

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 12: Chapter 12

"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." She then glanced down at my groin, a slow, predatory smile returning. "Will you be able to go another round?"

I felt the immense, subtle difference from the System's upgrade. The two-minute man was gone.

"I think so," I replied, the new confidence making my voice steady.

She reached out and wrapped her hand around my cock, testing the hardness. The moment she touched it, it twitched again, harder this time. "The only reason why I'm giving you this free round is because I like you and I see your potential. You will be a great porn star."

"You a sex oracle or something?" I said, grinning, trying to keep the awe out of my voice.

"I'm just a great coach," she whispered, increasing the pressure in her strokes. It felt good and electrifying.

"You are not going to publish that wack video. We are going to reshoot proper sex. And we are doing things my way this time," she declared, pushing me back onto the bed.

She retrieved the iPhone, but instead of using it to film, she simply placed it on the nightstand, recording the ambient sound.

"Forget the lens, Druski. Focus on the sensation. You're an actor, but you're also a man who needs to last."

The new Stamina boost, minimal as it was, immediately made itself known; the nerve-ending panic was gone, replaced by a manageable, controlled heat.

Sasha positioned herself above me, a goddess in black lace. She pushed her panties aside and began rubbing my cock with her left hand while her right rubbed her slick pussy, delaying the inevitable. I watched the teasing, electrifying dance of her hands and body.

"Fuck, that feels great," I groaned, eyes half-closed, as she finally slid my cock inside her wet pussy.

"I'm gonna go nice and slow this time. Try to last at least 10 minutes this time," she instructed, then she began moving with a deliberate, muscular rhythm.

She guided my free hand to cup her breast, demonstrating how to incorporate touch into the rhythm.

I squeezed her brown, erect nipples, following her direction. She was a professional rider, controlling the entire environment.

"Breathe!" she commanded, sinking low, almost sitting on my chest. "Deep, slow breaths through your mouth. You're trying to outrun your climax, and that always fails. We are going to let the pleasure build slowly. Focus on the slow burn, not the fire."

She lowered her chest, and I took a nipple into my mouth. The action was intensely intimate, removing the separation of the earlier scene. She was coaching me through her body.

"Now, feel the friction," she whispered into my ear, rotating her hips in slow, wide circles. "Not the speed. Feel the stretch, feel the heat. Tell me what you feel."

"I feel... powerful," I managed, the word escaping on a shaky exhale. "Like I can keep going forever." The System's upgrade, subtle as it was, gave me the control to actually listen to her advice, rather than just endure the pleasure.

"That's the feeling we need on camera," she praised, increasing the pace slightly, testing my limits. "Hold that feeling. This is what you sell. Pace yourself, Druski. Pace yourself!"

The session became a sustained lesson in endurance, sensation mapping, and control. It wasn't frantic; it was deep, sensual work dictated entirely by her powerful, guiding body. She was building my stamina muscle by muscle.

When the massive, undeniable climax finally hit, far longer than eight minutes—it was intense, controlled, and deeply satisfying. I didn't collapse with shame; I collapsed with exhaustion and triumph.

Sasha smiled, completely unfazed. She carefully slid off me and gathered her coat.

"Ten minutes and twenty seconds," she announced, glancing at her watch. "See? I told you. You were holding yourself back. You just needed to be shown how to surrender the pace."

She knew her coaching had saved my debut. She had no clue the real assist came from a System attribute, but I was happy to let her take the credit.

She finished dressing, the quick application of the coat transforming her back into a high-end woman—and retrieved the three hundred dollars and fifty dollars from the nightstand.

"You've got my number, Druski. You know my rate. You get that numbing spray, and you hit the gym," she advised, walking toward the door.

She paused with her hand on the knob and turned back, her eyes serious. "And next time, you put the money you get from publishing that video to buy proper equipment. Don't come back to me with cheap camera equipment. Use the cash to upgrade your studio, or I find a partner who takes his business more seriously."

With a final, sharp wink, she was gone, closing the door behind her with a soft click.

I lay in the aftermath, breathing heavily. The room was still thick with her scent, and my body was throbbing, but not with shame. I sat up and accessed the System's full interface.

The reality was simple: I was already \$5,000 richer, and Sasha believed her future income depended on my ability to sell a video I didn't actually need to sell. This gave me tremendous leverage.

The Level 1 dashboard was now accompanied by a new, immediate task.

[LEVEL 1: CORE OBJECTIVES]

[Rank Up Reach Amateur Star Rank]

[(Requires 10 High-Quality Scenes).]

[Skill Mastery Invest 5 points into Stamina and Swagger combined.]

[Wealth Achieve \$10,000 Net Worth.]

[Daily Task: Upload and publish the "Neighborhood Intervention" scene to an adult platform.]

[Requirement Complete all necessary metadata and secure a viable public profile.]

[Reward \$5,000 Cash and +1 SWAGGER Point.]

A second \$5,000 reward for simply posting the video? The System was aggressively pushing me to build wealth and an online presence. Completing this mission would instantly push my net worth to \$10,000, achieving the 'Wealth' objective immediately.

But first, I needed to secure the cash for immediate investments.