

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 14

Chapter 14: Chapter 14

I bypassed the standard terms and conditions. I wasn't concerned with the legal jargon—and focused specifically on the Creator Guidelines and Monetization Structure.

The platform functioned exactly as I had expected. It prioritized massive traffic and viewer engagement over artistic quality.

The site was strict about only accepting content where the creator had full, documented consent from all participants. This reaffirmed the necessity of my professional approach with Sasha and, critically, meant I needed to start securing model release forms for all future partners. If I wanted to avoid getting banned and losing the System progress, I had to treat every shoot like a legitimate production.

It also had Monetization Tiers. It offered a sophisticated monetization model, which immediately excited the new business mind in me:

1. Ad Revenue Share (The Views): This was the base payout, determined by CPM—paying a few dollars per thousand views, much like a traditional video platform. The site heavily prioritized viral, high-engagement videos, meaning the hook was

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.

[Title: Neighborly Intervention—Sasha Helps the Scrawny Neighbor Lose His V-Card]

[Tags: virgin, riding, amateur, neighbor, POV, instructional, big cock, auburn curls, first time, amateur star]

I paused, holding the phone. Once I hit PUBLISH, there was no going back to being Jake Morris, the anonymous stripper. I was fully committing to being Druski Hart, the rising adult star.

"Fuck it."

I clicked PUBLISH.

The System responded instantly:

[MISSION: AMATEUR DEBUT - COMPLETE]

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

[Result: SUCCESS! Scene published to high-traffic platform.]

[Rewards: \$5,000 Cash deposited to digital wallet.]

[Attribute :+1 SWAGGER Point awarded.]

It immediately felt the second mental jolt—the Swagger felt tangible now, a solid, unshakeable confidence that made me feel ready to conquer the world. The System confirmed the attribute application:

[SWAGGER: +1 Point Applied (Current: 3/10)]

I checked the dashboard. The entire layout was now lit up with green confirmation checks.

[LEVEL 1: CORE OBJECTIVES]

[Rank Up Reach Amateur Star Rank (Requires 10 High-Quality Scenes). In Progress]

[Skill Mastery Invest 5 points into Stamina and Swagger combined (Current: 5/5). ACHIEVED!]

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

I had successfully completed all three prerequisite objectives for Level 1 in a single day. My Digital Wallet showed a healthy \$9,600.00. I had used \$400 to purchase the annual subscription at the Gym.

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.

Who the fuck is this guy?

The other messages on the phone were equally cryptic, short, and urgent. They painted a picture of a life completely separate from the pathetic virgin status I had inherited:

[We've got a meeting at 12:15... You know where]

[Big Mom wants to see you, I will pick you up at 22:00]

[Payment secured. Don't be late.]

These weren't the texts of a miserable, unemployed virgin. These were the communications of someone involved in a clandestine organization, or maybe even a gang. The old Druski wasn't just a loser, but he was probably a secretly occupied loser.

I was intensely curious to know what all this meant, but the heavy fatigue of the day made concrete thinking impossible. I felt my eyelids grow heavy. I collapsed onto the bed, still trying to figure out who the fuck Red Eye was, and immediately fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

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

Chapter 15

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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]

[Body Count: 1]

[Scenes: 1]

[Porn Start 2025]

[Rank: Unranked]

Current Balance \$9,600.00

"Nine more scenes to go to Rank Up, huh?" I mused. That felt like a daunting task, but after the first twenty-four hours, nothing seemed impossible.

I closed the System tab, the real-world metrics now calling my attention. I immediately opened the XXX Global Hub app on my iPhone.

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?"

What's her @?

She's got a nice pussy, I'd definitely fuck her raw and cum inside her.

The way she rides... perfection. That auburn hair is driving me wild.

But for me, the comments were a personalized attack on the body I inhabited:

The guy can't even fuck, that's a waste of dick.

Lol that girl definitely got some work teaching this guy how to fuck.

Scrawny asf.

Great cock, terrible host. You need to hit the gym, bro.

Looks like he peaked in high school gym class. Why is he so pale

37% approval? That's what you get for being a soft boy with a hard dick.

I exited the comment section and checked the Tip Jar. To my surprise, there were some tips. Small amounts. \$5, \$10, \$20—but they were adding up quickly, a steady validation of my Virgin Producer gimmick.

[+ \$210 in Direct Tips Received]

The monetary and engagement success triggered the reward, proving it wasn't as bad as I had thought after all. The views and tips affirmed the concept; the savage comments identified the flaw.

The System recognized the external validation instantly:

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

[+1 SWAGGER POINT AVAILABLE]

I immediately slammed the point into the attribute.

[SWAGGER: +1 Point Applied (Current: 5/10)]

The confidence surged, but the sting of the comments lingered. The viral hook was working, but the visual product, which was me—was failing the audience's expectation. If I wanted to maintain the high view count and achieve Amateur Star Rank, I had to eliminate the weakest link: my physique.

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."

I minimized the app and showed her my gym membership confirmation. "I'm heading to the gym now. I'm investing every cent I have into fixing my physique." I met her eyes, letting my new Swagger level push the confrontation.

"I can still help you become a hunk in bed," she said. "That was part of the \$600 dollar agreement."

I nodded. "A thirty minutes sex lesson before every session."

She bit her lower lip, confirming the terms.

"I need to film the next scene as soon as possible," I continued. "I'm buying professional equipment today. I want to shoot Scene number 2—a direct response to the haters, where I am demonstrably bigger, better, and focused entirely on pleasing my star."

"We agreed on ten scenes, didn't we?" she countered, trying to solidify the long-term commitment.

"I just wanted to confirm my star's availability," I said. "My offer stands: \$600 for a full scene and a sex lecture before shooting the scene. I need a concrete schedule because the equipment will be here tonight. I need a yes or no, Sasha. Because if you're too busy,"

I let my glance try to see inside her room, using the client in there as leverage, "I will have to find another lead who is willing to capitalize on this viral window."

The pressure was on. The money and the exposure were too good to pass up.

"Fine, Producer," she said, the title now sounding less mocking and more professional. "I'll clear my schedule. Tomorrow night, 9 PM. And you better have those new lights set up, or the next scene will feature me walking out on your pathetic amateur setup."

She stepped back, giving me a final, challenging glare, and shut the door.