

# ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

## Chapter 26

*Chapter 26: Chapter 26*

I finished setting up the cameras quickly, pointing one at the bed and another aimed for tight close-ups. Sasha, meanwhile, had stripped down entirely, except for a pair of silky, black stockings that ran tantalizingly up her thighs, ending just above her knees. She was already sprawled out on the motel bed, commanding the scene.

She tapped the lush mounds of her pussy with a delicate finger, her legs spread wide in an open invitation. "Come on, Druski... don't be shy," she purred, her eyes fixed on me.

The cameras whirled to life, recording the raw, immediate reality of the motel room. Every problem in my life—Red Eye, the looming threat—had temporarily vanished, replaced by the white-hot focus of the shoot. This was my sanctuary.

"You ever sucked pussy before?" she asked, her voice low and challenging. She began to tease me, slowly drawing circles with her finger around the slick, swollen lips of her pussy, tracing the outline of her clitoris.

I watched, mesmerized, as she then slowly, sunk her finger deep inside, slipping past her entrance. A genuine, deep moan escaped her lips. She removed her finger,

drew it to her mouth, and sucked it with an intensely intimate focus, never once breaking eye contact with me. The look in her eyes was one of pure, unrestrained sexual hunger.

She had chosen the scene for me. This wasn't just a simple fuck; this was a challenge. A display of dominance that demanded I prove my worth not just as a fucker, but as a sexual partner. I recognized the test and accepted it instantly.

I grinned, the satisfaction of the previous act mingling with a newfound focus. I walked over to the bed, letting the silence draw out the moment. I caressed her right leg gently, trailing my fingers up the black nylon of her stocking. Then, slowly, deliberately, I kissed the stocking, tracking its length all the way up to the bare, soft junction of her thigh and hip.

I rubbed her inner thighs until my fingers found their ultimate destination. As soon as I laid my hands on her, touching the warm, slick skin of her inner folds, she gasped, her legs falling open even wider.

"Do you like being touched like this?" I asked, my voice husky, as I repeated the circular, agonizingly slow motions she had done earlier with her own finger, tracing the delicate mound. She let out a low, guttural moan, a sound of complete, willing surrender to the touch.

I wanted to tease her until she begged me to finish her. I rubbed the wet, engorged tissue of her pussy with my thumb, focusing all my attention on that single, electric point of nerve endings.

"Oh my god... fuck. You are so good with your hands," she moaned, her hips beginning to rise instinctively to meet my touch.

I grinned, satisfied by the immediate, intense reaction. I slid two fingers inside her, feeling the slick, hot resistance, then immediately focused on stimulating her clit with rhythmic friction. I began piping her slowly, shallow thrusts with my fingers.

"You like that?" I asked, demanding confirmation of my absolute control.

"Yes—fuck—oh, yes. Don't you dare fucking stop!"

I finger-fucked her faster, increasing the pressure and intensity. She bit her lip, suppressing her cries, managing only muffled, ecstatic moans as her body trembled.

Finally, satisfied that I had driven her to the peak of manual ecstasy, I placed my head between her thighs, my hands moving upwards to cup her full, heavy breasts. Then, I began licking her pussy, driving my tongue deep inside, exploring every ridge and fold, claiming the final, desperate climax for myself.

I kept my face buried in her, my tongue working with surgical precision, circling, dipping, and probing. Sasha's hips were now completely off the bed, arching up toward my face, her hands frantic as she ruffled my hair, clutching the strands like life ropes.

"Oh, you nasty fucker! You know exactly where to put that tongue!" she shrieked, her voice thick with pleasure. "Don't you dare stop, Druski! Don't you dare leave that hot, tight spot!"

I gave a playful wiggle of my tongue, hitting her clitoris with the wet, intense friction she craved. I drove my face harder into her, inhaling the musky, sweet scent of her arousal.

"I won't stop, baby," I growled against her skin, my voice muffled. "I'm going to drink every drop until your legs shake. I own this pussy right now. Beg for it, Sasha!"

"Please! Oh God, please! Harder, Druski! Lick me like you mean it! You're going to break me!" she screamed, her body trembling violently as the second, powerful climax ripped through her. Her inner muscles seized around my face, squeezing the last remnants of control from her.

I kept my tongue on her until the spasms subsided, finally lifting my head, my face wet and slick, but feeling absolutely victorious.

I finally pulled my face away from her pussy, her juicy, sweet fluids filling my lips. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, savoring the taste of victory.

She rose from the bed, her muscles aching from the double climax, and turned her back to me. She braced her hands against the edge of the mattress, dropping immediately into a deep, aggressive doggy-style pose.

Her silhouette was magnificent: her backbarched sensually, her powerful thighs trembling slightly under her weight, emphasizing the incredible roundness and firmness of her ass. The stockings acted as perfect frames, highlighting the smooth, warm skin of her inner cheeks. She was a picture of unrestrained submission and raw invitation. The stockings acted as perfect frames, highlighting the smooth, warm skin of her inner cheeks. She was a picture of unrestrained submission and raw invitation.

She reached behind her and, with a brazen confidence that demanded attention, spread her asscheeks slightly, offering the dark, glistening entrance. "Come on, Druski.... don't keep me waiting. Please!!!"

I smiled, completely enthralled by the sight of her offering. I stroked my hard, thick cock gently. I spat into my palm, the sound echoing slightly in the small motel room, and wet the throbbing, sensitive tip of my cock, preparing it for entry.

## Chapter 27

*Chapter 27: Chapter 27*

I gently stroked my cock, savoring the feel of my arousal. I leaned forward and teased her by giving her left ass cheek a quick, firm tap with my thick head. Then I began to rub it, slowly, in-between her taut, muscular ass cheeks, running the length of my shaft upwards along her perineum, stopping agonizingly short of her offered entrance.

"You like that friction, baby?" I whispered into her ear, my breath hot against her neck. "You like Daddy making you wait for what you know you deserve?"

Sasha shook with anticipation, her guttural cries now mixing with frantic begging. "Please, Druski! Don't tease me! Just put it in! I need you inside me right now!"

I ignored her plea for a moment, lifting my hand and delivering two sharp, echoing spanks to her firm, round ass cheeks. The sound filled the small room, and Sasha cried out in pleasure and submission.

"Tell me what you are, baby. Tell Daddy what you are," I demanded, his voice low and dominant.

"I'm yours! I'm your slut! I'll take all of it! Just fill me up!" she gasped, her voice desperate.

I rubbed the tip of my cock across the wet, swollen lips of her pussy, letting her feel the size and heat of me before finally, with a deep, satisfying thrust, I slid my cock fully inside her from the back. My powerful hands grabbed her ass cheeks, cupping the firm flesh as I began the deep, relentless rhythm that only my trained Stamina could sustain.

I thrust deep inside her, my hands gripping the firm, yielding flesh of her ass cheeks. The rhythm was primal, fueled by the desperation of my situation and the release of three days of pent-up paranoia. Every muscle in my core strained, the hard-won **Stamina (6/10)** keeping my pace relentless.

"You like that pressure, slut?" I grunted, my voice strained with effort and exhilaration. "Daddy's home! And I brought you the whole damn load!"

I felt her hips grinding back against mine, trying to meet my depth with equal ferocity. I was completely consumed by the act, but the back of my mind, the part trained by fear and high **Swagger (7/10)**, was already shifting gears.

"You're so tight, baby! **I'm tearing you up!**" I whispered fiercely, slamming into her repeatedly.

I waited until her breathing was ragged, her moans becoming soft, rhythmic gasps of exertion.

My cock slipped out of her pussy with a wet sound, but before I could react, she grabbed it, her hand immediately closing around my shaft and stroking it passionately. Her body language screamed that she wanted me back inside so badly.

But then she didn't guide it back into her pussy. Instead, she gently tapped the **throbbing, wet tip** near her asshole.

"Woah, Sasha, what are you doing?" I asked, my voice suddenly laced with confusion and curiosity.

She turned her head slightly, her eyes glittering in the dim motel light. "My asshole... I want you to fuck my asshole. I want you to take my virginity," she pleaded, her voice urgent.

"What?" I almost laughed. *Take her virginity?* What the hell was she talking about? Sasha had been involved in sex work for a long time; there was no way she had never been fucked in the ass before.

"My asshole is still virgin," she stated, her breath hitching with a mix of anticipation and nervousness. "Nobody's ever fucked me in the ass before. Of all the men I have ever been with, I like *you*, Druski. I want it to be you. I want you to take my asshole virginity like I took yours." Her body was shaking with intense anticipation.

"What the fuck, Sasha. Did I just hear you right?"

She nodded, her eyes wide, then she whispered, "Please, don't refuse me this request. I want you to penetrate my asshole for the first time in front of the camera."



She liked me? Did she really mean it? You could never trust a whore, but she was offering me her most intimate, unexplored boundary. Her asshole, where no other man had ventured before. I felt honored—and professionally, this was **viral gold**. A first-time anal scene with a star like Sasha was priceless.

The adrenaline spiked again, overriding all fear of Red Eye.

She guided my tip, wet from her pussy, to the tight, hot ring of her asshole.

The sensation was immediate and intense. Her asshole was like nothing I had ever experienced before. I had never fucked a virgin asshole before, not even in my previous life. The **tight, velvety grip** was intoxicating, a challenge that promised an explosive release.

"Oh my god, please go slowly, Druski. I can't take it all at once," Sasha groaned, her body rigid with a mix of pain and electric pleasure.

I nodded, gripping her hips firmly. I began moving, slowly and deliberately, my cock gradually stretching her tight asshole bit by bit. The resistance was immense, but the friction was agonizingly perfect. I felt like I could bust my load any moment. I had never felt anything like this before. This was what asshole heaven tasted like. Her muscles tightened around my cock in spasms, pulling me deeper into the uncharted territory.

"Fuck, Sasha, it's so tight," I groaned, speaking for the camera and for myself, slowly picking up the pace.

As I began to increase the thrusts, the pleasure finally overwhelmed the pain for her. She slammed back against my hips, meeting my rhythm, her voice rising in ecstatic, filthy shouts.

"Yes! Fuck me hard, Daddy! **Ruin my tight little hole!** I want to feel every inch of your cock inside me! You own my asshole now, Druski! Don't stop!"

The increased pace brought me to the edge. I grabbed her firm ass cheeks and began to **slap the mounds hard**, the sound echoing sharply in the motel room. Her ass cheeks shook and rippled with every powerful impact, vibrating wildly with the force of my thrusts and her own escalating arousal.

I felt the unmistakable, inevitable surge. "I'm coming, Sasha! I'm filling your virgin hole! Take it all, slut!"

She screamed my name, a primal sound of release, just as I exploded deep inside her, emptying my entire load into her asshole. The tight, hot grip of her internal muscles milking my cock was the most intense pleasure I had ever experienced.

I collapsed onto her back, panting, spent. I pulled out slowly, my cock wet with our mingled fluids.

Sasha, completely destroyed, slowly lowered herself onto the bed, then rolled onto her back, her eyes shining with tears of pleasure. She reached behind her, tracing the fluids that were now seeping from her asshole.

"Oh, my God," she whispered, her voice reverent. "You broke me."

She then did the unbelievable: she brought her fingers back around, slick with my hot cum, and licked them clean, never breaking eye contact with the camera. "Best fuck of my life," she declared.

## Chapter 28

*Chapter 28: Chapter 28*

I collapsed onto her, utterly spent, my weight heavy on her back. We lay there for a moment, chest to chest, both of us heaving for breath. That had been an amazing fuck—an initiation that was intense, real, and totally cinematic.

The cameras had caught all that.

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[QUEST COMPLETE: SCENE #3 SUCCESS]

Scene Quality: Exceptional

Reward: \$1,800 deposited into digital wallet.

(Current balance: \$13,200.00

Attribute Reward: Stamina improved through endurance, focus, and rhythmic control during high-pressure performance.

[STAMINA: +1 Point Applied (Current: 7/10)]

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I could feel a familiar **warmth and strangeness** on my cock and throughout my core as the attribute was added. The intensity of the last scene—the deep, sustained penetration required for an anal initiation—had pushed my endurance to a new level.

"That was great, Druski!" Sasha heaved, resting her head on my chest as I rolled off her. "I have never been fucked like that in my life before. You are a star."

The compliment was genuine, but my mind was already racing. My Stamina was now 7/10, matching my Swagger (7/10). I had the physical and mental fortitude to survive, but only if I secured my defense.

I pushed myself up, grabbing the towel. "We need to talk," I said, my voice suddenly sober. "About Red Eye."

I pushed myself up, grabbing the towel. "We need to talk," I said, my voice suddenly sober. "About Red Eye."

Sasha immediately sobered up and stopped smiling. "Red who?" she asked, confusion knitting her brow.

I moved to the tripod and pulled out the memory cards, securing the physical evidence of the incredible scene we had just filmed. "Sasha, your profession deals with people from the streets—people who have real power. I have no doubt most of your high-end clients are gang members or crime syndicates. You know a lot of people. I mentioned that I wasn't staying at my house; I told you that I'm running from some bad people. Do you know anyone who goes by the name Red Eye? Red Eye is probably a code, of course, but it should be a known name in the streets..."

When I looked back towards her, her face had gone from confusion to a flash of white-hot anger. Like I had insulted her in the worst possible way.

"What's wrong, Sasha? Did I say something wrong?" I asked, completely bewildered by the sudden shift in her emotional state.

"Really? Really, bro? Who are *you* asking what's wrong?" she thundered, her voice thick with sudden, furious tears. "I let you take my asshole virginity, and the first thing you talk about is some—some gang member? We just did something special, my—my *virginity*, and you just brush it off like it was nothing."

She began sobbing, the sound raw and painful. "I'm a whore, of course... I understand that. I have been with many men, but I kept my asshole for someone I liked. I like you, Druski..."

I didn't know what to say. The professional, hard shell I'd seen her wear had cracked, revealing a deep, genuine vulnerability that I had completely steamrolled in my paranoia. I had prioritized my own survival over the intimacy she had offered me.

I moved to her side, sitting on the edge of the mattress, and pulled her gently toward me. My hands automatically moved to soothe her back.

"Sasha, listen to me," I said, keeping my voice low and sincere. "I am sorry. I was an asshole. What we just did, what you offered me—it wasn't just content. It meant the world to me. It's the most real thing that's happened to me in weeks. I

wasn't brushing it off. I was just terrified. The people I'm running from are the same people who could put me, and now potentially you, in a coffin."

I let the sincerity hit her. I had to choose my next move carefully. I couldn't sacrifice the intelligence I desperately needed, but I couldn't afford to lose her trust either.

"You are special, not me," I continued, pressing the point of vulnerability. "Not just business-wise, but... you are the first girl I ever had. You took my virginity, and for that, I will forever be grateful. It's just that I'm living on the run right now. My life's in danger, so I'm always jumpy..." I said, desperately trying to anchor her empathy.

There was a brief silence, then she pulled away from me, looking me intensely in the eyes. She looked scared and deeply concerned. "Don't tell me you are involved with *those* people, Druski..."

I felt my heartbeat quicken. She sounded serious and sincere, the emotional wall completely down.

"Those people.... who are they?" I asked, pushing gently for the final, terrifying piece of the puzzle.

Sasha glanced nervously at the door, her eyes wide. "It's **Big Mom's** people, Druski. And this Red Eye you talk of is part of their gang. He's not just a thug; he's the Syndicate's enforcement arm. They deal in... things that make porn look like a

church picnic. They control everything illicit in the city. If you owe them, they don't want the money; they want a piece of your life. Or they want you to disappear."

"And you know this because...?" I pressed, needing the cold facts to cut through my rising panic.

She hesitated, then quietly confirmed my worst fear. "A lot of girls work for them, Druski. They offer protection, high-end clients, and access to private flights. But if you cross them, they own you until they decide if it's time for you to die. I have never met Red Eye, but I have heard about him. There were these girls who went to look for clients in a territory owned by Big Mom. They got into a fight with other girls protected by Big Mom. They won, but a week later they were found dead. One was found dismembered on the back of a Honda, and the other was run over by an identified car. **The rumor was Red Eye.**"

I nodded slowly, the blood draining from my face. I had walked into a full-scale organized crime problem. If this was true, then I was truly fucked like Red Eye's text had said.

"Do you owe them anything, Druski? What's your connection with these people...?" Sasha asked, her voice tight with terror.

I couldn't answer. Not that I didn't want to. I truly had no idea how *I* was involved with them. All I had was a debt ledger from the original Druski's life.



"If you are involved with them, one way or the other, you are dead," Sasha said, her voice filled with bleak conviction.

I believed her.

## Chapter 29

*Chapter 29: Chapter 29*

My mind immediately locked onto the solution. I had to assume the emotional talk and my sincere apology had bought me a few minutes of compliance.

"Sasha, listen," I said, my voice now low, controlled, and devoid of emotion. "You need to leave. Right now. You cannot be seen near me. If they find me, they will find you. If you want us to have a future, you have to disappear and act like you never found this motel."

I walked over to my laptop and external hard drive. "I am going to transfer this memory card right now. This virgin anal scene is going to be viral gold, but I can't publish it now. Someone might see and recognize this motel. I can't stay in this city anymore."

"But... where are you going?" she asked, tears drying up as fear took over.

"Far away," I said. "You have to leave immediately. I will pack up my stuff, too." I peeled twelve \$100 bills from my cash stash. "If you need a sudden plane ticket or a change of scenery. Don't use your cards. Don't use your real name. You saved my life with the information you have given me."

She took the cash. "But this is twelve hundred...?"

I smiled at her. "Today is your lucky day; I'm giving you a bonus. Now go...!!!"

She nodded, quickly got dressed, then slipped out the door and into the pre-dawn quiet.

I immediately focused on the laptop. The data transfer was already at 95%. I secured the footage, wiped the card, and packed the encrypted drive into its pouch.

As I zipped up my camera bag, I realized she had left her hoodie behind. A cold, terrible thought struck me. What if some of the Big Mom Syndicate watched my videos? They would recognize Sasha, and if they did, they could link her with me.

If they couldn't get me, they would definitely get her. And if they were as bad as she had said, they would probably torture her to give me up. I would be gone by then, of course, but I wouldn't want her to get hurt.

"Should I call her back? No, no... no calls," I muttered, knowing any digital trace was a mistake. I decided on a faster course of action. I would have to pack my things, then follow her and convince her to come with me, or at least go into deep hiding.

"What the fuck, Druski, what kind of situation am I in?" I cursed the previous owner of this body.

I grabbed my laptop and cameras and packed them. I had no idea where I would go, but I knew that I had to get the fuck out of here.

It wasn't five minutes later when I heard a sharp, knock on my door.

"Must be Sasha. Did she come back for her hoodie?" I said, walking towards the door. This was perfect; I would have no need to go to her place. We could just elope together into the unknown.

I opened the door and I froze.

It was a girl at the door, but not Sasha.

She was dressed in all black: black boots, black jeans, and a slick leather jacket. I couldn't see her hair because it was hidden beneath a black beanie hat.

She was pointing a pistol with a silencer. I don't know why, but she reminded me of The Black Widow—lean, lethal, and radiating cold intent.

"Don't move or do anything stupid, Druski. I won't hesitate to blow your brains off your head," the woman said, her voice low and steady. "Hands where I can see them..."

I obeyed, raising my hands slowly. My heart wasn't just beating; it was a frantic, trapped hummingbird battering itself against my ribs. My stomach felt hollowed out, convinced I was going to piss and shit myself simultaneously.

Every survival instinct screamed for me to collapse, but my mind, trained by the attribute boost, was desperately calculating angles.

"You're an easy man to find, motherfucker," she sneered, waving me back into the room with the muzzle of the suppressed gun.

I went back into the room slowly, my sight never leaving the lethal silence of the weapon.

She stepped inside, her eyes rapidly scanning the mess of towels and camera gear. She took a deep breath, then wrinkled her nose. "I smell ass in here. Have you been enjoying your life fucking whores?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't. My heart was beating the shit out of my chest, and my brains were running fast, calculating. Was this one of Red Eye's people? How had they found me so fast? What did they want with me? Was I going to die here, in this cheap motel, five minutes after a career-defining fuck?

Maybe she had followed Sasha to the motel. Or maybe Sasha had already sold me out to them. Why else would this Black Widow-looking girl show up as soon as Sasha left? I wondered if she hadn't come alone, if there were more of them waiting outside.

"So, this is where you've been shooting your porn videos, Druski. I never thought that you had it in you," she said, her eyes lingering dismissively on the camera equipment.

I didn't answer back at all. I didn't know who I was talking to, or what information would land me a bullet.

"What, you can't talk now, huh?" she snapped, the gun barrel twitching slightly. "I hate being ignored."

"You are pointing a gun at me," I managed, the words catching in my dry throat. "I find it hard to talk under life-threatening situations."

She smiled—a brief, cold flash of teeth that promised violence. "None of this would have happened if you had simply followed orders and met me at the spot the other day. It's all your fault."

Then realization struck, flooding me with a mixture of terror and dark amusement. *She was him. She?* This woman was Red Eye. The voice on the phone had been digitally altered, but the precise, personal malice, and the comment about the missed meeting, confirmed it. The Syndicate's top enforcer was a cold-blooded woman in a black beanie.

## Chapter 30

*Chapter 30: Chapter 30*

I sat in the back of a black Cadillac Escalade. Contrary to what I had thought earlier, Red Eye had come alone. There was no one else. She had waved her gun at me and led me to her car, taking my entire backpack containing the encrypted hard drive and the laptop.

She was driving.

Red Eye was a woman, yes, but that didn't mean I could use my masculinity to overpower her and unfuck myself from this situation. She looked experienced in her craft—sharp, fit, and highly intelligent.

It would be stupid to try and fight, especially when she had a gun readily accessible. Even when the car stopped at traffic lights, I saw it unwise to jump off

the vehicle. The doors were not locked, and she looked unbothered about my presence in the car, which was its own form of threat.

"Don't do anything stupid," she had warned over five times. "You are already in trouble, but be on your best behavior."

I didn't know what she was capable of, which made her even more dangerous. From the looks of it, she knew everything about me.

I was a fucker, not a fighter.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked from the back of the car, hating how small my voice sounded in the spacious cabin.

She looked at me in the rear-view mirror, her dark eyes reflecting a chilling lack of sympathy. "Oh, you've finally found the courage to talk now?"

"You are leaving me no choices but to talk. Silence won't give me any answers," I countered, trying to project some of my Swagger, even while disarmed.

"That's a smart choice. I love talking. It makes the journey shorter," she said, accelerating onto the main highway.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked again.

"You will see when we get there," she said dismissively.

"What do you want from me?" I asked, cutting to the chase.

"Really, motherfucker? So you are gonna pretend as if you don't know why you are a wanted man?"

I leaned back, trying to appear relaxed. "Care to remind me?"

I *had* to ask. I had no idea why the hell I was being hunted by Big Mom's people.

She smiled—that same cold, unsettling smile. "You missed the drop. You didn't show and went MIA. Nobody skips the drop. Whether you are sick... or you lost your legs, you crawl to the motherfucking spot. No excuses. Even if your dick is stuck inside of a pocket pussy, you drag that thing to the fucking spot. You know how much you've cost us, huh?"

I looked confused.



"We are talking about drugs, Druski. I was supposed to deliver you bricks of coke," she finally revealed, her voice dropping the amusement and going razor sharp. "And you weren't there. You left us exposed, you wasted my time, and you cost Big Mom resources. Now, I'm here to do what I do best: enforcement. I'm taking you to her."

I closed my eyes for a fraction of a second. *Drugs*. The old Druski wasn't just a virgin; he was a pusher, a mule, and a liability. His failure to show up meant he was perceived as having turned or flipped.

I opened my eyes and looked at Red Eye's reflection. I had to assume she had no idea the original Druski had been replaced.

I could only imagine what this Big Mom was going to do to me. Did she think that I had flipped? I knew what they did with snitches in this part of the country—they disappeared permanently, usually after a very public, bloody warning.

Was I going to be tortured until I died? That wouldn't be a nice way to go. The system hadn't brought me back to life just to let me die in less than two weeks.

Even if I wasn't killed, and they somehow ruled me out of the equation of being a snitch, there was this drugs issue. I hadn't shown up at the supposed drop and it meant that they had lost a major deal. There was no way I wasn't going to get away without being punished.

What methods did this gang use for punishment? Did they pluck out nails, cut off fingers like the Yakuza, or pour water whilst you are gagged?

There are many ways to kill a cat.

"Are you going to kill me?" I asked, the desperation finally cracking my cool exterior.

Red Eye looked at me again in the rearview mirror, her eyes devoid of warmth. "That's for the boss to decide, though I will admit that I would love killing you myself for making me look like a fool. Torturing you slowly so that you would wish you never existed..." she said with a cold, almost pleasurable smile.

I shuddered. I began sweating, and chanting a silent prayer. I was afraid to die.

The Escalade continued to speed down the highway, eventually leaving the urban sprawl for industrial zones. Red Eye occasionally glanced back at me, her mouth curving into a cruel smile.

"So you skip out on a drop carrying a hundred thousand dollars worth of Big Mom's product, and where do I find you? Fucking a whore in a two-star motel, Druski," she mocked, shaking her head. "I bet you thought that porn was going to solve all your problems, didn't you? The thought of that is genuinely hilarious."

I said nothing, gripping the leather seat, staring out the window at the passing factories and warehouses. My mind was calculating.

My stamina meant I could take a beating, *maybe*, but even the smallest cut or internal injury could sideline me permanently. My swagger was useless right now, unable to charm or intimidate a professional executioner.

I focused on my only defense, searching for an exit story of survival.

The Escalade finally slowed, pulling into a large, enclosed yard guarded by a high chain-link fence topped with razor wire. The yard was cluttered with empty shipping containers and a few idling trucks. The main structure was a massive, windowless building that looked exactly like a warehouse—the kind of place where things were stored and people disappeared.

Red Eye stopped the car near a loading dock door. She turned off the ignition, the sudden silence of the car amplifying the pounding in my ears.

"We're here," she stated, grabbing the suppressed pistol from the center console and tucking it into the waistband of her jeans. She then reached back, yanked the door lock open, and pointed.

"Out. And don't try anything, Druski. There are more eyes on you now than just mine."

I swallowed hard, my fear turning into ice-cold resolve. I opened the door and stepped out onto the damp concrete, my eyes darting around the grim industrial compound.