expression neutral as we walked through the huge, empty space.

Ruben scratched his chin. "It is. Great power, great location. Just needs a build-out. So, 'Digital Media Holdings LLC,' what kind of digital media are we talking about, exactly? Photography studio? Web design?"

I decided to be direct. I needed to gauge his reaction and see if he would pose a problem.

"We produce adult pornographic content," I stated simply. "High-end adult film production. We require a secure, discreet location with soundproofing potential. The volume will be high, and the content will be aggressive. Will that be an issue for the landlord?"

Ruben stopped dead, then burst into a genuine, amused laugh. "Well, that's a first for this unit! Usually, it's just logistics companies or breweries. An adult film studio, huh?"

He calmed down, wiping a tear from his eye. "Look, the landlord only cares about three things: the check clearing, no permanent damage to the structure, and zero interaction with the local police. If you can guarantee those three, he won't care if you're filming alien porn in here."

"The check will clear, the property will be maintained, and the operation will be discreet," I assured him. "What are the immediate steps to securing this lease?"

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Ruben gave a curt nod, finalized the security integration, and walked out of the building. The immediate crisis was over. I had saved the operation and solidified my new status as a "Tier 1 Asset." The successful security inspection cleared the way for me to proceed with talent recruitment and filming.

I immediately called Two-bit to coordinate the talent drop-off. My company wasn't fully registered yet, but that wouldn't stop me from recruiting girls and a camera crew. Later on, I would have to hire dedicated directors, script writers, and male talent.

Right now, I was everything: CEO, Director, and lead Male Talent.

The rest of the morning was spent turning the old press building into a functional production house. The main hall remained a large, echoing mess, but I focused on creating two distinct zones. Two-bit helped me set up a tiny temporary administrative office in a small, cleaner room: just a basic desk, a chair, and a worn couch on the opposite side for guests.

The office space was raw: bare concrete, exposed pipes, and thick electrical conduits running along the ceiling, giving it a raw, industrial feel. This look would have to work for now. The only other prepared area was a single large room where I had placed a basic, high-quality bed, ready for immediate filming.

My recruitment interviews with the girls Sasha had found were scheduled for 9:15 AM. I was excited about this step; these women were more than just people to film. They were future revenue streams.

My initial success with paying subscribers had stalled. I had only added twenty more subscribers to the initial 1,400, leaving me stuck at just over fifty thousand dollars. This was nowhere near the quarter-million I owed Big Mom. I realized that after factoring in rent, talent payments, the camera crew, and the legal fees, I hadn't made much real profit yet.

I looked at my watch. It was now 8:45 AM. The interview was scheduled for 9:15 AM.

I waited. Fifteen minutes to go, and no one had shown up. In a normal company, people would be lining up for a job interview.

I wanted to call Sasha to ask if her recruits were actually coming, but I decided against it. People lined up for established companies with reputation and success.

Mine was a sex company. It wasn't successful yet; it was just opening. The echo in the empty building, the bare concrete, and the fact that I was completely alone reminded me that I was still a nobody. My company was still a child learning to crawl.

I was still running the numbers in my head when I heard a loud female voice echo down the concrete corridor.

"Hello!" the voice called out, the sound bouncing off the high ceilings. "Mr. Hart, are you there!"

I jumped from my seat and quickly opened the door to the corridor.

"Anyone home!" the girl called again, clearly treating the empty building like a deserted movie set.

"Stop that, ma'am. This isn't a horror film set!" I called back.

She spun around toward me and smiled, a flash of high-wattage confidence. "It looks like the perfect human trafficking headquarters to me."

I couldn't blame her; the place still looked suspicious with its empty space and raw, industrial look.

But what was far more interesting was the sexy woman standing in front of me. She was the first sign that Sasha's recruitment efforts were working.

I couldn't help but stare. The first recruit was exactly the level of professional talent I needed.

She was undeniably beautiful: dark, rich skin, high cheekbones, and eyes that held a sharp, challenging intelligence. She radiated the kind of confidence that came from knowing her own value. She was tall and slender, and while her figure was not characterized by exaggerated curves, it was perfectly toned. She possessed smaller, firm breasts that were highlighted perfectly by her attire.

She was dressed less like she was seeking employment and more like she was auditioning for a high-fashion music video. She wore a tight, high-waisted black leather skirt that ended well above the knee, paired with a sheer, form-fitting mesh top that revealed a delicate black lace bra underneath.

She finished the look with dangerously high stilettos, making her walk across the concrete floor sound like a rhythmic warning. The overall effect was deliberately provocative, commanding attention while signaling high professionalism.

"looks like human trafficking headquarters to me," she repeated, her voice husky and amused, a smile playing on her lips.

This woman was aggressive, confident, and clearly expensive. She was the face of the revenue stream I needed.

"Sorry, we are still setting up the place. In a few months, it will be looking like Brazzers' headquarters," I said, flashing her a confident smile.

"I certainly hope so," she replied, her tone indicating she needed proof, not promises.

I glanced at my watch. It was 8:51 AM.

This woman was definitely a punctual whore. I found myself wondering if she applied the same discipline to all her business dealings.

"You are early," I noted.

"I don't like keeping people waiting, especially when there's serious money involved. Sasha guaranteed me there's stability and high income to be made here," she said, her eyes fixed on mine.

"Yeah, there's serious money to be made, baby," I confirmed, matching her confidence.

"So why are we still wasting time out here? Aren't we supposed to be starting the interview or sex rehearsals?" she challenged.

I stepped aside and held the door open for her. As she walked into the small, bare office, my professional focus momentarily dissolved into pure aesthetic appraisal.

Her walk was a masterclass in controlled movement. Her high heels forced her hips to swing with a deliberate, smooth rhythm, maximizing the subtle sway of her slender frame. The black leather skirt barely moved, but the sheer fabric of her top rippled slightly, drawing attention to the tight definition of her shoulders and the small, high placement of her breasts.

Every step was calculated, transforming the industrial space into her personal runway. She moved like someone who knew that every part of her body was a high-value asset, commanding full attention.

I closed the door behind us.

The situation demanded immediate authority. Her challenge about "wasting time" meant she was serious about work, but she needed to see that I was serious about running a legitimate operation.

## Chapter 44

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"Care to introduce yourself?" I said, sitting on the other side of the desk with my boots propped up on the edge.

The stunning woman sat down opposite me on the worn couch.

"Do you want my legal name or my performance name?" she asked with great confidence.

I had only intended to ask for her government name, but it seemed she had two official identities ready to go.

"You can give me both," I replied.

She smiled. "My government name is Lisa Rhodes. My performance name... is Dickslayer."

I wasn't sure whether to be shocked, impressed, or amused. *Dickslayer* was certainly unique. Most stars used their first name followed by something subtle. This was a statement.

"So what should I call you—Lisa, or Dickslayer?" I asked, testing her seriousness.

"When I'm in a professional sex setup, I prefer being called by my sex name," she said with a knowing smile.

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a cigarette.

"No smoking in here, ma'am," I said immediately.

She paused and pouted for a moment. Then she smiled again, looking around the bare room. "I don't see any sign that says I can't smoke."

"Well, you can't smoke because I say so," I stated firmly. The first step in running a studio was establishing absolute authority.

"Okay, boss," she conceded, putting the cigarette away. Then she looked around the room, her eyes landing on the camera I had set up earlier, as if noticing it for the first time.

"Is that camera recording us?" she asked.

"No, it's off," I said. It was only there for immediate shooting, not for HR interviews.

"Why is it off? Don't you want to record this interview?" she said, tilting her head.

"What's there to record?" I asked. This was about logistics and contracts, not content.

"A lot. You might be surprised what kind of magic would come from turning on that camera," she said, her voice dropping lower.

I sat there, staring into her eyes. They were shining with naughty encouragement, challenging my business plan entirely.

"Well, go on..." she encouraged again, daring me to break my own professional process.

"Fine," I said, finally giving in. This was a high-level recruit; if she saw an opportunity, I needed to explore it. I got up, walked over to the tripod, and turned the camera on, setting it to record. All the while, she watched me, her smile getting wider.

I came back and sat down at my desk, my boots still on the table.

"So what are you good at?" I said, leaning back. "Why should I hire you over the dozens of other recruits Sasha is bringing in?"

"I'm good at sex," she said, her voice confident.

"I mean, what makes you exceptional?" I countered. "Aside from your pretty face and sexy body, of course."

Her eyes lit up. "I'm good at *fucking*. I give my clients the best experience of their lives. My best specialty is oral technique. I'm exceptional at deepthroat and focusing on the whole package—the cock, the nuts, the rhythm."

"Really?" I said, feeling a genuine surge of interest. I wondered if she was even better than Tracey from my old life.

"I can show you *really*. Want to give it a try?" she said, already getting up from the couch.

This girl wasn't shy at all. She was offering to perform oral sex during a job interview. This was exactly why she had made me turn on the camera in the first place. She was using her sexual persuasion to guarantee the job.

It wasn't a bad idea. With her explicit consent, I could use this footage as her professional verification. I could also immediately upload this as a high-value teaser to the channel.

"Are you going to perform this service for free?" I asked, keeping my tone strictly transactional.

"Free of charge, love," she said, walking toward the desk. "You can consider this the first, high-value piece in my portfolio for TheBangHouse."

"Okay, fine," I said, getting up from the desk. She came to me, closing the small distance between us.

I was about to pull my cock free, the need was pulsing fiercely, but a sudden, icy jolt of caution hit me.

"Hey, how old are you?" I asked, my voice snapping with unexpected sobriety. "Come to think of it, I haven't seen your identification yet."

"Really, love?" she replied, the sultry tone dissolving into slight irritation.

"I wanna see them before we continue," I insisted, the adrenaline of the moment battling with a deep-seated need for certainty. "I'm not taking any chances."

"Do I look like a minor to you?" she countered, gesturing dismissively at her flawless, oiled body.

"You might look older but still be a kid," I argued, shaking my head. "With what they're feeding these kids these days, you never know if they are adults or not."

She let out a dramatic, exasperated sigh. The moment of pure, raw desire momentarily paused. She turned, walked to her purse, and returned with a sleek card, handing me her I.D.

I scanned it quickly. Lisa Rhoades, age 25. A year older than me. The cold wave of doubt evaporated, replaced by the familiar heat.

"Satisfied?" she purred, the sultriness immediately returning, her eyes challenging me.

"Yeah," I confirmed, dismissing the card. I wasted no more time, freeing my cock from my pants. It sprang out, rock-hard and throbbing, standing proudly in the air.

"Wow, can I touch it?" she asked, her gaze fixed on my erection, a deliciously naughty, predatory smile curving her lips.

"Go on," I invited, standing tall, allowing her full admiration.

She moved with an enticing quickness, reaching out with her yellow-lacquered hands. She took me, **wrapping her slick fingers around the thick base** and squeezing lightly, just enough to elicit a deep groan from me.

"Gosh, it's so fucking big," she whispered, her eyes wide with a thrilling mix of surprise and hunger. She slid down to her knees and placed her entire forearm in comparison right next to my length.

"It's almost as big as my arm," she breathed, her lips parting slightly.

I grinned, my chest swelling with pride. "Do you think it can fit in your mouth?"

"We'll never know until I give it a try," she murmured, her voice thick with promise.

She didn't wait for another invitation. Her left hand slid down, cupping my heavy balls gently and reverently, while her free right hand took up the work, jerking me off with a powerful, practiced rhythm.

## Chapter 45

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She continued the rhythm with her right hand, but her left hand, the one cupping my balls, began a new form of exquisite torture. Her thumb started tracing the delicate, sensitive seam beneath my shaft, a light, teasing pressure that made my hips instinctively buck.

"You like that, big boy?" she whispered, the question muffled as her face moved close to my hardness. The warm, strawberry-scented air of her breath brushed the head of my cock, sending an electric shiver through me.

She took her right hand away for a moment and leaned in, not to kiss, but to press her oiled, fragrant breast against the tip of my erection. The sudden, smooth friction of her skin against mine made me gasp.

"So hot, so hard," she murmured, using her fingers to lightly brush the sensitive ridge of the head, never quite grasping it again. Her eyes held mine, teasing, challenging, utterly dominant. She was drawing this out, savoring the control she had over my mounting urgency.

"Stop playing....Lisa, Dickrider," I groaned, my voice a raw plea. I reached down, my fingers tangling in her hair, desperate to guide her.

She smiled—a slow, triumphant flash of white—and then, with a final, deliberate flourish, she pulled my cock free from the air and gently, reverently, brought the full length of my shaft to her lips.

She opened her mouth, slicking her tongue along the flared ridge, testing the width. Then, with a soft, hungry intake of breath, she took the head of my cock into her mouth. A wave of pure, concentrated heat washed over me.

She didn't stop there. She worked her mouth down my length with an intoxicating skill, her

throat flexing as she tried to accommodate every magnificent, swollen inch of me. The warmth, the wetness, the velvety pressure—it was mind-numbingly good. Her yellow-painted fingers gripped my balls firmly now, grounding me as she dedicated herself to the glorious task.

I let out a low, guttural roar, staring down at the sight of her beautiful face moving powerfully on my cock. She lifted her eyes to meet mine, her gaze dark and focused, a tiny bead of saliva glistening at the corner of her mouth.

The sight of her mouth engulfing me, the wet sound of suction, and the focused intensity in her eyes was almost too much. She continued to work her way down, her commitment to taking my entire length breathtaking.

She paused briefly, pulling back just an inch to inhale sharply, her chest heaving slightly with the effort. Then, she fixed her hands against the inside of my thighs, planting her elbows on the floor, and drove her head forward in a sudden, powerful motion.

A strangled gasp escaped my lips as **my** cock slammed past the soft resistance of her throat. I felt the warm, moist pressure deep inside her, the sensation so intense it brought tears to the corners of my eyes. She had swallowed me, depththroating me until I was fully buried in her.

Lisa held me there, her eyes squeezed shut for a thrilling moment of adjustment, the muscles in her neck taut. Her hands remained locked against my legs, pulling my hips slightly forward to keep me seated fully inside her.

Then, she began to move. Slowly at first, pulling back just enough to scrape the tip of my head across her soft palate, then driving her head forward again with a relentless, hungry rhythm. The motion was pure, intense devotion.

"Oh, fuck." I moaned, the sound raw and thick. I grabbed the back of her head, not to push, but to steady her, surrendering completely to the dizzying, mind-altering pleasure she was giving me. Every deep plunge felt like she was milking the very

essence of me. The sight of her body, the her perfume, and the intense heat of her mouth combined into an overwhelming sensory experience.

I was nearing the edge, the pressure building to a

The relentless, deep plunges of her mouth were pushing me past the point of no return. I was drowning in the sensation, my mind dissolving into pure, electric heat. Each stroke was a hammer blow, driving me closer to the edge of the world.

My hands clenched the back of her head, not steering anymore, but simply clinging as the massive, shuddering convulsions began to ripple through my body.

"I'm going to... I'm going to come, Lisa!" I gasped, the words barely intelligible.

She didn't stop. If anything, her pace quickened, becoming a desperate, final series of sucks and strokes designed to seize every last drop from me. Her throat worked like a velvet vice, massaging the sensitive tip of my cock just as the first torrent broke loose.

With a powerful cry, I exploded. Wave after wave of hot, thick cum surged from me, flooding the back of her throat and mouth. The feeling of being completely emptied while buried so deep inside her was an overwhelming, transcendent climax. My hips slammed forward repeatedly, driven by the involuntary spasms of my core.

She took it all, her grip on my balls tightening momentarily as if to draw out the final drops. She remained completely buried, only pulling back when the final tremors of my orgasm subsided.

Slowly, carefully, she sat back on her heels, a glistening strand connecting her lips to the wet head of my cock before snapping. She swallowed hard, then wiped the residual evidence from her lips with the back of her oiled hand, her eyes shining with satisfied, wicked triumph.

"Magnificent," she breathed, her voice slightly husky, looking at my spent, slick cock with the reverence of a conqueror.

I stood there for a moment, regaining my breath, my mind slowly returning to the dusty reality of the Old Press Building office. The camera was still recording.

She had proven her worth. She was truly exceptional—a weapon of seduction and skill. But the audition was over. It was time to return to business.

I quickly adjusted my clothes, my focus snapping back to the need for legal compliance.

"That was a high-yield performance, Dickslayer," I said, my voice now firm and professional, killing any hint of the surrender I had just shown. "It guarantees

your place at The BangHouse. But before we conclude this tape, we have a legal matter."

## Chapter 46

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I walked over to the tripod, adjusted the camera slightly to focus clearly on her face, and then pointed a finger directly at the lens.

"You said this was for your portfolio, which means it's content for my studio," I continued. "Under federal law, I need to complete the *2257 verification* process right now on camera, while the evidence is fresh. This is non-negotiable."

I looked directly at her. "For the camera, Dickslayer, state your full legal name, Lisa Rhodes, confirm you are over the age of eighteen, and confirm you willingly consented to this entire recording for commercial use by Digital Media Holdings LLC. Say it clearly."

Her triumphant smile faltered for the first time. The shift from pleasure to paperwork was jarring, but she was a professional. She took a deep breath, looked straight into the camera lens, and recited the necessary legal words in a clear, strong voice.

Once she finished, I hit the 'stop' button.

"Welcome to The BangHouse, Dickslayer," I said. "You're hired. Now, we negotiate the contract Sasha promised you. What is your required minimum guarantee, and when can you begin shooting your first paid scene?"

She smoothed her leather skirt and sat back on the couch, the raw dominance in her eyes replaced by sharp business focus. The immediate rush of adrenaline was gone, and now we were back to the cold reality of money.

"Sasha said you are offering a high-paying, stable retainer structure," she began, crossing her legs. "My standard rate for a feature scene like the one we just recorded—which you can now use, by the way—is \$5,000. That includes the explicit rights release and a four-hour commitment."

I shook my head, my face serious. \$5,000 was too much for the launch phase. I needed to control costs until the MRR stabilized.

"Your performance quality is \$5,000-level, no question," I said. "However, the studio is in its high-risk launch phase. We need to prove the revenue stream before we commit to those figures."

I leaned forward on the desk. "My offer is structured like this. I will pay you \$700 per scene for the first ten scenes you shoot with us. After you complete the tenth scene, if the content's revenue performance and your professional reliability are strong, your pay per scene will be immediately raised to \$5,000."

She narrowed her eyes, calculating the risk. "\$700? That's barely minimum wage for a professional of my caliber. That is a massive drop from my standard rate."

"It's an investment in your *future* rate," I countered quickly. "You get two major benefits, volume and exclusivity. You get a guaranteed ten scenes in the next three weeks, which is stable, guaranteed work, unlike the slow pace of other new studios. And you get the exposure of being the lead face of The BangHouse during our official launch. \$7,000 guaranteed immediately, with a clear path to \$5,000 per scene very quickly. No one else is offering that clean path."

She hesitated for a long moment, clearly weighing the certainty of \$7,000 now versus the possibility of waiting weeks for a higher-paying, one-off job elsewhere.

"Done," she finally agreed, the ambition overriding the initial disappointment. "I'll take the \$700 per scene guarantee. But I need the first payment after the first scene is uploaded. And I'm ready to shoot tomorrow morning."

I pulled a single sheet of paper from my desk—a basic, legally sound independent contractor agreement drafted by my lawyer.

"Sign this agreement with Digital Media Holdings LLC," I instructed. "This ensures all payment is processed legally and protects both our interests. Once signed, you are on the clock. You are my lead talent."

Dickslayer took the pen, read the brief document quickly, and signed with a flourish.

"The contract is effective immediately," I confirmed, setting the document aside. "Welcome to the team, Dickslayer."

She stood up, the professional conqueror once more. "Good. Now that I have the job, I need to know the mission. What is the theme for tomorrow's debut scene for The BangHouse?"

I smiled. "You will be notified. I will send you the script and the call time shortly."

"Okay, so can I go now?" she said, gathering her small black clutch and standing up. She looked back at the messy room with a hint of disdain.

"Yeah," I said, walking around the desk to escort her to the door. "I have more girls coming in for interviews."

She gave me a slight, professional nod and walked out, her high heels clicking loudly on the concrete floor until the sound faded.

As soon as the door closed, I looked down the corridor. Sasha had kept her word. There were two more women waiting near the entrance of the building.

The first was striking because she truly looked like a sophisticated woman, not a girl. She looked to be in her early thirties, with long, dark hair and an intensely curvaceous figure. Her body was full, with large, natural breasts straining the fabric of her tailored red dress, and wide, powerful hips. She carried herself with the heavy confidence of someone who knew exactly how to use her body to dominate a room. Her style was classic and expensive, hinting at an established career.

The second recruit was the opposite: petite, energetic, and seemingly younger. She was slim, almost tiny, with bright blonde hair cut into a playful bob. Her outfit was deliberately sweet and revealing—a short, pleated schoolgirl-style skirt and a tiny cropped top that showed off her tight stomach. Her small frame made her breasts look surprisingly large by contrast. She had a mischievous, almost innocent look, but her eyes were already sharp and focused on the money.

I needed to see both of them. They offered the perfect contrast to Dickslayer: maturity versus youth, extreme curves versus slim agility. This variety was key to quickly building a wide subscriber base.

"Are you Mr. Hart?" The curvaceous woman asked, her voice rich and deep.

*Mr. Hart.* No one in this business had ever called me that. It sounded completely formal, a stark contrast to the mess we were in. I chuckled in amusement.

"Yes," I said, flashing her a welcoming smile. "I am. You're next, Miss...?"

"Yolanda... Yolanda Adams," the brunette said, her eyes maintaining firm, professional contact.

"You are next, Miss Adams," I said, inviting her into the office. She walked in, her hips moving with a commanding slow sway that immediately reminded me of the powerful potential revenue she represented.

The blonde, who was still waiting outside, waved shyly. "I'll just wait here, Mr. Hart!" she chirped.

I shut the door and took my seat behind the desk, signaling Yolanda to take the couch Dickslayer had just vacated.

"Miss Adams, thank you for being punctual," I began, immediately starting the professional vetting process. "I'm looking for long-term, high-volume talent. Tell me why The BangHouse should hire Yolanda Adams."

## Chapter 47

*Chapter 47: Chapter 47*

"Miss Adams, thank you for being punctual," I began, immediately starting the professional vetting process. "I'm looking for long-term, high-volume talent. Tell me why The BangHouse should hire Yolanda Adams."

Yolanda didn't waste any time. Her voice was steady and professional, but with an underlying heat. "Mr. Hart, I've been working independently for five years. I'm not a rookie who needs guidance in how to please a man or a camera. I am a self-managing professional. My specialty is the mature, dominant female role. I appeal to a very specific, high-spending demographic that is often ignored by the younger studios."

She gestured to her impressive, full figure. "I can perform in mature women categories, roles like 'Step Mom,' 'Horny MILF,' or 'Desperate Aunt'... whatever these young boys' fantasies are. Most men fantasize about being with older women; that's where I come in."

"I like your pitch," I admitted. She was selling stability and a distinct niche. "You certainly have curves that will pull in a lot of men, and women too..."

I leaned back, assessing her. "Can you please do a three-sixty for me?"

She smiled, a knowing, predatory expression, and got off the couch. She began to turn slowly, her movement calculated to display the full, heavy swing of her assets. She ran her hands deliberately over her body, starting at her impressive cleavage and gliding down over the tight fabric of the red dress that emphasized her wide, round hips and her perfectly shaped rear. The way she moved, the entire room seemed to rotate around her powerful figure.

"Damn, that's a nice package you got there, baby," I said, rising from my chair, my professional mask slipping. "Can I touch it?"

She smiled, walking towards the desk. "Is that part of the interview?"

"Of course, yes," I said playfully. "I need to feel your assets, to find out if they're as soft as they look. And to verify if they're real or not..."

Yolanda rolled her eyes, a sign of both impatience and high confidence. "If I let you touch them, will you give me the job?"

"It will give you a seventy-five percent chance of getting the job," I said, taking a step closer.

"Can you make it clap?" I challenged her, pushing the limits of the professional setting.

"Okay," she said. She turned around fully, facing the wall, and slightly bent her knees.

Then, slowly, she began to shake and roll her hips. The motion was smooth, yet powerful. Her wide, round buttocks, tightly packaged in the red fabric, began to move and oscillate with mesmerizing control. It was not just shaking; it was a rhythmic, calculated movement designed to maximize visual impact. She moved with the skill of a woman who had spent years perfecting her sexual skills..

I moved even closer, drawn by the mesmerizing display of control. I pressed my body against hers, letting the full, powerful curve of her buttocks mold against my front. My cock, which was already hard and heavy from the intensity of the interview, immediately found the soft, yielding cushion of her rear.

She didn't push me away. Instead, Yolanda intensified the movement. She tilted her hips slightly, grinding the lower part of her ass against the aching head of my erection. The friction through the fine fabric of our clothes was electric, a deep, hot pressure that made my breath catch. She was giving me a private, physical guarantee of the scene work she could deliver.

She shifted her weight, allowing the rhythmic shaking to now pull and push my hardness with incredible intimacy, generating a low, resonant *thump*

with every perfect roll of her hips. Her professional scent—a mix of expensive perfume and rising body heat—filled the small space. It was a clear, confident challenge: *I know what you want, and I can give it to you whenever I choose.*

I moved my hands to her back, then traced them down to her waist, the fabric of the dress rough under my palms.

"Go on," she encouraged, her voice a low murmur, her hips still pressing that irresistible rhythm against my front. "You said you wanted to touch my ass."

I slid my hands down her waist, gripping the generous, firm curve of her hips, then spreading my fingers to cup the solid, round mass of her buttocks. The flesh was shockingly firm and warm beneath the thin, stretched red fabric.

I squeezed and kneaded the full, powerful muscle, verifying its natural density and perfect shape. Her hips responded instantly, tilting back and pressing harder against my groin, maximizing the intimate, clothes-on friction.

The scent of her perfume and the powerful heat of her body were intoxicating, completely dominating the small, dusty office.

"Can I test if your ass is fuckable or not?" I asked, my voice strained, no longer able to contain the throbbing urgency of my desire.

She giggled, a low, throaty sound of wicked amusement. "You are really taking advantage of me, aren't you, Mr. Hart?"

"You already have the job," I insisted, my hips shifting against hers. "Now think of this as an advanced physical rehearsal for the crew. We need to verify stability."

Then, I delivered a sharp, loud smack to the apex of her right cheek. It rang through the small room, the powerful flesh trembling under the impact, a wave of sensation that confirmed the density and resilience of her form. The sound of it shaking was intoxicating.

"Okay, but be quick, Sir," she breathed, her voice suddenly submissive, acknowledging the shift in power. She moved away from me and immediately adopted a pose by the corner of the desk, bracing her hands on the wood.

Her stance was practiced perfection: she lowered her torso until her spine was almost parallel to the floor, creating a deep, enticing arch in her lower back. Her wide hips were cocked high and perfectly presented. The tight red dress was pulled taut over her spectacular ass, hiking up enough to show the lace edge of her stockings just beneath. She held her head slightly down, allowing her long, dark hair to cascade over her shoulders, framing the picture of total submission. Her body was a perfectly framed invitation, waiting for my entrance.

I didn't need any more encouragement. I quickly tore down my zipper and adjusted my clothes, preparing to take her right there.

## Chapter 48

*Chapter 48: Chapter 48*

I didn't need any more encouragement. I quickly tore down my zipper and adjusted my clothes, preparing to take her right there.

There was a girl waiting for an interview outside. But I didn't care. The urgency of the moment and the need to assert control over this talent were overwhelming. They had all come to get a sex work related job anyway; this was just an extreme form of vetting.

With my left hand, I spanked Yolanda again, hard, the sound sharp and echoing. The mass of her buttock shook powerfully, leaving a hot, stinging sensation that only amplified the raw tension in the room. Simultaneously, I used my right hand to stroke my throbbing cock, slicking myself quickly for entry.

"Are you ready for an advanced rehearsal, Yolanda?" I whispered roughly into her ear.

"Yes, sir... I'm more than ready," she responded in a breathless, seductive voice, her commitment total.

I rubbed her inner thigh, feeling the incredible softness of her skin, then guided her left hand and placed it firmly on the desk for stability.

I pushed her tight red dress up, gathering the fabric until it was bunched high around her waist. This revealed her perfectly round ass, framed dramatically by the subtle line of her black lace thong, which was now stretched taut. The view was magnificent—two full, smooth cheeks, separated by a deep shadow.

From her practiced, compliant pose, I could sense she had taken many cocks before, and she likely expected me to simply grab her and drive in immediately, without any preamble. She was underestimating me. *She's underestimating me, huh?*

I spat into my right hand, coating my fingers with saliva, then quickly rubbed the lubricant onto her swollen pussy lips. She let out a soft, involuntary moan, the sound muffled by the desk. Her breath hitched, a clear sign I had found a spot of unexpected sensitivity, confirming she was trying to hide her true level of excitement.

*Game on.*

I drove my hard cock forward, rubbing the tip aggressively against her moist, delicate pussy lips, using the friction and the anticipation to build the pressure. The sensation was fire against velvet, the contrast between the urgent heat of my cock and the slick, eager entrance of her body. I gripped her hips hard, bracing myself against the inevitable explosion.

A sharp, guttural gasp tore from Yolanda's throat as I buried myself in her fully. Her muscles gripped me with a surprising, fierce tightness, confirming the high quality of her core strength. The sensation was volcanic: dense, hot, and utterly consuming.

I paused for a second, my hands locked onto her powerful hips, allowing the intense shock to stabilize. I was deep inside her, the heat of her core pressing against mine.

"You feel that, huh?" I said as I thrust deep and deeper.

But Yolanda only let out soft moans, trying to maintain her composure, as if my cock had no effect.

I moved my hands from her waist and wrapped them around her voluminous breasts, squeezing them roughly until they spilled generously out of the bodice of her dress. The weight and softness in my hands were a potent distraction.

Then I pressed my body even harder on her ass, thrusting harder than before. The force was unrelenting.

"Agh,...fuck...." she began to moan, slowly at first, the sound vibrating in her chest, then the desperate, unrestrained cries began to fill the small room. She couldn't hold back the performance anymore; it was real.

"Yes, sir, oh my gosh... your cock feels so... so good filling my pussy," she cried out, the surrender in her voice absolute.

She slipped her free right hand down between her thighs, blindly searching for her own pleasure point. She found her clit, and began rubbing it in quick, urgent circles while I pounded her. The combination of the deep, internal pressure from my ramming and the external, focused friction she gave herself sent her over the edge.

"Oh my gosh, Sir, fuck... Yes, yes, pound my pussy!" she screamed, her voice cracking with intensity.

"You wanted to play tough, huh? I'm gonna turn you into the fucking slut that you are," I snarled, matching her scream with a final, brutal surge of aggression, driving my hips until the edge of the desk slammed into my own stomach.

The climax was instant and explosive. I slammed deep, feeling the involuntary tightening of her walls as she screamed out her own release, her body convulsing wildly against the desk. Her hand stopped moving on her wet center as her entire body locked up in pleasure. With a massive groan, I emptied myself into her, holding her hips tightly as the hot torrent spent itself.

I pulled out, the wet, sliding sound echoing in the silence. Yolanda collapsed onto the desk, her chest heaving, her beautiful hair spread out over the dusty wood.

I quickly zipped up, my mind racing to regain control. I slapped her ass, harder than before, a final assertion of power. "Rehearsal over. Get up."

She immediately pushed herself off the desk, her legs shaky but her composure already returning. She quickly pulled her dress down and smoothed her skirt. She wiped her face with the back of her hand and looked at me, her eyes glazed but determined.

My system interface immediately appeared.

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[QUEST COMPLETE: SCENE #5 SUCCESS]

Reward: \$1,800 deposited into digital wallet.

Attribute Reward: Swagger through demonstration of dominance.

[Swagger: +2 Point Applied (Current: 9/10)]

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It seemed like I had hit two birds with one stone. My interview with Yolanda had turned into a high-intensity scene, simply because I had decided to record all vetting sessions.

"Talk about shooting porn by accident," I smiled, the rush of the impromptu scene still buzzing in my blood.

My current digital wallet balance was now at \$18,600 with five scenes officially banked. I had five more scenes left to finish Level One. I wondered if the reward would be large enough to jump me closer to the \$400,000 I needed.

I was also one point away from a 10/10 swagger.

"I wonder if that is the threshold?" I thought, contemplating what a fully maxed-out social attribute would do for my negotiations.

"You really know how to please a woman, Mr. Hart," Yolanda said, pulling her dress straight and looking at me with a mix of awe and renewed desire. "Did I get the job?"

I smiled. "You got the job the moment I placed my hands on your ass."

After that, I went over the contract signing and offers, explaining the \$1,000-to-\$5,000 pay structure and the \$200 advance. I stressed the volume requirement and the need for flawless professional compliance.

On her way out, I called after her.

"I will stay in contact with you and send the final script and call time tonight. And oh... tell the blonde lady outside to come through."

Yolanda nodded, gave me one final, respectful glance, and left. The scent of her expensive perfume lingered in the air, mixing with the sharp odor of sweat and sex.

## Chapter 49

*Chapter 49: Chapter 49*

I straightened my tie, ran a hand through my hair, and waited. The next candidate, Willow, entered the office with hesitant steps, her small frame and innocent expression a dramatic contrast to the powerful woman who had just left.

"Mr. Hart? Hi," she chirped, twisting her tiny clutch. Her eyes were still wide, having clearly processed the implications of the sounds she must have heard. Yet, she was still here.

I leaned back against the desk, adopting a relaxed, yet dominant pose. "Did you hear all that?"

She sat on the couch then straightened up to look at me. "Hear what?"

"The sounds, of course," I said, never breaking eye contact.

"The sex sounds, ah yes I did," she said with a bright smile. "The lady even winked at me when she left. Were you shooting a scene?"

She looked pointedly at the camera that was still recording.

"Kind of," I said.

"So... let me get this straight. You were doing an interview and shooting a scene at the same time?" she said, tilting her head.

"Two birds with one stone, baby," I said, my smile widening.

"Am I going to do the same?" she asked with a quick chuckle. Her eyes betrayed a mix of apprehension and genuine excitement.

"Would you like to?" I said, tossing the question back to her.

"It depends. Will I be paid for shooting an interview sex scene?" she said, her focus snapping back to the bottom line, despite her innocent look.

"Absolutely," I confirmed. "I pay for anything sexual that involves a camera in my company. Consent and compensation are non-negotiable here."

"Then I would like to, if there's money involved," she said, flashing a brilliant smile that showed perfect white teeth. "What role would I be playing, Mr. Hart?"

I finally broke my pose and sat forward, locking eyes with her. "Willow, Dickslayer is the aggressive star, and Yolanda is the mature professional. You are the perfect counterpoint: the sweet, innocent girl who hides a secret, wild appetite. The one who breaks the rules. If you agree to shoot your interview right now, I'll pay you the standard introductory rate of \$700, and we'll confirm your spot on the roster."

I studied her, trying to find the most sellable part of her body.

Her outfit was deliberately sweet and revealing—a short, pleated schoolgirl-style skirt and a tiny cropped top that showed off her tight stomach. Her small frame made her breasts look surprisingly large by contrast. She had a mischievous, almost innocent look, but her eyes were already sharp and focused on the money.

She looked exactly like a teenager, which was commercially golden.

"How old are you?" I asked, needing absolute compliance verification.

"I'm twenty-one," she said, her voice bright and steady.

I didn't trust her, so I asked for her identification papers immediately.

She was indeed twenty-one. She would be perfect for those 'horny teen seduces an older man' type of films—the kind that drove traffic on channels like Teen Fidelity. She was highly sellable.

"Do you have any prior experience?" I asked, shifting back to her professional history.

"As in sexual experience?" she clarified.

"Yes, ma'am," I confirmed.

"I've been sexually active before I was even eighteen.," she said.

She saw the expression on my face. "With guys that were my age, ofcourse."

I could only imagine what I would have been doing when I was that age—playing football in the street? By then, I didn't even know how to properly masturbate, let alone what a fully-formed pussy looked like.

"Okay," I said, nodding my head slowly. "Are you also in the business of selling pussy in the street? Meaning, are you currently or have you ever been a street worker?"

She looked genuinely surprised, as if I had asked her the most offensive question in the world.

"I have had lots of guys before, but I have never sold my pussy," she said, her tone firm.

It came as a surprise. All the other women that I had interviewed had been involved in some form of sex work—whether camming, escorting, or stripping.

"What? So what's your connection with Sasha? I thought you were in the same business?" I asked, confused by her clean history.

"Sasha is my cousin," Willow explained simply. "She showed me your videos you shot with her, and I decided that's exactly what I wanted to do, too."

I leaned back on my chair. "So you want to shoot porn not just for the money?"

"I want the money, definitely," she quickly corrected. "But I've always wanted to be a porn star. I wanna know what it feels like to be filmed like that."

So she was experimenting—a perfect high-risk, high-reward profile.

"You know what they say about this industry, don't you?" I said, testing her resolve. "It's where the devil lives. This work fucks up with your mind, ruins relationships, and costs you your normal life."

"Is it fucking with your mind?" she cut in, her blue eyes sharp and challenging.

"No, I love what I'm doing," I admitted.

"Then I love it too," she said, her facial expression hardening into a defiant smirk. "And I'm ready to find out what it feels like to earn \$700 for a scene right now. What do I do first?"

Her eagerness and directness were intoxicating. The \$700 guaranteed payment was clearly the adrenaline shot she needed.

I smiled, my gaze dropping pointedly to her chest. "Ever since you walked into this room, I have noticed how incredibly attractive your tits look in that top. They are definitely making my cock throb." I paused, letting the implication hang in the air. "Would you like to give a titty fuck?"

"I would love that," she smiled back, a flash of pure naughtiness in her eyes as she reached up for the tiny cropped top.

Her smile widened into a predatory grin. She wasted no time, her hands reaching up to the hem of the tiny, cropped top. With a confident tug, she pulled the fabric up and over her head, tossing it carelessly onto the floor.

## Chapter 50

*Chapter 50: Chapter 50*

Her smile widened into a predatory grin. She wasted no time, her hands reaching up to the hem of the tiny, cropped top. With a confident tug, she pulled the fabric up and over her head, tossing it carelessly onto the floor.

The reveal was spectacular. Her breasts were indeed magnificent—full, pale, and perfectly formed, jutting out proudly from her small frame. Her nipples were already dark and hard, standing erect, seemingly in anticipation of my hardness.

The schoolgirl skirt suddenly looked even more scandalous against the backdrop of her exposed womanhood.

She advanced toward me, her eyes locked on my still-hard, throbbing cock. She dropped to her knees between my legs, but instead of touching me, she gently took my length in both hands and began coating it thoroughly with her warm saliva.

Once my cock was slick and glistening, she lifted it high, bringing it between her breasts. She squeezed them together tightly, molding the soft, warm flesh around my shaft. The deep canyon she created swallowed the base of my cock, cradling me expertly.

"Like this?" she purred, her breath hitching slightly as the friction began.

"Perfect," I groaned, reaching forward to cup the smooth, firm globes from behind.

She began to move her chest, pumping her breasts up and down my shaft, creating a slick, exhilarating friction. The warmth and softness of her cleavage were overwhelming, and the sight of my cock disappearing and reappearing between her pale, tempting flesh was instantly hypnotic.

She angled her head down, watching her own performance, making sure the camera had the perfect, titillating view.

"For seven hundred dollars," she breathed, emphasizing the price with a slow, powerful thrust of her chest, "I'll make sure you remember my tits, and my name, forever."

The friction was immediate, slick, and incredibly intense. As Willow pumped her magnificent breasts up and down my shaft, she created a suction and heat that was utterly addictive.

The saliva made the process impossibly smooth, yet the tight press of her cleavage ensured that every inch of my hardness was stimulated.

It felt like being cradled in the warmest, softest velvet, yet simultaneously subjected to a relentless, vigorous assault. I reached out, my fingers sinking into the soft, substantial weight of her breasts, pushing them tighter together, intensifying the pressure on my cock.

"Faster, Willow! That's it!" I commanded, my voice strained with pleasure.

She complied instantly, her movements becoming quick and sharp. Her hips started to thrust subtly, driving her chest into my cock with a frenzied, dedicated rhythm. The rhythmic slap of my oiled flesh against her pristine skin was the only sound in the room, mixing with her heavy, rapid breathing.

My focus narrowed entirely to the spot where my cock was sandwiched between her tits. The feeling was a pure, unadulterated sensation of friction and warmth, stimulating a different, almost primal part of my arousal. Every stroke brought me closer to the edge, the visual stimulation of her perfect, bouncing breasts only amplifying the physical thrill.

I could feel the familiar, exquisite tightening in my abdomen—the sure sign that I was about to climax again. My grip tightened on her breasts, my thumbs instinctively brushing across her diamond-hard nipples, which felt like tiny, exquisite buttons of pure desire.

"Oh, fuck... Willow... right there!" I gasped, my head tilting back as the sensation became overwhelming. The pressure was building, electric and centralized, right at the tip of my cock.

I let out a loud, throaty groan as the climax hit. My body arched forward, and a tremendous, shuddering volume of hot, thick cum erupted from me, jetting high up onto her chest and neck. Her body oil and the warm, creamy fluid mingled on her skin. I kept thrusting deep into her cleavage until the last twitching drop had been wrung out.

She paused, panting, her breasts slick and dripping with oil and my semen, her eyes wide with a combination of effort and fierce satisfaction. She made no move to clean herself, instead letting the evidence of her successful performance glisten under the lights.

"That... that was fantastic," I applauded, my voice still catching slightly. "I absolutely love your amazing tits, Willow."

"Wait till you taste my pussy. I assure you that it's addictive," she said with a naughty, confident smile, wiping the remnants of cum and oil from her chest with the back of her hand.

"I can't wait," I said.

I then offered her the same deal as the other two girls that had come before her: the \$700 introductory rate for the first ten scenes, leading to the potential raise to \$5,000, and a small signing advance to confirm her commitment. She eagerly accepted the contract and signed it quickly.

"You will hear from me soon," I told her as I accompanied her to the door.

"Don't take too long, Mr. Hart," she said, winking as she stepped out.

I had expected to see more girls outside, but to my disappointment, it seemed like she had been the last.

"Well, it was a damn productive day. What more can I ask for?" I muttered, left alone in the building.

-----

I had secured three core models—Dickslayer, Yolanda, and Willow—which means I now had four including Sasha. My initial roster was full, ready to begin the volume push.

I checked the time. I decided I had just enough energy to squeeze in a quick session at the gym, since I had skipped the morning session.

I grabbed my jacket, switched off the lights, and headed out of the building, expecting to see Two-bit's usual beat-up sedan parked nearby. But his car wasn't there. It had been replaced by a familiar black Cadillac Escalade, sleek and massive, idling silently directly outside the warehouse door.

Abigail slowly rolled down the tinted window. She wore dark shades, and the end of a thin, elegant cigarette glowed red between her fingers. "Hello, pornoman."

I didn't return her smile. The sight of her—immediately signaled trouble of a different, more personal nature. "Where the fuck's Two-bit?"

"I told him to take a day off," she purred, taking a drag. "Now get in the car, Druski. There's somewhere you should be."

