ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 16

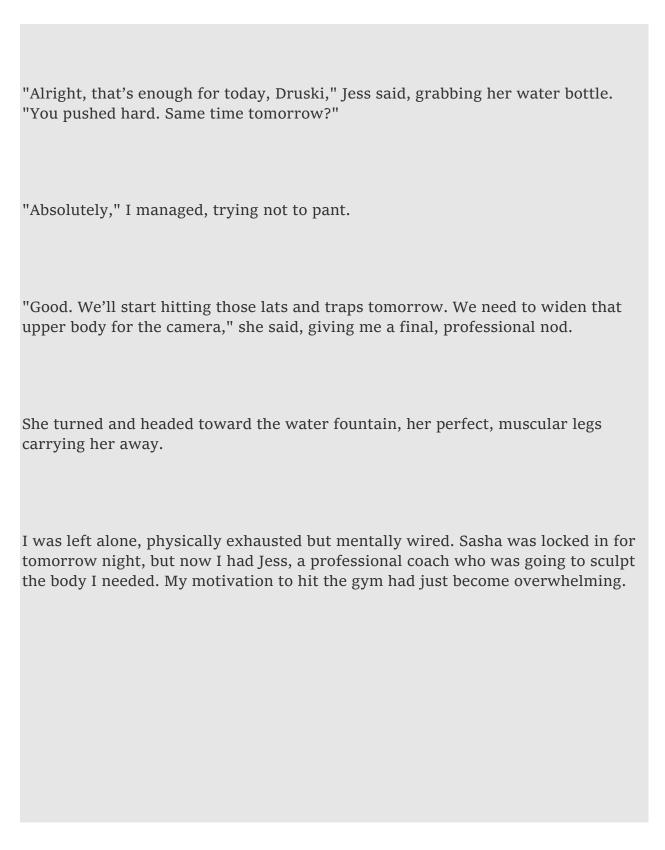


hardness of my cock. My shorts were already tight, and the last thing I needed was to be caught staring at a random girl.
I looked away from the pulsing line of women doing lunges, focusing on the equipment.
But directly across from me, on the main cardio deck, was a woman who forced all my attention. 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

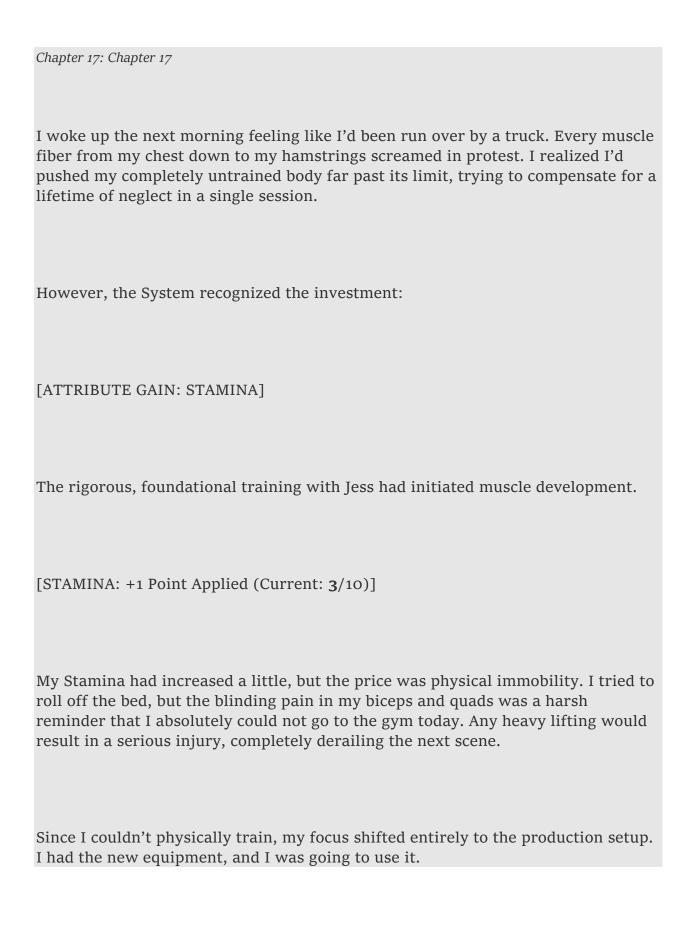
managed two pathetic, grinding repetitions before the bar stalled on my chest. I gave up, humiliated, and tried lighter weights, eventually settling for a weight even my grandmother could have lifted.
As I struggled through a final, pathetic set, I noticed the rhythmic sound of the treadmill had stopped.
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."

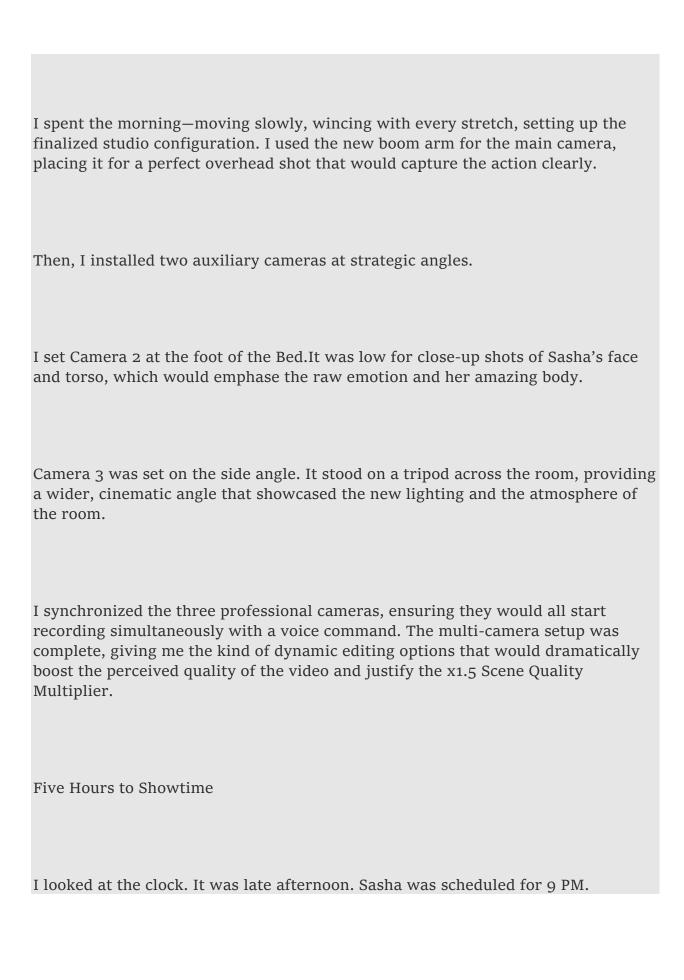


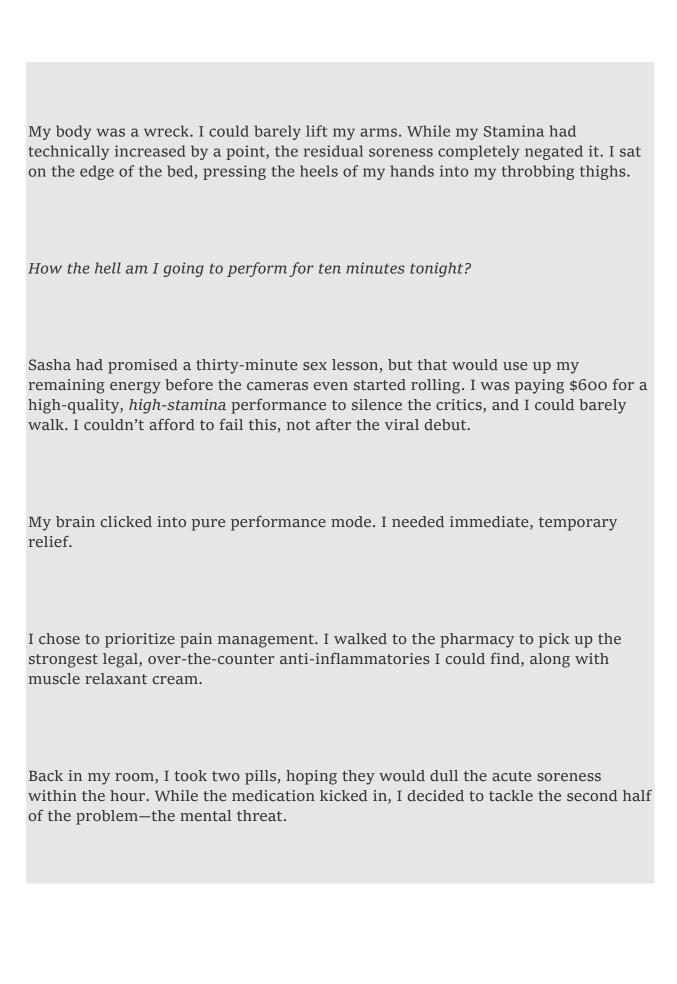
Every movement became an unbearable sensory trial. As she demonstrated proper form for a squat, her back was to me, and those neon pink shorts were pulled tight across her sculpted ass. With every controlled dip, the perfect curve of her glutes tightened and swelled. The motion was hypnotic, and the forbidden imagery of sliding my cock into herasshole 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.



Chapter 17

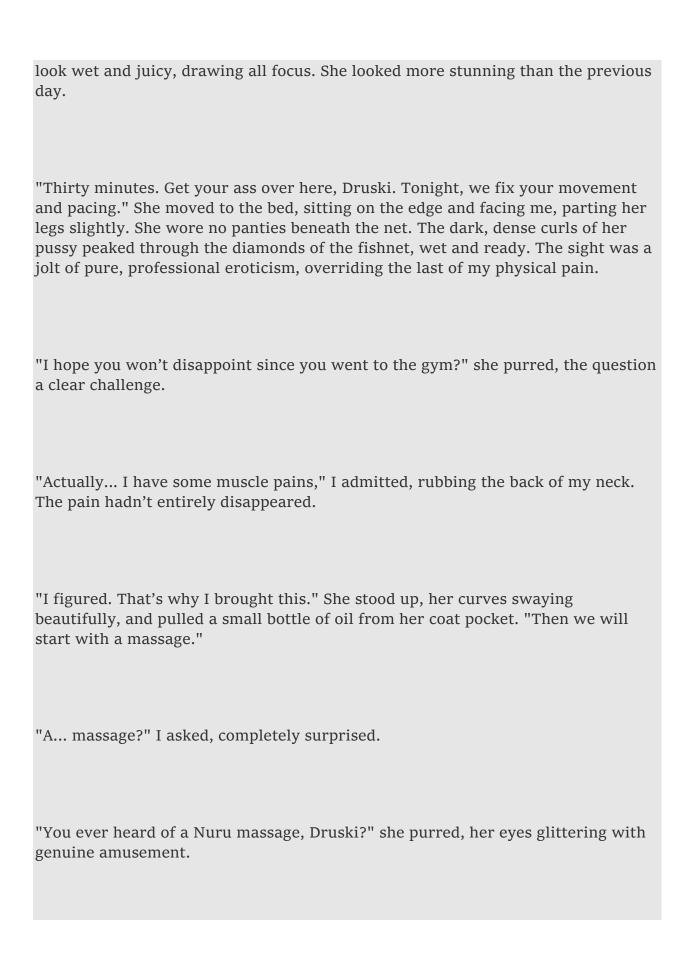






I ran a scalding hot bath, hoping the heat would loosen the stiffness, and took the phone in with me. I submerged myself up to my neck, wincing as the heat initially hit the inflammation, then relaxing as the tension slowly eased.
With the anti-inflammatories starting to work and the water easing the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



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.

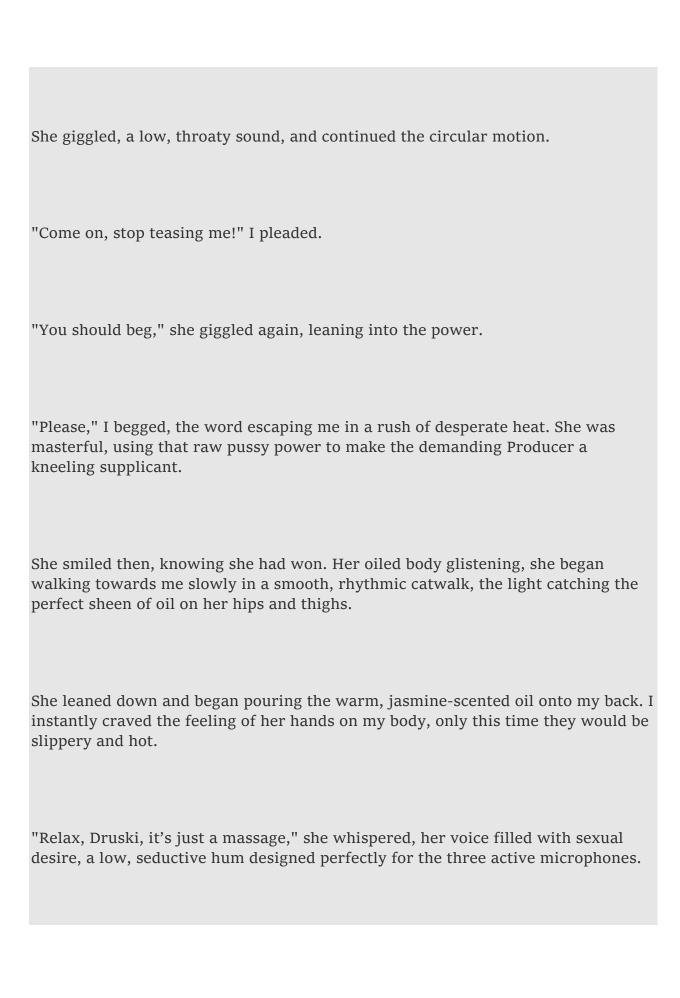
She only chuckled, enjoying the power she held. She uncorked the bottle of oil, which smelled faintly of jasmine, and poured a generous stream onto her breasts. I watched it flow glossily and slowly, catching the light as it pooled between her cleavage before slowly tracing the underside of her breasts.

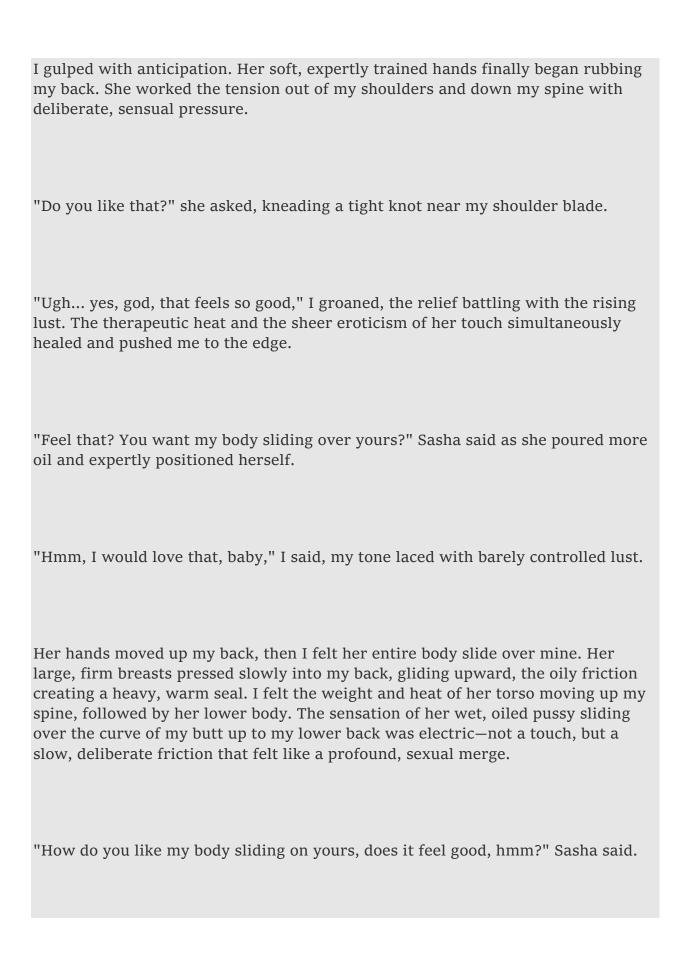
My cock throbbed harder, straining against the towel draped over my hips. *Fuck*. The sight of the warm, slick oil highlighting her breasts made an animal instinct take over. I wanted to reach out, grab her, and slide my pulsing cock across the slick, hot skin of her cleavage.

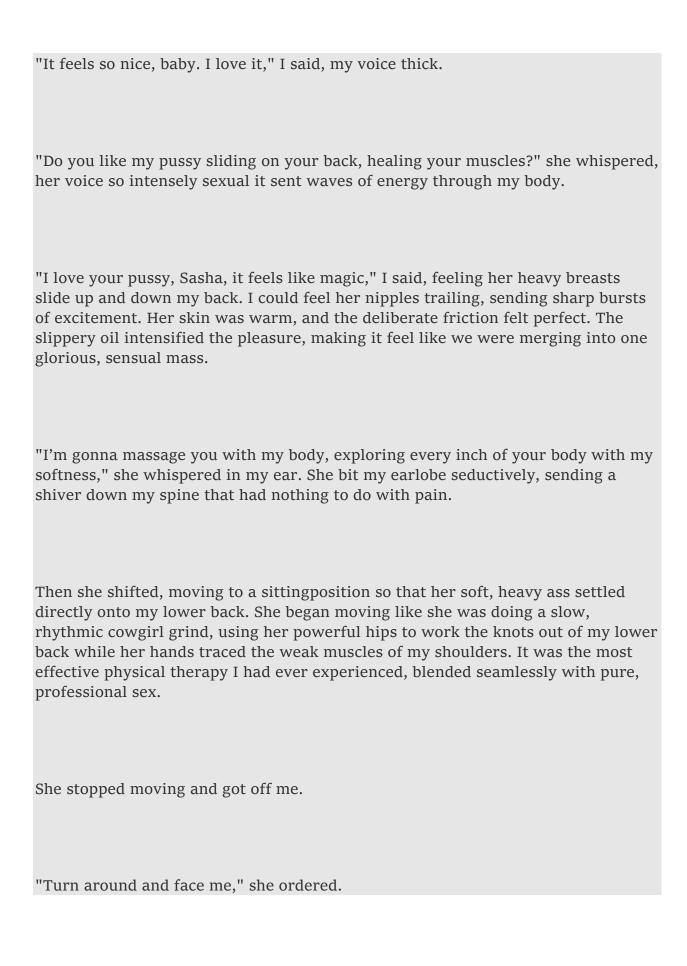
Then the true performance began. Sasha started rubbing her body slowly, applying the oil everywhere. She ran her hands over her own breasts, kneading them gently, making the tissue quiver, all while maintaining eye contact with the main camera and then me, her eyes holding a naughty, teasing smile. She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







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?"

Chapter 19

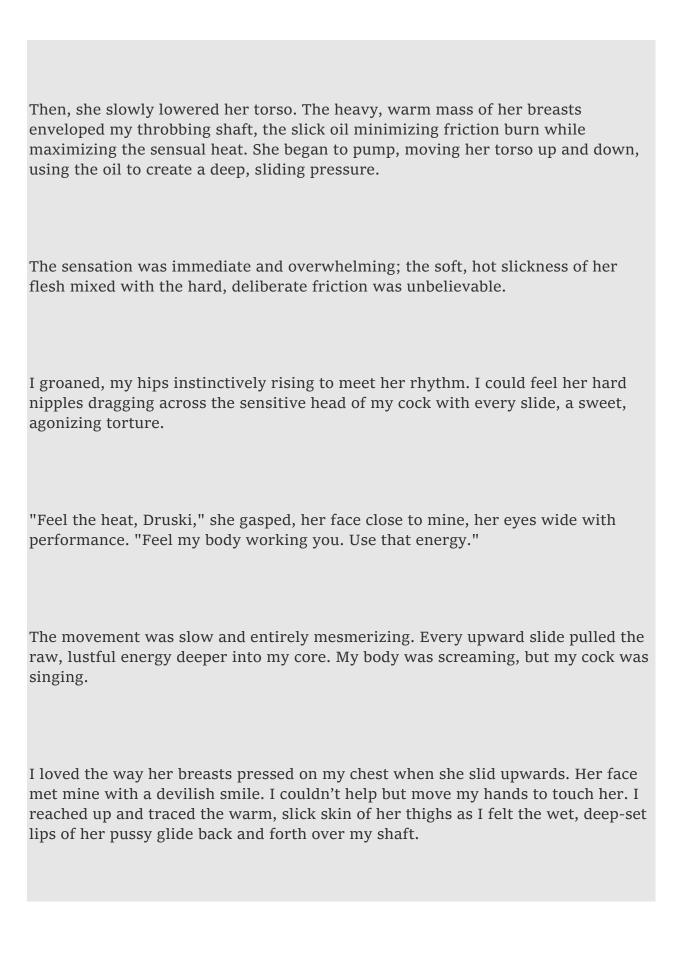
Chapter 19: Chapter 19

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

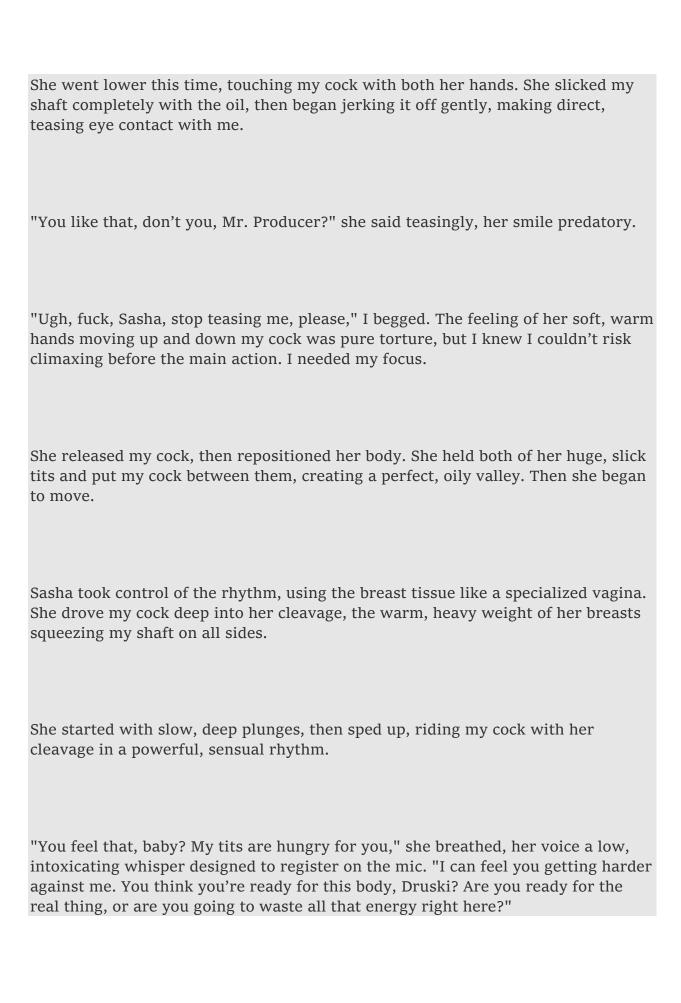
I nodded mutely, unable to form a complex sentence, entirely focused on the lush, oiled swell of her chest.

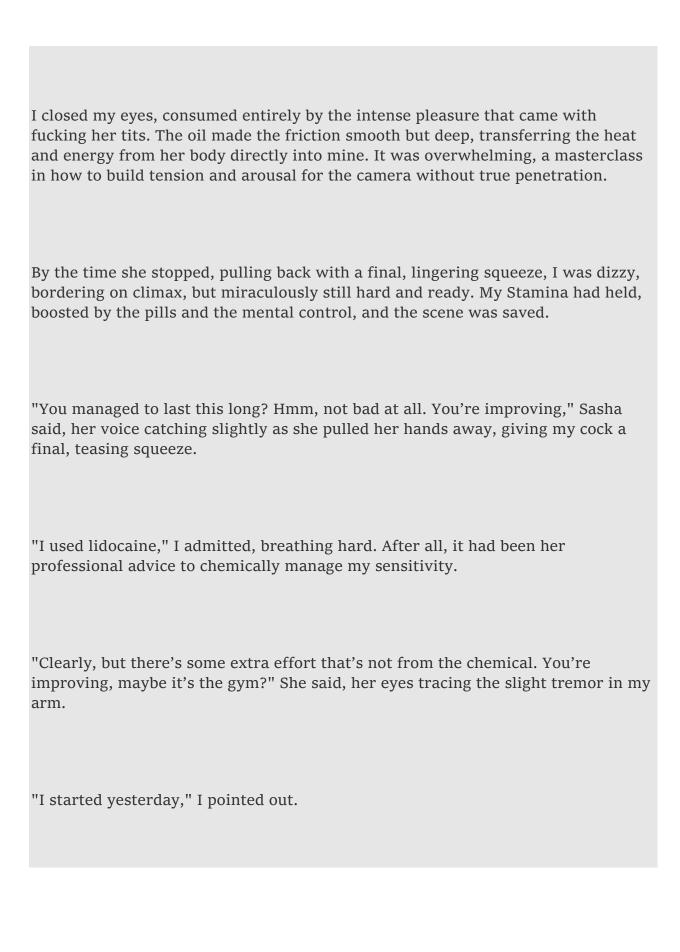
Sasha chuckled with a sound of pure satisfaction. She mounted me, kneeling on my chest, using her hands to brace herself, her magnificent breasts dangling directly above my erection. She poured a little more oil onto her chest, rubbing her hands quickly over them so they were perfectly slick.

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



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.





"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.

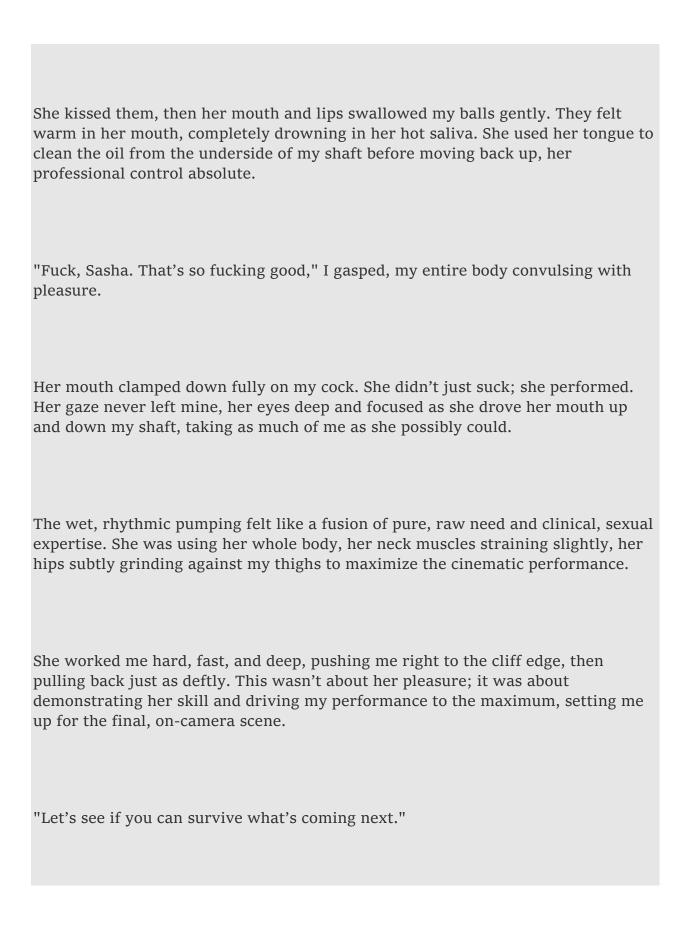
Then, she kissed my whole length, tracing a wet path all the way down to my balls. I groaned, feeling the intense pressure of her warm mouth closing over me.

Chapter 20

Chapter 20: Chapter 20

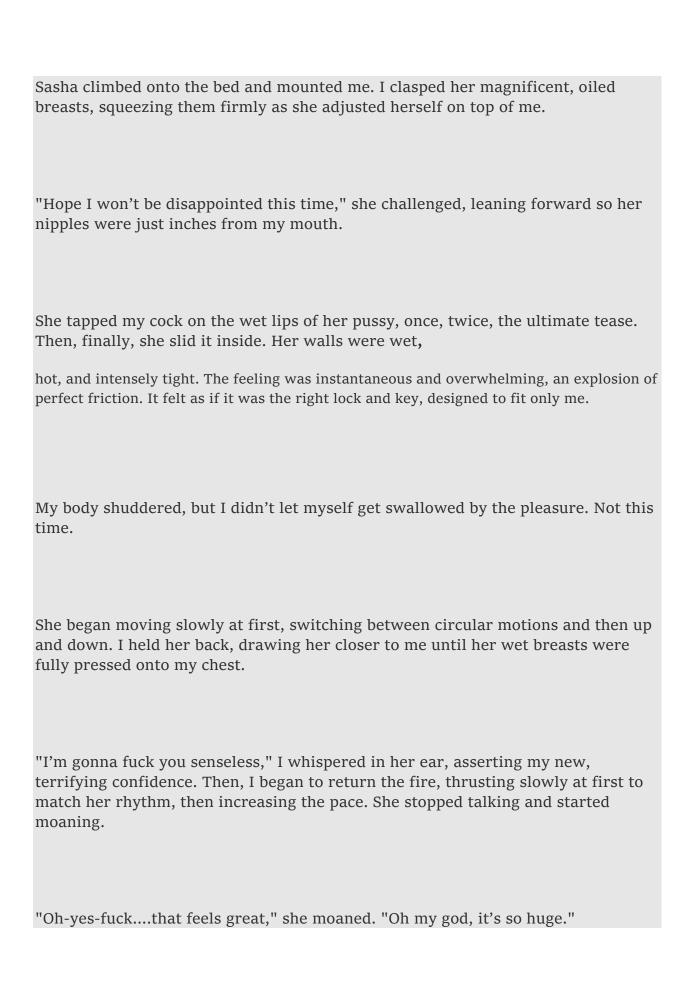
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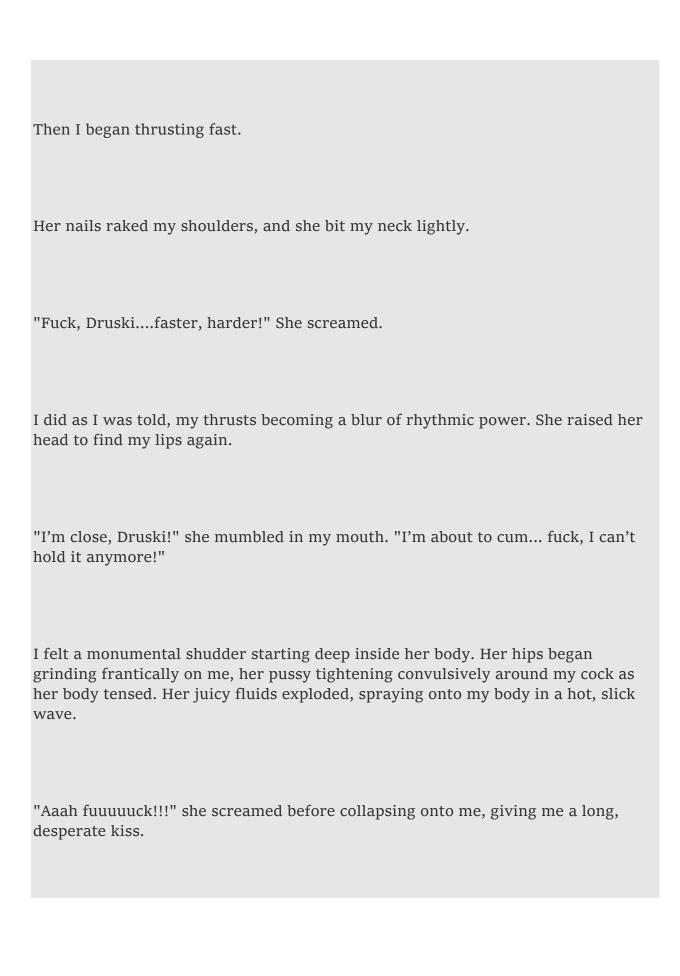
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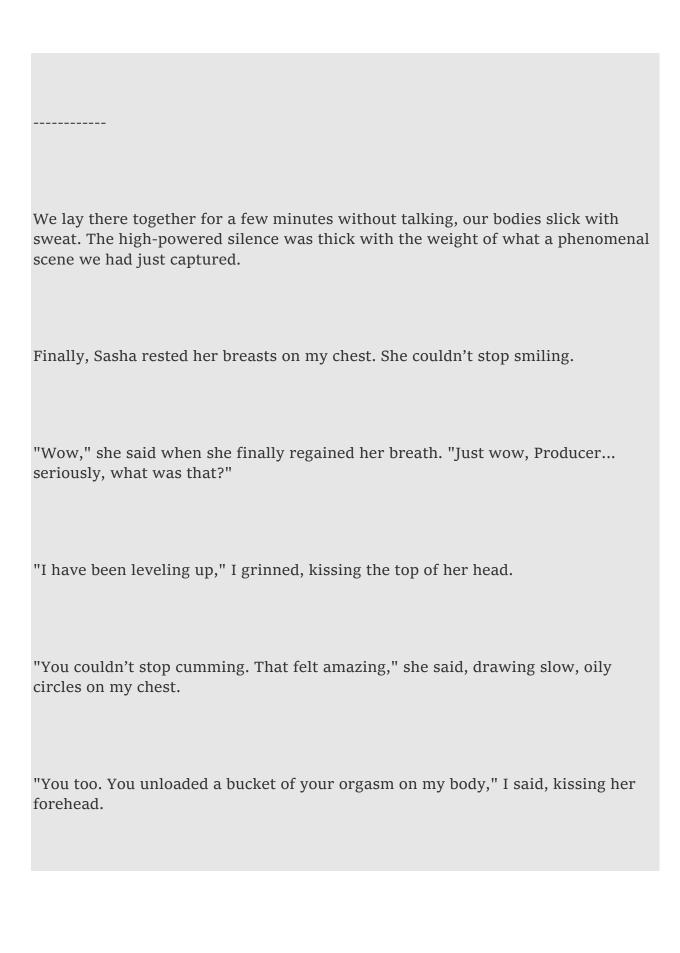
She lowered her head. Her lips kissed the sensitive tip of my cock, then she worked her way down.
"Fuck, Sasha. That's so fucking good," I gasped, my entire body convulsing with pleasure as her mouth closed fully around my balls, drawing them deep into her hot, wet throat. Her control was absolute.
Sometimes 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.





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)]



"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."