





“This place is perfect!” cooed Holly. “Exactly the type of run-down hole a devious super-villain would hide away in!”

Royce cocked an eyebrow, unsure whether to take offense. She was just so peppy it was hard to imagine her meaning *anything* as an insult. He found he didn't really care, either way. He'd been in a funk for a few days, now that he thought about it. What was it that was bothering him? Was it his lack of money? His empty kitchen? His dwindling prospects for achieving his dreams as he seemed to visibly age a little more each and every goddamn day?

Yeah, it was probably all of those things, actually.

Royce sighed as Holly rummaged around in her bag, soon producing a camera, a tripod, and a quite recognizable prop helmet.

Holly shoved the helmet at his chest. “Look alive, hot stuff! We got a scene to shoot!”

“Right, sorry,” said Royce. “Let's see the script.”

“No script, big guy, Holly Sinclaire joints are all improv!”

Ugh. *Improv*. Two syllables that make any writer's skin crawl. Fine. “If you say so,” he said. “What's my suggestion?”

“Your what-now?”

“What's my baseline to improvise from?”

“Oh! Well, you, Clark Kent, also known as the Incredible Hulk, have turned eeeevil! And I'm Wonder Woman, and I've tracked you here to your secret lair, and then...”

“And then?”

“You stuff me like a jelly doughnut.”

“That's...inaccurate to the characters and canon in so many...” Royce trailed off in disbelief. “You know what? Forget it. Is this my whole costume?” he asked holding up the very non-legally distinct Thanos helmet. “I do feel I should mention that the Hulk doesn't wear a helmet, and is actually quite well known for being green-”

Holly rolled her eyes, “Oh boy, heeere we go.”

“What?”

“Sorry, honey,” Holly said. “But you sound like a certain small but vocal section of my fan base, always complaining about my production standards. Always whining stuff like 'these plots make no sense,' or 'why do your characters suddenly have French accents halfway through,' or 'that scene was illegal to film in the United States.' I'll tell you what I tell them, babe: the talky-bits are there just to set

the tone, story doesn't matter.”

“*What!?* Story matters! Story matters more than anything!”

“It's porn, honey cakes. My thick teenage ass matters more than anything.”

“Just...give me a minute, here, alright?” said Royce as he settled down to his desk. His fingers never moved so fast across his keyboard. Royce mused that for as often as he let women walk all over him, *this* was where he felt he had no choice but to take a stand.

“You know,” said Holly, as she arched her back suggestively from the couch. “You could have been balls-deep in me by now if you'd just-”

“Have a look at this,” said Royce, waving her over to his computer screen.

Holly leaned against him, artfully pressing her breasts against his cheek as she did so.

“It's not much,” said Royce. “But I think the scene will be better if you say what I have here.”

Holly's hands were creeping down underneath Royce's robe as she read the screen. Royce felt himself starting to stiffen at the touch of her gliding along his chest. “What do you think?” he asked.

“I think I'm horny and my next class starts in twenty minutes,” said Holly. “But hey, if this floats your boat, I'll say what you've got here.”

Royce felt *so* validated by her approval, it genuinely embarrassed him. Thankfully, the kiss of Holly's lips along his neck kept him from dwelling on it.

Royce was further humbled, however, at how much fun he had putting on the costume and saying his lines with Holly. She struggled a little with his size at first, confessing that his penis was a bit uncomfortably big for her body, but soon she settled into the patronizing and playful Holly he'd come to know in the last few minutes. She smiled and kissed him as she bounced on his cock. Her energy was infectious, as it was when he met her on the doorstep, and he got so into fucking her that he came a lot sooner than he normally would have.

Holly pulled herself up off Royce, thick streams of cum running down her legs and into her boots as she did so. She was flushed and sweaty when she wrapped her arms around him, offering a brief kiss on the lips.

“That's a wrap!” she said. “Thanks for the effort, handsome, this will be my best video yet!” With clearly practiced speed, she broke down her camera and shoved it back into her bag. “But I better get going! If I'm not out there in...thirty-two seconds, my dad is gonna break your door down and taze you in the nuts. Gotta run! By the way you're an independent free agent and are no way entitled to profits or royalties for your services today buh-bye!”

And with that, the door was shut, and Royce was alone. She left him the helmet.

The day passed. Casey called to let him know that she'd spoken to Holly, and all was forgiven. He briefly considered asking her to bring him something to eat, but decided he wasn't *quite* out of self-

respect just yet. Not long after, his phone buzzed again. A text from an unknown number, not unknown for long, as it opened with "Hey big guy."

"Got yr info from Casey," it read. "Video went over well. REALLY well. Kristina jealous ha ha. U R on payroll now, will let you know when to write next scene." Another buzz of the phone, fifty dollars was just sent to him from Holly. Jesus, how much of his personal info did Casey hand out?

Royce stared at the number, incredulous. His first paying job since he quit working for Sylvia. It wasn't much, but it was enough to buy some peanut butter.