

# ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

## *Chapter 11: Chapter 11*

[WITHDRAW CASH (First Time):]

[Note: First withdrawal requires setting up security protocols.]

[Please select withdrawal method: (Wire Transfer / Bitcoin / Anonymous Cash Drop)]

The System was real. The money was real.

"Incredible," I whispered, awe-struck. I chose 'Anonymous Cash Drop,' prioritizing security and speed. The System confirmed the setup instantly.

I let the System tab fade slightly and turned my attention back to the woman who had just solved my financial problems. Sasha was now sitting casually on the edge of the bed, the black lace clinging wetly to her. She looked stunning and utterly relaxed, like the professional she was.

I walked over, picked up the trench coat she had discarded, and placed it gently on the chair.

"The movie is done, Sasha," I said, my voice now smooth and authoritative, completely discarding the panic of the two-minute bust. The \$5,000 had restored my Cupid confidence entirely.

"It wasn't a professional performance, but it was a successful scene. And I need a professional partner, not just a one-time lay."

I pointed to the \$300 on the nightstand. "That's yours, of course. We agreed on three hundred for the filmed scene, and you fulfilled your end of the deal perfectly. You were a magnificent performer."

I pulled out the remaining \$50 I had in my physical wallet, all the cash I had left from the purchase of the ring light accessories and added it to the pile.

"This extra fifty dollars is not for more sex," I stated, making sure she understood the shift in dynamic. "It's for the rest of the hour. I want you to sit here, relax, and give me a full, honest critique of my performance, advice on shooting angles, and a breakdown of your standard rate structure. I want to hire you exclusively for my next ten scenes, and I need to know your price for an ongoing partnership."

Sasha's jaw dropped slightly. It was the first time I had genuinely surprised her. She wasn't used to men valuing business over immediate gratification. She took the phone off the bed, placing it on the nightstand, and reached for the money, collecting the cash carefully.

"Druski Hart," she said, shaking her head with a slow smile. "You are full of surprises. You go from a pathetic bum begging for sex to a genuine businessman in the space of a minute and a half."

She stretched out on the sheets, entirely naked beneath the sheer lace, propping herself up on one elbow. "Alright, Mr. Producer. Tell me what you want to learn. Let's talk business."

I nodded, satisfied. I had secured a mentor, a star, and a financial future. My eyes drifted back to the System's tab, focusing on the flashing Level 1 notification.

[CORE SYSTEM UPGRADE: LEVEL 1 UNLOCKED]

[ACCESS: SKILL TREE AND ATTRIBUTES AVAILABLE]

"First," I said, looking at the two-minute man in the mirror. "We need to fix the performance issue. Tell me, Sasha, is there anything... chemically... a man can use to ensure he lasts longer on set? And while you're talking," I focused intensely on the System tab, "I'm going to select my first upgrade."

I touched the ATTRIBUTES tab, which expanded to reveal:

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[ATTRIBUTES (Available Points: 1)]

STAMINA: (Current: 1/10) - Governs duration and recovery.

SWAGGER: (Current: 1/10) - Governs confidence, persuasion, and screen presence.

SIZE: (Current: 5/10) - Governs length and girth.

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The choice was clear. Sasha's lecture and my humiliating early finish had decided it for me. I slammed my finger on STAMINA.

[STAMINA: +1 Point Applied (Current: 2/10)]

The screen flashed a confirmation, and I could already feel a subtle, comforting shift in the lingering tension in my groin—a dulling of the hypersensitivity.

"Alright, Sasha," I said, turning back to her with a new, layer of confidence. "About that professional advice..."

Sasha smiled, seeing the sudden determination in my eyes. She knew exactly what I was asking.

"Ah, the 'Early Bird Special' phenomenon," she observed dryly, lying back on the pillow.

"It's normal for the first time, especially when you're filming. But yes, for professional work, you absolutely need chemical assistance. You need to control the clock, not the other way around."

She propped herself up, her gaze serious. "Look, most amateurs buy cheap stuff online, but that's risky. For consistency on set, you need a legitimate prescription for something like Priligy, it's an SSRI, but it's used off-label to delay climax. Or, honestly, the fastest solution is just getting a numbing spray like Lidocaine."

"Numbing spray," I repeated, thinking about the massive difference between my current Stamina level and the required professionalism. That sounded like a necessary stop-gap.

"Exactly," she nodded. "It reduces sensitivity just enough to give you ten more minutes, minimum. You can pick up a travel-sized tube at any big drugstore. Use it sparingly, or you'll lose the feeling entirely."

I made a mental note: Drugstore run for Lidocaine.

"Now, the critique," she continued, her voice slipping into a clear, critical analysis mode.

"Performance was terrible. You didn't give me any dirty talk, you were silent for the actual action, and you dropped the camera. However..." she paused for emphasis, "the size and aggressiveness were fantastic. That dick sells itself. Your job is to make sure it stays hard and in motion long enough for a sequence. Film yourself talking to the camera next time. Make it intimate."

She then moved to the business side. "My rate for a regular client is five hundred dollars an hour. For a filmed, full-length scene, meaning a full cycle of different positions and lasting at least twenty minutes—it's seven hundred dollars, plus a percentage of residuals if you sell it to a major platform."

"Seven hundred dollars per scene," I calculated quickly. The \$5,000 felt less massive now. "And for exclusivity? If I hire you for ten scenes over the next month?"

Sasha considered this, licking her dry lips. "For an exclusive partnership, and because you're local and you've got that potential," she nodded at my groin, "I'll drop the scene rate to six hundred dollars. And I'll throw in a half-hour coaching session before each shoot. That's my final offer."

The cost was steep, but the quality, the professionalism, and the quick-witted direction she provided were priceless. I needed Sasha to fast-track my new career.

"It's a deal, Sasha," I confirmed, extending my hand. "Six hundred dollars per scene. I'll reach out to schedule the next one as soon as I secure my next location and get my equipment fully calibrated."

She shook my hand, her grip firm and professional. "Smart man. Now," she said, pulling her hand away, "the hour is almost up, and I've given you my rate, my critique, and my chemical advice. Are we done with the business, or do you want to see me to give you a bonus round before I leave?"

I grinned, the old confidence of Cupid flooding my system, now augmented by the \$5,000 cash and the fresh Stamina attribute.

"Business is concluded," I said, standing up and towering over her. "But the neighborly intervention is still technically in progress."