

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

"Do you always pick me because I give the best blowjobs, or...?" Tracey asked, her fingers already working the zipper of my pants.

"Neither," I countered, my voice low. "I pick you because you're the only fuckable woman on this street."

I groaned as her fingers wrapped around my shaft, drawing it free. It pulsed instantly, thick and hot, and she laid it against her smooth chest, then pressed the head lightly against her chin.

"I still don't understand why you need to stop here before heading to your fancy club," she murmured, her tone laced with suspicion. "Is this your ritual so you don't blow your load too fast on stage?"

I didn't answer. All thought had evaporated; I only craved the moist heat of her mouth. I reached out and cupped her breasts, pushing them together. Her nipples were taut, hard as pebbles, and the sight of her chest rising and falling beneath my palms drove the need higher.

Her lips parted slightly, just enough to send my heart hammering. My fingers traced the lace edge of her bra, and an electric current seemed to shoot through my body.

"Ready?" Tracey teased, rubbing my cock slowly. Pre-cum beaded instantly at the tip. I countered by twisting her nipples, just hard enough to elicit a sharp gasp. "You're talented with those hands, no wonder they employed you at that club."

"Not as talented as you," I grinned, pulling her face closer. "You know how to rub my cock exactly the way I need it." My hips rocked forward, pressing my head against her chin, leaving a glossy trail of fluid. I felt her breath hitch as the tip brushed her lips.

"Tracey, please," I growled, the rough need overwhelming my voice. "I need to shove my cock inside your mouth now."

Her eyes shimmered, heavy with lust. She parted her lips slowly, her tongue flicking out just enough to wet her lower lip. That single movement was my invitation. I drove my cock deep into the warm cavern of her mouth.

I felt Tracey's hot, wet saliva envelop me completely. Her tongue pressed against the frenulum, and her cheeks hollowed around my thickness. Then her lips tightened with intense, practiced pressure. A primal force stirred within me, a sudden, desperate urge.

I slammed my hips forward violently, beginning a relentless thrusting rhythm.

Fuck! She felt incredible

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Kloff—kloff—kloff. I hammered deep, tangling my fingers in her hair, each thrust faster and harder than the last.

Tracey's moans were muffled, choked by the sheer size and speed as her throat struggled to keep pace. I saw her eyes water, her cheeks bulging and her neck straining.

"Ughhhh!!" I roared as the first torrent of semen erupted from my cock and struck the back of her throat with a force that made her body convulse. Her mouth seized as she desperately tried to swallow.

"I'm not done, baby...Agh!!" I tightened my grip on her hair. Another thick, hot rope of cum slammed down her throat.

"Fuuucckk!!!"

She swallowed, her throat fluttering rapidly, her lips fully engulfing my cock as streams of fluid dripped from the corners of her mouth. I loved the way her throat constricted around me, the sound of her gasping, and the hungry way her lips clung. It always sent waves of raw pleasure through my entire body.

The final shudder left me, and I pulled my cock out from Tracey's swollen, wonder-working lips with a loud, wet pop.

The strip club was already pulsing with energy when I arrived. Inside the dressing room, the other dancers were already preparing, coating themselves in oil. Some were watching porn or masturbating—a necessary ritual to ensure they wouldn't accidentally get hard while dancing for the women, who always paid a premium for touching.

That's why I used Tracey. I hated the desperate, cold routine of jerking off in the dressing room.

A short woman with glasses, notable cleavage, and a perfect bubble butt walked in. She was the manager and supervisor.

"Cupid, you're late as always. Get ready. You hit the stage in ten," she snapped.

Cupid was my stage name. I stripped quickly and pulled on my custom underwear, a brief so tight it perfectly showcased the outline of my cock.

"Ain't you gonna drain the pipes, bro?" XXX Dawg asked, grinning at me from across the room.

I grinned back. "I have already drained the pipes." He knew I was lying, but respected the routine.

I applied the specialized oil to my body. It immediately caught the light, gleaming and highlighting the sculpted muscular build I worked out for moments like this.

Ten minutes later, I was on stage, dancing to a slowed, sensual R&B track. The women instantly erupted, chanting my stage name. The clientele was diverse: tall, short, cougars, petite women, blondes, brunettes, ebony. They all shared one simple, driving need: they were here to be horny.

I spotted my target: a stunning redhead wearing an expensive fur coat. I danced my way toward her, feeling the raw, hungry lust glittering in her eyes. I positioned myself directly above her chair, straddling her.

"You want to feel the texture of my body, but that costs extra," I whispered into her ear, letting my sweat, movement, and seductive cologne work their potent magic.

She slid two crisp hundred-dollar bills into the band of my underwear. A cheer went up around us. I gave her a slow, grinding lap dance. Her hand slid up my thigh slowly, lingering for a few agonizing seconds.

"Go on," I encouraged, my breath hot on her neck. She giggled, then her hand moved higher, tracing my abs, my chest, until her fingers brushed my mouth. I parted my lips, sucking her fingers one at a time, making deliberate eye contact. I could feel her entire body trembling beneath me. She wanted me inside her badly.

"Damn, you're so hot, Cupid. I wish my husband was a hunk like you," she purred.

"Meet me in the V.I.P. room," I whispered, gently biting her earlobe for maximum effect. She nodded, her eyes wide with promise.

I gave the Manager a subtle head nod. She knew the drill. The woman would pay a thousand dollars to have me in the secret room.