

# ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

## *Chapter 5: Chapter 5*

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

I turned quickly, surprised.

She was standing barely ten feet away, leaning in the doorway of the adjacent room's balcony. She was striking a woman in her late twenties, with smooth, olive-toned skin. Her hair was a wild mass of auburn curls, and her eyes, a sharp hazel, were fixed directly on the cigarette in my hand. Her gaze wasn't shy at all.

I offered the pack. This was already starting to feel like a tutorial.

"Thanks," she murmured, stepping onto the small balcony. She took one of the cigarettes and the lighter from my hand. As she leaned in to light it, I caught a hint of expensive, floral soap. "You look like you just woke up from a pretty rough night."

"More like a rough life," I corrected, leaning back against the rusty railing. The old Druski would have stuttered; the new Druski powered by confidence and a massive cock—didn't. I let my eyes drift down the tight athletic shorts to her toned legs, and back up to meet her direct gaze.

"I'm Druski," I said, before immediately regretting the name drop. The old Druski and this woman, my new neighbor, would have surely known each other.

"Yeah, you definitely had a rough night, buddy," she said, drawing hard on the cigarette. She puffed a plume of smoke from her nose. "Trouble in paradise, I assume?"

"What?" I asked, confused.

"Chloe? Your girlfriend. I haven't seen her much lately. You two used to be inseparable, like twins."

I didn't know why, but watching her exhale the smoke in such a casual, knowing way was unexpectedly turning me on.

"You've been down lately, like, six feet under. I assumed you finally broke up then."

I had no answer, so I scratched my head and forced a look of distant sadness, turning my attention back to the frantic street below.

"She was a bad girl for you anyway," she continued, dismissively.

"I beg your pardon?" I snapped, turning back.

She was smiling, a slow, sensual curve of her lips. "Any girl who starves her man of sex is a major red flag. That's like, cosmic-level evil."

My face screamed 'virginity.' She knew. She somehow knew Druski Hart had never been laid. Was that why he and this Chloe (the girl in the picture?) had broken up?

"Who said she didn't give me sex?" I countered, the desperation in my voice making me wince internally.

"Oh, please," she scoffed, pushing off the railing. "It's written all over you. Men are open books, and I read the hunger in you. The urgent need for release."

I could feel my cock twitching in the tight shorts just from hearing her describe it. I realized instantly, this woman wasn't just experienced; she smelled of the trade.

"You don't need to die a pathetic virgin, my friend. Life is too short to keep your dick locked inside your pants. Sometimes you need women like me to help you out. All you have to do is pay me a few dollars, and see where I can take you..." she said, a promise glittering in her sharp hazel eyes.

A pro. My instinct had been right. Sex was definitely her line of work.

"Excuse me?" I repeated, feigning offense.

"There are a lot of things I can do for a neighbor. I can even give you a generous discount," she purred, dropping the half-smoked cigarette and grinding it out with the toe of her sneaker.

She moved in close, placing a soft hand, her nails painted a vibrant red on my bare chest. She looked up into my eyes, biting her lower lip, pulling my attention to the glossy heat of her mouth.

"When you're horny enough, you know where to find me," she whispered, her breath warm against my ear.

Then she turned and walked back toward the glass door of her room. I watched her go, every nerve ending firing.

The sight of her tight, athletic shorts pulled taut across her backside was intoxicating. Her ass was a perfect, firm shelf, each cheek flexing subtly with her movement, a gorgeous, dynamic curve beneath the thin fabric. The structure of her back was just as compelling. A smooth, olive expanse tapering down to a defined, tempting curve just above her waistband. The motion was an effortless, sensual glide that made my breath hitch.

This was it. She was perfect. Experienced, available, right next door, and completely unfazed by the idea of charging for her services.

I retreated into my cramped room and immediately searched for a phone. Druski must have had one. I finally located a beat-up smartphone, charging near the broken alarm clock.

I tried face unlock, and to my surprise, the phone immediately opened.

"Okay, let's see if I can find any useful information about my new identity," I muttered, scrolling through the messages. There were dozens of contacts I didn't recognize.

Two contacts were pinned at the top. The first, labeled Red Eye, contained a terse, cryptic message:

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

I ignored it, tucking the mystery away for later, and opened the chat with the second contact, Chloe. My stomach dropped—I was blocked.

But the history was still there, a scrollable catalog of pathetic desperation. I quickly skimmed the recent exchanges.

[Chloe: We can't keep going on like this. I think we need to take some time off.]

[Druski: You can't do this to me... I can't live without you. Please give me some time. Another chance.]

Reading through the messages, I felt a deep, second-hand shame. The old Druski was a bona fide bum, utterly lacking game or swagger. The rest of the history was just one long stream of Druski begging Chloe for forgiveness and a chance, none of which she ever answered before blocking him.

I couldn't find the explicit reason for the breakup—it was likely the same reason the neighbor, had clocked me as a pathetic virgin.

I exited the chat with a disgusted flick of my thumb. The shame was a powerful motivator.

The system wasn't going to complete itself. I opened Google and typed in:Cameras for sale near me.

A torrent of results and nearby electronics stores instantly populated the screen. I needed a camera and the quality needed to be professional. If I was going to be a porn star, I was going to be a well-paid one