

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 1

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My name is Jake Morris, and I'm a twenty-three-year-old male stripper. Yes, you heard that right. I perform at an exclusive, women-only club, one of seven men hired to entertain the clientele.

Growing up, life had been a series of hard knocks. I came from a poor family, attended government schools, had no money for college, and was struggling to find any sustainable job. That's when my wealthy aunt offered me a lifeline at her club.

"You're handsome, and you've got an athletic build that can make any woman drool," she'd stated.

I knew exactly what she was asking. Most of our family had distanced themselves from her due to her line of work, claiming she'd brought shame to

the Morris name. But I was approaching thirty fast, with no job, no house, and most importantly—nothing to show for myself. I felt like I was running on borrowed time, on the verge of dying carless and bitchless. After two days of agonizing thought, I accepted. I sold my soul for a paycheck.

Like most dancers, I worked the night shift. I got off the bus and started walking toward an infamous street, notorious less for thugs or crime and more for being where men flocked to spend their wages.

I entered the alleyway, and the first thing that hit me was the smell. A nauseating cocktail of cheap perfume, stale sweat, spilled beer, and old urine that seemed to cling to the damp brick. The alley itself was a suffocating corridor.

The walls, slick with grime, were plastered with peeling, rain-soaked posters advertising long-gone events, and overhead, a single, flickering fluorescent bulb cast a sickly, yellowish glow that did nothing to pierce the heavy shadows.

I heard muffled sounds spilling from the alley I was entering. Two figures came into full view near a wall.

"Oh, yes, come on, fuck me like a man. Fuck harder!" the woman moaned, her breasts straining against her dress, bouncing rhythmically as the man pounded her from behind.

I walked past them, deeper into the alley. More women were engaged with men, clearly negotiating a price. With inflation soaring, the cost of a "short time" had climbed from sixty dollars to seventy-nine. A bitter pill for the clientele to swallow, but their immediate hunger ensured the transaction was made.

I wasn't one of them. I had my own reason for being here.

I studied the women before me. They were all in high heels, short skirts, or tight, sheer dresses, their competing perfumes creating a dizzying, clashing sensory overload.

This was also a territory where the workers fought—the older whores blaming the younger, fresher arrivals for poaching their clients.

Hey, darling, looking for some action?" An older woman approached me. She flung her coat open, revealing large, sagging breasts and wearing only a thong that highlighted her uninviting thighs.

I averted my eyes quickly and kept moving.

"You'd be surprised what an old milf like me can do for you. Want a discount, sweetheart? I can give you a taste of D-Rider's pussy for sixty-nine."

D-Rider, of course, was her street name.

"That's barely a dollar off," I stated, determined not to look at her.

"A dollar is a lot of money, honey. It can buy you plenty of cigarettes," the old hag retorted, flashing a smile of crooked teeth.

"I'm not interested in buying old pussy. Scram," I muttered, without slowing my pace.

She began cursing, but I paid her no mind. I had finally found what I was looking for.

Her eyes flicked to me. She wore her usual outfit, the same as yesterday, and the day before. A pink lace top clung tightly to her chest, her attractive breasts pushing tautly against the delicate fabric. An untied silk robe showed off her smooth skin; I could catch glimpses of her thighs and the curve of her butt when she moved. In this part of the street, she looked like a centerfold torn from a high-end magazine. I walked toward her.

She flashed me a brilliant smile the moment she saw me. The way her lips parted reminded me why I was so addicted to her presence. They were full and glossed just right, promising the wonders they could perform.

"Back like you never left, huh?" she purred. I'd been here yesterday, and the day before. In fact, I'd been coming here for almost two months now, same time every night.

"You must have cast a spell on me. I choose you every time," I said, my gaze locked on her mouth.

She took a handful of condoms from her robe.

"There's no need for those, baby girl," I said, my voice thick with anticipation.

"Same as yesterday, then?" she sighed.

"Absolutely. Is the price still the same?"

"Just went up. Twenty-nine ninety-nine for a blowjob," she said, her perfect white teeth flashing with the smile.

"That's fair," I replied, pulling the notes from my pocket and handing them over. She counted them quickly and slid them into her robe pocket.

Tracey was one of the most expensive women on this street. Not that it mattered to me; I made well over five hundred dollars a night, sometimes topping a thousand on lucky nights. She typically charged one hundred dollars for a short time—a price that was likely closer to one thirty tonight. But I never paid for sex. I only wanted her incredible mouth.

"You never ask for my pussy; it's always blowjobs. Don't you want to know what it tastes like....Jake?" Tracey asked, applying another layer of lip gloss.

"Nah, I'm good. Just suck it like always."

She sighed once more, then got down on her knees.