

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 16

Chapter 16: Chapter 16

I went to the gym, not for a casual session, but to try the weights for the first time as Druski Hart. As Jake Morris, gym had been part of my everyday life—a daily ritual. Now, I doubted that Druski Hart had ever lifted anything heavier than a six-pack of beer.

Maya was there, already behind the desk, and she welcomed me with a warm smile. Beautiful as ever, her breasts were big as ever, held proudly inside a white, athletic top.

I hoped she could let me fuck her tits someday. Something I mentally filed on my growing to-do list.

The entire weight room was a sensory assault. There were many other girls here—sexy, toned bodies in impossibly tight outfits that made my cock throb against my shorts just by watching them work out.

But my mind was already fighting a losing battle. The thought of Sasha couldn't leave my head. The softness of her breasts, the dramatic curve of her hips, the wetness of her pussy, and the way she had ridden me, expertly milking the

hardness of my cock. My shorts were already tight, and the last thing I needed was to be caught staring at a random girl.

I looked away from the pulsing line of women doing lunges, focusing on the equipment.

But directly across from me, on the main cardio deck, was a woman who forced all my attention. She was running at a blistering pace on a treadmill, her headphones blocking out the world. She wore tiny, neon pink shorts that seemed to have been painted onto her.

Her ass was a work of art. A high, round shelf of taut muscle that defied gravity. As she ran, it shook with a mesmerizing, rhythmic oscillation, a perfect, athletic vibration with every stride. It was breathtaking.

Instantly, my mind was flooded with raw, explicit images of me having her. Sliding my cock slowly into her tight asshole, smacking her perfect cheeks until they were pink, just to hear her gasp. I felt my face flush.

I immediately looked away, fighting the intense erection, and focused on the weights. I needed to do something physical, anything, to prove the Swagger point I'd just earned.

I decided to try the flat bench press which was an ego lift, even for a beginner. I loaded the bar with what I remembered as my minimum warm-up weight. I lowered it slowly, but when I tried to push it back up, my arms shook violently. I

managed two pathetic, grinding repetitions before the bar stalled on my chest. I gave up, humiliated, and tried lighter weights, eventually settling for a weight even my grandmother could have lifted.

As I struggled through a final, pathetic set, I noticed the rhythmic sound of the treadmill had stopped.

The woman was standing still, watching me. Our eyes met, and she didn't look away. Instead she gave me a smile. The kind that melts the brain. She stepped off the treadmill and began walking right towards me, her sweat glistening, the pink shorts hugging her tightly.

Oh shit, what the fuck do I do now?

She was fucking hot, and she was headed straight for the scrawny guy who just failed at the baby weights. My Swagger was about to be put to the ultimate test.

She stopped right over me, leaning down slightly, her breath smelling faintly of mint and exertion.

"Rough start, huh?" she asked, her voice low and husky, entirely without judgment. "You look completely new to the weights."

I felt my cheeks flush, embarrassed by my pathetic performance. "Yeah, first time trying to lift serious weight," I admitted, standing up and trying to look taller than I felt.

She gave me that knowing smile again. "I'm Jess. And I actually coach here sometimes. You're trying to build mass, right? Bench press is great, but your form is off, and you're wasting energy."

"Druski," I replied, forcing my hand out. Her handshake was firm and dry, conveying powerful strength. "And yeah, build mass. And maybe fix my 'scrawny' reputation."

She laughed, a short, sharp sound that made her shoulders and the generous swell of her chest bounce slightly beneath the thin fabric. "Well, Druski, I can definitely help with the 'scrawny' part. Since you're paying for a membership, let's make sure you get your money's worth."

Jess, the hot fitness coach, was offering to fix me. I had to accept.

"I accept," I confirmed immediately.

Jess took over, and the next hour was agony masked as instruction. She didn't let me use the bench again. Instead, she put me through a grueling, technical circuit designed to activate my stabilizing muscles, focusing on movements that demanded precision and endurance.

Every movement became an unbearable sensory trial.

As she demonstrated proper form for a squat, her back was to me, and those neon pink shorts were pulled tight across her sculpted ass. With every controlled dip, the perfect curve of her glutes tightened and swelled. The motion was hypnotic, and the forbidden imagery of sliding my cock into her asshole flared up again, making my shorts tighter with desperate lust.

When correcting my form, she was relentless, putting her hands on me without hesitation—cupping her warm, strong hand just beneath my lower back to enforce proper arch, or resting her palm on my chest to ensure I wasn't letting my shoulders roll forward. Each casual touch sent a tremor of pure animal desire through me.

Even when she was simply talking, every breath and shift of weight caused the perfect, defined curves of her body to move. Her breasts, though athletic, shook with a captivating rhythm that my eyes couldn't escape.

I was simultaneously failing at every exercise she gave me, yet succeeding wildly at fueling my desire. The focus I needed for the workout was being hijacked by my rampant lust.

By the end of the session, I was drenched in sweat and shaking, but my muscles felt fundamentally different and properly targeted.

"Alright, that's enough for today, Druski," Jess said, grabbing her water bottle. "You pushed hard. Same time tomorrow?"

"Absolutely," I managed, trying not to pant.

"Good. We'll start hitting those lats and traps tomorrow. We need to widen that upper body for the camera," she said, giving me a final, professional nod.

She turned and headed toward the water fountain, her perfect, muscular legs carrying her away.

I was left alone, physically exhausted but mentally wired. Sasha was locked in for tomorrow night, but now I had Jess, a professional coach who was going to sculpt the body I needed. My motivation to hit the gym had just become overwhelming.

Chapter 17

I woke up the next morning feeling like I'd been run over by a truck. Every muscle fiber from my chest down to my hamstrings screamed in protest. I realized I'd pushed my completely untrained body far past its limit, trying to compensate for a lifetime of neglect in a single session.

However, the System recognized the investment:

[ATTRIBUTE GAIN: STAMINA]

The rigorous, foundational training with Jess had initiated muscle development.

[STAMINA: +1 Point Applied (Current: **3**/10)]

My Stamina had increased a little, but the price was physical immobility. I tried to roll off the bed, but the blinding pain in my biceps and quads was a harsh reminder that I absolutely could not go to the gym today. Any heavy lifting would result in a serious injury, completely derailing the next scene.

Since I couldn't physically train, my focus shifted entirely to the production setup. I had the new equipment, and I was going to use it.

I spent the morning—moving slowly, wincing with every stretch, setting up the finalized studio configuration. I used the new boom arm for the main camera, placing it for a perfect overhead shot that would capture the action clearly.

Then, I installed two auxiliary cameras at strategic angles.

I set Camera 2 at the foot of the Bed. It was low for close-up shots of Sasha's face and torso, which would emphasize the raw emotion and her amazing body.

Camera 3 was set on the side angle. It stood on a tripod across the room, providing a wider, cinematic angle that showcased the new lighting and the atmosphere of the room.

I synchronized the three professional cameras, ensuring they would all start recording simultaneously with a voice command. The multi-camera setup was complete, giving me the kind of dynamic editing options that would dramatically boost the perceived quality of the video and justify the x1.5 Scene Quality Multiplier.

Five Hours to Showtime

I looked at the clock. It was late afternoon. Sasha was scheduled for 9 PM.

My body was a wreck. I could barely lift my arms. While my Stamina had technically increased by a point, the residual soreness completely negated it. I sat on the edge of the bed, pressing the heels of my hands into my throbbing thighs.

How the hell am I going to perform for ten minutes tonight?

Sasha had promised a thirty-minute sex lesson, but that would use up my remaining energy before the cameras even started rolling. I was paying \$600 for a high-quality, *high-stamina* performance to silence the critics, and I could barely walk. I couldn't afford to fail this, not after the viral debut.

My brain clicked into pure performance mode. I needed immediate, temporary relief.

I chose to prioritize pain management. I walked to the pharmacy to pick up the strongest legal, over-the-counter anti-inflammatories I could find, along with muscle relaxant cream.

Back in my room, I took two pills, hoping they would dull the acute soreness within the hour. While the medication kicked in, I decided to tackle the second half of the problem—the mental threat.

I ran a scalding hot bath, hoping the heat would loosen the stiffness, and took the phone in with me. I submerged myself up to my neck, wincing as the heat initially hit the inflammation, then relaxing as the tension slowly eased.

With the anti-inflammatories starting to work and the water easing the pain, I focused on the cryptic messages.

The messages were uselessly short: "Big Mom wants to see you," "Red Eye: Meet me at the spot in 6 days."

I launched a browser, trying to connect "Red Eye" or "Big Mom" with any known local gangs, organizations, or even just local nicknames. The System seemed to have wiped Druski's memory clean, leaving only these digital breadcrumbs.

My search yielded nothing concrete. The terms were too generic. Red Eye could be anything from a late-night flight to a local crime boss. Big Mom could be a real matriarch or a reference to a headquarters.

The only thing I knew was that in four days, Druski Hart was scheduled to walk into a potentially hostile situation that the old, weak Druski had created.

I exited the bath, feeling about 60% recovered—enough, perhaps, to survive the shoot, but definitely not enough to relax about the future.

I pulled on a fresh shirt. The stage was set, the cameras were ready, and the pills were kicking in. I was ready for Sasha, but now, I also had a new, cold determination to figure out what kind of trouble I was inheriting.

Sasha showed up at 9:01 PM, precisely one minute late, dressed in a sleek brown coat. My exhausted body—fueled by steak and dulled by pills—was ready, thanks to the mental prep I'd forced myself through.

"You're late," I said.

"You mean a minute late?" Sasha smiled, dropping her bag inside the door. Her eyes immediately scanned the room, landing on the three professional cameras and the perfectly positioned ring light. "Wow, this is a major upgrade. You really mean business, Druski."

"I don't take business lightly," I told her, my voice low and firm, letting the Swagger attribute handle the delivery.

"Good. Because what you need now isn't business savvy, it's technique." She hung her coat. This time she wore a fishnet dress, a daring, transparent sheath that left nothing to the imagination. My breath caught, my heart pumping fast, and my cock hardened instantly.

The coarse net did little to hide the smooth white curves of her body; instead, it framed the lush fullness of her breasts, with her pink nipples visible as distinct, hardening points behind the mesh. She wore a deep red lipstick that made her lips

look wet and juicy, drawing all focus. She looked more stunning than the previous day.

"Thirty minutes. Get your ass over here, Druski. Tonight, we fix your movement and pacing." She moved to the bed, sitting on the edge and facing me, parting her legs slightly. She wore no panties beneath the net. The dark, dense curls of her pussy peaked through the diamonds of the fishnet, wet and ready. The sight was a jolt of pure, professional eroticism, overriding the last of my physical pain.

"I hope you won't disappoint since you went to the gym?" she purred, the question a clear challenge.

"Actually... I have some muscle pains," I admitted, rubbing the back of my neck. The pain hadn't entirely disappeared.

"I figured. That's why I brought this." She stood up, her curves swaying beautifully, and pulled a small bottle of oil from her coat pocket. "Then we will start with a massage."

"A... massage?" I asked, completely surprised.

"You ever heard of a Nuru massage, Druski?" she purred, her eyes glittering with genuine amusement.

I nodded. Nuru massage videos were favorites in my former life as Jack Morris. I had never had one in real life. The idea of the slippery, skin-on-skin intimacy as a *warm-up* made my heart pump faster—the perfect blend of pain relief and professional preparation.

Chapter 18

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Sasha directed me to lie flat on my stomach on the floor, on top of a fresh towel. I was butt naked. I had already obeyed her command to switch on the cameras and start recording. We were going to film this massage scene, too; she wasn't wasting an inch of this professional setup.

I couldn't help but turn my head to watch her remove her fishnet dress. It was a slow, deliberate performance. She grabbed the hem of the fine mesh at her collar, and with a lazy, seductive pull, the sheer fabric slid down her body. It gathered first around her waist, catching briefly on the swell of her hips, before pooling at her feet.

"You are a very naughty boy, aren't you?" she purred, the red lipstick on her juicy mouth forming a teasing smirk.

She stood completely naked, bathed in the flawless light of the new ring lamp. Her body was magnificent, every inch of her curves—from the firm, high slope of her breasts to the sensual swoop of her waist and the powerful curve of her thighs—outlined in crisp, erotic detail. The lighting made her skin glow, turning her into a piece of luminous, living sculpture.

"I can't help but stare. You have a magnificent body, Sasha," I admitted, my voice strained. The Swagger point was useless against this display of raw sexual power.

She only chuckled, enjoying the power she held. She uncorked the bottle of oil, which smelled faintly of jasmine, and poured a generous stream onto her breasts. I watched it flow glossily and slowly, catching the light as it pooled between her cleavage before slowly tracing the underside of her breasts.

My cock throbbed harder, straining against the towel draped over my hips. *Fuck.* The sight of the warm, slick oil highlighting her breasts made an animal instinct take over. I wanted to reach out, grab her, and slide my pulsing cock across the slick, hot skin of her cleavage.

Then the true performance began. Sasha started rubbing her body slowly, applying the oil everywhere. She ran her hands over her own breasts, kneading them gently, making the tissue quiver, all while maintaining eye contact with the main camera and then me, her eyes holding a naughty, teasing smile. She was making sure she was catching the perfect angles.

Then she moved the oil to her thighs, smoothing it over the taut muscle. My breath hitched as her hand moved lower. Her fingers found the dense, wet curls of her pussy. She tapped it gently once, twice, then began drawing lazy, small circles on it with her oily nails, all while biting down hard on her lower lip in mock control.

"Damn, Sasha, you're gonna make me nut before we even fuck," I groaned, my voice rough.

She giggled, a low, throaty sound, and continued the circular motion.

"Come on, stop teasing me!" I pleaded.

"You should beg," she giggled again, leaning into the power.

"Please," I begged, the word escaping me in a rush of desperate heat. She was masterful, using that raw pussy power to make the demanding Producer a kneeling supplicant.

She smiled then, knowing she had won. Her oiled body glistening, she began walking towards me slowly in a smooth, rhythmic catwalk, the light catching the perfect sheen of oil on her hips and thighs.

She leaned down and began pouring the warm, jasmine-scented oil onto my back. I instantly craved the feeling of her hands on my body, only this time they would be slippery and hot.

"Relax, Druski, it's just a massage," she whispered, her voice filled with sexual desire, a low, seductive hum designed perfectly for the three active microphones.

I gulped with anticipation. Her soft, expertly trained hands finally began rubbing my back. She worked the tension out of my shoulders and down my spine with deliberate, sensual pressure.

"Do you like that?" she asked, kneading a tight knot near my shoulder blade.

"Ugh... yes, god, that feels so good," I groaned, the relief battling with the rising lust. The therapeutic heat and the sheer eroticism of her touch simultaneously healed and pushed me to the edge.

"Feel that? You want my body sliding over yours?" Sasha said as she poured more oil and expertly positioned herself.

"Hmm, I would love that, baby," I said, my tone laced with barely controlled lust.

Her hands moved up my back, then I felt her entire body slide over mine. Her large, firm breasts pressed slowly into my back, gliding upward, the oily friction creating a heavy, warm seal. I felt the weight and heat of her torso moving up my spine, followed by her lower body. The sensation of her wet, oiled pussy sliding over the curve of my butt up to my lower back was electric—not a touch, but a slow, deliberate friction that felt like a profound, sexual merge.

"How do you like my body sliding on yours, does it feel good, hmm?" Sasha said.

"It feels so nice, baby. I love it," I said, my voice thick.

"Do you like my pussy sliding on your back, healing your muscles?" she whispered, her voice so intensely sexual it sent waves of energy through my body.

"I love your pussy, Sasha, it feels like magic," I said, feeling her heavy breasts slide up and down my back. I could feel her nipples trailing, sending sharp bursts of excitement. Her skin was warm, and the deliberate friction felt perfect. The slippery oil intensified the pleasure, making it feel like we were merging into one glorious, sensual mass.

"I'm gonna massage you with my body, exploring every inch of your body with my softness," she whispered in my ear. She bit my earlobe seductively, sending a shiver down my spine that had nothing to do with pain.

Then she shifted, moving to a sitting position so that her soft, heavy ass settled directly onto my lower back. She began moving like she was doing a slow, rhythmic cowgirl grind, using her powerful hips to work the knots out of my lower back while her hands traced the weak muscles of my shoulders. It was the most effective physical therapy I had ever experienced, blended seamlessly with pure, professional sex.

She stopped moving and got off me.

"Turn around and face me," she ordered.

I did as I was told, my cock already throbbing violently, slick with the residual jasmine oil from my body. I flipped over onto my back, exposing my full, hard erection to the camera lights and to Sasha.

"Would like to feel my tits sliding on your cock?"

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Chapter 19: Chapter 19

"Would like to feel my tits sliding on your cock?" She asked, her eyes full of wicked mischief, her own nipples hard and prominent.

I nodded mutely, unable to form a complex sentence, entirely focused on the lush, oiled swell of her chest.

Sasha chuckled with a sound of pure satisfaction. She mounted me, kneeling on my chest, using her hands to brace herself, her magnificent breasts dangling directly above my erection. She poured a little more oil onto her chest, rubbing her hands quickly over them so they were perfectly slick.

"This is called selling the scene, Druski. Watch my eyes," she commanded softly.

Then, she slowly lowered her torso. The heavy, warm mass of her breasts enveloped my throbbing shaft, the slick oil minimizing friction burn while maximizing the sensual heat. She began to pump, moving her torso up and down, using the oil to create a deep, sliding pressure.

The sensation was immediate and overwhelming; the soft, hot slickness of her flesh mixed with the hard, deliberate friction was unbelievable.

I groaned, my hips instinctively rising to meet her rhythm. I could feel her hard nipples dragging across the sensitive head of my cock with every slide, a sweet, agonizing torture.

"Feel the heat, Druski," she gasped, her face close to mine, her eyes wide with performance. "Feel my body working you. Use that energy."

The movement was slow and entirely mesmerizing. Every upward slide pulled the raw, lustful energy deeper into my core. My body was screaming, but my cock was singing.

I loved the way her breasts pressed on my chest when she slid upwards. Her face met mine with a devilish smile. I couldn't help but move my hands to touch her. I reached up and traced the warm, slick skin of her thighs as I felt the wet, deep-set lips of her pussy glide back and forth over my shaft.

There was no penetration yet, but she was dancing on my cock, sliding up and down with agonizing slowness.

A day ago, I would have blown my load right there, but my Stamina was increasing, and I had strategically taken a low dose of lidocaine to buy myself a little more control.

"Fuck, you feel so good, Sash..." I said as I slid my hands lower to clasp her ass. It felt heavy and soft in my hands, slick with oil. She smiled and deliberately shook it in my hands, increasing the depth of the breast massage.

"This massage will have a happy ending," she whispered, a clear promise.

She came up again, and our lips touched. Her breath was warm and sweet. Our lips locked fiercely on each other. Her tongue found mine, and her hands caressed my chest. I moved my hands to clasp her tits, squeezing them firmly, pulling a small, sharp wince from her that she quickly turned into a moan of pleasure.

Then, my fingers found her hard, erect nipples, and I pinched them, eliciting a breathless gasp.

I could see the mixture of pure lust and professional pleasure in her eyes. This wasn't just foreplay; it was training, and it was working.

She went lower this time, touching my cock with both her hands. She slicked my shaft completely with the oil, then began jerking it off gently, making direct, teasing eye contact with me.

"You like that, don't you, Mr. Producer?" she said teasingly, her smile predatory.

"Ugh, fuck, Sasha, stop teasing me, please," I begged. The feeling of her soft, warm hands moving up and down my cock was pure torture, but I knew I couldn't risk climaxing before the main action. I needed my focus.

She released my cock, then repositioned her body. She held both of her huge, slick tits and put my cock between them, creating a perfect, oily valley. Then she began to move.

Sasha took control of the rhythm, using the breast tissue like a specialized vagina. She drove my cock deep into her cleavage, the warm, heavy weight of her breasts squeezing my shaft on all sides.

She started with slow, deep plunges, then sped up, riding my cock with her cleavage in a powerful, sensual rhythm.

"You feel that, baby? My tits are hungry for you," she breathed, her voice a low, intoxicating whisper designed to register on the mic. "I can feel you getting harder against me. You think you're ready for this body, Druski? Are you ready for the real thing, or are you going to waste all that energy right here?"

I closed my eyes, consumed entirely by the intense pleasure that came with fucking her tits. The oil made the friction smooth but deep, transferring the heat and energy from her body directly into mine. It was overwhelming, a masterclass in how to build tension and arousal for the camera without true penetration.

By the time she stopped, pulling back with a final, lingering squeeze, I was dizzy, bordering on climax, but miraculously still hard and ready. My Stamina had held, boosted by the pills and the mental control, and the scene was saved.

"You managed to last this long? Hmm, not bad at all. You're improving," Sasha said, her voice catching slightly as she pulled her hands away, giving my cock a final, teasing squeeze.

"I used lidocaine," I admitted, breathing hard. After all, it had been her professional advice to chemically manage my sensitivity.

"Clearly, but there's some extra effort that's not from the chemical. You're improving, maybe it's the gym?" She said, her eyes tracing the slight tremor in my arm.

"I started yesterday," I pointed out.

"You're a natural then." She smiled, her hands returning to slick my shaft with more oil.

She looked me dead in the eyes, the red lipstick stark against her skin. "Let's see if you can survive what's coming next."

She lowered her head, the sudden shift in weight sending a rush of adrenaline through me. Her lips kissed the sensitive tip of my cock first, gently, a mere feather-light brush.

Then, she kissed my whole length, tracing a wet path all the way down to my balls. I groaned, feeling the intense pressure of her warm mouth closing over me.

Chapter 20

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She lowered her head, the sudden shift in weight sending a rush of adrenaline through me. Her lips kissed the sensitive tip of my cock first, gently, a mere feather-light brush. Then, she kissed my whole length, tracing a wet path all the way down to my balls. I groaned, feeling the intense pressure of her warm mouth closing over me.

She kissed them, then her mouth and lips swallowed my balls gently. They felt warm in her mouth, completely drowning in her hot saliva. She used her tongue to clean the oil from the underside of my shaft before moving back up, her professional control absolute.

"Fuck, Sasha. That's so fucking good," I gasped, my entire body convulsing with pleasure.

Her mouth clamped down fully on my cock. She didn't just suck; she performed. Her gaze never left mine, her eyes deep and focused as she drove her mouth up and down my shaft, taking as much of me as she possibly could.

The wet, rhythmic pumping felt like a fusion of pure, raw need and clinical, sexual expertise. She was using her whole body, her neck muscles straining slightly, her hips subtly grinding against my thighs to maximize the cinematic performance.

She worked me hard, fast, and deep, pushing me right to the cliff edge, then pulling back just as deftly. This wasn't about her pleasure; it was about demonstrating her skill and driving my performance to the maximum, setting me up for the final, on-camera scene.

"Let's see if you can survive what's coming next."

She lowered her head. Her lips kissed the sensitive tip of my cock, then she worked her way down.

"Fuck, Sasha. That's so fucking good," I gasped, my entire body convulsing with pleasure as her mouth closed fully around my balls, drawing them deep into her hot, wet throat. Her control was absolute.

Sometimes she'd pull back, a shimmering thread of saliva briefly connecting her lips to the head of my cock. She'd wink at me, a breathtaking flash of naughty mischief—then swiftly swallow me whole again.

She was an artist, a true professional, reminding me instantly of my past life. She reminded me of Tracey, the queen of blowjobs, only this was oiled, and infinitely better.

"Come here," I demanded, a growl pulled from my chest by the sheer intensity. I reached out and grabbed a handful of her hair firmly, asserting my dominance in the moment.

I drew her head closer, plunging my erection deeper until I felt the hot, slick head of my cock gently tap the back of her throat.

Then slowly, I pulled back, controlling the rhythm, before beginning to thrust.

Kloff-kloff-kloff.

I went faster, pushing deep and driving her head relentlessly. I could feel her nearly choking from my aggressive, powerful thrusts, but the sounds she made were not of distress. They were a guttural mixture of pleasure and surrender. Her eyes, glistening with involuntary tears from the depth of the assault, never left mine.

When I finally pulled out, my cock dripping and red, she sat up, wiping away the mix of saliva and precum from her lips with a satisfied smile.

"You are finally learning to take control. I'm impressed," she said, catching her breath.

I grinned at her. "You are the one who prophesied that I will be the goat of sex. I'm just fulfilling the prophecy."

She got up and guided me to the bed, the final stage. "Are you ready for the next scene, Druski? Let's finish this for the cameras."

I nodded, my body throbbing with focused energy. I had never felt so ready since I woke up in this body. I was ready to prove the critics wrong.

Sasha climbed onto the bed and mounted me. I clasped her magnificent, oiled breasts, squeezing them firmly as she adjusted herself on top of me.

"Hope I won't be disappointed this time," she challenged, leaning forward so her nipples were just inches from my mouth.

She tapped my cock on the wet lips of her pussy, once, twice, the ultimate tease. Then, finally, she slid it inside. Her walls were wet,

hot, and intensely tight. The feeling was instantaneous and overwhelming, an explosion of perfect friction. It felt as if it was the right lock and key, designed to fit only me.

My body shuddered, but I didn't let myself get swallowed by the pleasure. Not this time.

She began moving slowly at first, switching between circular motions and then up and down. I held her back, drawing her closer to me until her wet breasts were fully pressed onto my chest.

"I'm gonna fuck you senseless," I whispered in her ear, asserting my new, terrifying confidence. Then, I began to return the fire, thrusting slowly at first to match her rhythm, then increasing the pace. She stopped talking and started moaning.

"Oh-yes-fuck....that feels great," she moaned. "Oh my god, it's so huge."

Then I began thrusting fast.

Her nails raked my shoulders, and she bit my neck lightly.

"Fuck, Druski....faster, harder!" She screamed.

I did as I was told, my thrusts becoming a blur of rhythmic power. She raised her head to find my lips again.

"I'm close, Druski!" she mumbled in my mouth. "I'm about to cum... fuck, I can't hold it anymore!"

I felt a monumental shudder starting deep inside her body. Her hips began grinding frantically on me, her pussy tightening convulsively around my cock as her body tensed. Her juicy fluids exploded, spraying onto my body in a hot, slick wave.

"Aaah fuuuuuck!!!" she screamed before collapsing onto me, giving me a long, desperate kiss.

I kissed her back, feeling my own body seize with the effort. My cock fired a thick, hot thread of cum deep inside her. I groaned, trembling my hands on her ass cheeks as the last thread of cum left me. I pulled out, collapsing beside her.

Our bodies were slick with sweat and oil, breathing hard, the silence after the action punctuated only by the subtle whir of the cameras still recording.

[QUEST COMPLETE: SCENE #2 SUCCESS]

Scene Quality: Exceptional (x1.5 Multiplier activated).

Reward: \$1800 deposited into digital wallet.

Attribute Reward: Stamina improved through forced exertion.

[STAMINA: +1 Point Applied (Current: 5/10)]

We lay there together for a few minutes without talking, our bodies slick with sweat. The high-powered silence was thick with the weight of what a phenomenal scene we had just captured.

Finally, Sasha rested her breasts on my chest. She couldn't stop smiling.

"Wow," she said when she finally regained her breath. "Just wow, Producer... seriously, what was that?"

"I have been leveling up," I grinned, kissing the top of her head.

"You couldn't stop cumming. That felt amazing," she said, drawing slow, oily circles on my chest.

"You too. You unloaded a bucket of your orgasm on my body," I said, kissing her forehead.

"Only a few men have managed me to squirt like that," she revealed, her voice dropping into a secret conspiratorial tone.

"Oh, is that so? Then it's an honor to join the few big boys that have managed to please you," I said. "You think that was it? You think that was a good shoot?"

"Nothing could beat that, you were incredible. You might want to watch the video," she suggested.

I nodded, freeing myself from her and walking toward the camera, my cock limp but proud.

"Alright then, let's see how we performed."