

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 61

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The moment my cock sprang free, she didn't hesitate. She wasn't just servicing me; she was claiming her reward. Dickslayer immediately leaned forward, her mouth already open, her eyes locked on my length with predatory hunger.

She captured the tip, drawing me in with a warm, wet suction that instantly banished the lingering softness of the previous climax. Her technique was flawless—expert, deliberate, and fully focused on maximizing my pleasure. She worked her jaw, driving her head down to take as much of my length as she could, her tongue swirling around the sensitive head before she drew me deeper.

"I'm going to tear that mouth of yours with my cock" I grated out, my hands tangling in her hair, guiding her rhythm but not forcing it. "Every stroke will make you choke."

She paused, pulling back just enough to look up at the camera, her lips slick and glistening. "I love the way your cock tastes in my mouth, Boss," she breathed, her voice a seductive promise before she buried her face in my crotch again, working her throat muscles in a committed effort to deepthroat me.

The sensation of her hot, wet mouth, combined with the visual of her kneeling naked against the backdrop of the scattered office documents, was intensely powerful. The tension that Holmes had demanded was back, focused, and escalating fast.

The intensity of her blowjob was rapidly building me toward another climax, but I knew Holmes wanted a variety of angles and action to hit the runtime.

I gently, but firmly, pulled my cock free from her mouth. It was now rock-hard and fully engorged, dripping slightly with her saliva and gleaming under the studio lights.

"Get up you dirty little slut," I announced, grabbing her hands and pulling her upward.

She rose instantly, her eyes questioning my sudden change of pace. I guided her back to the mahogany desk, where the ripped papers and her discarded skirt still lay. She agilely climbed onto the desk, sitting right on the edge.

Without needing a verbal instruction, she immediately understood the framing. She faced me, her legs parting naturally and provocatively, giving me a clear view of her wet, glistening pussy, framed by the torn black lace.

I stepped forward, positioning myself between her spread thighs. The sheer heat radiating from her wetness, combined with the visual of her ready, demanding body against the backdrop of the violated office, was a visceral thrill.

My hardness was now pressed right against the slick entrance of her pussy, but I held back, savoring the final moment of tension. I reached down, not to enter her, but to slide my hand over the inner curve of her thigh.

"I'm about to destroy your pussy and fuck you like never before," I murmured, my voice dropping to a low, possessive growl.

I held the tip of my hard cock right at her entrance, letting her feel the blunt, hot pressure, savoring her palpable anticipation. Then, I deliberately pulled back, substituting the thickness of my cock for the sleek intimacy of my hand.

I reached down, my fingers trailing across the soft, inner curve of her thigh, then moving toward the source of her heat. I gently pushed aside the remaining shreds of the ripped black lace and slid a finger right into her pussy.

She gasped, her head tilting back, the sudden intrusion causing a delicious jolt of pleasure. She was incredibly slick, her wetness immediately coating my finger. I began to move my finger slowly, exploring the tight, hot walls that had just gripped my cock moments before.

"You're already so wet, Dickslayer," I whispered, my gaze fixed on her face, watching her struggle to maintain composure. "You can't wait to feel my cock inside your pussy, can you?"

I added a second finger, stretching her slightly, my thumb now circling her sensitive, swollen clit. The combination of deep internal pressure and precise clitoral stimulation made her hips buck sharply against my hand.

"Oh... please," she whimpered, her hands gripping my shoulders, her eyes fluttering shut. "Stop teasing. I want that cock inside my wet pussy. Now!"

The plea was exactly what the scene needed—the final crack in her resistance. I pulled my fingers out with a loud, slick pop, replacing them instantly with the hard, demanding head of my cock.

I wasted no more time. I guided the thick, slick head of my cock to her wet opening, feeling the heat and the immediate, powerful suction.

With a deep, driven motion, I plunged into her, driving myself fully and completely into her core. She let out a sharp, choked gasp of ecstasy as her tight, hot pussy wrapped around my entire length, enveloping me fully.

The sensation of the deep, seated penetration was overwhelming. Her legs clamped tightly around my waist, anchoring me as I leaned forward, trapping her against the desk.

"This is what you want, Dickslayer?" I growled, my voice vibrating with raw dominance. "The only thing you own now is my cock inside you."

I began to move immediately, setting a deep, controlled rhythm. Her body moved beautifully with mine, her hips lifting eagerly to meet every thrust. We were face-to-face, locked in an intimate, aggressive exchange. I could see the mixture of pain and pure, ravenous pleasure in her eyes as I relentlessly drove into her, filling her utterly against the backdrop of the scattered office chaos.

This angle—her naked, welcoming body dominating the corporate setting—was money.

Locked face-to-face, the rhythm we established was both intimate and aggressively sexual. I pulled her hips toward me, ensuring every thrust drove me to the deepest part of her, grinding my pelvis against her clit as I withdrew, then slamming back home with demanding force.

Her breath came in short, sharp gasps against my neck, where she pressed her face, clinging to me as the force of the penetration rocked her body. Her arms were wrapped tightly around my neck, her legs gripping my waist like anchors.

"Harder, Boss," she pleaded, the words muffled against my skin. "Don't stop! Break me on this desk!"

I lifted my head, forcing her to look at me, her eyes clouded with lust. "You wanted this power? I'm gonna show you my cock's superpower. I'm gonna cum, right inside your hungry little pussy!"

I drove into her faster, setting a frantic, focused pace. The friction was a glorious, wet heat, the sound of skin slapping skin and the slick suction of our joined bodies echoing loudly in the tension-filled silence of the crew.

We were moving as one chaotic, passionate machine, turning the cold, expensive desk into a hot, vibrant altar of corporate defilement. The relentless, deep penetration was stealing the air from her lungs, bringing her closer and closer to her own frenzied climax.