

# ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

## *Chapter 8: Chapter 8*

I spent the next forty-five minutes in a frantic, desperate blur. I threw out the mountain of stale pizza boxes, changed the greasy bedsheets, and attacked the room's 'unwashed laundry and despair' scent with half a can of citrus air freshener. After that, I took a long, scorching shower, washing away the residue of the old Druski, and changed into a pair of clean, simple gray shorts.

I set up the iPhone 12 on the tripod, aiming the small ring light directly at the freshly made bed—the 'set.' The camera was rolling, ready to record a blank frame while I waited.

I stood by the mirror, assessing my body. The long, blond hair and sharp jawline were appealing, but the rest of me was just lean muscle, not even lean muscle, but just skinny.

"I ought to visit the gym after this," I muttered, flexing a non-existent bicep. "Cupid was a god. This guy looks like a nervous intern."

Then the anxiety hit, cold and hard, overriding the phantom confidence of my past life. What if I was awkward in bed now? What if I bust my load in thirty seconds, humiliating myself in front of a professional who knew I was a virgin? The System mission would be complete, but the emotional defeat would be crushing. Maybe I should have never been reborn again.

The tension snapped when a confident, sharp knock echoed through the thin door.

It was Sasha. She was finally here.

I smoothed down my shorts, took one last, steadying look at the mirror, and walked across the room. I felt the \$300 wad of cash tight in my pocket.

I swung the door open.

She stood there, transformed. She wore a stylish, cinnamon-brown trench coat that ended inches above her knee. It was cinched tight at the waist, emphasizing her curves, but otherwise buttoned up, concealing everything. The coat and her matching knee-high boots gave her the sophisticated, professional look of a woman who was definitely not working just down the hall. Her auburn curls were still wild, and her eyes sparkled with anticipation.

"Ready to be a producer, Druski?" she asked, her voice a low, teasing challenge. "I'm here to get my money. And to see if that monster you were hiding is more than just a tease."

"You can come in," I managed, standing aside.

Sasha moved with a grace that was mesmerizing. She didn't rush; she strode into the room, the trench coat swirling gently around her legs. I watched her walk towards the bed, her movements fluid and confident. Damn, she was sexy. I felt my cock twitch just by watching her move.

She took a slow look around the small, freshly sanitized space, catching the glare of the new ring light. "Well, I didn't expect this room to be this clean," she observed, a slight amusement in her voice. "I thought you lived in a biohazard zone."

"I'm a very tidy man now," I said, moving closer to the bed, trying to regain the ground I'd lost.

"So this is the movie studio?" she purred, dragging her red-nailed finger across the clean cotton sheets. She looked directly at me, her eyes sizzling. "And this is where the magic will happen."

Her perfume was strong and intoxicating, amplifying the sense that a supermodel had just walked into my dump.

"So what happens now?" she asked, suddenly serious.

The question surprised me. I had been thinking purely transactionally: we fuck, and I film. The concept of a scene was lost on me.

"We fuck," I said, stating the obvious truthfully.

She smiled, flashing her perfect white teeth. "Sweetheart, we can always just fuck. But don't porn actors follow a script or a concept? Something to make the video sellable?"

She had a point. I knew that top adult films followed scripts, building up a story to make the sex more interesting. Amateurs just pointed the camera and went at it. But if I wanted the \$5,000 reward, the System had demanded a "professional porn scene." Just pointing the camera at a silent, awkward encounter probably wouldn't cut it.

I had to improvise, and fast. I looked at her, then glanced at the door to the balcony where we had just spoken, and inspiration struck.

"The concept is simple, Sasha," I said, lowering the ring light on its tripod to frame the bed perfectly. I channeled Cupid's confidence. "It's called 'Neighborly Intervention.'"

I pointed a finger at her. "You know the old Druski. The sad, pathetic virgin whose girlfriend starved him of sex and dumped him. You were the one who saw the hunger in him. You were the one who offered your services."

I walked up to her and undid the top button of her trench coat. "The scene starts right now. You've come here to finish the job you started on the balcony. You are helping your sad, pathetic neighbor become a man, one who is not a sore loser anymore."

I ran my hand down the front of her coat. "The only line of dialogue we need is the one you already said: 'Sometimes you need women like me to help you out.' Everything else is action and pure, primal need."

I pulled out the three hundred dollars from my shorts pocket and placed the wad of cash right on the nightstand beside the phone.

"This is your payment, Sasha. Now, take off the coat and show me your work uniform."

Her expression changed. The professional smirk vanished, replaced by a deep, appreciative nod. "Now that sounds like a scene, producer," she confirmed, the challenge now gone. She reached for the top button of her coat. "You've got a director's mind, Druski. Let's make a movie."

Sasha was just about to reach for the top button of her coat when she stopped and pointed at the phone, which was currently recording a blank space on the bed.

"Hold on, producer," she instructed. "I think you should hold the phone while filming our sex. If you put it in a fixed position, you won't capture much. Most people don't like a video without motion, and you'll miss the money shots."

"But that would mean I won't appear in the video—just my cock and your beautiful body," I said, a wave of disappointment washing over me. I wanted the audience to see the 'new Druski.'

"Darling, then you will have to get a proper camera crew," she said, her voice laced with practical logic. "But for now, all you can do is improvise. Besides, it's not a bad thing to hold the phone while we're having sex. It makes the

audience feel closer to the action, like they're the ones doing the fucking. I've seen plenty of films shot that way that sell like crazy."

"Yeah, you're right, I guess," I conceded. The System mission was about shooting a scene and fucking a girl, not about my ego. The money was the priority.

"I will do things the right way next time. For now, this is how the independent film industry operates."

I walked over, picked up the iPhone, and adjusted the settings to the highest 4K resolution once more. I now had the director, cameraman, and actor roles all in one. That made me smile.

"Ready?" she asked, a delicious edge of anticipation in her hazel eyes.

I took a deep breath, the lingering perfume of her coat hitting me one last time. I aimed the phone, framing her face and the top of the cinched trench coat.

"And action."