

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 6: Chapter 6

I was behind the counter at a small, cluttered electronics shop, looking at a lineup of expensive cameras. The older man selling them was enthusiastically reviewing each one, but I wasn't retaining any of it. I needed a high-end camera, but I knew nothing about videography.

"You have excellent dynamic range with this Sony, but the Canon has better native color science for skin tones," the man rattled off, gesturing wildly at a pair of black boxes.

He went on to explain compatible mountings, aspect ratios, photo sensors, and a bunch of other technical jargon that flew right over my head.

"I don't know anything about cameras, Uncle," I admitted, cutting him off. "I just want something that will give the best videos possible."

"What kind of videos are we talking about?" the man asked, folding his hands and giving me a patient, curious look.

I hesitated only for a moment. There was no point in lying.

"Porn. I want to shoot porn, Uncle."

The man stared at me, then exploded into sudden, booming laughter, clutching his belly. "Really? You are one funny guy!"

I didn't smile. I kept my face grim and serious, showing I meant business. "I don't want my dick coming up blurry, or shadows obscuring the action. I want something that looks professional. I need to shoot pussy in 4K quality with clear scenes and no digital noise."

The man immediately stopped laughing, the humor draining from his face as he realized I wasn't joking. His eyes, suddenly sharp, narrowed in appraisal. "You aren't joking, are you? Are you active in the industry? I've never seen you before."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"On those websites—Pornhub, XVideos, that stuff..." He looked around the empty store, then leaned in closer to me and whispered. "I watch a lot of porn, you see."

"Oh. No, I'm not currently active," I explained, matching his conspiratorial tone. "But I'm planning a huge debut. That's why I need a camera that will shoot my shit with the highest quality possible."

His expression shifted into one of genuine respect. "Alright, son. If you're serious about debut quality, you need to look past the body. You need glass. You need light."

He pulled a camera and a heavy lens from the display. "This setup, the Sony Alpha A7S III with a wide-aperture prime lens is \$3,500. It eats low light for breakfast, the autofocus is flawless for close-ups, and the file size is massive. This is the difference between a YouTube clip and a theatrical feature. This is what you buy if you want women to look at your videos and know you're not an amateur."

I looked at the price tag. \$3,500. The mission reward was \$5,000. I would be almost bankrupt before the shoot even started.

All the cameras in this shop were expensive. Even the least expensive ones cost eight hundred bucks, and I couldn't bear to look at the models below that price point, they clearly lacked the quality I was aiming for.

I had walked in with only four hundred dollars, the only cash I'd found in my new room. It was painfully clear I was severely underfunded. I hadn't found a bank card or any trace of a bank account yet.

"Are you buying one, kid?" the older man asked, noticing my downturned expression.

"Nuh. Seems like I'm short on funds," I replied, trying to hide my disappointment.

The man leaned against the counter, his demeanor changing from salesman to conspirator. "You don't need a three thousand dollar camera to make people jerk off to your videos."

"Huh?"

"You've got a phone, right?" he asked.

I nodded, clutching the iPhone 12 in my pocket.

"What type of phone do you use?" the man asked.

"It's an iPhone 12," I said.

He grinned widely, the lines around his eyes crinkling. "Perfect. You already own a professional-grade camera. The iPhone 12 shoots fantastic 4K video, the color is great, and the file size is manageable. It's the highest-rated camera in the world for... well, for that kind of independent content."

My jaw dropped. The solution was literally in my pocket.

"The key isn't the lens, it's the light and stability," he continued, speaking faster now.

"People don't care if the footage is grainy, they care if the focus is soft or the camera is shaking. You need a tripod mount and a good LED ring light. Get the light close to the action. It kills the grain and makes the skin look flawless. The phone will handle the rest."

He walked over to a rack of accessories and grabbed three things: a simple, flexible tripod, a clamp that holds the phone securely, and a small, bright ring light that plugs into the phone's charging port.

"This setup costs you less than fifty dollars. It's what 90% of the amateurs who actually make money start with. High production value, low cost. You save your four hundred dollars, you make a decent amount on your first scene, and then you come back for the Sony." He winked. "Don't be a bum, kid. Be smart."

The transformation in my mindset was immediate. The old Druski would have despaired over the cost; the new me recognized a smart business strategy.

"You're a genius, Uncle," I said, handing him fifty dollars.

I left the store with my low-budget film kit, feeling a rush of power. I had a mission, a target, and now, the equipment. The only thing left was the proposition.

Two hours later, after thoroughly testing the simple accessories the old man had sold me, checking the lighting angles and the stability of the tripod mount—I decided to make my move. The girl next door was a professional, which meant I had to treat this as a high-stakes negotiation to feature her in my debut porn video.

"I have three hundred and fifty dollars left. If I fumble this, I'm fucked," I muttered, the cold panic of true poverty mixing with the sexual urgency of my new body.

I stood outside her door, arguing with myself. I had never actually paid for sex, only received it in a professional context or, with Tracey, as a focused relief. But this woman was different. Everything about her was volatile and sexy. She was effortlessly voluptuous, and thinking about her curves gave me the push I needed.

I knocked.

The door opened almost instantly, as if she'd been waiting.