

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 31

Chapter 31: Chapter 31

I found myself inside a huge warehouse, surrounded by stacks of large wooden crates and cardboard boxes. I could only guess what was inside them. Drugs? Guns? Or human body parts? The air was cold and stale.

Red Eye ordered me to sit in a rusty metal folding chair that was conspicuously placed in the middle of the vast room. There was no one else around except for two very large bouncers that were obviously here to guard me.

One was black, bald, and with a big belly that strained his tactical shirt. The other one was white, also bald but with a thick ginger beard and an equally imposing belly. They stood about ten feet away from me, near the loading dock, crossing their massive arms.

"I will be back later. I haven't slept in days dealing with Big Mom's shit," Red Eye yawned, stretching. She looked completely casual, treating a kidnapping as just another errand. "I need to get cleaned up. Make sure he gets food and water, boys..."

Then she turned towards me, her smile returning, cold and predatory. "Behave, okay? I don't wanna have to cut your dick off..." she laughed, the sound hollow in the warehouse. "You can't shoot porn when you're cockless, can you?"

She gave the two bouncers a final, sharp look. "Kill him if he tries to escape."

The Ginger grinned, showing yellowed teeth.

Red Eye turned and walked toward a smaller, interior door set into the far wall, disappearing from sight.

I was alone with two human mountains. My backpack, containing the priceless footage and the laptop, was sitting on the floor by the chair, untouched but obviously confiscated.

I looked at the bouncers. They were bored and confident. I was disarmed, scared, and facing two opponents who outweighed me by a hundred pounds each. Fighting them would be suicide

I wasn't even restrained, which meant that they didn't recognize me as a threat. I was just a harmless pusher, as I had discovered, who was now shooting porn.

"Hey—psss—Ginger," I called out to the guy with the ginger beard when the Black Bald guard stepped away momentarily to grab me a cup of water from a cooler near the wall. "How much do you want?"

He ignored me at first. I kept pressing. "How much, huh? What, you can't talk?"

"How much what?" he finally grumbled, his voice thick and rough. He wasn't American, I could tell. He had a strong accent. Serbian? No, he was Russian, I decided.

"How much are you getting paid to keep me here?" I whispered, leaning forward in the chair.

He didn't answer, going back to his *do-not-disturb mode*.

"Seven hundred? One thousand, two thousand?" I continued, but he didn't flinch. "I tell you what, I have got \$4,100. I will give it to you if you help me get out of here."

I saw his eyes move, just a twitch in the reflection on a nearby oil drum. *Perfect, I've got him.*

"The money, do you have it on you?" Ginger Beard said, stepping a little closer, lowering his voice slightly.

"No, but I can give it to you after you get me out of this place," I said, reverting to the standard cinematic trope.

"Then no deal," he immediately replied, dismissing me. He went back to being grumpy, crossing his arms.

I thought my approach over again. I was desperate and could do anything to get out of this situation.

"I have got the money. It's inside my backpack," I said, pointing with my chin toward the black bag by my chair.

The man came over and picked up the bag. I had thoughts of jumping on him and choking him to death, but then I decided that my Stamina, even high, wouldn't defeat this absolute tank in a confined space.

He pulled out the wad of cash I had left—the \$4,100—and began counting it slowly, running his thumb over the bills.

"See? You can keep that, it's all yours," I said, trying to sound eager and compliant. "Now are you going to help—"

I stopped talking, watching him pull out a cheap plastic lighter. He calmly held the flame to the corner of the hundred-dollar bills. The paper caught instantly, turning the crisp bills into curling black ash. He let the money burn down to a smoking cinder before flicking the remains onto the concrete floor.

"Motherfucker!!!" I screamed, forgetting all caution and leaping from the chair, running toward him.

The guard's face remained utterly impassive. He hadn't just destroyed the money; he had destroyed my last hope of a peaceful solution, demonstrating a chilling loyalty that money couldn't touch.

I threw a punch at him. It was a panicked, desperate wild swing, fueled by adrenaline and rage. My fist connected with his chest, a solid, meaty *thud*. It felt like punching a granite counter—his massive body didn't even register the impact, nor did his expression change.

He smiled wickedly, slowly raising his hand. Then, with a casual, backhand slap, he caught me across the face. The world dissolved into a blinding sheet of white and red. My ears screamed, and I spun around once, my feet losing all traction, before I slammed onto the concrete floor. I blinked several times, trying to clear the static and stars swimming in my vision. I struggled back to the chair, my limbs feeling heavy and useless.

"Red Eye said 'behave'," Ginger Beard said simply, resuming his guard position as if swatting me was as trivial as swatting a fly.

I never bothered them again for the rest of the day. I sat on my chair quietly, nursing a throbbing cheekbone and the cold dread in my gut.

Morning came, followed by the hustle of the warehouse. Heavy trucks rumbled in, and crews of rough-looking men loaded the boxes and crates into them. No one looked in my direction; if they did, it was only for a short time. They simply didn't give a fuck.

The long, agonizing afternoon arrived, bringing only the persistent chill of the concrete. There was still no sign of Red Eye or Big Mom. It was just the three of us in a threesome of silent, tense guarding.

Night finally came. I had lost track of time since they had taken my phone, but I assumed it was well past ten.

That's when I heard car doors open, then close, outside the main entrance. The Black Bald guard went outside to check. A moment later, he came back with Red Eye and another woman.

Big Mom.

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Red Eye was wearing the same slick black widow combo, but this time her short, stunning blonde hair was exposed, accentuating her sharp features. Her athletic body, encased in leather, moved with a controlled, lethal grace, making her both dangerous and seductively competent.

The woman beside her, Big Mom, was equally striking. She was probably in her late thirties, with nicely toned, chocolate brown skin and a striking red lipstick that commanded attention. Her black hair was also trimmed short, framing her high cheekbones. She wore a pristine white business suit, but I could still see her curves—an undeniable hourglass figure—making her slim and voluptuous at the same time. She was a perfect Milf.

This was a far cry from what I had expected. Big Mom and Red Eye—a perfect, lethal, and attractive combo. In a different situation, I would have loved a threesome.

Big Mom marched directly toward me, her eyes drilling into mine with devastating, cold scrutiny.

Big Mom stopped right in front of my chair. She didn't need to yell or threaten. Her presence alone was an executioner's block.

"So, you're Druski," Big Mom stated, her voice surprisingly low and guttural, carrying the weight of absolute authority. She looked at Red Eye. "He's the one that cost me money?"

"Yeah, that's him, Boss," Red Eye replied instantly. "He missed the scheduled drop."

I looked up, meeting Big Mom's gaze. The fear was quickly stabilizing into a cold, focused clarity.

"So you are Big Mom? Wow, what a surprise. I had no idea you were this beautiful," I said with a chuckle.

The atmosphere instantly became tense. The Black Bald guard's jaw clenched. Ginger Beard's eyes flickered with genuine surprise.

Red Eye smiled, a flicker of appreciation in her eyes. "You've got balls, man..."

Big Mom looked at me, unmoving.

"What happened to his face?" Big Mom asked the two guards.

"He tried to bribe me, Ma'am, so I hit him," Ginger Beard said.

"Oh boy..." Red Eye said, putting a hand on her face.

"Did you order them to strike him, Abigail?" Big Mom asked Red Eye.

So Red Eye's name is Abigail.

Abigail shook her head. "I told them to kill him if he tries to run, not strike him, Boss."

"Hmm, that so...?" Big Mom said. She turned and studied Ginger Beard. Then she slowly circled him.

"Loyalty is everything... it builds empires and legacies. But instructions are also important. They should be followed accordingly..." she paused, then held out her hand.

I watched as Abigail placed a sleek pistol in Big Mom's hand. I could see Ginger Beard begin to sweat.

"Your loyalty is appreciated... but instructions should be followed," Big Mom said, then squeezed the trigger.

A loud *crack* echoed through the warehouse. Ginger Beard howled, clutching his leg, a dark stain instantly spreading across the concrete floor. Big Mom had shot him in the leg.

Big Mom didn't even look at the screaming man. She tossed the pistol back to Abigail.

"Get him out of here, he is bleeding on my floor," Big Mom commanded the Black Bald guard. The remaining guard quickly dragged the whimpering Ginger Beard out of sight.

Big Mom now stood directly over me, radiating cold fury mixed with the satisfaction of having enforced her rule. My heart was pounding heavily again. I could feel myself sweating.

"Now Druski, do you know how much you've cost me by missing the drop," She said, dropping her head near my ear.

Her perfume was expensive and seductive. "Ten bricks of coke... Four hundred thousand dollars is what you've cost me.

Now tell me, can you repay that, huh?"

She turned towards Abigail. "First thing I thought was that maybe you flipped, maybe you were talking... but then Abigail tells me you didn't show up because you were shooting porn?"

I was too terrified to answer, but it was a good sign that they had ruled me out as a snitch. They saw me as a junkie, a fool, or a neglectful asset—not a betrayer.

"Imagine costing me four hundred thousand dollars because you were horny. After that, you don't even put an effort to try and apologize.... What does this fool do...?" she said, appealing to Abigail.

"He moves into a motel and goes to the gym as if we wouldn't find him," Abigail said with a dry, professional chuckle.

"And what does he forget?" Big Mom said, turning her attention back to me, waiting.

"Nobody fucks with Big Mom and gets away with it," Abigail finished with conviction.

I gulped, my throat clicking.

"See, Druski... there's nowhere you can go, nowhere you can hide, especially when you've just cost me four hundred thousand dollars," Big Mom said, her voice dropping to a dangerous purr.

All the while, I was calculating. I had about \$13,000 in my system's digital wallet, tied to my porn success. Perhaps I could use the system's rewards to pay her back. But even if that were possible, it would take months, hundreds of scenes, to make that kind of money. But I had to try.

"I can repay you," I said, my voice coming out in a cracked whisper.

Big Mom raised an eyebrow, a clear signal of intense skepticism, and leaned closer. "Oh? How, Druski? By shooting a new scene where you apologize to me on camera? You have sixty seconds."

I took a deep breath, fighting to channel my terror into my Swagger, making my voice firm despite the situation.

"I can repay you by making you richer than four hundred thousand dollars, Big Mom, and I can do it legally," I stated, nodding toward the backpack. "The coke is a finite, risky transaction. I am building an adult film empire that generates passive, repeatable income."

Big Mom watched me, unblinking, but she didn't interrupt.

"I have just secured the most valuable piece of content in the industry right now. It's on that encrypted drive. If I release it, it breaks the internet. I'm currently sitting on \$13,000 in earnings, and that's just the start. If you let me walk out of here and continue to grow this business, I will give you fifty percent of my company and all future earnings until the debt is paid, and then fifty percent of the profit afterward."

I pressed the advantage, addressing her vision. "You run a criminal syndicate, Big Mom. That's volatile. That's always running from the cops. But with my company, you can turn four hundred thousand dollars of loss into ten million dollars of clean, traceable income. Think about it, offshore accounts, legitimate investments, and an untouchable empire built on the thing that people crave the most—sex. I can make you a legitimate international player."

Abigail, Red Eye, leaned forward, her expression shifting from boredom to genuine interest, her eyes flickering to the backpack. "Fifty percent, Boss. That's big."

Big Mom still hadn't moved. She looked past me, then back into my eyes. "An empire, Druski? You think your little webcam hobby is an empire?"

"It's not a hobby. It's a gold mine. Give me thirty days to prove the revenue potential of that one scene, and you'll see the profits outpace the coke trade. If I fail, you can still kill me and take all the equipment. But if I succeed, you get

passive, clean income forever. It's the best investment you'll ever make, Big Mom."

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She drew out a cigarette, and Abigail lit it for her with a practiced snap of a silver lighter. Big Mom inhaled deeply, the smoke curling around her, as she weighed my offer.

I held my breath, watching the smoke drift upward, waiting for the verdict. This was it—the moment my life was either extended or violently ended.

Finally, Big Mom exhaled a thin stream of smoke.

"You've managed to buy yourself some time, boy. You've got yourself a deal," she announced, her voice settling on a note of reluctant approval. "But from now on, your miserable life belongs to me."

She turned, taking a couple of steps away, the white suit a stark contrast to the warehouse grime.

"Abigail, set him free.... He won't try anything stupid now."

Abigail nodded, tucking the pistol back into her waistband. She approached my chair and, without touching me, gave a sharp kick to the back of the folding chair. It rattled, a sound that felt like the snapping of chains.

"You heard the boss, Druski," Abigail said, her eyes calculating. "Get up."

I rose slowly, my entire body stiff from tension and the earlier slap. I was free of the chair, but now I was bound by an enormous debt to a beautiful, ruthless crime boss.

Big Mom paused at the door. "You have thirty days, Druski. Thirty days to prove that that backpack holds an 'empire' and not just a foolish man's dream. If you fail to generate the revenue you promised, four hundred thousand dollars' worth of repayment, I'll know you lied. And Abigail will handle your payment plan personally."

She didn't wait for a response, disappearing through the interior door with Abigail following close behind.

I was alone again, left with the silence, the smell of burnt cordite, and my backpack containing my only leverage. I had survived. Now, I had to build an empire, and fast.

I reached for my backpack, pulling it onto my lap. I was alive, and I had my computer. I needed to get back to the motel and start generating revenue *immediately*. I had just 30 days to save my own life.

"Yo, you ready to bounce or what?" The Black Bald guard said as soon as he came back inside the warehouse.

I looked up at him, momentarily confused, then remembering Big Mom's decree. "Boss wants me to escort you."

This was the first time the guy had ever spoken to me. He had ignored me all day, standing silently like a mountain. He had a look on his face, probably asking himself why I was still alive.

"Yeah. Let's go," I said, grabbing my backpack. The sudden transition from execution target to protected, albeit indebted—asset was jarring.

The Black Bald guy drove a Ford F-150 Raptor, and I was soon to discover that he was not quiet at all. He talked a huge deal, filling the cabin with chatter as we drove out of the industrial complex.

"Name's Two-bit," he said as he drove.

"What? Is that even a real name?" I said, genuinely baffled.

"Sound like a joke to you?" Two-bit countered, glancing at me in the rearview mirror.

"Nuh, not at all. It's just that I never heard a name like that before," I clarified, hoping to avoid another slap.

He laughed—a big, booming laugh that matched his size. "It's not a real name, of course. My momma certainly never named me Two-bit. I gifted the name to myself. Creative, don't you think?"

"What does it mean?" I asked him, trying to figure out what was creative in naming yourself after a negligible amount of money.

"I don't fucking know, I just thought it was funny and easy to remember," he laughed again. "Niggas scream every time when they hear the name Two-bit."

I didn't think they did. He was big, of course, but hearing him speak had changed the first impression I had of him. He was the type of guy you just couldn't take seriously. But being one of Big Mom's top guards meant that he was a force to be reckoned with, no matter his personality.

"I gotta admit, you are a lucky man. You cost Big Mom four hundred thousand dollars and complimented her beauty and still got to keep your balls. Any other nigger would have got his dick chopped off or killed on the spot," Two-bit said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"I didn't think I was gonna make it either," I said with a nervous chuckle, the lingering fear making my voice tight.

"You must have used some strong voodoo to unfuck yourself from this situation. I done seen plenty people die for owing only a thousand dollars," he confirmed, emphasizing the gravity of my escape.

"Luck, man, it's just luck," I said, leaning back. I knew it wasn't luck; it was pure Swagger, but letting him think I was a mystical anomaly might keep me safer than revealing I was a sharp negotiator.

I saw Two-bit looking over from the mirror. "So how does it feel....being a porn star?"

I almost jumped from my seat. "What?"

"We've all seen your videos. Gregory showed me one of your videos..."

"Gregory?" I asked.

"The guy you got Big Mom to shoot," Two-bit corrected himself, referencing Ginger Beard who was now nursing a bullet wound. "The guy who was supposed to be guarding you."

"Ohhh..."

Word that I had become a porn star had traveled real quick it seemed.

"It's not a big deal," I said, trying to brush him off, my cheeks feeling hot.

"No fucking way, with that girl I saw you fucking. Sasha, right? She had the nicest pussy I have ever seen... She really made me wanna jerk off," he laughed, loudly and crassly.

I didn't answer, I just managed a weak smile. The Raptor pulled up to my safehouse—my actual house, the place I thought I had left behind for the motel. Big Mom clearly wanted me where she knew I'd be. I got off the car.

"Hey, man," Two-bit called after me, his voice suddenly serious.

I turned. He was looking out of the window, his large frame suddenly still. "You know you made a deal with the Devil just now, right? You gave up your soul to the white suit."

"See you, man," I said, ignoring the heavy truth of his statement. But I knew that there was some truth in what he'd said.

If the devil didn't own me, then Big Mom did.

Chapter 34

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I was back in my house. The lights were on, the messy furniture exactly where I had left it. The house felt less like a safe haven and more like a very expensive prison now. I dropped the backpack containing the laptop and the hard drive onto the living room floor.

The negotiation was over. The hustling had to begin. I had just purchased 30 days of life, and I needed to turn a digital wallet of \$13,000 into \$400,000 in revenue, or Big Mom would send Abigail to collect the debt and my life.

I tore into my backpack, pulling out the laptop and the encrypted drive. I quickly decrypted the "Virgin Anal Scene" video with Sasha. I was so focused, I barely registered the throbbing in my cheek.

I opened the XXX Global hub. My Nuru massage scene had amassed 1.4 million views. I laughed hysterically, clutching my head in disbelief.

"I'm fucking blowing up!!!" I screamed through the room. I checked subscriptions. There were now 17,051 subscribers. The system worked faster than I had ever dared to dream.

I realized I had already secured the initial wave of revenue, but the core strategy remaine. I needed to convert those free followers into paying customers and prove the model's sustainability to Big Mom.

My thought process clicked into place. If I could turn these seventeen thousand free subscribers into paying subs, I could easily make four hundred thousand dollars in less than a month, and then some.

But I needed a way to lure them to pay. If I could shoot enough videos to get their attention, that was the key. You couldn't ask people to pay when you had few content. I had to shoot as many diverse scenes as I could in a short period of time.

I couldn't use just one model. Sasha had been received well by the audience, but I needed new faces. Jess was already inline, but I needed more girls.

I could also run a promotion and ask for fifty dollars for a lifetime access to my content. Seventeen thousand paying subscribers could make me eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Even if half of that number paid, I would still be able to pay off Big Mom.

The math was clear. The strategy was set. Content saturation and aggressive Promotion.

I published the anal scene I had made with Sasha.

[Sasha offers me her anal virginity]

The Nuru massage scene was already driving traffic. All that was needed was locking in those high conversion rates.

I had published a 15-minute free clip of my Nuru massage scene, but now I published the rest of the video on locked content, along with the new "Sasha offers me her anal virginity" video.

I implemented the pricing structure:

Tier 1: Lifetime Value.

Offer: Lifetime Access to all current and future content, including the viral "Virgin Anal Scene."

Price: \$35.99 (Discounted from \$50 for a 72-hour flash sale).

The first money I'd make, I would have to use it immediately to purchase banner and native ad space on major adult forums and traffic networks, driving high-volume traffic directly to the \$35 lifetime deal page.

"Now, I have to wait for Jess so we could shoot her lesbian scene," I muttered.

She'd said she would contact me when she was ready. That could translate into weeks, months even. I hadn't that luxury. I had to shoot as soon to prove the \$1M MRR goal was sustainable.

I decided I would contact her tomorrow at the gym and ask her where she stood. For now, I had to plan on how to get more models.

"If I can get more girls like Sasha," I thought.

If they could charge me the same price as Sasha which was \$600 per scene from the system rewards, which I could use to pay them, I could manage to pay them. The system rewarded me \$1800 per scene, and I was still on Level 1. If I could get two more girls for now, that would triple my content output.

I had to ask Sasha if she could help me out with referrals. I had to check if she was at home.

I went to Sasha's room, I wondered if she was even there since I last saw her at the motel and told her to run. She had probably left the city.

I knocked on her door.

Nothing happened. It seemed as if no one was there. I knocked again twice. There was still no response.

I was about to turn and go when I heard sounds coming from her room—a rhythmic, slick thudding and low, guttural moans. Somebody was definitely in there, and they weren't watching TV.

I gently pushed the doorknob down. It was unlocked. I opened the door.

I was immediately welcomed by the sight of Sasha, her back arched, her face a mask of intense pleasure, riding someone vigorously. Her waist moved in hypnotic circles, her skin slick with sweat, her short-skirted dress pulled up to her waist.

Then I noticed that the person she was riding wasn't a man at all, but a woman.

It was Red Eye, Abigail.

They were scissoring each other, their inner thighs pressed together, providing the friction that drove Sasha's ecstatic gasps. Abigail was underneath, her strong, athletic legs wrapped tightly around Sasha's back, her blonde hair damp and plastered to her temples. Her usually cold face was flushed, mouth parted in a satisfied sneer, and her gaze was locked entirely on Sasha's eyes. Their bodies

were locked in a beautiful, powerful symmetry, glistening under the room's dim light.

"What the fuck?" I blurted out, the word escaping on a ragged gasp.

Abigail's eyes immediately snapped to mine. She didn't flinch or look embarrassed. Instead, she offered a slow, predatory, mocking smile.

Sasha, hearing my voice, turned and froze, her pleasure instantly dissolving into panic.

"Druski, what the fuck do you think you are doing!!!" she screamed, scrambling off Abigail and trying to pull her skirt down.

Chapter 35

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"Druski, what the fuck is wrong with you, you can't just invite yourself into my room," Sasha snapped as she joined me outside. She wore only a towel, tightly wrapped around her body, her face furious and panicked.

Her door was left slightly ajar, and I could see a naked Abigail inside. Abigail was stunningly sculpted: her back was turned, but the strong, defined lines of her

athletic shoulders narrowed into a tight, muscular back. Her breasts, high and firm, rested against her chest as she turned slightly, and her entire structure was one of dangerous, disciplined power.

"Close the door," I urged, my voice tight.

"You can't tell me what to do, this is my house," Sasha argued, her eyes darting between me and the open door.

"This is serious, Sasha, please close the door," I insisted, my face urgent.

I think she finally saw the genuine terror in my eyes and sensed the urgency in my voice.

She kicked the door shut with a sharp thud.

I paced about the door, my mind spinning. What the fuck? What the actual fuck.

I had just found Sasha in bed with the woman who was my handler, Big Mom's second in command, the woman who was now my partial owner and potential executioner.

"Care to explain the meaning of this," Sasha said, hands on her hips, preemptively striking with an offensive posture.

"Sasha, you fucking bitch! What the fuck? You part of this? Are you involved with these people?" I shouted in a whisper, trying to lower my voice so that Abigail wouldn't hear us over the thin wall.

"Excuse you? Why the fuck are you insulting me?" Sasha hissed back.

"That woman in there... who the fuck is she? What is she to you?" I demanded.

"Whoa, bro, you can't come here and bomb me with fucking questions. I'm not your girlfriend or your fucking wife, I can fuck whomever I want," Sasha snapped, her voice still laced with panic and fury.

"Yesterday at the motel, you brought her there, didn't you? You fucking sold me out," I challenged, ignoring her personal life defense.

She looked genuinely confused. "I don't know what the fuck you're talking about, but you better get hold of yourself, bro. Otherwise, I'm gonna fuck you up big time. Trust me, you wouldn't want to make a whore angry. You can't come here, invite yourself into my house, disturb my clients, then accuse me of... whatever the fuck you think I did."

"She's your client?" I asked, completely blindsided.

"I was fucking her, wasn't I?" she answered, her tone defensive.

I looked at her in the eyes, trying to detect even the slightest hint of a lie. I couldn't find one. If she was acting, then she was a truly gifted actress.

"You had nothing to do with what happened at the motel?" I repeated, pushing for a definitive denial.

"Besides shooting a porn scene and giving you my anal virginity, no... what the fuck happened at the motel anyway? You look spooked," she said, finally showing some genuine concern about my state.

I cleared my throat, forcing myself to state the terrifying truth. "That woman inside, your client... She's Red Eye."

"What?" Sasha's eyes went wide. The confusion was replaced by pure, naked fear. The fear I had been feeling for the last 24 hours.

"There's nothing to be surprised of, baby girl."

The door opened fully, and Abigail stood framed within it, a chilling, triumphant grin splitting her face.

She looked gorgeous. She was stark naked, her athletic body a testament to lethal efficiency. Her back was turned slightly, showcasing the powerful musculature that ran down her spine, before she shifted to face us.

Her breasts were high and firm, slightly taut from the recent exertion, the dark, prominent nipples pointing defiantly. Below her flat, toned stomach, the blonde hair of her pubic region was neatly trimmed into a tight, rebellious triangle, a shocking contrast to the dark skin of the doorway, drawing the eye and making the raw power of her body undeniable.

My heart was filled with both excitement and consuming fear. She was beautiful, yet the most dangerous thing I had ever seen.

"Your girl is a good fuck, Druski. I can see why you chose to shoot porn with her," Abigail said, her eyes glittering with mock sincerity as she leaned a shoulder against the frame.

"What are you doing here, what do you want?" I managed, trying to sound authoritative despite the situation.

Her lips curved even wider. "I'm here because I'm horny. I saw your video, and I decided to pay this gorgeous slut a visit." She moved closer to Sasha, making the girl flinch back.

She pulled the towel off Sasha and tossed it on the floor. Sasha was now completely exposed, standing naked and terrified in the hallway.

"Who could resist this beautiful creature," Abigail said, her voice dropping to a seductive purr as she rubbed Sasha's cheek with the back of her hand. Then, with terrifying swiftness, she put her hand on Sasha's throat—not squeezing, but holding—making Sasha wince. "Delicate yet fragile."

She slid her hand down and cupped Sasha's breast, then looked directly at me, her eyes challenging me to react. "Sorry, Druski, you will have to talk to her another time. I'm paying a lot of money to be kept waiting, you know."

Abigail didn't wait for my response. She pulled Sasha roughly toward her and began kissing her, deep and possessive. Their lips met with a wet, sensual force, and the sound of the kiss filled the hallway. Abigail's hands immediately went to Sasha's exposed body, tracing a slow path down her waist and over her hips. All the while, Abigail kept her eyes fixed on mine, a triumphant, mocking glint daring me to intervene.

Sasha, initially frozen in terror, seemed to realize this was her client and that her duty was to please her. She began kissing Abigail back, her hands finding Abigail's

naked, sculpted back, caressing the hard lines of muscle. Their bodies melded, the sheer sexuality of the powerful assassin dominating the terrified model.

I could feel my cock throbbing. It was obvious that Abigail was doing this deliberately to chase me away, to prove her dominance over both me and my assets. The immediate, raw desire was almost unbearable, but the threat in Abigail's eyes was stronger.

Even though I longed to join them, to fuck them both, I turned away. The tension and violation were crushing. I went back to my room feeling defeated and crushed. Abigail was now in my life, whether I liked it or not, completely entwined with my core business assets. She was probably monitoring me.

Right now, I couldn't talk to Sasha about the models. I had to pivot immediately. I had to contact Jess.

Chapter 36

Chapter 36: Chapter 36

The next morning, I began by texting Sasha.

[Druski: Sorry about Yesterday..... We need to meet ASAP. We got a new scene to shoot.]

She replied almost immediately.

[Sasha: no need to apologize. I was careless. Didn't know I was inviting opps to my bed. I'm still up for Jess's offer. Hit me up when you're both ready.]

"Simple as that?" I grinned. Sasha was unphased that she had somehow been entangled in my business with the mafia. She was willing to continue with the shoots.

"Business. It's always business with her."

Since she had given me a green light, what was left was talking to Jess, if she was ready for the shoot.

I got dressed then remembered I had to check on my XXX Global hub page.

Only two hundred of the seventeen thousand subscribers had paid for a lifetime access. I had made

\$7,198 (\$200 subs multiplied by \$35.99) in less than a day, which wasn't a bad start. I added it to the thirteen thousand in my system's digital wallet, bringing my liquid cash total to \$20,198 USD.

"A 1.17% conversion rate is terrible. I need more content, more girls, and more traffic," I muttered, then grabbed my keys and headed out of my room.

I was about to get into my car when I noticed a familiar, imposing vehicle parked across the road. It was Two-bit's Raptor.

He honked, then waved at me through the window, his large, bald head filling the driver's side glass.

"What the fuck's he doing here?" I mumbled. Big Mom wasn't wasting any time establishing surveillance.

I walked towards him.

"Good morning, superstar!" Two-bit called out, his voice booming. "Big Mom sent me. You're too valuable now to be driving around alone."

"Sent you for what? To be my chauffeur?" I asked, trying to keep the annoyance out of my voice.

"Nah, your bodyguard," he corrected, leaning over to unlock the passenger door. "Also, I'm here to ensure you stay focused on Big Mom's investment. No more

motels, no more running. You shoot porn, I keep you alive, and I report back to Abigail. Get in. We're going to the gym."

Two-bit had just confirmed I was under full-time surveillance, but also full-time protection. His presence, while annoying, was a resource.

I got into the Raptor. "Look, Two-bit, I need to work, which means I would like to focus on that only, no distractions. I love working without people watching my every move."

"I don't like babysitting either, Druski. I got better places to be. My orders are simple: Keep you breathing and keep you on schedule. I'll take you to the gym, then wherever you need to go. Boss's orders, I just follow."

"How did you know I was going to the gym anyway?" I asked, testing the limits of his knowledge.

"Red Eye told me. She said you go to the gym every morning," said Two-bit.

"She did, huh?" I said, realizing that Abigail hadn't just been a client or a handler; she had been watching my daily routine even before the kidnapping.

"To the gym then," I said, taking a seat on the passenger side.

When we arrived at the gym, he pulled out a hot dog and began eating, then started playing "If I Can't" by 50 Cent loud enough to shake the truck. "I will be waiting for you here. When you're done, you come and get me. Don't ever think of ditching me, nigga."

I nodded. "Bet," then went inside.

I found Jess talking to Maya at the reception desk.

"Ah, there he is, the devil himself," Jess said as soon as she saw me, a playful but sharp edge in her voice. "Maya was just asking about you."

Maya's cheeks flashed. Was she blushing?

"No, I wasn't. Jess was the one talking about how you skipped yesterday's session and ghosted her," Maya quickly corrected, smiling nervously.

I chuckled. "Yeah, about that? I had this situation at home. Sorry I couldn't make it."

"What kind of situation forbids you from answering my phone calls or returning texts, Druski?" Jess demanded, crossing her arms.

"It's complicated. I can't answer that for now... Can we talk somewhere private?" I said, nodding toward the commotion of the gym floor.

"We can talk at the gym bench," Jess said, already heading that way.

I nodded at Maya, who gave me a quick, curious wave, then followed Jess.

"I know what you want to talk to me about," Jess said as soon as we were out of earshot. "I'm ready."

I smiled, relieved that I didn't have to launch into the Big Mom saga just yet. "Seems like you read my mind, ma'am. When can we shoot the scene?"

"Today," she said, almost loudly, her excitement clearly bubbling up. "We can do it after this session. Is Sasha on the same page as we are?"

"She's all good to go. She was just waiting for the green light from you," I lied slightly, knowing Sasha was probably still recuperating from her encounter with Abigail, but also knowing she'd be ready for business.

"Then we better hurry through the sets," Jess said, a competitive glint in her eye. "I can't wait for her to suck my pussy."

An hour and a half later, we exited the building.

"Since this is your show, where are we shooting the scene?" I asked.

"At my house," Jess said. "We gotta pick up Sasha and your equipment. Let me call an Uber."

I smiled. "No need. I got a car."

I led her toward Two-bit's Raptor. He was asleep, his massive head resting awkwardly against the window, the low bass of 50 Cent still vibrating softly through the truck. I knocked sharply on his window, and he woke up instantly, snapping into defense mode, his hand moving toward the center console.

"Just me, bro, unlock the doors," I said, putting my hands up slightly.

He scowled, recognizing me, and unlocked the doors. I got in the front seat, and Jess got in the back.

"Is this your car?" Jess asked, looking around the massive, intimidating interior.

"The car's not mine, but the driver is mine," I said with a smirk, flexing my new, dangerous leverage.

Two-bit gave me a sinister smile. "You a funny nigger."

"Sasha's place first, then we swing by my house to grab the equipment," I instructed Two-bit. "Jess, let's talk business while we drive."

Chapter 37 -s 37

Chapter 37: Chapters 37

We found Sasha ready to be picked up. She wore normal jeans and a white T-shirt. She carried a backpack which probably contained her sex work gear.

"Sasha!" Jess screamed as soon as she saw her, pulling her into a hug. "I'm so excited to finally meet you. I'm a huge fan. I have so much about you from Druski..."

"That so?" Sasha said, giving me a suspicious glance. "I wonder what he told you about me."

I also wondered what I had told Jess about Sasha, except business-related issues.

"So much, how professional you are. I can't wait to work with you," Jess said, her enthusiasm genuine.

"As long as you are paying, we will work together without any problems," Sasha said, cutting straight to the chase.

"Damn, this that girl from the video," Two-bit said, eyeing Sasha lustfully from the driver's seat. He licked his lips. "Fuck, you even sexier in person."

"Ugh, which video are we talking about?" Sasha asked, clearly uncomfortable with Two-bit's gaze.

"From the site, Sasha, you're quite the star now," I told her, trying to minimize the awkwardness.

She only nodded, eyeing Two-bit to stop looking at her.

"Care helping me with carrying my equipment to the car?" I asked Two-bit, pointing to the bags inside.

"Nigga, do I look like a helping hand to you? Is you crazy? I'm your babysitter, not your negro," Two-bit said flatly, returning to his music.

"Okay... Girls, care to help?" I said.

"We will be waiting in the car," Jess said, grabbing Sasha's hand and pulling her into the backseat, leaving me with Two-bit's sneering laughter ringing in my ears.

I carried the equipment alone, dragging the heavy bags out to the Raptor. I quickly loaded the cameras, lights, and cables into the bed of the truck, the metallic thump echoing off the pavement.

An hour later we were at Jess's place. She rented a condo in Central Park South.

The place was nice, with an uninterrupted, sweeping view of the city skyline, the green expanse of Central Park visible in the distance through a wall of floor-to-ceiling windows. The decor was modern and minimalist: pale gray walls, polished concrete floors, and stark white furniture, emphasizing the sense of spacious luxury. In the living area, a massive, L-shaped cream-colored sofa faced a 90-inch flat screen, and the kitchen boasted a huge marble island that looked perfect for, well, anything. The entire condo felt quiet, expensive, and meticulously clean—the perfect discreet location for a high-end shoot.

I dropped the equipment bags in the center of the living room, relieved to finally be done with the manual labor. Two-bit remained downstairs in the Raptor, a silent, armed assurance that no one would bother us.

"Wow, Jess, you're living the life," Sasha said, looking around the expansive, luxurious condo.

"How much rent do you pay?" I asked, already dreading the answer.

"\$11,850," Jess chuckled, completely unbothered.

"Damn!" I said. Her webcam business really seemed to be paying off.

"Set up the cameras. I will go and take a shower... Oh, and one more thing," she said, walking into her bedroom, then returning, holding a small booklet. "Here's the script."

She gave it to Sasha. "You can go over it whilst I shower."

Then she left.

"She's organized, I guess," Sasha said, flipping through the pages. It was a jab aimed at me. I always went in the direction the wind carried me when it came to my films, relying on raw chemistry and improvisation.

Sasha went through her script whilst I set up the cameras and lights, positioning the main key light to maximize the view of Central Park, giving the scene a high-production, cinematic glow.

"Seems like you aren't included in the film, Druski," she said, looking up from the pages.

"Ah, yeah, it's a lesbians-only scene. I'm just the cameraman," I said, running a test on the focus pull.

"Won't you get hard watching us?" she asked, a smirk playing on her lips.

"I will jerk off to make my big boy sleep," I said, grinning back.

"I can give you a blowjob real quick," she said, her tone suddenly shifting from professional to playful.

I laughed softly. "Always the clever businesswoman, huh?"

"I will do it for free," Sasha said, surprising me.

"Really...?"

"Do you want it or not?" Sasha sighed, tossing the script onto the sofa.

"Of course, Sasha. You would be doing me a very big favor," I said, walking toward her, fully aware that this impromptu intimacy was exactly what I needed to manage the stress of my new mafia partnership.

I put the camera remote down. Sasha stood up, not needing to be asked twice. She pulled down my jeans and boxers, her eyes locked on mine with a mixture of professional detachment and genuine, spontaneous affection.

She knelt down and pulled out my cock. She worked me first with both hands, using a firm, practiced rhythm. Then she spit a blob of warm saliva onto my shaft, coating me in a slick preparation.

She smiled up at me. "Feels much better than jerking off, does it?"

"Fuck, Sasha... you are the best," I said, shutting my eyes as she slowly lowered her head, the warmth of her mouth engulfing me. She began sucking slowly at first, drawing deep, wet kisses, her tongue tracing the sensitive underside of my cock before working her way up to the head. She used her throat expertly, taking me deeper than I expected, the pleasurable pressure building rapidly. Then, she began sucking faster, generating a frenzied, driving pace, the sounds echoing softly in the luxurious condo.

Five minutes later, the intensity was unbearable. I bucked slightly, spilling my release deep into her mouth, feeling the intense tremor travel down my spine until it spilled out and frothed slightly at the corners of her lips.

She kept her mouth full for a moment, eyes staring up at me naughtily, before swallowing every drop. She rose quickly, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

"I've gotta use the bathroom, too. I have to change into something sexy," she said, finally breaking the intense eye contact.

I adjusted my clothes, my mind now sharp and focused, the stress purged from my system.

I was ready to shoot porn.

Chapter 38

Chapter 38: Chapter 38

Sasha was the first to come back from the bathroom. She looked like someone who was ready to go on a sex night.

She was wearing a slip dress made of deep crimson satin. The fabric was thin, shimmering subtly in the studio lights I had just set up, and it clung to every curve of her body. The delicate spaghetti straps framed her shoulders, and the dress had a low, plunging cowl neckline.

Beneath the light, unforgiving satin, her nipples were visibly pert and pressing against the fabric, announcing themselves with undeniable visibility. The dress hugged her hips and thighs tightly before stopping mid-thigh, showcasing the long, smooth lines of her legs.

Her skin looked incredibly soft and flawless, like cream, highlighted by the careful lighting. She looked both highly vulnerable and explosively sexual.

"How's this for a mood?" she purred, doing a slow turn.

"Perfect," I breathed, trying to re-center my focus on the camera. "I have never seen you looking this gorgeous before."

"Well thank you, Druski. Isn't Jess here yet?" she said, walking towards the sofa. She passed by, and I watched her ass shake beneath the tight, reflective satin, perfectly outlined by the dress.

"No, she should be done any second now," I said. "Damn, I wish I was joining you."

She smiled. "Don't be stupid. You are not yet ready for a threesome yet. You were a virgin a few weeks ago, remember...."

"You will be surprised just how my game has improved in the last few days," I said, a dry retort.

"No need to rush, there's still time to see how you perform," she said.

Just then, Jess entered the room. She was dressed like a high-powered

businesswoman, but definitely sexy. She wore a rich brown, short, tight pencil skirt that emphasized the power in her hips, with matching stockings and red-bottomed heels. She wore a silky white blouse that was slightly unbuttoned, showing a brown lace bra and a very inviting, generous cleavage. She looked commanding and alluring.

"Wow, Sasha, you are looking amazing," Jess said, clearly enjoying the sight of the crimson satin.

"How do I look?" She said, making a 360, her hips moving hypnotizingly. The way the leather of her skirt contrasted with the sheer stockings was electric.

"You've never looked any better than you are right now," I said.

"Well, thank you," she said with a warm smile. "Sasha, have you read the script?"

"Yes," Sasha said. "Do we need to do rehearsals?"

"Ugh," Jess rolled her eyes. "No... not at all. I believe in your acting skills. Druski, are you ready to record?"

"All good. Just give the command, ma'am, and we start shooting," I said, my finger hovering over the record button.

"Let's begin," Jess said, sitting beside Sasha on the couch.

"And action," I said, starting rolling.

"You're the twenty-seventh person I have interviewed today for the post," Jess said, following her script, her tone cool and professional, but her eyes already hinting at heat. "So, you see, the competition is stiff. What's your name again?"

"I'm Sasha," Sasha replied, perfectly playing the nervous applicant.

"Well, that's a very nice name for a beautiful girl like you. I once knew a girl by that name, too. She was very gorgeous, like you. So, when did you decide that you wanted to become a model?" Jess asked, leaning in slightly.

I focused the camera on Sasha, zooming in on her expressive face.

"It's always been my dream, really, but I got stuck on a nine-to-five job and missed every opportunity I got. When I saw your advert, I said, 'Hell, why not give it a shot and risk it all!'" Sasha said, then giggled, conveying a desperate optimism.

"That's a brave decision you took. But as I have already said, there's a lot of competition. The other ladies I have interviewed are almost equally stunning as you are. And we only have a slot for one model..." Jess said, her voice dropping to a seductive whisper.

"I understand, but I'm kind of desperate right now, I really need this job," Sasha said, her voice begging, her eyes wide.

I made sure that I captured the emotion on her face, focusing tightly on her slightly trembling lips.

"We can certainly work something out, you know," Jess said, moving closer to Sasha. She ran her fingers slowly up Sasha's arm to her shoulder, a deliberate, sensual touch. "We can both help each other out."

"You want me to have sex with you?" Sasha said, her expression shifting from desperate hope to a stunned, slightly horrified realization, fellowship but beneath the shock, a flicker of intrigued possibility.

"I want you to help me, and of course, I will return the favor by giving you the job... it's a win-win for everybody," Jess said, caressing Sasha's shoulder and letting her fingers trail down toward the delicate satin covering her breast.

"I don't know what to say, I have never done this before," Sasha said, nailing nervousness in her tone. Her expression was a perfect mix of fear and curiosity—she was good at acting.

"I will make that simple for you. Say yes..." Jess said, beginning to kiss her shoulder, her lips lingering on the delicate satin strap.

"Have you ever been with girls before?" She said, whispering into Sasha's ear, her breath warm.

Sasha shook her head, her eyes locked on Jess's.

"Have you ever kissed a girl before?" Jess asked again in her most seductive voice, trailing her finger down the front of Sasha's cowl neck dress.

Sasha shook her head again, mesmerized.

"Would you like to give it a try?" Jess said, not waiting for her to reply, she pulled Sasha closer and captured her mouth in a deep, demanding kiss. It was a total takeover, not tentative, but immediate and consuming.

Chapter 39

I had never seen a girl kissing another girl so passionately first hand, except in porn videos.

They were both returning fire with top-notch kissing. I could hear the wet, demanding clicks of their tongues as their mouths met. Jess was in control, driving her hands to cup Sasha's breasts, gently removing the deep crimson satin dress. Since Sasha wasn't wearing any bra, I could see her nipples, hard and erect, gleaming faintly under the camera light, the perfect peaks of arousal.

"Fuck!!!" I breathed hard, adjusting the aperture, ensuring the focus was flawless. "They both look so beautiful..."

Sasha reached out, unbuttoning Jess's executive shirt but never breaking out of the kiss. She quickly tore the silk fabric free, then began squeezing Jess's bra-clad breasts.

"God, they feel heavier than mine," Sasha murmured against Jess's mouth, sliding her hands beneath the brown lace. Jess giggled, a low, throaty sound, as Sasha reached out to pull her bra off, discarding the expensive lace onto the floor.

I could see Jess's breasts clearly for the first time. They were definitely bigger than Sasha's—fuller, heavier, and magnificent, the pale skin contrasting beautifully with the slight flush on her chest. Her darker, larger nipples crowned the gorgeous swell of her chest. I could feel the need to touch them, to feel their

weight and find out if they were really heavier than Sasha's, but I maintained my professional detachment, letting the camera lens be my only connection.

Jess began kissing Sasha's neck, the expensive leather jacket on the floor forgotten. Sasha closed her eyes, the pleasure immediate and palpable, as Jess's lips moved down her collarbone and stopped at her breasts. Jess's mouth enveloped a nipple, sucking it fiercely only to release it with a wet, playful pop, leaving the delicate skin glistening. Her other hand kneaded Sasha's plump breast, then slowly slid down, tracing the contour of her body, the satin giving way to the heat of her touch until her fingertips landed precisely on the crimson lace of Sasha's panties.

"Gosh, that feels so good, please rub my pussy," Sasha moaned, her voice catching as Jess tapped the mound beneath the lace before sliding her hand *inside*

the panties, the wet friction of Jess's touch causing Sasha to gasp.

"You love being touched by another girl, don't you," Jess teased, a naughty, predatory smile splitting her face. "I knew you would like being fucked by another girl."

Sasha turned slightly, facing the camera fully. I could see the raw, uninhibited passion and need in her face as she let out a loud moan that was part pain and part pure pleasure. Jess followed her gaze, her face priceless, her expression now a mask of sensual conquest—slutty and commanding in every way.

She pulled Sasha's head closer to hers, capturing her mouth in a kiss again, deep and possessive, while her fingers began dipping and peppering her inside the

underwear, finding and working the exact spot that made Sasha writhe and arch her back against the cushions.

"Would like to taste how another girl's pussy tastes like?" Jess said in a very seductive tone, her voice barely a whisper.

"Ummh, I'm not sure," Sasha said, following the script, her expression conveying genuine uncertainty.

"Trust me, you will like it." Jess said, leaning back on the other side of the couch, spreading her legs wide, inviting the view.

I was forced to move the camera to get a clearer view, quickly adjusting the lighting and focus.

"Go on, don't be shy," Jess encouraged, guiding Sasha between her legs.

I moved slowly behind the couch, taking in the view of a naked Sasha crouched between Jess's legs. Sasha's body was bent beautifully, her back arcing in a smooth, graceful curve of anticipation and submission. Her perfectly round, firm ass was presented to the camera, cheeks clenched slightly, the skin slick with sweat and the studio light catching the flawless contour.

She lowered her head and began sucking Jess's pussy, the sound immediately loud and wet, filling the sudden silence in the room.

"Fuck, baby... oh my gosh... baby, you know how to use that tongue!" Jess moaned, her voice cracking with pleasure as she grabbed Sasha's auburn curls, gently pulling on her hair to control the pressure. "You are definitely getting that job, you filthy girl..."

Sasha moved her other hand to cup Jess's ample breasts, caressing the heavier flesh and gently pinching her darker nipples, working them into hard, responsive nubs.

I wished it was me touching them. I also wished I could fuck her from the back. The sight of Sasha's clenched ass cheeks and the faint, tempting ring of her asshole, taut and glistening in the sensual arc of her spine, was enough to send a sharp jolt of lust through me. Sasha had given me a blowjob to tame my cock, but I was beginning to feel it throb again, craving to be inside Jess and Sasha's tight holes.

But I wasn't part of the show; my job was to shoot the scene, and I was going to be professional.

Jess pushed Sasha back to her side of the couch, abruptly breaking the exchange. It was her turn to dive into Sasha's pussy. The camera captured the glow in her eyes—the raw desire and lust. She was like a completely different person, not the composed Jess from the gym I knew. She was wild, like a beautiful demon had taken over.

She sank into Sasha's legs, her massive, powerful ass shaking hypnotically with the rhythmic devotion of her mouth, the muscles of her thighs taut as she focused on her task.

"Fuck... oh fuck... eat that pussy, you wild thing... don't stop eating that pussy!" Sasha moaned, grabbing Jess's head, forcing a deeper rhythm.

"I'm going to ruin you for any man," Jess mumbled between furious licks. "I'm going to make you come until you beg me to stop!"

Sasha's pleas intensified, but she suddenly arched her back, pulling Jess up and breaking the consuming oral embrace. They turned their bodies in a swift, practiced movement, facing each other, their legs tangling until they settled into a tight, perfect scissoring position.

Their slick, demanding pussies were now pressed together, hot skin grinding against hot skin, the friction instantaneous and explosive.

Chapter 40

Chapter 40: Chapter 40

They both began moaning as Jess rode Sasha slowly. Her entire upper body rocked and swayed with the motion, her heavy breasts bouncing hypnotically as she

controlled the grinding pace. Sasha responded with a primal energy, her hips rising to meet every thrust, caressing Jess's body as she wrapped her hands around Jess's full breasts, squeezing the soft, heavy flesh and kneading her nipples.

"Yes—oh, yes—make me come, baby," Sasha moaned, her voice catching as she gasped. "Fuck, I'm going to squirt all over your damn couch if you keep that up!"

Jess leaned down, breaking the scissoring friction just slightly to capture Sasha's foot, sucking her toes and arch in a display of total fetishistic devotion.

"You like that, you greedy little slut?" Jess growled, her mouth leaving Sasha's foot. She looked up, the camera capturing the complete transformation in her eyes—pure, unfiltered lust. "I told you I was going to ruin you. I want to feel you soaking my thighs! Tell me you're mine!"

"I'm yours! Fuck me harder!" Sasha screamed, driving her hips into Jess's center as Jess resumed the relentless grind, their bodies locked together until the simultaneous spasms racked their frames.

Jess began rubbing her clitoris with her free hand, her pace becoming frantic and unmanageable. Her breath hitched, her eyes rolling back into her head as she drove down onto Sasha's center with a final, overwhelming momentum. The slick, wet sounds of their clitoral collision became deafening as Jess's hips pulsed faster and faster.

"Oh, god!" Jess screamed, a raw, guttural sound, her entire body seizing as her climax hit. Her powerful hips hammered down repeatedly, her legs trembling violently. Sasha's body mirrored the reaction, her back bowing off the couch, her hands clutching Jess's waist, feeling the deep, electrifying release as she screamed Jess's name.

They climaxed in a synchronized, messy heap, their wet bodies fused together by the sheer force of the mutual spasms, their chests heaving, until they collapsed onto the sofa cushions, slick and utterly spent.

"You taste good," Jess said to Sasha, who giggled.

She rested her hand on her thigh, stroking it gently. "I see why Druski chose you."

I cut the camera immediately, the sound of their ragged breathing replacing the sounds of passion.

Sasha turned to me. She looked at my pants and smiled.

"Looks like we awakened the giant," she teased.

Jess chuckled playfully. "Too bad you couldn't be part of this scene, Druski. I'm really hopeful of a possible threesome scene in the future."

"We can do it now," I said, testing the waters, the throbbing behind my zipper demanding release.

Jess shook her head. "Sorry, but I don't fuck with skinny dudes," she said, before dropping her voice into a seductive, playful tone. "You will have to work very hard for me to let you hit...."

"Ouch, that's very disappointing," I said, then pointed at my bulge. "Would you guys help me out with this? You did this to me, after all."

Jess looked sideways. "Your cock is tempting, but I told you my reasons, Druski. Not yet....."

I turned to Sasha. "Care to help...."

"Nope..." Sasha said, crossing her arms.

"What? Ugh, Sasha, please...." I begged.

"Three hundred dollars," Sasha said, seizing the opportunity.

"Huh? Three hundred dollars? Come on, Sash...."

"Three hundred dollars for a blowjob," she said with a naughty smile. "...or you can just jerk off."

At the end, I couldn't convince her to do it for free, so I agreed to pay her. I quickly transferred the \$300 from the revenue account that was already starting to tick up from the "Executive Decision" scene.

She got on her knees and wrapped her mouth around my cock. All the while Jess watched, lying on the couch with fascinated eyes.

I felt Sasha'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.

Sasha's moans were muffled, choked by the sheer size and speed as her throat struggled to keep pace. Her cheeks bulged, and her neck strained as she fought to take me deeper.

"Ughhhh!!" I roared as a 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 everything.

"That was interesting to watch," Jess said from the couch, her voice husky. She got up. "I will go and take another shower, and then we can watch the video you shot, Druski."

She looked at Sasha, who was wiping the residue from her chin. "Do you mind joining me?"

Sasha smiled and joined her. They disappeared through the corridor holding hands and giggling.

The system notification glowed in the corner of my vision, a strange, silent validation.

[QUEST COMPLETE: SCENE #4 SUCCESS]

Scene Quality: Exceptional (x1.5 Multiplier activated).

Reward: \$1800 deposited into digital wallet.

Attribute Reward: Size improved through forced exertion.

[SIZE: +1 Point Applied (Current: 6/10)]

It seemed like the system rewarded me even if I didn't have sex with a girl, but as long as I took part in it.

I was learning a few things about its perverse rules. The size increase was the most unnerving. I checked my crotch. My cock felt noticeably thicker now—less a 'little difference' and more a solid, satisfying weight.

I was left alone, still slightly dizzy and heaving from Sasha's expert, costly blowjob. We had nailed the scene in just one intense shoot, which was a relief. The last thing I needed was another wave of 'horny hunger' when I had a crime boss's accountant bearing down on me.

Now that the immediate physical demands were met, my mind snapped back to the crippling reality: Big Mom's four hundred thousand-dollar sword hanging over my head, and the constant, suffocating surveillance from Red Eye and Two-bit.

I jumped on the computer and logged in to my XXX Global hub account. I pulled up the subscriber dashboard, and a wave of frustration mixed with relief hit me.

The conversion wasn't the tidal wave I'd hoped for, but it was a massive spike. My free subscribers had only ticked up to 20,034—a slight increase. But the paying subscribers had climbed sharply to 1,400. This brought my projected Monthly Recurring Revenue (MRR) to almost \$49,000. Including my system reward, and the small revenue overflow after paying Sasha, I had a working capital of about \$52,000 in total.

I slammed the laptop shut in frustration. "\$49,000 MRR. That's fantastic... but I'm still agonizingly far from that \$400,000 target. I can't keep relying on one-off, high-risk condo shoots."

"I need to talk to Sasha about the girls. I need women power for this to work," I muttered, pacing the room. "The only way to hit that kind of volume is consistency. I will need to open a dedicated porn studio."

Sasha's initial resistance melted into acceptance as the kiss grew frantic. Jess's hand slid under Sasha's dress, the satin riding up, and the professional interview quickly dissolved into a passionate, unscripted exploration.

