## ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

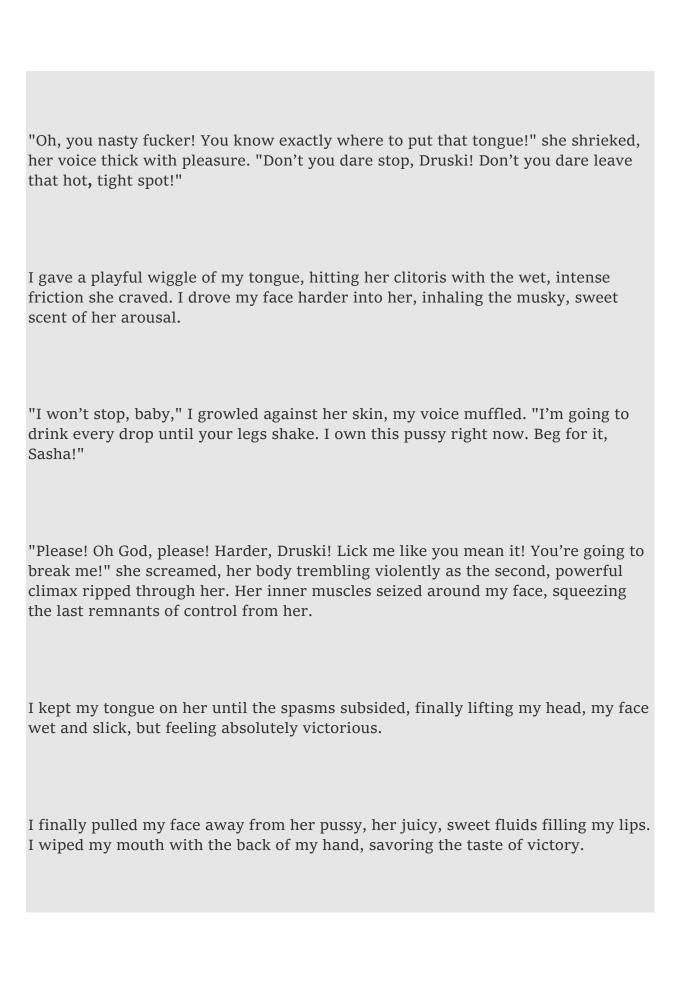
## Chapter 26

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 whirred 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.



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.

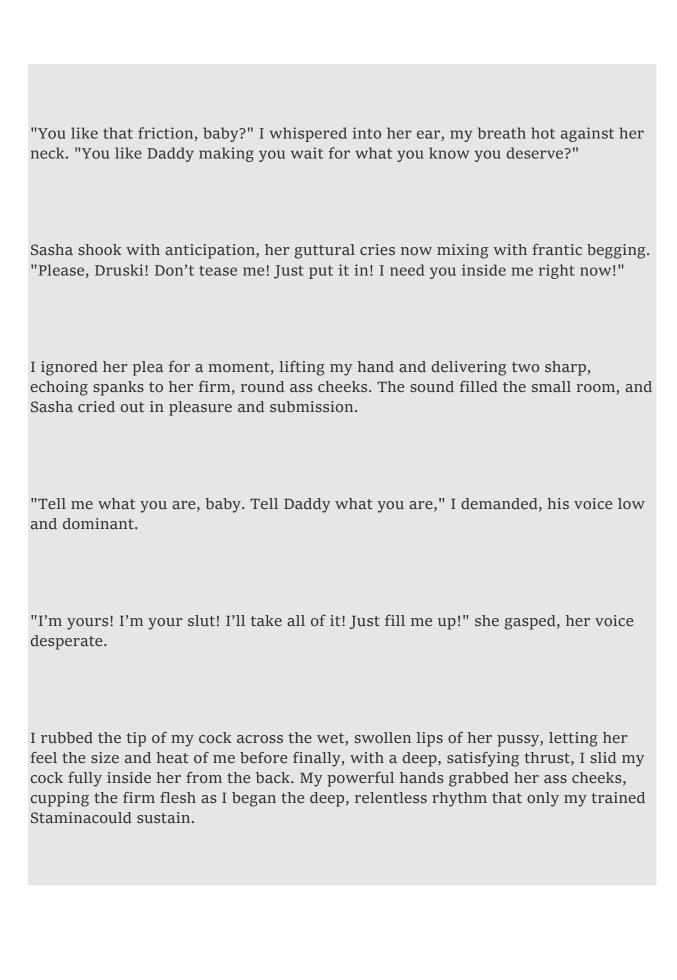
She reached behind her and, with a brazen confidence that demanded attention, spread her asscheeks slightly, offering the dark, glistening entrance. "Come on, Druski.... don't keep me waiting. Please!!!"

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.

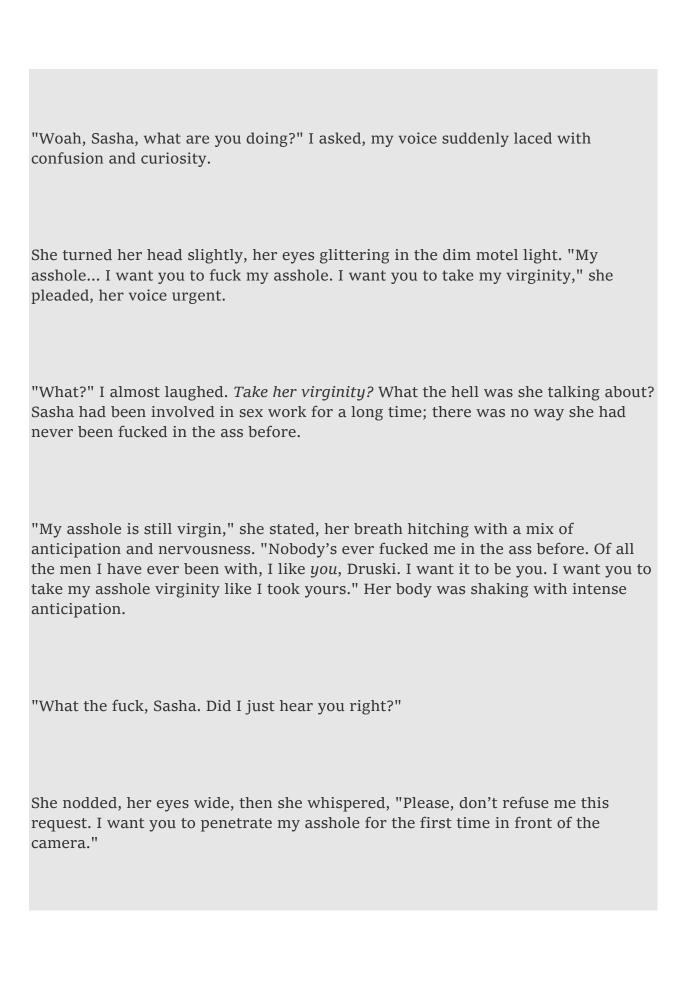
## Chapter 27

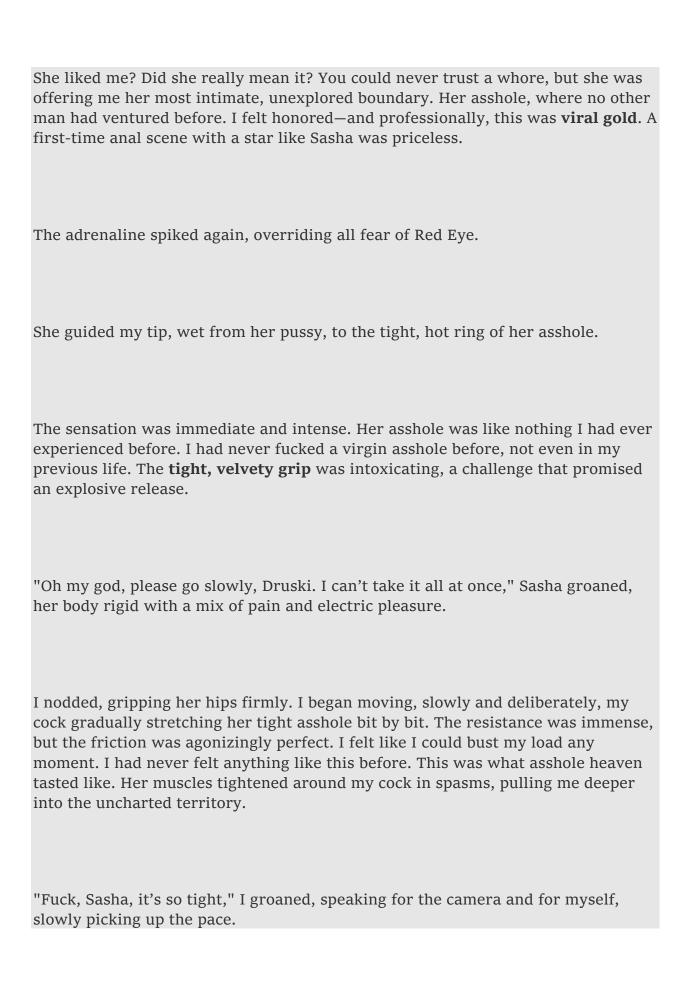
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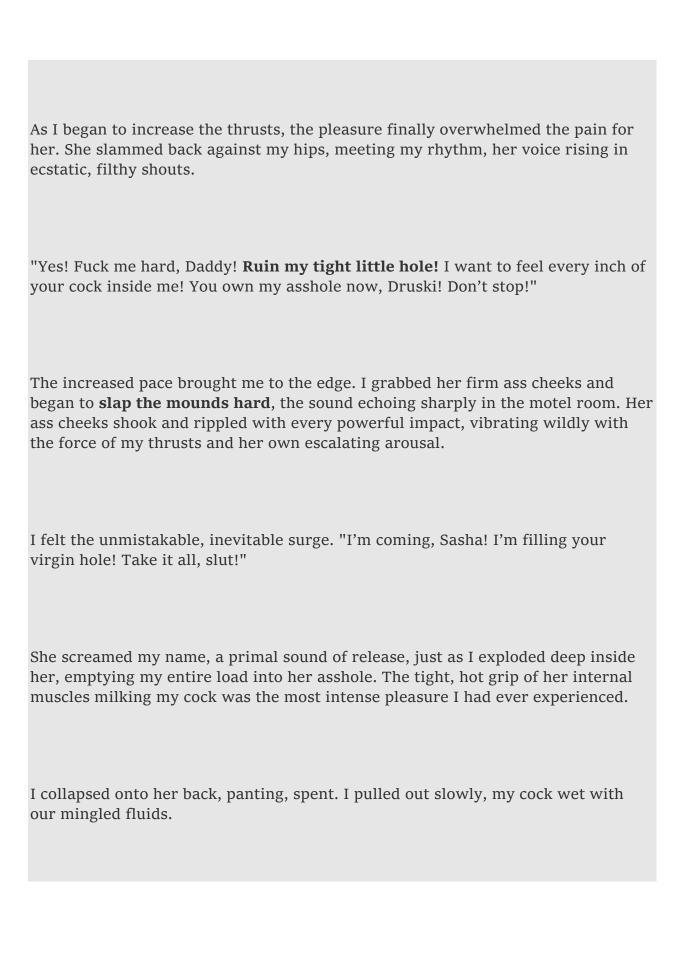
I gently stroked my cock, savoring the feel of my arousal. I leaned forward and teased her by giving her left ass cheek a quick, firm tap with my thick head. Then I began to rub it, slowly, in-between her taut, muscular ass cheeks, running the length of my shaft upwards along her perineum, stopping agonizingly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



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 <b>Stamina (6/10)</b> 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 <b>Swagger</b> (7/10), was already shifting gears.
"You're so tight, baby! <b>I'm tearing you up!</b> " 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 <b>throbbing</b> , wet tip near her asshole.

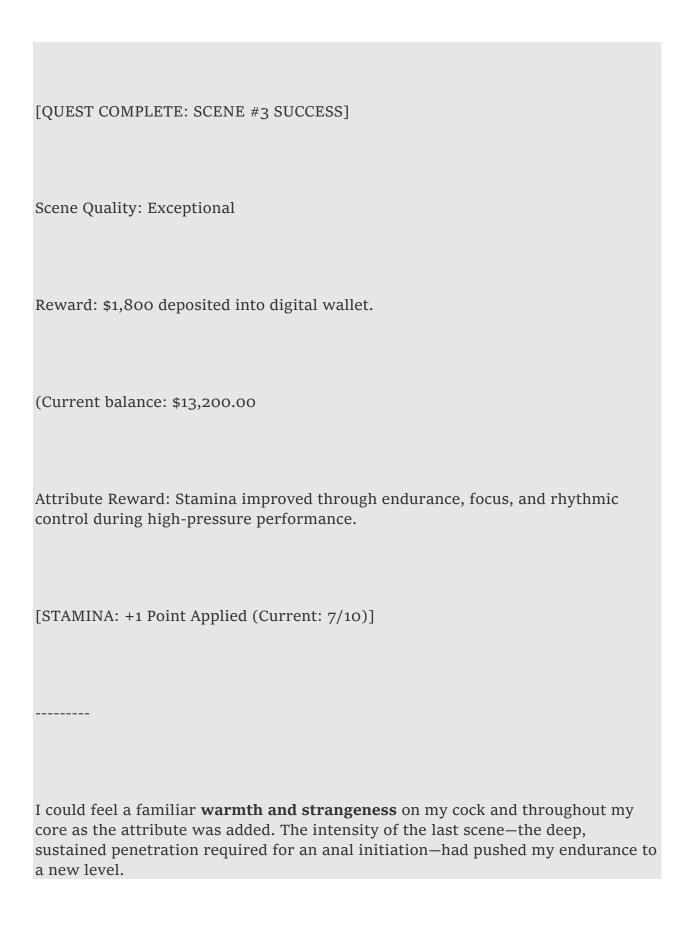




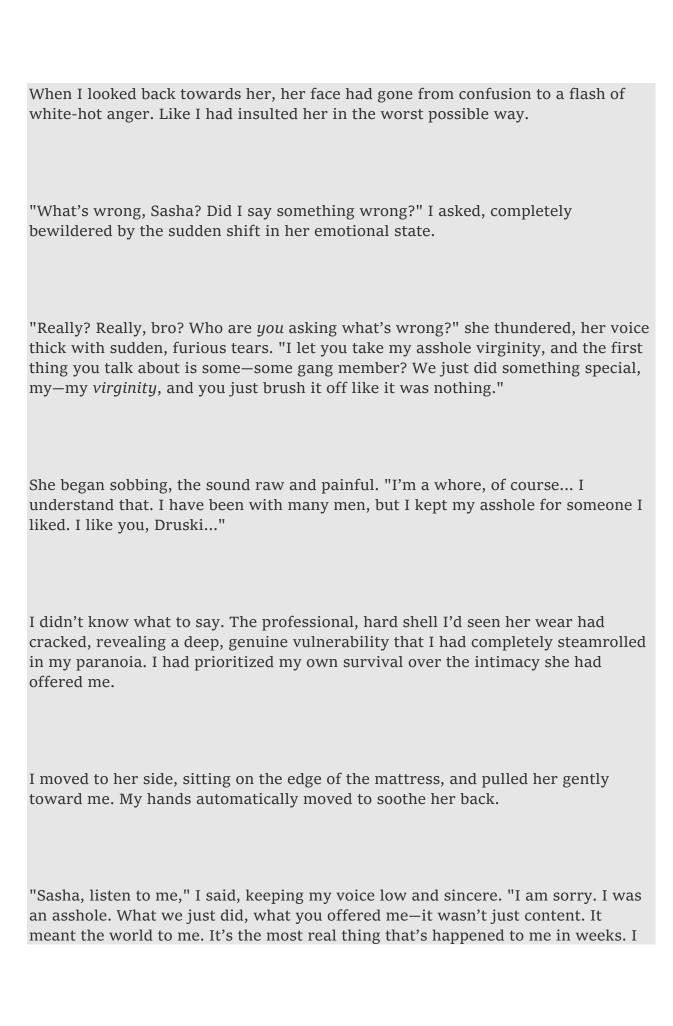


Sasha, completely destroyed, slowly lowered herself onto the bed, then rolled onto her back, her eyes shining with tears of pleasure. She reached behind her, tracing the fluids that were now seeping from her asshole.
"Oh, my God," she whispered, her voice reverent. "You broke me."
She then did the unbelievable: 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.
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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.

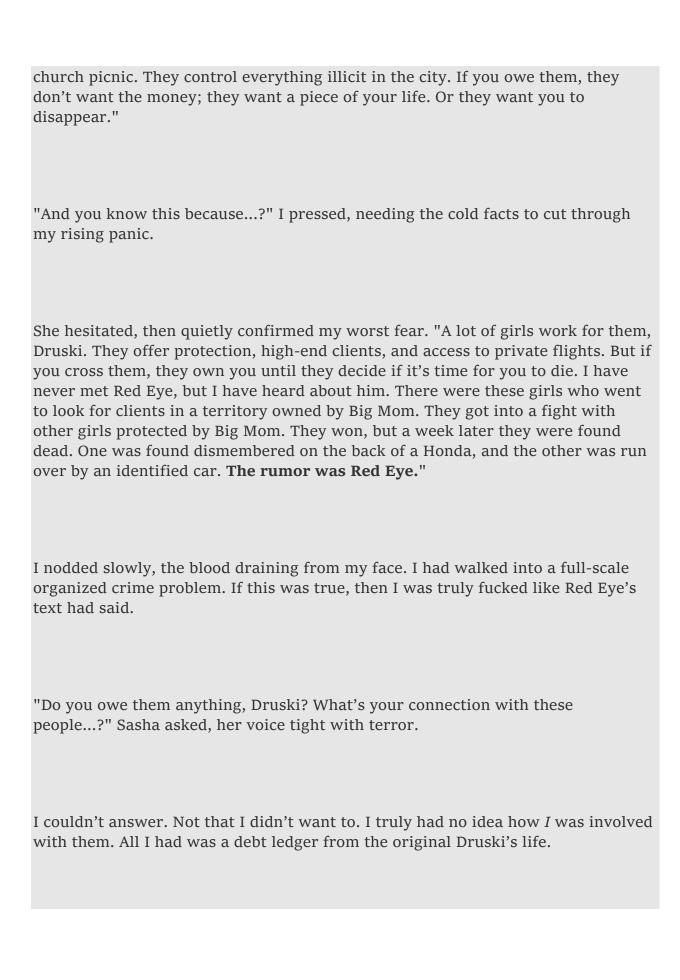
The cameras had caught all that.



"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..."

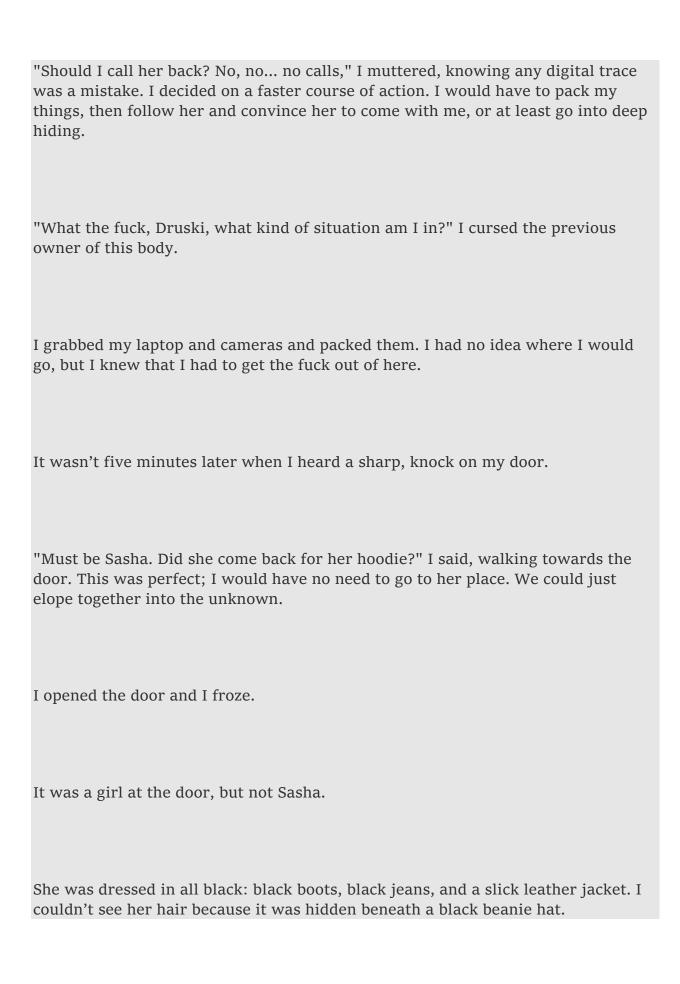


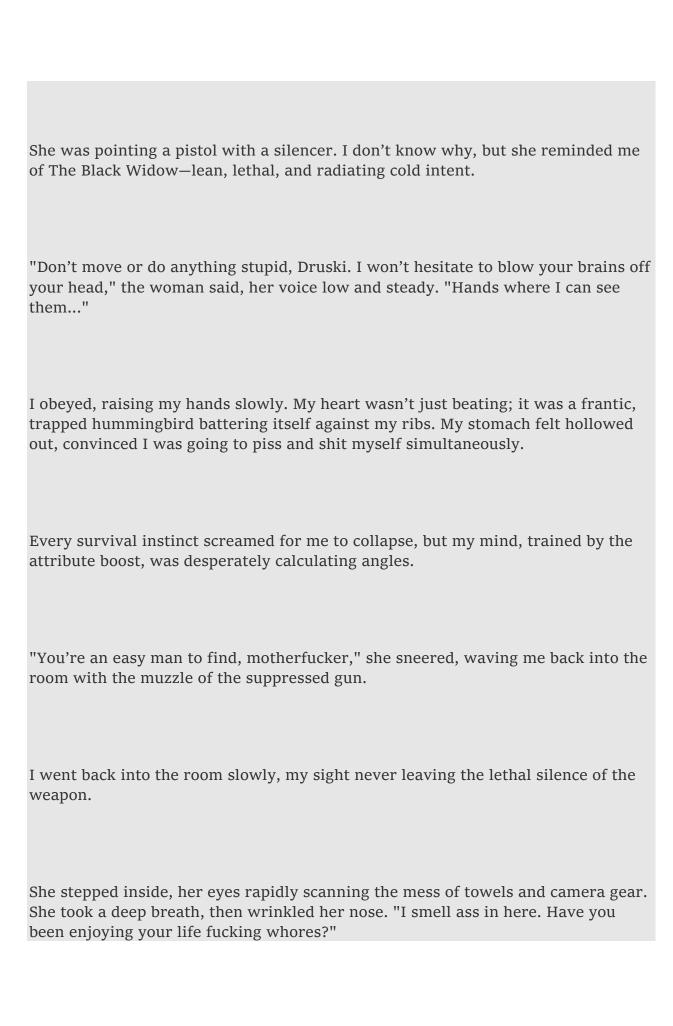
wasn't brushing it off. I was just terrified. The people I'm running from are the same people who could put me, and now potentially you, in a coffin."
I let the sincerity hit her. I had to choose my next move carefully. I couldn't sacrifice the intelligence I desperately needed, but I couldn't afford 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 <i>those</i> 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 <b>Big Mom's</b> 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



"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.
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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.





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

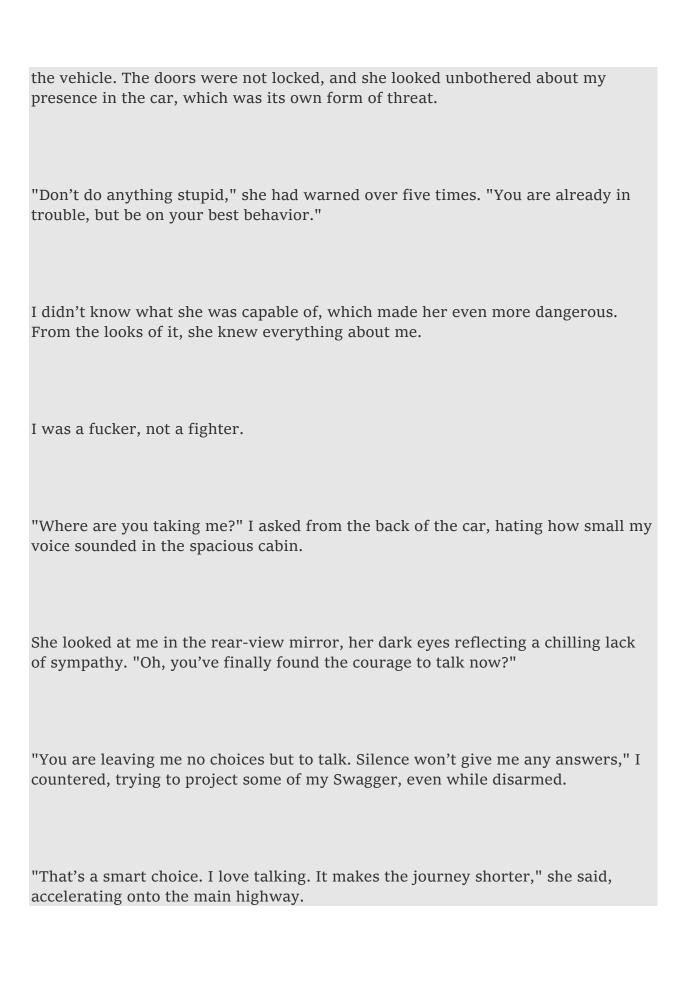
Chapter 30: Chapter 30

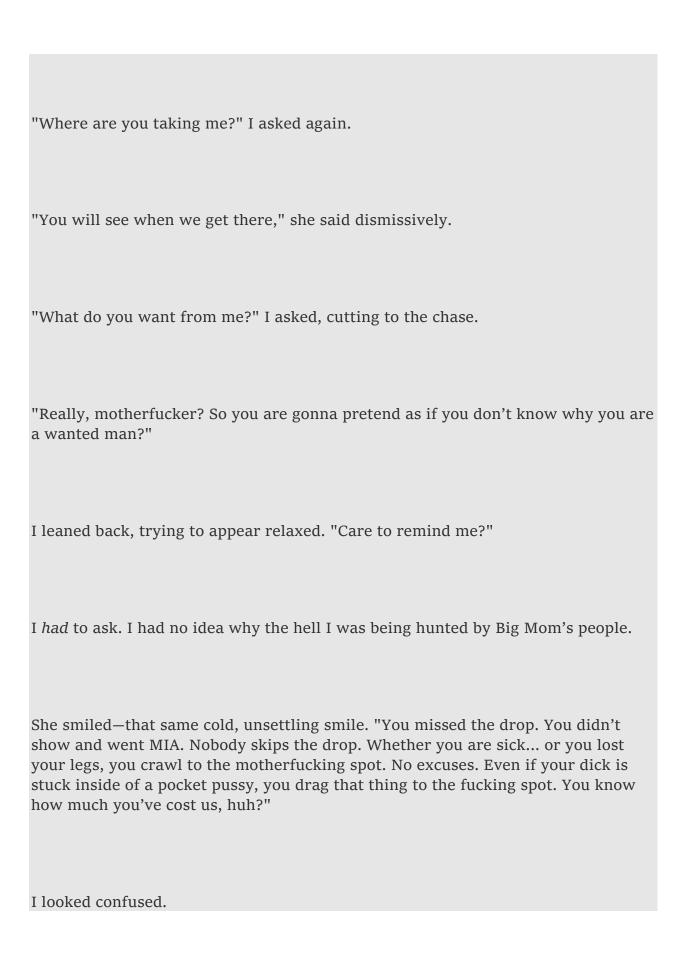
I sat in the back of a black Cadillac Escalade. Contrary to what I had thought earlier, Red Eye had come alone. There was no one else. She had waved her gun at me and led me to her car, taking my entire backpack containing the encrypted hard drive and the laptop.

She was driving.

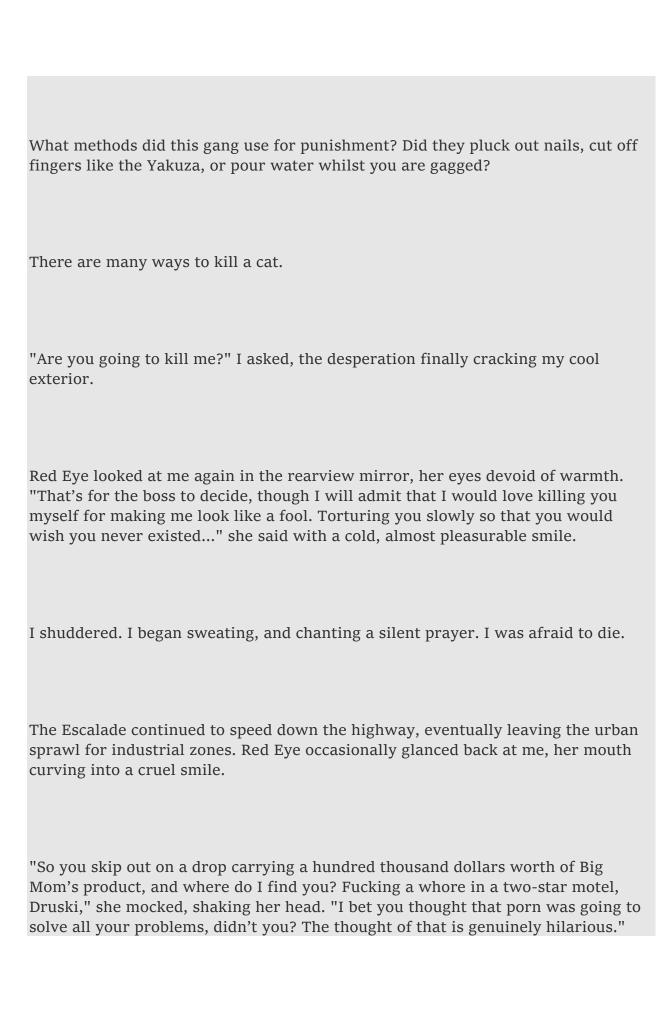
Red Eye was a woman, yes, but that didn't mean I could use my masculinity to overpower her and unfuck myself from this situation. She looked experienced in her craft—sharp, fit, and highly intelligent.

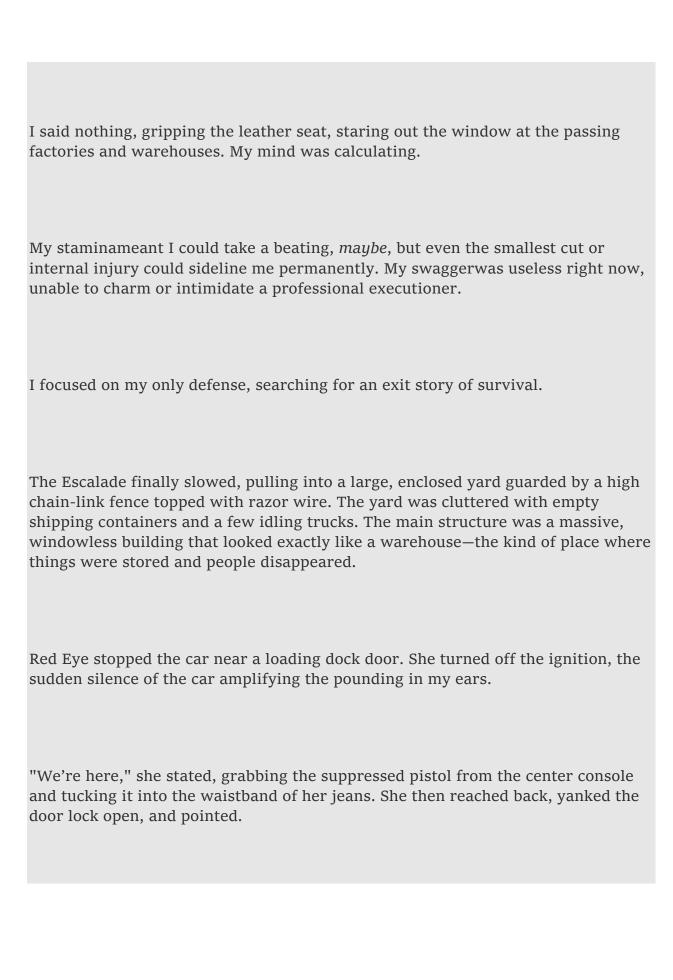
It would be stupid to try and fight, especially when she had a gun readily accessible. Even when the car stopped at traffic lights, I saw it unwise to jump off





"We are talking about drugs, Druski. I was supposed to deliver youbricks 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 mojor deal. There was no way I wasn't going to get away without being punished.





"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.