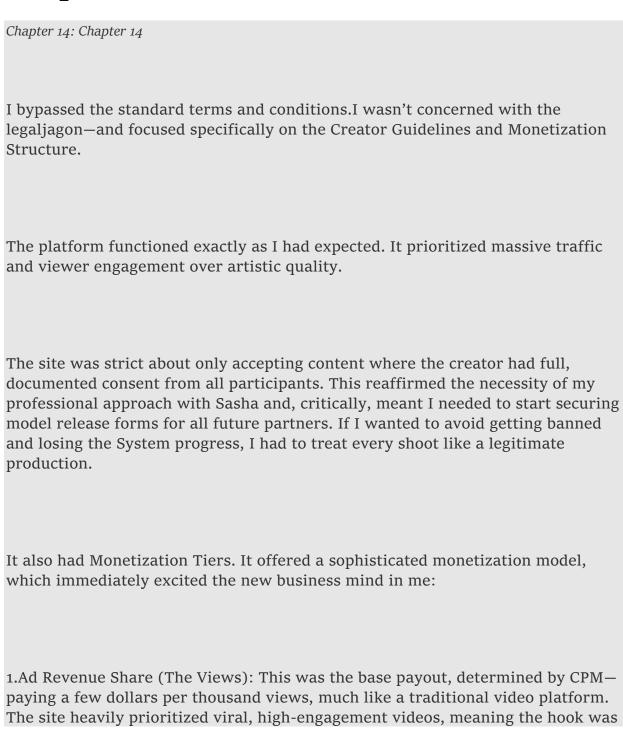
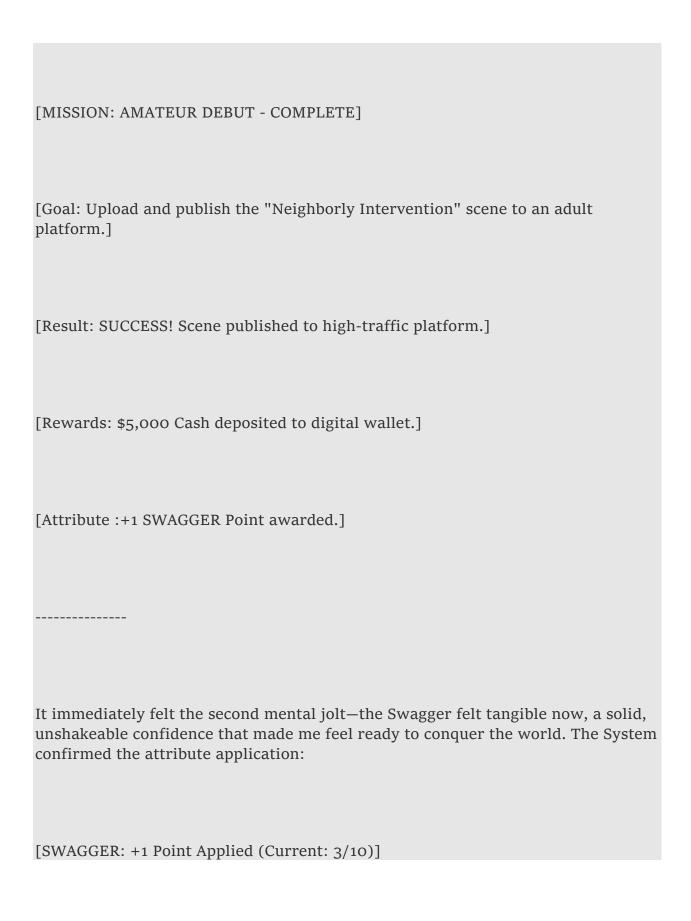
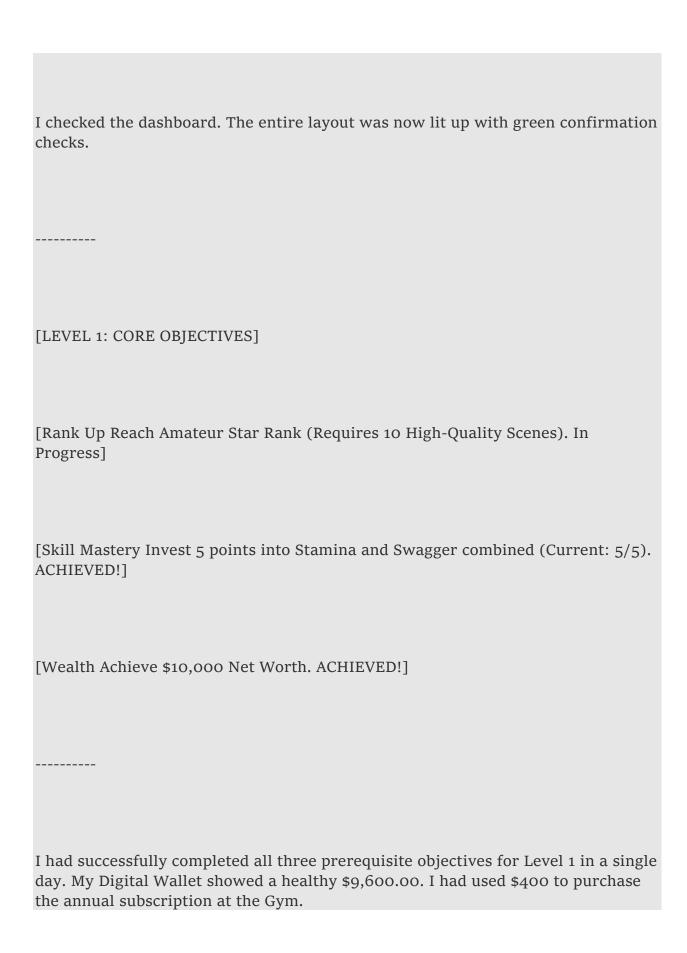
ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 14

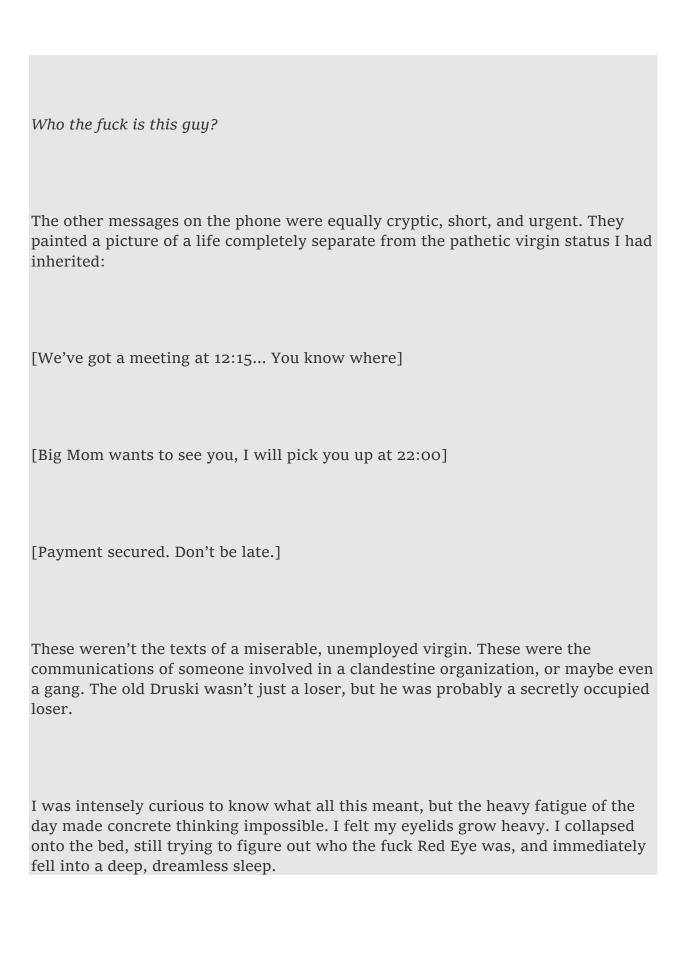


everything. The more views, the faster the rank and the higher the daily trickle of cash.
2.Premium Tipping: The platform allowed viewers to send direct, untraceable cash tips to creators, especially during a video's crucial first 24 hours. The hook was simple: viewers would pay to see the "virgin" succeed. This was a clear call for me to improve my on-camera Swagger—more tips meant more points.
3.Subscription Funnel: Crucially, the site allowed creators to link to external premium subscription services. This was the real endgame. I needed to use the massive free audience on XXX Global Hub to drive users to my eventual paid-content site, which I was yet to create, where Sasha's \$600/scene would truly pay off.
The reading validated every decision I'd made: the high-quality reshoot, the aggressive title, and the necessity to immediately invest in the studio and my physique.
I grabbed the iPhone, opened the file manager, and found the ten-minute scene. I was ready to launch.
I filled out the metadata carefully, ensuring the title and tags were optimized for maximum virality. I wanted a title that was impossible to ignore.





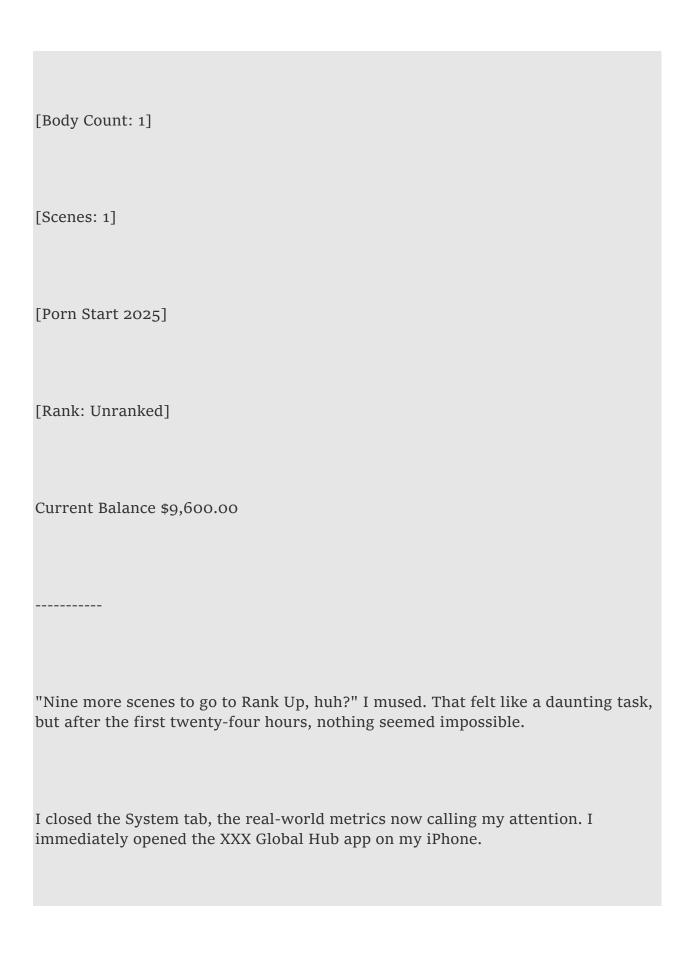
All that remained was the final sprint. Filming nine more high-quality scenes. This required focus, practice, and the purchasing and setup of the professional studio equipment.
My focus immediately shifted to the exhaustion gripping me. The physical and mental strain of the last twenty-four hours—dying, reincarnating, negotiating a porn shoot, gaining \$10,000, and working out, finally took its toll. I had had enough for the day.
I opened my messages again. I scrolled once more through Chloe's inbox. Druski really had been obsessed with this girl.
She was stunning in the picture frame I picked up from the table—a classic beauty with deep, warm brown eyes and a smile that seemed to hide secrets. I could almost blame the poor guy for being so obsessed.
I put the picture back on the table, the scent of Sasha's perfume still faintly lingering in the room, then opened Red Eye's message.
[Red Eye: Meet me at the spot in 6 days]
That was the last message he had sent, and one day had already gone by.



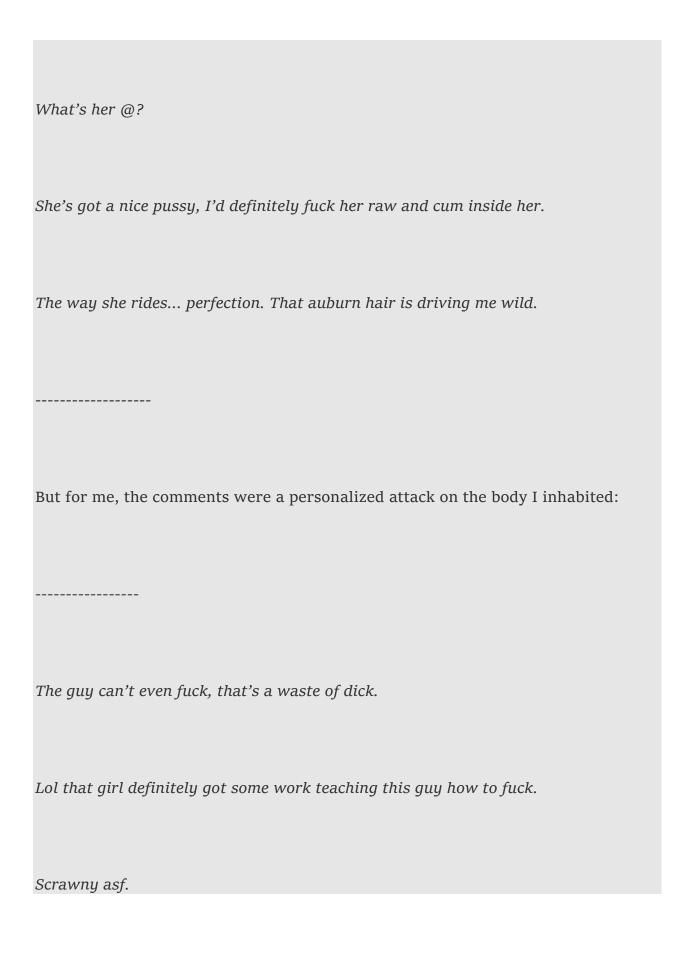
The countdown to the Red Eye meeting had begun. Five days remained.

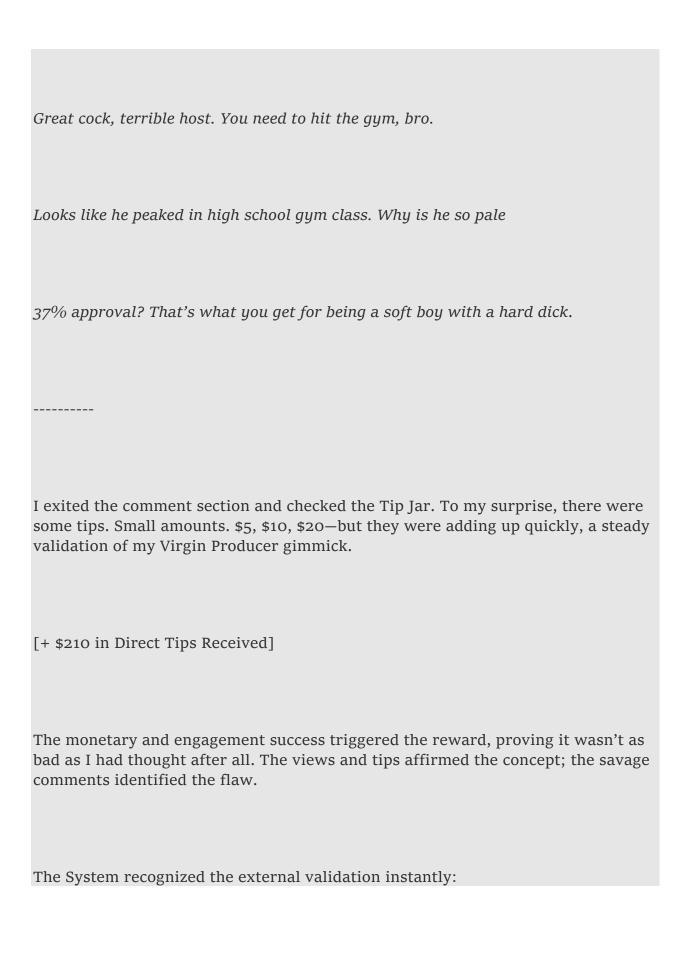
Chapter 15

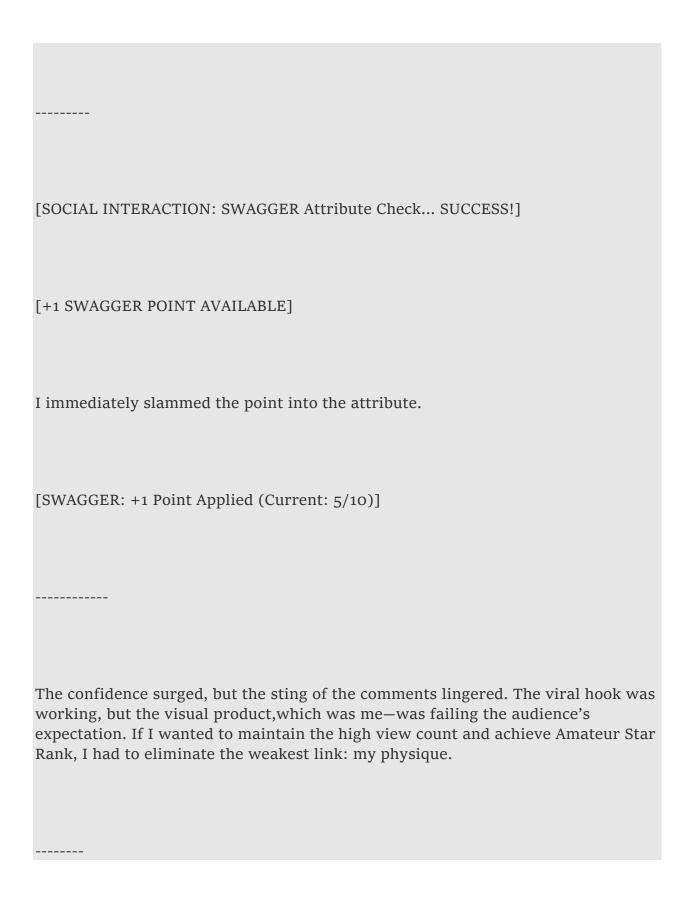
Chapter 15: Chapter 15
The next morning, I woke up with a sharp, energized snap. The heavy exhaustion of the previous day had lifted, replaced by the crackling anticipation of a man who knew his life had fundamentally changed.
I began by checking my System tab, the translucent blue interface floating right where I wanted it.
[Name: Druski Hart]
[Age 24]
Level 1]



The screen lit up with a barrage of alerts. I had 35 notifications—far fewer than the thousands of views, but still significant.
I scrolled down to my video profile. The numbers hit me like a shot of pure adrenaline.
174,000 views.
One hundred seventy-four thousand views in less than twenty-four hours. That was an unbelievable start. This wasn't just money but also exposure. This was the audience that would fund the rest of my career.
I opened the comment section and ran through them. My heart immediately sank. The video itself had scored 37 percent likes, which was incredibly low. The audience reaction was brutal, a chaotic mix of admiration for Sasha and savage critiques of me.
The comments about Sasha were pure fire:
"Who's she?







I walked down the hall and stopped outside Sasha's door.I knocked once, sharply.
She opened the door and stepped outside, blocking the entrance immediately. She only wore a flimsy pair of black lace panties, and her magnificent breasts were displayed proudly against her bare torso. The sight of her, fresh from bed, was enough to make my cock stir instantly beneath my shorts.
"What the fuck do you want this early?" she snapped, lighting a cigarette with a flick of her thumb. Her tone was sharp, betraying the fact that I had interrupted her sleep.
"Can we talk inside, at least?" I said, my eyes openly devouring her juicy breasts, the Swagger attribute making me brazen.
She puffed the smoke out slowly, the plume curling around her auburn hair.
"We can't go inside," she said, her voice dropping. "I have a client in there."
"Oh?" I said, the sound laced with jealousy I couldn't completely suppress. The possessiveness of Cupid clearly hadn't died.

"So, what's so important that you wake me up this early?" she pressed, crossing her arms, which only served to lift her chest slightly higher.
Instead of answering, I pulled up my iPhone, logged into my XXX Global Hub profile, and thrust the screen into her line of sight.
Her eyes, initially glazed with sleep and annoyance, widened as she registered the numbers.
"174,000 views," I stated, my voice heavy with triumph. "In less than 24 hours. The Neighborly Intervention is viral."
Sasha's professional calm broke. She dropped the cigarette to the floor and crushed it under her heel, her attention now fully on the screen. She scrolled through the comments, her initial look of triumph slowly morphing into a calculated critique.
"The concept worked," she conceded, nodding at the view count. "But look at the comments, Druski. They love me, they hate you. 37 percent likes. That's terrible retention. Your virgin gimmick is getting views, but your performance and appearance are costing you paying fans."
I scrolled down to the most brutal comments, letting her read them. "I know. 'Scrawny,' 'Can't fuck,' 'Waste of dick.' That's why I'm here."

