

THREE

In the meantime, I was broke. I had to latch onto some kind of employment, and quick. Through my connections at the farm, I finagled a job at the local health food store where, to my delight, they stuck me behind the juice bar. It was perfect: while I squeezed beets and slung wheatgrass, I kept an eye out for possible co-conspirators. I began to bring up genitalia more and more often in everyday conversation, eyeing my customers casually to see if they betrayed any abnormal interest. The plan worked like a charm. Within days, I met a mellow, middle-aged pervert named Dennis who mentioned quite shamelessly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, that he liked getting pissed on. Immediately, I knew that I had found a kindred spirit.

Motioning to my manager that I was going on break, I whipped off my apron and signaled for Dennis to follow me to a corner table, where we could speak more privately.

“I’m liking what you’re saying,” I whispered.

“I can tell,” murmured Dennis, excitedly. “Are you thinking of arranging a... ‘party’?”

“Something like that,” I said. I eyed him intensely. “How would you feel about taking a... ‘shower’... in a more public forum?”

“What’ve you got in mind?” asked Dennis, coloring slightly.

“Let me put it like this,” I said quietly, my eyes locked into his.

“How would you like to star in your very own porno movie?”

Dennis looked at me, his mouth slightly agape, seemingly stunned at his good fortune. “That sounds amazing,” he whispered.

“I’m thinking of becoming a pornographer,” I explained. “Maybe you can be my first real star.”

“But who are you going to get to perform *with* me?”

“Who do you want?”

“A real bitchy, dominatrix-type would be great,” breathed Dennis.

“I’ll find you one,” I promised. “That shouldn’t be very difficult at all. Now, how much are you asking, Dennis?”

“I’d do it for free,” he announced, smiling at me. “It’d be my pleasure.”

“Good man,” I said, my eyes filling with unexpected tears. “Thank you, Dennis. This is going to be just terrific. Oh, wow – I think it’ll be a lot of fun, don’t you? Something to remember, a real experience.”

“I eat shit, too,” said Dennis, helpfully.



I was momentarily stunned. Slowly, I turned my head to see if anyone had overheard us. No one seemed to be looking in our direction with a repulsed, horrified look on their face, so I assumed we were okay.

“You eat... what?”

“Oh, I eat shit. I prefer it to drinking piss.”

“Drinking piss?”

“Well, bathing in it, drinking it. Whatever. I probably like drinking it better. And of course I prefer eating shit to either of those.”

I looked at him. “Are you fucking with me?” I asked seriously.

“No, not at all,” said Dennis. He shook his head earnestly. “Nope.”

“Well, listen, Dennis, I just don’t know about all this. I don’t know if I could shoot that.”

“Oh no. You can’t make a sex tape that shows defecation,” said

Dennis, knowledgeably. “Not to sell, at least. It’s very illegal.”

“Oh,” I breathed, relieved. “Well, that takes care of that.”

“I’d be up for it if you wanted to set something up privately, though.”

“Right.” I stared at him for a long second. “I think I’m going to pass, Dennis.”

“Great. No problem. Let’s do this peeing thing. I’m really excited about it.”

Finding a partner for Dennis proved to be easier than I imagined. All I had to do was visit a few BDSM websites and shoot off a bunch of emails; within a week I’d received a phone call from Janay, a tall, muscular blonde from San Jose who was totally enthusiastic about my proposition. For \$300 she’d not only humiliate Dennis, she’d also sit down for an hour-long interview with me on the day of the shoot.

“Obviously, I’d like to punish him a little bit, too, if that’s all right.”

“That sounds just fine,” I said. “I’ll run that by Dennis the next time I talk to him.”

“Best part of my job,” she said wistfully. “I have a thick, leathered whip...”

“I bet you do,” I said. “Do you work in a dungeon?”

“I actually don’t, Sam,” said Janay, brightly. “I’m lucky enough to be able to make my living almost exclusively as a video-dom. I’ve done lots of work for a San Francisco-based company called Redboard. Are you familiar with them? The guy in charge is named Duck DuMont. He’s actually quite well-known in pornographic circles – as the legend goes, he shot Traci Lords’ first film, back in the early 80’s. Anyway, Duck’s sort of fallen in love with what I bring to the screen. He’s given me my own series.”

“What’s it called?”

“*Debbie Does Whip-Ass*,” said Janay, proudly. “He lets me really thrash those fuckers.”

“O... kay,” I said. “Let’s just say, though, that, for instance, Dennis doesn’t really want to get hurt.”

“Then I’ll just totally humiliate him,” said Janay, shortly. “I really couldn’t give a fuck one way or the other, just so long as I get to make him cry.”

Not long after I settled on a date with Janay and gave her directions to my house (Periwinkle had given me permission to use the living room as our set), I called Dennis.

“Sam!” he said eagerly. “What’s the good word?”

“Got some great news for you, Dennis.”

“You’re kidding! You found somebody?”

“I sure did. And she’s gorgeous, too.”

“Oh my god. Oh, my god. Do you have pictures?”

“Absolutely. They’re on the Internet, I’ll give you the web address in a second. She’s a beautiful blonde, about 32 years old, sexy as hell. Her legs go all the way up to her neck, Dennis.”

“This is incredible,” whispered Dennis, breathlessly. “I can’t believe this is happening to me. And is she a bitch?”

“Possibly. She was very polite on the phone. Here’s the thing, though: it sounds like she wants to do you some physical damage.”

“Well, I’m not really into pain,” said Dennis, doubtfully.

“Yeah, that’s what I figured. Listen, don’t worry about it. She still

wants to do the video. Are you busy this Saturday?”

“This Saturday? Wow, that’s soon. Are you serious, Sam?”

“Of course I am, Dennis. This is important to me too, you know. Now, can I count on you to be there?”

“Yes,” said Dennis, after a brief pause. “You can count on me.”



Dennis called me on Friday evening, wondering what he should wear.

“Do you think I should try to look...cool?”

“I don’t think that’s necessary. You’re gonna get pissed on, you know?”

“You’re right, you’re right. Sorry, Sam. I just wish I were in better shape, though. I’m usually pretty good about going jogging, but lately, with work and all...”

“Dennis,” I interrupted gently. “Please stop worrying. You’ll look great, I promise. Now, try to get some sleep.”

But I was having trouble sleeping myself. On Saturday, I awoke with a tight, nervous stomach, and I couldn’t help wondering if it

might be best to call the whole thing off. Things had moved so fast, after all – there was still time to turn back. But I squelched the urge. When afternoon rolled around, Janay showed right on time. She toted a pink canvas bag so large and bulky that it looked as if it might contain a dead child. “Costumes,” she explained cheerily. “And a few of my instruments. In case your friend changes his mind.”

“Great,” I said, weakly. I flipped my camera on. “Do you mind if I start the interview?”

“Not at all,” said Janay, settling comfortably onto Periwinkle’s low-slung couch. “I love your aesthetic, by the way. So Northern California.”

“Thanks,” I said. “Most of the stuff is my housemate’s.”

“Even so,” she said, generously. “You show good taste simply by choosing to live with him.”

“Thanks,” I said again. “So...”

“I’m sorry. Please go on.”

“How’d you ever get the idea to be a fetish-film actress?”

“Well, you might not believe this, Sam,” said Janay, leaning

forward towards me and my camera, “but I used to be quite shy. I hated to draw attention to myself. I never wore revealing clothing – never even wore a bikini to the beach. I wouldn’t have sex with the lights on. I was very boring.”

I wouldn’t have believed it, indeed. She was quite lovely by anyone’s standards. “What happened?”

“About three years ago, I was in a motorcycle accident,” said Janay. “I sustained considerable trauma to my head. When I got out of the hospital, the strangest thing started happening. Suddenly, I wanted everybody to look at me. Apparently, the injury to my head had the effect of making me an extreme extrovert. Particularly in the sexual arena.”

“That’s wild.”

“Isn’t it? Straightaway, I started dancing at clubs. Within a very short time, I landed in front of the camera. And that’s where I’ve been ever since.” She smiled. “I guess you could say that I’m making up for lost time.”

“Do you do hardcore, too?” I asked.

“Oh, I’ll do a solo masturbation every once in a while, if someone asks me. And I’ll happily do a nude photo shoot with a guy, as

long as there's no actual penetration. The idea of having sex on camera just doesn't appeal to me. I'm more drawn to the fetish-y stuff. It's... richer."

"Psychologically richer?"

"Yes," said Janay, beaming. "That's it exactly. Fetish is like a ... game. There's lots of talking, lots of banter. And since I'm always a top, I always win."

"Why do you always have to be a top?" I asked. "Don't you ever want to submit to anyone else?"

Janay paused for a moment. "I spent the whole first half of my life submitting," she said. "I grew up alone with my father, out in the middle of nowhere. He used to beat me, a lot. So, I'm not really into getting dominated much, anymore."

"Oh," I said, rather unsure as to how to respond. "Okay."

"You know, Sam," she said, "I'm not stupid. I know that every time I go out there and start playing the dom, I'm dealing with my history, with my personal demons. But when I think back to how I used to be, how I used to live? I was totally in denial. I was scared of my own pain. When I take a moment to think

back on how it was, I'm actually kind of pleased to be doing it this way, now."

Janay and I finished talking, and then she asked for a few minutes alone, to "get into character." I picked up the phone and dialed Dennis.

"Dennis Seltzer."

"Dennis. It's time."

I think now might be as good a time as any other for me to mention that I had absolutely no clue as to what I was doing. I had basically zero experience shooting "action." My video efforts in college had been limited almost exclusively to long tripod-takes, where, as often as not, I'd be filming myself, ranting and raving for the camera, usually while wearing a wig. There'd been considerable leeway for mistakes and do-overs. If I wanted to take all night to get one shot, I could. Here, I'd have one chance to make it look good, and that would be it.

I also had no real idea what I wanted to happen in the scene. Dennis was going to be "humiliated" – but how? Did we hash out an attack plan beforehand? I was at least nominally the director;

did that mean I was supposed to tell them what to do? I had no idea what they should do. In fact, how was I even going to know when the scene was over? As Janay stepped out the bathroom, clad in black spiked boots and leather chaps, hoisting a riding crop dangerously in her right hand, I was suddenly frightened out of my mind.

Janay motioned disgustedly at Dennis, who grinned up at her. I noticed he'd gotten a haircut, the poor schnook.

"Is this him?"

I turned my camera on. "Yep, that's him."

"Well, hello, mister. What's your name?"

"Dennis."

"I heard you're 'not into pain,' Dennis."

"Yes, that's right." He looked up at her totally dreamily. Totally in love.

"Well, even though I'm very disappointed in you, I'm going to respect that. Got it, buddy? I'll respect you, as long as you respect me."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"I... I don't know."

"Yes, mistress."

"Yes, mistress," said Dennis, obediently.

I zoomed in on him, framing his face inexpertly. I prayed that the light in the living room was good enough. I prayed for the ability to hold the camera steady.

"I want you to get those clothes off. Get on the floor, little doggie."

Dennis took off his clothes and went down on all fours. He didn't have too bad a body for a 45 year-old guy. A little paunchy, but there were signs of health there. Perhaps the occasional shit sandwich served as a kind of health tonic.

"Hump my leg, doggie. Hump it good." Dennis humped.

"Now stop. I want you to stand up. Turn around. That's right: turn around. Now turn around again. Keep doing it, Dennis. Don't stop."

In my Californian living room, a totally nude middle-aged man was on his feet, revolving slowly, his eyes closed.

“I feel sick,” said Dennis, after a few moments.

“You spoke incorrectly, Dennis. Keep going.” She folded her arms.

“I feel sick, what?”

“I feel sick, mistress,” mumbled Dennis. “Please... I really want to stop.”

“Oh, stop then,” said Janay, irritably. “You’re a very weak little boy, aren’t you, Dennis?”

“Yes, mistress,” agreed Dennis, wobbling unsteadily. “May I sit down, please, mistress?”

“Of course, Dennis,” purred Janay. “Sit down, weak little boy. Sit down and watch me, and I’ll let you do what little boys love to do.” Janay stretched sexily and removed her top. “Look at my tits, Dennis. Look at my tits and play with yourself.” She bent over and began running her hands gently over her tanned body, alternating her sensuous glances between Dennis and my camera. I panned across her breasts shakily, hoping against hope that I was covering this monumental occasion competently.

Janay checked Dennis’ groin for signs of life, but there were none.

“What’s the matter, Dennis? Don’t I turn you on?”

“Your body turns me on immensely,” whispered Dennis.

“Then what’s wrong? Why aren’t you getting hard?”

“I don’t know,” mumbled Dennis. He looked up at the camera, and I knew somehow that he was going to apologize to me, so I held up my hand and motioned that it was fine, that he was to soldier on. We weren’t going to stop.

“I have a surprise for you, Dennis,” said Janay sweetly. She tromped off into the kitchen. When she returned, she was wearing a strapon. A nine-inch penis sprouted from her crotch. “I had a feeling this might appeal to you.”

Dennis looked as excited as a child on Christmas morning. “Yes!” he whispered.

“Then come here and suck my cock,” said Janay, smiling. Her boy obeyed, gagging happily. I approached them cautiously, taking a seat on the floor next to Dennis. I could feel his hot breath in the air around me. Some of his drool got on one of Periwinkle’s plants. It was a little disgusting.

“Now,” said Janay, removing her plastic penis from Dennis’ mouth (it made a small pop), giving his head a small shove with the back of her hand, “let’s see how you’re doing.” But his penis was still limp.

“What is your DEAL?” yelled Janay. “Do I not do it for you?”

“No, you’re perfect,” Dennis whispered. “I swear.”

“Then why is your dick soft? Get it hard, Dennis, or our game is over.”

“I will,” he promised. “Mistress. Let me... let me watch you some more.”

Janay sighed, frustrated, but she took off her leather chaps, revealing black g-string underwear and an ass so perfect it looked like it had been drawn by one of those sexually frustrated Marvel comics guys. I checked it out expectantly on my LCD screen. It photographed well.

Lying on his back, Dennis massaged his knob, trying desperately to bring it back to life. Janay squatted next to him, running her riding crop delicately through Dennis’ greying chest hair.

“Dennis?” she said softly.

“Yes, mistress?”

“Do you know how much self-control it’s taking me not to use this on you?”

Dennis laughed nervously. He glanced towards me for support, but I only hovered silently behind my camera, recording it all.

“Usually, sweetie,” continued Janay, “if a man insults me, the way that you’re insulting me, right now, he pays for it. But not Dennis. No, he doesn’t like pain. But guess what? I like pain, Dennis. That’s what turns me on.”

She looked down at him for reaction, but Dennis was speechless. His penis was as limp and shriveled as a dishrag.

“Fine!” she yelled. “Be that way! I’ll give you what you want. You pathetic little *cocksucker!* Here, doggie! Open your fucking mouth. Open your mouth, you little fucking dog bastard.”

She pulled off her g-string and squatted over Dennis’ face. For a wild moment, I was sure she was going to crap on his head.

But instead, she began to urinate. It was a strong stream; a gusher. It felt like it would never end. She collected it all in a drinking glass and then handed it to Dennis with a flourish.

He swallowed as much piss as he could handle. But some ran down his face, out the sides of his mouth, finding a home in his grey-streaked goatee. A swarm of droplets empatterned Periwinkle's now-damp couch.

"Lo-ok," sung Janay, and both Dennis and I followed the point of her index finger. "It's wor-king."

Dennis' cock now stood at full attention.

"Now do it," ordered Janay. Her micturation complete, she stood up, completely naked save her stilettos, pointing the riding crop down at Dennis' face with crazed gusto. "Come, Dennis. Come now."

"I'm trying," bleated Dennis, jacking his penis miserably. He licked his moustache, in search of erstwhile drops, but already he had begun to wilt. He worked vainly for a while, but it was over, and we all knew it. He shortened his strokes, then abandoned the job altogether. Dennis lay back and closed his eyes, defeated. Janay knelt down next to his supine body; I followed suit. For a long moment, the three of us huddled there, exhausted, the slow, patient hum of my video camera the only audible sound.