

# BAD ASS FRANK'S PIMPIN' AIN'T EASY



**BY FRANK PRATHER**

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"In this, his hilarious debut, Prather pisses on everything - including the dead trees it took to produce this book. Handle with care."

-Mark Ebner, Bestselling author- Six Degrees of Paris Hilton and Hollywood, Interrupted

## SUPERIORITY COMPLEX BOOKS

Some names and identifying characteristics have been changed.

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There's no business like ho business.

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## SIX SHOWERS AWAY FROM A HUG

“Will you come to my bukkake?” asked Hailey.

My mind raced in search of a reasonable excuse to say no. I'd much rather stay home and read, or watch a movie, or yank out my fingernails with pliers, than drive way out to The Valley to watch live a porn shoot. I live on the west side of Los Angeles, near the beach and, under normal circumstances, would never have reason to get on the 405 north. In a perfect world I would drive to, but never past, the beautiful J. Paul Getty Museum. And I would never, ever, set foot in the godformotherfuckingsaken San Fernando Valley.

“The Valley”, as it's commonly known, is a giant suburb full of crappy strip malls, used car lots, meth labs and porn. At least that's how I see it. Many would argue that this is not the case. That The Valley, generally speaking, is a pretty nice area, full of commerce, family neighborhoods and spacious parks. They might also argue that the Westside of LA is overcrowded, overrated and overpriced. I would argue that those people are idiots and deserve to live in The Valley.

Before I could answer, Hailey started whining, “Pleaaaaaaase? Pretty Please? I'm so nervous. I need you there for support.” Support? What kind of support? Does one need support at a bukkake? Does one need support to perform *any* kind of sexual acts? I suppose if you have trouble getting turned on you might require support. But what am I gonna do, administer the lube? Maybe when I'm around, chicks don't need lube. Maybe I'm so sexy that my mere presence is an aphrodisiac, causing women to produce copious amounts of wetness when they catch a whiff of my pheromones. That could work out really well for me, financially speaking. I would get paid by directors to show up on porn

sets, by couples for stale marriage beds, by Catholic priests at Sunday school. I guess I'd never realized the powerful sexiness I possess. I am the Dalai Lama of physical love. My essence must cause spontaneous arousal when I enter a building.

I am rudely awakened from my musings by her whiny voice and, apparently, I'm wrong. She doesn't need me to get her in the mood. She tells me she needs moral support.

Uh, if one is doing porn they don't need moral *support*. They need morals. And their pimp, aka manager, probably doesn't have any to spare. In fact, that particular person is probably sporting a sizable deficit in the morality department. That person, by the way, is me.

I doubted that she required any kind of support. Hailey, like all girls in the industry, required attention. Low self esteem was rampant amongst adult actresses and attention was a temporary panacea. The only time they felt good about themselves was on set, surrounded by false adulation, or when a particular guy that they liked was focused on them. It didn't matter if that guy was a father figure, a boyfriend, or someone in a position of authority, and it definitely didn't matter if he was giving her positive attention. He could be serenading her, fucking her, or screaming at her in a fit of rage. It just mattered that he was aware she existed. Across the board, girls who do porn suffer from a complete lack of self worth and need to be acknowledged, even if in the most unhealthy ways.

Booking a scene that was massive in scale, compared to the norm, didn't sufficiently appease Hailey's need for validation. She required me to come along and pay attention to her as well. I suppose it also made her feel like a real movie star, to have her representation on set. And, in as much as I hated the idea of spending my evening watching her shoot, I acquiesced. Simply put, I had no other choice. For all intents and purposes, Hailey *was* a star, at least in my agency. She was the number one model, the

primary earner, the poontang that paid the bills. For this reason, I swallowed my disdain for the valley and answered, “Of course. It’ll be fun.”

Because nothing screams fun like a Tuesday night bukkake.

Truth be told, I wasn’t sure exactly what “bukake” meant. Granted, I’d been involved in the industry for a few months, and was learning the ropes, but I still hadn’t grasped all the terminology, types of shoots, etc. The girls told me their limitations meaning, what types of scenes they would and would not do, and I booked them. It wasn’t necessary to ask for details, nor did I really want them.

See, I’d never really been a fan of porn. It weirded me out a little. Many of my friends could tell you the circumference of a given actresses asshole. I, on the other hand, couldn’t even name an adult actress, much less tell you if she had an unusually large labia, or if she could squirt ten feet. The only porn I’d seen in my adult life was on a few old VHS tapes, and one pay website to which I had free access. The old tapes were of a middle-aged fat guy having sex with young industry newbies performing in their first scene. The website, on the other hand, had a reality theme, featuring a younger guy picking up MILFS and bedding them in his apartment. I could never figure out where he found so many hot, horny, slutty young moms with big racks. I must live in the wrong city.

If I’d been ambivalent before, then now I was completely uninterested in porn. For one, I had porn stars staying in my apartment on a regular basis. Once you’ve seen a hot, up-and-coming sex symbol wake up with bed head, day old makeup, and eye boogers, she loses some of her allure. Plus, you tend to want to distance yourself from anything you consider work. Porn was my job. I do not now, nor have I ever, had a strong

desire to think about work, talk about work, or go to work. As I have with every career, I half-assed my job as talent manager, choosing not to learn about details that, to me, didn't seem pertinent. I knew the things that were directly related to collecting my fee. So, when I agreed to attend Hailey's bukkake, I didn't realize what I was getting myself into. As I would come to discover, the experience was not worth the price that *I* was paid for admission.

Most porn is shot in rented locations, such as a luxurious home that's contracted out regularly as a "shoot house", or a warehouse that's been converted into a variety of smaller sets. This particular scene took place in an actual warehouse, because of the large number of people involved. Plus, there was no storyline that would necessitate a specific type of background. Bare walls and a cement floor would be more than sufficient for a bukkake.

The shoot was scheduled for eight so I arrived around seven-thirty, and the lot was already packed with people. Because the building was an industrial warehouse, parking was limited. Only the crew and the female talent were allotted a space. I, with my bloated feelings of self-importance, pulled right up to the door. No way was I going to spend my evening at a porn shoot, in *The Valley*, and have to park five blocks away. Nor did I need to. The fact is, I was a kind of celebrity to this crowd. In addition to receiving a great deal of porn publicity for the launch of my agency, I had some mainstream fame because of my popularity on the internet. Most of the people in porn desperately want mainstream notoriety, and I had it. Although some of the more jealous folk ignored me, many went out of their way to buddy up. So when I parked in the most prominent space, nobody seemed to mind. Quite the contrary, you'd have thought Tom Cruise had just been dropped off by a stretch Bentley, instead of Bad Ass Frank hopping out of an old

Mazda. It was all I could do to get through the crowd amidst the greetings and back-slaps. For a moment, my ego and I were glad we came---but just for a moment.

When I walked inside, Hailey immediately ran up and hugged me. Dramatically she says, “Thank god you’re here. I couldn’t have done this without you.”

*\*BUKKAKE\**

According to reference.com, a *bukkake* is defined as “a group sex practice that features a man or a woman being ejaculated on by multiple men or women.” It is the noun form of the Japanese verb *bukkakeru* which means simply “splash”. In English it typically means, “a girl getting jizzed on by as many loser guys as we can get to show up.” See also:

*Reverse Bukkake*

It still hadn’t dawned on me what I was going to witness. I understood that a number of guys were going to ejaculate on Hailey. Perhaps I couldn’t get my mind around what that really meant. Perhaps I was trying to protect my fragile psyche from the images that bombarded it. Luckily, I ended up having work to do, and that distracted me for the next hour.

All performers in an adult movie, known as “talent”, are required to have an industry standard medical test, confirming that they are free of HIV and a few other STD’s. These are mandatory and no company will shoot you without a current test, meaning one taken within the last thirty days. A certified copy is given to the performer by the clinic that administers the test, Adult Industry Medical or, AIM. In addition to the director or production manager checking the talent’s test, it’s common to show yours to your scene partner. This is for everyone’s peace of mind and the *illusion* of safety.

In a bukkake scene, each and every male participant has to fill out a model release form and provide a current AIM test. Along with this, two forms of identification are required in order to confirm their age and that they match up with their clean STD paperwork. Hailey, not normally the most responsible girl when it came to this, asked me to personally check each and every AIM test as the guys signed in. It was bad enough that I had to actually be present for this nightmare, but now I had to meet and greet every schlep that had a hundred bucks for a test and a desire to jack off on a porn star. Much like attending the shoot in the first place, saying no to my starlet wasn't an option. I checked each test along with the driver's license and social security card of what seemed to be every deviant in the greater Los Angeles area. Realizing that the line of guys stretched out to the parking lot, I asked the production manager where they found all of this male talent.

“Some of the guys are blow-bang guys (see *Male Talent*), but the rest are from a posting on Craigslist,” he said.

Craigslist? Fucking *Craigslist*? You can post an ad on Craigslist for guys who want to jerk off on a stranger? Maybe I'm conservative, or prudish, or not scarred from being touched as a child, but is this a common male fantasy? Or is it that some guys can't ever get alone in a room with a real girl, particularly an attractive one? I'm flabbergasted that you can find one guy who lacks enough in the shame department to do this, but they found *fifty*! Fifty horny, seedy, shameless men who are willing to masturbate and ejaculate on a girl while the rest of the group watches. I don't even like to walk around naked when I'm alone, much less whack it with the masses. Hell, to this day I feel a little of that adolescent embarrassment after I've rubbed one out. These people can't be normal.

I'm looking at these guys now like they're aliens. None of them take any notice of me. They're far too excited, like kids waiting in line for a ride at Disneyland. Many are laughing and joking with each other like they're old pals. I wonder if any conversations spark up.

"Hey man, is this your first time?"

"Nah, I've been to a million of these. You?"

"First time. I'm nervous as hell"

"Don't be, it's fun. If nobody is looking you can touch her tits."

"No way!"

"Yep. Last time I touched her butt too. And then when I came, some of it went up her nose. It's totally awesome!"

A few, however, look like they could whip out an automatic weapon and open fire on a schoolyard with little provocation. Stoic and creepy, those guys hand me their tests and ID's as if being inducted into the military against their will. Maybe they have on their bukkake game faces. Eventually I stop making eye contact with any of them, glancing up just long enough to make sure the face on the driver's license matches the one on the sex offender handing it to me. At one point I'm given an expired AIM test. I double check the date and confirm that it's over six months old.

The guy that hands it to me looks like the stereotypical flasher you see in movies. Short, fat and almost bald, he's wearing an out of date beige trench coat, a stained t-shirt, and cheap slacks. I start to think this might be a joke then realize he's got psychiatric problems. Great, not only do I have to check in a bunch of porn perverts but now I'm stuck dealing with a ward of the state mental health department. Who the fuck would let these people in their porn movie? *Who the fuck would let these people cum on their face?*

"Sir, your AIM test expired six months ago," I say softly.

For some reason, I don't want to embarrass him, as if we're in a fine dining establishment and his credit card was just declined. I'll let him off the hook by saying, "AIM must have a glitch in their system, it happens all the time. Perhaps you'd like to use another test?"

His response brings me to my senses. "That's impossible. I just got this test. The date must be wrong. I paid for this test. It's my test. See, it's clean. This test is fine. When was the test? I have to take more than one test? This cost me a hundred dollars! What? Why can't I do this?"

I just stare back blankly. Everyone else is standing around looking nervous.

"Sir," I explain calmly, "Your test is expired so you can't participate. Get a new test and come to the next one."

I can't bring myself to say "the next bukkake". I have not seen the bukkake yet but I already understand that they must be outlawed. Under no circumstances, in civilized society, should there be a "next bukkake."

Extremely agitated, he starts talking to himself and wanders off back down the hall. Later, I see him near the front door, pacing back and forth mumbling. For the rest of the evening, I'm fully prepared to be gunned down by a horny, disgruntled maniac.

After two hours of meet, greet and show me your papers with the dregs of society, I feel like I've entered the seventh circle of hell. Little did I know, this wasn't even the first circle of hell, it was more like the walkway leading to the gate that led to the circles of hell. The last pathetic, sex starved outcast is signed in and the production manager, or PM, starts herding them into the warehouse. Hailey is still in makeup so I go to check on her. I'm in awe at her relaxed state and wonder how she can be so calm when she's about to enter the perfect sperm storm. (It would be a year before I discovered that she ate Xanax like they were Tic Tacs.) But she's not only calm, she's pleased at her appearance

and enthusiastic about her upcoming scene. I, on the other hand, have anxiety that may very well kill me on the spot.

If only I'd been so lucky.

Hailey completes her preparatory hair and make-up. She appears ready to don an evening gown and head to a formal ball. At her request, I escort her "for protection". I'm not sure what I'm protecting her from. Sexual harassment maybe? Wouldn't want the guys making inappropriate comments before they blow a load on her forehead.

We walk into the warehouse area and the director is standing on a picnic table bench. Fifty men are gathered around him and all heads turn when Hailey enters the room. It's like a giant pack of dirty hyenas that have just caught a whiff of gazelle blood. This feels like the moment before they attack. My first instinct is to grab the girl and run, but before I can act she throws her hands up in the air and let's out a giant "Hell Yeah!" and the crowd goes wild. Hailey lurches forward and is swallowed up by the guys, while I stand back, petrified. I'm not scared of the people, but of the situation. The whole thing just doesn't seem right. Should I be here? Should *she* be here? It appears that I'm the only one with an issue. The crew, the guys, and the girl are all overwhelmed with excitement. I slowly back up til I'm at the furthest reaches of the warehouse, against a wall. This is where I remain for most of the next hour, while the director briefs everyone on how the scene will go down.

"Hailey is going to start off standing here on this bench," he shouts, "You're all going to circle her in an orderly fashion til I yell cut. Then, we'll have her lay down and you'll start circling again. At this point, whenever you're ready, go up and drop your load on her face. Try to give each other some room and not too many of you crowd in at the same time. You are NOT to try to finger her or go near her pussy in any way. She's not going to blow you or help you jerk off. That means, if you're not ready to pop, don't go

up to her yet. Once you've blown your load, immediately head back to the PM and he'll give you an envelope with a hundred bucks. If you don't cum, you don't get the money. No pop, no pay. Now get naked and be ready. We've got fifty loads to shoot."

I can't determine if that statement means he's got to film fifty loads, or if he's trying to rally the troops.

"C'mon boys, we've got fifty loads to shoot. Jerk em if you got em!"

For the next ten minutes I watch a room full of men, strangers to me and each other, undress and start masturbating. Some of them stay back in the shadows, seeking privacy in an attempt to get an erection. Others walk to the center of the room, either to get a better view of Hailey or because they're exhibitionists. I can't decide whether to laugh, cry, or both. To make matters infinitely worse, many of the guys know who I am and attempt to engage me in conversation.

One skinny, pasty white kid who looked a little like Napoleon Dynamite, walked over toward me. At about ten feet away he spit into his palm and started masturbating, never breaking eye contact. I held up my hand to stop him from advancing, and shook my head. Don't even think about it motherfucker. I'll kick you directly in your dickhole with these steel-toed Doc Martens. He faltered for a moment, looking confused. Then he just shrugged, turned around and walked back toward the bench and the girl.

Another guy, huge and black, with an erection that looked like the world's largest HoHo, shouted at me from across the room, "Yo, Bad Ass! What up nigga?" I just smiled at him with tightly closed lips, fearful that if I opened my mouth he might spew twenty yards and right onto my tongue.

Finally, the director called the guys to action, and they crowded in toward Hailey. Fifty naked men, ranging in age from twenty to sixty, all pushing and shoving each other to get near one girl. Some of their penises were completely flaccid, while others sported

raging hard-ons. None seemed to pay any mind to the others, even when their leg was poked by someone else's protruding boner. It was perhaps the most disturbing sight I'd ever seen.

Because all of the men were trying to get close to Hailey, the PM had to keep screaming for them to spread out. Problem was, nobody wanted to be on the outside of the circle. I think a few of them suddenly realized that this wasn't as sexy as they thought it would be. When they showed up they had visions of a hot young porn starlet who would pose while they masturbated and maybe, just maybe, she'd get so turned on that she'd suddenly burst out with a, "Fuck me!", and they'd be all up in her love muffin. The reality that they were in a cold warehouse, with forty-nine other naked cocks between them and the only pussy in the room, was a harsh wake up call. Finally, the crew had to actually wade into the crowd and separate the guys into a manageable circle. Then, after a few false starts, they got the guys moving in an orderly fashion around Hailey.

It was then that I noticed the smell. Fifty naked men in a room, hormones raging, are enough to cause a strange scent. Top that off with the ones who have horrific body odor and a few that don't wash their dirty asses. You've got a recipe for aroma warfare. I become more nauseated with every breath and think how nice it would be to snort Febreze, straight from the bottle.

For the next five minutes, I watched in horror as a platoon of grown men shuffled around in a circle and masturbated. The ones on the inside seemed content, eyes fixated on a supine Hailey, who just grinned and shouted random dirty talk.

"Who's gonna cum on my face?"

"Somebody better give me a load soon!"

"I want some cum you fucking pussies!"

I noticed that, as she spoke, many of the men appeared to get more turned on, and began stroking themselves faster. Fascinated and disgusted at the same time, I could not look away. Every moment I discovered something new, like how many different shapes, sizes and colors a penis can come in. Each of the men had a different masturbatory technique. Some worked it fast, some slow. Some used loose grips, some tight. Some stroked the bottom, some just the head, and some the entire length. I was now privy to information about strangers that never, under any circumstances, should I have access to. And, as much as this pained me on both a psychological and emotional level, I could not turn away.

Imagine that you're a spectator on the ground, watching the Hindenburg take its maiden flight. Suddenly, you see a tiny flame spark up and, although no one else notices, you instantly understand the ramifications. The synapses in your brain fire the message so rapidly that you experience a brief moment of dizziness, realizing that it's about to explode. That's how I felt when the first guy stepped in to blow his load.

A thirty something black guy stepped out of the circle and walked up to Hailey. Positioning himself next to her head, his penis hovering above her face, he jerked two quick jerks and glooped all over her cheek. For a second he remained motionless, frozen in place. Then he shook a drop of semen off of his penis, turned and pushed his way through the crowd.

The dirigible went up in flames. Oh, the humanity.

Two guys suddenly burst out of the group and simultaneously sprayed her down. Just as they finished another guy rolled over and let loose. Then three more jumped in to spread their love. At one point so many guys tried to crowd in together that they ended up splashing jizz all over each other. It was as if seeing other guys ejaculate made each one get the urge to ejaculate. Like when someone pukes, it sets off a chain reaction, causing

everyone nearby to start puking in random order. The only difference was that these guys weren't puking, they were cumming. The only one who felt like puking was me.

I could not turn away.

It was the most disgusting thing I'd ever witnessed in my life, yet I was compelled to watch. I couldn't decide what was more disturbing—that a girl would allow all of these men to ejaculate on her face, or that all of these men would gather together, simply to ejaculate on a girl's face. Suddenly it occurred to me that thousands of men would pay their hard earned dollars for a *video* of this spectacle. They'd either go to a store and purchase it, or order it on the internet, and anxiously await its arrival. Once they had it in hand, they'd find a private place, pop it into the DVD player, take down their pants and masturbate while watching fifty other men masturbate onto one girl. I now understood what was most disturbing about this shoot.

Everything.

Eventually, most of the guys had finished their business, received their payment and slithered off into the night. There were a few stragglers who couldn't seem to finish the job, but the director had patience. Maybe five guys stood around Hailey, staring down at her jerking off and hoping to be able to produce a load. Their manhood was at stake.

Hailey's face is covered from her hairline down to her neck, in so much semen that she looked like a double glazed donut. Her eyes are shut tight but she's smiling, not a care in the world. In an effort to assist the remaining sperm donors, she's not only talking dirty but reaching out and touching their legs. This helps all but one guy, who remains alone, determined to prove he's a stud. Eventually, he groaned and let out two little spurts, not enough to fill a thimble, which barely register to the naked eye. Then, he

puffed out his chest like the man he proved he was, and walked off to collect his pay. A few of the blow-bang guys were still milling about and, before the director could yell cut, one of them ran over to him and whispered something. The director smiled and nodded. The guy walked over to Hailey and whispered in her ear, eliciting a smile and a nod from her as well. He ran off into the office, returning moments later with something in his hand. As the director moved in close with the camera, I suddenly realized what the guy had....

A spoon.

Immediately my eyes started to water and I gagged a little. To make matters worse, the director turns to me and says, “Hey Frank, wanna drop the last load?” and laughs. I imagine the look on my face was akin to the look I might have had he asked if I wanted to have a threesome with my mom and my sister. Horror.

Turning their attention away from me, the director gave the nod and the guy began to scrape splooge up with the spoon. Once he had it full he said to Hailey, “Open up for your treat.” She opened her mouth up wide, like a little kid playing airplane at dinner time. He held the spoon about six inches above her and proceeded to drizzle the first of many spoonfuls of semen, fresh out of fifty penises, into her hungry mouth.

This was the first shoot I’d ever attended.

## CAA TO PSK

I'm gonna be so rich, and so famous, that all of the people who are rich and famous will wish they were as rich and famous as me.

It's a few weeks before the bukkake horror, and I'm sitting in the lobby of Creative Artists Agency in Beverly Hills, *Curb Your Enthusiasm* spec in hand. CAA, as it's commonly known, is the largest talent agency in Hollywood, representing huge stars like Tom Cruise, Tom Hanks, Brad Pitt, Jim Carrey, Steven Spielberg and Ron Howard. The same people who rep the director of E.T. have interest in me, a guy who generated his limited fame via a blog about an explosive diarrhea incident. *I am a bad motherfucker*. My musings are interrupted as Sean Connery sits down next to me and nods. I'm on the verge of a career as a television comedy writer.

See, in the past few years I'd gotten divorced, quit my job in software sales, and started pursuing a career in entertainment. I'd worked my way through attempts at acting, at which I sucked, film making, at which I sucked slightly less, and writing, at which I was pretty fucking good. I'd never really considered writing as a career until my friend, a successful television writer herself, read one of my short scripts and thought it was brilliant. She convinced me to refine my work, write a spec, and seek employment. Her enthusiasm galvanized me, and the fact that she'd virtually promised to get me a job didn't hurt either. Inconveniently, she died before I finished my spec. People in Hollywood are so unreliable.

Luckily, I had another contact in the form of a development executive at Comedy Central. After reading the script, my first, she was so impressed that she had it couriered to a number of big agencies. Hours later, she took me out for dinner, drinks, and anal sex.

It was a funny spec, although I didn't think it was anal-on-a-first-date funny. But what the fuck do I know, I'm about to end up in porn.

The literary agent at CAA retrieves me from my seat next to Mr. Connery and takes me to Starbucks for our meeting. He buys the coffee, a strong indication that I'm going to make millions. You don't invest an entire venti, non-fat, vanilla latte in just anyone.

He proceeds to tell me that he loves the spec, and he's willing to help me secure a job (Of course he is, I'm brilliant.). This gets me psyched because I'm clearly going to be a famous writer in a matter of days. The next thing he tells me is that I have to write another spec, some jokes, a sample top ten list (a la Letterman) and then another spec. With these in hand he can try to find me work. I have about four dollars in my pocket which, combined with my checking account balance, adds up to about four dollars. This motherfucker must be retarded. I need to get paid *now*. Otherwise I'm going to be relegated to *working* at Starbucks, as opposed to taking meetings there. At this point I'm ready to rob old ladies, stick up banks, or open an Ebay store and sell all of my shit, none of which are palatable options.

I calmly explain to him that I have taken the last year off of work to pursue a career in writing. And by "pursue a career in writing", I mean, "binge drink and bang girls I met on the internet". I need him to understand that my version of the creative process is both emotionally and financially exhausting. The two dollar wine from Trader Joe's neither pays for itself nor drinks itself, so I was forced to do both. It also doesn't accept the responsibility of the hangover. When I've committed to a night of creative brainstorming (binge drinking), I also have to give up the entire next day to recovery (And piece together the events of the previous evenings blackout. I texted *who?* Fuck!). On top of all that, in my bed I have a virtual stranger that I'm confident I had sex with,

and she's got to be made to understand that I need a Big Mac meal and a blow job before she goes home, which should be immediately after the blow job but before I eat the tasty McDonald's (Your spoooge breath is making me nauseous). This was no time for worrying about incidentals like "generating income" or "my future". So if this so-called "agent" could be a bit more sensitive to my position, I'd be happy to accept a writing gig that simply allowed me to maintain my current lifestyle, while he figures out how to turn me into Bruce Valanch, only not fat, gay, or bearded. I look stupid with a beard (Note: Everyone looks stupid with a beard except Santa Claus).

Jump ahead a few weeks and I'm at Porn Star Karaoke (aka PSK), in the valley, making out with a 20 year old porn star---and her friend.

PSK, as it's known to regulars, started a few years when a couple of porn stars, after some tough days at their orifice, decided to go out for a Tuesday night of fun, drinks, and horrible singing (Blowing three guys simultaneously doesn't qualify as a vocal warm up). They had such a good time that they decided to go back the following week, and again the week after that. Each time they brought in a few more friends and, before you know it more pornstars, some directors, and some fans (creepy masturbators), caught on and started attending as well. The word spread like herpes and, before you know it, they had a phenomenon on their hands. It would later become the longest running adult industry event in history, other than the aforementioned herpes.

I was introduced to PSK through some friends on the internet. Widely known for getting ridiculously drunk and banging lots of girls, someone inexplicably thought I might fit in there and emailed me to say that very thing. Always game to explore new places where I might get inebriated, particularly if the locale held the promise of slutty chicks, I decided that I should check it out. The following week I gathered a few of my lady friends and off we went to Sardo's Bar and Grill in Burbank. It would be the first of

many life altering decisions leading me down a road of questionable morality and more anal sex than one man can handle (Please note that I mean giving and not receiving. I can handle nothing more than a tiny girl finger).

Porn Star Karaoke can be summed up in three words, “porn. star. karaoke.” It consisted of what you might think of when I say those words which was, girls who have sex on camera, for money, and people singing poorly. Now, those two things separately are vastly entertaining but combined, they’re like firecrackers and kitty cats (smoking pussy?)---good times. Incorporate my other favorite activity, binge drinking, and you had recipe for cooking me up every Tuesday night. And cooked I got.

The first time we went there I was a little apprehensive. Suffering from a touch of social anxiety, I usually felt that way when I went to a new bar. Often, I would sit quietly and speak only to my friends, never drawing attention to myself or interacting with strangers. This was no different. But I immediately began the process of overcoming my nerves by beating them to death with copious amounts of alcohol. It worked like a charm. Within an hour I’d had a number of beers and a few shots to boot. The liquid courage, combined with being recognized from my blogging “fame”, suddenly turned me into the confident stud that I was. Before you could say “cum on my face”, I was chatting up various young porn starlets, drinking two-fer-one shots purchased by my new friends, and making out with every girl within lip distance. Surprising how my interaction with porn chicks was almost identical to my interaction with “civilian” chicks. These girls were just that, girls. I’m not sure what I’d been expecting but surely it wasn’t that they’d be so- - - normal. The determination that these girls were “normal” was a very, very grave error in judgment.

My friends and I went back every Tuesday night after that. We were quickly branded as regulars and accepted by the PSK “club” as one of their own, in spite of our

technically civilian status. I began inviting everyone I knew to come and join us for the raucous fun, and they came in droves. People love karaoke and the promise of seeing a young pornstar butcher Bon Jovi's 'Livin' On A Prayer' is simply too tempting to pass up. The group of us would spend the evening slamming shots, singing, and generally having a great time.

At some point, one of the pornstar girls I'd met came over, sat on my lap, and immediately started making out with me. This was nothing new, or shocking, as I had tendency to make out with almost every chick in the bar at any given moment. I may have been embarrassed about it, had I ever remembered doing it. Typically the only evidence that it had happened was captured by my digital camera. I can't tell you how many mornings I woke up, flipped through the images on my little camera, and saw myself doing all manner of things that I did not recall. Ah, the beauty of being a blackout drunk. Good times.

Anyway, the girl is sitting on my lap, slobbering me down, and we stop for a moment. She gets a very serious look on her face and says, "You should be male talent", meaning a male porn performer. Instead of laughing it off, as sober Frank might have done, I simply said, "You're fucking retarded." Although this was a true statement, she was too retarded to realize it and assumed that I was kidding, so she laughed and said, "No seriously, you're hot and every girl would love to work with you. Hell, I want to fuck you right now. I'll pay *you!*" My ego was already too inflated for this compliment to even register.

I replied, and by "replied" I mean slurred, "First off, I'll never appear on camera having sex. I'm a fucking comedy writer for chrissakes. Secondly, even if I wasn't, by dick is too small."

She suddenly got very serious and was determined that I was going to do porn. “There are plenty of guys in the business with average cocks. You’re too hot for it to matter. Do your first scene with me. Pleaaaaase.”

Clearly this bitch was dumber than I’d thought. Even drunk I knew this was a bad idea. I’ll never do porn. Not because my dick is small, or because I’m too self conscious, or because I’m embarrassed. Granted, all of those things are true, but they’ve never stopped me from doing anything before, so they certainly wouldn’t prevent me from slinging semen on camera if I so chose. I would never do it because I knew I’d never recover from it, professionally speaking. Given the fact that I was a binge drinking alcoholic, known for fucking hundreds of women I’d met online, writing about my escapades in blogs, and talking mad shit about any and everything that came into my path, I knew I was mostly Teflon. Anything I did in life was going to be forgiven, because I’m Bad Ass Frank and I do whatever the fuck I want. But you can’t wash off porn, at least not having performed in it. For reasons I could not yet explain, I knew it was even worse for a guy. Being a male pornstar is the end of the road for any entertainment career.

Eventually my lady friend gave up trying to convince me to bang her on camera and said she’d be satisfied if I fucked her that night in private. I tried to talk her out of it, saying that I was wasted, tired, and had a small penis. She wasn’t having my excuses, so I finally agreed that we’d go home together. I couldn’t even remember her name. This shut her up about me doing porn but she wasn’t done yet. She had another amazing idea for me, something that would be a perfect fit.

I should start a porn agency.

I came to from my drunken blackout around 3am with a naked girl on top of me slurring the words, “I’m cumming! I’m cumming! I’m cumming!”, and I immediately

had an asthma attack which does not, for your information, feel like an orgasm, nor does it ever lead to an orgasm, unless you're one of those weird asphyxiation freaks. And David Carradine I'm not. So after she finished *her* marathon orgasm, I wheezed, "Need to go to a drugstore."

Because I rarely had asthma, I didn't carry an inhaler, and I was in desperate need of oxygen. I had one at home, but I was not at my home. The home I was in, however, was hers, and appeared to be shared with enough pets to warrant a call to Animal Precinct. My critter count may have been off, as some of the piles of pet hair were misleadingly large.

"What's your cat's name?"

"What cat?"

"That white one on the chair."

"There's no cat on that chair."

This chick clearly doesn't own a vacuum cleaner, or a lint brush, or any standards when it comes to living conditions. Because of my germ phobia, and allergies to everything from cigarette smoke, to animals, to fat girls, I kept my apartment spotless (and fatless). A place like this almost instantly constricted my bronchial tubes and made me feel like I was being smothered with a pillow. Primatene Mist doesn't work when a psycho girlfriend is smothering you with a pillow, just fyi. So, in the middle of the night, I made the girl drive all around Pasadena looking for a twenty-four hour drugstore. While she was driving, bits and pieces of the evening came back to me and I realized that I'd been slated to go home with an entirely different chick.

I'd been sitting near the stage, making out with the starlet who'd suggested that I do porn, or at least start an agency and represent people who did. The girl who was currently driving me in search of a breathing apparatus had come up and tried to get in on

the action. An argument ensued between the two and, trying to remain Switzerlandishly neutral, I stayed silently slumped over in a state of drunken semi-consciousness. The argument continued from inside the venue all the way to the parking lot where the young ladies came close to having a fist fight over who was going to be fucking me, as opposed to a fuck fight over who was going to be fisting me, thank god. I have a vague recollection of being propped up against something whilst this heated debate took place. I recall exactly nothing after that until I “woke up” in the eight by twelve allergen chamber that this chick called a bedroom.

We eventually found a drugstore, got me breathing again, and headed back to her house where I promptly passed out. A few hours later I woke up in desperate need of a shower, a toothbrush, and to be anywhere but this home for dirty stray animals.

After I got home and slept for a good ten hours, I started thinking about what the porn chick had been saying. An adult agency wasn't something I'd ever considered before, although I was loosely aware that they existed. I'd had a mainstream agent for acting so I understood how the business worked, or so I thought. In an effort to get a grasp on what being a porn agent was all about, I called up another sex star I'd met to fill me in on the details. Tricia, her stage name of course, explained to me that she had an agent who helped her find work, and took a percentage of her pay as a commission. So far this sounded just like my mainstream agency, only these girls actually got work and made money, unlike most “real” actors. Then she said that her agent also got a kickback of one hundred dollars from the company that booked her, commonly called an “agency fee”. This sounded shady to me, but apparently all the agents did it.

“So, your agent books you a scene, invoices the company a hundred bucks, then gets a percentage from you as well?” I ask.

“Yep, but even if I book the scene myself, the agent wants their percentage and an agency fee,” she tells me.

Now I’m confused. The agent, whether or not they have anything to do with the booking, wants a cut of her take and a spiff from the company that shoots her? Do no work and double dip the money? Is this what she’s telling me? Yes, it turns out that is exactly what she’s telling me. And, to make matters worse (You’re in porn, can it get worse?), her agent doesn’t even *try* to get her work. She suddenly gets curious and asks me why I want all of this information.

“I met a girl last night who suggested I start an agency. Not really sure it’s for me but...”

“I want you to be my agent,” she exclaims.

And just like that, I’m porn agent.

## A FUCKING FOUNDATION

When I made the actual decision to start an agency, I deemed myself an *adult talent manager*, not a porn agent. There were a number of reasons for this, the most important being that it sounded infinitely less skeezy. Since I didn't consider myself a lowly "porn person", I needed to maintain a certain level of non-skeeziness. Good job on that you pimp/whore.

Secondly, I planned to offer more services than a standard agent in the adult industry. I was going to help my girls build their careers in a professional manner by getting them publicity, mainstream appearances, and Roth IRA's. Other agents in the business seemed to care about nothing but making as much money off of the girls as possible in the shortest period of time. I, on the other hand, was going to help them build career longevity, so that they could progress from barely legal schoolgirls to proud MILFS, gathering fame, fortune and the minimum of yeast infections along the way! In order to get started, I needed a little more than one girl and a handful of delusions. I needed a number of girls, a contact list of directors, and two handfuls of delusions. Resourceful fella that I am, all three of the necessary items were easily acquired.

The first step, finding girls, was as easy as, well, finding girls. I went to the one place I'd had success in searching for them in my personal life, the internet. With little effort I located the Myspace pages or websites of a number of pornstars including Violet Blue, winner of the AVN award for Best New Starlet a few years before. Assuming this was the equivalent of an Oscar, or at least a daytime Emmy, I figured I'd make bank if I signed her to my client list. Little did I know that after a couple of years of working in porn jobs were few and far between, the exact opposite of mainstream acting. So I emailed Violet saying that I had a new agency and wanted to represent her. I repeated this

with every adult actress I could find who had a recognizable name or who appeared to have an extensive resume. Basically I tried to solicit every shot out girl in the business.

How the fuck was I supposed to know that porn was the exact opposite of mainstream entertainment? In mainstream, a body of work and a “name” meant that you were likely a sought after actress. In porn, it meant everybody had already fucked you and you’d either retired or moved on to escorting. (FYI, “escorting” is prostitution, to those who aren’t trying to delude themselves about being a professional whore.) Most girls work every day for three to six months, then it trickles down to nothing over the next six to twelve months. Granted, some rare girls continue to work regularly but most are relegated to a few shoots per month and “privates” (aka escorting). The big commodity in this business is brand new girls. I wouldn’t know how to find a brand new girl if she was licking my balls. So I launched the agency with one low level girl who had only been working a few months and a couple of has-beens who couldn’t get themselves jizzed on at a bukkake.

To make matters worse, all of the girls were also represented by other agents. Some by multiple other agents. When a porn girls’ career is gasping its’ last desperate breath, they often worked with as many agents as possible in order to maximize their chances of getting a gig. Not only were my girls not going to get any work, they had five other agents that directors already knew also trying to book them.

Clearly, I was going to be a huge success.

Now that I was fully stocked with un-bookable girls, I needed a contact list. Without that, I had no one to solicit to not book the old, washed up porn talent I was representing. The girls had a couple of contacts they gave me but most of them were worthless. At one point, I got so desperate for information that I actually emailed a few agencies under the pretense of trying to book talent for a shoot. I asked a number of

random questions and, in the middle of them, inserted, “If I’m a new producer, how can I find out what companies I might get to distribute my product?” Not a single one of those fuckers replied but a few of them added me to their contact list, and sent me emails whenever they signed a new girl. This was standard procedure to announce newly acquired talent that you wanted directors to book. One day I got an email from one of the smaller agents telling me that she’d found a new young actress. What struck me wasn’t the talent, and her proclivity for anal sex, but my email address. It was wedged in amongst around forty other emails. The dumb ass agent had forgotten to blind copy everyone. Suddenly I had my first contact list.

The final piece to my puzzle would, like my talent roster and my contact list, be something I had to continue to grow over time in order to be successful as a porn agent. I needed my delusions. I needed to believe it was a normal business. I needed to believe all the girls weren’t damaged. I needed to believe that all the men weren’t misogynists. I needed to believe it wouldn’t eat my soul, make me insane, and almost ruin my life.

Check, check and check. Let's do this thing. Bad Ass Models was born.

I’d toyed with the idea of inventing a porn style stage name like everyone else in the business. They offer up a variety of reasons (excuses) for doing this, but the truth is that most are trying to create one or more degrees of separation between their real name and porn. Everyone in the industry talks big about how cool it is, and how they’re proud to be part of it, and how they’ll never quit, but deep down they know that every word is bullshit. If the day comes that they have to return to the real world, they don’t want people to Google them and figure out that they were a dirty, disgusting pornographer.

I, on the other hand, own all of my decisions, good and bad. So the nickname given to me by a friend, Bad Ass Frank, was going with me into the biz and everything I did was going to be branded that way. If I’m Bad Ass, so shall my agency be. For press

and publicity I even used my real last name. The truth is, even when I make stupid decisions, I still know who I am and refuse to be anything else. Another reason I felt myself to be better than the rest of the lowly porn world, even as I descended into the center of it. Even my idiocy is a calculated decision.

Bad Ass Models or BAM, as I liked to call it, floundered on for almost a year, making me a few dollars here and there, getting me laid every so often, and generally being a pain in my ass. At that time I was living in a small, one bedroom apartment in Santa Monica, driving a beater car, and struggling to make my minimum credit card payments. Then one day my phone rings and on the other end, Hailey Young, the girl who would become the foundation for my success.

A week after the initial phone call, Hailey arrives in California and single handedly (single vaginally?) makes my business viable. I chauffer her from LAX to my tiny apartment in a 1988 Mazda 323 with no ac, no radio, no floor mats and the cloying smell of motor oil. I'm clearly not one of those ostentatious pimps. This questionable first impression is not enough to deter my new soon-to-be star, who inexplicably commits herself to me and my agency for the duration of my career. At that point I should have questioned her sanity but why look a gift ho in the mouth.

Her first week in town I made more money than I had in any *month* since I'd been in business. Hailey had some contacts but, even better, she understood the business far more than I did. She'd been with two other agents before me, one in Florida and one in LA. She had learned a great deal from them and I intended to steal every one of those secrets, improve on them, and make shitloads of money.

Hailey had no limitations other than anal. She would fuck anything, suck anything, swallow anything, and do these things with any number of people, regardless of age, race, or gender. She just wouldn't put anything in her butt. Because she was

relatively new to the LA scene, was open to anything, and looked like she was nineteen, work was plentiful. And when she worked, the directors loved her. She performed like she was a starving Ethiopian and cock was pork tenderloin. Incidentally, many of the cocks in porn are the same size as a pork tenderloin.

I was having a great time. Finally, after a year, I had a star to really get my agency started. She was working constantly and when she wasn't we were hanging out. That wouldn't be very interesting other than the fact that she was the first girl I'd hung out with in years that I didn't fuck. Ironic that she fucked for a living yet we had a strictly platonic relationship.

Since my apartment was so small, she often slept in my bed with me instead of on the sofa. Still, nothing ever happened between us. We quickly developed what amounted to a co-dependent relationship. I needed a bottom bitch, as the pimps call them. Someone who could keep me in food and shelter with her vaginal value. She needed someone who understood her, was patient, and paid her the same amount of attention typically reserved for a classroom full of small children. As I'd spent the previous three years exclusively with chicks, it wasn't that difficult for me to do. The major difference between her and the girls I'd been dating was that I *needed* Hailey. I could get pussy on my own, but I couldn't make money without hers. We were a match made in heaven.

My new ATM machine came to Los Angeles for work every month for one to two weeks. When she was in town, I earned the bulk of my money for the month. When she wasn't I spent my time trying to figure out how to book any of the other girls I represented, often unsuccessfully. Hailey, however, came with a few other tricks up her sleeve. For one, she was a master at recruiting new talent for me. Sort of a female version of a wingman.

I was decidedly terrible at finding new girls. I was lazy, which certainly didn't help. But I also had a weird aversion to soliciting girls for my agency unless they were already in the business. Something inside me found it distasteful and skeezy to find girls and talk them into porn. In fact, the idea really made me sick. I suppose I just envisioned myself as some lowly predator standing outside the bus station waiting for the naïve girls to get to town. So I didn't recruit.

The only way I attracted girls to me was, again, the same way I'd found my initial clients, the internet. I put an ad on a website where employers in the adult industry posted looking for girls, and girls posted profiles looking for work. As it had always worked in my personal life, the "bad ass" brand worked for the agency as well. Most agents and managers in the industry tried to find names that were either professional sounding, or something they deemed clever. I just went with my standard and, for many girls, checking out the agency calling itself Bad Ass Models was simply irresistible, just like checking out Bad Ass Frank was on the web. I might not have known everything, but I knew how to attract me some bitches. I suppose that was the first rule of pimping anyway, knowing how to lure in the ladies.

Hailey would return to Florida for a few weeks each month and find new girls there pretty regularly. Other than a break from the constant need for attention, it was the only reason I liked her leaving me. She might not be earning me money while back East, but she was certainly finding other girls who'd make up the difference. Right from the beginning she was busting her ass on my behalf. It was a strange situation because I wasn't fucking her and she wasn't giving off the "love me!" vibe. Quite the contrary, she made it very clear that she wasn't really interested. That suited me fine, as I wasn't attracted to her at all. She worked harder on building the agency than I did and never asked for a single thing in return other than acknowledgment that she was trying. I'd get a

call and you could hear the pride in her voice. She was like a kid who brought home a straight A report card along with something she'd made me in arts and crafts. "Daddy, I made you this slutty twenty year old and look, she does anal." I'd beam like a proud papa and go directly to my email to peep the pics she'd sent. If the girl was hot, I'd fantasize about how much dough she was going to make me and maybe even wonder if I was going to hit it. If you're going to be evil, be totally evil. Don't half ass it, right? On top of all that, Hailey would prep them for their trip to LA so that I didn't have to do anything other than announce their arrival to the directors and book them. It was like having a built in assistant/recruiter/manager that paid *me*.

Whenever I had a new agency girl, the first step was to find out their limitations, meaning what sex acts they would and would not do on camera. Performers who were brand new often weren't even sure what they were game to try. They'd ask me how they could make the most money and I'd always answer truthfully---anal. Chicks that did anal on camera easily got more work and a higher rate than those who didn't. But that was just one aspect of how to get more work.

Now sometimes, when the girls were new, just sending an email and adding them to the website wasn't enough to get them booked. This meant I had to take them on the dreaded go-sees. A go-see amounted to dolling the girl up then driving her around the sweltering hot valley to meet directors in person. We'd go into the company, make small talk with the porn people, the talent would get naked, the dude would take pics, she'd dress, and we'd head off to the next stop. It was like selling pornstars door to door and I fucking hated it. I actually went through extensive periods of time where I wouldn't do it at all. Directors would see a new girl on my site and call me to request a go-see. I'd just say that I didn't have time and that I'd bring her by when I had a break in her schedule. Even if the girl wasn't booked, this would give them the impression that she was and

suddenly they would book her sight unseen. My laziness was second only to my manipulative tactics. Rarely did the directors ever mind because, for the most part, I only represented cute girls. Unlike many smaller agencies, I didn't have trouble attracting them, and they got a lot more work. Earn more, work less, surround self with cuter girls. Seemed like a pretty valid business model to me.

So finally I had a successful little agency that paid my bills and afforded me the opportunity to enjoy myself. Easy money, even easier pussy, and a lifestyle better than I'd ever experienced before. The decision to enter this business finally made sense. Little did I know that things would get much, much better.

## **DON'T MAKE A SCENE (SERIOUSLY, DON'T)**

Remember the good old days, back in chapter one, when I was a young, innocent, bukkake lover? Well, that was then and this is now, because bukkakes were the least of my worries.

As my time in porn went on, I eventually discovered female bukkakes, gang bangs, anal creampie, squirting, and ass-to-mouth. Not to mention double penetration, double vag, and multiple swallows. You don't even want to know about double anal. Trust me. You're a paragraph away from swearing off sex and calling your therapist. Although different, all of these acts have one thing in common. You don't want your mother, daughter, sister, wife or girlfriend to do, ever have done, or even think about doing any of them.

Most of the scenes in modern porn are loosely considered "gonzo", which means they are not part of a full length feature film. Years ago some insightful pornographer figured out that many viewers were fast forwarding past all of the dialogue to get right to the sex scenes. So they trimmed the fat and started producing product that was nothing but straight sex with no plot or other annoying bullshit that infringed on a guys pud pulling time. Some viewers were disappointed at the removal of all the compelling dialogue and brilliant acting, while others were content to get right to the jerking off.

In gonzo there are typically five scenes per video, often following a common theme. There are "young girl" movies that boast the debut of new talent, "big tit" movies featuring the obvious, and some involving penetration of alternative orifices like "all anal" videos. There's really an endless variety of niches and directors endeavor to find and fill every one, just like the holes on a pornstar. But big budget features, standard

gonzos, and niche movies all have one thing in common. They can all define a given segment by a specific sex act or variation on that sex act, also known as a “scene”.

Within the business itself, most girls are independent contractors and paid by the scene, rather than paid for performing in an entire movie as they would in mainstream films. Those are the types of girls that I represented.

The following is a list of different types of scenes and what they entail along with some perspective so that you can better understand what you're watching with your pants around your ankles.

**Boy-Girl (b/g)** is the workhouse of the adult industry. It's the basic type of scene that makes up the bulk of all shoots. Even when the content is more extreme or deviant, it still always starts out with b/g sex. In the event that you're not one of my more intuitive readers, boy/girl is when a boy (male talent) and a girl (female talent) have sexual intercourse. It's the fucky fucky. The majority of the time these scenes start off with some sort of undressing, a blow job, occasionally some pussy eating, and then the fucking. At one time it was customary to have three different positions followed up with the pop, also known as the cum shot. Now they often ask for more positions so they can offer videos with longer run times and more variety. More bang for your buck, so to speak.

Speaking of positions, have you ever filmed yourself and wondered why it never looks as good as it does in the videos? If not, try it. This will show you that sex in porn is about as real as reality television. Porn sex isn't designed for the pleasure of the performer; it's designed for the pleasure of the horny perverted *viewer*. And by that I mean, so you can clearly see the insertion of the penis into the vagina or whatever orifice it's inserted into. That way you can pretend like it's your cock even though yours isn't inside some hot porn pussy, it's in your hand. Jerk off.

B/G is also widely considered to be the defining level at which a girl has really “done porn”. What I mean is, if a chick won't do b/g, the porn industry feels pretty much the same about her as a guy dating her would. If she's hot, they may pay attention to her briefly, but they'll get bored pretty damn quick and move on to another girl that puts out. Even the girls don't feel like such “whores” when they haven't done b/g. It's actually a logical way of thinking given the way a guys mind works.

If you're a dude reading this, consider meeting a girl that you want to date, or even marry. What if she'd banged hundreds of strange guys on camera before she met you? Many men wouldn't be very excited about that, and a decent percentage would even think of her as a dirty used up bag of sluttiness. However, what if she'd just masturbated on camera and maybe had sex with some hot chicks? Exactly. She'd be your fantasy girlfriend and you'd try to lock her into a long term contract. The stigma of fucking guys is way different than if she's just hooked up with girls. A lot of performers first step in leaving the business altogether is backing off from doing b/g and only doing solo and g/g, as if somehow that's phase one of de-whorifying her self.

There are slight variations on the b/g scene including b/b/g and b/g/g. It's all just a matter of adding another person, be it a male or female, to a scene, increasing the rate of pay slightly, and watching the sex become a team effort.

**Girl-Girl** scenes, like b/g, should be somewhat self explanatory. Two girls having sex with each other, incorporating anything ranging from cunnilingus to anal sex with a strap on. Much like boy/girl, these scenes tend to be pretty standard. They pay considerably less than b/g and there isn't as much work available because g/g movies aren't as popular. Some people don't understand this as all guys seem to fantasize about two hot chicks getting it on with each other, and this is an accurate statement. What they

forget is that the fantasy always ends with the guy fucking the two girls. Hence, g/g scenes really only portray half the fantasy. If a dude wants to jerk off, he's gonna want to see some penis and vagina action in there most of the time. Obviously that's not 100 percent accurate otherwise no g/g at all would sell. But it is reason enough to explain why it's not near as popular as b/g from a sales standpoint.

As for the business end of it, girls are often enticed into the industry with the promise that they can make a lot of money doing just solo and girl/girl work, which is desirable for the reasons I mentioned in the b/g section. Far less stigma attached. Tons of girls get into porn, even when they have boyfriends or husbands, because they're "just going to do girls".

But the promises are bullshit. Once they've worked a few times, the shoots run dry and they're told they have to do b/g or risk getting no more work. This is common bait used by agents to lure girls into the business. I had a bunch of girls call me saying that they flew out to Los Angeles on this promise only to have no g/g or solo work *at all*. A few have even been sent to a set for what they were told was going to be a g/g shoot and there was a dude there instead. Many are made to feel guilty and embarrassed if they try to opt out of it.

Historically, g/g movies were softer and more sensual than b/g, but all that's changed. They still have plenty of that but even lesbian action can be rough and degrading. It used to be hot to see two girls kissing and rubbing each others breasts. Now one girl has to be fucking the other in the ass with a strap on, choking her and spitting in her mouth for anyone to care. It ain't your mama's sorority pajama party no more. Well, maybe *your* mama's, but not mine. My mom didn't even go to college.

**Solo Scenes:** Unless you're the captain of the Millennium Falcon and fucking a Wookiee, a solo scene means masturbation in some form or another. The basic solo involves a girl touching herself with her hand then either having a real or a pretend orgasm. The next step up has the girl using a toy, be it a dildo or a vibrator. From there, anything goes. There are a few companies that shoot giant toy content and pay girls bonuses based on how big of an item they can put in their snatch. Just another thing for me to not understand. I can't rub one out to a girl with a fire hydrant in her poontang. Others shoot them inserting all types of foods, from the commonly used cucumber all the way to carrots, pears, and a variety of gourds. It's a vaginal buffet! No doubt a pumpkin would demand a huge payday, particularly around Halloween. One of the more disturbing solo shoots I witnessed involved a speculum. A large percentage of pussies aren't pretty to begin with, but *none* of them look good on the inside. Seriously, it's just one of those things I don't need to ever see. Yet there's a market for people who want to see the cervix close up and personal.

**Anal:** Who loves good asshole ramming action? You, that's who. You know how I know? Because someone is buying an ass load of those movies and I know it's you. You know it's you too. So stop living in denial and fess up to the backdoor banging vids. Dirty fucker.

Anal is very, very popular in the porn industry. In fact, sometimes I wonder if it's not more popular than standard boy/girl because my girls who did anal got even more work than the others. I'm not 100 percent sure if it's because there are more anal scenes available, or simply because less girls do anal so the ones that do had a lock on that work.

What I do know is that girls who did anal got booked for more scenes even by the same directors and companies who'd already shot them. Most companies put out a

number of different movie lines, and a cute starlet with few limitations would end up shooting for all of them, whereas girls who only do b/g might shoot for just a few.

The interesting thing about anal scenes is that, unlike standard b/g, they require some preparation that starts as much as 24 hours before the scene. Girls would often stop eating the day before so that nothing was moving through their system at the time of the shoot. Then they would perform an enema the morning of, and again just before it was time to go on camera. This would virtually guarantee a clean hole and usually prevent an accident on set. But not always. There were regular horror stories about a girl who literally shit on the male talent or on the floor when he pulled out.

Understand that porn anal isn't like it is in the privacy of ones home. First off, the male performer probably has a dick about 3 times the size of an average dude, so that ass is being plunged with something unnaturally large. Secondly, it's not a gentle lovemaking session to the beautiful bottom of the woman. It's a violent bashing of her colon with a cock the size of my arm. Sometimes there's going to be a brown bomber even if she took a significant amount of time to prepare before the event. I knew girls who would go so far as to take a double dose of Immodium on top of the other prep just for safeties sake. Imagine a girl who did 3-5 anal scenes in a week. She might not eat or shit for 6-7 days. But damned if her anus wasn't clean as a whistle when it got pounded.

Next time you're putting some lotion into your hand for a whack while watching your favorite anal actress, remember that she's starving, constipated, and horrifically uncomfortable. I know that turns you on. Rub it once for me!

**Ass-to-mouth**, or ATM as it's affectionately known, is simply when a penis goes directly from an anal cavity to an oral cavity. It's the same old story. Cock meets ass. Cock leaves ass. Cock enters mouth. The question is, does the cock enter a mouth that's

attached to the same body as the ass that it's just exited? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. There are always variables to be considered when shooting a movie with an intricately developed storyline. This could be that old standard where the one girl both takes it in the rear, then takes it in her own mouth. Or there might be a twist so one gets anally invaded while the other is on standby. At some point the invasion is paused so that the standby performer can orally service the male talent. It's very romantic and, like most good films, you never know what's going to happen in the end. Oh wait, yes you do.

What is it about ATM that makes it so appealing to a *consumer*? I mean, I know people enjoy "dirty" things, and I don't fault anyone for that. But in this particular circumstance are they hoping there's a little dookie on the wiener? Cuz nothing makes me hard like girls eating poop off of a penis.

**Creampies-** When I have sex in my personal life, I don't typically pull out and ejaculate onto a girls face or breasts as they do in porn. Intercourse feels really good to me and so does the end result, my orgasm. So the logic behind stopping the intercourse in order to finish the process with my hand is well, illogical. Hence, if I am not wearing a condom, I will not see my ejaculate when it exits my penis because it will be inside my lovely partners vagina. If all goes well, she's on birth control and child support won't be in my future.

That said, there are a few porn movies in which the male talent cums inside the female talent. Many would say that negates the point of watching a sex scene because for most viewers the money shot is an integral part of the experience. But this particular type of scene, although it doesn't allow you to see the finale, allows you to see that there was, in fact, a finale. They do this by focusing on the vagina close up after the male talent

pulls out, so that you can see the spooge drip from its receptacle. It's what I like to call “fucking gross”.

First of all, most vaginas are ugly, so I'm already not psyched to see one up close on video. The only time I'm close enough to inspect one in real life I tend to close my eyes and explore it with my tongue specifically to avoid seeing it face to face er, face to vag. When you add in the ejaculate of another man dripping unceremoniously from between her lips, I'm reasonably close to vomiting. But this “cream” being dripped from her “pie” is a turn on for some people, so they make these movies.

There is another variation to this type of scene and that's the anal creampie. I won't explain how that works because if you can't do that math you probably can't read either. One unique aspect of the anal creampie is that the female talent is often required to eat the cum once it's been squeezed from her ass.

In case you didn't follow. A man fucks a chick in the ass. He cums in her asshole. She drips it back out. She eats it. Any questions? Occasionally they add another girl to the scene and, in a twist similar to the ATM, one girl eats the cum directly from another girls ass. It's quite romantic.

NOTE: At this point it seems prudent to mention that some girls swallow semen and some girls don't. This obviously holds true in porn just as it does in real life. Well, not *my* real life, but the real life of many men. If a girl doesn't swallow my jizz she's not marriage material and I can't be bothered. The girls that swallow semen may only do so in the context of a b/g and or blow job scene. They don't necessarily eat cum from any orifice including, but not limited to, their own.

**Blow Bang-** Now that you're familiar with all types of sexual intercourse scenes, and solo masturbations scenes, I want to introduce you to blow job scenes. However, I'm

not going to waste your time describing the simple act of a girl giving head to a guy. I'm relatively certain that you understand this and have possibly even experienced it for yourself. If not, might I suggest you stop your online role playing games, save up the money you've been spending on Little Debbie snack cakes, and go find yourself a cheap hooker. In lieu of that you can obviously watch more porn, including the aforementioned bj scenes.

Some guys apparently can't get off watching a girl sucking one individual penis so the clever minds of the adult industry invented the blow bang, an oral version of a gang bang. A blow bang is exactly as it sounds. One girl performing fellatio on multiple men at the same time. Rarely is it considered a blow bang unless there are at least five cocks involved and I am aware of scenes of at least twenty or more. The most common bookings with my agency had the girl blowing anywhere from ten to twelve men. Now, when I say "at the same time", I don't mean literally. With the size of most porn dicks, a girl would have trouble fitting two in her mouth simultaneously. More than two would be impossible.

What happens is that a girl is usually on her knees surrounded by a group of dudes who are either erect or trying to jerk themselves into that state. Then one by one she starts blowing them, often while holding two more tools, one in each hand. After what seems like an eternity, she eventually takes all of their loads on her face or in her mouth, which she then swallows a la the bukakke in chapter one. The sad part about all of this, as if there's a part that's *not* sad, is that none of the guys are actually getting anything resembling a full blow job. Because of the number of dudes, the girl can only give each of them a few seconds of oral pleasure before she's gotta move on to the next one. Even when it comes to the end, the chick isn't finishing any of the guys off. Just like the

bukakke they have to whack themselves to completion. It's a lot of confusion and effort for what seems like very little payoff.

I understand that there's a whole group of people out there who find this to be a huge turn on because it degrades women. And it does, in fact, degrade women. But aren't the men degrading themselves too? The day I stand jerking off with a bunch of other dudes so some half-ugly harlot can lick my stalk for thirty seconds is the day I castrate myself with a potato peeler.

**Gang Bang-** I'm hoping this is self explanatory after what you've learned so far but, if not, a gang bang is when a bunch of dudes fuck a chick. If it's an anal gang bang, a bunch of dudes fuck a chick in her butt. If you have any additional questions, ask your mother.

**DP/DV/DA-** There are b/g scenes, and there are anal scenes, and there are scenes where a girl takes on two guys. When these scenes meet you've got what is lovingly referred to as a **DP**, which is short for double penetration.

In a DP the girl is invaded both vaginally and anally at the same time. It takes a certain kind of trooper to accept a couple of huge porn penises in both of her orifices simultaneously. But, in this type of scene, all she really has to do is be capable of taking the abuse because the guys have to do all the work. When you're impaled on both sides moving isn't much of an option. One dude is on his back and she lays on her back on top of him. His penis is in her anus. The other guy gets on top of her in a modified missionary position. So the guys, awkwardly inserted into her holes, have to do some weird herky jerky rocking back and forth to even get some movement going. It's possibly the most retarded thing I've ever seen next to...

Double vaginal, aka double vag, aka **DV**. It's the exact same thing as a DP only both penises are in her vagina. Yes, the two cocks are lubed to the nth degree and both jamming her pussy at the same time. Now her vagina is a double wide. When it comes time to have her illegitimate children they'll be able to run out standing upright and playing kickball instead of having to be birthed. It's the type of sex act that keeps on benefiting the girl long after it's over. The only thing more disturbing than two giant cocks stuffed into a chicks love canal is...

Two giant cocks shoved into her ass, better known as **double anal**. It's no different than a DV except for in the girls ass. Very few girls ever do DV and even fewer do double anal. Bad enough that girls in porn get their asshole loosened by giant mandingo dicks every day, but some are brave enough to go double down in the brown. I never actually witnessed or researched this type of scene as none of my girls ever allowed for this. I am an Atheist but thank god. Seriously. Thank. God.

**Squirting**- When a female can projectile ejaculate, it's known as squirting. Most sensible people understand that females can not, in fact, projectile ejaculate, but instead projectile urinate and call it squirting. Girls pee excessively and call it cum. Nigga please.

It's a pretty popular niche and for a while some lines of squirting movies were very successful. Most in the industry try to maintain the facade that squirting wasn't peeing because consumers aren't exactly going to line up to buy pee pee movies. Well, that's not totally true as “golden showers” are also a common fetish. But leave it to porn to take a fetish, call it something else, and turn it into an entirely new niche. To this day I still have people, even female talent, argue that squirting is really ejaculate. If that's the case I'd like to see a chick take diuretics for a few days then squirt. Because every performer I knew who could squirt would drink about a gallon of water the night before

and a similar amount the day of her shoot. This guaranteed that she would not only have copious amounts of “cum” but also that it would be clear. You'd have a hard time convincing someone that the fire hose of yellow girl juice wasn't whiz. And I don't mean Cheese Whiz unless she's got vaginosis.

A squirting scene can be anything from a solo to a g/g to a b/g. The type of shoot will determine when the girl squirts and what “causes” the squirt. But the common theme seems to be that the starlet or her scene partner is manually masturbating her when it hits. This serves two purposes. One, it gives the impression that this external stimulation of the clit is what causes the ejaculation. Two, it sort of shakes up the area so that the pee comes out and disperses like a spray instead of a stream. Ladies, if you're not sure what I mean then try this experiment. Hold your pee for approximately three days then, when you can't contain it a moment longer, lay on your back and start masturbating furiously and violently while pushing the urine out with all of your might.

Congratulations. You're a squirter.

**Female Bukkake** (and reverse bukkake) – If you recall the bukkake from chapter one, you understand that it's a number of people ejaculating on an individual. The female bukakke is no different except for the fact that females don't generally ejaculate, as we covered in the previous entry. So we have a large number of full bladdered chicks waiting to spread their peejaculate on another girl. It's really very sexy if you like piss soaked chicks. The only twist is when they have what's referred to as a reverse bukkake, which is where the lady urinators all “cum” on a dude. The sickest thing about this is that they literally saturate the guy in pee and often make him drink some of it. When it's over almost all of the performers are drenched. The one company I knew who shot these

provided unlimited amounts of beer for the girls to drink on set. A bunch of drunk, underage girls pissing on some loser dude, a recipe for sexual satisfaction.

So those are some of the basic, and not so basic, scenes that I commonly booked for my girls. As you can see, even the solo masturbation scenes can be fucked up and disturbing, unless you don't find anally stimulating yourself with a bunch of asparagus "disturbing". Fans of porn don't really think through what they're watching cuz if they did it would shrivel their penis (or vagina) faster than you can say "ass-to-mouth". But my job isn't to assist you in your delusional fantasies. It's to present you the one hundred percent honest truth so that you understand exactly what goes into that sick shit you see on the TV screen or your computer monitor.

Next time you jerk off, I want you to think of this chapter and get really really angry that I ruined it for you. Your bitterness makes me feel better about myself. Cuz I'm still banging hot girls while you can't even whack it to them anymore. Yeah, I'm kind of a dick, but at least I'm pretty!

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