

**This isn't perfect. I haven't edited it that much, so there are probably mistakes. Not nearly as graphic as my other stories. Some similar themes, however.**

## JOB REQUIREMENTS

Jess Carter sat behind her desk in the studio's large front lobby. She was typing on her computer's keyboard when her boss, Phil Milton, hurried over to her.

"Jess, did you schedule Shantel for next Monday?" He had curly black hair, wore a black silk shirt unbuttoned halfway down, exposing his hairy chest. A gold chain looped around his neck.

"Yes. She'll be here." Jess was looking at the screen of the computer monitor on her desk. She moved the mouse around and clicked it a couple times. She squinted at the screen, looking at something. "She's supposed to come by at noon that day."

"Good." Phil said, pulling a pack of cigarettes out of his pants pocket. He pinched a cigarette out of the pack and tossed it into his mouth. "Any calls?"

She shook her head. "No, sir."

"Alright, I'm going out for a moment."

Cigarette dangling from his lips, he hurried away from the desk and out the lobby's front entrance. He did this several times a day. He had to have his smoke breaks.

Again, Jess was alone in the empty lobby. She had been working at the studio for almost two months. She didn't want to take the job, didn't see herself as a secretary, but she **needed** the money. She knew she had limited options with her lack of credentials. She had found the job in an add on the internet and was desperate. At the time, she had just moved to Sun City, California and needed work, this job being the first thing she found.

In a moment, the front entrance near Jess's desk opened and a young woman stepped through it. She moved toward the desk, hips wiggling back and forth, her high heels clicking on the tile floor.

She stopped in front of the desk and addressed Jess. "Hey, sweetie," she said, in a high-pitched squeaky voice. "I'm here for the two o'clock shoot." Jess was familiar with this woman, Tanya Ta Tas, one of the studios **elite** performers, a bottle blonde with fake **everything**, the biggest and most fake being her breasts, which were a least HH Cups. This was normal for the studio's adult acts, their niche being **massive breasted Barbie dolls**.

"They're ready for you, Tanya," Jess said. "Just go through the last door on the right."

"I know where to go, honey," Tanya said, pulling out a compact from a tiny glittery purse, which hung over her right shoulder. She opened the compact and inspected her face, ran a finger around her pink plumped lips. After a moment she snapped the compact shut and slipped it back into her purse. She slapped her hands on the front of the desk, clicked her long glossy

pink-painted fingernails on it. She leaned over the desk toward Jess, her huge boobs billowing out of the top of her tight silver dress. "You're a dyke, right?"

Oh, boy, Jess thought, here we go again.

Tanya was always taking jabs at Jess's appearance. Jess was tall, athletic, kept her reddish hair in a sporty pixie cut, wore tank tops, jeans, and sneakers. She could keep it casual at this job, which she liked...but she **didn't** like Tanya.

"Yes, Tanya...I'm gay."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Not at the moment."

Tanya rose up from the desk, adjusting the thin straps on her dress. "You ever think about doing a lesbian scene?"

"Not so much..."

Tanya wrinkled her nose, grinning. "I didn't say with me, silly." She turned and began to shimmy toward the door at the end of the lobby. "See you later, doll."

God, I hate her, Jess thought.

Later that same day, Jess was eating lunch at her desk, a salad, when Phil walked up to her again.

"Jess," he said, some panic in his voice. "My script supervisor Michelle just called me and quit. I need a new one--**asap**. You're gonna have to do it for today."

"What does it entail. I don't have to go on set, right?" "No. You'd **have** to be on set. The script supervisor reads back the lines to the cast if they forget them."

Jess furrowed her brow. "I don't know..."

"Look, it's more money and a fairly easy job. It's a porno for fuck's sake, not Shakespeare."

Jess thought about it for a moment, chewed her bottom lip. She had never been on set before, never had a desire to watch people fucking.

"You'll make over five hundred dollars if you do it."

Jess looked up at him. She raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Yes. But just for today."

After another moment, she stood from her desk. "Alright," she said, sticking out a hand. "I'll do it."

Phil waved off her attempt at a handshake.

"Eh, c'mon. Let's go. We have a lot more to shoot."

Phil rushed off toward the door at the end of the lobby. Jess hesitated for a moment but then rushed after him. He opened the door and walked through it, Jess following close behind.

The large room was dark, except for an illuminated faux living room set in the middle of it. Two large cameras mounted on rolling stands stood in front of the living room, cheap wallboard hinged together simulated the yellow walls of the room. A brown-leather couch sat angled in the middle of the room, a gray armchair beside it. A man sat in the middle of the couch, legs open wide, while a huge breasted Asian woman knelt in front of him, giving him oral sex.

Jess made a face at the scene. She didn't want to witness this.

After a moment the girl stopped sucking and rose to her feet, huge breasts wobbling. She looked at Phil and Jess. "Finally," the girl said, wiping her mouth of saliva. She walked from the set, leaving the man with a fully erect penis on the couch.

Jess wouldn't look at the man directly, looking at everything but him.

"Alright, Jess." Phil said, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Don't jerk him too hard at first. You don't want him to cum, just to stay erect."

The words didn't register with her immediately. "What?"

"Don't make him cum when you fluff him?"

Jess was in shock now. She twisted her head toward Phil, slapped his hand off her shoulder. "I'm not **fluffing** anybody! I'm the script supervisor."

Phil sighed. "That's part of the script supervisor's job. I should have told you."

"Well, I'm not doing it!" Jess turned and marched off the set and out the door.

A moment later, she was stomping toward the front entrance. She was ready to quit and walk out, when Phil hurried around her, blocking her path.

"Listen," he said, somewhat out of breath. "It's just part of the job. It's not sexual. Everybody here is desensitized to it anyway. Don't leave."

Jess shook her head. "Not doing it. Have one of your **stars** do it." "I can't. It's not in their contract. It has to be somebody employed by me **full-time**."

She pursed her lips to the side of her face. "I'm not in the business."

Phil, again, placed a hand on her shoulder. "Hey, you don't even like men. It would be like cranking a lever on a machine to you, right? Who cares, then? Also, it's five hundred bucks. Didn't you say the other day you were hurting for money?..."

Jess's eyes went down, chewed her bottom lip like she did. She thought about how broke she actually was. She couldn't afford to lose this job. If she did, where would she work? The job market wasn't so great right now. Plus, it might take her weeks to find another job.

She sighed. "I won't be recorded, **will I?**"

"Never."

Another moment passed and Jess put out her hand for a shake. "You have to promise me."

Phil extended his arm this time and shook her hand, smiling. "I better shake now, because when you're done I won't want to."

"Hey!"

"I'm just joking."

Back on the set, Phil guided Jess to the man on the couch.

"Jess this is Jake Jackson."

Jess gave him a forced smile. "Hi."

Jake stared up at Phil. "My ship is sinking, bro. I need some assistance."

"Right," Phil said. "Jess, go ahead raise his ship."

Jess glanced at Phil. He nodded, patted her on the back. "It'll be alright."

She slowly lowered herself onto the couch next to Jake and sat rigidly on the edge of the seat. She still wouldn't look directly at him.

"I don't know, bro," Jake said to Phil. "She looks pretty butch."

"Hey, forget you!" Jess snapped at him. She almost jumped off the couch.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Phil said, waving his hands in front of her. "Forget about that. It's **just** a job. Jake, just close your eyes and relax."

Jake shrugged, closed his eyes, and dropped his head onto the back of the couch. "Whatever, dude."

Jess stared at his dick. Was she **really** going to do this? Then she thought about the five hundred dollars, again.

Man, she really needed that money, and nobody would ever know she did this.

She slowly reached her arm out, hand spread. She gripped his semi-chub. It grew slightly in her hand when she touched it. She couldn't believe how weird it felt. She hadn't tried to be with a man since high school, and that was just to please her parents.

Phil smiled. "Damn, you're a natural."

She began to stroke Jake slowly.

Phil tossed up a hand. "Good. Keep it up." He turned to the crew. "Alright everybody, five minutes and we're back to filming." He turned back to Jess, winked at her. "Remember, It's **just** a job." He walked off the set and into the darkness of the large room.

After about a minute, Jess was moving at a steady pace. Jake's dick was now fully erect in her grasp. He hadn't made much noise. For a second she thought he'd gone to sleep, until she heard him clear his throat, which prompted her to finally look at him. His head was still leaned back on the couch, his eyes closed, and she noticed for the first time how young he looked. He couldn't have been over twenty-two, a few years younger than she was. His body was completely shaved, oiled, tanned and muscular---not something Jess cared about.

"Oh, Tanya," Jake muttered.

Tanya? Of course, he was fantasizing about that blonde, huge-boobed bimbo.

A few more minutes past and Phil walked back onto the set. "Okay, Jess. Good work. Here's a hand wipe." He held out the wipe to her. She continued stroking. "I-I'm done?"

"Yeah, you can stop jerking off Jake now."

Slightly embarrassed, Jess pulled her hand away. She took the wipe and cleaned her hand with it. She got up off the couch. She looked back at Jake. He was still in the same position, eyes closed. Dick fully erect. The crew had settled back into their places. The Asian woman, Megan Melons, pranced back onto the set and got down on her hands and knees.

Phil took Jess by the arm and guided her off the set. They stood behind one of the camera's. "See," he said. "that wasn't so bad."

"And I get half a grand...**for that**?"

"It'll be on you're next paycheck."

Jess thought a moment. "Hey...can I do this...**full**-time. I mean, like you said, it's **just** a job."

Phil shook his head. "I'm sorry, Jess. I like you a lot, and if it were up to me, yes. But my male performers usually require a different kind of script girl. You know...one with **giant** jugs. It's the only thing that keeps most of them hard. I had to beg Jake to let you do it."

Jess's head dropped. "Oh...okay."

"So unless you have thousands for a boob job. I doubt you'd work."

Jess sighed. Scratched the back of her head. "Well...can I see the script then?"

Phil chuckled. "We ain't got no fucking script."

At the end of the work day, Jess was walking through the parking lot toward her car, an older maroon hatchback. It needed work, but at least it ran. She reached into her jeans and pulled out her keys.

"Hey," a voiced called from behind her.

Oh, no. She knew the voice. It was Tanya. Jess twisted toward her. "What do you want, Tanya?" Her tone was lifeless, no expression on her face.

Tanya hurried up to Jess. Tanya's boobs bouncing with each step. "I heard you were in the business now, baby. You're the new fluffer."

Jess turned up her mouth even more. "No. I'm **not**. They don't want girls like me."

Tanya giggled. "You mean flat-chested, short-haired lesbians."

Jess turned the key in the driver's side door lock. She jerked open the door. "Piss off, Tanya."

She flopped in the driver's seat and was about to slam the door, but Tanya stopped her, gripping the top of the door.

"I'm not trying to be mean, bubbles," she said. "I'm just being honest. If you want the big bucks, you gotta have the big bust."

"Uh, that ain't gonna happen," Jess said. "I barely have money for a haircut most days."

"I can tell," Tanya said, as if to herself. Then she leaned in closer to Jess. "I have a secret. I **never** had plastic surgery. I take these pills. I found them online for about a hundred smackers. I never thought they'd work, but they **do**."

Jess squinted at Tanya, inspecting her face for any deception. "Bullshit."

"No, I'm serious. The more you take the more you grow, and just in the right places, too." She reached into her tiny sparkly purse and pulled out a bottle of pills, held them out to Jess. "See?"

Jess turned her nose up at the bottle.

Tanya opened it and put a pill in her hand. She held it out to Jess. The pill was round and pink. "Take it. By morning you'll be bigger than a D-cup."

For a moment, Jess just stared at the pill in Tanya's palm. Then, hesitantly, she grabbed it from Tanya. She inspected it, holding it close to her nose. Then she slipped it into her jeans pocket. "I don't trust you, Tanya. This could be PCP."

Tanya became vertical, adjusted the bra under her tight body-hugging cheetah-print dress, her massive orbs wobbling around. "Suit yourself, redhead. If you wanna keep fighting for scraps, go ahead, but I'm living on easy street." She spun on a heel and marched off across the parking lot, her bulbous round ass wiggling under her tight dress. Jess watched as Tanya climbed into a brand new sports car.

That night Jess sat on her futon in her small apartment. She could hear her neighbors TV blasting next door, only muffled by the thin walls surrounding her. She looked at a long crack forming in the wall above her own TV, which she had turned on earlier, but wasn't watching, keeping the volume low.

Her mind was somewhere else. She reached into her pocket and pulled out the pill Tanya had give her. She twisted up her mouth in thought. Was she really contemplating popping this thing? It could be poison.

On her coffee table in front of her, lay a couple envelopes. They were bills...bills she could pay, but would be left with only a few dollars for food the rest of the week. She looked at the pill one last time.

Fuck it, she thought, maybe getting high is what I need, and she tossed it into her mouth. A rush of cherry flavor spread over her tongue and a cool blast hit the back of her throat.

"Candy," she said to herself. "Just great. Thanks for nothing, **Tanya...**"

A moment later, she turned off her TV and went to her bedroom to prepare for bed.

It was around 2 o'clock in the morning. Jess had tossed and turned on top of the covers most of the night. The air-conditioner blew cool air, but she was hot, her whole body drenched in perspiration. Eventually, she sat up. She could feel her heart beating rapidly. She was panting, her chest quickly rising and falling. Worried for her health, she scurried from her bed and into her small bathroom. She turned on the overhead light in the bathroom and stared at her reflection in the mirror above the sink. She appeared flushed, her red bangs plastered on her forehead with sweat. She looked down at her breasts. She could see her nipples standing up under her white tank top. In fact, her familiar A-cups looked puffed up a little. Again, her eyes raised to her face. She could see the worry in her expression.

"I'm dreaming," she said, and lightly slapped herself on the cheek.

Then her breasts began to grow under her tank top, slowly expanding and rounding out, reminding her of someone inflating a balloon.

"Holy shit!" she shrieked.

In less than thirty seconds, they grew at least one cup size.

She grasped her expanding breasts, pushing down on them to seize the growth.

"Oh, God," she said, having to release her grip immediately, her protruding nipples far to sensitive to touch.

In a moment, her swelling breasts started to create cleavage, which rose out of the neckline of her tank top like rising dough in a hot oven. She was at least a D-cup by now and she started to panic. "I gotta call somebody. Wait? Who do I call?"

The tank top's shirttail began to draw up from stretching across her boobs, revealing her flat, toned stomach. She grabbed the shirttail and pulled it down, which pulled the neckline down to reveal even more cleavage. Jess couldn't believe what she was seeing. This was **too** much.

"They're big enough!" she howled. "Stop growing, please!"

Then as if the gods had heard her prayer, her breasts slowed and soon stopped expanding. She let out a breath of relief.

She stared at her new assets, her mouth agape. They were at least H-cups, huge and round. She squeezed the underside of her left breast. Surprisingly, it was still somewhat soft. She had to get a better look. Carefully, she grabbed the shirttail of her tank top and pulled it over her head, trying not to stimulate her overly sensitive nipples. She dropped the top to the floor.

The reflection in the mirror **can't** be me, she thought. Those huge tits don't belong there. I'm slim and athletic. They look weird with my frame. They look weird with my short hair. These things belong on that long-haired blonde bimbo **Tanya...not on me!**

She reached a hand up and gently placed her palm on the tip of her right nipple, testing its sensitivity. At first, it felt normal, sensitive, yes, but no real difference, although it was much longer and harder. Then a jolt of pleasure blasted from her nipple to her crotch.

"Oh...f-fuck," she stammered, and her body rocked. She stared at her stunned face in the mirror.

She knew she would orgasm if she pressed any further...but she couldn't help herself. She gripped the nipple and began to twist it between her fingers. Another blast of extreme pleasure hit her crotch. "I can't take it!" she yelled, and yanked on her nipple harder, the blast of pleasure coming one after another.

Then, in the heat of the moment, she grabbed the left nipple and began to twist and tug on it. Finally, she exploded into orgasmic rapture, her pussy squirting uncontrollably, soaking the crotch of her pajama bottoms.

"Yes, yes, yes!" she howled.

As the orgasm ripped through her body, someone banged on the wall in the apartment over. They must've heard her through the walls. But in the moment, she didn't care.

After it was over she steadied herself on the sink, her legs weak.

This was unreal....

The next day and Jess had just walked into the lobby of the studio. Luckily, Phil was in there. He was talking to, Jake, Jess's first **fluff** job. He was fully dressed now, however, in athletic shorts, a white shirt, and sneakers. She was a little embarrassed seeing him, knowing what she'd done to him yesterday. But she blocked it from her mind and marched confidently toward the men. She wore an over-sized puffer jacket to cover her new breasts. Large as it was, she could barely



zip it up back at her apartment, but with some effort, she was finally able to do so.

"Phil," she said, excitement in her voice. "Have you hired anybody to be the new 'script' girl yet?" Phil nodded. "I have somebody coming in today. Lana A. Lot. You probably know her. She's retired from full scenes, but is still packing a pair. Why?"

Jess grabbed the zipper at the top of her jacket and yanked it down. She pulled open the jacket and stuck out her huge chest. The red tank top she wore strained against her ginormous boobs, cleavage almost to her collarbone.

Phil's mouth dropped. "When did you...? How? I...."

"I got them done overnight. It was like an...**emergency** procedure. Anyway, can I have the job now?"

Phil stared over at Jake, who was staring hypnotically into Jess' inches of cleavage. "

Yeah..." Jake said.. "She'll work...."

Phil turned back to Jess. "Alright, kid, you got the job. Uh...be on set by two."

"You got it." She turned and headed out the entrance, struggling to zip her jacket up.

Later that day, Jess was preparing for the next break in filming, sitting in a director's style chair behind one of the camera's. She sipped on a diet coke. She was nervous, still wore her puffer jacket to conceal her boobs. Laura Love was in the middle of bouncing on Darrell D's giant rod, a black performer with a nine inch penis. After a moment, Laura rolled off the bed and walked away to her dressing room. Phil walked over to Jess.

"Okay, Jess," he said. "We're taking a short break. You're up."

Jess nodded, put down her drink. She walked onto the set, a bedroom this time. Darrell lay on a king- sized bed, hands behind his head, his dick fully hard.

"I'm Jess," she said to him, her voice cracking from nerves.

Darrell peered over at her. "Hey, no offense, but I don't think this is going to work."

She didn't say anything. She unzipped her jacket and lay it on the foot of the bed. Her huge breast hugged by her tight red tank top.

She could see Darrell's eyes flash. "Damn," he said. "I didn't think a girl like you'd have titties so big." Jess apprehensively climbed onto the bed.

It's just a job, she kept thinking. It's just a job... Five hundred dollars. Just remember the money....

She slowly raised her hand to grab his huge dick. She gripped it and began stroking. Darrell sort of chuckled, making her feel suddenly weird about the situation. After a moment, she noticed

Darrell's penis starting to go a bit limp. She stroked harder, faster, but to no avail. She was losing him.

"Sorry, girl," he said. "Just ain't cutting it."

"What....what do you mean?" she said.

"Need more than a hand to do the trick.... How 'bout you put them big ol' titties around my dick?"

Jess swallowed hard. "I...I can't do that. It's against the rules. Sorry, dude."

"Nah, baby. You don't even have to take off your bra. Just slip this snake in your caverns and make it dance."

Jess was beginning to panic. If Phil came back and saw his star going limp, he might fire her. There goes the job. There goes the money, and she'd be stuck with these titanic tits for no reason.

She decided she'd do it. Besides, it wasn't sex. She was just doing a job...**just** a job....I mean, what's the difference between the flesh on my hand and the flesh between my boobs?

She sat up. "Okay, but I'll only do it until everybody comes back."

Darrell scooted a little closer to Jess on the bed. "Sounds good to me."

She sat between Darrell's legs, lifted her shirttail, hunched forward, and slid his massive penis under her shirt and between her tits. The fat head of his penis popped out at the top of her cleavage.

"That's the stuff," he moaned.

With both hands squeezing her giant breasts together, she began pumping them up and down, rocking her torso back and forth. In no time, Darrell's semi-hard cock quickly became much longer and harder. She was thrilled at the sight.

"Oh, thank god," she said. "Now you'll be able to finish the scene."

"Uh huh," Darrell said, and began to thrust his hips up and down, pumping her tits faster. He watched as they bounced under her tight red tank top, the breast flesh pushing out the neckline, quivering and jiggling.

"B-better slow down, " Jess said, becoming nervous again.

"Don't worry, baby. I'm a p-professional."

That's when she heard the door to the set open and the crew beginning to file back in, chattering amongst themselves.

Darrell didn't seem to notice or care. He kept pumping, Jess holding her breasts together for him.

"Filming is about to start soon," she remarked. "I think we can stop."

She heard Phil's voice. She tried to lift her breasts up and away from Darrell's dick, but his wild pumping made it impossible. She kept wobbling, falling forward and sliding back onto his dick. It was damn near impossible to keep her balance, the mattress bouncing, the bed frame raising up and down, clanking on the wooden floor.

Phil walked onto the set under the lights. He stood near the bed and shook his head. "What are you doing, Jess?"

She looked over at Phil. "He said my hand wasn't cutting it." She was still gripping her tits, Darrell pumping them. "It's okay.... It's not sexual. I'm just keeping him hard."

Then Darrell groaned and dropped back on the bed, his long hard cock erupting, a fountain of cum splattering all over Jess' chin, chest, breasts, and running down into her cleavage.

She shrieked: "You can't!" She struggled to lift her humongous hooters from his exploding cock. He continued to cum for several seconds while she struggled to free herself. Finally she slid his cock from between her gargantuan globes, arching her back. The momentum and weight from her massive mammaries caused her to fall backwards, rolling over her head and off the bed. "Eek!"

Darrell sat up. "Oh, shit! She okay?"

Phil dashed around the side of the bed where she had fallen. She scrambled to her feet, pushing herself up with the corner the bed. She stood rigid, arms out at her sides, cum splattered all over her chest, breasts and neck, some dripping off her chin.

"He...came." she said, her mouth open in shock. "I'm **completely** covered!"

Phil, hands on his hips, glanced back at the crew standing in the darkness. "Can I get a **fucking** towel over here?!"

Later that day, Jess opened the door to Phil's office. She was fresh from a shower, hair slightly damp. The showers were a couple doors down from the set, a necessity in a business like this.

She wore a completely different outfit, which she had nabbed from wardrobe: A plain white t-shirt, daisy duke shorts and a pair of sandals. It was all she could find that fit her, **almost** fit her. The shirt, although large, strained across her breasts.

"You wanted to talk to me," she said meekly, her head peering around the corner of the door.

Phil was sitting behind his large wooden desk. He gestured with a flip of his hand for her to enter. She did, closing the door behind her.

"Sit," Phil said, pointing at a chair in front of his desk.

She walked to the small leather chair and sank into it.

A moment of silence passed between them, then Jess spoke: "I don't know what happened. He must've been daydreaming about Laura."

"Save it," Phil snapped, cutting her off. "We lost half an hour. I know that doesn't seem like much, but it costs. You might not take this seriously, but I do."

Jess sat forward in the chair. "Take it seriously? I went above and beyond to make sure he could perform."

"Perform? You were supposed to fluff him--not **tit-fuck** a river of jizz out of his balls!"

Jess blushed uncontrollably. "W-wait. I didn't **tit-fuck** anybody. It wasn't sex. I was doing my job. You said it yourself."

Phil stood up and stepped around the front of his desk. He rested a hip on a corner of the desk and crossed his arms, peering down at Jess. "You pleased the man until he had an orgasm. That...**is**...sexual. You tit-fucked him to **climax**. Do you understand that?"

Her eyes went down to the left. She began to chew her lip. What she had done started to sink in--hard. She dropped back into the chair, slumped down into it. "Oh, my God...." She put her hands over her face. "I'm a fucking whore!"

Phil could see she was upset. He slid off the corner of his desk and knelt on one knee in front of her. "Hey, you're not a whore. You actually did something amazing. You made Darrell D cum in under five minutes. That's unheard of."

Jess dropped her hands from her face, tilted her head to one side. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. He told me afterward, you were the best titty fuck he'd ever had. He said you had the best titties ever, didn't even need lube, really turned him on. He said you're different from all those other blonde bimbos, like....like..."

"Tanya?"

"Right....Like that bitch."

Phil rose to standing. "In fact, you're so good, have such a unique look, you should do a scene with Jake."

Jess threw out her arms. "No way, man. What happened today was a mistake. I'm not getting filmed fucking...especially a dude. What if somebody from back home saw it. I left that little shit town because of bigotry toward people like me. Everyone thought I was a degenerate for being gay. If they see me fucking some guy with these big tits on my chest, they'll think I'm a degenerate **and** a hypocrite."

"You really care what a bunch of prejudiced local yokels think? I thought you were better than that." Phil walked behind her, leaned over, and placed his hands on the back of her chair. "But it's your decision. We were offering two grand a shoot. Guess you don't need the money....."

"Say that again."

"Two thousand dollars. It's a big scene, we were going to give it to Tanya, but...."

Jess pushed up from the chair and spun toward Phil, who was now standing straight. "Hold the phone. One scene for two thousand bucks?"

"I've seen what you can do. You're worth it."

Jess let this process, gears turning in her head. "I want a contract. No bullshit."

Phil smiled. "You got it."

Jess put out her hand for Phil to shake it.

He rolled his eyes. He lifted his hand to greet hers but accidentally brushed against the front of her left tit, grazing her nipple with a knuckle, an electric blast of pleasure surging through it..

"Ah, watch it!" she said, backing up and cupping her hand over her nipple. "They're sensitive as **fuck!**"

"Sorry." He shook her hand. "They're kinda hard to maneuver around."

"You're telling me."

To be continued...\