

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 7: Chapter 7

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

Sasha was wearing only a thin, white ribbed tank top and a pair of tiny cotton shorts that barely concealed her hips. Her auburn curls were tied up carelessly, and her hazel eyes, sharp as a cat's, were already laughing at me.

"Well, look who decided to show up," she purred, leaning against the doorframe. The tight cotton strained across her chest, and I could clearly see the outline of her nipples. "Took you long enough, Druski. Did you finally decide you're tired of being locked up?"

I ignored the jab at my virgin status, letting Cupid take the wheel. I let my eyes rake over her body, the look of intense, physical appraisal making her shift slightly, a flicker of professional interest replacing her amusement.

"I'm not here for a quick fix, Sasha," I stated, my voice coming out deeper and steadier than I expected. "I'm here with a job offer."

She raised one perfectly sculpted eyebrow. "A job? I thought your 'rough life' involved begging your ex-girlfriend to call you back."

"That was the old me," I corrected, taking a confident step forward so our knees were nearly touching. "The new one is making a career change. A big one. And I need a seasoned professional for a one-time collaboration."

I lowered my voice, making it conspiratorial. "You said you could read the hunger in men. Well, I read the hunger in you, too. You don't want fifty dollars for a quickie on a fire escape. You want something big. I want to shoot my professional porn debut right here, tonight. And I want you as my first lead star."

Her eyes widened slightly, her gaze dropping to my crotch, the true star of the show. Then she laughed, sharp and sudden, clearly amused by the grandiosity of my claim.

"You? Shooting porn? That's the funniest shit I've heard this week," she said, tilting her head back.

"What's wrong with me shooting porn?" I asked, my tone deadly serious.

"I mean, look at you," she said, sizing me up slowly. "You don't have the swagger for it. And you are clearly a virgin. You barely know what to do with a joystick, let alone a camera."

"Aren't you the one who was just offering me your services? Talking about giving me a discount and all," I challenged. "I'm here because I decided to take you on your offer: help me with my sexual hunger and virginity. I'm only asking one thing: allow me to film this, how I lose my virginity and I'm willing to pay extra for the intellectual property."

She stopped laughing, sensing how serious, and how desperate, I was. This was the moment I leaned into the truth of the system's mission.

"I have what matters," I countered, standing tall. "I have the ambition, I have the equipment...my iPhone 12 shoots flawless 4K when properly lit, and I have the willingness to give you the screen time you deserve. This isn't a transactional lay. This is an investment in your brand."

I gave her my price. "I have three hundred dollars. I need that to last the week, but I will give you two hundred dollars cash for a full scene. Two hundred dollars for one night's work, and full creative control over your performance."

She took a slow assessment, her eyes never leaving mine. "Two hundred dollars is amateur hour, especially for filming. And for a virginity loss? That's a niche audience, Druski. I charge more for the risk of being filmed."

She paused, then delivered her counter-punch, a predatory grin spreading across her face. "The rate for a filmed, full-length scene, and the privilege of taking my neighbor's virginity, is three hundred dollars. And since you're making such big claims about the 'star' of your film, you're going to need to prove you have something worth putting in 4K."

Before I could reply, she reached out, her red-painted nails wrapping around the bulge straining in my shorts. She gripped me hard, testing the size and hardness. My breath hitched, a choked sound escaping my throat.

"Fuck," she muttered, her eyes widening again, the calculation replaced by raw, hungry lust. She released me slowly, leaving a burning trail where her hand had been.

"The three hundred stands, producer. Now, what exactly does a 'full scene' entail?"

I leaned in, brushing my lips against her ear. "It entails me finding out why you're the best professional on this block, Sasha. It entails stretching you out so completely, you'll forget every man you've ever touched. And it entails me capturing every perfect, wet, slutty moment in brilliant 4K."

I pulled back, holding her gaze, pulling out the wad of bills. "I pay upfront. Three hundred dollars. Yes or no?"

Sasha bit her lower lip, her sharp eyes calculating the risk and the reward. Truly, I was going to be racking a lot of money here, provided the System paid up as promised. While I wasn't sure how much I would make from the public porn sites, I knew I would pay her a generous bonus if this all worked out and she decided to feature in for the second time.

"Okay, Druski. We've got ourselves a deal," she finally conceded, her voice low and husky. "Go and prepare yourself to lose your V-card... and try not to break anything in your room in your panic."

"Yes!!!" I let out a loud whoop, punching the air in a mix of raw excitement and the immense relief of seeing the System mission objective flash green in my mind. The \$5,000 cash reward was practically secured.

"What time should I expect you?"

She smirked, pushing off the doorframe. "Give me an hour. I need to clean up and get dressed for work...or rather, undressed. I'll come to your place."

I barely nodded, already turning to rush back to my room, pulling the \$300 from my pocket to count it one last time. One hour. The countdown had begun. I had to transform the former Druski's dusty, pathetic room into a professional film set.