

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 62

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The intensity I was delivering, coupled with the primal demand in her eyes, had brought us both to the precipice. Dickslayer was fully engulfed by the experience; her entire body was shuddering, her fingers digging painful crescents into my shoulders.

Her breathing changed—from gasps of pleasure to sharp, shallow, uncontrollable panting. Her eyes rolled back, and her hips suddenly locked up, no longer meeting my thrusts, but convulsing against me.

"Oh, God... I'm coming! **I'm coming, Boss!**" she screamed, the word ripped from her throat in a ragged, pure explosion of feeling.

Her inner muscles clenched violently around my cock, creating an irresistible squeeze that dragged me instantly over the edge. Her climax was the detonator for mine.

A primal roar tore from my own chest as the first powerful surge of my orgasm hit. I drove into her with a final, massive thrust, holding myself fully buried as I unloaded my entire, hot, pulsing load deep into her convulsing pussy.

"Take it! All of it!" I gasped, every muscle screaming from the effort and the overwhelming pleasure. Wave after wave of hot, thick semen surged into her, claiming the space I had just conquered.

She continued to buck and tremble beneath me, trapped between the desk and my body, until the last shuddering tremors of both our climaxes subsided into a mutual, ragged exhaustion. The silence that followed was thick, broken only by our labored breathing.

The scene was perfect. The chaos, the aggression, the surrender, and the double climax—all delivered with clinical, devastating passion.

"CUT!"

Mr. Holmes' voice, sharp and instantly calm, sliced through the aftermath. He didn't even wait for us to separate.

"CUT! PRINT THAT! Goddammit, that's a wrap on the office sequence!"

The command rang out, followed by a sudden burst of low-level activity from the crew—cameras swinging away, lights dimming slightly. Mr. Holmes stepped out from behind the monitors, the cold, detached professionalism still radiating from him, but now edged with a rare hint of satisfaction.

I slowly pulled out of Dickslayer, the sound of the wet withdrawal cutting through the quiet. She slumped back onto the desk, her legs still trembling, her body covered in sweat and my glistening fluids.

Holmes walked up to the desk, ignoring the state of both of us and the scattered documents. He looked straight at me, his gaze intense.

"That," he stated simply, pointing to the desk, "was a Hostile Takeover. That was a violent, primal possession driven by necessity and lust. That was the seven-figure scene we talked about." He nodded once, a decisive, machine-like gesture. "The camera work on the climax was exceptional. Dickslayer, your commitment to the character—the desperation, the submission, the *need*—was exactly what the audience demands. You earned your fee. In fact, you earned a bonus."

He looked back at me, finally allowing a tiny, almost imperceptible smirk to touch his lips.

"Mr. Hart, you cleared your mind. You gave us the rage and the passion. You are a cold asset, and cold assets make us money. Good work."

A member rushed over, covering Dickslayer with a large, plush towel. I was still recovering, my body buzzing from the intensity of the scene.

Holmes, however, was already in the next operational phase. He turned his attention back to Lisa, his gaze less critical now, more observant.

"You enjoyed having sex with Mr. Hart, didn't you?" he asked, his tone still professional but probing for chemistry.

I could see a genuine flush of color bloom on her cheeks. "He's a good fuck," she admitted, giving me a confident, honest look.

I grinned, still adjusting my clothes. "The pleasure is mutual," I confirmed.

"I'm looking forward to shooting more scenes with you," she said with a genuine, eager smile.

"Don't worry, it won't be long," I assured her.

"That's a good sign," Mr. Holmes interjected, nodding approvingly. "It's great for porn actors to develop chemistry... only on the scene, of course."

"Don't worry, Holmes, nothing will happen off-set. I'm very professional when it comes to business," I stated firmly, zipping the last of my trousers.

"Same here," Dickslayer added, pulling the towel tighter around her.

"Well, I think you are done for the day, Lisa. We will notify you about your second scene next week. For now, go and get cleaned up, then we will see to your payment." Holmes dismissed her with a wave of his hand.

As soon as she was out of earshot, heading toward the makeshift dressing room, I turned to Holmes. "I thought I was the one doing the payments?"

He allowed himself a rare, cryptic smile. "Don't worry, Mr. Hart, Monet has everything covered. Although, what **you** need to worry about... is your next scene."

"Next scene...?" I echoed, my mind momentarily blank, focused entirely on the sheer physical exertion of the last hour.

"You have one more scene left scheduled for today, remember? Willow is your next act. We are shooting a minimum of three scenes a day, remember?" Mr. Holmes reminded me, his voice returning to its brisk, scheduled cadence. He tapped the clipboard in his hand. "We move from the 'Hostile Takeover' to 'The Executive Initiation.' We need to maintain this level of aggressive passion."

Another crew member immediately rushed over to me with fresh towels and a water bottle, while another started swapping out lenses on the main camera, tilting it toward a new area of the set.

This fucking machine was already moving on, demanding my next performance.

"What's my next scene?" I asked Mr. Holmes, trying to ignore the dull ache that was beginning to register in my lower back and groin.

He grinned, the rare expression hinting at the profitability of the upcoming shoot. "It's a simple bedroom scene... Dylan! Show Mr. Hart the storyboard for the scene."

Dylan, already nearby, immediately handed me the sleek storyboard. The cover image was suggestive: soft lighting, silk sheets, and a youthful figure.

"And please notify Ms. Willow to start preparing," Mr. Holmes added to Dylan.

Dylan nodded briskly and left to relay the instruction.

Holmes looked at me, his gaze analytical. "Will you be able to go another round?"

I could definitely feel that small pain starting in my back, a tired protest from my body, but I couldn't show weakness, especially to the clinical eye of Holmes. More importantly, I was confident I could handle the youthful energy of Willow.

"Yeah, I'm good to go, Holmes," I confirmed firmly.

"Good then," he said, already moving toward the back of the set. "I better freshen up. Then prepare the set for your next scene, Boss." Mr. Holmes left, his parting word of respect ringing in my ears.

"Boss? I hope he remembers that all the time," I muttered, half to myself, a small spike of ego satisfaction overriding the physical fatigue.

My system interface immediately shimmered into view, confirming the success of the demanding office shoot.

[SYSTEM ALERT]

[QUEST COMPLETE: SCENE #6 SUCCESS]

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

[Current balance:\$11,800]

[Charisma]: +2 Point Applied (Current: 3/10)

"Four scenes left," I muttered with excitement, looking at the storyboard in my hand. "Just four scenes left to complete this quest."