

# ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

## *Chapter 3: Chapter 3*

"Cupid, huh? I hope you're a god in bed, as your name suggests," the redhead said, watching me pull the foil packets from my pocket.

Her name was Daphne. I recognized her. She was a regular, a frequent escapist, often seen leaving this same private room with other dancers like XXX Dawg.

"Hopefully, I won't be as boring as your husband," I replied, offering her the condom. Our fingers brushed, and the brief contact sent a familiar, addictive spark through me.

She took a step closer, the expensive scent of her perfume intensifying. "Do you think you can handle me, I mean...fuck! I'm getting wet just looking at you."

She removed the fur coat. She wore a tight, red micro-dress, hiked high enough to reveal the lace edges of her matching underwear.

I slid my hands low, cupping the full curve of her ass, squeezing hard enough to pull a sharp gasp from her.

"You needn't worry, baby. I'm going to give you the best fuck your money can buy. This night will be tatted into your brain forever." I growled, nipping her earlobe with my teeth. "I'm going to explore every inch of your body and make you scream so hard you won't even remember that man exists."

My touch became immediate and demanding, moving over her body with practiced precision, tracing the lines of her desire. She returned the fire, her hands caressing my oiled muscles, her nails raking down my flesh. "Fuck....Oh, Cupid...I want to feel you inside me. I want every inch of your cock buried deep."

My lips claimed hers, my kiss hungry and demanding. My tongue tangled with hers as my hands roamed, pulling her dress up high around her waist.

"You like being touched here, don't you?" I murmured, my voice raw as I cupped the mound of her pussy, my fingers brushing against her clit, eliciting a low gasp. "You love being treated like a dirty little slut, don't you? Do you want to be my slut...?"

"Oh, yes, Daddy. Make me your dirty little slut!" she cried, her body trembling with feverish anticipation. Her moans filled the small room. I worked her like an expert, driving her wild as her nails dug into my shoulder. I clamped my hands over her heavy breasts, twisting her pink nipples until they were marble hard.

"I can't wait any longer, Cupid. Show me you're better than my husband," Daphne pleaded, her dark eyes flashing with desperate lust. "Oh, Cupid, please—please fuck me. Fill my pussy!"

I pushed the dress upwards and yanked her underwear violently to the side. She spit into her palm and used the slickness to lube the crown of my cock. I thrust into her with a forceful jolt that made her scream with pure pleasure. She arched her back, her red nails carving lines into my muscular flesh.

"Oh, fuck, Daddy...Yes, please! Fuck me harder!" she screamed, her body convulsing with the weight of her initial climax. "You pound harder than my husband... your cock feels so good inside my wet pussy."

I flipped her over and slammed her against the wall, forcing her to brace herself with her hands. I grabbed her hips, sliding my cock into her tight, slick walls from behind. I began a rhythmic, brutal pounding, my balls slapping against her ass cheeks. Her screams were deafening now. Her hips rotated wildly, perfectly following my aggressive pace.

She surrendered completely, screaming my stage name until it blurred into pleasure. I spanked her ass cheeks sharply as I continued to ravish her.

"I'm your little whore! Stretch out my pussy...it's yours, baby!" she wept with passion.

It felt incredible to breach the defenses of a married woman, to feel her desire build with every touch, every thrust, until she was nothing but a trembling vessel of need.

My hips jerked forward, pressing into her harder as I spilled my load inside the protective rubber. Her body shook heavily, her ass trembling as I gave it one final, deep thrust before pulling out with a wet, echoing pop.

She turned to look at me, panting, her eyes glowing with raw, feverish admiration. "You know how to please a woman, Cupid. You really do. I wish we could go on forever."

We were both slick with sweat, and I knew she craved another round. I had taken her in a way her husband never could. I stripped off the filled condom and casually tossed it onto the carpet.

If she wanted another round, it wouldn't be protected. This time, I could take her ass. I imagined that small, tight ring, how warm it would feel, how much it would stretch. The thought alone made my cock throbbed instantly.

She must have read the predatory desire in my eyes.

She bent over again, spreading her ass cheeks. They were clean, inviting.

"Can you go another round, Cupid? This time you can have my asshole," she whispered, her voice low and utterly seductive. My cock twitched, throbbing a clear assent.

I was about to slide the tip against her tight ring when the heavy sound of running footsteps and frantic shouting erupted from the corridor.

"Hey, stop! Come back here!" A security guard's voice bellowed, followed by the crashing of the main door. "How did you get in here?!"

The commotion grew louder. Then, the heavy door to our VIP room flung inward. A short, fat man stood there, his face contorted in a mask of furious disbelief.

"Paul...?" Daphne whispered, looking up in horror, exposed and bent over. "It's not what it looks like... oh, please, Paul."

The man stood frozen for a beat, processing the scene. His wife, naked and submission, and me, glistening with sweat, my cock still hard and exposed, a used condom discarded nearby.

"So you've been whoring yourself out with this scumbag. This male... whore!" he finally sputtered, his voice cracking with venom.

I dismissed him instantly. The security team was already closing in. This idiot would be tossed out in seconds. But before they could reach him, Paul reached inside his jacket and pulled out something that made my stomach drop and my heart instantly seize.

A gun.

"Sir, please put that away!" I yelled, instantly professional, instantly terrified.

I lunged toward him, but I was a split second too slow. The first shot cracked, hitting me high in the chest. I felt a sharp, searing pain tear through my torso, followed instantly by another deafening blast. The second bullet slammed into my head, just above my eye.

I fell backward, the world tilting violently.

The last thing I registered, the final piece of light and desire before the switch was thrown, was the sight of Daphne's perfectly positioned, tight asshole.

Then, there was only darkness.