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PORN - A Love Story

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To my parents. But please don't read it.

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Author's Note

I started this book hoping to shed a different light on the industry I love so much. Not to say every day is sunshine and flowers, but I don't feel a healthy, honest voice of someone currently looking from the inside out has been heard.

While writing, the book morphed into something more. I've always questioned why I am the way I am. I had a normal upbringing. My parents are loving, kind, and present. I have no mental disorder. Why am I so sexual? Why do I insist on publicizing my most intimate moments?

I can't say that I've found an answer—but writing this book has oddly brought me to peace with myself. At the end of the day, I do feel my sexual cravings as a woman are normal, and should be accepted as such by society. It's bullshit that a man who fucks a thousand women is considered a badass, while a woman doing the same thing is shunned. I'm not ashamed that I've worked at an S&P dungeon, stripped, escorted, or that I currently have sex for money every day. On the contrary, I'm proud of myself for having the guts to indulge in my desires.

The world has seen every fold of my most private body parts, and yet, I feel this book is my most exposing venture yet. I hope you enjoy.

P.S. Some (but not all) of the names I use in the book have been changed.

The Perfect Scene

“Rolling and . . . action.”

Bobby was going down on Monica. I stood behind the camera, watching. Narrowing his eyes at me, Bobby buried his face in Monica’s pussy as he took his cock out to stroke. It was growing harder by the second, and my pussy grew wetter in unison, as if the two were synced. I watched Monica arch her back every time Bobby sucked on her clit and brought her closer to orgasm.

“Come on, fucking come,” I mentally whispered. It would be my cue to join them.

I was playing a hooker today. Bobby and Monica were playing a curious couple who hired me. There’s something oddly self-referential about playing a hooker in a porno—I was getting paid to portray a woman who got paid to have sex. And also, of course, to have sex. It’s like a Russian dolls of sex workers.

As Monica’s body twitched, I walked in front of the camera and cupped my hand over her mouth, gave her one last chance to gasp for air before clamping down on her face, and rubbed her clit hard. Bobby stuck his dick in her. No matter how aggressively she turned and twisted, I wouldn’t let her go and I wouldn’t stop rubbing. She continued orgasming for another ten seconds, her muffled screams occasionally escaping through the cracks in my fingers, until I let her free to breathe. As she came down from the intensity, I kissed my way up from her knee to her toes, which curled when Bobby hit a good spot with his cock.

Bobby’s cock is great for porn. Big, straight, all one color. It was shiny from the juice coming out of Monica’s pussy, making it look as if Monica was giving birth to it. I dived down to suck the slime off, and as I put it back inside her pussy, I spit on my finger and slid it slowly into her asshole. She yelled for more and I stuck another one in. I watched Bobby’s dick go in and out of her pussy as I slid my fingers in and out of her ass. I could feel the camera over my shoulder, catching a close-up of the mesmerizing motion.

We made her come again, and I pushed Bobby out of the frame as I climbed on top of Monica to kiss her, then farther up her body until my pussy was on her face. She quickly took my cue to eat me out until I came, collapsing onto my back. Aware of the camera closing in on my face, I eye-fucked Bobby’s cock and licked my lips. It wasn’t hard to portray—I needed dick. I enjoy getting my pussy eaten as much as the next girl, but when there’s a cock in the picture, it feels kind of like going to a steak house and ordering the fish.

Like cock-hungry animals, Monica and I took turns riding Bobby’s dick for the following three positions. Finally, as Monica pushed her ass back on Bobby, I got down and licked Bobby’s ass. That’s what Euro boys like that. Bobby moaned, and I could tell he was close to cumming. I kept licking, until he finally reached around and pulled me away from his ass by my hair. He grabbed Monica by the head as well, and placed us both on our knees in front of him and came on our faces, and in our mouths. With the cum still dripping off my face, Bobby dragged me up by my arm and bent me over the so-

in the back, and fucked me until I reached another orgasm. I dropped to my knees and crawled under Monica. I spit the remaining cum from my mouth to her pussy. Using my knee to push my hand, my fingers stuffed the cum into her. I fucked her like that until she crossed her eyes and lost it one last time. We made out as our hearts slowed down from racing, and the director yelled “Cut!”

Once in a great while, it happens: the Perfect Scene. It’s when everyone, both performers and crew are all completely synced in energy. Every position, every transition flows organically. The performers lose themselves sexually, yet are fully aware of the camera at all times; the penetration is always on display. The lighting is impeccable, no weird shadows or flares. Animalistic, fluid everywhere, sweat, spit, squirt; the energy is at 100 percent the entire thirty-five minutes, with no cuts. Perhaps a crazy position is invented; standing reverse scissors against a spiral staircase.

You recognize it’s happening about halfway through, and once the guy releases a healthy pop she and the scene is finished, the whole team acknowledges it. The excitement in the room is unmistakable, and everyone’s voices are at least a pitch higher than before the shoot started.

“Holy shit, great fucking scene!” the director will exclaim.

“I actually got a boner!” jaded cameraman number two will joke.

“That was one of my top ten scenes ever,” I’ll declare.

It feels something like just having done a first line of coke together, and everyone wants to talk once and pat each other on the back for their respective role in the production. It’s a high, and even in the scene we shoot, it’s that feeling we are chasing.

A porn set is kind of like Vegas: What happens there, stays there. I always try to make as genuine a connection as possible. From the moment I walk on to the set, everything is dedicated to making the scene better. I get there on time. I laugh at all the jokes. I find something about my partner for the day that I like, whether it be sense of humor, muscular arm, musky scent, whatever. I pay attention to what they like, and try to exaggerate that. When we start having sex, I think about the cameras around us capturing our sex for countless men to watch and jerk off.

At the risk of sounding overly dramatic, almost every time I shoot a sex scene, I fall a little bit in love. It’s the only way I can describe it. Not necessarily with my partner, but just in general. With the situation. In love with being watched. In love with being on display. In love with being the center of attention, for those precious thirty-five minutes. Many people say they disconnect themselves when they have porno sex; I’m the opposite. I’m more present than ever. I try to take in everything and let it turn me on more. Rather than numb myself, I take advantage of the situation and take in as much as I can. A producer set this up for me—to have sex with one of the top talents in the world, in front of a camera, giving me this opportunity to turn the world on; why would I remove myself? Why would I try to mentally put myself anywhere but here? I look into my partners’ eyes, and try to portray how much I want them. I tell them how much I like the way they fuck me. I show them how desperate I am for them to feel the same.

Then the guy shoots his load, or the girl will cum on my fingers one last time, the camera cuts, we take a shower, collect our checks, and it’s on with the rest of the day.

My very first scene, I took a bus from New York's Port Authority station to Gina Lynn's house in an Amish town in Pennsylvania, and worked for a measly five hundred dollars. When I got on that bus I had a plan. I would do porn for two years, get it out of my system, save money, and open up a yoga studio.

Fast-forward close to six years, and I'm still in the business. I can't imagine leaving right now. I'm still on my "high," and I don't want to come down. Porn has shaped me, is shaping me, into a woman I had always hoped I would be. I've become more confident, more empowered, more sure of myself than I've ever been. It's a job, but I'm happy to do it every day. There's nothing else I'd rather be doing. I wish I could freeze time and live in this moment forever. I know the clock is ticking. I know soon I'll be too old for this business, and it will be my time to move on to something else.

Legendary pornstar Julia Ann, who's been in the business longer than I've probably been fucking, once told me a story I'll never forget.

"I was watching an interview of myself from ten years ago. It was in the behind-the-scenes footage."

"Hmm."

"I turned to my costar, Janine, and told her, 'If I'm still doing porn at thirty, I'm a fuckin' loser.' We laughed."

Julia Ann is forty-four now. She's found success in other ventures. She's celebrated as a makeup artist and runs her own animal rescue business. She probably has more than enough to retire on.

But she hasn't left porn.

In this way, I feel close to her.

Hooking

I've hooked twice. Well, technically three times—but twice was with the same guy.

So I don't know if it counts.

The first time, I went with Laila. Fresh out of a long, drain-circler of a relationship, it was as if she had all of a sudden stormed into the escorting business with some kind of a vengeance. She even did the whole personal phone/business phone thing. Every time I texted her in the past month, it seemed she was either on her way to a job, or just leaving a job.

"This guy Frederick from Malibu has been asking about you. He's, like, so fuckin' rich, girl." We were lying side by side in the sauna at our local Korean spa, relaxing after an anal threeway scene. The Korean spa is our secret little getaway. No one from porn knows about it, and on its worst day it's filled with Korean and Russian housewives who keep to themselves. This particular day was a weekday, and the sauna was empty except for us. Not that it would have made a difference if there were other people around. Laila is loud, crude, and gives a fuck about no one. Just that morning she had mortifyingly screamed across the line at a very crowded Starbucks, "Fuck Imodium, I drink coffee before anal!"

Normal.

It's inevitable. You can only show the inside of your asshole to the world for so long before your filter ceases to exist.

I wondered why she was bringing this guy up to me. She knew I wasn't into the escorting thing. This guy Frederick-from-Malibu was notorious for seeing girls in porn, a big-time CEO of a huge, very commercial, very family-friendly company.

"A few people hit me up about him. He sounds gross." It was true. He had been trying to get other girls to refer him to me since my early days in porn. "There's no way."

"He's super-nice and not gross at all. He'll pay you whatever you want."

"Tell him five thousand dollars for half an hour." Thinking this was a ridiculous deal no one would agree to, I laid a damp towel over my face and we proceeded to talk shit about the potential new girl at our agency. Spiegler was thinking of taking on a new Asian girl. As it stood, Laila and I were the only Asian girls on his roster. We wanted to keep it that way. He only represents twenty-five girls at a time, and so three of them being Asian would seriously dilute our market.

That night, Laila texted me. "He's in. When can you do it?"

Having no knowledge whatsoever regarding the world of hooking, yet feeling spontaneously intrigued, and admittedly a little bored, I agreed to see Frederick-from-Malibu for half an hour the next evening, under one condition—that Laila come with me. I had no moral issue against escorting, just an irrational fear (. . . is it, though??) of being murdered. Two girls could take on one guy, right? Besides, the prospect of making my double penetration (one dick in the butt, one in the pussy) rate in mere thirty minutes (without even putting anything in my ass) was too tempting. It was the length of

television show episode. Not even that long, if it were on HBO or Showtime. I persuaded myself to give it a try.

Laila drove. "Girl, it's so easy. You're gonna wonder why you didn't do this before."

"I don't know. What if he tries to pull something? I brought Mace. But it's fucking pink and I've never used it. Does Mace expire?"

"Shut up. We're gonna get there, have condom sex for ten minutes, shower, and leave. It's gonna be the easiest money you ever made."

Condom sex. Shit. I was so wrapped up in thinking of ways to hide my Mace within arm's reach during the actual fucking, I had totally forgotten to pack condoms. Rule number one as a working girl: Bring. Fucking. Condoms.

We weren't even there yet, and I already had one strike in the hooker game.

Luckily, Laila was more prepared than me. We got to the hotel, valeted the car, and took a fancy elevator up to the room. This is when things started getting real for me. Or maybe more like surreal. A million thoughts started racing through my head. Mainly, that if someone recognized us, they would for certain know what we were up to. And out us on the Internet. Or worse, call the cops. I turned my head down as much as I could without seeming too weird and silently cursed Laila for talking so damn loud. As we walked through the hallway I recognized the mirrors on the wall from various girls' self-taken cellphone photos on their Twitter profiles.

When Frederick opened the door, the first thing I noticed was that he was black. I had been hearing about this guy for years, and in my mind, he was white. Not like it really mattered. It's like that weird sensation when you pick up a drink thinking it's gonna be water, and as the liquid hits your tongue you realize it's Coca-Cola. Like everything you knew to be true a second ago is now questionable.

Frederick was wearing a white robe, I guessed with probably nothing underneath. He was much better-looking than I had expected. Handsome, even. Not old.

Not young, but not old.

He flashed a mouth full of expensive-looking, well-done veneers.

"I've been waiting to meet you. Come in."

When we entered the room, I saw he had a porno of mine playing on the TV. I was dressed up in what was porn's version of a schoolgirl outfit, and fucking my teacher for extra credit. Right away I noticed how horrible my skin looked on the huge screen.

I already regretted coming.

"I laid out some outfits for you girls in the bathroom," Frederick said.

Laila was clearly feeling more comfortable than me, making herself at home on the floor in front of the minibar. She got her drink, and we went into the bathroom. Just like he said, there were four schoolgirl uniforms laid out on the counter for us to choose from. They looked freshly dry cleaned, but definitely not new. Which girls had worn these outfits before me? Surely, I knew at least a few of them.

I chose a cropped collared shirt that showed off my stomach, and a red plaid skirt that came with

matching tie of the same pattern. I opted for the baggy Japanese-style leg warmer socks rather than the stockings. My shoes, I had brought. Laila picked a similar outfit in blue, only she went for the stockings. After dressing in silence, Laila put my hand in hers. We walked out together like this, hand in hand. I never asked her if she did this to comfort me, or as a part of the act. Either way, it was sweet.

The porno was still on the screen, but it wasn't my scene anymore. "Teacher, you wanted to see us. Is this about our recent tardiness?" Laila is a fucking pro.

"I hope you didn't call us in to punish us. We really are very good girls." I was shocked to hear my own voice chime in on this role play. The inner dialogue running in my head was far different. *Shit, I left my Mace in the bathroom. What kind of teacher wears a fucking robe? This is corny. Maybe it's not too late to go grab my Mace. I could say I have to pee.*

"Maybe Teacher can tell us how to work to our full potential." My mouth was making words that must have been ingrained into my brain from all the schoolgirl scenes I had shot over the years.

"You're good girls. Teacher thought you might like to earn some extra credit."

In this moment, I realized that people are actually into these tired, old, clichéd porno scenarios. Every time I shoot a student/teacher scene, I'm baffled at how the scripts never change. On the other hand, seeing how into the scene he was put me at ease. I probably didn't need my Mace.

I hoped my lack of enthusiasm wasn't too obvious.

We bent over against the TV screen and showed off our asses.

"Like this, Teacher?"

"Is this what you want? Does this make Teacher's cock hard?"

"Why don't you girls kiss each other? Put on a show for Teacher." Frederick sat on the sofa and stroked his dick while watching us. His cock was rock hard. I couldn't believe this cheesy half-assed act was working.

With my eye on Frederick, I kissed Laila as I put my hand on her pussy. I could tell immediately from the change in his breath that it drove him crazy.

And it dawned on me. Here we were, two girls he had been jerking off to for years. We were making this man's fantasy come true. In his eyes we could do no wrong. Everything we did was sexy. He had been waiting for this to happen for who knows how long. We were on a pedestal.

He was so obsessed with me that he was willing to pay for thirty lousy minutes with me.

I was starstruck on myself.

I was starting to enjoy this.

In true porno style, as if it were second nature to us, Laila and I dropped down to our knees in synch and crawled over to him on the sofa. I took his shaft in my mouth while she took the balls. I thought about how many times he had cum thinking about this moment.

Often, I think about the guy on the other side of the screen while I'm shooting. If I'm not particularly fond of my partner for the day, I know I can rely on the idea of the guy at home watching me jerking off to me to get me wet. Right now, right here, this was my favorite part of my job coming

life.

“Teacher, I want to be your favorite student.”

By the time the condom was on and he put his dick in me, I was soaking wet. I screamed like I did in the movies for him. I shook my ass. Laila and I slapped each other around, just like we had done so many times before on camera. Only this time we had a live audience.

Like Laila had said, once we started fucking, it lasted about ten minutes. Like in the scene he was watching earlier, he came on our faces. We went to the bathroom, took turns showering, got our money, and left.

She was right. It was the easiest money I had ever made.

I saw Frederick again, on my own, the next day. We acted out a similar scenario, minus Laila. The sequel felt underwhelming. Maybe because I was alone . . . maybe because the novelty had worn off. Maybe because he wanted me to wear the same outfit as the day before, and it hadn't been washed. Or maybe it was the fact that he had asked me to fuck without a condom on, which just reminded me of how many girls in this business are fucking their clients raw. It made me sad. It turned me off. I never saw him again. He texts me from time to time, but I never reply. What's the point? The spark I felt on our initial rendezvous had gone. I had given the guy too much credit. Strike two.

Feeling confident about the gig, but not necessarily needing to experience it again, I told Laila hooking wasn't my thing. So the next time she mentioned a client, I smiled and told her, “Tell him to go grand.”

I was joking. I never thought someone would pay that much for sex.

But Joe did.

The agreement was that I would meet him for dinner. If I felt uncomfortable in any way, I would walk away right there with a thousand dollars. If I went home with him, I'd get ten grand up front in cash. The holidays were just around the corner. It was an offer I couldn't turn down.

“I watch about five hours of porn a day,” Joe confessed to me at dinner. His brutal honesty charmed me. Most people would consider this the kind of information you kept hidden on a first date. The next day, again, this wasn't a date. Like Frederick, he was kind of handsome. He was the kind of guy I'd like to watch a character-driven documentary on. Nerdy, socially awkward, and though I'm no psychologist, to me he seemed like he could be on the Asperger spectrum. After dinner I was more than thrilled to go back to his place. We stayed up all night and talked. Joe was smart, and I felt like I could listen to him talk forever. He was the kind of guy I could really *learn* from. I told him I had only hooked one client (half true), and we were so enthralled in conversation, we didn't even get to fucking until five in the morning.

I think the *True Romance*-ness of it was what drew me in.

After the sex, we took a nap, went out to breakfast, and I drove home. I couldn't shake him off. I was fascinated by him, his brain, the whole scenario. I romanticized the situation, fantasized what it would be like if he were my Captain-Save-A-Ho.

The next week was Christmas, so my schedule was clear of shoots. Joe took me on a first-class trip

to Hawaii. Everything was top-notch. The resort, our suite, our limos, everything. He worked the whole time we were there from his computer but had rented out a cabana for me by the pool for every day we were there. I lounged by the pool, went hiking, explored the resort, and shopped with his money while he worked all day. Then we'd meet up for dinner, fuck in the room after, and stay up late talking. It was perfect.

On the last night, we took a stroll along the beach after another fancy dinner. "How much longer do you want to do porn?" It was happening. The inevitable question. What it translates to is *I don't want to say it now but eventually I will ask you to quit your job for me*. Every guy I've dated has eventually brought this up; it's not a matter of if they will, it's a matter of when.

I imagined what my life would be like if I were with this guy. Could I really give up this life I was living? Sure, he was rich. I'd probably never have to work again. Ultimately, though, I knew what my destiny would be. I'd been down this road before. The first step would be for me to make faraway promises I knew at the bottom of my heart I couldn't keep. Then when the time came, I'd come to my senses and realize that I wasn't ready to give up my dream job. We'd argue, both make compromises only to realize that our relationship would never work because ultimately I need to do what makes me happy, which is porn. We'd part ways and never speak again.

We didn't fuck that night. I hardly even spoke to him after he asked that question. He knew what my silence meant. The next day we flew back to Los Angeles. We said an awkward goodbye at the airport, and I knew I'd probably never speak to him again.

On the cab drive home, the first song to come on my iPod was "Ho," by Ludacris. What the fuck. Then I remembered a joke my friend Sebastian had told me a long time ago.

"You don't pay a hooker to come, you pay a hooker to leave."

I was the ultimate hooker failure. I didn't leave. At all. I did just the opposite. I came, over and over. I got emotionally involved and tried to make something out of nothing. Strike. Three.

August 12, 200

Dear Mom,

California is great! The weather is beautiful, I mean it's August so that's obvious—but even when I got here five months ago, I was already laying out by the pool at the model house almost every day. There's five of us living here, in total—the agency, it's called Goldstar Modeling, has a house that girls from out of town can stay at.

The rest of the girls are all from random places like Ohio and Michigan. A couple of the make me feel like I need to keep a constant eye on my belongings, but for the most part, everyone is cool!

So far, I've found the stereotype of a typical pornstar . . . is kind of accurate. But also total wrong. I mean there are definitely girls hooked on drugs, girls who have been abused by family members, girls who got in the business because their boyfriends, aka “suitcase pimps,” wanted them to. But that's only about half of them; there are also girls with college degrees, girls who are feminists, and girls who come from completely normal backgrounds. My agent told me the former group won't last long; the latter is the kind that will be around in a few years. (This makes me feel confident.)

This one girl here, Devon, she's from Detroit. She's brand-new too. One day I was about to leave to the grocery store, which is like a ten-minute walk away. She asked me to pick up a sandwich for her (which was kind of annoying), so I was like, “Why don't you come with me?”

She was like, “I can't, 'cause I can't walk very far.”

I was like, “It's not even ten minutes. Come on, don't be lazy—if anything it'll be a minor workout.”

She was like, “Ever since I got shot, it hurts when I walk uphill.”

(The walk on the way back is pretty much all on an incline.)

I asked her why she got shot. I thought . . . Detroit? Ghetto, right? Probably domestic abuse, or a drug-related thing.

She goes, “I got in a fight over a parking space, and the guy shot me in both of my knees.”

Like holy fuck, Mom—I couldn't believe my ears! Who shoots someone—multiple times—over a parking spot????

So there's definitely that crowd.

My first week here was already pretty hectic. I mean the very day I arrived, my agent picked me up from the airport and drove me straight to a photographer to take my photos for the agency website. My agent is kind of weird. I mean I know he's legit cause Gina Lynn referred me to him and he represents her, and she's one of the biggest stars around but . . . I think I'll just take everything he says with a grain of salt.

The next day, before my photos even went up, I went to meet with the owner of this company called Vouyer Media; and he signed me to an exclusive contract for my first few movies! It's

Gonzo company. See Mom, in porn, there are two kinds of productions: Gonzo porn, and Feature porn. In Gonzo, the movies are just straight-up sex—no dialogue, no setup, no scenario. The cameraman uses the camera to maneuver around the people having sex, getting really tight shots of the penetration and stuff.

Feature porn is totally different. It's considered "classier"—they are like real movies, but with sex scenes integrated into them. There are additional days of shooting only dialogue, and it's a really long and tedious process. The sex is usually way softer, too—and the camera generally stays on either a tripod or a jib, a safe distance away from the actual sex. It's marketed more toward couples and women.

Anyway, so my first five movies out were with Vouyer Media. They're already all out; Gonzo productions turn over pretty fast. It takes one day, about eight hours, to shoot a scene. The day starts out around 9 a.m. in the makeup chair. After that, we shoot "pretty girls," which are basically just photos of me by myself. I start out in the outfit appropriate for the day—doctor outfit, schoolgirl uniform, office-wear, etc. . . . And then I strip down to my matching lingerie set, then to just me naked, and then they take close-up shots of my lady bits. Around 1 p.m., I put my lingerie and outfit back on, and we start shooting the tease, which is like a striptease, or "pre-sex" clip that gets edited down to four minutes total. That takes about an hour to shoot, until 2 p.m. when the male talent arrives. We shoot photos of 3–4 sex positions. By 3 p.m. we are usually ready to roll video on the sex, which lasts about thirty minutes. I'm usually showered and out the door by 5 p.m.

My second month of shooting, though, something kind of shitty happened. Are you sitting down? If not, sit down. This is gonna sound crazy to you I'm sure, but I promise you it's not a big deal. It's like catching a cold, really. I got chlamydia. It's curable! You just take a few pills and it goes away. But when they called me, I was totally devastated. I mean . . . It's an STD. Gross. Don't tell any of my friends, or your friends, okay? Don't even tell Dad. Just don't tell anyone, please. We have this testing system out here, everyone in porn uses it. Every production company requires a test no older than thirty days (some require tests no older than fourteen days) to shoot a scene. It's pretty cool—at first I couldn't even look at the needle going into my arm, but now I hardly even notice when they poke it in. Anyways, I was at the beach with Jenna (she is staying at the model house too) when I got the call from them. The caller ID showed it was the testing facility, and Jenna immediately told me that was a bad sign, that they never call unless they have bad news.

"Hi, is this Asa?"

"Yeah, is everything okay?"

"I have some bad news, honey, it's about your test. You came up positive for chlamydia."

Mom, I swear, everything went dark after that. Like I know they always say that in books and movies and stuff, but it literally happened to me. I felt like I was about to pass out (I didn't), and Jenna had to call our agent for me. I think I was even deaf for a couple of minutes.

Anyways, Jenna drove me to the testing center, I took my meds on the spot, got retested a week later, and then I was ready to get back to shooting.

My first few scenes are kind of a blur. One of them was for a movie called “Make Me Creamy, and it’s a cream-pie movie. Do you know what that is? It’s when the guy cums inside the girl’s vagina. I don’t think I’m gonna do any more scenes like that. I mean I don’t necessarily regret it but . . . I just don’t want random guys’ sperm in me, you know?

So far, since those initial five movies I shot for Vouyer Media, I’ve done about fifty movies for different companies. That sounds like a lot, when I think about it. I think I like the Gonzo movies better—I think hardcore sex is what I’m really good at, you know? The acting stuff, I need some more practice with.

*Oh, you wanna know something really weird? Black guys in porn don’t take their shoes off during sex. Like if the scene starts off with them naked, they enter the frame fully unclothed, but with their shoes on. And if the scene starts with them clothed, they take off the shoes to remove their pants, and then **THEY PUT THEIR SHOES BACK ON**. And it’s literally only the black guys I’m gonna get down to the bottom of this before I leave the business.*

Hmmm, what else have I learned . . . I learned that when I’m on my period, I can just cut off a little piece of a makeup sponge, stuff it deep in my vagina, and then I can still have clean, blood-free sex! I just have to make sure I take it out right after the scene—I accidentally left one in for two days once, and when I took it out, it smelled horrid.

Mom, I really feel like I’ve found my calling here. I know it’s not what you want to hear—I know it sounds absolutely absurd. But the more I do this, the more I realize I’m exactly where I’m supposed to be. I hope you can be happy for me.

Write back!

I’ll come home as soon as I can,

Love you

A.

Haiku

*Home from Trader Joe's,
Was it there for that whole time?
Dried cum on my chin.*

Penis Envy

Ruby and I sat on the floor of Studio E as we rehearsed our script. We were shooting a lesbian scene for BigTitsAtWork.com.

“What? You’re not going to comment on my tits, Miss Akira?”

“Um, I think that would be inappropriate, boss.”

“Well, if you’re saying I’m distracting you from your work, and you want me to put these tits away, you’re going to have to do it for me.”

“I’m not sure that would be the right thing to do.”

“Listen. If you want to keep your job, you’ll do as I say. Now close the door and come be a good girl.”

Scripts for these scenes never change much. Wardrobe is always a pencil skirt, stockings, and a collared shirt unbuttoned far too low for an actual office. There is always a boss, as well as an employee. The employee is generally at risk of losing their job. The sex, being part of a website centered around big tits in the office, involves a lot of breast play, and positions in which they are on full display. I always feel silly shooting for this site, since I don’t have particularly large breasts; I always imagine the viewers at home wondering what I’m doing on this site. For some reason I imagine a British couple watching. The man would exclaim in the Queen’s English, “Look here, the girl is barely a C cup. What on earth is she doing here?”

“Who does she think she is?” his wife would answer, in an equally British accent. “Does she really think her breasts are big? That’s preposterous!”

The couple would then toast with their wineglasses and have a good laugh at my expense.

As Ruby and I went over our lines over again, Brent came running in. He was the director of the fine website.

“They’re shooting a gay scene next door in Studio D!” he burst.

In no way was his enthusiasm an overreaction. The gay and straight sides of porn rarely cross, and to us, on the straight side, the other side was a mystery land we knew nothing about. To be in the studio next to a gay scene being shot was like winning the freak show lottery.

We had all heard rumors of the other side.

“They don’t get tested every month like us. They just use condoms.”

“Seventy-five percent of them are HIV positive.”

“I heard most of them are straight, they’re just gay for pay. They all watch straight porn on their phones to get hard, and then shoot two minutes of sex at a time. That’s how long they can keep their dicks hard.”

I could hardly contain myself. Shooting up from my seat on the floor, I stood up, kicked off my heels, and ran to the door. There was no one standing outside their studio, not even taking a smokes break. I ran back to Brent. “How do you know? Where are they? Did you see them actually shooting?”

I couldn't ask my questions fast enough.

"I went to pay Laura the studio fee, and they were there. Rocky's shooting his first bottom scene!"

What? Everything changed in one moment. Rocky, better known to me as Luke, was my ex-boyfriend. We were even briefly engaged for a month or two. I knew he was shooting gay scenes now but never so physically close to me. The situation went from level *highly entertaining* to *awkward* in a flash.

Luke always denied being gay when we were together, but he liked to be fucked in the ass with a strapon. It's actually what drew me toward him in the first place. Physically, I suppose he looked like he could swing either way. Tall, muscular, not quite handsome, but passable as an overall good-looking dude. We worked together on a movie and exchanged numbers upon wrapping. I didn't know about his fetish at the time, nor was I really considering calling him, ever. I guess I was just being nice. Totally the opposite of my type, Luke was too *delicate*. Clean-shaven, manicured nails, perfect tan. The authenticity of his nose was questionable, and his teeth were undoubtedly too white to be natural. Originally a good country boy from North Carolina, soft-spoken and well-mannered. He didn't *command* anything of me, which is something I usually needed in a man.

I've never been attracted to men who are anything but super-masculine. Things like body hair, mismatching clothes, and messy table manners are on the *Pros* side of the list. Men who act like men are hot—this new breed of "metrosexuals," with their Botoxed faces and tinted hair, did nothing for me.

Even the girls I find to be the hottest are the ones who look like men. With their short hair and taped-down boobs in wifebeaters, there's something so erotic about a girl acting like a guy. The whole overcompensated masculine energy thing is sexy.

I've often wondered if this just means I'm straight.

The truth is, I find women incredibly intimidating. When I see a sexy woman, right away I envision her looking at me in disgust as I approach her.

"Don't you think you're a little out of your league?" She'd laugh and go call a friend to make fun of me.

Women are beautiful, and I love pleasing them. Often, during a lesbian scene, I'll make her competition out of the sex. I like to see how good I can make her feel, how many times I can make her cum. I try to sync us in a way that we are riding the same sexual wave. The more resistant she is, the more fun my game becomes.

Fucking the shit out of a woman is enjoyable, but it's mashed potatoes—the delicious extra something on the side. The main dish has to be a man. I don't see myself ever dating a woman, feeling a deep emotional connection to a woman I'm having sex with, either. Whenever I'm asked what my "type" is for females, I give different answers.

"Skinny with big boobs."

"The thicker the better."

"Teenaged Puerto Ricans with big asses."

I don't know why I feel this immense pressure to give a fake answer, when secretly my answer is, don't have a type. I like any girl that likes me."

After we exchanged numbers, Luke texted me incessantly. I only replied when I was bored—I gave him short answers, just enough to keep him interested. Nothing is more of a turnoff than when someone you're not into texts you. Of course, you could always just tell them you're uninterested, ignore them altogether until they go away. Somewhere deep down, though, the attention was appreciated. At any given time, I always have a rotation of at least three guys, who I know I'll never give a chance to, but I keep them just interested enough so they'll stroke my ego from time to time. Call me insecure, but . . . Whatever works.

Months went by, and he was still texting me. My phone went off one day just as I was about to enter a tanning bed. I looked down. It was Luke. *Again*. I opened the message, thinking about what a pain in my ass he was, and not the good kind.

"Do u like using a strapon on a guy?"

The message caught me off guard. I delayed going into the tanning bed to reply.

"Yah. Y?"

"I saw a cover of u w a big black strapon. I like that too. But not on camera."

Whoa. This guy was finally starting to interest me. I would never have guessed he was the type. It all made sense now—that was why he was so *desperate*. He's a fucking sub.

"That's hot :)"

I had never worn a strapon in my personal life. For work, yes . . . but never just for fun. I was intrigued.

"Send me ur address. I'm coming over tonight to rape u. U better be ready. If u shit on my cock I'm leaving."

It was a date.

The last time I had fucked a guy with a strapon was for a scene in *Strap Attack 7*. Jeremy was submissive in his personal life, and he was eager for me to fuck him. It was something I had never done on camera, but I had done it numerous times at the dungeon—I assumed it would be easy. I was wrong.

"Open up to me please, Asa. I can't see the penetration."

"Move your hand, you're blocking his ass."

"Try to balance on your left leg so your hips open up; I can't see the dildo."

"Energy, Asa, I need more energy!"

By the end of the scene, my legs were on fire. At least five times, I needed to cut to take a break. I work out every day, eat healthy, and don't drink or party. Being the man in the scene was more work than I had realized. I was dripping sweat from constantly thrusting back and forth, and my back hurt from all the crazy positions I had to do in order for the camera to catch the action. Guys have to do all this while keeping their dicks hard? I had a newfound appreciation for male performers that day; as a girl, on our worst day, we can just throw some lube in, lie there, and get manhandled. The scene with

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