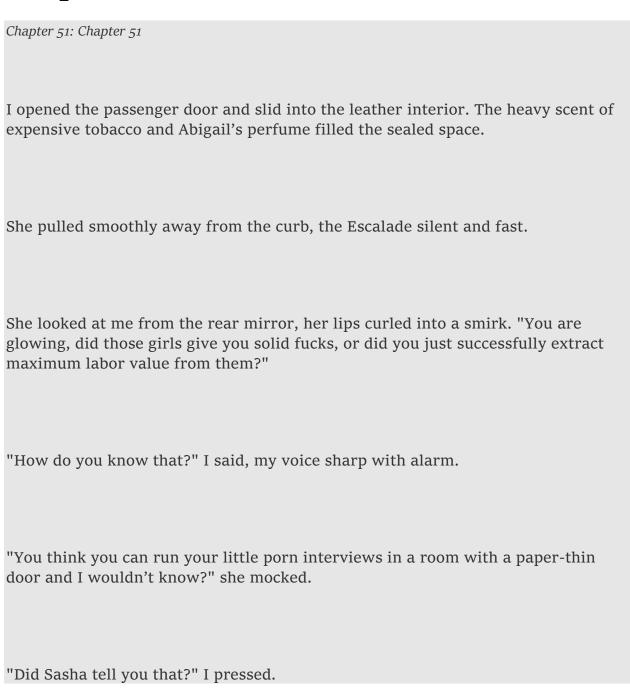
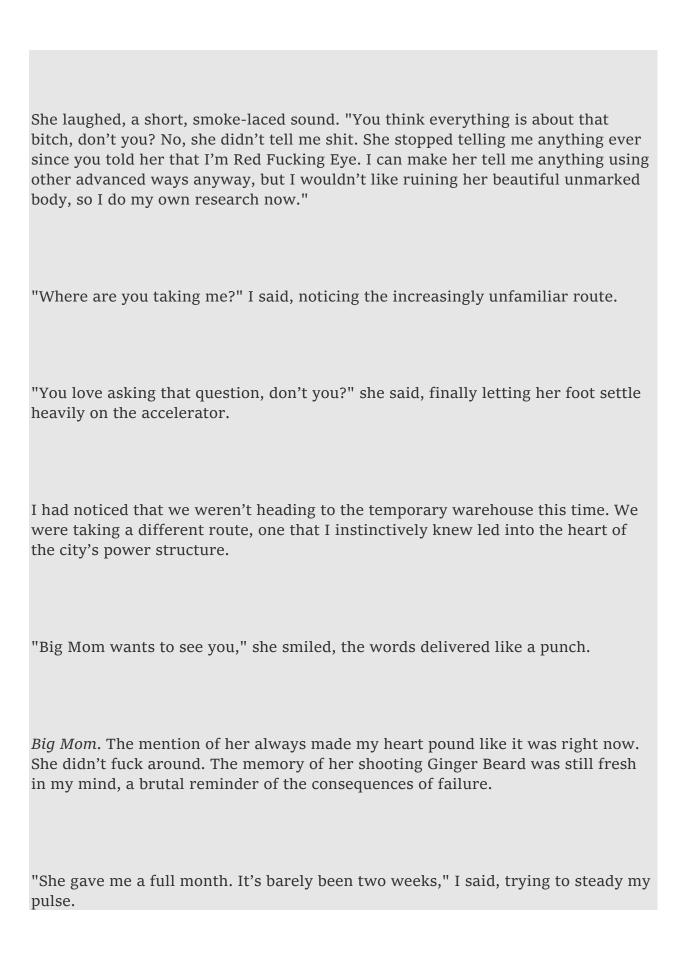
ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 51





"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 Victorianstyle 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.

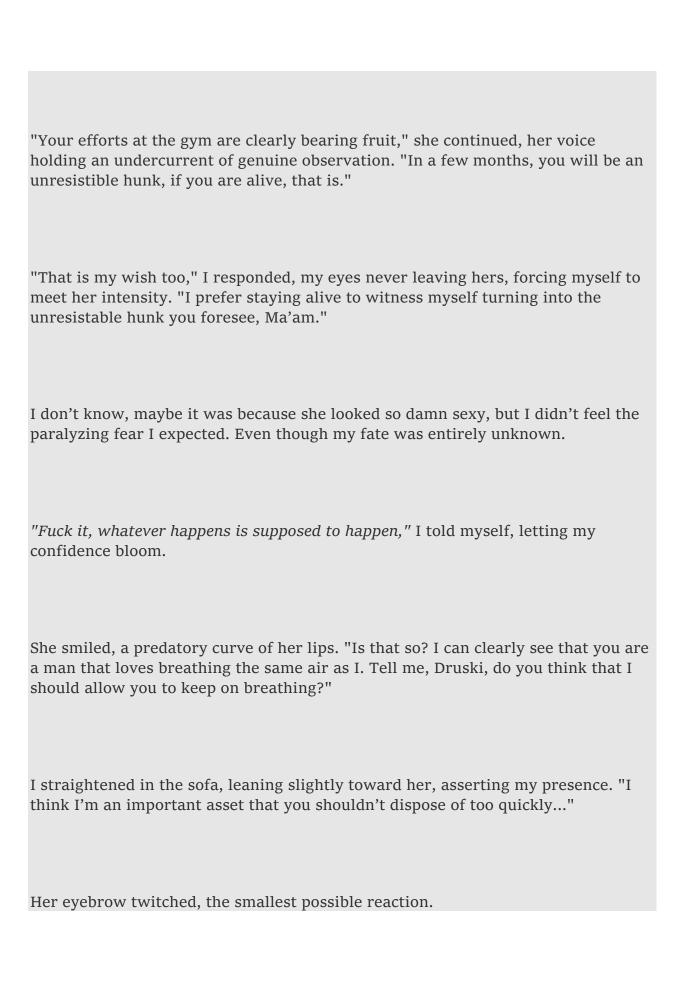
She didn't sit down immediately. She stopped by the desk, her gaze fixed on me, the silence between us heavy and intimidating."Druski Hart, we meet again."

Chapter 52

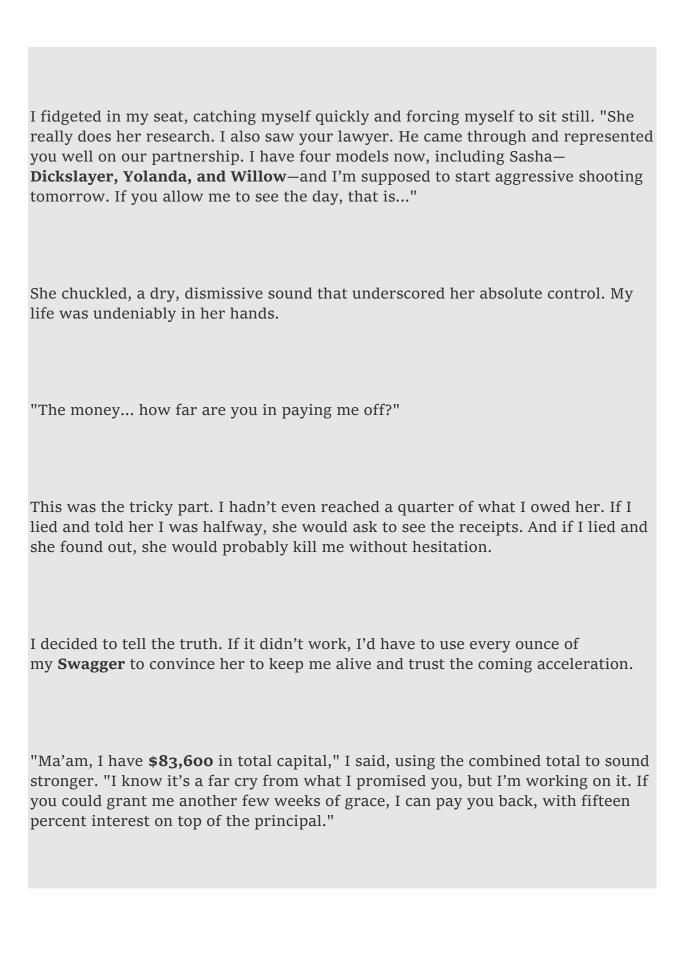
Chapter 52: Chapter 52

"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.

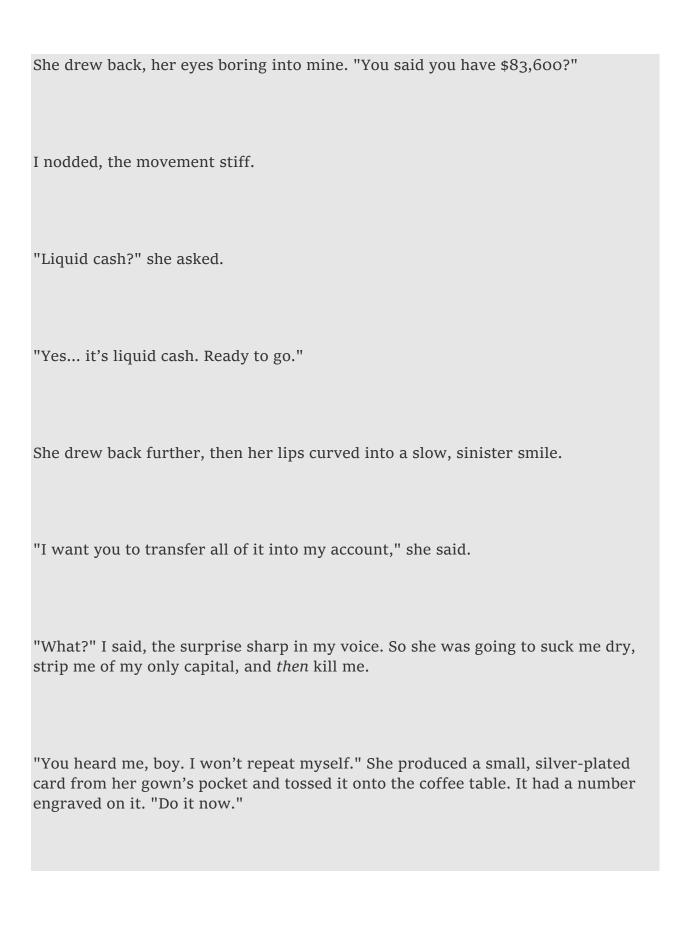
The sight of her sitting, facing me, did nothing but worsen my urge to reach out and touch her. The deep, rich sapphire silk of her robe fell open slightly as she settled, the fine black lace of her bra and panties offering breathtaking glimpses of the powerful curve of her hip and the deep cleavage 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.



"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."



"Ssshh!!! 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 close 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.



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.

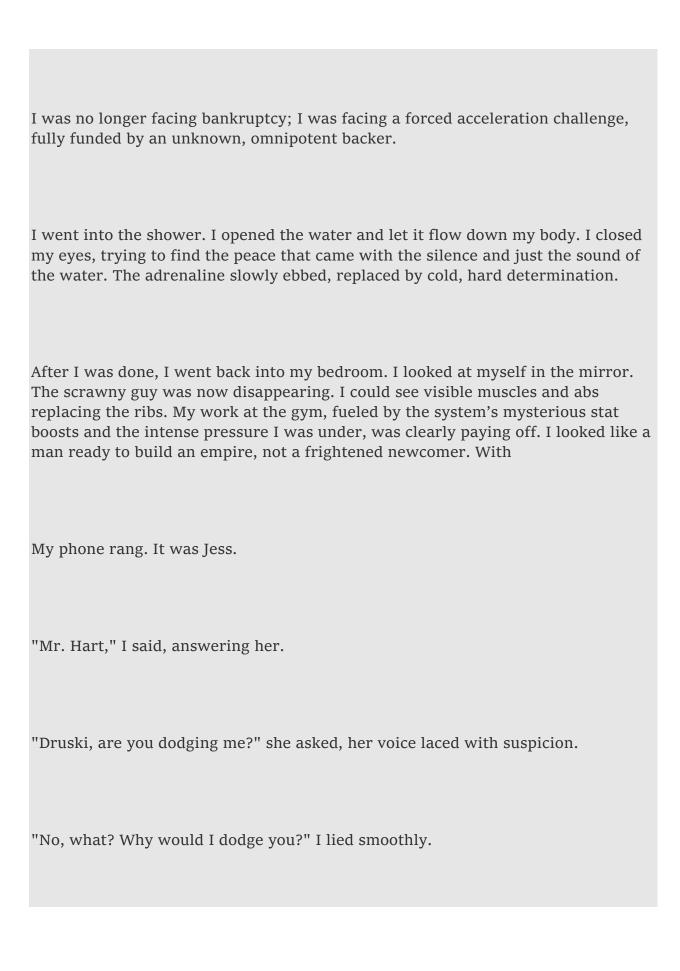
"Seems like the cat's left with seven more lives," she said. "It's amazing how Big Mom keeps letting you breathe."

"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."

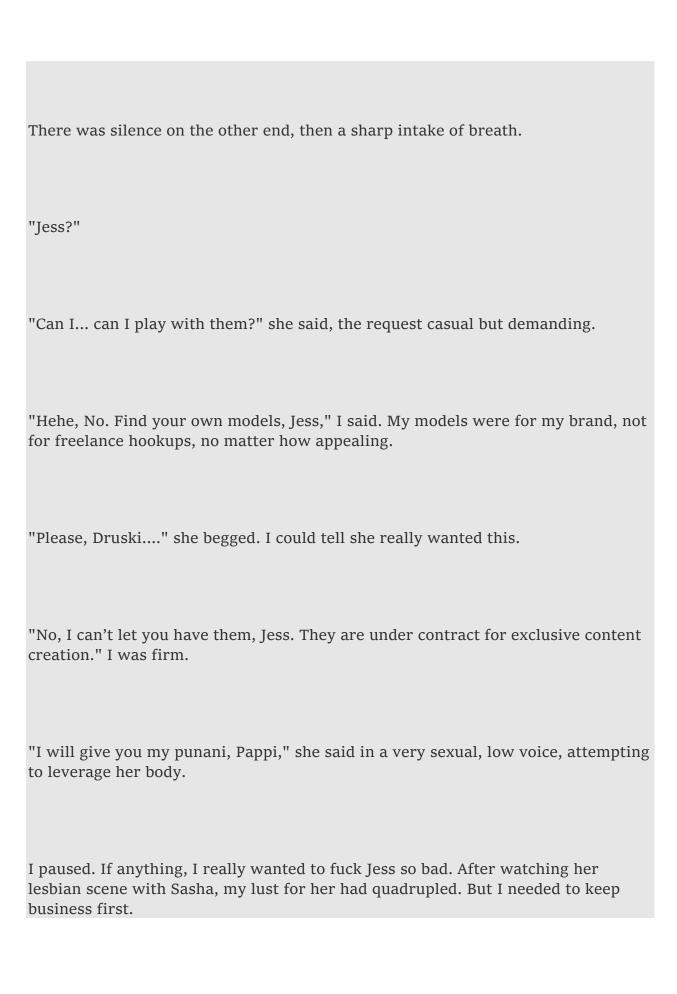
But I was still wondering. She could still kill me. I was failing to pay her her entire cash in time, and she had just taken everything that I had.

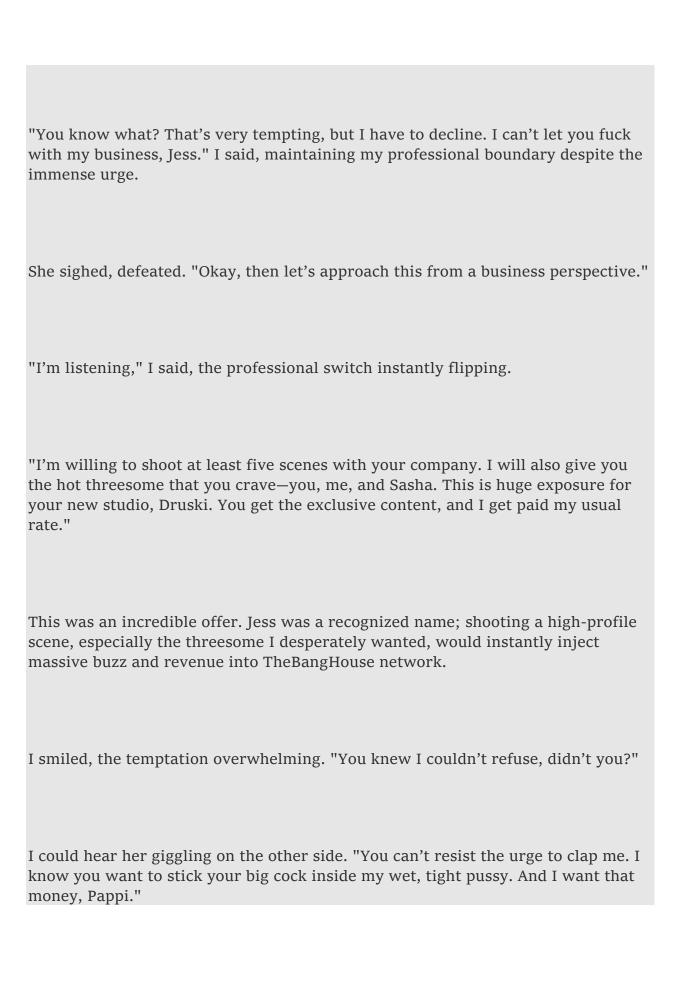


NEW ATTRIBUTE UNLOCKED: CHARISMA Attribute Reward: Charisma through Demonstration of Vulnerability & Obedience. [Charisma: +1 Point Applied (Current: 1/10)] Just when I thought I was utterly bankrupt, the system had rewarded me with a massive boost. "Ten thousand for reaching an attribute limit, huh? 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 sites health; and my suppose see efficiently.	
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Big Mom may have taken my capital, but she hadn't taken the game's reward	unlocked," I muttered, feeling a surge of energy despite the exhaustion. "I wonder
capped, making me an unstoppable force in persuasion. More importantly, the system had recognized my strategic submission to Big Mom by unlocking Charisma.	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



"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.



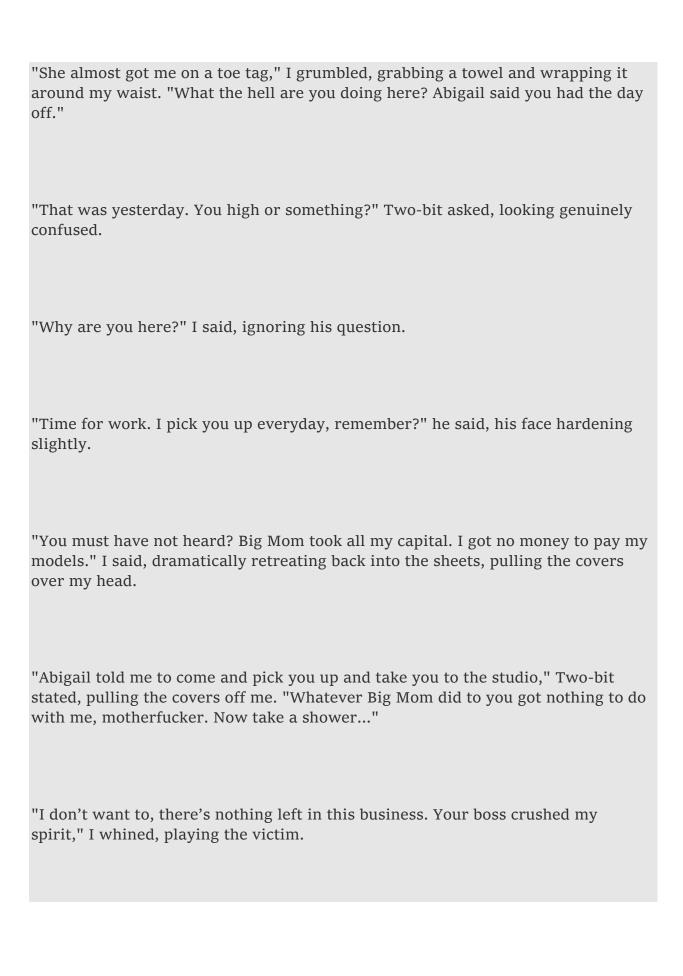


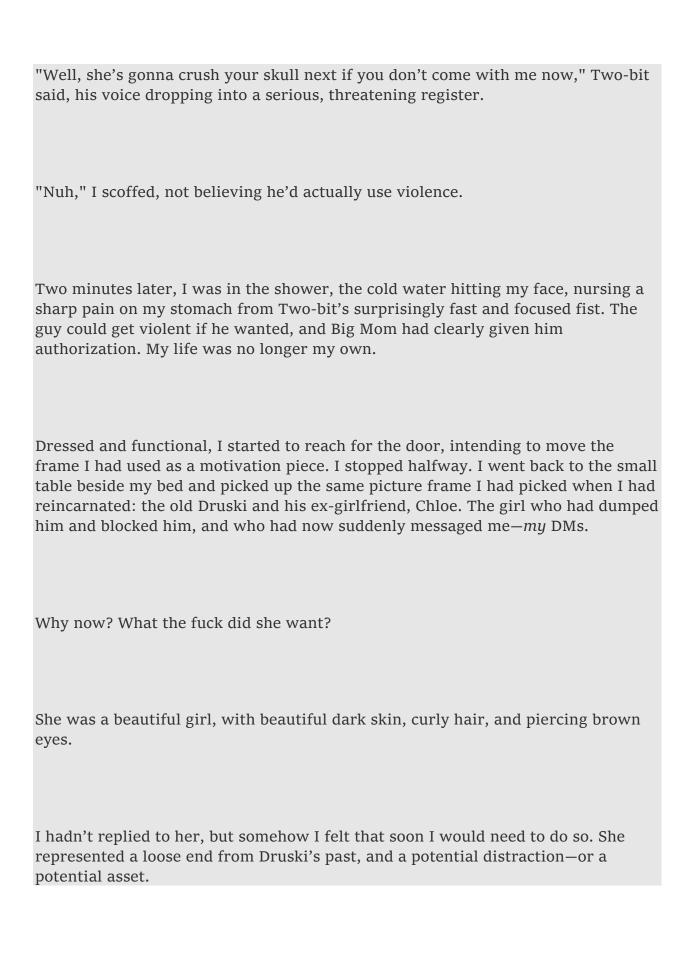
She was talking really sexually now, weaving the transaction with raw desire.
"What happened to not fucking with scrawny dudes?" I challenged, testing her sincerity.
"You've got some flesh now, haven't you noticed? Big Mom wasn't the only one," she purred. "You look like you can handle me now."
"Okay, 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]

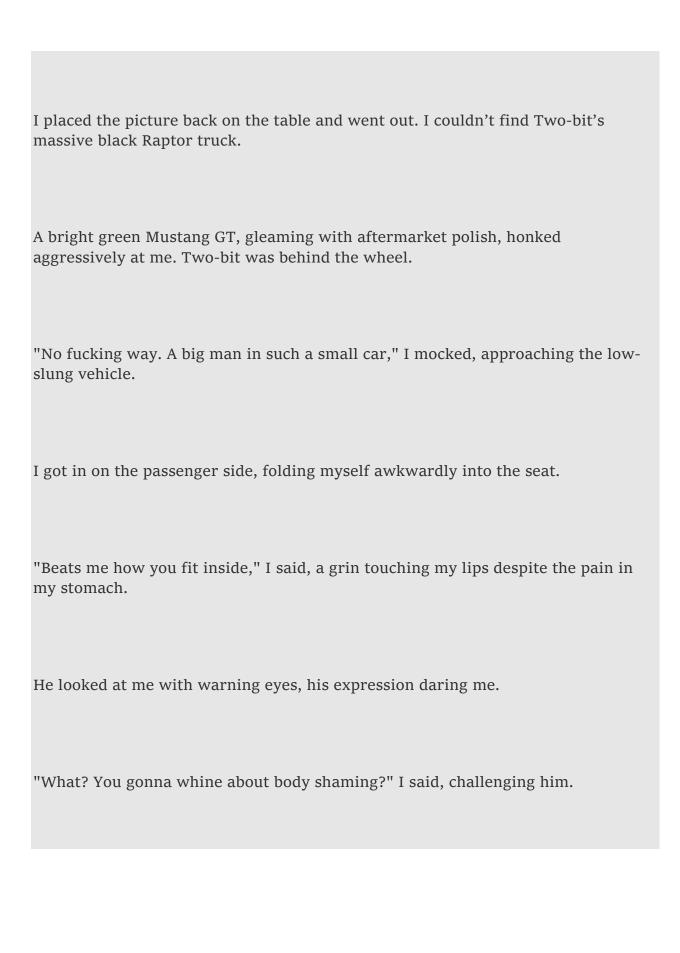
Chapter 54



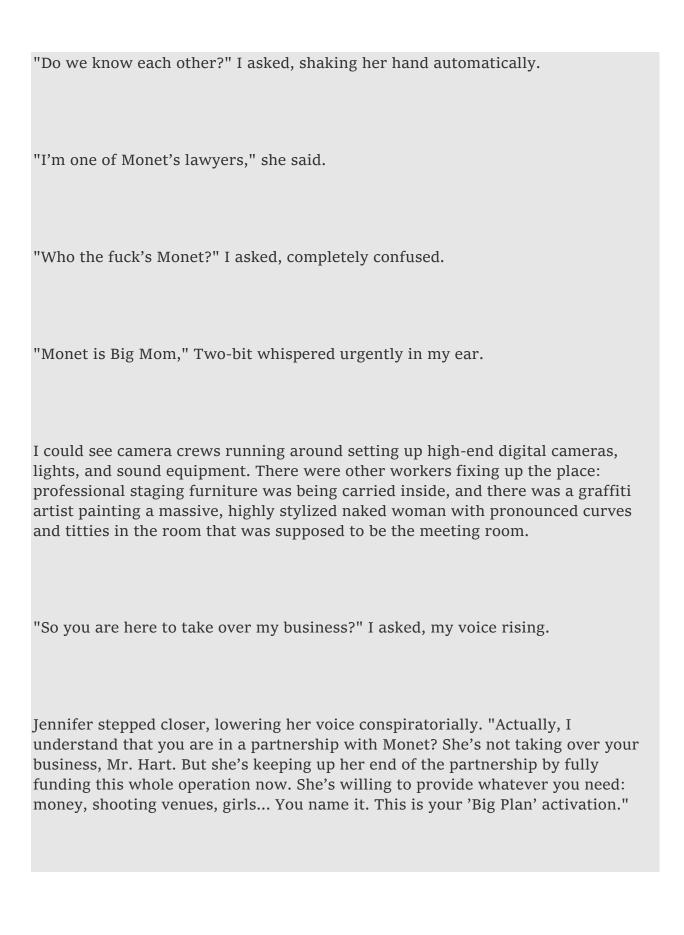








"I better drive otherwise there's gonna be a homicide in my new car," Two-bit grinned back. But I could tell he was joking; the excitement of the new mission and the new ride had lifted his spirits.
When we got into the BangHouse, the temporary warehouse was unrecognizable. The parking lot was filled 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."



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.

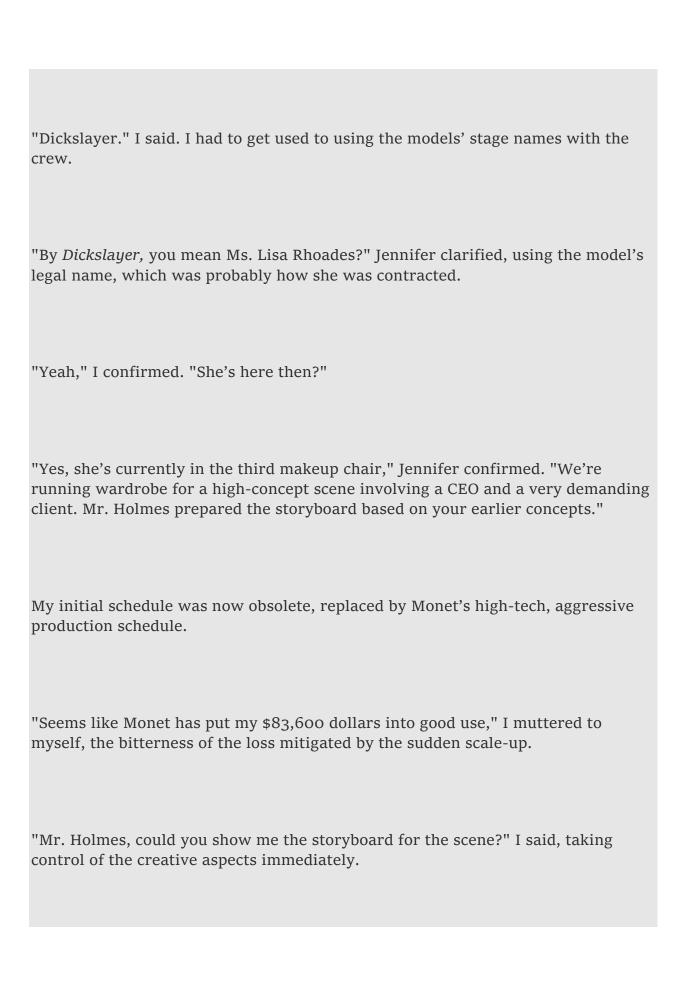
"This is Mr. Holmes," Jennifer said, introducing me to a bald man with a prominent skull tattoo visible on his head. He had subtle face tattoos marking his temples and jawline.

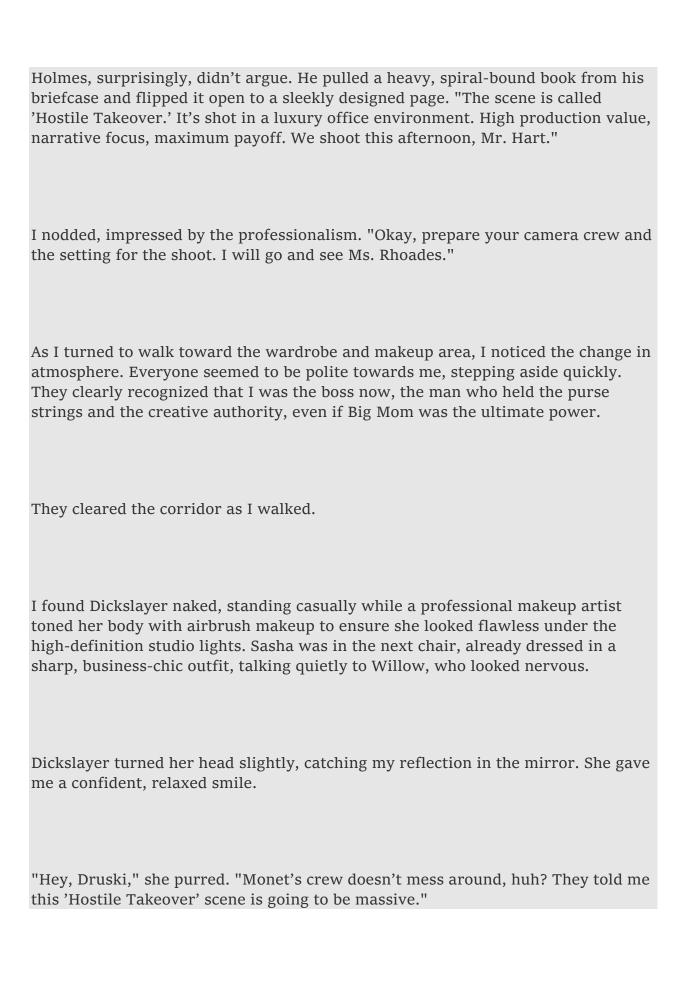
He was wearing a sharp, expensive suit, but I could tell his entire body was tatted beneath the fabric. He looked like the pornography version of a successful, intimidating record label executive—a porn Birdman.

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 his 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>I</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 <i>not</i> 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.





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.

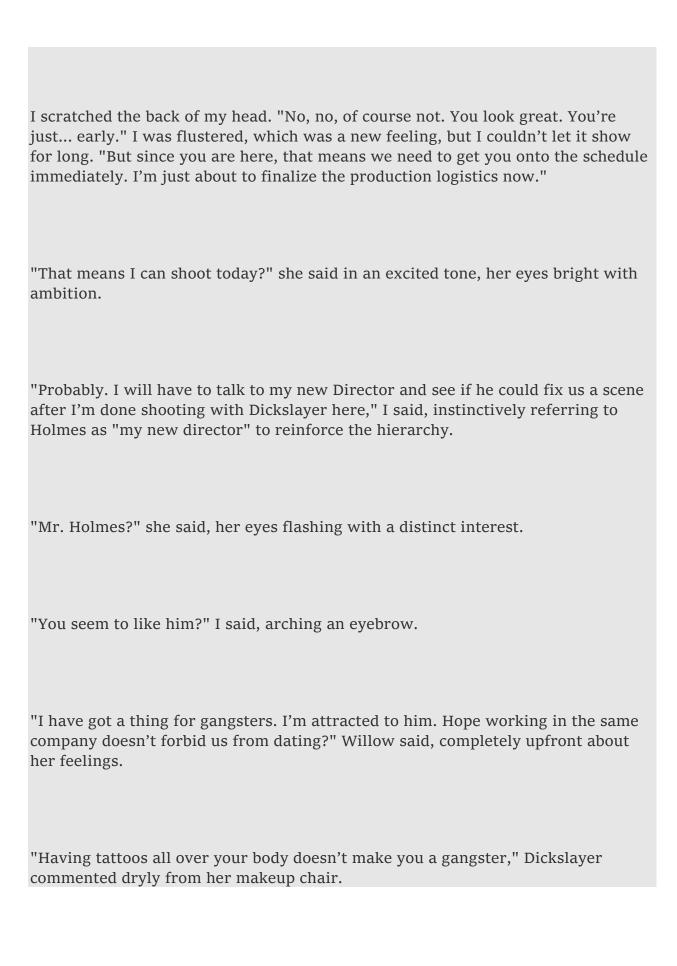
She looked way more beautiful without her clothes on. Her body was a testament to the rigorous physical preparation of a professional model: tightly toned, with visible, sculpted definition across her stomach and thighs.

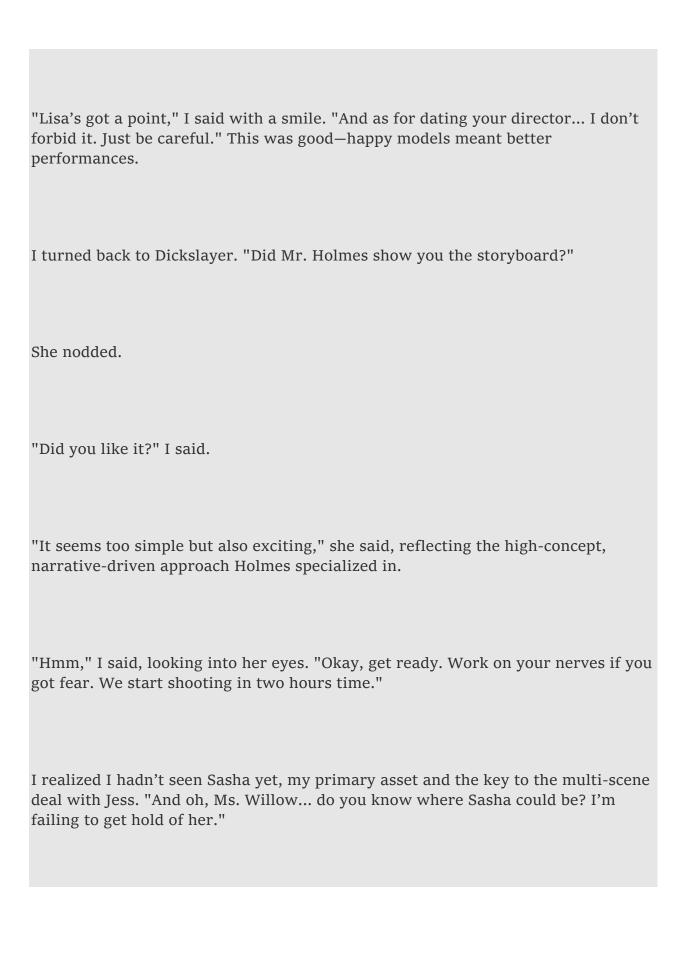
Her breasts were small and exceptionally firm, high-set and perfectly round, ideally suited for the camera's unforgiving lens. The most striking feature, however, was a delicate, intricate tattoo of a coiled serpent that started just above her hip bone and curled down her flank, disappearing precisely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

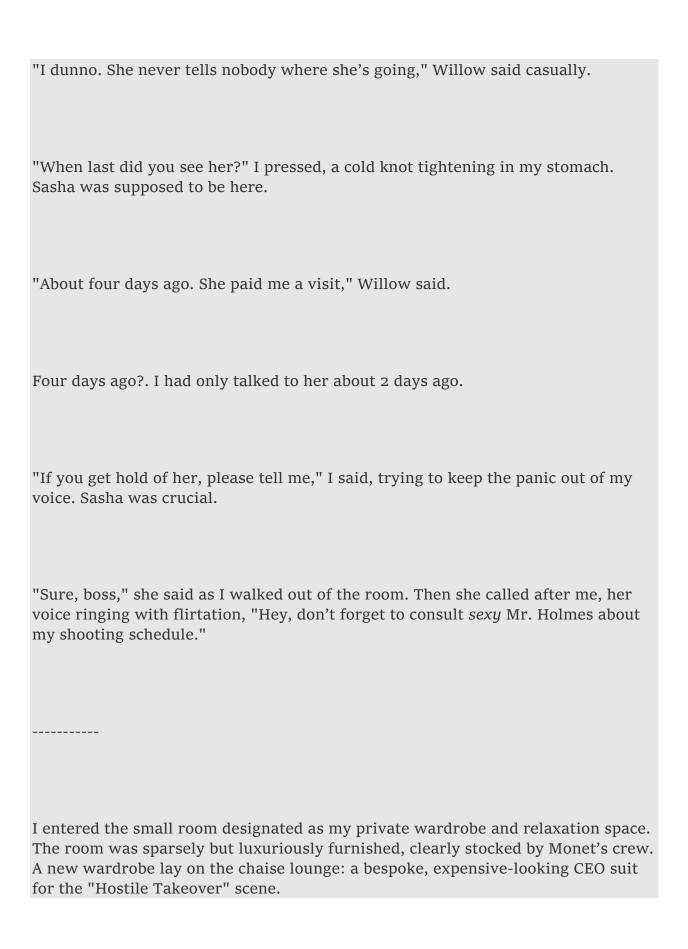
The area itself was neatly trimmed, presented with a stark, clean aesthetic that screamed professionalism, framed by the curves of her strong hips.

"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?"





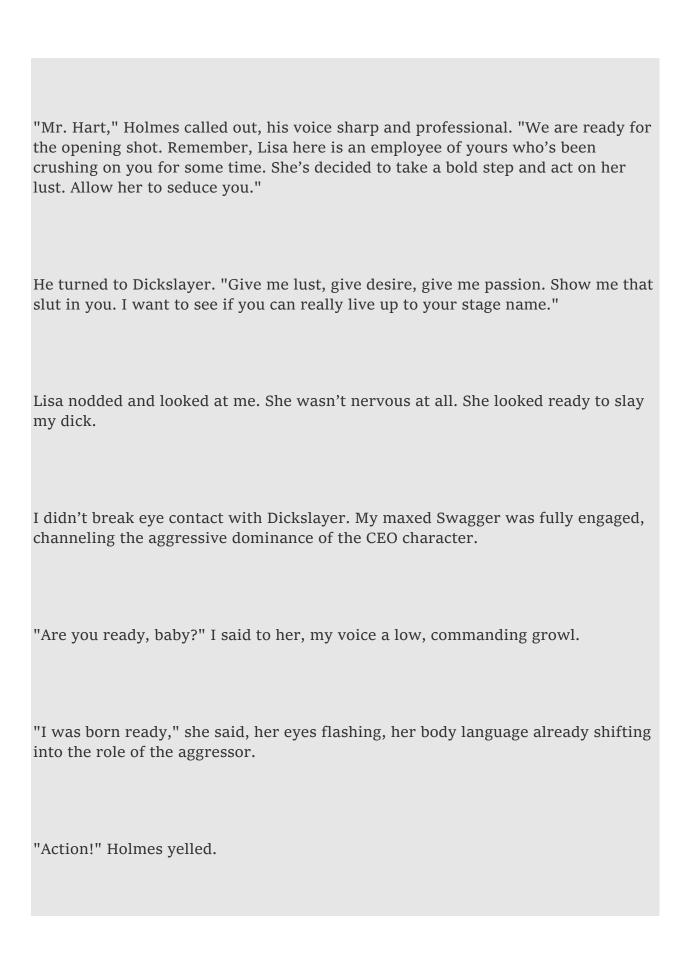


I stripped down the towel and started dressing. The expensive wool suit felt unfamiliar yet powerful, a perfect costume for the role I was playing: the ruthless alpha male CEO.
As I buttoned the silk shirt, I caught my reflection. The old Druski's face stared back—now slightly more intense, more focused. 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.

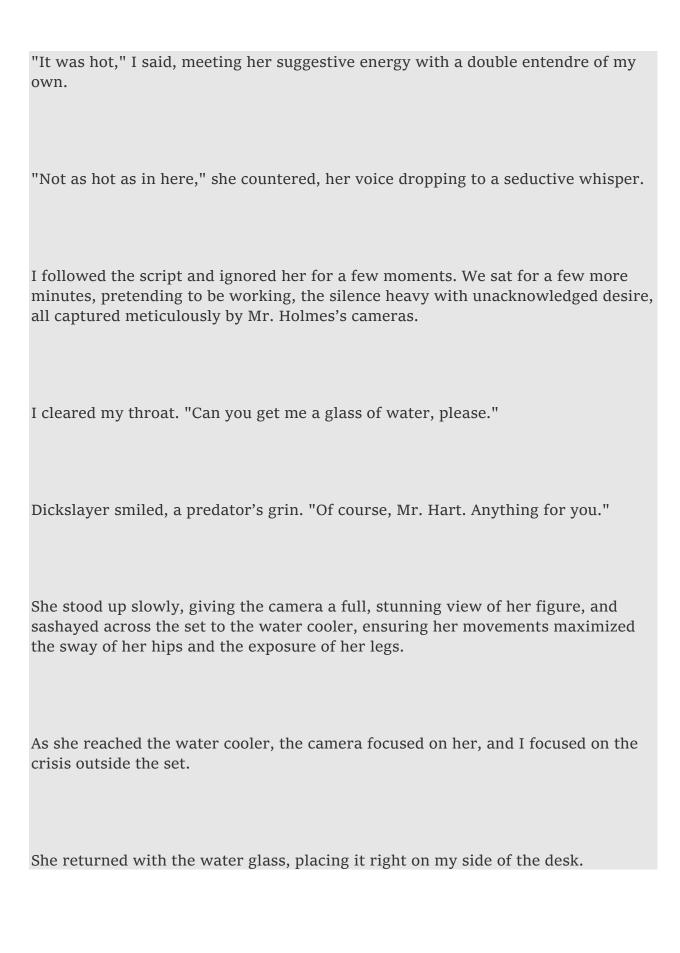
I hadn't replied to her first message from two weeks ago, and now she had sent another one, heavy and demanding.
[Chloe: We need to talk.]
Why the fuck had she unblocked me? What did she want to talk about? Was this a genuine attempt at reconciliation with Druski 1.0, or had she somehow caught wind of 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

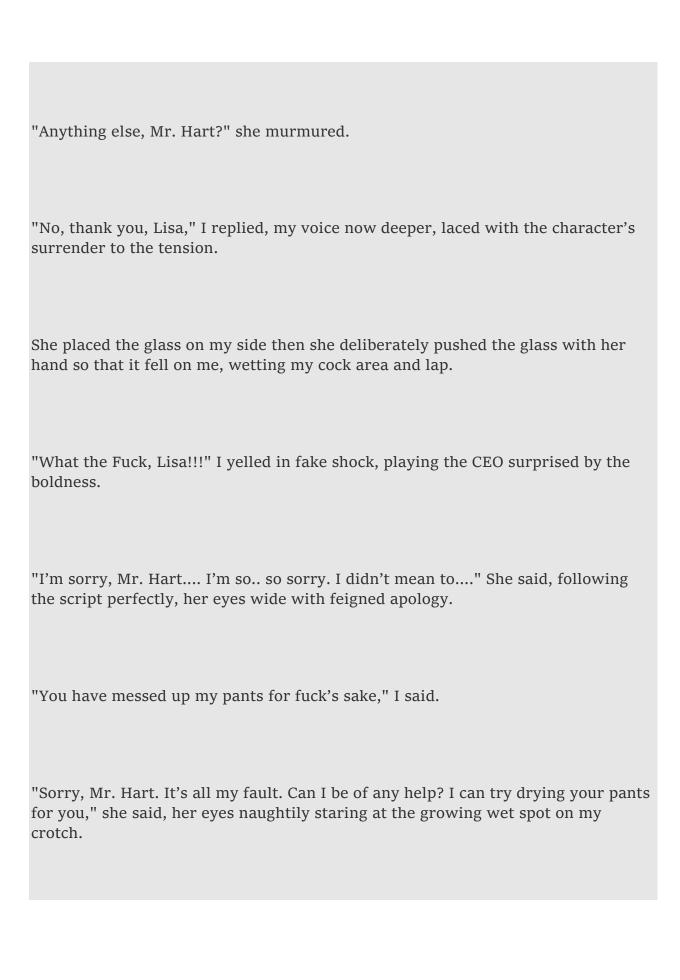
Chapter 57: Chapter 57

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.

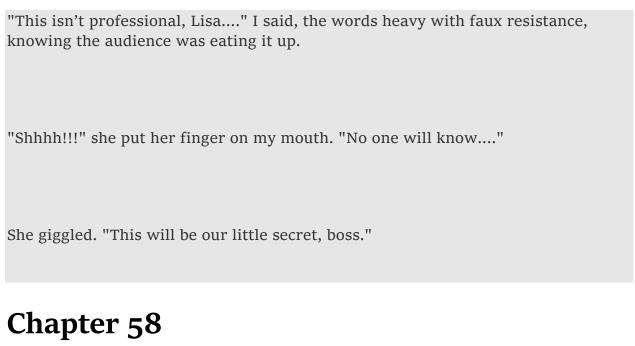


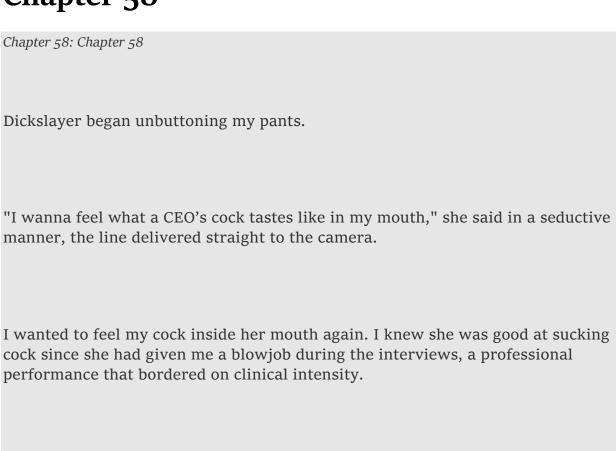
I stayed out of the camera range as Dickslayer took a seat on the table, her leather skirt stretched taut over her thighs. She began typing on a laptop prop.
After a full minute of silent acting, during which Mr. Holmes's camera crew captured several dramatic angles of her legs and focused concentration, 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 bu failing.
"How was your lunch hour?" she asked, leaning forward just enough to hint at the power of her chest.





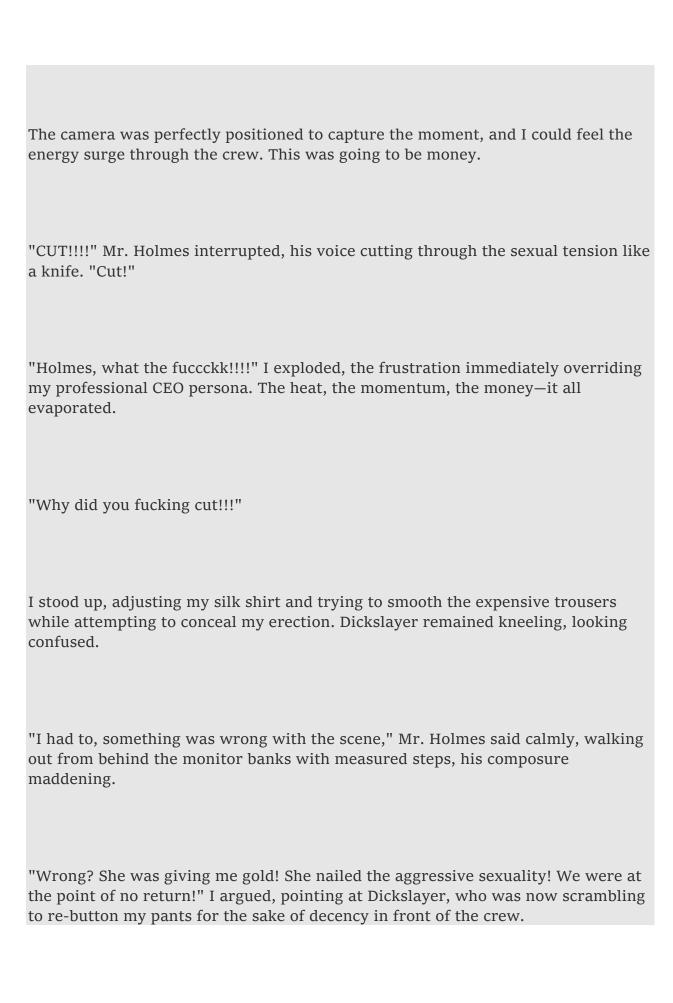
"Help me? And just how are you gonna dry my pants?" I said, leaning back as if trying to keep distance.
She took a step closer. "I have been noticing the way you've been looking at me, Mr. Hart. You want me as much as I want you"
"I don't know what you're talking about?" I said, trying to wipe away the 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.





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.

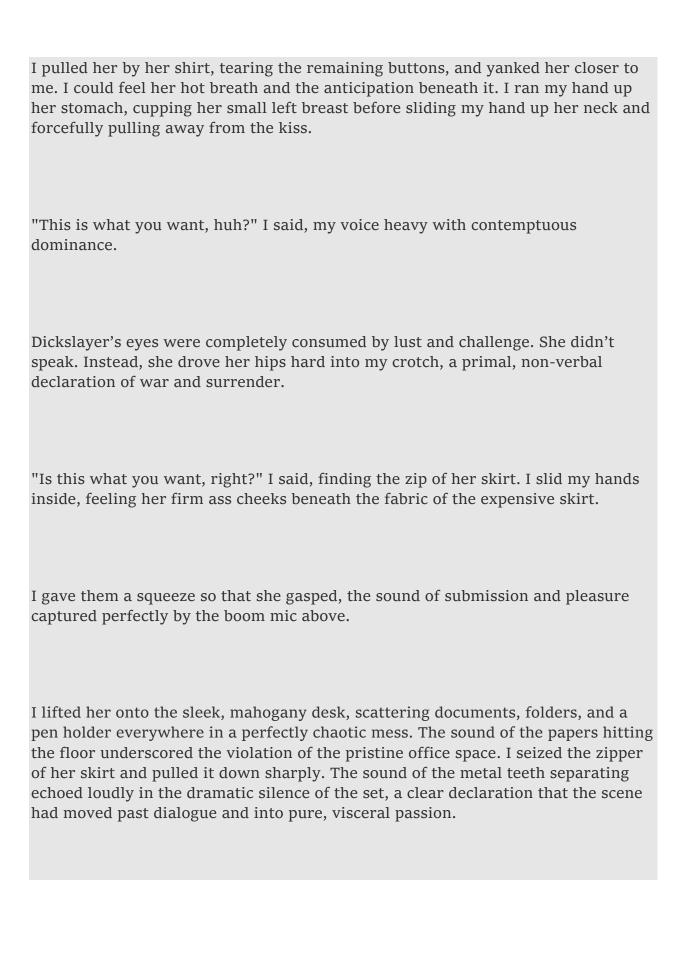


Holmes shook his head, looking unimpressed. "The technical execution was excellent, Mr. Hart, but the narrative failed. The camera setup wasn't wrong, but the story was. You were too professional. You resisted her too long. The audience needed to see you melt faster, driven by uncontrollable primal desire,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





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.

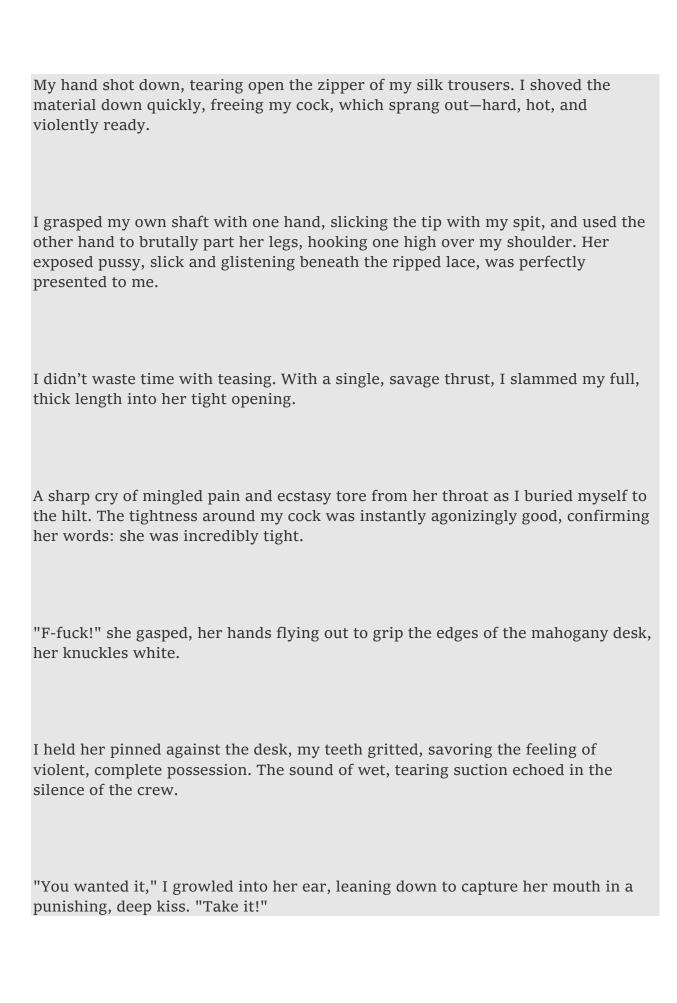
"I want you inside me boss," She said, breathing hard. "I want you to fill my tight little pussy with your huge cock."

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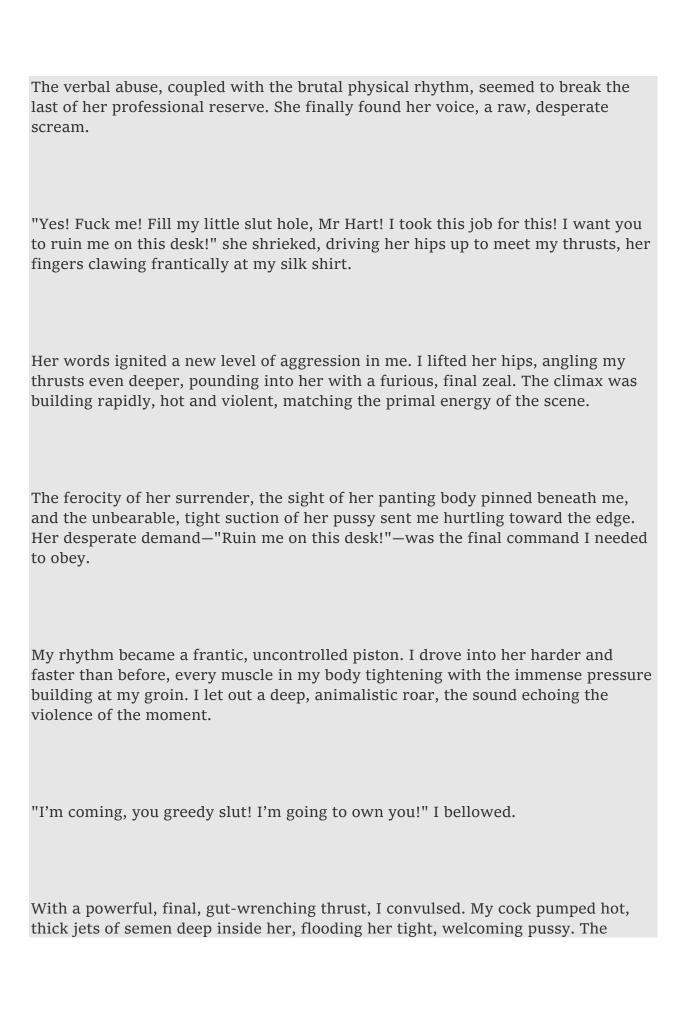
Chapter 59: Chapter 59

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

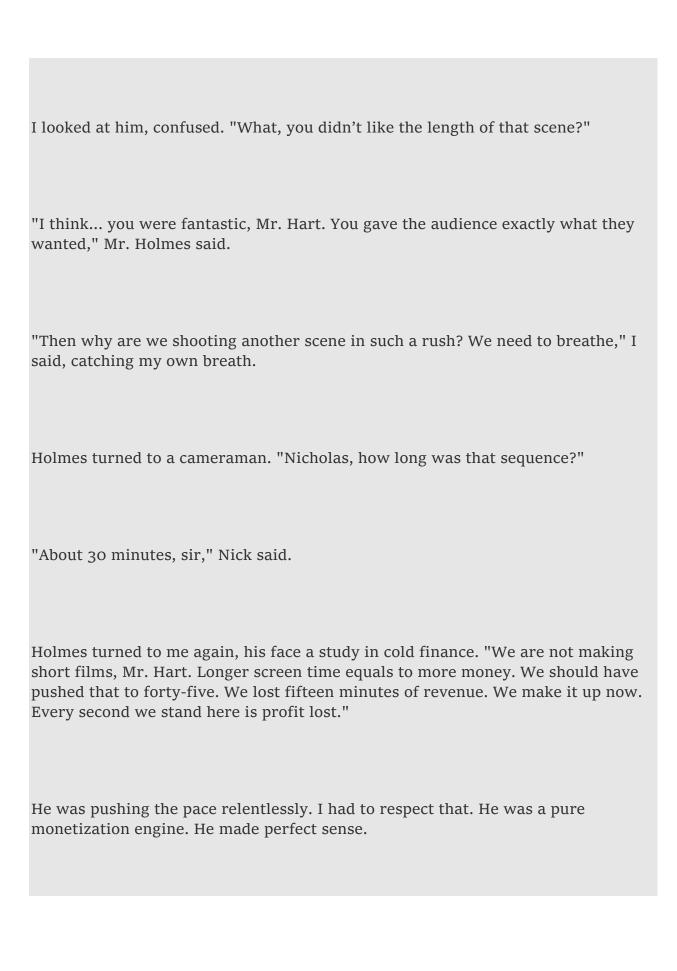
"You got it, Lisa" I snarled, my voice thick with contemptuous possession. "You get exactly what you begged for."



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?"

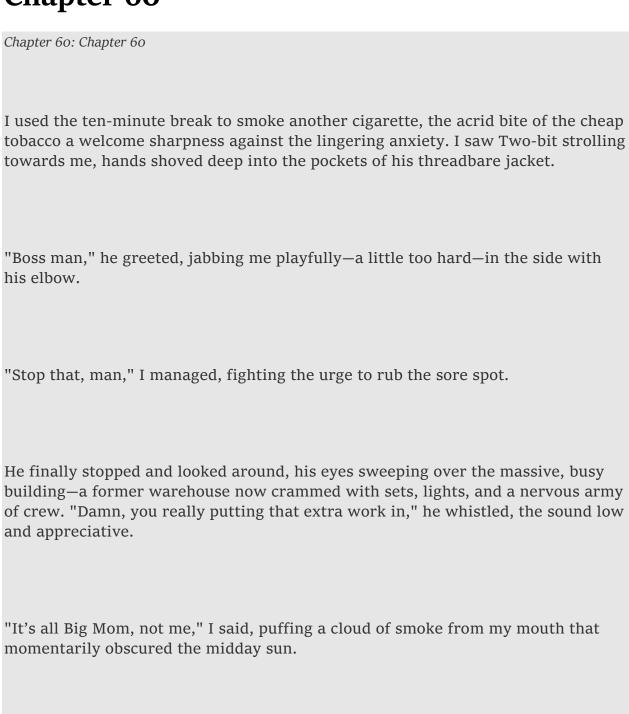


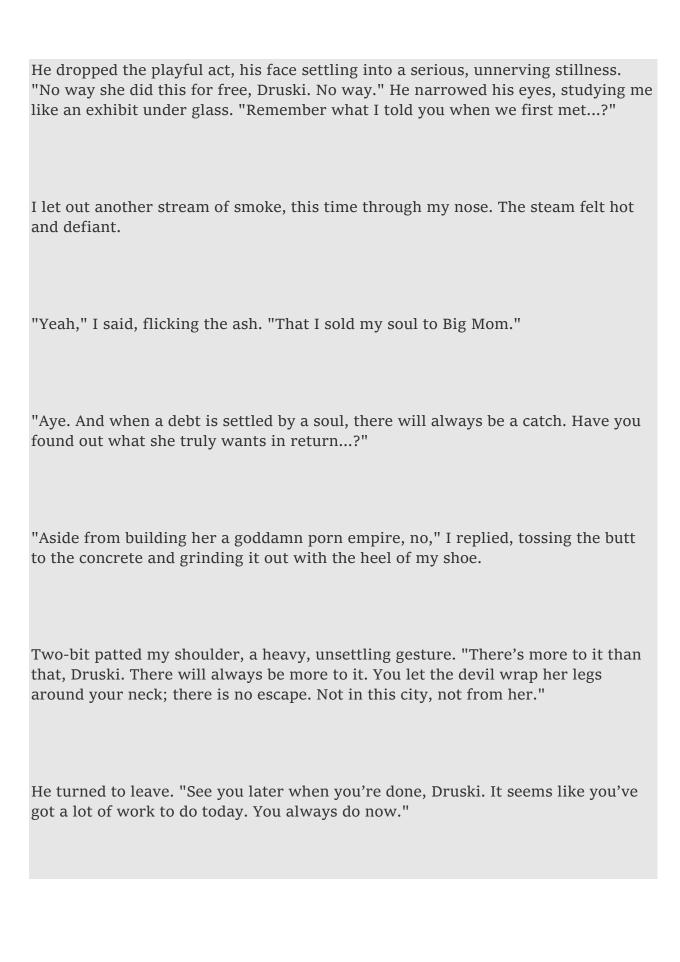
feeling was an overwhelming, soul-shattering release—a violent and complete possession that emptied me instantly.
I held her there, buried deep, my breath coming in ragged gasps, as my body continued to spasm with residual pleasure. Her hips continued to twitch beneath me, milking the last throbbing 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."



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Chapter 60





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?]	*** 1 (d) 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
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My heart hammered against my ribs, an insistent drumbeat of dread and excitement. She wanted to meet. My mind raced: <i>She probably knew the old Druski very well</i> . 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 <i>real</i> 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 fineplease 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!"

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.