

# ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

## Chapter 51

*Chapter 51: Chapter 51*

I opened the passenger door and slid into the leather interior. The heavy scent of expensive tobacco and Abigail's perfume filled the sealed space.

She pulled smoothly away from the curb, the Escalade silent and fast.

She looked at me from the rear mirror, her lips curled into a smirk. "You are glowing, did those girls give you solid fucks, or did you just successfully extract maximum labor value from them?"

"How do you know that?" I said, my voice sharp with alarm.

"You think you can run your little porn interviews in a room with a paper-thin door and I wouldn't know?" she mocked.

"Did Sasha tell you that?" I pressed.

She laughed, a short, smoke-laced sound. "You think everything is about that bitch, don't you? No, she didn't tell me shit. She stopped telling me anything ever since you told her that I'm Red Fucking Eye. I can make her tell me anything using other advanced ways anyway, but I wouldn't like ruining her beautiful unmarked body, so I do my own research now."

"Where are you taking me?" I said, noticing the increasingly unfamiliar route.

"You love asking that question, don't you?" she said, finally letting her foot settle heavily on the accelerator.

I had noticed that we weren't heading to the temporary warehouse this time. We were taking a different route, one that I instinctively knew led into the heart of the city's power structure.

"Big Mom wants to see you," she smiled, the words delivered like a punch.

*Big Mom.* The mention of her always made my heart pound like it was right now. She didn't fuck around. The memory of her shooting Ginger Beard was still fresh in my mind, a brutal reminder of the consequences of failure.

"She gave me a full month. It's barely been two weeks," I said, trying to steady my pulse.

"Yes, she did, but she wants to see **results**, Druski," Abigail said, her tone suddenly serious. "She saw the first five scenes you uploaded, she wants to know if they bear any results. Two weeks is enough to show progress, right?"

I didn't say anything. I quickly ran the numbers in my head. I now had \$65,000 from my paying subscribers, added to the \$18,600 in the system's digital wallet. That totaled \$83,600. I wasn't even close to reaching the halfway mark of the \$400,000 needed. There were only two weeks left before my deadline.

Abigail drove us deep into the suburbs. I could see mansions, beautiful houses that obviously cost millions. I looked at my phone's GPS. We were in Malba, Queens—a neighborhood reserved for the truly wealthy. We arrived at a towering Victorian-style mansion, the wrought-iron gates swinging open silently as we approached.

The car stopped beneath a massive, columned portico. Abigail killed the engine and looked at me, her face serious.

"Listen, Druski. You are in Big Mom's private home. She is not here to critique your cinematic style. She's here to determine if you are a liability or a profitable asset. If you waste her time, she will kill you, and I will personally execute you. Your life expectancy just dropped to five minutes. Get your swagger on, or get ready to break rocks."

I wondered why she was being nice, like she cared about my existence. It must be something more transactional. *She needs me to succeed so she doesn't have to clean up my mess.*

She opened her door and stepped out, expecting me to follow immediately.

The place looked really rich. Fancy cars—a G-Wagon, a Ferrari, and a Cayenne—were arrayed perfectly in the circular driveway, casually displaying wealth in a way that screamed permanence.

I followed Abigail. Huge guards in black suits and black shades patrolled the perimeter. There were dogs too, massive, sleek Dobermans that watched every move we made with unsettling silence.

We went into the house. The guards never bothered to search me, a sign that either Abigail's presence was enough, or that Big Mom already knew exactly what I was carrying.

The interior was magnificent—dark wood paneling, massive Persian rugs, and high ceilings with ornate chandeliers. It wasn't modern sleek; it was Old Money, designed to impress and intimidate through sheer scale and permanence.

Abigail led me through a colossal library, filled with ceiling-high shelves of leather-bound books, then past a billiard room where antique cues rested against a felt table. Finally, we entered a massive, mahogany-paneled study.

"Wait here," Abigail ordered, her voice clipped, then she turned and left, closing the heavy oak door behind her.

I was left alone, my eyes inspecting the beautiful, museum-quality furniture in the room. A maid came in silently with a tray holding a small pot of dark coffee and a single china cup.

She was polite without saying a word. She handed me the tea and I thanked her.

I wondered if the coffee was poisoned or not, then decided that if Big Mom wanted to kill me, she would use other, meaner ways than poisoning me. It would be a spectacle, a warning.

I drank it sitting in silence, my heart pounding like a bitch.

I sat for almost thirty minutes in solitude, the quiet opulence of the study amplifying the stress. I finished the coffee, its warmth doing little to steady my nerves. Then I heard the slow rhythm of soft footsteps approaching.

Big Mom walked in, and the air in the massive room immediately thickened. She was not dressed for business; she was dressed for absolute, casual domination. She wore a luxurious, open silk morning gown in a deep sapphire color that seemed to absorb the light.

Beneath it, her body was a stunning, severe display of confidence. She possessed a perfect hourglass figure, her tight, smooth brown skin emphasized dramatically by a barely-there black lace bra and matching high-cut panties. The skimpy lingerie provided no coverage, instead serving to frame and emphasize the firm, powerful curves of her breasts, hips, and flat abdomen.

Every muscle looked toned, suggesting a discipline that was terrifyingly absolute. Her short, trimmed hair was tucked neatly under a matching satin bonnet, drawing all attention to her face, which was devoid of makeup and utterly ruthless.

She didn't sit down immediately. She stopped by the desk, her gaze fixed on me, the silence between us heavy and intimidating. "Druski Hart, we meet again."

## Chapter 52

*Chapter 52: Chapter 52*

"You certainly grown a little muscle since the last time we met," Big Mom said, taking a seat directly in front of me, facing me across the narrow coffee table.

The sight of her sitting, facing me, did nothing but worsen my urge to reach out and touch her. The deep, rich sapphire silk of her robe fell open slightly as she settled, the fine black lace of her bra and panties offering breathtaking glimpses of the powerful curve of her hip and the deep cleavage between her full breasts. Her legs, long and toned, were positioned perfectly, accentuating the ultimate MILF structure that could make any male go crazy. She was radiating raw, intimidating sexual power.

"Your efforts at the gym are clearly bearing fruit," she continued, her voice holding an undercurrent of genuine observation. "In a few months, you will be an irresistible hunk, if you are alive, that is."

"That is my wish too," I responded, my eyes never leaving hers, forcing myself to meet her intensity. "I prefer staying alive to witness myself turning into the irresistible hunk you foresee, Ma'am."

I don't know, maybe it was because she looked so damn sexy, but I didn't feel the paralyzing fear I expected. Even though my fate was entirely unknown.

*"Fuck it, whatever happens is supposed to happen,"* I told myself, letting my confidence bloom.

She smiled, a predatory curve of her lips. "Is that so? I can clearly see that you are a man that loves breathing the same air as I. Tell me, Druski, do you think that I should allow you to keep on breathing?"

I straightened in the sofa, leaning slightly toward her, asserting my presence. "I think I'm an important asset that you shouldn't dispose of too quickly..."

Her eyebrow twitched, the smallest possible reaction.

"I still have so much to offer you before you decide to get rid of me," I finished.

She rose from the chair and began pacing slowly around the perimeter of the coffee table. The silk morning gown flowed with her movement, occasionally clinging to her hips and thighs and then swinging away, giving fleeting, tantalizing views of the dark lace underwear beneath. The sight was incredibly distracting, the gentle sway of her buttocks beneath the sheer fabric an intoxicating rhythm.

"That's the very reason I called you here," she said, her voice dropping slightly, resonating with the wealth in the room. "I gave you thirty days to prove to me that you can pay me back and build me an empire...."

"It's barely been two weeks since then...." I interjected, keeping my tone firm.

"I'm aware of that. However, two weeks is a lot of time to show some results," she countered, stopping and placing one perfectly manicured hand on the back of the sofa, looking down at me. "You should have at least something to prove to me that I ain't wasting my time. Abigail tells me that you've been shooting and you've even secured the talent roster."

"I'm aware of that. However, two weeks is a lot of time to show some results," she countered, stopping and placing one perfectly manicured hand on the back of the sofa, looking down at me. "You should have at least something to prove to me that I ain't wasting my time. Abigail tells me that you've been shooting and you've even secured the talent roster."



I fidgeted in my seat, catching myself quickly and forcing myself to sit still. "She really does her research. I also saw your lawyer. He came through and represented you well on our partnership. I have four models now, including Sasha—**Dickslayer, Yolanda, and Willow**—and I'm supposed to start aggressive shooting tomorrow. If you allow me to see the day, that is..."

She chuckled, a dry, dismissive sound that underscored her absolute control. My life was undeniably in her hands.

"The money... how far are you in paying me off?"

This was the tricky part. I hadn't even reached a quarter of what I owed her. If I lied and told her I was halfway, she would ask to see the receipts. And if I lied and she found out, she would probably kill me without hesitation.

I decided to tell the truth. If it didn't work, I'd have to use every ounce of my **Swagger** to convince her to keep me alive and trust the coming acceleration.

"Ma'am, I have **\$83,600** in total capital," I said, using the combined total to sound stronger. "I know it's a far cry from what I promised you, but I'm working on it. If you could grant me another few weeks of grace, I can pay you back, with fifteen percent interest on top of the principal."

"Sssh!!! Stop talking," Big Mom ordered, cutting me off instantly. She began pacing again, moving across the huge Persian rug, her sleek body beneath the silk gown hypnotically distracting. The air of deliberation was heavy.

When she finally stopped, she planted herself right in front of the desk again and gave me a piercing look.

"Four hundred thousand dollars, we agreed that you will pay me in full before the end of the month, didn't we?" she said, her tone a dangerous challenge.

"There's still at least a week and a half left," I said calmly. "I can still pay you back before the month wraps up. The foundation is built; the revenue curve will spike tomorrow."

She moved closer to me, her hips swaying hypnotically beneath the silk. Her rich, complex fragrance—a mix of expensive oud and something floral—made my cock twitch slightly.

She touched my cheek, her fingers cool and smooth, then brought her mouth closer to my ear. "I'm afraid there are no more days left to give you. I have run out of patience."

My heart began pounding fast, all the calmness gone. This was it.

She drew back, her eyes boring into mine. "You said you have \$83,600?"

I nodded, the movement stiff.

"Liquid cash?" she asked.

"Yes... it's liquid cash. Ready to go."

She drew back further, then her lips curved into a slow, sinister smile.

"I want you to transfer all of it into my account," she said.

"What?" I said, the surprise sharp in my voice. So she was going to suck me dry, strip me of my only capital, and *then* kill me.

"You heard me, boy. I won't repeat myself." She produced a small, silver-plated card from her gown's pocket and tossed it onto the coffee table. It had a number engraved on it. "Do it now."

I swallowed hard and did as I was told, accessing my money and transferring the entirety of the \$83,600. The transaction finalized instantly.

She picked up the card, her expression satisfied. I was left with a balance of zero, completely drained of the capital I had risked my life to earn. I expected her to pull out a pistol and put a hole in my skull.

I was surprised when her face softened—or at least, loosened from its executioner's mask.

"You can go now, Druski," she said.

I hesitated, standing up slowly. I didn't know if she was being sincere. Was this a test of obedience? Was Abigail waiting outside with a tranquilizer gun?

"Weren't you supposed to go the gym?" she prompted, her tone almost maternal, albeit terrifyingly so.

I got up slowly and looked at her. She nodded me toward the door. I started walking, keeping my back stiff and straight, waiting for the sound of a safety clicking off.

When I had almost reached the door, she called after me.

"And oh, Druski... I will be seeing you again soon. I have got big plans for you."

I walked out, found Abigail waiting patiently by the Escalade, and got in without a word. I wondered what the fuck Big Mom was playing at. What the fuck had just happened?

## Chapter 53

*Chapter 53: Chapter 53*

Instead of going to the gym, I ended up going to my house. Abigail dropped me off with a casual smile.

"Seems like the cat's left with seven more lives," she said. "It's amazing how Big Mom keeps letting you breathe."

"You might not see it, but I got swagger," I said, closing the car door firmly. "I know how to talk my way out of tense situations."

But I was still wondering. She could still kill me. I was failing to pay her her entire cash in time, and she had just taken everything that I had.

"Don't push your luck, sexman," Abigail said, then she drove off in the black Escalade.

I went into the building. I passed by Sasha's room and knocked. There was no response. I tried the door, and it was locked. She was probably out with a high-end client again, leveraging her newfound fame.

I went to my room. My future felt incredibly uncertain. I had just opened my porn studio, successfully recruited stunning female talent, and Big Mom was suddenly jumping on my dick—not in the good way.

I needed a shower and sleep. Maybe that would wash away my strong sense of insecurity.

Just as I tossed my phone onto the bed, the system chimed, the notification tone cutting through the quiet panic.

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[Swagger: +1 Point Applied (Current: 10/10)] - MAXED OUT

[Rewards: +\$10,000.00]

NEW ATTRIBUTE UNLOCKED: CHARISMA

Attribute Reward: Charisma through Demonstration of Vulnerability & Obedience.

[Charisma: +1 Point Applied (Current: 1/10)]

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Just when I thought I was utterly bankrupt, the system had rewarded me with a massive boost.

"Ten thousand for reaching an attribute limit, huh? And a new attribute unlocked," I muttered, feeling a surge of energy despite the exhaustion. "I wonder how much I'm gonna be rewarded for finishing Level One."

The system had replenished my war chest instantly, lifting me from absolute zero. Big Mom may have taken my capital, but she hadn't taken the game's reward structure. I had \$10,000 back in my digital wallet, and my Swagger was officially capped, making me an unstoppable force in persuasion. More importantly, the system had recognized my strategic submission to Big Mom by unlocking Charisma.

I was no longer facing bankruptcy; I was facing a forced acceleration challenge, fully funded by an unknown, omnipotent backer.

I went into the shower. I opened the water and let it flow down my body. I closed my eyes, trying to find the peace that came with the silence and just the sound of the water. The adrenaline slowly ebbed, replaced by cold, hard determination.

After I was done, I went back into my bedroom. I looked at myself in the mirror. The scrawny guy was now disappearing. I could see visible muscles and abs replacing the ribs. My work at the gym, fueled by the system's mysterious stat boosts and the intense pressure I was under, was clearly paying off. I looked like a man ready to build an empire, not a frightened newcomer. With

My phone rang. It was Jess.

"Mr. Hart," I said, answering her.

"Druski, are you dodging me?" she asked, her voice laced with suspicion.

"No, what? Why would I dodge you?" I lied smoothly.



"I tried calling you earlier, and your phone wasn't going through," she said.

"Ugh, yes, yes, I had interviews, so I switched off my phone." I paused, then added some flair. "Deep, sensitive, high-level interviews."

"What interviews? Are you quitting porn and looking for a real job?" Jess sounded incredulous.

"No, Jess, what? Are you crazy? Quit? Me?" I laughed into the phone, projecting the maximum possible Swagger. "I'm just getting started, baby."

"So what interviews are you referring to? Wait, you don't mean...." she trailed off, the realization hitting her.

"Yes, Jess, I'm going big. I have opened my own porn studio," I said, my lips curving into a wide smile.

"How many girls did you hire?" Jess asked. I could feel the sharp edge of excitement and perhaps envy in her voice.

"Three... I have got three girls for now," I said, being strategically vague. It was four, actually, counting Sasha, but she didn't need to know the full roster yet.

There was silence on the other end, then a sharp intake of breath.

"Jess?"

"Can I... can I play with them?" she said, the request casual but demanding.

"Hehe, No. Find your own models, Jess," I said. My models were for my brand, not for freelance hookups, no matter how appealing.

"Please, Druski...." she begged. I could tell she really wanted this.

"No, I can't let you have them, Jess. They are under contract for exclusive content creation." I was firm.

"I will give you my punani, Pappi," she said in a very sexual, low voice, attempting to leverage her body.

I paused. If anything, I really wanted to fuck Jess so bad. After watching her lesbian scene with Sasha, my lust for her had quadrupled. But I needed to keep business first.

"You know what? That's very tempting, but I have to decline. I can't let you fuck with my business, Jess." I said, maintaining my professional boundary despite the immense urge.

She sighed, defeated. "Okay, then let's approach this from a business perspective."

"I'm listening," I said, the professional switch instantly flipping.

"I'm willing to shoot at least five scenes with your company. I will also give you the hot threesome that you crave—you, me, and Sasha. This is huge exposure for your new studio, Druski. You get the exclusive content, and I get paid my usual rate."

This was an incredible offer. Jess was a recognized name; shooting a high-profile scene, especially the threesome I desperately wanted, would instantly inject massive buzz and revenue into TheBangHouse network.

I smiled, the temptation overwhelming. "You knew I couldn't refuse, didn't you?"

I could hear her giggling on the other side. "You can't resist the urge to clap me. I know you want to stick your big cock inside my wet, tight pussy. And I want that money, Pappi."

She was talking really sexually now, weaving the transaction with raw desire.

"What happened to not fucking with scrawny dudes?" I challenged, testing her sincerity.

"You've got some flesh now, haven't you noticed? Big Mom wasn't the only one," she purred. "You look like you can handle me now."

"Okay, Jess, I will think about it," I said, trying to regain control of the negotiation. I knew this deal was gold, but I had to manage the cash flow.

"Don't take too long, though," Then she hung up, leaving the promise of five high-value scenes—and the coveted threesome—hanging in the air.

I was about to throw the phone on the bed, my mind racing through the financial implications, when a new message chimed in.

I looked at it.

[Chloe: Hi]

# Chapter 54

*Chapter 54: Chapter 54*

I heard a loud, insistent knock from a distance. Someone was hammering on my door and wouldn't give up. I stirred in my sleep.

"Go away," I mumbled, turning and burying my head in the pillow.

But the knocking wouldn't stop. The person was persistent, clearly ignoring the time of day.

I slowly got off the bed and went to the door, stark naked and furious. The knocking continued, rapid and demanding.

"I said I'm fucking coming!!!" I snapped, wrenching the door open.

I unlocked the door, and it flew open violently, hitting me squarely on the forehead.

For a moment, stars swam in my vision, and I thought I was being raided or that Big Mom had sent an executioner after all. Then I heard his familiar, loud voice.

"Good morning, motherfucker!" Two-bit said, ignoring my pain completely.  
"Goddamn, you got a train cock."

I stumbled back, clutching my head. "That's gay, bro, and fuck you!!"

"What you say 'fuck me' for?" Two-bit said, stepping inside and taking in my state.

"You hit me with a fucking door!" I yelled, trying to block my nudity with my hands.

"Come on, man, stop whining," he dismissed, waving his hand. "What are you doing still sleeping this time of the day?" Two-bit said. "I have been waiting for you in the car for two hours straight. I thought something had happened to you, so I came here to check on you."

He glanced around my room, then back at my physique. "Seriously though, Druski, you looking swole. Big Mom got you on the right diet."

"She almost got me on a toe tag," I grumbled, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around my waist. "What the hell are you doing here? Abigail said you had the day off."

"That was yesterday. You high or something?" Two-bit asked, looking genuinely confused.

"Why are you here?" I said, ignoring his question.

"Time for work. I pick you up everyday, remember?" he said, his face hardening slightly.

"You must have not heard? Big Mom took all my capital. I got no money to pay my models." I said, dramatically retreating back into the sheets, pulling the covers over my head.

"Abigail told me to come and pick you up and take you to the studio," Two-bit stated, pulling the covers off me. "Whatever Big Mom did to you got nothing to do with me, motherfucker. Now take a shower..."

"I don't want to, there's nothing left in this business. Your boss crushed my spirit," I whined, playing the victim.

"Well, she's gonna crush your skull next if you don't come with me now," Two-bit said, his voice dropping into a serious, threatening register.

"Nuh," I scoffed, not believing he'd actually use violence.

Two minutes later, I was in the shower, the cold water hitting my face, nursing a sharp pain on my stomach from Two-bit's surprisingly fast and focused fist. The guy could get violent if he wanted, and Big Mom had clearly given him authorization. My life was no longer my own.

Dressed and functional, I started to reach for the door, intending to move the frame I had used as a motivation piece. I stopped halfway. I went back to the small table beside my bed and picked up the same picture frame I had picked when I had reincarnated: the old Druski and his ex-girlfriend, Chloe. The girl who had dumped him and blocked him, and who had now suddenly messaged me—*my* DMs.

Why now? What the fuck did she want?

She was a beautiful girl, with beautiful dark skin, curly hair, and piercing brown eyes.

I hadn't replied to her, but somehow I felt that soon I would need to do so. She represented a loose end from Druski's past, and a potential distraction—or a potential asset.



I placed the picture back on the table and went out. I couldn't find Two-bit's massive black Raptor truck.

A bright green Mustang GT, gleaming with aftermarket polish, honked aggressively at me. Two-bit was behind the wheel.

"No fucking way. A big man in such a small car," I mocked, approaching the low-slung vehicle.

I got in on the passenger side, folding myself awkwardly into the seat.

"Beats me how you fit inside," I said, a grin touching my lips despite the pain in my stomach.

He looked at me with warning eyes, his expression daring me.

"What? You gonna whine about body shaming?" I said, challenging him.

"I better drive otherwise there's gonna be a homicide in my new car," Two-bit grinned back. But I could tell he was joking; the excitement of the new mission and the new ride had lifted his spirits.

When we got into the BangHouse, the temporary warehouse was unrecognizable. The parking lot was filled with different cars I had never seen before—vans plastered with corporate logos, luxury SUVs, and a couple of utility trucks. There were people everywhere: men and women running around, carrying equipment, and talking into headsets.

"What the fuck's going on here?" I said to Two-bit, stopping dead just inside the bay door. "Who are these people?"

"I don't fucking know, man," Two-bit admitted, looking equally stunned. "This wasn't on the schedule."

We cautiously walked into the building.

A girl in glasses and a crisp business suit immediately greeted me, cutting through the chaos with purpose.

"Mr. Druski, how are you?" she said, extending her hand with a professional smile. "I'm Jennifer Houston."

"Do we know each other?" I asked, shaking her hand automatically.

"I'm one of Monet's lawyers," she said.

"Who the fuck's Monet?" I asked, completely confused.

"Monet is Big Mom," Two-bit whispered urgently in my ear.

I could see camera crews running around setting up high-end digital cameras, lights, and sound equipment. There were other workers fixing up the place: professional staging furniture was being carried inside, and there was a graffiti artist painting a massive, highly stylized naked woman with pronounced curves and titties in the room that was supposed to be the meeting room.

"So you are here to take over my business?" I asked, my voice rising.

Jennifer stepped closer, lowering her voice conspiratorially. "Actually, I understand that you are in a partnership with Monet? She's not taking over your business, Mr. Hart. But she's keeping up her end of the partnership by fully funding this whole operation now. She's willing to provide whatever you need: money, shooting venues, girls... You name it. This is your 'Big Plan' activation."

I looked around at the frantic activity: the lighting rigs being assembled, the sound technicians testing mics, the professional furniture moving in.

"All these people here, Mr. Hart," Jennifer said, catching my gaze. "They work for you now."

## Chapter 55

*Chapter 55: Chapter 55*

Jennifer showed me through the building, introducing me to my new workers, the guys renovating the building, the specialized staff, and the camera crew. It was a dizzying display of professional efficiency.

To my surprise, there was also a director.

"This is Mr. Holmes," Jennifer said, introducing me to a bald man with a prominent skull tattoo visible on his head. He had subtle face tattoos marking his temples and jawline.

He was wearing a sharp, expensive suit, but I could tell his entire body was tattooed beneath the fabric. He looked like the pornography version of a successful, intimidating record label executive—a porn Birdman.

I didn't like him immediately. His smile was forced, calculating, and cold.

"Mr. Hart. It's a pleasure to finally meet you," he said, extending his hand, a gesture of assumed authority.

I just looked at it. I deliberately refused to shake it. I didn't need a director. I didn't need anyone to tell me how I should fuck a woman on camera; I was the talent and the creative director.

Jennifer stepped in smoothly, deflecting the awkward moment. "Mr. Holmes is here to manage the technical and staging aspects, Mr. Hart. He will ensure we hit the 3-scene-per-day quota efficiently for the next two weeks. He reports to the Executive Producer, who reports directly to you."

The explanation did little to ease my tension, but the clarity of the structure—he didn't report directly to me, but was a resource I could manage—was helpful. My job was to steer the vision and talent, not micromanage the lighting.

"Uh, Mr. Holmes, it's nice to see you too," I said with a tone that made it obvious that I didn't like him. My voice carried a distinct edge of contempt. "Who hired you again?"

Again, Holmes flashed me that same forced smile, then looked at Jennifer for backup, clearly sensing the hierarchy shift.

"Ugh, it was Monet," he mumbled, the word 'Monet' sounding like a nervous admission.

"Good," I stated, dropping my hand to my side, refusing his handshake completely. My gaze drilled into him, asserting the reality of the situation. "Then let me make one thing crystal clear, Mr. Holmes. Monet writes the checks, but *I* run the show. You are here to execute my creative vision and maximize the revenue of my talent. You manage the lighting, you manage the cameras, you manage the noise levels. You do *not* manage the content, the talent, or me."

The guy just smiled, the forced pleasantness dissolving into something more condescending. "I don't know what I did wrong, but I was told that Monet doesn't want to see mediocre films. I'm also told she doesn't like the films that you have shot so far..."

"Big M... I mean Monet, watches porn?" I said, genuinely taken aback.

Jennifer smiled, unperturbed. "I mean, who doesn't? I mean, she has the right to check on her investments too, doesn't she?"

The idea of Big Mom watching me fuck Sasha was both terrifying and exciting. It added a whole new layer of high-stakes performance anxiety and motivation. I wondered if she masturbated to my videos.

"Fine, but do you have any experience in directing porn, Mr. Holmes?" I said, still not willing to allow him to breathe without challenge. "Because if you're here to make me look bad, you'll be the one getting fired first."

Holmes finally let the fake smile drop, his face becoming cold and professional. "I've directed for the biggest premium networks in the industry, Mr. Hart. I'm a machine for profit, and that's exactly why Monet hired me. I'm here to ensure technical perfection, so your talent doesn't go to waste." He stressed the word 'talent' while looking pointedly at me, not my models.

The power play was clear: he was here to maximize the cinematic quality and profit margins, ensuring the content met Big Mom's high standards. I needed to move past this internal conflict and focus on immediate revenue generation.

"Okay, okay....." I conceded, finally relaxing my posture. If he was as good as he claimed, maybe he could boost my company's production value to the level Big Mom demanded. Even though I didn't let him shake my hand, I would give him a try, placing my trust solely in the profit he could deliver.

I also didn't know him yet. Maybe he was actually a nice guy beneath the aggressive tattoos and condescending smile.

"Let's get to work then," I told him, shifting my focus entirely to execution. "I had a scene scheduled for today. Is my girl here yet?"

"Which girl?" Jennifer said, her tablet already open, reviewing the roster.

"Dickslayer." I said. I had to get used to using the models' stage names with the crew.

"By *Dickslayer*, you mean Ms. Lisa Rhoades?" Jennifer clarified, using the model's legal name, which was probably how she was contracted.

"Yeah," I confirmed. "She's here then?"

"Yes, she's currently in the third makeup chair," Jennifer confirmed. "We're running wardrobe for a high-concept scene involving a CEO and a very demanding client. Mr. Holmes prepared the storyboard based on your earlier concepts."

My initial schedule was now obsolete, replaced by Monet's high-tech, aggressive production schedule.

"Seems like Monet has put my \$83,600 dollars into good use," I muttered to myself, the bitterness of the loss mitigated by the sudden scale-up.

"Mr. Holmes, could you show me the storyboard for the scene?" I said, taking control of the creative aspects immediately.



Holmes, surprisingly, didn't argue. He pulled a heavy, spiral-bound book from his briefcase and flipped it open to a sleekly designed page. "The scene is called 'Hostile Takeover.' It's shot in a luxury office environment. High production value, narrative focus, maximum payoff. We shoot this afternoon, Mr. Hart."

I nodded, impressed by the professionalism. "Okay, prepare your camera crew and the setting for the shoot. I will go and see Ms. Rhoades."

As I turned to walk toward the wardrobe and makeup area, I noticed the change in atmosphere. Everyone seemed to be polite towards me, stepping aside quickly. They clearly recognized that I was the boss now, the man who held the purse strings and the creative authority, even if Big Mom was the ultimate power.

They cleared the corridor as I walked.

I found Dickslayer naked, standing casually while a professional makeup artist toned her body with airbrush makeup to ensure she looked flawless under the high-definition studio lights. Sasha was in the next chair, already dressed in a sharp, business-chic outfit, talking quietly to Willow, who looked nervous.

Dickslayer turned her head slightly, catching my reflection in the mirror. She gave me a confident, relaxed smile.

"Hey, Druski," she purred. "Monet's crew doesn't mess around, huh? They told me this 'Hostile Takeover' scene is going to be massive."

# Chapter 56

*Chapter 56: Chapter 56*

I was seeing Dickslayer's naked body for the first time. During the interview, she had given me a blowjob with her clothes on, a taste of what she offered.

She looked way more beautiful without her clothes on. Her body was a testament to the rigorous physical preparation of a professional model: tightly toned, with visible, sculpted definition across her stomach and thighs.

Her breasts were small and exceptionally firm, high-set and perfectly round, ideally suited for the camera's unforgiving lens. The most striking feature, however, was a delicate, intricate tattoo of a coiled serpent that started just above her hip bone and curled down her flank, disappearing precisely where her perfectly groomed pubic area began.

The area itself was neatly trimmed, presented with a stark, clean aesthetic that screamed professionalism, framed by the curves of her strong hips.

"I really wish that you could stay like that. Without your clothes on. You look fucking beautiful," I said, the words slipping out, genuine and appreciative.

A slow, sultry smile spread across Dickslayer's face, soaking up the compliment. "That's why I'm worth the money, Druski."

My cock was already hard, but it wouldn't be professional for me to fuck her outside the set. I wanted to fuck her on camera, keeping it professional and highly profitable.

"I'm happy that you made it, and I'm sure you're excited to be on camera?" I said, noticing the glow in her eyes. "I can't wait to taste how your pussy tastes."

"I also wanna know if you can put that D into good use," she said, staring at the bulge in my pants lustfully.

"Ah, Mr. Druski, when am I scheduled for a shoot?" Willow said, clearing her throat sharply.

I realized that I had been too focused on Dickslayer's naked body to pay Willow any mind. Willow was Sasha's friend and looked timid, but was now staring at me with a mix of impatience and curiosity.

"Oh, ahh, sorry Willow. Hi there?" I said awkwardly, turning to face her.

She smiled. "Don't tell me that you didn't notice me because I had my clothes on?"

I scratched the back of my head. "No, no, of course not. You look great. You're just... early." I was flustered, which was a new feeling, but I couldn't let it show for long. "But since you are here, that means we need to get you onto the schedule immediately. I'm just about to finalize the production logistics now."

"That means I can shoot today?" she said in an excited tone, her eyes bright with ambition.

"Probably. I will have to talk to my new Director and see if he could fix us a scene after I'm done shooting with Dickslayer here," I said, instinctively referring to Holmes as "my new director" to reinforce the hierarchy.

"Mr. Holmes?" she said, her eyes flashing with a distinct interest.

"You seem to like him?" I said, arching an eyebrow.

"I have got a thing for gangsters. I'm attracted to him. Hope working in the same company doesn't forbid us from dating?" Willow said, completely upfront about her feelings.

"Having tattoos all over your body doesn't make you a gangster," Dickslayer commented dryly from her makeup chair.

"Lisa's got a point," I said with a smile. "And as for dating your director... I don't forbid it. Just be careful." This was good—happy models meant better performances.

I turned back to Dickslayer. "Did Mr. Holmes show you the storyboard?"

She nodded.

"Did you like it?" I said.

"It seems too simple but also exciting," she said, reflecting the high-concept, narrative-driven approach Holmes specialized in.

"Hmm," I said, looking into her eyes. "Okay, get ready. Work on your nerves if you got fear. We start shooting in two hours time."

I realized I hadn't seen Sasha yet, my primary asset and the key to the multi-scene deal with Jess. "And oh, Ms. Willow... do you know where Sasha could be? I'm failing to get hold of her."

"I dunno. She never tells nobody where she's going," Willow said casually.

"When last did you see her?" I pressed, a cold knot tightening in my stomach. Sasha was supposed to be here.

"About four days ago. She paid me a visit," Willow said.

Four days ago?. I had only talked to her about 2 days ago.

"If you get hold of her, please tell me," I said, trying to keep the panic out of my voice. Sasha was crucial.

"Sure, boss," she said as I walked out of the room. Then she called after me, her voice ringing with flirtation, "Hey, don't forget to consult *sexy* Mr. Holmes about my shooting schedule."

-----

I entered the small room designated as my private wardrobe and relaxation space. The room was sparsely but luxuriously furnished, clearly stocked by Monet's crew. A new wardrobe lay on the chaise lounge: a bespoke, expensive-looking CEO suit for the "Hostile Takeover" scene.

I stripped down the towel and started dressing. The expensive wool suit felt unfamiliar yet powerful, a perfect costume for the role I was playing: the ruthless alpha male CEO.

As I buttoned the silk shirt, I caught my reflection. The old Druski's face stared back—now slightly more intense, more focused. The physique was changing: solid muscle, a product of rigorous self-discipline.

I took a deep breath, letting the character of the dominant CEO sink in. This wasn't just about satisfying a sexual urge; it was about directing an intensely profitable piece of art.

From here on forward, I was supposed to move differently. Take my new company to the next heights. To the levels of Brazzers or Bangbros.

Monet had given me the budget, the crew, and the venue; now, I had to deliver the vision.

My phone chimed, dragging me out of my professional focus.

I pulled it out and checked my messages. It was Chloe again.

I hadn't replied to her first message from two weeks ago, and now she had sent another one, heavy and demanding.

[Chloe: We need to talk.]

Why the fuck had she unblocked me? What did she want to talk about? Was this a genuine attempt at reconciliation with Druski 1.0, or had she somehow caught wind of my new career?

Either way right now she was a distraction.

"Are you ready to go, Mr. Hart?" Mr. Holmes called from the door, his voice impatient.

"I'm ready," I confirmed, stepping out into the bustling corridor, the executive suit making me feel ten feet tall.

## Chapter 57

*Chapter 57: Chapter 57*



I followed Mr. Holmes to the main set. We were shooting in my office, which had been rearranged and upgraded by Monet's crew.

The office set was incredible—mahogany desk, sweeping panoramic view backdrop, and high-end camera cranes. The lighting was already calibrated for maximum drama, bathing the room in a sharp, expensive glow.

Dickslayer was waiting inside the room, already positioned for the first take. She was wearing a blindingly white, crisp button-down shirt that was tied just above her waist, revealing a sliver of her taut midriff and the start of her serpent tattoo.

The shirt was paired with a black, short, tight leather skirt that looked ready to split with every movement. Red-bottom stilettos completed the look, making her legs look impossibly long and powerful, elevating her to the perfect image of a demanding, high-stakes client—or, as the script now demanded, an ambitious, lust-driven employee.

She looked absolutely captivating—sexy, professional, and dangerous.

Mr. Holmes went behind the monitors, wearing a headset and looked like a meticulous surgeon.

I walked onto the set, the bespoke CEO suit making me feel like a predator entering the cage. Dickslayer's eyes tracked me, reflecting the intense anticipation of the camera and the scene.

"Mr. Hart," Holmes called out, his voice sharp and professional. "We are ready for the opening shot. Remember, Lisa here is an employee of yours who's been crushing on you for some time. She's decided to take a bold step and act on her lust. Allow her to seduce you."

He turned to Dickslayer. "Give me lust, give desire, give me passion. Show me that slut in you. I want to see if you can really live up to your stage name."

Lisa nodded and looked at me. She wasn't nervous at all. She looked ready to slay my dick.

I didn't break eye contact with Dickslayer. My maxed Swagger was fully engaged, channeling the aggressive dominance of the CEO character.

"Are you ready, baby?" I said to her, my voice a low, commanding growl.

"I was born ready," she said, her eyes flashing, her body language already shifting into the role of the aggressor.

"Action!" Holmes yelled.

-----

I stayed out of the camera range as Dickslayer took a seat on the table, her leather skirt stretched taut over her thighs. She began typing on a laptop prop.

After a full minute of silent acting, during which Mr. Holmes's camera crew captured several dramatic angles of her legs and focused concentration, he signaled me to go to the table.

I breathed in, channeling the character, then walked over to the table. Dickslayer's eyes, magnified slightly behind her prescription-less, professional glasses, followed me, radiating sexual tension.

"Good Afternoon, Mr. Hart," she said in a tone laced with seduction, the corporate formality fighting a losing battle against pure lust.

"Hi, Lisa," I said, maintaining a professional tone, and took my seat behind the mahogany desk. I was playing the CEO who was trying to resist the temptation but failing.

"How was your lunch hour?" she asked, leaning forward just enough to hint at the power of her chest.

"It was hot," I said, meeting her suggestive energy with a double entendre of my own.

"Not as hot as in here," she countered, her voice dropping to a seductive whisper.

I followed the script and ignored her for a few moments. We sat for a few more minutes, pretending to be working, the silence heavy with unacknowledged desire, all captured meticulously by Mr. Holmes's cameras.

I cleared my throat. "Can you get me a glass of water, please."

Dickslayer smiled, a predator's grin. "Of course, Mr. Hart. Anything for you."

She stood up slowly, giving the camera a full, stunning view of her figure, and sashayed across the set to the water cooler, ensuring her movements maximized the sway of her hips and the exposure of her legs.

As she reached the water cooler, the camera focused on her, and I focused on the crisis outside the set.

She returned with the water glass, placing it right on my side of the desk.

"Anything else, Mr. Hart?" she murmured.

"No, thank you, Lisa," I replied, my voice now deeper, laced with the character's surrender to the tension.

She placed the glass on my side then she deliberately pushed the glass with her hand so that it fell on me, wetting my cock area and lap.

"What the Fuck, Lisa!!!" I yelled in fake shock, playing the CEO surprised by the boldness.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hart.... I'm so.. so sorry. I didn't mean to...." She said, following the script perfectly, her eyes wide with feigned apology.

"You have messed up my pants for fuck's sake," I said.

"Sorry, Mr. Hart. It's all my fault. Can I be of any help? I can try drying your pants for you," she said, her eyes naughtily staring at the growing wet spot on my crotch.

"Help me? And just how are you gonna dry my pants?" I said, leaning back as if trying to keep distance.

She took a step closer. "I have been noticing the way you've been looking at me, Mr. Hart. You want me as much as I want you...."

"I don't know what you're talking about?" I said, trying to wipe away the water from my pants with my hand. I could feel my cock getting harder, a genuine reaction blending seamlessly with the scene.

"Oh come on, Sir. I know you want me. Just let me dry your pants for you?" she said, inches away from my face.

I could feel her breath and the nice smell of her expensive perfume, the proximity raising the sexual heat in the room.

She reached her hand out, touching the wet area of my lap, her fingers cool against the wet fabric. Then she moved up to touch the bulge of my cock, tracing the outline of my erection.

"You can't resist me, Mr. Hart. Deep down you want to fuck me. Well, I want to fuck you too," she said, her voice a husky invitation.

"This isn't professional, Lisa...." I said, the words heavy with faux resistance, knowing the audience was eating it up.

"Shhhh!!!" she put her finger on my mouth. "No one will know...."

She giggled. "This will be our little secret, boss."

## Chapter 58

*Chapter 58: Chapter 58*

Dickslayer began unbuttoning my pants.

"I wanna feel what a CEO's cock tastes like in my mouth," she said in a seductive manner, the line delivered straight to the camera.

I wanted to feel my cock inside her mouth again. I knew she was good at sucking cock since she had given me a blowjob during the interviews, a professional performance that bordered on clinical intensity.

She got on her knees, pulling out my hard cock and beginning to stroke it with practiced, deliberate skill. Her eyes locked on mine as she worked her hand along the shaft.

The camera was perfectly positioned to capture the moment, and I could feel the energy surge through the crew. This was going to be money.

"CUT!!!!" Mr. Holmes interrupted, his voice cutting through the sexual tension like a knife. "Cut!"

"Holmes, what the fuccckk!!!!" I exploded, the frustration immediately overriding my professional CEO persona. The heat, the momentum, the money—it all evaporated.

"Why did you fucking cut!!!"

I stood up, adjusting my silk shirt and trying to smooth the expensive trousers while attempting to conceal my erection. Dickslayer remained kneeling, looking confused.

"I had to, something was wrong with the scene," Mr. Holmes said calmly, walking out from behind the monitor banks with measured steps, his composure maddening.

"Wrong? She was giving me gold! She nailed the aggressive sexuality! We were at the point of no return!" I argued, pointing at Dickslayer, who was now scrambling to re-button my pants for the sake of decency in front of the crew.



Holmes shook his head, looking unimpressed. "The technical execution was excellent, Mr. Hart, but the narrative failed. The camera setup wasn't wrong, but the story was. You were too professional. You resisted her too long. The audience needed to see you melt faster, driven by uncontrollable primal desire, not calculated resistance. It dragged."

He picked up the storyboard book he showed me earlier. "I was expecting a 'Hostile Takeover,' a clash of wills ending in immediate, violent possession. What I got was a slow burn, a standard office fantasy. We need to reset the emotional temperature. Dickslayer, when you reach for his zipper, I need you to be desperate, not calculating. Your character risked her career for this. You need to show that sacrifice."

He looked at me, completely ignoring my residual anger. "Five-minute break. We reset the mood and go again. Mr. Hart, a word, quickly."

I followed him off-set, running a hand through my hair. This man was demanding, but he was right. My focus on the business crisis had bled into my creative performance.

"What is it?" I asked, keeping my voice low.

"Mr. Hart," Holmes said, still calm. "I am here to ensure that every scene we shoot is financially maximized. The crew is ready, the equipment is world-class, but your performance is lagging. Clear your mind. You are the CEO of sex. If you can't

be present, I will direct the action, but it won't be as good. We shoot for the money not for your ego."

I wanted to shout at him and remind him who owned the company. But then I chose professionalism over ego like he had stated.

He was good. He was a perfect, cold asset.

"Understood," I conceded. "I'll clear my head."

I went outside and pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

"Hmph, He wants violent possession. I will give him that." I mumbled. "I will show him passion. Sex he's never seen on done before."

-----

The moment "action" was called, I didn't hesitate.

I pulled her by her shirt, tearing the remaining buttons, and yanked her closer to me. I could feel her hot breath and the anticipation beneath it. I ran my hand up her stomach, cupping her small left breast before sliding my hand up her neck and forcefully pulling away from the kiss.

"This is what you want, huh?" I said, my voice heavy with contemptuous dominance.

Dickslayer's eyes were completely consumed by lust and challenge. She didn't speak. Instead, she drove her hips hard into my crotch, a primal, non-verbal declaration of war and surrender.

"Is this what you want, right?" I said, finding the zip of her skirt. I slid my hands inside, feeling her firm ass cheeks beneath the fabric of the expensive skirt.

I gave them a squeeze so that she gasped, the sound of submission and pleasure captured perfectly by the boom mic above.

I lifted her onto the sleek, mahogany desk, scattering documents, folders, and a pen holder everywhere in a perfectly chaotic mess. The sound of the papers hitting the floor underscored the violation of the pristine office space. I seized the zipper of her skirt and pulled it down sharply. The sound of the metal teeth separating echoed loudly in the dramatic silence of the set, a clear declaration that the scene had moved past dialogue and into pure, visceral passion.

The skirt fell away, revealing a pair of **tiny**, black lace thong panties pulled taut against the firm curve of her ass. The juxtaposition of the expensive office setting, her already-ripped silk shirt, and the aggressively sexy underwear was exactly the high-stakes conflict Holmes wanted.

I didn't rush to remove the panties. Instead, I drove my hips forward, **grinding my hard cock**—still straining against my silk trousers—against the thin layer of lace covering her most sensitive flesh.

She gasped, an involuntary, ragged sound of intense pleasure. Her legs wrapped around my waist, anchoring me, urging me closer.

"You risked everything for this, Lisa," I growled, my voice low and dangerous, leaning in close so my breath brushed her ear. "You wanted the power, now feel the price."

My hands left her ass and moved back to her chest. The silk shirt was already hanging open from where I'd ripped the buttons. I grabbed the collar, tearing the rest of the fine material, pulling the remaining shreds away from her shoulders.

The delicate, lace-edged bra she wore underneath was instantly exposed, its fragility only emphasizing the aggression of the moment. My hands immediately cupped her breasts over the lace, squeezing them roughly, making her nipples press taut against the silk material.

"Tell me what you want," I demanded, forcing her head back by grabbing a handful of her hair, making her eyes—now glazed over with need—look straight into the lens of the main camera.

She couldn't speak. Her lips were parted, her breathing shallow, and her hips were bucking against my crotch in a furious rhythm.

I knew exactly what she wanted. I reached down, not for my own zipper, but for her panties. I hooked my fingers into the thin, wet lace, and instead of pulling them off, I ripped the front panel violently down the middle, exposing the dark, wet curve of her pussy, already slick with anticipation.

"I want you inside me boss," She said, breathing hard. "I want you to fill my tight little pussy with your huge cock."

## Chapter 59

*Chapter 59: Chapter 59*

Her words, raw with need and perfectly delivered to the camera, were the final trigger.

"You got it, Lisa" I snarled, my voice thick with contemptuous possession. "You get exactly what you begged for."

My hand shot down, tearing open the zipper of my silk trousers. I shoved the material down quickly, freeing my cock, which sprang out—hard, hot, and violently ready.

I grasped my own shaft with one hand, slicking the tip with my spit, and used the other hand to brutally part her legs, hooking one high over my shoulder. Her exposed pussy, slick and glistening beneath the ripped lace, was perfectly presented to me.

I didn't waste time with teasing. With a single, savage thrust, I slammed my full, thick length into her tight opening.

A sharp cry of mingled pain and ecstasy tore from her throat as I buried myself to the hilt. The tightness around my cock was instantly agonizingly good, confirming her words: she was incredibly tight.

"F-fuck!" she gasped, her hands flying out to grip the edges of the mahogany desk, her knuckles white.

I held her pinned against the desk, my teeth gritted, savoring the feeling of violent, complete possession. The sound of wet, tearing suction echoed in the silence of the crew.

"You wanted it," I growled into her ear, leaning down to capture her mouth in a punishing, deep kiss. "Take it!"

Then I started to move—a powerful, aggressive, piston-like rhythm that shook the very foundations of the desk. Every thrust was deep, driving the air from her lungs and forcing a series of sharp, panting cries from her lips.

I drove into her with a savage, unrelenting force, each thrust deep and deliberate, making the heavy mahogany desk beneath her rattle. The tightness of her pussy was phenomenal; it gripped me like a fist, milking every inch of my thickness.

"God, you're so tight," I growled, my voice hoarse, pulling back almost entirely before slamming home again. "Does my huge cock hurt your little corporate pussy? Tell me!"

She was struggling for breath, her head thrown back, a single drop of sweat tracing a path down her temple. She couldn't form words, only ragged moans of pure submission.

I seized her hips, locking my grip, and started a faster, shallower, more punishing rhythm. I watched her face, demanding a reaction, demanding the surrender.

"Look at you, Dickslayer," I snarled, forcing her to meet my eyes as I maintained the relentless pace. "All that power, all that ambition, and look where you ended up—spread open on my desk, begging for my cum. You're nothing but my easy, greedy little slut now, aren't you?"

The verbal abuse, coupled with the brutal physical rhythm, seemed to break the last of her professional reserve. She finally found her voice, a raw, desperate scream.

"Yes! Fuck me! Fill my little slut hole, Mr Hart! I took this job for this! I want you to ruin me on this desk!" she shrieked, driving her hips up to meet my thrusts, her fingers clawing frantically at my silk shirt.

Her words ignited a new level of aggression in me. I lifted her hips, angling my thrusts even deeper, pounding into her with a furious, final zeal. The climax was building rapidly, hot and violent, matching the primal energy of the scene.

The ferocity of her surrender, the sight of her panting body pinned beneath me, and the unbearable, tight suction of her pussy sent me hurtling toward the edge. Her desperate demand—"Ruin me on this desk!"—was the final command I needed to obey.

My rhythm became a frantic, uncontrolled piston. I drove into her harder and faster than before, every muscle in my body tightening with the immense pressure building at my groin. I let out a deep, animalistic roar, the sound echoing the violence of the moment.

"I'm coming, you greedy slut! I'm going to own you!" I bellowed.

With a powerful, final, gut-wrenching thrust, I convulsed. My cock pumped hot, thick jets of semen deep inside her, flooding her tight, welcoming pussy. The



feeling was an overwhelming, soul-shattering release—a violent and complete possession that emptied me instantly.

I held her there, buried deep, my breath coming in ragged gasps, as my body continued to spasm with residual pleasure. Her hips continued to twitch beneath me, milking the last throbbing remnants of my climax.

Dickslayer let out a long, shuddering sigh, her head falling back as she stared at the ceiling, her body glistening with sweat and evidence of our brutal encounter. The papers scattered on the floor, the torn shirt, the desecrated desk—the scene was absolute perfection.

"Cut!!!" Mr. Holmes said, his voice quiet but filled with satisfaction.

I pulled out of Dickslayer, zipped up my trousers, and immediately shifted focus. I was exhausted, but the rush of adrenaline from the successful take, combined with the urgent financial crisis, forced me back to professional mode.

"Lisa," Mr. Holmes said, his voice sharp and professional as I stepped back. "That was phenomenal. Go to makeup and wardrobe. You have ten minutes before your next scene."

He turned to the crew. "Let's take a breather, guys, all of you. Five minutes maximum. We need to reset the set for the duo in eight."

I looked at him, confused. "What, you didn't like the length of that scene?"

"I think... you were fantastic, Mr. Hart. You gave the audience exactly what they wanted," Mr. Holmes said.

"Then why are we shooting another scene in such a rush? We need to breathe," I said, catching my own breath.

Holmes turned to a cameraman. "Nicholas, how long was that sequence?"

"About 30 minutes, sir," Nick said.

Holmes turned to me again, his face a study in cold finance. "We are not making short films, Mr. Hart. Longer screen time equals to more money. We should have pushed that to forty-five. We lost fifteen minutes of revenue. We make it up now. Every second we stand here is profit lost."

He was pushing the pace relentlessly. I had to respect that. He was a pure monetization engine. He made perfect sense.

"Okay.....We can shoot another scene again."I said.

## Chapter 60

*Chapter 60: Chapter 60*

I used the ten-minute break to smoke another cigarette, the acrid bite of the cheap tobacco a welcome sharpness against the lingering anxiety. I saw Two-bit strolling towards me, hands shoved deep into the pockets of his threadbare jacket.

"Boss man," he greeted, jabbing me playfully—a little too hard—in the side with his elbow.

"Stop that, man," I managed, fighting the urge to rub the sore spot.

He finally stopped and looked around, his eyes sweeping over the massive, busy building—a former warehouse now crammed with sets, lights, and a nervous army of crew. "Damn, you really putting that extra work in," he whistled, the sound low and appreciative.

"It's all Big Mom, not me," I said, puffing a cloud of smoke from my mouth that momentarily obscured the midday sun.

He dropped the playful act, his face settling into a serious, unnerving stillness. "No way she did this for free, Druski. No way." He narrowed his eyes, studying me like an exhibit under glass. "Remember what I told you when we first met...?"

I let out another stream of smoke, this time through my nose. The steam felt hot and defiant.

"Yeah," I said, flicking the ash. "That I sold my soul to Big Mom."

"Aye. And when a debt is settled by a soul, there will always be a catch. Have you found out what she truly wants in return...?"

"Aside from building her a goddamn porn empire, no," I replied, tossing the butt to the concrete and grinding it out with the heel of my shoe.

Two-bit patted my shoulder, a heavy, unsettling gesture. "There's more to it than that, Druski. There will always be more to it. You let the devil wrap her legs around your neck; there is no escape. Not in this city, not from her."

He turned to leave. "See you later when you're done, Druski. It seems like you've got a lot of work to do today. You always do now."

His words settled over me, heavy and cold. What more could Big Mom, the legendary Monet, possibly want? A porn empire, control of the city's underground media—wasn't that enough? No, according to Two-bit, I was sinking, and the catch was the current pulling me under.

I temporarily pushed the terrifying thought off and pulled out the phone. My thumb hovered over the single, haunting chat thread.

I opened Chloe's chat.

[Chloe: We need to talk]

My gut twisted. I hesitated, the ghost of the *real* Druski's life whispering in my ear. *What did she want from me? What did she know?*

[Druski: I'm listening]

I shoved the phone back into my pocket, but seconds later, the familiar chime cut through the industrial noise of the set.

[Chloe: Can we talk in person?]

My heart hammered against my ribs, an insistent drumbeat of dread and excitement. She wanted to meet. My mind raced: *She probably knew the old Druski very well*. What if she saw through me, found the seams of the identity I was wearing? That I was a fraud, an imposter living on borrowed time? But beneath the fear, a powerful curiosity burned. If she was as beautiful as the picture...

[Druski: I'm kinda busy]

She replied almost instantly. A subtle wave of panic hit me. This was urgent to her.

[Chloe: When are you free]

I reviewed my schedule: two more scenes today, then the gym. Same tomorrow. If I skipped the gym, I'd buy myself two hours. The insecurity was a storm, but the anticipation—the chance to see her—was a powerful, undeniable magnet.

[Druski: Tomorrow evening. I will text you an address.]

[Chloe: Can't I see you at your place]

I breathed in deep, tasting the metallic, dusty air of the set. My apartment was a fortress of secrets, a place where the *real* Druski's ghost still lingered.

[Druski: No]

She didn't reply instantly this time. It took a full, agonizing minute. I could picture her on the other end, considering, maybe even getting angry.

[Chloe: Okay fine...please do. It's important]

Important. The word felt heavy, loaded. Was it about the old Druski? Was it about Monet? Or was it something else entirely?

I glanced at the time. The ten-minute break was up, and it was time to shoot the second scene. No time for mysteries now. The show had to go on.

I tossed the phone back into my pocket and walked back into the hot lights of the office set, putting the mask of the new, powerful Druski firmly back in place.

Mr. Holmes and the crew were already prepped and ready to roll. The seamless efficiency was unnerving. Lisa, who was still fully in character as Dickslayer, was back, perched naked on the top of the mahogany desk, her pussy wet and glistening from our last encounter, a discarded towel tossed carelessly on the

chair beside her. It seemed like we were diving immediately into the continuation of the first scene—an aggressive revenue push to hit that crucial 45-minute runtime target.

I looked at the cameraman and Mr. Holmes, trying to inject some levity into the insane pressure cooker of the set.

"Seriously, how do you guys manage not to get hard while filming this?" I said, genuinely amused by their clinical detachment.

Holmes didn't even crack a smile, his eyes fixed intently on the monitor. "Mr. Hart, we are maximizing revenue. A boner is a distraction, and distraction costs money. Focus."

He was a machine, a perfect, cold asset focused only on the bottom line. I walked back to the desk, and gripped Dickslayer's hips, instantly feeling the warmth of her wet skin beneath my palms.

Holmes' voice cut through the silence. "Rolling! ACTION!"

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I immediately drove my hands down to her thighs, pulling her to the edge of the desk.

"You like that, Dickslayer?" I growled, my voice thick with the residual dominance of the previous climax. "You think that's all you get for your little career risk?"

She slid off the desk, her legs parting naturally. She didn't look defeated; she looked consumed. Her eyes were glazed over, and she dropped instantly to her knees, her focus moving straight to the bulge in my trousers.

"We haven't finished, Boss," she whispered, her voice husky and ragged, delivered straight into the floor mic. "I want the stock options. I want the dividends. I want every inch of your cock until I can't walk straight."

I unzipped my trousers, and my semi-hard length sprang free. She immediately leaned forward, her mouth already open, ready to service the machine that owned her career.