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PLEASE SCROLL DOWN FOR TEXT.

The studio is a warehouse from the outside with six set areas inside, partitioned with sliding walls and sheets of polystyrene to reflect soft light. Our set is an open plan kitchen-dining room with a front door and garden beyond, a fan to one side swaying the tree leaves and the shiny window-box tulips. At the edge of the tile floor, behind the line of the director, lighting technician, Dwain and the camera man, the trestle-table buffet has already been picked almost clear.

The air tastes like salt and stale popcorn, with something from the fake tan stains on the towels mixed in too. There are wet wipes with the lids closed so the top sheets won't dry, a fruit bowl and bottles of mineral water lined up in the shade from the lights. This is classy stuff. Even the two fluffers have that thin-veneer kind of beauty that gradually rubs off, eventually revealing acne scars on their chins as they suck on the performers' cocks between takes. With saliva hanging in ropes from their engorged lips and spasming jaws, the wannabes look like they're really getting off giving intermittent blow jobs. I can't help but notice their cursory one-eyed glances to Chad, who is never watching them.

*Riding Miss Daisy* is the third film Ms Demeanor has featured in this week. She's been stuffed every way she can be and is still smiling off-camera. Her face is poreless inside a mass of thick black curls that jig and shine when she swings her head back. As a pro, she can still look convincingly delighted to find a dick in the male performer's trousers. I should feel privileged to be working with such a big star.

"Powder!" Chad shouts from the buffet table, eating a handful of plainly salted crisps. He has a buzzed head with a shallow check pattern shaved into the sides. "Too much shine on her perineum."

Ms Demeanor props one leg up on the kitchen counter to open up the globes of her arse. A girl who looks like she should be surfing in Miami dashes over with a foundation pallet, brush and a blotting sponge. She takes up the lube and sweat before applying a base. I was talking to her earlier and her breath smelt like blueberry gum.

Dwain bumps me with his shoulder, watching a fluffer working on the skinniest of the three orange men here. It's the one wearing a milkman hat, standing indifferent to the sloppy sucking on his dick as he sips water.

“I’m gonna grab a sample from them.” He fiddles with his portable recording kit, plugging in the small furry boom before he makes his way over.

The makeup artist is now colouring in Ms Demeanor’s anus. It’s been bleached clear and looks like slightly puckered plastic without an application of blush. The flesh around it is smooth and uniform, moving like rising dough when it’s pulled and squeezed.

I inspect the buffet table, already littered with plastic cups stained with fingerprints and creased lipstick. Every kernel of popcorn has at least one smudge of orange on it. Picking up an apple, I rub it with the cleanest towel I can find before I take a bite. It delivers a hard crunch.

Dwain looks up. “Fuck’s sake, Mike.”

The unfilmed mouth continues to piston on the half-interested cock.

“Sorry,” I mumble with a shrug, and I see Ms Demeanor smirking at me over her shoulder.

“Ah, don’t worry about it.” Mark Hammer sidles up next to me, holding a towel around his waist. He plays Daisy’s husband who in the dénouement walks in on her getting spit-roasted and becomes so aroused by this display of her feminine sexuality that he puts his dick in her arse whilst the other two men keep fucking her. He’s not camera-ready, so it doesn’t feel too weird talking to him. “Last week when I was doing *Saturday Night Beaver*, the director’s cat walked into shot and started licking my ass.”

“Oh.” I speak around apple pulp. “What was that like?”

Mark squints as if reliving it and shrugs, rubbing a thumb under his right pec. “Alright, actually.” He grabs a bottle of water and holds it out for me to open, his other hand keeping his towel closed. “If that’s all bestiality is then I’ve got no problem with it.”

“I think there’s generally more to it than that.” The bottle cap leaves a ring of baby blue plastic around the neck. When I give the water back, Mark takes it off and flicks it on the floor.

He grunts when he swallows. “Maybe. I mean, I wouldn’t want to be the guy who fucked a goat for a quick buck or anything, but if someone’s gonna get off on seeing a cat licking my ass and is prepared to pay for it – well, I never say never.” He points at me with the bottle. “So, you trying to get into acting here?”

“No,” I say with what could be interpreted as a laugh of desperation. “No, I’m working with Dwain on Foley business for the adult film industry. Dubbing in sound effects to make it sound better.”

A quizzical grunt. “Didn’t know there was anything like that.”

“There wasn’t. We’re hoping that there’s enough of a need for it, though.” I nod towards Dwain who’s finishing up with the fluffer, unplugging the boom and wrapping the cable around his hand. “We’re working with a few smaller producers to get a feel for what the market is.”

“Cool.” Mark takes another swig of water without taking his eyes off me. He wipes his mouth on his wrist. “Tell you what – I’m doing a Gonzo flick for a director buddy of mine in a couple of weeks. Real star in the underground circles in it – Chloe. She’s real good stuff, and I think the film still needs a sound guy. Wanna see if I can hook you guys up?”

“Yeah,” I say without trying to sound too excited, finding one of Dwain’s black business cards. “That’d be great.”

He holds up his hand to the card with a laugh. “Man, I’m on in, like, now. Where do you think I’m gonna put that?”

“Oh, right.” I prop it against a plastic cup on the table.

“Hammer, camera ready now, please,” Chad shouts from the personalised fold-out chair that he brought with him to the set.

Mark slaps my elbow. “Good talking to you, man. I’ll get him to call you sometime next week. ‘scuse me.” He rubs at his crotch through the towel with a look of intense concentration as he walks over to the surfer fluffer.

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We got the call after wrapping up a week of tweaking the big-budget *Pump Fiction* and Dwain accepted the offer. Yesterday was Mainstream and today is Gonzo. The pay's shit but it fills a day and isn't hard to edit. Dwain says it'll be good for me to get straight back into the Industry's ugly sister after so much Mainstream work. He doesn't want me to get disillusioned.

To vocalize a monster, press metal against dry ice.

The setting for *A Midsummer Night's Cream* is Queen Titania's enchanted forest, envisioned here on the patio in the director's back garden with plastic ivy and Christmas lights. It's cold for California, which keeps Chloe's nipples erect without pinching. Her breasts are tasteful, porn-star natural, high and nearly seamless. She's not gone for novelty value there.

Chloe looks like Marilyn Munroe if she'd lost two stone and the lower half of her leg in a threshing accident. From toe to mid-thigh, her right leg is dusted off-white in a sheer stocking, her foot ending in a clear plastic platform heel. Her left leg is bare, and the skin where it ends at the tip of her thigh is stippled like wet crepe paper. Her blonde hair is pinned with fabric orchid clips, and her forearms are as hairless as her crotch.

Sipping apple juice from concentrate from a fun-size carton, Chloe seems oblivious to the light meter being held to her face and stump in turn whilst Mark is brought back to a performing state off to one side. When she hands the carton off, she catches me staring and gives me a smirk and a wink.

For a pounding heartbeat, take a piece of fabric and hold it with a loose grip. Quickly stretch the fabric. Popping the sides of a large plastic bin also creates a distinctive pumping sound. In and out.

“Alright, positions please!”

I shuffle closer with the boom and probe it out over the chaise-longue. Dwaine stands next to the director with one hand on his headphones and the other holding a bottle of water. We've both doubled up as towel boys for the day. Mark comes into shot with a fierce erection, his dick circumcised and looking angry about it.

Chloe lifts her stump and rests it against his chest, hooking her long right leg out and back to open herself. The blunt tip of his dick pokes her thigh and leaves a shiny rope of lube connecting them. When he looks down to wipe it off, Mark's plastic laurel wreath slips onto his eyebrows.

"Right everyone, sound. Mark it. And action."

He holds the top of her stump in both hands as he fucks her, like he's gripping the head of a giant cock. Chloe's body jerks back and forth on the cushions, her head thrown back so far I can see her rosy throat as she moans. The stump knocks between Mark's pecs, his nipples studded and pointing down on either side.

"Chloe, get on your back. Put your leg over Mark's shoulder."

I remember to lift the boom away whilst they shuffle. Flopping her thighs open, she waits for Mark to get back inside her and then hooks her calf over his shoulder and along his back. The stump rests on his arm, glistening with sweat from his hands.

"Is this alright?" She pulls the stump out to the side and up so there's a clear shot of her pussy. Her eyes are bright and sharply focused.

"Yeah, hold that a sec."

The cameraman moves and I step over the dragging cables. It's lined up so that the stump will frame the bottom of the shot. Dwain steps in and dabs the sweat off Mark's face and chest. I lower the boom blindly, the bottom of my stomach convulsing whilst my heart pounds in my ears.

"Right, great. Action again, but really fuck it this time."

Mark grins with gritted teeth down at Chloe, the cracks about his eyes turning into dark orange ravines. “You want me to fuck you, baby?”

“Yeah, fuck me hard as you can.” She licks her lips and runs a hand up her stump, cupping the end in her long fingers. Her nails tickle the seam of the scar. I press the handle of the boom into my crotch and bite my tongue.

“Get that fucking mic out of my shot!”

I zoom out of her stump. “Shit, sorry.”

Scooping his cock into the puddle of lube in Chloe’s cunt, Mark rolls his eyes at me before grabbing her waist and burying himself. Her ‘uhn’ is indifferent and habitual.

“Right, really fucking now. Sound. Mark it. And, action.”

They slapslapslap against each other with hard packing sounds. Chicken breast against steak. Keep wetting the chicken because of all the lube.

“Doggy style now. Get her leg up, Mark, and really open her ass. Yeah, that’s it. Hold on. Can we get an ass-to-face? Ass-to-face?”

The cameraman shuffles forward like a bored mechanic, hovering behind Mark’s pistoning, orange ass. Chloe’s a trooper, fluttering her thick lashes in lazy beats whilst her ass flexes her spine like a rubber hose. This goes on for a few seconds before the camera goes back to the side.

“Mark? Can you keep going or are you gonna cum soon?”

Mark speaks in grunts. “Soon. Fuck baby, you’re good.”

Chloe beams a smile and turns it into a groan for the camera.

The end of her stump is powdered the same colour as her nose, turned streaky with lube.

“Can we get a finger in your ass?”

She shakes her head, biting her lip and baring her throat to me.

“Just a pinkie? A little push. That’s all I’m asking for, babe, just a poke at your ring.”

“Not what you paid me for, Chad,” she snaps back, suddenly dark beneath those platinum curls.

“Alright, fine, fine. Get on your back, Chloe. Mark, going for the popshot now. All on the stump. Mike, stool.”

“Not that kind of stool!” Chloe adds with a big laugh and everyone hums with a chuckle, dispelling the tension that had crept in. Grateful, I set aside the boom and fetch the footstool so the camera can look over Mark’s shoulder.

Chloe’s flipped over again and pulled forwards so that her ass is at the precipice of the chair, her leg and thigh held wide. The camera in place, I swing the boom back overhead.

“Sound. Mark it. And action!”

Mark fucks her cunt like he’s murdering it, his face twisted so hard his teeth show. Open mouthed and heaving, apparently overcome, Chloe grabs at her breasts and thumbs her clitoris. After about sixty seconds, Mark pulls out and grabs his cock in his hand, aiming it at the stump and jerking his hand back with each stuttering spurt of cum. Then there’s silence and stillness. My swallow is a wet crack.

“That’s a wrap, everyone. Great work guys. Really fucking great. Can I get a wipe down sometime today?”

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Once the equipment's packed up, everyone drifts in and out of the kitchen picking at the buffet next to the oven and catching up. It's a lazy, post-climax atmosphere. Mark hisses tonic water in through his teeth with his lips pulled back in a grimaced smile, eyes clicking about the room as he swallows. He holds out the cup for me to take, and after a pause I put it on the counter behind us.

"Chloe's great, you know." He thrusts his chin at her. She's sat on the chaise-longue outside babywiping the remains of his spunk off her leg, draped in a silk dressing gown and talking to the director. "Really natural, really honest. I feel like I want to give her a good fuck, you know? Not just for the camera, but for her."

"That's nice."

A slow, deep head bob. "Yeah. See, it's all about the women in this industry. Gay porn aside, the consumer buys this stuff for the women so they're the ones who can make the big bucks if they work hard and get up for it. Used to be if you took it up the arse without a rubber you were special, but now it takes something else to stand out and get a fanbase."

I take a handful of crisps and start eating them one at a time out of my palm. "And you think Chloe's got that?"

"Yeah – just look at her. She's so classically beautiful. Her tits look real, and she can take a real ramming from the biggest cocks in the business." Mark holds up his hands and lifts his brows in deference. "Now I'm not one of the biggest around – I don't lie that I am. But I am one of the hardest fuckers around. If a girl gives me any stick before we start, pisses me off, I can fuck her so she won't walk straight for a week. And that's straight pussy too. It looks great on camera, and she can't say anything because she won't get a callback. Someone like Chloe, though, I want to give her a good fuck because I like her, but I know she can take it if I really want to start tearing it up. If I get lost in it, you know?"

"Yeah, sure." I shuffle and take another handful of crisps. "Her leg turn you on?"

"What, her stump?" He rubs his eyebrows so that the hairs bend and spread wild. "Don't really think about it nowadays, to be honest with you. Sure it was freaky at first, but she's a

great girl and we've done a lot of work together, and now I don't see it as a stump. It's just another part of her body to grab when I fuck and to cum all over. Tell you what: it's opened up a whole new market for me, and the other guys she's worked with."

I imagine disabled recluses jerking away at their limp dicks in ramp-access bungalows. "Right." After seeing her having sex, it seems wholly permissible to stare at her. Pulling the gown tight around herself, she pads through the patio doors. With a quick, queerly shy smile, she makes for the hallway stairs.

Mark grunts to bring my lingering gaze back, and he gives a fast shrug of his wide shoulders. "I wouldn't date someone with half a leg. I mean, all that prosthetics and wheelchair shit – I haven't got the patience, and I'm not false on that." He points with his chin towards the hall. "But for sex, all she needs to be able to do is lie down, which she doesn't need both legs for, and when I do pick her up, she's a bit lighter for having a stump and not a whole leg and I can go even harder in her."

My throat clicks with a swallow. "Right."

He thumbs the tip of his nose and thumps my shoulder with a sticky fist as he steps past. "You should say hi to her before she goes. She won't mind."

I go to rub my shoulder but move my hand to the back of my neck instead. "Yeah, maybe. I wouldn't like to bother her."

Mark slides back his lips and dries his teeth with a sucking breath, morphing the grimace into a smile. "Well, think about it."

I can hear his skin peeling from the tiles as he walks, leaving a trail of shiny footprints in his wake.