

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

My alarm blared—a harsh, electronic noise that ripped me from the darkness. I woke with a violent shudder. My chest heaved, pulling in great gasps of air as soft sunlight pierced the cheap blinds.

I was alive. I reached up and frantically touched my head; it was perfectly intact. There was no bullet hole, no blood, or a scar.

"Fuck... what a terrifying nightmare," I rasped, shivering from the memory of the gunshots. "I thought I had actually died."

But the relief was instantly replaced by a deep sense of disorientation. I wasn't in my apartment. This room was cramped, the air thick and unfamiliar. The walls were stained, the floorboards cracked, and the whole place carried a faint, musty scent of old

paper and dust.

On the bedside table sat a framed photograph: a man and a young girl. I picked it up. They looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place them.

Where am I?

My last clear memory was the gunshot, the furious face of Daphne's husband, and the final, horrific sight of her ass before the darkness swallowed me. Had a client picked me up and brought me here?

I searched my mind, but there were no memories of the ride, no hazy recollection of sex. Only the image of the gun.

"I'm shaking. I need to relax," I whispered, forcing a few steadying breaths. "Just calm down. It was only a dream."

Outside, the chaotic symphony of a city morning played: car horns, the distant shriek of a siren, the soft chirping of unseen birds. Inside, silence pressed in.

Then, it happened. Right in front of my eyes, a translucent, sapphire-blue screen shimmered into existence, floating in the air a few feet away.

[Welcome to S.E.X ONLINE, host]

[Name: Druski Hart]

[Age: 24]

[Level: 0]

[Body count: 0]

[scenes: 0]

[Porn start: 2025]

[Rank: 0]

"What... the hell is this?" I managed, the groan ripped from my throat. "A sex system? Some kind of porn dashboard?"

The sheer audacity of it left me speechless. This wasn't a hallucination; this was tangible, spectral data hovering in my vision. This meant yesterday wasn't a dream after all. I had died shot in the middle of a phenomenal lay and now I'd been reincarnated complete with a bizarre Porn System.

The screen shifted, displaying a flashing new tab.

[Tutorial Mission - Stop being a sore loser]

[In one week, fuck at least one girl and shoot your first porn]

[Rewards]

- Greater access to the system

- \$5000 cash (Withdrawable)

"Shoot my first porn, huh?" I almost laughed, the sound hollow and manic.

"What kind of sick cosmic joke is this?"

I rubbed my eyes hard, half-expecting the tab to vanish, but the floating interface remained, stark and undeniable.

Druski Hart was my new name. Was it a real name or a stage name? I pushed myself off the bed and walked towards the full-length mirror attached to a faded wardrobe.

The person staring back was not me. He was undeniably handsome with long blonde hair tied neatly back, a sharp jawline, and deep blue eyes—but he was also skinny as fuck.

Jake Morris, Cupid, had been built like a tank. This guy was a twig.

I quickly checked below the belt. A slow, predatory smile spread across my face.

"Even without muscle, I can make up for it with this monster cock," I muttered, inspecting the substantial endowment. It was still the size of my old asset, perhaps even larger.

I turned back to the system tab, assessing the data.

[Body Count: 0]

The humiliation. The former owner of this chassis was a pathetic virgin. I smirked, anticipating the creative havoc I was about to wreak with this body.

[Scenes Shot: 0]

And [Rank: 0].

I was still unranked and unproven. A complete blank slate.

And there was also a tutorial? What kind of omnipotent cosmic system needs a basic instructions manual?

"Stop Being a Sore Loser," I read the mission title again. I couldn't argue with that; the previous occupant had zero muscle and zero sexual experience. A certified loser.

Five thousand dollars for shooting a single scene. That was staggering. At the strip club, I earned a thousand dollars for a full night of four or five rounds with a top-paying client. This system was offering five times that for a single successful action, and the cash was withdrawable.

My initial panic solidified into sharp, calculating ambition. The system had Levels and Ranks, implying an economy of escalating rewards. If Level 0 gave me five grand, what would Level 5 deliver?

"I'm a porn star now, I guess," I concluded, scratching the back of my newly blonde head. "Fine. If I have to sell my soul again, at least this time I get paid extra."

The thrill of this new, chaotic beginning was almost as intoxicating as the final rush with Daphne. The mission was clear: I had one week to shed this pathetic body's virginity and launch a new career.

I tried to process the impossible reality, a bizarre blend of miracle and cosmic curse. I picked up the framed photograph again. The man in the picture was undeniably Druski Hart. The girl next to him, with beautiful dark skin, curly hair, and piercing brown eyes, was likely his girlfriend or ex.

I could access none of the previous Druski's memories, leaving me staring at a life I was forced to inherit but couldn't recall. I stood for a moment, taking in the image of the beautiful stranger, before tossing the picture back onto the worn covers.

I needed air and nicotine. There was a crumpled pack of cigarettes and a lighter on the table. I grabbed them and slid open the glass door leading to a small, grimy balcony.

I stepped outside and looked up. The sight of the towering skyscrapers and the deafening rush of traffic below was unmistakable.

"Fuck. I'm in New York," I sighed, lighting a cigarette.

I drew the smoke deep into my lungs and watched the gray plume curl away into the metropolitan air. The revelation wasn't exciting, nor was it disappointing. It was just different, a new backdrop for the same old hustle.

"Can I have a smoke?" A woman's voice, smooth and slightly husky, spoke from behind me.