

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 13: Chapter 13

The new objectives were clear. I needed to invest the money to upgrade my equipment, my body, and my confidence to meet the new rank requirements. Sasha's parting words echoed in my head: *Hit the gym... upgrade your studio.*

I checked the **Digital Wallet**. The **\$5,000** cash drop was now available.

[ANONYMOUS CASH DROP - CONFIRMATION]

[Amount: \$5,000.00]

[Location: Designated Drop Box (14th St & 5th Ave)]

[Access Code: 747-09-XYZ][Access Code: 747-09-XYZ]

[Timeframe: NOW AVAILABLE.]

I threw on a clean t-shirt, grabbing my keys and phone. The chaos of my old life hadn't vanished, but the anxiety was gone, replaced by pure, focused ambition.

The walk to 14th Street was brisk and focused. I found the drop location—a discreet, heavy-duty locker mounted on an alley wall near a loading dock. It looked like something out of a spy movie.

I keyed in the access code: **747-09-XYZ**.

The locker clicked open with a soft hydraulic hiss. Inside, the money was stacked: tidy bundles of \$100 bills secured with rubber bands. **\$5,000 cash**. It was crisp, clean, and utterly untraceable.

I wondered how it got there. Did the System put it inside, or did it have someone who ran its errands? That wasn't important for now. All I cared about was the money.

I pulled the money out, the weight of the thick bundle feeling substantial in my hand. This was real, usable wealth, earned in a way that defied the rules of the world.

Sasha thinks I'm relying on video sales, I thought, securing the cash. She has no idea I'm already bankrolled for the next few months.

My first immediate stop was the nearest pharmacy. I quickly found the **Lidocaine spray** and paid for it with cash, feeling a deep sense of satisfaction at immediately executing Sasha's professional advice. Performance security was paramount.

With the spray in my bag and five grand in my pocket, my next move was clear: start building the body that would earn the **Swagger** points. I pulled up the address for the **MetroFlex gym**.

I arrived at MetroFlex, a no-frills, 24-hour gym. The air inside was thick with the scent of sweat and ambition. I walked straight to the front desk where a stunning young woman was scrolling on a tablet.

She had deep, focused brown eyes and wore her hair pulled back tightly, emphasizing the sharp angles of her jaw. What truly demanded attention was the aggressive curve of her chest, strained perfectly against the tight, athletic fabric of her tank top—a hypnotizing, mass that moved with her breathing.

"Welcome to MetroFlex," she recited, looking up, instantly dropping the professional facade for a friendly, direct gaze.

"I need to sign up for a contract," I said, channeling the recently boosted confidence from my last successful encounter (my base Swagger). "The one-year membership. I need to get serious about my physique, starting today."

"Smart choice," she replied, picking up a clipboard. "It's \$400 upfront for the annual contract. Are you paying with cash or card?"

"Cash," I replied, pulling out four crisp hundred-dollar bills from the newly acquired stack. I handed them to her.

"That's clean money," she said, smiling, her eyes briefly meeting mine before returning to the task of handling the transaction.

As she processed the payment, I leaned on the counter, letting the full force of my Swagger take over.

"I'm Druski, by the way. Since I'm going to be spending a lot of time here, I figured I should learn the name of the woman who's going to be judging my form."

She smiled, a brilliant, genuine flash of white teeth. "I'm Maya. And my job is to motivate, not judge. Though I promise I'll judge you if I see you skipping leg day."

The effortless flirtation felt fantastic

The Swagger attribute wasn't just mental confidence. It was like a social lubricant, smoothing out awkward corners and giving me the perfect timing for the comeback.

"Duly noted, Maya," I replied, holding her gaze. "But if you see me struggling, you'll have to come spot me. I need the motivation."

"It's a date, Druski," she conceded, handing me the receipt and a clean towel. "Welcome to the club. Let's see what you're made of."

I walked away with my membership confirmed, my physical cash reduced by \$400, and my Swagger attribute tingling with positive reinforcement. That brief interaction was more successful than the last two months of the old Druski's life.

[SOCIAL INTERACTION: SWAGGER Attribute Check... SUCCESS!]

[+1 SWAGGER POINT AVAILABLE]

I immediately slammed the point into the attribute.

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

The gym had to wait. I had a video to publish, and I had to secure the equipment for my next shoot.

I walked out of MetroFlex, energized by the cash, the flirtation, and the System upgrade, and headed straight back to my room to complete the final mission of the day: publishing the video.

I returned to my room and set the thick wad of \$4,600 cash, the Lidocaine spray, and the iPhone on the table. It was time to become a publisher.

My focus was now on the final Level 1 objective:

[MISSION: AMATEUR DEBUT]

[Goal: Upload and publish the "Neighborly Intervention" scene to an adult platform.]

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

I needed maximum exposure right now to ensure the rank-up requirements would be met quickly. A mainstream, high-traffic Amateur Hub was the only choice.

I navigated to the largest platform available to independent creators. It was a site dubbed XXXtreme Tube.

I began the sign-up process. I had to think about what my public name would be. I could use the legendary Cupid, which felt like a god compared to the skinny guy I was now. But I was building up Druski Hart, not relying on a ghost from the past. Druski was the character, the upcoming actor, director, writer and producer who was about to rise to fame. The name itself was part of the story.

I signed in and created the profile: DruskiHartXXX.