

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 21

Chapter 21: Chapter 21

The next morning, the exhaustion of the shoot was miraculously subdued. The deep, prolonged Nuru massage from Sasha had not just been a performance—it was therapeutic. My muscle pain was present, a low throb beneath the surface, but it was surprisingly manageable.

A new, unfamiliar feeling was driving me now: a compulsive need for self-improvement. It wasn't just about survival anymore; it was about building the physique that the fans demanded. The gym wasn't a chore; it was becoming an addiction.

I had settled up with Sasha, paying her the \$600 immediately. We'd agreed to shoot the next scene in a week, giving her time to focus on her regular, high-end clientele and giving me the crucial time needed to transform my body.

I opened my System tab to check my professional progress:

[Name: Druski Hart]

[Age 24]

Level 1]

[Body Count: 1]

[Scenes: 2 (after upload)]

[Porn Start 2025]

[Rank: Unranked]

Current Balance \$11,400.00

I was \$1,800 richer and had a strong cash cushion. It was time to push for redemption.

I accessed the XXX Global Hub app to check on the first video. The good news was the passive income was growing, tips were now at \$451. The bad news was a disaster. The audience feedback was plummeting, and the Like Percentage had dropped to a critical 28%. Two-thirds of my audience actively disliked the content.

I smiled grimly. This new video, the "Nuru massage," was my shot at salvation. I had spent hours editing the raw footage from the three cameras, trimming it down to a cinematic 15-minute highlight reel for the Hub, saving the full cut for my future website.

I needed a catchy thumbnail that screamed quality and performance, so I extracted a high-resolution shot of Sasha gliding on top of me, the oil and lighting perfectly illuminating her body.

Then, I typed in the title, selling the promise of sustained, intense pleasure:

[Hot Masseur Sasha gives me a hot Nuru massage. I cum inside her]

Satisfied, I clicked Publish. The fate of Druski Hart's redemption was now in the hands of the internet. I couldn't afford another flop. I needed to address the two core reasons for the low audience approval: my poor Stamina and my utter lack of market awareness.

I scrolled through the first video's comment section one last time before closing the Hub. "Most of the negative comments are jabbed at my body," I sighed.

The realization hit me. I could fuck like a god of sex, but the comments about my physical appearance wouldn't stop until I changed it. The low 28% Like Rate wasn't just about technique; it was about the lack of physical aesthetic and endurance. I needed to bulk up and define my body for the camera.

I had a full week before the next shoot with Sasha, which meant I didn't need to worry about immediate performance pain. The time was now to focus on pure physical growth.

I was also stressing about this Red Eye guy too, whoever he was. I had a looming, unspecified meeting with him in three days at a location I didn't even know yet. The gym seemed like the perfect place to get that problem off my mind—to channel the fear and anxiety into productive, aggressive effort.

Two hours later, I was back at the gym. I stopped by the reception to flirt with Maya a little, enjoying the easy ego boost and practicing the easy charisma of my Swagger attribute before the hard work began.

"Someone's been asking about you," Maya said, resting her chin on her hand, her smile inviting.

"Who?" I asked, hardly taking my eyes off the mesmerizing curve of her cleavage, which was doing its own heavy lifting.

"Jess," she replied, amusement in her eyes.

I found Jess waiting for me, already warmed up and looking phenomenal in a compression tank top. The tank top was cut high, revealing the taut, athletic curves of her shoulders and arms, and her abs were visibly etched beneath the fabric. She radiated a controlled power that was incredibly attractive.

"You skipped yesterday, Druski," she stated, crossing her arms, her tone flat but professional. "Hope the flu was worth the penalty fee."

"It was a forty-eight-hour virus from hell," I lied smoothly. "But I'm here now, and I'm paying double attention. What are we hitting today?"

"We are hitting endurance and form," she said, leading me to a pair of squat racks. "We have to build the base before we add size. Today, we're focusing on movements that stabilize the core and build explosive hip power. Think of it as functional strength for... intense physical activity." She gave me a knowing look.

Jess focused the session on compound movements. I powered through three sets of 15 reps of deep, controlled squats. My quads burned almost immediately, but Jess was relentless, correcting my form and pushing me past failure.

Next were weighted lunges—three sets of 12 reps per leg. This was agonizing but felt incredibly important for establishing balance and the rhythmic hip strength required for filming.

Finally, we hit the core circuit: planks, Russian twists, and stability ball passes. This section was crucial for the Stamina attribute, ensuring my core could support sustained, high-intensity movement.

By the end of the 90-minute session, my muscles felt adequately decimated. I was drenched in sweat, but the anxiety about Red Eye had been successfully drowned out by the pain of physical effort. I paid Jess and scheduled my next session for tomorrow.

"You trying to win over an ex who dumped you or something?" She asked, toweling off.

"Huh?"

"I've seen a lot of guys like you come here," she explained. "They bulk up so they can flex on their exes."

"Ugh, no... not at all. I mean, I *did* get dumped, but that's not the reason at all," I said.

"Then if it's not that, why do you abuse yourself coming here to the gym? You're pushing harder than anyone I train." she pressed, her professional curiosity piqued.

"Ugh, you see.... I'm an actor," I told her, finally deciding to be honest.

Her eyebrows rose in surprise. "Really? What sort of movies do you act in?"

I hesitated, then took the plunge. "Porn."

There was a flicker of surprise in her eyes. Then another look that was calculating whether I was joking or not. Then a final look that seemed to be judging me, but it quickly settled into neutral curiosity.

I didn't wait for her response. I grabbed my bag and left the gym, feeling the heat of her stare on my back.

Chapter 22

Chapter 22: Chapter 22

The next day, I returned to the gym. The heavy silence between Jess and me was palpable as I walked up. She had clearly compartmentalized my profession, keeping her training mask firmly in place. She kept it professional, guiding me through the sets like nothing had ever happened between us.

"Today we hit the upper body," she announced. "We need definition and power. This is about building the physique that looks as good as you perform."

The grueling session focused on building mass and explosive power for my back, shoulders, and arms—the parts the audience would see in close-up. We focused heavily on increasing the time under tension to maximize endurance. I pushed myself mercilessly, letting the physical pain burn away the anxiety. My muscles were screaming, but I was focused.

I thanked Jess after the session and started to walk away, but she called after me.

"Druski, you don't have to be weird or awkward about this, you know," she said.

I stopped and turned back. "About what?" I asked, though I knew exactly what she meant.

"About what you told me yesterday, of course," she clarified, watching my face intently.

I didn't answer her immediately. I looked into her eyes, searching for a slight flicker of judgment or sarcasm. There was none—just a calm, direct gaze.

"I didn't come here for you or anyone else here to judge me," I said, my Swagger kicking in to defend myself.

"Woah, chill, Uncle. Don't misinterpret me," Jess responded, holding up her hands in a gesture of peace. "You and I have something in common."

"And what do we have in common?" I pressed, curious despite myself.

She came closer, and the warm, expensive scent of her perfume washed over me. She was intoxicatingly fit, and I could feel my muscles momentarily weaken under the force of her presence.

"Yesterday you left before I could say anything," she whispered, leaning in. "When you told me you were into porn, I couldn't say anything back because I was shocked by your boldness. To say it so plainly, without shame. I was inspired..."

"You're still not telling me what we have in common."

She giggled and touched my chest—a proprietary touch—as if she was a child with a big secret she was now ready to share.

She leaned in, her voice dropping to a low, intimate whisper right against my ear. "You and I are no different. I know I might not look it, but... I'm a cam girl."

"Wait, you mean you're a cam girl, as in cam girl-cam girl?" I asked, completely blindsided. I stood there, trying to process the revelation, the post-workout adrenaline replaced by pure shock.

She looked at me as if I was being deliberately dense.

"Sorry... I mean, as in, you're involved in advertising your body on the internet?" I tried to clarify.

"What? You thought you were the only one? Poor Druski..." She reached out and lightly held my chin, a subtle, challenging intimacy in the gesture.

She drew away and studied my eyes, a smirk playing on her lips. "Can I escort you outside?"

"Please," I managed.

We walked out past the reception, a few heads turning in our direction. I felt the familiar burn of envy from the men in the gym, now aimed at me walking beside this stunning woman. Maya winked at us as we passed the front desk.

Outside, we bought apple juice from a kiosk, walking in silence for a few moments as the reality settled.

"Aside from being a fitness bunny, I entertain horny men on the internet to make ends meet," Jess said finally, matter-of-factly.

"I thought the gym paid you handsomely?" I asked.

She sighed dramatically. "Yes, it does, but it's not enough to sustain a hot girl like me. I'm expensive, as you can see..."

She gestured down her body—the tight, athletic curves of her hard-earned physique emphasized by the gym clothes, the visible lines of her powerful legs, and the tautness of her midsection. Her body was a masterpiece of discipline, enough to make me unconsciously gulp.

"I have expensive tastes, you know. I'll let you in on a little secret: The gym is just a cover-up. I make significantly more money via webcams," she said, almost proudly.

"Why not get yourself a rich boyfriend? I mean, with your beauty and sexy body... any man can hardly resist you," I reasoned.

She smiled, a dangerous, self-aware smile. "I have tried that plenty of times, and the poor boys end up with broken hearts. I'm a problem, Druski."

I don't know why, but I think I liked this problem. I liked women that were impossible to deal with—the idea of exploiting them, taming them, and bending them to my will sent a thrill of predatory excitement through the new Druski.

"So you are single now?" I asked, the question laced with implication.

"Single and searching. I'm focusing on my craft. I have been thinking about going into sex work full-time. What you told me yesterday solidified my plans to transition into making adult films. I mean, what's left to hide? Most men on the internet probably know how my pussy looks, what color my bush is, and the rose tattoo on my ass..." she trailed off.

I could vividly picture her round, powerful ass, the delicate rose tattoo etched just above the curve of her hip. I felt a familiar, insistent twitch starting in my cock, a reaction to the sudden, raw sexuality of the image. *No... no... not now. Focus on something else*, I told myself sternly.

"I will be needing your help soon, that's if I make up my mind to finally do it," Jess said.

"What sort of help?" I asked, my excitement growing.

"Introducing me into the industry, of course," she said.

I nodded, unsure how to respond to the request.

Introduce her to the industry? I hardly knew anything about it beyond filming my own scenes, editing them, and posting them to the Hub. I had no contacts with professional pornstars, adult companies, or directors. I was essentially a self-publishing artist selling CDs out of the trunk of my car.

She correctly read my silence. "I don't expect you to give me an answer right now, Druski. You can take your time to think about it, of course," Jess said, offering me an out.

"I will consider it," I told her, knowing my answer would almost certainly be yes, but I couldn't commit right now. I had much more immediate, life-threatening issues consuming my focus.

"Good," she replied. She turned to head back into the gym, then paused suddenly. "Druski?"

"Yeah?"

"Which platform can I find your content?"

"Huh?" I was genuinely surprised by her serious, professional tone. She was doing research. "...XXX Global Hub."

She pulled out her phone and began typing. "And your user name?"

"Druski Hart."

She nodded, her eyes already scanning the Hub.

Chapter 23

Chapter 23: Chapter 23

There was one day left for the scheduled meeting with Red Eye. I still had no idea who he was, what he wanted, or where "the spot" was. The anxiety was a persistent, cold knot in my stomach. I tried to suppress it by focusing on the one thing I could control which was my body. I went to the gym again, using the physical pain to drown out the existential fear of the unknown.

I met Jess at the usual time. She didn't waste any time with small talk.

"Your second video, the Nuru one, is much better," she said, leaning against the squat rack. "The cinematography is clean, and Sasha is incredible. You look dominant in that second half."

"But?" I prompted, bracing myself for the professional analysis.

"But your first video, 'Neighbourly Intervention'..." She paused, choosing her words carefully. "It's genuinely bad, Druski. And that's what's pulling your overall like percentage down to 28%. You look completely lost. You're nervous, you finish fast, and your body doesn't look like it belongs in the frame. The only thing saving it is the novelty of the situation and the girl's performance."

Her critique was harsh, but undeniable. It validated my decision to focus on Stamina and physique.

"What do you suggest?" I asked.

"You're already doing it," she said, nodding toward my arms. "You've gained definition in three days. Keep doing what we're doing. But for performance, you need to add technique. You need to control your climax, build a rhythm, and maintain character. You're an actor, right? Act like it."

I nodded, absorbing her advice. Her analysis, backed by her own success in the adult sphere, was invaluable.

It struck me then that I hadn't checked how the second video had performed since uploading it.

"How many views does the Nuru massage video have?" I asked her.

She looked at me almost confused, then she smiled. "Five hundred thousand, I guess."

I froze. My breath caught, and my heart pounded fast.

"Fiv-five hundred thousand views, are you sure?" I stammered.

"Dude, don't you check on your own videos?" she asked, laughing.

I pulled out my phone and logged in to the site.

"What the actual fuck...."

The video had 527k views, and the numbers were still climbing exponentially. This video had performed dramatically better than the first one. It had a staggering 71% likes.

The comments section was ablaze. Many were focused on Sasha's performance—they loved her, they masturbated to her, and they definitely wanted to fuck her.

This time, however, there was a difference. Amidst the praise for Sasha, there was a direct, targeted compliment for me.

It was from a user in Brazil:

[I want to be fucked like that]

That brought me intense excitement. A shred of hope. Somebody liked my fucking techniques. The tip jar had gone up, totaling \$789 now.

But the biggest win? I checked my subscriptions. I had 1,033 subscribers. That milestone needed to be celebrated.

[SWAGGER: +1 Point Applied (Current: 7/10)]

(Note: A viral hit and first positive personal feedback greatly increased confidence.)

I stood there, still processing the wave of success from the Hub. The jump to 71% likes and 1,033 subscribers was dizzying.

"Wow.... just wow. This is.... I hadn't expected this," I stammered, scratching the back of my head. The professional validation was overwhelming.

"Well, you're doing great for an amateur," Jess said, her eyes intense. "And that girl is fire.... She's a natural slut.... I wouldn't mind getting down with her."

I looked at her with surprise. "You are lesbian?"

She smiled, a slow, confident curve of her lips. "I swing both ways, bro. Didn't you pick up on that?"

"Oh.... wow. Today is just full of surprises," I murmured.

"The way she sucks your cock... man, I can only imagine her eating my pussy," she continued, completely open. "I hope she's into girls."

I closed my eyes for a brief moment, and the image flashed vividly in my mind. I could picture Sasha—all oiled-up confidence and rhythmic control, eating Jess's pussy. Then, the fantasy expanded into a thrilling possibility of a threesome. I could see them at it, kissing with reckless abandon, their taut, athletic bodies (Jess's) and soft, oiled curves (Sasha's) touching and scissoring.

Then, the two of them looking up at me, inviting me back in. The thought sent a jolt of intense, primal heat through me.

"I'm not sure if she does girls. I have seen her with men only," I told her, trying to regain my focus.

"Could you ask her for me...?" Jess said, her voice dropping, making it sound like a request for vital, secret information.

"Ask what?"

"If she's into girls too," Jess repeated, her gaze unflinching.

It was a small, stinging moment of reality. She wasn't attracted to me right now. All she saw was a means to an end, a scrawny guy who knew the hot slut she wanted to collaborate with.

"Sure," I said, trying to hide the slight sting of being used as a middleman. "I will do that."

The sting of being a mere intermediary faded as a wave of pure entrepreneurial focus hit me. Jess wanted access to my rising star, Sasha. I held the keys to that partnership. This wasn't about friendship or favors; this was business, and my business was content.

"Sure," I said, suppressing my personal disappointment. "I can definitely ask Sasha, but you need to know a couple of things first. This isn't just a hookup; it's professional time."

Jess waited, her arms crossed, sensing the shift in my tone from friendly trainee to cold-blooded producer.

"You will have to pay her \$700 dollars of course. She doesn't do porn for free, even if it's for another woman," I stated, establishing the baseline.

"That's not a problem," Jess affirmed instantly. "I'm willing to pay."

I looked at her, searching for the proper leverage. I had her. She was desperate to work with Sasha, and I was the gateway.

I took a step closer, leaning into the same low, conspiratorial whisper she had used earlier. My Swagger was fully engaged now, turning this into a power play.

"The money covers Sasha's time," I explained, my eyes holding hers. "But if I make this introduction, I need a cut. I am an actor, yes, but I am also a producer building a brand that just hit 1,000 subscribers. If I set up a scene this big—you, the fitness cam girl, and Sasha, the oil-massage queen—that is going to be viral gold."

I let the idea hang in the air.

"My price is simple," I continued, firm and unyielding. "I will only agree to hook you up with Sasha if you allow me to shoot the scene, edit the final cut, and publish it exclusively on my channel, on the XXX Global Hub. It's a three-way partnership. Sasha gets her money, you get the scene you want, and I get the explosive content I need to keep growing."

Jess's smile vanished. She saw the deal for what it was—a high-stakes negotiation where she had to trade control for opportunity. Her expression was calculating, weighing her desire for Sasha against her desire to control her own cam content.

Chapter 24

Chapter 24: Chapter 24

"So, I pay the talent, and you own the output?" she finally said, her voice sharp.

"I provide the platform, the camera equipment, the lighting, the editing, and the publishing power that just took a video to half a million views in two days," I countered, leaning back slightly, letting my physique do the talking. "You two are

the talent, but I am the launchpad. It's a fair trade for the exposure and the introduction."

Jess didn't look convinced. She ran a hand through her short, damp hair, a sign of deep thought. "Look, I get it. You're building an audience, and you have the technical skills. But this is *my* transition, too. If I'm paying Sasha \$700, and I'm risking my image by doing a full-blown feature, I need to capitalize on it for my own platforms."

She met my gaze, her competitive spirit blazing. "I'll do it. I'll pay Sasha, and I'll let you shoot and edit the entire thing. But I have to be allowed to publish the scene on my own private channel as well. Shared publication rights, or no deal."

I paused, considering the counter. Shared publication meant losing the exclusive tag, but a three-way scene with two massive performers would be such an explosion of content that it would lift both channels anyway. The key was the initial viral burst and the intellectual property.

"Deal," I said, extending my hand to shake. "You can publish, but the content is my IP. I film it, I edit it, and I own the raw footage. We can agree on a coordinated release time to maximize the buzz. You handle your audience; I handle mine."

Jess grasped my hand, her grip firm and professional, entirely unlike the flirty touches from yesterday. "That works. Now we're talking business, Druski. I'll pay Sasha, you handle the production, and we both grow." She looked genuinely excited now that the contract was finalized.

"Great. I'll talk to Sasha and coordinate the details. I'll need to know when you're ready to shoot."

"Perfect," Jess said. "Just ask her if she's into girls, and tell her I'll be in touch soon. I need a day or two to clear my schedule and decide on a theme. I'll let you know when I'm ready for the shoot."

I didn't get the chance to ask Sasha about Jess. She wasn't answering calls, and her phone wasn't going through. She was probably on a "sex vacation" with one of her high-end clients for the week. I left her a text detailing Jess's proposal and the fee, hoping she'd see the potential when she resurfaced.

The day for the anonymous meetup with Red Eye finally arrived. The clock had run out. My anxiety peaked as the afternoon turned to evening. I spent the entire day flipping my house upside down, looking for signs. Anything that could give me a clue about Red Eye, his boss Big Mom, or the spot.

I found nothing. I looked at the message on my phone again:

[Red Eye: meet me at the spot in 6 days]

What spot? There was no address, no context. I realized that the message had been for the *old* Druski. He probably would have known where this spot was. But I couldn't access his memories.

There was no time and zero leads. I checked my watch; it was now 6:30 p.m. I gave up the fruitless search. Tired from flipping the room over, I decided to take a nap, hoping the rest would sharpen my mind for whatever lay ahead.

I was disturbed by a series of urgent messages chiming on my phone. I woke up with a shudder. I checked the time first: it was now 1:12 a.m.

I checked the messages. They were from Red Eye. My heart skipped a beat.

[10:17] [Red Eye: You are late]

[10:39] [Red Eye: Where the fuck are you?]

[11:05] [Red: You're fucked]

Then they stopped.

My heart was pounding like a jackhammer trying to smash its way out of my chest cavity. A wave of ice-cold dread washed over me, leaving my hands clammy and shaking. I felt the pure, desperate terror of a man who had just missed his own execution. I had slept right through my meeting with possibly, an enforcer from a dangerous crime syndicate.

Was I involved in some sort of drug-related gang? What if the old Druski had been mixed up with some truly awful people? Human traffickers, weapons smugglers? The thought of Big Mom suddenly felt less like a high-stakes debt collector and more like a criminal overlord.

I had just committed the cardinal sin. I had probably stood up the debt collector. My life was now measured in borrowed seconds.

I was dealing with something I didn't know. Enemies, possibly. I had no idea how they looked like. They knew what I looked like, where I lived, and they were probably watching me right now.

The message *You're fucked* probably translated to "you're dead."

I couldn't stay here. Negotiating with a man whose last three messages were escalating threats, especially after I'd missed the deadline, was suicide. The only option was survival. I needed to get out of here and go somewhere that was far from this place.

I scrambled out of bed, the image of that glowing red socket in the dark running through my head. Survival instinct took over.

I ripped the stash of cash from its hiding spot, counted out \$4,600 in notes, and stuffed it into my jeans pockets. I grabbed my ID and the external hard drives containing all my footage. My camera equipment—the three high-end cameras and the editing laptop—were shoved into a large duffel bag. Nothing else mattered.

I moved silently but quickly, checking the windows. The street was dark and quiet, but the paranoia was suffocating. I didn't see anyone, but that didn't mean they weren't there.

I slipped out the back door, got to my car, and drove off, not bothering to look in the rearview mirror until I was three streets away. I headed straight for the highway, aiming for the anonymity of a distant city and the cold comfort of a motel.

Chapter 25

Chapter 25: Chapter 25

I spent the rest of the week living out of the motel. The room was tiny, impersonal, and suffocating, but it felt safer than my own house.

My daily routine was simple and monotonous. I'd wake up, drive the 40 minutes to my gym, run through my intense workout session with Jess, and then drive straight back to the motel, only leaving for takeout. I lived like a phantom, never spending more than a couple of hours in one location outside the motel.

There was still no sign of Sasha. Her phone was still not going through, but I had texted her my new, temporary address and the exciting details of Jess's proposal.

For the entire week, I was on high alert. Every car that lingered, every pedestrian who glanced my way, every strange noise in the motel hallway was scrutinized. I constantly checked my mirrors, convinced I was being tailed. I waited for mysterious dudes to jump me, or for some unseen sniper to put a hole through my neck.

But nothing happened. There were no black sedans, no threatening phone calls, and no more messages from Red Eye. Everything was eerily, painfully normal. I did my workouts with Jess like nothing had changed, channeling the lingering paranoia into violent intensity on the weights.

It was Friday night. I had just finished another grueling training session and was trying to decompress. I was sprawled out on the cheap, stained armchair, staring

blankly at the television. A late-season NFL game was flickering on the screen, the volume muted—just noise to keep the silence from consuming me.

The clock on the cable box read 20:47 p.m.

Then, a sound cut through the ambient motel silence.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

It was three sharp, measured raps on my door. Not the tentative tapping of housekeeping, or the drunk stumbling of a fellow guest. It was deliberate.

My blood turned instantly to ice. My heart, which had just been lulled by the post-workout fatigue and the distraction of the game, surged into a frantic rhythm. Every nerve ending in my body screamed danger.

The three knocks repeated, slightly louder this time.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

My first thought flew to Red Eye's last message: *You're fucked.*

I grabbed the only thing within reach—a heavy, chrome lamp from the bedside table, and stood behind the door, gripping the lamp like a weapon. I lowered the television volume to zero.

I whispered, my voice thick with adrenaline, "Who is it?"

A voice, smooth and deeply familiar, came through the thin wood.

"Druski. It's Sasha."

I sighed, the tension in my muscles slowly draining away as the adrenaline subsided. I returned the heavy chrome lamp to the bedside table. *Sasha*. It wasn't the Syndicate, but the fact that she knew my hiding place was deeply unsettling.

I opened the door, pulling her inside in one quick motion. Once she was in the room, I made a clean sweep with my eyes through the corridor—left, right, and across the parking lot outside. Seeing no one suspicious, I slammed the door shut and engaged the deadbolt.

"Were you followed?" I demanded, my voice low and frantic.

Sasha, stunning even in a simple black hoodie and jeans, looked at me with confusion. "No. Druski, what the hell? Why are you acting like we're in a bad B-movie? And why are you living here?"

I ran a hand through my hair.

"I'm hiding from very dangerous people, Sasha. I can't explain right now. It's... it's complicated," I said, opting for the vague truth. I immediately shifted the focus. "Why are *you* here?"

"I finally got service," she said, pulling a massive, expensive phone from her pocket. "I got your messages, including the one with this address. I was escorting a client to Niagara Falls for a week-long booking. We just got back into the city a few hours ago."

She glanced around the grim motel room.

"We had a shoot scheduled for tonight, remember? We're supposed to be filming your third scene right now."

She paused, then her eyes widened slightly. "Wait. You got me all excited about a scene with a cam girl named Jess, and then you ran away from your life?"

I took a deep, shaky breath, consciously forcing my heart rate down. I had to regain control of the situation. I couldn't risk scaring away my best asset.

"I apologize, Sasha," I said, my voice softening. "You're right. I'm overreacting. But look—you walked into a situation you don't understand, and it has nothing to do with clients." I paused, then decided to shift the energy entirely. "Forget that for a second. We have something huge to discuss."

I quickly laid out the details of the negotiation with Jess. The shared ambition, the high payment, \$700 for her, and the guaranteed viral exposure of a three-way with two established performers.

"She's ready to pay, Sasha, but first, she wants to know... are you into girls?" I asked, watching her reaction carefully.

Sasha grinned, a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. "Oh, this Jess. Is she hot? I've been with women clients before, sure, though I definitely love cock more. But if Jess is paying, then I am *very* willing to work."

The immediate business was settled. I had a scene secured.

She glanced at my camera bag. "Okay, so the Jess scene is greenlit for next week. But we had a booking for tonight, Druski. I just drove back from Niagara Falls. We

need to shoot *something* before I go home." She looked pointedly at the dingy motel walls. "Are we allowed to shoot porn in this motel?"

My swagger rose to the occasion. "I paid cash for the room, and there's no rule that says I can't have sex with my girlfriend. Which, for the next few hours, you are."

Sasha smirked, enjoying my sudden display of confidence. "Good. Then stop talking about cam girls and dangerous people hunting you. Order room service, and let's set up those cameras so we can start working."