

Chapter 3

The spacious, high ceiling dingy gray building had once housed a trucking company. In particular, this space was once a garage for several trucks at a time. Now it had been converted into a movie set. A three-sided set was located in each corner of the room. A partition-like wall directly opposite the corner created the three-sided effect. There were two bedroom sets. One had a bachelor pad look. The other bedroom set had a feminine flair to it. Silk sheets, flowers on the end tables, stuffed animals scattered about the bed. The final two sets were a living room modk up, and a representation of a small business office.

A flurry of activity was taking place near the male bedroom set. A skinny long-haired guy that was acting as the director was pacing about looking at notes he had on a clip board. One chubby guy with a gut was getting a boom mike in place. Another was setting up a digital movie camera directly opposite the bed. A short bearded black man was equipped with a hand held camera he would use to move about the set at different angles, even positioning himself on a step ladder to get an overhead view. This was not a big time Hollywood production, or even a low budget independent. It was strictly mid-range porno, producing wall to wall triple X DVDs built around a fetish or theme.

The only person present who was not directly involved in the shoot was Otha Crane. He was a sandy-haired young man in his late twenties with shoulder length rock star hair. His face was long and weather beaten, and he had the kind of dead hazel eyes that seemed as if they could look right through you. He was dressed in an oversized black T-

shirt, washed out jeans, and worn suede cowboy boots.

The two “actors” for the upcoming shoot came in through a doorway. They were a stocky buffed black man in his thirties, and a top heavy blonde that was just okay looking at best. Both were wearing cloth robes.

The director approached them. “Hey guys. We’re set and ready to go. You know how the scene is supposed to play. Jim, you’re asleep in the beginning. Count to about seventy before you wake up.”

“Okay.”

“Then let’s go to it.” The director turned and faced the crew. “Okay. Everybody in place.”

The camera men got ready to shoot. The actress went around to be in position to enter through the set door. The actor tossed aside his robe and casually walked to the bed. He flopped out on his back and pretended to be asleep.

“Okay, action,” the director stated.

The actress quietly entered the room and tiptoed over to the bed.

“Oh my. Your cock is so lovely,” she said in a tone that would never win her an Oscar.

She carefully crawled into the bed on her knees. With two fingers she lifted the actor’s limp member. She used a single finger of her opposite hand to slide up and down the actor’s dick until he reached a full erection. She peppered it with quick kisses, and then began to lick it up and down from the base to the tip.

The actor’s eyes popped open. “Oh, oh. Ohhhh! It’s you.”

“Hi. I thought I would get started early. You don’t mind, do you?”

“Be my guest, baby.”

“I don’t know if I can do this. I just don’t,” the young woman said.

She was about five-six with extra wide hips. She had full lips and arching eye brows, a Cindy Crawford type mole just off her left nostril. Her dark brown hair was braided tightly, the rows stopping at the top of her shoulders. She was Laura St. John, Morris’ daughter.

“You said you would. We’re suppose to have a deal.”

The man in the room, her boy friend J.J Payne, was a wide-shouldered buffed black man about four inches taller than Laura. He had a near chocolate complexion, a shaved head, a thick mustache, and narrow cold eyes.

Laura ran her hand backwards through her hair. “I can’t. I just. This is just so goddamned messed up. I mean my father is a congressman. He may run for the senate.”

J.J moved closer to Laura. “I thought you said you was finished with those sons of bitches. That I was your family now.”

“Yeah. But. But why this?”

“Hey, I just told you. He’s paying good money up front.”

“We’ve got money.”

“But not that much. We need something to tide us over until we made our big deal happen. Then we’ll blow this dog ass country, and take up residence in the islands, where it’ll be party, fun, getting high, and living easy. That’s what we want. That’s our dream, ain’t it?”

“Yes. But J.J. To make a nasty porno. I don’t think I-”

J.J whirled away from Laura sharply. “Oh, let’s just fuck the whole goddamn thang. I’m out. You can run on back to your square family. And take them braids out your hair, so you can be a little white girl again.”

J.J started toward the door. Laura shook her head from side to side and took a step forward. “Don’t go. Please don’t leave me. All right. I’ll do it. I will.”

J.J slowly returned to Laura. His voice was barely above a whisper. “Are you sure about this? Are we still a team?”

Laura nodded her head yes. “Are you going to tell them about the wig, and the dark glasses and hat?”

“I already did, baby. I’m always looking out for you. Don’t you know that?”

“I suppose I do. I need one more thing, baby. I can’t do this straight. I need some help.”

“Cool. No problem.”

J.J dug into his pockets and came up with a packet of cocaine. From another pocket he took a small spoon. He handed both to Laura.

Filming was still taking place in the converted garage. The same couple was doing their thing. Now the actress was on all fours while the actor anally pounded away on her. The room was filled with her either real or fake shrieks of passion.

The only person who didn’t seem blasé about the spectacle was Crane. He was standing fifteen feet back from the set leaning against the wall taking it all in. He was so transfixed that he didn’t hear J.J stepping up behind him.

“Enjoying yourself, dude?”

“Oh. I didn’t hear you step up.”

“I see. You was fascinated with the fucking.”

“I tell you, man. I done seen a lot in this short life of mine. From blowing away the bad guys in Iraq. To bitches giving blow jobs in front of everybody in pornos. All I need to see is Jesus coming back and rising from the tomb. And I’ll be ready to close my eyes and die.”

“I don’t know what the fuck you just said. But Laura is gonna do the girl on girl.”

“Cool.”

The director glanced in their direction and J.J beckoned for him to come over.

“What’s up?” the director asked after moving over.

“My girl is primed and ready to go.”

“That’s good news. We’re about finished here. You’ll be the next set up.”

“Remember what I said. It could make us a bundle.”

“I got you. It’ll be done.”

An hour later the crew had shifted to the female bedroom set. The lighting, mike, and cameras were in place. The actress from the previous porno session was seated on the bed dressed in a black bikini that barely contained her huge boobs.

J.J and Laura appeared on the set. Laura was sporting a blonde curly wig, dark circular glasses, and a red polka dot bikini.

The director spotted them and rushed over. “Here’s my girl. Are you ready to make some film magic?”

“As ready as I’m ever going to be.”

“Good. Good. Very good.” The director pointed in the direction of the actress. “This is your co-star, Trisha.”

She waved at Laura and smiled.

“Let’s go over here and figure something out.”

Laura and the director joined the actress over near the bed.

“Okay. Okay. This is an idea. You two come through the door. Just uh. Say something about a beach party.”

“Like how cool it was,” the actress suggested.

“And then you turn the radio on and dance. You can turn it on, Laura. And then you get closer and embrace. And then uh, let’s see.”

“Why don’t I tear her bottom off and grab her ass?”

“That sounds cool. Are you cool with it, Laura?”

“Yeah. Why not.”

“Okay. After that. Laura, you go down on the bed. And Trisha, you go down on Laura. Bad joke. Please laugh.” Both women managed a smile. “We’re cool. Right?” He looked in the direction of the crew. “Let’s get in place. We’re ready to roll.”

The women moved around to the set doorway.

“Okay, action,” the director stated.

Trisha and Laura came through the set door.

“Wow, we really had fun at the beach party, huh?”

“Yeah. It was great. I’m not ready to stop.”

“We don’t have to.” Trisha skipped over to the radio resting on an end table. She snapped it on, getting at uptempo dance tune. “Let’s dance like crazy.”

Trisha began to bounce around to the music. Laura joined in with her. Trisha moved in closer, continuing to swivel her hips and wave her arms in the air. She wrapped her arms around her co-star and they spun to the other side of the bed. She gripped Laura’s butt cheeks with both hands.

“I love your ass. I want to strip it bare.”

Trisha quickly gripped Laura’s bikini bottom with one hand, and then ripped it off with the other. Both camera men made a point of zooming in on Laura’s well-rounded bare ass. There was a unique looking half heart-shaped birth mark in the middle of her left cheek.

“I want to kiss you and eat you. And kiss you and eat you some more.”

Trisha backed Laura to the edge of the bed and gave her enough of a push to send her tumbling onto it on her back.

“It’s meal time,” Trisha declared with a smile.

She buried her head between Laura’s legs and began to carpet munch like carpet munching was going out of style.

In her drug addled state, Laura’s usual limited set of inhibitions had gone completely out the window. So having sex with a group of men standing around watching didn’t bother her at all. Yet somewhere locked in the rear of her thought process was the angel on her shoulder that would say; Girl, are you crazy? You know you wasn’t raised that way. But in her current state of mind, defying her parental upbringing was a fitting form of revenge and defiance.

This didn’t mean that in some form she wanted to detach herself from the moment. She found herself letting her mind carry her back to her childhood days. A time when doing anything remotely related to the adult film industry would seem like sheer fantasy.

Laura’s mind focused on her father, the person she imagined would be the most horrified by her foray into making x-rated DVDs. Growing up, she had idolized him as her teacher, protector, and authority figure that could do no wrong. The greatest thing that could happen to her in those days would be for him to spend time with her bouncing a ball back and forth, watching TV, or learning to recite the alphabet or write her name.

As the years rolled by time with her father seemed to diminish more and more. Once an associate at a prestigious Chicago law firm, Morris eventually stepped out and began his own practice. In time, the family income soared, but the time spent with his family shrunk, and never seemed to recover. This was especially true when he delved into the world of politics, first as an alderman, and then later as a member of congress.

Laura took the occurrence as a personal affront, as if she was being punished by her father for some unknown infraction. The situation was magnified by the fact that Morris had a more difficult time than most fathers did in regards to his daughter evolving from his little girl to a young lady to a full fledged woman. There was constant friction and bumping heads over the subjects of boys, dating, sex, and even what subject she should be taking in high school. Suddenly her God-like father had been reduced to an always agitated wind bag.

As far as her relationship with her mother was concerned, it went well when it came to using her as a female role model and reservoir of information. But they took the usual mother-daughter bickering over choices and life style to new heights of dysfunction. No issue was too small for them to argue over for five minutes, and become angry at each other for several days.

Added to this mix was her bi-racial background. The confusion when she was younger. Her father’s desire to pump her up as someone special and unique. Her mother choosing to ignore the situation all together. When she was a pre-teen she constantly searched for a place to fit in amidst the cruel put downs from her black, white, and hispanic classmates. By the time she was a teenager she had gone to the extreme to embrace all

things black, including the world of gangster hip hop. Mostly because she knew it would upset one, or both of her parents.

In her battle with her personal demons, rebellion became her a matra. Rebellion became her way of life.

Laura came to realize that extreme sensation was her best, if only temporary, relief from the pain. The frenzied way Trisha was orally stimulating her came through her drug induced haze. She couldn't help but twist her head from side to side, cooing and moaning along the way. She heard herself saying:

“Don't stop. Don't stop. Please don't stop! Please don't stop!”