

SELF-MADE MAN/ A SEXUAL LIFE

Life started out sexually for me. I can clearly remember when I began to develop an obsession with sex. It started with the sister of one of my neighborhood friends, a girl I'd sneak into a basement of her parents' house and dry hump endlessly. The first time I did it, it felt so good I hounded her for days until she let me do it again. She was reluctant at first, probably uneasy about my persistence. Still, I persisted. One day a few weeks after our first encounter, she relented again. From there, it was on. I'd go get her everyday after that, slipping through the side door and into the isolated basement back room, rubbing my young body against hers for the sheer joy of it. I was 5 years old. She was 7.

There wasn't any penetration back then, of course. I wouldn't have known what to do if she'd actually pulled her panties down. But then again, I didn't expect that anything we could do with our clothes off could match the feeling of my denim

grinding against hers. Even though we never got naked, those marathon rounds of fooling around stoked my sexual curiosity. I began to actively think about humping, about how to do it better, about why I liked it so much. I had only questions back then, but I made up my mind to find some answers.

That was 33 years ago and I'm still humping. At 5, I was young, but I think we're all young sexually, ideas and thoughts we have are as unique to us as our DNA. It's just natural. But during your early years there's no one to discuss these ideas with so you act on your sexual instincts and discover and design your sexual experiences based on experimentation.

The idea of sexual experiment comes from the thinking, that if I meet a girl and I am attracted to her sexually, what route do I take to get her to respond to me the way I want? Do I flirt and compliment? Or come direct and command her attention?

As a young man, I put in a lot of thinking when it came to girls. I was no different than any other kid my age, cause sex is something you think of often and early in life, you just don't openly talk to anyone about it. For the early part of my life I was an only child, so I had plenty of time to think about girls and sex. Humping my best friends sister, had a lot to do with that. I didn't know what the hell I was thinking I had no idea what was sex or how to properly perform it. But the door was open and there was no closing it, now.

It wasn't until the age of 12 that I actually had sex, until then it was something that I only thought about, it consumed my mind. In my line of work, I meet a lot of girls and I often ask them "when was the first time you had sex?" the answer I got the most was the age of 13. With that in mind I was not that far off the mark. Seems like boys all around the world were about to get some and we were all getting it at the same time. I just had a 1-year head start. At 12 I was going to have sex and I didn't know what the hell to do, but my 7 years of humping practice gave me a vague idea. At that young age, I knew it wasn't the greatest, but I wanted to improve on that experience, so I fantasized.

When I was younger I was quiet, I thought a lot, I just didn't say much. I was this way with girls, I would always think about girls, but I was unable to express anything interesting enough to catch and keep their attention. So I would only think about them and this excessive thinking led to fantasies about women. I had no outlet, except masturbation and though this allowed me to refine my fantasies they also became a little perverse.

As far back as I can remember I've always been sexually attracted to girls. Before I even knew what all the tingling was about. Around the age of 12 I developed a crush on a girl by the name of Irene, who was a shy Mexican beauty. I pursued Irene as hard as a 12 year old could. Sitting in class I would think about her, noticing every little thing about her: how she wore her hair, the color of her clothes, the way

she talked and more importantly whether or not she was noticing me. I could barely pay attention in class because I wanted to hump her so badly, but she didn't return my feelings. I was disappointed but not deterred. I'd already established in my mind that girls had something I wanted and have been in pursuit of their attention ever since.

When I finally had sex with a girl I had fantasies about, her name was Elaine, I knew I had discovered the ability to make wet dreams come true. I had fantasies about Irene, but Elaine made the dream come true. To like a girl, think about what you want to do to her sexually and she agrees to everything you want to do...I was happy to know this was all possible. At that early age, it put me on the path to explore sex, beyond just thinking about it, but to doing it. To think about someone sexually and to know that you may or may not have the ability to make it come true, drives you. It drove me when I was younger and it drives me today. Those thoughts mixed with my early experience with girls would be my foundation for all my sexual thoughts and ideas.

By my freshman year in high school, I was your typical horny teenager and just as typically, not getting any. I dreamed about screwing all the time. I used to just stare at girls and fantasize about what I'd do with them if they ever gave me a chance. They didn't, though, so I just had to bide my time, keep my wood and wait.

...And wait...

A year came and went, and by the time I started my sophomore year, the waiting had become unbearable. I wasn't the most popular guy in school, never really part of any clique, so even though I knew plenty of girls, I wasn't having much success getting them to go out with me. But by my second year, I'd determined that I was going to get me a fine-ass girl and fuck her silly.

That's when I met Elaine. She was a pretty Latina, a sophomore like me. We met in a history class. I sat behind her. I never really said much to her, just sat there, staring at the back of her head, sending her these crazy sexual vibes. I'd just focus on the back of her head and flirt telepathically: "I want to fuck you..." "Come here and suck my dick..." Just wild stuff.

I know she felt me, although, at first, she didn't provide much indication that she did. But every now and then, when class would end, I'd catch her looking over her shoulder at me, smiling a satisfied smile, as if we'd yet again completed some heated round of passionate sex.

Eventually, we started talking. And one day we arranged for me to come over to her house. Her mom would be gone to work. And one morning, at her mom's house, the sexual energy that'd been building between us erupted. I'll never forget it, partly because it was my first time actually having serious sex and partly because the TV was so loud while we were doing it. We screwed like greyhounds in heat, humping, grunting and, all the while, "The Price Is Right" blaring in the background.

I wasn't great then (even though the sex was). I didn't know how to make it better. But I knew I wanted to get better, not because I lacked confidence but because sex just seemed to offer so many endless opportunities. I could meet women, get inside them at one of their most precious entryways, and share myself with them.

Likewise, there was a "dirty" side to sex that was equally appealing.

Some of the best sex induces a sense of vulnerability, a permissiveness that allows your lover unlimited access to your erogenous zones and G-spots and pressure points and nether regions. She's spreading her legs, letting you lick her here, sucking you there, fondling and fingering and whispering your name. You are a part of her, and her you. She's yours to do what you will—as long as you do it right.

This vulnerability gives you a certain power when making love, the power to manipulate, to compel her to act out her wildest, darkest fantasies. She wants to be filled, to be used, to be satisfied. Even as a teenager, I found a paradox in sex—that she's giving you permission to violate her—that was in itself an aphrodisiac, an addiction that would quickly morph into my avocation.

Sex is for me, and should be for everyone, a unique and personal experience. My early experiences and interest in sex has taught me what not to do and how to do to get exactly what I need sexually. I've experimented with many women, looking for new and exciting experiences and for ways to improve my technique. I know for

a fact that the more sex you have the better you are at it, and the better you get to know yourself. Remember, practice makes perfect sense.

I accidentally discovered porn in '86. I used to borrow my step-dad's socks. He always had brand-new clean socks, so I would sneak into his drawer and take a pair. One day as I was digging for a matching pair, I discovered his stash of hardcore adult magazines. No one was home, so I pulled out the stack and went through all of the magazines. There was a mixture of black and white photo spreads and a series of color photos all set to differently themed magazine titles. They immediately caught my attention. All of the magazines were hardcore, so there was a photo or two to establish a sort of story, followed by immediate action and ultimate penetration.

Here were these complete strangers engaged in something so intimate. Or so I thought. The women had smiles on their faces and the men looked commanding and competent. It was the picture of sex taken for my viewing pleasure. This discovery of porn, stashed in my dad's sock drawer had given me a view into the future. Women had a commanding role in my sexual experience and they were about to get a new script. I wanted to be the commanding and competent man in the pictures with the smiling women.

At the time of my discovery I was 17 with only a few sexual conquests in my life. I want to be in those magazines. But it was clear these porn models were much more experienced. So I did the next best thing, I masturbated twice a day to the

images in my mind from the magazines. Both were vivid and explicit, creative and narrative. I had a running story, an established relationship with these pictures. I viewed them over and over sometimes forgetting to put them back where I found them. I couldn't erase the impression they made on my mind. I became resolute in my decision to become a part of the adult industry.

I did my homework. Who produced the magazine? Who were the models? I checked out other magazines like *Club*, *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, *Cheri*, *Black Tail*, *Fox*, *High Society* and *Oui*. But they were tame compared to one's in my dad's drawer. They were soft-core. No penetration, only the simulation of sex and there in the pictures there was only the act of fucking, everything was implied. What I'd discovered at the bottom of my dad's sock drawer were a group of underground magazines that catered to the hardcore fan. I quickly sought out hardcore magazines, where the sex was real and I could see a real sexual connection. These magazines weren't in the mainstream newsstands; they were in the sex shops. And they were expensive, so I'd have to read as much of them as I could absorb there. Then leave as discreetly as I came. Those early images left me with a hard on I could not escape. The twice masturbation sessions were not enough to squelch the desires I had. Pussy became my motivation. Getting into those magazines assured me there would be a constant stream of pussy.

By the time I turned 23, I not only knew I wanted to be a porn star, but I knew what porn models I wanted to fuck and what lucky porn guys were lucky enough to fuck them. I even knew the names of porn companies I wanted to work for. So I read up on the stars and the industry in *L.A. Express* a very cheap and accessible magazine that informed the reader of what was going on in the porn industry. From what movies were being made to what parties they were going on, to what new starlet was making headlines. So when I read about the annual porn awards show in Las Vegas I made the 300 mile trip. Right place, right time because before I knew it I was handed a card and told to call if I wanted to get in the business. A porn star was born.

When I discovered sex, it changed something in me, it brought out what I believe was a talent, the knack for bringing out a sexual nature in people. The changes I felt first was that I felt more confident, I became certain in my actions and thoughts towards women. I also felt a need to please them and if I came on sexually strong, then I would satisfy them as well. All this came from having a sexual presence that I was beginning to understand. I didn't really discover or better yet appreciate sex until I was older, around the age of 20. This is when I was briefly a male stripper, I met a guy by the name of Kalif who had started a group called The Men of Color, I met him one night in a club, we were both checking out girls, we took turns taking a pretty girls to the dance floor and turning them out. 2 or 3 songs and it was time to

switch, all the girls wanted to dance with us. One night he asked me to join his group Men of Color, they were a group of 5 guys who would go to different events and dance for a bunch of women. I easily fitted in, I love to dance and I especially like to dance for women. And I was going to get paid for it. I remember this one time, one of our first events, we were at this club called Backwaters, the dance floor was sunken in the floor and it was surrounded by railings. This particular night I came on first, I had to look up at the girls surrounding the dance floor, they all were leaning over the railings trying to reach for me, but this one girl in particular was especially attractive, so I started to dance just for her, creating this invisible connection as she responded to what I was doing I did more of it, that night I learned something about what I did and how women responded to it. I know I was a dancer, so it came with the territory, but this was different because it became a mental bond not just a physical connection. **Snoop Dogg** would have the hit song "*Sensual Seduction*" later in his career, but I felt that song could have easily been written for what I was doing 18 years ago. Her attachment to me continued off the dance floor, she followed me off to a corner where she channeled an interest into my mind as well as my body. She wanted to fuck and I knew I could fuck her back. I would later that night to the same beat in my head that had only been playing a few hours earlier. I needed her to be satisfied by what I was giving her, a thorough mind fuck. This type

of sex was going to be my specialty, I sent thoughts out to have them returned pleased. It was the beginning of my discovery to provide content, in a sexual way.

Now that I had uncovered this new ability I needed to know what it could do. I had to know my limitations and strengths, I knew my mind had the message and my body was the messenger, but if my mind wasn't right then the body wouldn't be either. Important to get the mental aspect solid and this would take practice and failure and practice again. My relationships during this time, varied, I met women, girls and ladies who were all down to help me get my mind right. My stripper career was brief I only lasted a few months with Men of Color, my friendship with Kalif remained solid, he continued to dance with the group, I just continued to dance. I wasn't a very good stripper anyways, I'd knock over drinks and didn't know how to please so many women at once I was better when I had one girl to focus on at a time. And that's what I did for awhile focused on one girl at time, time after time leading up to porn. Sex was still very mental for me, I just used my body to express what I was thinking. From that first experience of realizing the effect sexually you can have on someone to continuous use of that ability gave me a sexual power that had been 15 years in the making. Stripping unleashed it and I worked to develop it. I see the same qualities in female strippers, many are comfortable in their bodies, they are aware of the reaction they provoke and they are very confident in their sexual abilities. I was no different. I didn't feel any different because of this discovery, but I

did feel enhanced. And I was determined even more to do something useful with this elevated state. I decided on porn long before I had realized I was heading in that direction, even though I unconsciously went in that direction, it could be argued I was already consciously there.

My first adult porn set was out in Palm Springs, the girl who had brought me into the industry, her name was Heather Lee and she was out there doing a shoot and she had wanted me to drive out there to meet the director. If he liked me, he might hire me in the future. His name was Roy Brewington and he was actually a photographer who happened to also be a director. What I would learn later is a lot of the successful producers in porn were also very good photographer. He was one of the best. I drove down to Palm Springs and met up with Heather, she had talked highly of me, so when I showed up, Roy was very hospitable and professional. I felt comfortable, like I belonged.

Heather pulled me off into a room and asked how I was feeling, I was good, especially since I didn't know what to expect, but I was game. Me and Heather had had sex a few times before at her place and mines, she was already a successful porn star so it was under her suggestion I get into porn. I guess she had been fucking me, just to make sure I was ready and up to the task. After a few minutes, she says, "Roy wants you to be in the scene", I was like "Ok, no problem". I was a 23 year old kid, I had already said "Ok, no problem", to stealing, robbing and driving without a license.

Shit what was going to stop me from fucking on film? Nothing. I was where I belonged and everyone knew it, but there was one catch, there would be another guy in the scene. “Huh? How’s that going to work?” I asked. Heather looked at me with a look that said “don’t worry I can handle it”. I realized that this was perfectly normal, 2 guys and 1 girl was normal in porn. The girls could handle it or in this business, they better be able to handle it, because it’s normal. I was still a young guy in a very mature business, naivety abound. Wasn’t long before the other guy showed up, his name Mr. Sean Michaels. Wow of all the people, Sean Michaels, this guy was cool from top to bottom, he strolled in all suited up, clean as fuck and the first thing I noticed was how clean and pimped he was. One of a kind instantly couldn’t think of anyone like him, a very unique cat. I was also familiar with his work, I had been a fan of porn since I was 16 years old and I remember all the black dudes I had seen. I wanted to be like them and here was someone I had admired right there in front of me. He came over shook my hand and said “Wanna smoke?” without hesitation I said “Yeah”. I didn’t even know what we were going to be smoking, but I didn’t give a fuck. I thought it was cool that he asked. Roy only hired the best and Sean was the best, 2 other guys arrived shortly after Sean, they were Marc Wallace and Peter North. More legends, I knew their faces I had seen their work. I was in good company and this solidified my thinking of I belonged. I stood there, thinking I couldn’t believe my luck, it was like meeting Big Daddy Kane, Doug E. Fresh and

KRS-1, except it this was 1 black guy and 2 white dudes and they made porn. These were the top 3 in the business, I had been placed squarely in line with distinction. If they were the porn version of celebrity I was sure to be of significance.

The four of us sat in Marc's rented 4-door, smoking, I had only smoked once before, my uncle let me hit a joint he rolled, out by a trash can in the alley by our apartment, my mom was pissed and threaten to kick him out the house after that, so I never smoked again until that day in the car with 3 porn stars. I tried my best to hang in there with them, but they were pro's and I was still a rookie, a few puffs and I was choking my eyes out. They never laughed, they just rolled the windows down to give me some air. The high didn't last long, I was still in awe of the company I was keeping and I settle back into my normal state, whew, I wanted to do a good job for the scene and I needed to have my mind right so I could. Heather came out to get us, it was time, Roy would shoot the stills first. Stills are when a photographer shoots pictures of the sexual action, performers engaged in sex, but they hold for the shot (still). At the time I didn't know that was what they did or how they did it, I was informed I'd perform sex as usual, but with a photographer there to capture it. They let me go first, I figured they wanted to find out now if I could do the job, rather then find out later. Sean stayed in the background, while Heather started working on me. I was instantly hard, the photographer took a few photos and motioned for Sean to come in and join the fun. Heather was a pro, handling two dicks at once was easy

for her, the photographer snapped off several pictures of the 3 of us and stated he needed first position. In porn there are series of positions that are required to consider it a full scene. They usually start with blowjob and/or eating pussy and go into first position which is one of the following: cowgirl (when the girl is on top and faces you, either laying down or sitting up) reverse cowgirl (when she faces away from you, either laying down or sitting up) missionary (tried and true position of laying the girl on her back and mounting from the top) doggie style (entering the woman from behind, while she is position on all hands and knees) those are the four basic food...I mean sex positions that can start a scene. (Creatively I suggest you make it up as you go. It's endless the amount of positions you can put someone in more on that later in the book.) Once we were into our first position, which was doggy style with me behind her and Sean in front getting a blowjob we settled into a rhythm and flew through the necessary positions, I was a natural. The scene was set in a gym, with workout equipment and barbells and benches set variously around the room. It looked like a real gym, Roy never spared an expense and it showed. At the time I was in shape from working at my current job, which had been loading trucks and driving a forklift around a warehouse. Previously I had been delivering sofa's and other furniture to people throughout southern California. That job alone required muscle and I had it earned it naturally. So after all that blue-collar work, here I was on a porno set, working out with weights and getting a blowjob. Life had come full

circle. The whole session with the photographer took about 30 minutes, there was no filming yet, just stills so it didn't require any acting and needed only minimum set up for the photos and in no time we were done. No problems, no mess-ups, nothing to let me know I was going to fail at this unforeseen job interview. Sean said a few things to the photographer that made me feel, like I was accepted. Heather worked on us, moving her 5'1 frame all throughout the photos, griping one cock and fucking another. She was a brunette with a bubbly ass and she gladly gave it up to the both of us. Sean is much more of a lover than I was at the time, I was still a little street, so I was aggressive with her, Roy standing off to the side, noticed it and told me to "save it for when we roll camera". Heather didn't mind, girls never do, she liked the fact that we were both into her and she had the added pleasure of getting one guy who would make slow love to her and another who would beat the pussy up. This job was easy and I felt like it was a long time coming. I was ignorant in my thoughts, all I thought were sex, sex and more sex. But who knew I would have to know more than that to sustain a sex drive that was still young and out of control.

Roy satisfied with the stills we had taken, came over and asked if I wanted to cum. "Sure" I said, not thinking much about it, I was happy to cum, it was my motivation...

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