

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 10: Chapter 10

"You're not doing this for free, producer," she gasped, her hand quickly replacing her mouth, gently milking the base to relieve the immediate pressure. She rose, her body swaying sensually, and looked straight into the camera lens in my hand. "That's not even the main show. We need to take this to the set."

"To the bed, Sasha," I commanded, my voice gravelly and thick with desire. I stepped toward her, pulling the shorts off entirely and dropping them to the floor. "I need a tight, clear shot of the Neighborly Intervention in progress."

She grinned, a flash of pure, wicked complicity. She didn't walk to the bed; she practically crawled onto it, flipping her hips and landing immediately on her hands and knees. Her perfect ass, framed by the black lace panties, was instantly centered beneath the ring light.

"How's this angle, Director?" she purred, looking back over her shoulder, her eyes already heavy with lust. Her body was taut, the muscles in her back flexing beautifully.

I checked the phone's viewfinder. The angle was perfect: clean, bright, and focused entirely on the promised intervention. I made sure to capture the wad of three hundred dollars sitting on the nightstand right beside the camera's tripod—a subtle, professional nod to the 'transactional' nature of the scene.

I dropped the camera low, bracing my body with one hand on her tempting, firm lower back, and bringing the camera close enough to capture the glistening lace and the hungry crease of her ass. I pulled the small black lace aside, exposing the hot, wet entrance I had been dreaming about.

With a primal grunt, I pushed into her.

The penetration was a tight, thick squeeze that made both of us gasp loudly. I filled her completely, the length and girth a perfect, agonizing fit. It took a moment for my new body to adjust to the sensation of being buried deep inside a woman.

I held the camera steady with my free hand, adjusting the lens to capture her face pressed into the pillow, her eyes squeezed shut, and the absolute shock of pleasure radiating from her.

"Goddamn," she choked out, her voice muffled, as she arched her back, fully accepting the unexpected depth. "You weren't lying about the size, Hart. Action is definitely underway."

I started the rhythm, slow and deep at first, driven by the System's imperative and the sheer, overwhelming reality of sex. But my new body, having never experienced this level of friction and connection, had absolutely no defense against the pleasure. The sensation was explosive, immediate, and utterly beyond my control.

The feeling rapidly escalated from intense pleasure to blinding, urgent need. The monster inside me was not a performer; it was a desperate, hungry beast that had been starved for 24 years.

"Wait..." Sasha started, sensing the speed of my impending collapse, a flash of professional dismay in her voice.

But it was too late. I let out a choked cry, my body tensing violently as a massive, overwhelming wave of pure physical release seized me. My fingers went numb, and I dropped the iPhone, which tumbled onto the bed, recording a sudden, blurry close-up of the sheet. I convulsed, slamming into Sasha with the raw force of the climax.

It was over. Start to finish, it couldn't have been more than ninety seconds of actual action.

I collapsed onto her sweaty back, breathing hard, the exhilarating shock of my first time mixing instantly with a crushing wave of humiliation. The money, the System, the "producer" persona—it all evaporated. I was just Druski Hart, the virgin, who had just failed his debut performance.

"Fuck!" I groaned, lifting myself off her, my face burning. "I... I'm so sorry, Sasha. I didn't mean to...."

Sasha, however, wasn't angry. She slowly moved off the bed, retrieving the still-recording iPhone with a practiced hand. She looked at the blurry footage, then back at me. Her face was a mask of professional disappointment mixed with a slight, knowing amusement.

"Two minutes," she stated flatly, pointing a red-painted nail at the screen. "Just under two minutes of actual footage after the setup. A classic 'nervous virgin' scene. We won't be able to edit this into a full thirty minutes, producer."

She smiled, a tiny, wicked curve of her lips. "But hey, you paid for the whole night, and you took care of the debt. So, what's next? Do you want a professional retake, or should we stop the film and just enjoy the benefits of my company?"

Before I could answer, the translucent blue System tab flashed, filling my vision with celebratory text:

[TUTORIAL MISSION - COMPLETE]

[Goal: Fuck at least one girl and shoot your first professional porn scene.]

[Result: SUCCESS! Scene captured and Body Count established.]

[Rewards]

[Access System features unlocked.]

[Cash \$5,000 cash (Withdrawable) deposited to digital wallet.]

A new tab immediately opened below it:

[CORE SYSTEM UPGRADE: LEVEL 1 UNLOCKED]

[ACCESS: SKILL TREE AND ATTRIBUTES AVAILABLE]

I stared at the screen, my momentary shame obliterated by the sight of the flashing cash reward and the Level Up notification.

Two minutes of embarrassing, desperate sex had just earned me \$5,000. Of course I had been awkward for my first time and my reputation had been ruined, but Sasha understood. It was my first time.

"The benefits of your company," I gasped, adrenaline surging back.
"Absolutely. But first, show me this digital wallet."

Sasha, who was still holding the phone and watching me closely, noticed my eyes fixed on empty space.

"What are you looking at, Druski? You look like you just saw God," she noted, amused.

"Hold that," I instructed, nodding toward the phone in her hand. "Just keep it safe for a second. I need to access my bank account."

I focused on the System's interface. The main \$0.00 balance had been replaced by a triumphant \$5,000.00. Clicking the 'Cash' field opened a new sub-menu labeled Digital Wallet.

[Digital Wallet]

[Balance: \$5,000.00]

[Withdrawals 0]

[Last Transaction +\$5,000.00 (Tutorial Mission)]

