

ADULT INDUSTRY SYSTEM

Chapter 9: Chapter 9

Sasha's entire demeanor shifted. The neighborly familiarity vanished, replaced by the focused intensity of a performer. She didn't hesitate.

She began with the coat, slowly and deliberately unbuttoning the leather clasps, starting from the collar. Her movements were sensual and she kept her eyes locked on mine, as if the camera wasn't a phone in my hand, but another lover.

The coat fell open, revealing she was wearing nothing underneath but a delicate black lace bra and matching panties. Her olive skin glowed under the ring light.

"This is what you paid for, Druski," she murmured, her voice a deep purr. She let the coat slide off her shoulders and down her arms, where it pooled at her feet like a discarded contract. The exposed black lace pushed her breasts up aggressively, creating perfect cleavage.

I didn't say a word, stepping closer, tilting the camera down as my focus narrowed to the task at hand. My hands instinctively stabilized the phone, finding the perfect angles as I began to fulfill the promise of the Neighborly Intervention scene.

Sasha took two steps toward me, closing the distance. She reached up and placed both hands on my shoulders, her red nails contrasting sharply with my pale skin. The scent of her expensive perfume and the fresh, heat-of-the-moment desire was dizzying.

"You know, you're not the first man I've seen like this," she whispered, her voice husky and performing for the lens. "You're the type of man who has so much to give, but you let a bad girl lock it away. You've been begging a girl who didn't want you, when you should have been begging me."

She slid her hands down my chest, running them over my skinny ribs, then stopping at the waistband of my shorts.

"You let that virgin card become a debt," she continued, pressing her body into mine, forcing the full contact of her lace-covered breasts against my bare skin. The sensation jolted me, and I had to focus entirely on keeping the camera steady.

"It became a problem you couldn't solve. And what do you do with a debt, Druski? You pay it off. And you pay a professional to handle the interest."

Her finger traced the hard line of my erection, causing me to gasp. The camera dipped slightly, capturing the intense look of desire on her face as she looked down at the proof of her skill.

"I know the kind of monster you're hiding in there," she said, her voice dropping to a near growl. "But that monster is scared. It's never been allowed to play. And the only way to teach a monster to play is to let a whore like me take the reins."

She suddenly reached down and ripped the zipper of my shorts open, pulling the flimsy fabric aside to free my erection. The monster sprung out, immediately drawing her professional gaze. I tilted the phone down again to capture the size comparison, her face framed perfectly by my throbbing shaft.

"This is too big for a nervous virgin," she noted, not teasing, but assessing. "But it's perfect for a professional debut. Now, the lesson is over. It's time for the payment."

Without breaking eye contact with the lens, she sank to her knees, pulling the waistband of the shorts all the way down. The camera, steadied in my grip, followed her movement, capturing the incredible view as she brought her auburn-curled head close to the head of my cock.

I felt a sudden rush of heat, a combination of the bright ring light and the sheer eroticism of the moment. My old life as Cupid, the stripper, had been all about showmanship, but this was raw, intimate, and entirely focused on my pleasure and the lens.

She didn't rush. She used her tongue first, flicking the tip delicately across the crown, making me gasp and groan. I instinctively tilted the phone to capture her hazel eyes, now glazed over with concentration and hunger—as she savored the taste.

"Relax, producer," she mumbled around the tip of my cock, her voice a low, hypnotic command. "This is the part where you stop thinking about the camera and just allow yourself to take over."

Then, with a professional efficiency that stole my breath, she took the whole length she could manage. Her mouth was hot, wet, and incredibly tight, applying suction and rhythm instantly. I leaned back against the wall, supporting myself and steadying the camera, letting out a heavy, ragged sigh.

The V-card was being incinerated.

She worked with a relentless, deep rhythm, pulling back only to admire the full, dripping length of me, then diving back in. She used her hands to cup my balls lightly, adding just enough pressure to make the pleasure unbearable. I closed my eyes for a fraction of a second, the raw sensation threatening to overwhelm me.

No. I had to perform. I had to film.

I forced my eyes open and focused on the viewfinder of the iPhone, holding the camera low and steady. I maneuvered the lens to capture the slick, wet shine of her throat working as she went deep, and the way her auburn curls brushed against the sensitive skin of my inner thigh.

She was a master of angles, tilting her head and looking up at the lens with heavy-lidded, sexual surrender every few seconds, ensuring the audience got exactly what they wanted.

I reached out and grabbed a handful of her hair, not to control her, but to brace myself against the wall, muttering a string of breathless, desperate

demands. This was no longer acting. This was the raw, demanding hunger of the new me taking flight.

The first half of the tutorial mission was complete, but the main goal, shooting the scene, was just getting started.

Sasha sensed the exact moment I was about to burst. With the practiced skill of a professional who knew how to prolong a performance, she pulled back, a ribbon of saliva connecting her mouth and the glistening tip of my monster. She was breathless, her eyes wide with impressed heat.

"You're not doing this for free," she gasped, her hand quickly replacing her mouth, gently milking the base to relieve the immediate pressure.

She rose, her body swaying sensually, and looked straight into the camera lens in my hand. "That's not even the main show. We need to take this to the set."